Laurie Gets Off on Aisle 14

by tabber Â©

"Friday!" she thought to herself as she put the car in reverse and backed

out of her parking space. Laurie had just gone through a tough week, but

now she was looking forward to the weekend.

She laughed at herself thinking about the previous fifteen minutes. She

had been counting the minutes for the bell to ring. Sometimes teachers

need a break too. She had even had her students gather their bags and

stand in front of the room to wait for the dismissal bell. She had gone as

far as turning out the lights even as the last few students were still in

the room.

Now, the freedom of the weekend was here! At the first traffic light, she

stretched her body out as far as the car seat would allow.

"Ohhh, that felt good!" she said to herself. That body stretch triggered

new emotions deep inside of her. She was so tense. She needed release.

She was too close to the school to do anything about that now though. Her

skirt, however had ridden up to thigh level because of her stretching. She

left the skirt where it was and idly ran her fingers across her exposed

thighs, rubbing her fingertips across the black pantyhose.

The traffic light changed to green and she quickly drove through the

traffic. A few miles away she felt safer to be naughty and since the

feelings inside of her had only grown more intense, she pulled into the

parking lot of a building supply store.

"Men!" she said softly to herself. She loved the building supply stores.

They were full of manly men, hard working men, men that smelled like men.

She had a simple mission, but she was going to make it fun. She pulled the

skirt up her thighs as far as it would go and then, lifting herself up

from the seat, she pulled down the panty hose and rolled it down and off

of her legs.

Then, feeling naughtier, she removed her black lacy knickers. The hose she

left on the floor of the car. The knickers she stuffed into her purse.

She could feel the cool of the fresh air on her bare thighs. She sighed,

and opened her legs wide allowing the air to reach her bare exposed pussy.

She slid her hand down between her thighs and cupping her pussy, she felt

the heat generating there.

"Yes, the release is going to be so very nice," she said softly. She let

her middle finger touch the outer lips and they easily parted. She was

wet, and her fingertip easily slid inside of her pussy. She let it slowly

slide up until it bumped against her swelling clit and then with a quick

shudder, she pulled it away.

She opened the door of the car, not bothering to pull her skirt down. She

spread her legs wide open as she slid out of the car seat. There was no

one around to see her, but that didn't disappoint her. As she stood up,

she bent back over and reached into the car for her purse. Her skirt,

still bunched up around her hips, fell into place, but not before

showcasing her soft, smooth ass cheeks.

Then, she straightened her clothing innocently and walked into the store,

heading for the plumbing department. Her mission: a new shower massager

for her bathtub.

As she walked slowly and deliberately through the store, she felt the eyes

of the men follow her. It was such a turn-on, knowing these men wanted

her...would take her if they could.

She smiled at one man as their eyes met. "Would you like to fuck me?" she

thought to herself as she passed him. "Would you like to take me right

here on aisle 12 among the electrical supplies? I could lean forward and

grab onto this shelf and pull my skirt up. I'm not wearing knickers. You

could take your hard cock out right here and slip it inside of me. I'm so

very wet."

She couldn't help smiling as she passed the man. "If he only knew what he

could have just by asking." She thought.

At last she reached her destination. Shower massagers. There were so many

to choose from, but she knew what she needed. She needed a 10-15 foot

hose, a nozzle that had different options to choose from. She needed a

full spray for simple showers and a hard, pulsating forceful spray

for....well, other needs.

Her eyes had just begun to take them all in when she heard his voice.

"Hi. I'm Tom. Can I help you with anything?"

She turned. He was gorgeous.

College boy. He had to be. He was of college age at least. He looked about

22 and was a dark-haired Adonis standing on aisle 14.

She smiled hungrily. "Well, yes and no." she replied. "I'm very familiar

with these, but mine is worn out."

He smiled and pointed out a few. "This one is nice. It replaces the

existing showerhead."

"No, that won't do," she told him. "I need the one with a long hose. Let

me show you what I mean."

She led him over to one of the shower/tub combinations that were nearby.

She found one and asked him to step inside of it.

"Okay, you're standing in the shower under the showerhead, and that's

fine. But imagine me shaving my legs in there. I need to be able to spray

the water off." She told him. He smiled, and thinking he was clever, he

spun around and said, "But you can just spin around and the water hits you

everywhere."

"Nope, you're not getting it." She told him. She looked around, and seeing

no one else on the aisle, told him to step out. She slipped her shoes off,

and even though it wasn't necessary to do, she bunched her skirt up around

her thighs so she could step inside the tub.

She smiled inside as she saw his eyes riveted on her bare, exposed thighs.

"Now pay attention so you can help other women that might ask for your

help." She told him.

"Now, some women will stand to shave their legs, but they have to stand on

one leg like this." She pulled her skirt up again, baring her thighs to

him and put one foot up on the edge of the tub. She mimicked the act of

shaving her leg by running her hands from her leg all the way up to her

upper thigh. His eyes followed her movements as if in a trance. As her

hands approached her skirt, she slid it up farther than she ever thought

she would.

She let the front of the skirt hide her pussy, but she pulled it up so

high on the sides that he had to know she wasn't wearing knickers.

"This is dangerous," she whispered softly. When he looked up at her eyes,

she added, "because a woman could fall, of course. That's why I lie down

in the bathtub. Like this."

She sat down in the tub and then slid forward until she was stretched out.

She slowly lifted her left leg upward and again she mimicked shaving her

leg. Starting at her ankle, she slid her hands all the way upward to her

thigh, only this time she pulled the skirt all the way up.

She lay there with her pussy totally exposed to this young man. She felt

the cool air on her pussy. Her face felt as hot as her pussy lips did.

"Now, you understand why I need a showerhead that is on a long hose. I

need it to spray off my legs, and well, to be honest, I like to keep this

area squeaky clean too." She said this while her fingers spread her pussy

lips open.

He was standing there in total shock and awe. His erection was painfully

noticeable in his jeans.

"Tom," she whispered. It broke his concentration and for the first time in

minutes, he took his gaze off of her pussy.

"Tom," she whispered again, "is there anyone around?"

"Ughah," he moaned with a dry throat. He looked quickly around and cleared

his throat and stammered, "Uh, no. No one is near us."

"Touch me?" she asked in a little girl voice.

He dropped to his knees and put his hands tentatively on the edge of the

tub. She reached over and took his hand and placed in directly on her hot

pussy. She pulled his fingers apart and placed them right on her engorged

clit.

"Rub me right there. Quick. Before someone shows up." She told him

urgently.

He did as she directed and in seconds she was coming violently.

"Unnnnnhhhh," she moaned behind clenched teeth to be quiet. "That's

it....that's it.....now hold it tight."

She grabbed his hand and held it pressed tight against her throbbing clit

as her orgasm rippled through her muscles.

Finally, she released him and he quickly stood up.

She lay there for another minute, her skirt bunched up, swollen pussy on

display. "Thanks, Tom." She told him.

"Help me up?" she asked him sweetly. He leaned over and offered a hand,

the same hand that she had used to orgasm with. She stood up and brought

the hand up to her face and licked it clean.

She straightened her clothing and stepped from the tub back onto the

aisle. She stood close to him, reached forward and cupped his throbbing

crotch in her hand. She squeezed him hard and then moved away.

She walked back over to the display, grabbed the replacement showerhead

and hose combination that she needed and walked past him.

"Thanks for the help," she said with a smile as she passed him. "I'll send

all my lady friends here for their plumbing needs."

At the checkout counter, the manager was strolling by greeting the

customers. As he approached Laurie, he asked, "Did you get everything you

were after?"

"I got more than I came in here for," she said sweetly. "Please thank Tom

over in plumbing for me. Once I showed him what I needed, he was a great

hand in helping me."

Tom was standing in the middle of aisle 14. He could not believe what had

just happened. "No one is going to believe this," he told himself.

He slowly turned back to the bathtub where they had just been. There, in

the bottom of the bathtub was a lacey pair of black knickers.