**Me & Courtney Ch. 01**

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I was eighteen at the time. I had a low paying job as a salesperson at a large fitness and sporting goods store. Although I usually worked in the baseball equipment section, my co-worker Lisa was out that day and I had been asked to cover her sector too. Lisa worked the women's sportswear section: a job usually consisting of explaining to middle aged women the different advantages of every runner's sock and sports bra style. I was always overhearing her complain to her coworker, Sam, about that.  
  
So naturally, I wasn't too thrilled with covering her shift. First off, as a guy, I knew next to nothing about the crap I was supposed to sell. But more importantly, only the non-athletic older women ever needed guidance finding the right workout clothes. Couldn't they size themselves without my help? Little did I know what was in store for me.  
  
I had been reorganizing sweat wicking tennis shirts by size when a girl about my age walked in the store entrance amidst the chime of the bells strung from the door. She walked in with purpose, her curvy legs moving as if wrapping around each other as she walked. Her golden brown hair was glossy and gently wavy, curling behind around her delicate ears and landing gracefully on her lightly bronzed shoulders. She wore a tasteful light blue cotton tank, accentuating her curvy, golden-tanned figure, and her figure was lean and toned: like an athlete. She wore soccer shorts with the elastic waistband rolled down several times so that it hugged low on her hips, creating about a two inch margin of bare midriff between the shorts and her shirt. As she walked, her brown flip flops clanked along the tile floor.  
  
As she stepped inside the store, the late afternoon sunlight illuminating her silhouette, she gracefully removed her gold framed ray bans and hooked to the collar of her tank top, causing a slight depression in the fabric of the shirt and accentuating her cleavage. I stood staring at this beauty before me, and as I watched, I realized she was walking in my direction. I quickly tried to snap out of my daze and avert my eyes to cover up my gawking, assuming she'd walk past me, but she stopped a few feet from me. From her sweet smell I could tell she had just showered not much more than an hour ago. "Excuse me?" she asked. I looked up at her sweet smile, her beautiful wide eyes, and her cute little nose, and smiled.   
  
"Can I help you?" I asked, semi nervously.  
  
"Would you mind helping me find some shorts?" she asked innocently. Would I mean? What, was she kidding?  
  
"Sure, what kind of shorts?" I asked grinning.  
  
"Well," she said, grinning a little sheepishly, "I work out a lot, but I realize I never had the right kind of underwear. I've been getting kind of...chafed lately."  
  
"So, you need a pair of spandex shorts, I guess, right?" I replied.  
  
"That's what I need. I used to have a pair but they got a hole in them and I threw them out. I don't know what brand they were and there are so many here that I'm not sure where to start looking. Like, for instance, what's the difference between these two," she said pulling two pairs out of the rack at random, and squinting to read the tag, "the Clima-Lite FX and Clima-Cool FT series?"  
  
"Not much, honestly. Those are mainly seasonal wear. Those two are great for 90 degree heat, but they'll be useless once it starts getting a bit cool out. What you're looking for is more like this," I said pointing at another rack, "just a basic pair of spandex shorts. What size do you need?"  
  
"Small or extra small, I guess. I'm not totally sure."  
  
"Well, we've got a dressing room for you to try it out if you want to see which one is correct. Here, try this one," I said, handing her the extra small.  
  
"Great, thanks, I'll be back in a few" she said as she walked off toward the dressing room. After a little while, she returned, her soccer shorts replaced with the pair of spandex shorts I gave her. She barely fit in the tight, little shorts, and her hips were clearly defined. She wore them so low on her hips to make up for how short they were that when she turned around I could see the top of her smooth ass-crack.  
  
"How do they look?" she asked innocently, apparently unaware of how much she was showing.  
  
"Beautiful," I croaked.  
  
"They feel nice," she said, and she lifted her knee up to her chest, exposing her really prominent camel toe. "Very stretchy! There's something itchy in the back, though, can you take a look?" She turned around so her ass was facing me and I could see the outline of a removable tag pressed up against the fabric of the shorts.  
  
"It's just the tag," I said, "when you get home you can just cut it out."  
  
"That's the thing, though, I'm going running with my friend right after this and I realized I didn't have a pair of proper spandex shorts. Do you have any scissors to cut it out?"  
  
"Sure, I'll go get some," I said, "but I assume you'll be buying these?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
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"Here," I said handing her the scissors when I returned," take these and you can cut it out in the dressing room."  
  
"I'm actually running kind of late to meet my friend," she said, "would you mind just cutting it out for me, we can go over there out of the way?"  
  
I hesitated, but agreed. We walked a few paces over between a few heavily laden racks of sweatshirts and I held the scissors while she stuck her hand down the back of her shorts and fished around for the tag. I noticed though, that she was having difficulty keeping the waistband of the shorts away from her while she groped for the tag because the elastic was so tight. She looked back at me with a sheepish grin and asked if I could help her hold the waistband away from her. I readily obliged, and stole a glance down the back of her shorts. (Well, more like a prolonged stare down her shorts.) To my surprise, she was completely bare under the bicycle shorts! The sight of her smooth, toned, ass and her soft cheeks got me starting to sweat. I concentrated hard to control the hard-on I was beginning to grow. After much groping, she finally found the tag, which barely extended to the top of the waistband, and I grabbed hold of it, using my closed fist to prop the waistband away from her ass so I could reach it to cut. One side of my fist was pressed up against her upper ass cheek and I felt a shiver run down my spine. A good kind of a shiver.  
  
The tag cut with ease, yet with my fist still pressed between the waistband and her ass, I couldn't hold on to it once it broke free and it slid down the gentle slope of her ass and came to rest below her crotch.   
  
"Damn it." I said.  
  
"Ooh, that feels weird. Can you get rid of it please?"  
  
"uhhh...I don't know," I stammered. I just didn't know what to say.  
  
"Do you see it?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Well then can you get it for me?"  
  
"Maybe you should do it...I'll hold the waistband."  
  
"I can barely reach, just get it will you."  
  
That was all the encouragement I needed. I slid my hand down the back of her shorts, the back of my hand brushing against her ass cleavage as it went down. I could feel the warmth radiating from her as I reached down for the tag. She squirmed a little when I brushed against her and I apologized. But I wasn't sorry. I grabbed the tag and on my way up made sure to brush once more against her warm ass-crack.   
  
"Tight squeeze," I lied. True, it was tight squeeze, but I probably could have avoided contact if I had tried.  
  
"Its ok," she said smiling, "I understand."  
  
"I'm surprised you're ok with this," I laughed, "considering you're not wearing anything under this."  
  
"Isn't that what you're supposed to do?"  
  
"I mean, you can, some women do, but many wear something underneath, especially if you're worried about rubbing down there."  
  
"oh...I never even thought about that. If I go out like this would I get irritated?"  
  
"I don't really know how sensitive you are down there. Didn't you wear panties here?"  
  
She looked at me sheepishly and said, "No, I didn't. I tend to go without sometimes in the summer, its cooler that way."  
  
"I'm sure," I said laughing.  
  
"Do you think it would be ok to go out like this, then?"  
  
"I couldn't tell you. I guess, how far are you going?"  
  
"Kind of a long way. Maybe 15-20 miles or so. How can I be sure, then, because I don't want to have to stop mid-ride?"  
  
"I could sell you some Aquaphor or something...maybe that'll help?"  
  
"Ok, I'll try that," she agreed.  
  
We walked up to the register and I totaled up the shorts and the tube of cream.   
  
"24.15," I said, "how are you paying for this?"   
  
She handed me her American Express card and I ran it through the card reader. I handed her the tube while we waited for the machine to authorize the card.  
  
"Ok, just sign here," I said, handing her the freshly printed receipt.  
  
"Thanks," she replied, as she signed her name and handed me my copy.   
  
"Have a nice day, Courtney," I said looking up, having just read her name off the receipt.   
  
"Thank you," she said again as she turned to walk out. As she was nearing the door, she suddenly stopped, turned around, and walked back to me.   
  
"Wait," she said, "I forgot to ask you how much of the cream to put on."  
  
"I'm not sure," I truthfully replied, "you just have to, umm...eyeball it I guess."  
  
She laughed a little and opened the seal of the tube. She squirted some out onto her finger tips and took a quick glance around the room to make sure no one was watching. No one was.  
  
"You don't mind if I do it here, right? I'm just in a bit of a hurry."  
  
"Uhh...no," I almost stuttered, "no problem."   
  
Without hesitation, she pulled the front waistband of her shorts away from her and reached down and rubbed the lotion all over her inner thighs and crotch. What I would have given to see that view close in!  
  
"Do you think that was enough?" she asked me sincerely.  
  
I just shrugged and laughed a bit. "I don't know, how does it feel?"  
  
"A little mushy, I guess," she laughed. I started to notice a slight wet spot emerge around her crotch area through her spandex shorts.  
  
"You might have put a little much on then," I said, "especially since it looks like its leaking through a little."  
  
"Wait...what?" she gasped in embarrassment as she looked down at the crotch of her shorts. "Shit! I can't go out like this! Should I take some off?"  
  
"Kind of late now, but that may help a little in the long run."  
  
"Well how do I know what's the right amount?"  
  
"I don't know, only you can really see to tell. I don't really know how to help you."  
  
She looked hesitantly around the room another time and then motioned for me to follow her a few paces behind a few racks of clothing.   
  
"Just check for me, real quick, will you? Take two seconds and just tell me because I'm gonna be late if I don't get out of here soon."  
  
I stood there, dumbfounded. She wanted me to check?  
  
She put her hand on the top of my head and forced me to crouch down so that my eyes were level with her waist. She leaned back a little and grabbed hold of a metal bar of a clothing rack behind her and in doing so, thrust her pelvis towards me slightly.   
  
"Come on, please," she said, "I don't have all day. Just check really fast, and tell me if I put on the right amount."   
  
I hesitated, and she looked at me sternly and said, "Do it, please."  
  
I slowly reached for her waistband, and hooked my thumbs in on both sides of her and began to pull down. Slowly, her pelvis and pubic mound came into view and I could see she was clean shaven.  
  
"Hurry up, already, will you," she hissed at me and I readily obliged. I yanked down the shorts and was granted the exhilarating view of her gorgeous, pink pussy, so young and juicy, flowering before me. I took a steep breath in awe, as I observed how her entire crotch area, thighs included, were coated in a thin sheen of the lubricating cream I gave her, causing the whole region to glisten and sparkle.  
  
"I think you may have put more than enough on," I said stifling a chuckle.  
  
"Can you remove some then?"  
  
"uhh...sure, I guess," I said as I reached my hand toward her luscious pussy. I could feel her juices around my fingers as they came into contact with her pussy lips, and I breathed in its lovely scent. I began to scoop up some of the excess cream from all over her crotch region, relishing the time as I brushed across her inner thighs, her mound, her pussy lips, and all around. As my hand scooped across her inviting pussy, I swore I heard a little peep of a moan escape her mouth. Could this day have gotten any better for me?  
  
"Will that be enough, now?" she asked me innocently.  
  
"I hope so, do you want me to put a tiny bit more on, just in case."  
  
"Sure, whatever you think would be best."  
  
I squeezed a small dollop of cream on my fingers and once again reached toward her luscious pussy. I was careful to spread the cream around all over her crotch region, not missing a single spot.  
  
"Ok, I think that's enough," I finally said, saddened that that was all I would get to feel of her lovely pussy, let's get these back on." I began to pull the tight little shorts upward with slow progress, as she started to thrust her hips toward me (and thus giving me quite a view) to make it go quicker. Finally, we got the shorts back on and she told me she was going to wear the pair of shorts she was wearing when she came in on top of the spandex to hide the wet spot. I agreed that that was a smart idea and she stood up to go over toward the changing room. She opened the curtain, and noticed the shorts were not where she had left them, exclaiming, "Where did they go, they were just here a moment ago?" She looked to me to come help and I rushed over. "I don't get it, I put them down here a few minutes ago and they're gone."  
  
"That's really weird," I agreed, "who would have moved the shorts?"  
  
"I don't know where they could have gone."  
  
"Did you try looking under the bench? Sometimes things can fall back there."  
  
"Good idea," she said, as she got on her hands and knees to peer under.   
  
"I don't see it yet, though...wait, what's this?" "Are they your shorts?"  
  
"I can't tell, I can barely reach them," she said as she stretched her arm under the bench.   
  
"Almost...almost got them."  
  
As she reached for her shorts, I was mesmerized by her ass, and the shorts which were obviously a few sizes too small. All of a sudden, I noticed a small rip opening along the back. As she kept stretching to reach the shorts, the rip was expanding and I could see part of her ass-crack and cheeks.  
  
"Umm..." I hesitated, "I think you've got a problem developing with the back seam of your shorts."  
  
"How so?" she asked confusedly.  
  
"They're ripping."  
  
"Shit. And I can't reach the shorts, she said retracting her arm from under the bench. How bad is the rip?"  
  
"Turn around and see," I said pointing to the dressing room mirror. She stood upright and turned around and looked puzzled.  
  
"I don't' see it," she said.  
  
"Bend over, you will." She bent over and gasped in horror as she saw the rip was was increasing in size. She was staring right at her cute little clean shaven asshole and immediately rushed her hand to cover it up.   
  
"Shit," she cried trying to stand up, "What am I gonna do?" As she started to stand up, I heard a grave ripping sound as the seam of her shorts gave out, exposing her whole ass.   
  
"Damn it! That's the last thing I need now," she cried as she fell into my arms. "I don't know how I'll ever meet my friend like this. She's going to meet me here in the parking lot in like five minutes.   
  
"Why don't you call her and say you can't make it?"  
  
"Because I walked here, I can't walk home like this. I have no other way home."  
  
"I'll take you home, save you the embarrassment."  
  
"Would you?"  
  
"Yeah, why don't you just call your friend to cancel, and I'll go pull my car around and take you home. Just keep your hands covering your ass and you'll only have to walk like fifty feet from here."  
  
"Ok...I will," she said somberly, "thank you so much."  
  
I got up and pulled my car around and she called her friend to call off their outing. I beeped the horn as the signal and she came rushing out and climbed into my passenger seat.   
  
"I owe you for this," she said, "I just don't know how to thank you."  
  
I smiled as I gazed upon her pretty face and replied, "I'm sure we'll think of something."