Retail Fun with Kelly

by Drystan Â©

This is my first story, so your feedback is both welcome and encouraged.

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Let me tell you what happened earlier today. I was leaving the office to

pay my girlfriend Kelly a brief visit during lunch. She is a manager of a

clothing store at the local mall. This is one of the typical chain stores

filled front to back with wood and chrome clothing racks about four and

half feet tall with a check out counter about half way into the store

along one of the walls. Kelly has been in the retail business for about

eight years and manager of this location for about a year and a half. We

have been dating for about four months.

To me, I think of Kelly as a real catch. She is a twenty eight year old,

striking red head with large brown eyes and pale white skin; quite the

Celtic beauty. However, she is only five foot one. Not that this is an

issue, but me being six foot three always made us seem an odd match.

Regardless, she may be on the short side, but lacks in no other way. She

is petite with small but perky breasts just large enough to create an hour

glass figure with her perfectly curved ass. She is a real vision to

behold.

One of the great things about my relationship with Kelly is that she and I

are great lovers. She is erotic, sensual and perpetually turned on. She

loves sex like no other women I have ever known. I can usually count on

her to be up for it pretty much any time and any place. Depending on our

schedules, we try to meet once or twice a week for the lunch time quickie.

To make this easier on our lunch time rendezvous days, Kelly wears loose

fitting knee length skirts with no knickers underneath. This day is no

exception.

Our plan was for me to arrive at the store at 12:45 PM. She was to have me

help her "move some fixtures" in their storage unit located in the back

utility hallways of the mall. We would get down there, have about 30

minutes of "moving stuff" and then we would return to store. She would go

back to her daily duties and I would return to the office. So much for the

best laid plans of men and mice.

The plan began right on target with me entering the store at just about

12:45 PM. Kelly was racing back and forth helping her employees with

various customer problems. There was an older women at the counter have

difficulties with her store charge card. Another woman was wanting to

special order several pairs of shoes of which they were out of stock. A

third was having trouble finding a suit that fit her just right. A fourth

wanted a rain check for a sale item they were sold out of. A fifth needed

help finding a specific size blouse in a specific color. A sixth had

several items to return, but had lost the receipt. On top of that, there

were four or five other women casually wandering and browsing in the

store. With all of this going on, Kelly was short staffed that day and had

only two employees working. All of them were racing around trying to keep

everyone satisfied. Everyone except me.

When I entered the store, she waved to me and signaled that she would be

just a minute. I decided to wander about and kill time. Ten minutes later,

she held up her hand with all fingers outstretched indicating five more

minutes. I wandered some more. Ten more minutes passed and she again

signaled just a minute. I continued to wander. After another five minutes,

she finally came over to talk. She led me to the back of the store a short

ways from her staff and customers. I was suddenly very excited as I knew

what was going to happen next. However, my hopes were quickly dashed.

"Baby, I am so sorry to keep you waiting. I promise I will make it up to

you," she said in a very alluring voice.

"Great!" I said excitedly. "Let's go and you can start making up to me

right away."

She was about to speak but paused. There was a look of hesitation and

regret on her face. When she spoke this time, it was not so alluring.

"Baby, that's what I meant. I can't go today. We are getting slammed and I

can only afford five or ten minutes here to visit with you. Then, I

absolutely have to get back to work."

DAMN! She was kind of looking down as she spoke, but then tilted her up

slightly and off to the side. She looked up at me and then she said it.

"You're not upset, are you?" Right on queue, she bit down on her lower

lip.

Now, you can imagine what was going through my head. I came here to get

laid. A quick and exciting diversion of my day. I had been horny all

morning thinking about this. Instead, I spent my lunch hour walking around

aimlessly in a women's clothing store watching a bunch of women do woman

stuff. And finally, when that is over, I get to go back to work with a

case of blue balls. So what did I say? "No, of course I am not upset." And

then, "No really, I understand. It is totally okay." So I lied. What man

wouldn't?

Kelly smiled. It was that disarming smile she was known for. "Instead, we

could just stand here and talk for a few minutes." Talk?? Talk!! I had had

it.

I casually looked around. There were now only three or four customers

towards the front of the store and her employees were there with them. We

were standing behind a clothing rack towards the back of the store. She

had her right arm out stretched at a right angle resting on the wooden

platform top of the clothing rack. Being six foot two, I was leaning down

slightly resting on my left elbow facing her. I slid forward slightly and

bent down to whisper in her ear. "I will give you a few minutes," I said,

"but I am not interested in talking."

With that, I reached down with my right hand and slid it up under her

skirt along the inside of her thigh. She gasped and started to pull away.

I quickly grabbed her right shoulder with my left hand and held her gently

but firmly. "What are you doing?" she asked quickly in a forced whisper as

she looked around to see if we were noticed.

"Stop moving and no one will know" I said. She was still panicked. I

brought two fingers to her pussy lips and slide them up and down and

wiggling them side to side. She gasped.

Her eyes darted back and forth in a state of alarm. "We can't!" she

whispered harshly.

"Do you really want your employees to know what's going on?" I asked.

"Stop acting all freaked out." I was moving my fingers in a figure eight

motion now.

"Come on, this is just stupid... and risky. Some might... see us," she

said as her voice quivered and her eyelids shuttered. Her resistance

seemed to be faltering. I moved my fingers faster.

"Are you sure you want me to stop?" I asked.

"I... I..." she stammered. Her lower jaw quivered as she bit her lower

lip. Her pussy was becoming quite wet now. I started to slide my thumb up

and down her pussy lips as I slowly slide my middle and index finger into

her. First, I slide them in about an inch and slowly withdrew them. Then

slowly again to about the second knuckle and back out. Then all the way

and back out. Then back in and started gently curling my fingers in a

"come here" motion.

At this point she was totally into it. Her hips were bucking and grinding,

her breathing quick and shallow. Her eyes were closed and the lids

fluttering. This went on for several minutes and then we heard her name.

"Kelly!" It was one of her employees. Her eyes snapped open in a look of

panic. She quickly looked to the front of the store. Her employee, Stacy,

was at the side checkout counter with the phone receiver in her hand.

Kelly tried to pull away, but I held her fast. "It's Brenda from 236. She

needs to talk to you about the upcoming inventory," Stacy said.

"Tell her I will [gasp] call her back shortly," Kelly responded as I

continued to finger her deeply. I moved my thumb to her clit and began

rubbing it in a circular motion. She gasped again. Just about that moment,

she noticed a female customer walking past us on the other side of the

rack. She was an older woman with a pleasant face who turned toward her

and smiled kindly. Kelly, in a semi-controlled breath, uttered a simple

"Hello," in response.

I continued my efforts for several more minutes and was working on her

g-spot with my two fingers. That's when I slide my third finger in. She

was now shivering all over. Her left hand was at her side digging into her

thigh. Her right hand had moved to my left biceps and clamped on tight.

Her eyes were partly closed and somewhat rolled upwards. Her breathing was

a series of short breaths. She was very close to the edge. That's when

another customer approached on the other side of the rack. She seemed

oblivious to what we were doing.

"Excuse me," she said, "I have a question." She was an attractive woman of

about thirty with long brown hair. Kelly and I were both surprised by her

as we sort of snapped our heads in her direction. She smiled, looked at me

and then at Kelly. She and Kelly were momentarily locked in a shared gaze

for what seemed like an eternity. Some sort of realization must have hit

her as she got this curious look on her face. Then, a moment later, the

right side of her mouth slowly crooked upward in a devilish smile. She

seemed quite satisfied in her knowledge of our secret as she gave Kelly a

knowing sort of look. "I think one of the other girls can help me," she

said. "You go ahead and finish what you're doing." She flashed us both

that same devilish grin and turned and walked away.

I smiled at this and almost laughed to myself. I think Kelly would have

done the same, but she was otherwise occupied. She raised her left hand

and clamped it down on my right biceps, now using both hands to hold

herself up as she seemed to float on the balls of her feet. As she looked

straight into my eyes, her head seemed to jerked back slightly as her

orgasm hit her. I felt her pelvic muscles contracting on my fingers as

waves of ecstasy rolled over her face. Tremor after tremor racked her

body. It felt as if her entire body was pulsing with electric energy.

Moments later, as her climax began to subside, her breathing became

heavier and deeper, and she leaned forward against me. I held my hand

still, almost cradling her pussy for a moment before slowly sliding my

fingers out of her and extracting my hand from her under her skirt. She

stood very close for a moment or so longer, holding onto my arms. Then, as

she seemed to remember where she was, she opened her eyes wide, took a

step back and breathed a deep breath. She took a quick look around as if

to capture the state of everything going on in her store. She reached down

and quickly smoothed out her skirt and then reached her right hand up and

under her hair to flip it back. She seemed suddenly very composed,

refreshed and charged up as she took a step forward towards me.

Kelly reached for my right hand, the hand that had been inside her only

moments ago. My fingers were still glistening wet. She took the edge of

skirt and quickly wiped them off on its underside. She brought my hand up

close enough for both of us to smell it as she leaned forward close to me.

My fingers reeked of her musky sweet aroma. With her right hand, she

reached forward and grabbed my rock hard erection through my slacks and

began sliding her hand up and down. "Don't wash your hand for the rest of

the day," she whispered. "Pick me up here at six PM and don't be late. You

can take me out to dinner and I will take care of this while you drive."

She gave my cock a good long squeeze as she gave me a quick but very

passionate kiss on the lips. "See you at six, lover," she said. She paused

as she gave me a quick wink and flashed her killer smile. With that, she

turned, walked away and back to work.

I pulled my sports coat forward and partly closed so that my erection

wouldn't be standing out for the whole world to see. I quietly made my way

out of the store and back here to the office. As instructed, I have not

washed her scent off of my hand. Every time I smell it, I find myself

caught up again in the moment. All I can think about is seeing her again.

DAMN! Six o'clock seems an eternity away.