Shoe Store ShowOff

by jt3 Â©

Call it "senior-itis" or the Spring Break blues. Whatever it was, it had

me holding down the fort at the local shoe store. All of my high school

and junior college employees could not work this particular Friday

afternoon. The last-minute phone call from the guy who was scheduled to

come in only proved what I already knew -- as assistant store manager I

would have to work the store alone.

Business was slow, too. All afternoon I sat there waiting for a customer

to come in so the time would pass by faster. I had already done some

inventory, vacuumed and cleaned the entire store. I even went down the

long aisles and made sure the boxes of shoes were stacked evenly and then

replaced all the burnt out lightbulbs.

The layout of the store was simple. As soon as you walked in the front

door there was a check-out counter. This was one of those low-cost shoe

stores which meant very little money was spent on decorations, etc. The

shoes were on display on top of a box with several boxes of the same style

shoe stacked behind them. The customer would walk in, find the shoe they

wanted, find their size, try it on and then proceed to the check-out

counter to purchase it. The aisles were long with shoe boxes stacked about

eight feet high all the way down the small corridors.

I was staring at the clock on the cash register and literally counting

down the seconds to six o'clock (quitting time) when I heard the

electronic tone signaling the arrival of a customer.

"I'm sorry we're ...," I started to say only to catch myself in mid

sentence when I saw a cute young lady staring back at me.

"Are you closed?" she asked.

"Not yet," I said trying to recover. "We close at six. You just got here

in time."

She turned her head from side to side looking around the store. The way

her head moved caused her ponytail to dance. It also did wonders for the

little outfit she had on. She was dressed in what looked like a Catholic

school uniform with a white blouse, plaid skirt, long white socks pulled

up to her knees and black pumps. She had on a little bit more make-up than

one would expect from a Catholic school girl, but I had to admit to myself

that she did look good.

"I'm sorry," she replied. "It's almost six now. Maybe I should come back

some other time."

"Nonsense," I said, probably a little too quickly. "Let me just lock the

door so nobody else comes in. Take your time and call me if you need any

help."

Her smile and the way her eyes lit up caused my cock to stir. She turned

around in slow motion and turned the dead bolt in the door locking it.

"Thank you!" she gasped excitedly when she turned back around. "I won't be

long. I promise. I know exactly what I want."

My eyes followed her as she walked around the counter and down one of the

aisles. I picked up the sports section of the newspaper I had already read

five times today and pretended to read it as I watched her.

She moved down the center aisle and I silently thanked myself for taking

time to replace all the fluorescent lights, that had gone out, earlier in

the day. She walked away from me with a tiny purse hanging over her

shoulder with a round pink sticker that read "Show Off." She went to the

second pair of shoes on display at the bottom of the shelf and bent to

inspect the shoe.

She did not bend at her knees and squat down to get a better view of the

shoe. She bent at the waist with her young, smooth legs straight. It was

almost like she was in PE class touching her toes to stretch before

running. As she leaned her torso down and reached for the shoe her skirt,

which I suddenly noticed was too short to be a school uniform, began to

slowly hike up revealing the tops of her legs and then just an inch of her

white knickers.

She paused in that position and held the shoe in her hand turning it over

as she inspected one side and then the next. Then, just before putting the

shoe back down on the shelf she looked back and busted me.

Her cute face was just past her knee and her eyes twinkled when she caught

me staring at her firm slender legs and the white knickers clinging to her

bubble butt. She must have waited in that position because when I finally

got enough courage to take my eyes from the paper and look back in her

direction she was still in the same position. She smiled when my eyes went

back to her and then turned her face away from me and slowly stood back up

in an erect position.

Needless to say, she wasn't the only one "erect."

Not happy with that style of shoe she walked down the aisle a little

farther away from me as I "read" the paper.

She stopped and turned back to look at a pair of shoes she had just

passed. She was facing me know and again caught me watching her. I

couldn't help it. The way she walked in that short plaid skirt was doing

something to me and I liked it. Her firm little bubble butt rocked back

and forth perfectly as she walked as if she were doing a little dance to a

tune in her head. It was mesmerizing.

She reached up for a shoe on the third shelf and couldn't reach it. She

stood on her tippy toes and tried again stretching out her body like a cat

on a warm quilt basking in the afternoon sun. Her legs grew taunt. Her

blouse came untucked exposing her sexy abs and a bellybutton ring. She

reached for the shoe again and her perfectly round grapefruit-sized

breasts pressed into her thin blouse. For all her efforts, she still could

not reach the shoe.

"Can you come help me?" she asked in a sweet sing-song voice.

"Of course," I said, putting down the newspaper and walking from behind

the counter towards her. "What can I do?"

"Can you hand me those shoes? I want to see them up close," she almost

whispered as I neared her.

I nodded my head "yes" and walked past her to a little ladder on wheels

with a platform at the top. I rolled it back towards her and the shoe she

was interested in.

"Let me get that for you," I said.

She stopped me by placing her hand on my shoulder.

"Let me get it," she said. "Just hold this thing so I don't roll away or

lose my balance and fall."

She ended the sentence with a short giggle and a smile that showed off her

perfectly white teeth. It was a coquettish smile and I shifted from one

leg to the other trying to hide the erection growing in my pants.

I grabbed the handrail of the ladder and she slowly climbed up it. She

knew I was watching her. She had to know. Did she like being watched?

Thoughts raced through my mind until I looked up and saw directly up her

skirt as she climbed each step. She took her time going up and made every

attempt to swish her perfect young ass back and forth with each step.

It was a beautiful sight. Her tanned legs made a perfect contrast to her

white cotton knickers. She took the tennis shoe in her hand and announced

softly, "OK, got it."

She came down the steps backwards and her little firm butt crushed up

against my growing erection as she lowered herself off the last step.

"These are my size," she said looking into the shoe and then back at me.

"Let me go get some of those athletic socks so I can try them on."

She walked away from me. I stood there silent and breathless watching her

go. She was gone about a minute, which seemed a little long just to go get

the socks in the next aisle.

She returned with an extra bounce in her step with that same cute and sexy

smile cutting through me as she neared.

She sat down and removed her pumps and took her time rolling down the long

white socks. Each second another inch of her tanned, firmed leg was

exposed until she finally slipped the sock off her pink-painted toes. She

dropped the sock on the floor and then took one of the new athletic socks

and put it on.

"There," she announced. "Now, let's try on these tennis shoes."

She struggled with the shoe as she sat on one of the small stools placed

up and down each aisle just for this purpose. She couldn't get the shoe

on.

"Will you help me," she asked softly. "I think I may need a shoe horn or

something."

Of course I offered my help. I knelt down in front of her taking her foot

in my hand and slowly slid one hand under her foot. My fingers caressed

the underside of her foot working my hand back from her toes to her ankle.

She giggled and jerked up her leg.

"That tickles," she said giggling as her knee jerked up toward her breast.

The knee jerk also caused her skirt to fly up and I caught what I thought

was a glimpse of her shaved pussy. But, I wasn't sure.

"Sorry," I said. "Let me try again."

This time, I grabbed the back of her ankle and slowly brought her foot up

toward the shoe. As I slid the shoe onto her foot she continued to raise

her knee higher and higher until her skirt rose just enough for me to see

under it.

She had removed her knickers! I stared at her smooth shaved pussy as I slid

the tennis shoe onto her foot. She pushed down with her leg sliding the

shoe onto her foot with a "pop." Then, she leaned her body back and rested

her head against the boxes of shoes behind her. She slowly spread her

legs, reached down pulling the front of her little skirt up and then

touched her pussy.

"Mmmmm," she moaned softly with her head tilted back and her eyes closed.

"That feels so good."

I was shocked and amazed at my good fortune. I reached down and began to

rub a now raging hard-on through my slacks.

"So, you are watching me," she said softly. "It's OK. I like being

watched. Just no touching, OK?"

It took a few seconds for the shock to wear off. When it did, I still

couldn't speak and just nodded my head "yes."

"Well, you can touch yourself. You just have to promise you won't touch

me," she said. "Promise?"

"Y-e-s," I managed to somehow say.

She leaned forward and undid my belt. I could smell the perfume on her

sweet young body and it drove me even closer to the feeling of pure lust.

"You watch me and I'll watch you," she whispered. "And, we can both make

ourselves cum."

She leaned back again and unbuttoned her blouse. Within seconds, she had

unclasped the front of her bra exposing her perfectly round young titties.

She played with them with one hand while the other teased her tight,

little, wet pussy. She began to whimper and then moan as she masturbated

in front of me. She also used a hand to massage her breasts making her

perky nipples hard.

I pushed my slacks and boxers down freeing my hard cock. I began to pump

it in my fist in perfect timing to her strokes.

She looked down at my hand gliding over my cock and smiled. She reached

into her purse and handed me her little white cotton knickers.

"Cum on my knickers for me," she said between moans. "Pleaseeeeee?"

We sat there watching each other as we masturbated. She loved being

watched and bit her lower lip as she neared orgasm. Her fingers were

dancing as they begin to fly faster up and down her pussy. She slid a

finger in and thrust it deep inside while her thumb pressed down into her

swollen clit. She titled her head forward and her wet glossy lips found a

nipple. She sucked and bit down on it as she neared orgasm.

She managed to kick the shoe off and slid her sock covered foot toward my

crotch. She pressed her toes into me under my hard cock the top of her

toes tickling my ball sack. She flipped her toes up, massaging my balls.

I was in a state of pure animal lust as her foot teased my balls while I

pumped my cock and watched her sweet innocent face transform into that of

a naughty, horny girl.

I was pumping my cock faster now trying to keep up.

Her sexy expressions were driving me wild as she began to moan louder as

short breaths escaped her glossy lips. She slid two fingers inside her

soaking wet pussy and increased her pace. She jamming her fingers deep

into her wet pussy getting herself off.

We were both getting close to orgasm.

Her body began to shake as she arched her back and continued to finger

fuck her sweet young pussy. Her head was tossing back and forth as she

moaned louder now. The tempo of her strokes increased even more and I kept

pace pumping my cock faster in my fist.

She kicked her legs wide. Her ankles flew out past my face as she spread

her legs wide as she continued to tease and fuck her now hot pussy.

It was amazing. My cock felt so good as I pounded it in my fist as I

watched her finger fuck herself with her legs spread high and wide.

Then in an instant it was over as we both sent juices exploding over our

hands. I managed to catch my cum on her little knickers and then used them

to clean my manhood off.

She smiled with a look of glowing satisfaction on her young tender face.

"Thank you," she said as she stood and began to walk away. "You can keep

my cum-covered knickers. Next time, I think I'll buy a pair of high heels.

"See you then."