Shoplifting

by brynhild84 Â©

Natasha and I were walking down Moenckberg strasse window shopping. I kept

one eye on Natasha as she walked. Well...more her legs; her short white

skirt flounced and bounced, as she walked. The tops of her tanned thighs

burst into view for a tantalizing few seconds before being covered up

again by the fall of the soft material.

The tan that she had been working on all summer had made her skin a light

golden brown, it almost didn't look natural.

Her tight pink top didn't help to divert my attention either; I had just

the right view to look down her top, the straps and tops of her cups poked

out of the top of her shirt, as they pushed her golden boobs against her

chest making lots of cleavage. She had died her shoulder length hair

fluorescent green, in celebration of summer, I kept hoping that it would

glow in the dark, but that never happened. Combined with her green eyes

she looked even more pixyish than usual.

At H&MÃ£ Natasha decided to go in and see what they had. As we browsed

around looking at all the different clothing items, we gradually made our

way to the lingerie section, the center piece of this section was a

display of silk knickers and bras with the Hamburg shield in the middle.

Natasha was very excited to see these, as we had been looking for

something unique to take back to the States with us. So she found a panty

and bra set in her size and took them into the changing booth.

When she came back out, she just had the bra with her. "I'll just go with

this," she said with a wink, as we walked over to the cash register to

pay. As we went over I noticed Natasha walking a little weird; she was

pressing her thighs tightly together, I asked if she was alright, she

replied that she was fine.

After we made our purchase, we went back outside to find nighttime had

grown while we were inside. So we made our way back down the main shopping

section back to the train station.

As the train started up back towards home, her arms rise above her head

then fall back down to her sides in an enormous yawn. Sliding down the

seat of the chair, she leans her head back, resting against the head of

the chair, as her dainty, green painted hands, smooth out her short skirt

and front.

"Hmmm, that's better," she purrs, licking her lips. Smiling like a

Cheshire cat, her had creeps slowly down to the bottom of her skirt and

starts pulling it up.

Suddenly her eyes see something behind me. She jumps in her seat and pulls

her skirt back down, glowing bright red as a pretty conductor asks us for

our tickets, a little flushed, we showed her our University IDs which act

as trains passes.

After she leaves, Natasha starts giggling uncontrollably for a minute,

"that was close!" she gushes. Taking a deep breath, she tells me to keep a

look out for anyone coming up behind her. Again she slowly raises up her

skirt, to show me her naked pussy.

My heart jumps at this, "Since when did you stop wearing underwear?" I

teased.

She just sticks her tongue out at me in reply. She reaches between her

pussy lips and pulls out the silk pair of knickers from the store, a soft

moan escapes her lips as she does!

Grinning she slips the knickers all the way out, and puts them in my hand.

They're soaked with her juices, I bring them up to my nose, they're over

flowing with her scent.

"OK, now its you're turn, "Natasha said with a Cheshire Cat grin.

"Huh?"

"I want you to masturbate, right here, while I watch!" she said, leaning

in, so no one could possibly hear. With that she leaned back in her seat,

watching me expectantly.

My heart started beating even faster, I thought I was going to have a

heart attack, I looked around and told her to keep a look out for me, she

nodded eagerly. I slid forward in my seat and unbuttoned my jeans, sliding

the zipper down slowly. Wiggling a little bit I opened my fly wide enough

that I could pull my underwear down and take out my cock. I heard her gasp

as I did, I looked up to see her staring greedily at my cock, as it jumps

in time with, my now racing, heart beat, licking her lips in anticipation.

Slowly, very slowly, I began to slide my hand up and down, feeling it

growing with each beat of my heart. I was already semi hard from watching

Natasha's little display, not I was swelling up to my full 5 inches. I

kept looking around to see if anyone had noticed, but the nearest person

was two seats down, and in the same isle as us. I jerk forward, hard, as

the first wave a pleasure came over me. I knew it wouldn't take long to

come, it was my first time in a public area, with people around.

The pleasure was getting to be too much, I was bucking my hips, slightly,

trying to hold off the inevitable. Suddenly, I gasped, heart doing Olympic

level gymnastics; The stewardess was coming!

I nearly had a heart attack, I pulled my jeans back up, but my fingers

were shaking so much I couldn't do the zipper up, Natasha kept telling me

to hurry up.

It was no good, the stewardess was at the couple just before us. Natasha

leapt off her seat and sat down on my lap. Her pussy lips were wet, and

were nestled right over my swollen cock. She wiggled on top of me, easing

my cock into her with her hands and smoothed her skirt out over her legs,

and crossing them, so no one could see anything.

We both followed the stewardess with our eyes as she passed. We had

already shown her our passes so she wouldn't check again. She simply

smiled at us, lingering a little longer than necessary, I thought, then we

were all along again.

As she passed us, and went into the next section, all the tension and

anxiety gushed out of my body, and I slumped back into my seat. "That was

close."

"I know, exiting wasn't it?' Natasha gushed, wiggling her tight little

butt into my cock, "well, now that I'm hear, I might as well enjoy it,"

she cooed, looking at me over her shoulder, her green eyes filled with

excitement.

"Be careful, we don't want you getting pregnant," I warned, patting her

tummy.

She just grinned back and blew me a kiss as she turned around and began,

clenching and unclenching her vaginal muscles, moving her hips up and down

slightly in beat with her Kegals. I pumped up and down as best I could,

matching her rhythm. Soon I was coming, and had to bite her neck gently to

keep from moaning. By that time, our stop had come up. Natasha stood up,

let her skirt stay ridden up as she turned around to help me, zip up. As I

stood up, we kissed for a minute before getting off the Train and over to

where the buses were.

"I can't wait to see what you do with those knickers when we get back," I

whispered to her, squeezing her ass.

As I said those words, she stopped dead in her tracks, she turned to face

me, her eyes wide in shock, "Oh no! My knickers, we forgot them on the

train!"