###### Shopping with Mike

by sluttyally ©

After I met Mike at a fancy dress party, I started to call him up and suggested we hang out together.

"What do you want from me?" he asked, a little suspiciously, the second time I rang, "You're not interested in me for my looks, surely? You could get any guy you wanted".

We'd slept together once after our first meeting and, just between us, he's OK in bed. Strictly average. I sighed and wondered how to say what I wanted to say to him.

"Mike, you're short and a little overweight, let's not mince words, but you're a great dancer and you know how to look after a girl".

"Hmmm. I'm not sure how to take that", he said, sounding a little hurt.

"I'll make it up to you. Don't worry!" I laughed. "C'mon, let's go shopping on Saturday!"

"What do you want to buy?" he asked, with curiosity in his voice.

"What do you think, Mike? Clothes, of course! I'd love to shop with you because I can show off around you and you just let me do my thing. OK?"

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He came to pick me up Saturday at 11. My flatmate, Vicky, answered the door.

"She's in her room, Mike. Go on through", I could hear her say, with a smile in her voice.

I deliberately wanted to give Mike a bit of treat so I hadn't dressed at all. He knocked on my door and came in. I was sitting on my bed reading a magazine, with my legs crossed and my hands covering my pussy.

"Hi Mike!"

"Oh. Hi. Umm . . ." He blushed and looked at the floor for a moment before he collected himself, "Am I early or something? I'll go and wait outside".

"No, no. Wait here; I'm almost ready to go. I've just gotta pull on something. I've showered - and I've done something else as well," I said with a naughty little laugh. "Wanna see?"

I moved my hands and stretched my legs out in front of me. Mike's eyes went to my pussy, which I'd shaved very carefully that morning.

"Very nice", he murmured, as he sat on edge of the bed and finally smiled

a little. "Do we have to go out after all?"

"If you think you've come over just to fuck me, no way!" I laughed. I leapt up off the bed and stood in front of my mirror.

"Will you pick something for me to wear, Mike?"

I loved teasing him, seeing him change from an embarrassed schoolboy to a confident flirt - and back again. He was bright red now and didn't know what to say.

"Sure. Um, OK. You're fine as you are, you know", he finally said, forcing a grin.

I lifted my heavy breasts with both hands and stood, facing him.

"I can't exactly go out like this, can I?" I said with a smile, as I jiggled my tits. "I need something that'll hide these - at least a little", I added as I turned and took a step towards him.

Mike was still sitting on my bed, not sure how to react.

"There's my wardrobe - you choose something for me". I leaned forward so my hanging breasts almost brushed his nose. Feeling him so close, I felt all tingly and horny and couldn't help teasing him a little bit more.

"You know, Mike, I shaved down here for a reason, too", I said quietly, reaching down my with freshly painted nails.

I know it wasn't fair for me to work him up that way, but the poor guy couldn't help making a grab for me. I shook his hand off my tit and nimbly stepped out of his way, giggling.

"Now, now, Mike. C'mon, choose some clothes for me, or we'll be late. I want you to take me out to lunch wearing something new!"

He had turned bright red again but at least now he got up and turned to my wardrobe. The first few things he selected were absolutely no good for daytime street wear.

"What do you think I am, Mike, a hooker or something?" I asked, as I wiggled my hips in a satin minidress with a lace-up front.

The next two outfits were strictly for parties too: a sideless ankle length dress, and an eight inch vinyl skirt with a bustier top. But I modelled them for him and had fun doing a little striptease as I removed them. I could see his hard on in his pants the whole time, so I sat back down on the bed next to him.

"Mike, feel free to wank, if you'd like. I love knowing that I turn a guy on. Let's have a look here".

I unzipped his pants and took out his thick cock, dark with blood. It stood up straight and I wiggled it left and right, feeling it stiffen even more.

"Ally, I'm going crazy here!" Mike said. "C'mon babe, why don't we . . ."

His words trailed off as I leaned down and put my lips around his dick. His hands went to my bare tits and his hips started moving rhythmically up and down as my head bobbed.

I was starting to get horny myself, and was wondering if I had any condoms left, when he came with a gush. I was so surprised that I didn't swallow; his cum bubbled down my chin onto my tits.

"Very nice Mike. Short and sweet, huh?" I winked at him.

He turned bright red again, "I'm sorry Ally. I came a bit fast, huh?" He stood up and turned towards my bathroom. I threw him a pink towel and, after he'd cleaned up, I wiped myself off as well.

"Mmmm, I like the smell of cum on me when I'm going out to show off. It makes me even hornier than usual!" I said softly.

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"Do you often alter your clothes so that they're more revealing?" he asked once we were in the car.

Mike had finally chosen something suitable for Saturday shopping: one of my thin, tight, pink midriff t-shirts, a frayed pair of cutoff shorts with a very small g-string underneath and my new 5" cork soled platform sandals. Mike was looking at how much flesh was visible through my shortened shorts.

"Sometimes", I giggled, stretching my legs out. "I went a bit far with these shorts, so I've gotta wear a g-string during the day. They sit nice and low on my hips 'cause, see, I've cut the waistband off".

I wiggled in my seat to show Mike how loose they were and so that he could see quite a bit of g-string.

"So, Ally, what's your biggest turn-on as far as clothes go?" he went on, as the car made its way towards the shopping centre.

I stretched my legs out and put my feet on the dash. "Shoes!"

"Shoes?" Mike asked, quizzically.

"Did you notice the shoes in my wardrobe, Mike?"

"Um, yeah. I did, actually. They're just about all high heels".

I explained to Mike the appeal of really high heeled shoes to a girl who's not much above five feet.

"And when you've got tits like mine, Mike, high heels make them really stand out. If I wear flat shoes, I really need to wear a bra".

I went on to tell Mike that platforms suited me best because I could easily afford to add six inches to my height.

"And, after a bit of practice, you can walk in them quite easily!" I added.

The whole time we were talking, I noticed Mike's eyes strayed to my legs and feet. I spread my knees wide apart and looked down to see if he was also getting glimpses at my g-string through the frayed crotch.

"Naughty boy! What have you been trying to peek at?"

He reddened again and looked back at the road, without saying anything. I thought I'd might as well enjoy myself while we were driving, so I licked a finger and slid it into the loose crotch of my shorts.

"Mmmm, that's nice", I said, getting Mike's attention once more.

"Ally, can I ask you something else?"

"Sure, anything you like". I'd pushed the narrow g-string aside and found my favourite spot on my clit, so I closed my eyes to enjoy it better as Mike's car purred along.

All of sudden, Mike poured forth with a torrent of questions: "How often do you go out like this, looking to show off?"; "How many guys have you slept with?"; "What do your friends think of your exhibitionism?"; "Have any of your boyfriends minded you doing this sort of thing?"; "What's the most public place you've masturbated in?"; "When did you first show yourself off in public?"

"Whoa, Mike, hold on!!" I laughed.

I could tell his questions were genuine curiosity, not a way to make me feel guilty, so I answered them honestly. We laughed together at some of the things I'd done and I could feel my horniness grow as I told Mike a detailed story about the night I went out and danced, pantyless, in my sideless minidress on a bar.

By the time we pulled into the shopping centre carpark, Mike had recovered his composure and was a bit more confident. "Let's play a little game, OK?" he offered.

"OK? What's the game?" I asked, curiously.

"I want you to take your g-string off in the first shop and leave it there".

I thought for a moment and grinned at Mike. "Hmmm. That could be fun".

Mike's idea made me feel horny as anything by the time we got into the mall. My shorts were done up and my top was pulled down properly, but walking in my cork platforms gave my tits a nice bounce.

"Can you see my nipples?" I asked Mike. I stopped in the busy arcade and stretched the fabric tight across my chest with my hands. Two guys had also stopped and I enjoyed the feeling of them watching me.

"Oh yeah!" Mike said enthusiastically, taking my hand and walking on.

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Mike stopped me at a shop which had a display of miniskirts. He pointed out one made of denim which seemed pretty short.

"Looks a bit Pamela Anderson to me", I said. "But I'll try it on for you, if you want!"

The shop assistant was a tall girl with very slim legs who was wearing the same skirt herself with a tank top and a matching jacket.

"Wow, that skirt looks great on you!" I said to her. "I've just gotta try one on". I've learned that if you get these shop girls on-side, they don't mind you showing off a bit in their store.

"Here's one a size larger than mine", the girl commented primly, with arched eyebrows. "It looks good when it sits low on the hips". She gave her own hips a little sway, looking across at Mike.

"Does it? Well, I'll make sure I wear it real low. Do you want to come and help me, Mike?" I asked with a wicked grin.

He surprised me. "No, I'll wait here until you come out".

I took off my shorts and hung my g-string on a peg. The skirt fitted me perfectly. It was done up with six side buttons, but I only buttoned the two middle ones so that it balanced precariously, showing my hip bones. I experimented with wiggling my hips to see if it would slide off altogether.

I came out into the shop to show Mike. "I'm glad I shaved, Mike, because it would show something if I didn't huh?"

I moved to look at myself in the mirror, where I pushed the bottom of my t-shirt up, just showing the bottom curve of my tits. I stood there with my arms by my sides, taking in the effect of so much belly on show, almost down to the top of my slit.

"That looks great!" Mike said. "What do you think?" He turned to the shop assistant.

"Your girlfriend looks very sexy in that, although it's about to fall off her if she doesn't do up the buttons", she replied with the tiniest sneer in her voice.

"You're right", I said, turning the skirt around so that the buttons were at the front. "Would you do them up for me?"

The shop girl squatted down in front of me to do so, but stopped when she realised I wasn't wearing knickers. She looked up at me, embarrassed and speechless. I smiled as I undid the remaining two buttons and held the skirt to cover my butt, but completely showing my bare pussy to her, mere inches from her nose.

"I think I'll leave it, but thanks anyway", I said as I handed the skirt to her and walked around her, back into the changeroom.

I emerged a minute later, leaving my g-string on its peg, remembering Mike's 'game'. I was wondering if he'd notice that I'd 'forgotten' to do up the top two buttons on my shorts. This had the effect of making them slide around a bit and, from above, giving passers-by glimpses of bare flesh.

"Very nice", said Mike, winking, when he saw me. "Let's move on".

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As we wandered, several guys turned to look at me. My tits felt great stretching against the tight material of my shirt and I had a way of walking in my heels to exaggerate the way they jiggled.

My shorts gradually worked their way down and, at one point, I thought they were going to fall right off, but by wiggling my hips a certain way, I could just keep them up.

"Ally, just stop for a moment", Mike said, pulling me to a halt in front of a busy cafe. He slid his hand down the gaping back of my shorts and pulled me to him for a kiss. The feeling of my shorts halfway down my backside in public and my tits pressing into Mike made me feel extremely horny.

"C'mon", I laughed, pulling away after a few kisses.

We walked on and, as I took my steps, I kept adjusting my shorts in a way which made them ride up the cleft of my cheeks. Mike would occasionally slide his hand in and quickly squeeze my butt, but I didn't mind at all. I was aware of several young guys following at a distance and I kept looking behind and giggling as I wiggled my little butt at them.

"Mike, let's go in here!" I stopped him in front of an evening wear shop which had a sign out the front reading, "Surprise Him Tonight!". The window display contained a number of sexy and revealing outfits; just looking at them was making my juices flow.

"Hey, Ally! Look at this one!" Mike called me over to look at a mannequin in the doorway wearing a low cut clingy minidress with the waist slit up both sides. "Are you game?" he grinned, as I felt the thin material.

The shop assistant wore a name-tag reading 'Meryl' which bounced nicely on her chest. I couldn't help noticing that Mike took a lot of interest in Meryl's miniskirt, which showed off her tanned thighs almost to her crotch.

"How may I help you?" she asked, staring wide-eyed at my loose shorts as she tottered over to us in her strappy sandals.

"I'd like to try one of those on" I said, pointing at the dress. Meryl was still staring at my skimpy shorts, so I stood with my hands on my hips, moving them down a fraction more, wondering how much of my smooth mound Meryl could see.

As Meryl turned, Mike admired her shapely butt as she leaned over to get a dress from a low-lying shelf. I took the absurdly skimpy piece of unlined fabric into the changeroom and, as I held it up in front of me, I wondered how I'd get it on.

I could hear Mike, outside, flirting with Meryl. "What you're wearing looks sensational on you, you know . . ."

I heard Meryl giggling in response as I breathed in and squeezed into the dress. Only then, though, did I notice there was no mirror actually in the changeroom. I'd have to go out to even get a decent glimpse of myself.

"Mike, I'm coming out!" I called, as I tied my shoes back on.

"Jeez, Ally!" were his words when I walked out. I immediately saw why he reacted that way. In the light of the shop, the dress was virtually sheer: through the fabric, the darkness of my nipples could clearly be seen. My little pussy slit remained hidden - at least for the moment - as the dress was just long enough to cover my crotch.

"I think you should lower the whole dress a little", Meryl offered, with a little smile. "That way, it'll cover you down there and you've got plenty up top to hold it up, after all".

I let her adjust the straps of the dress until most of my tits were bulging out the top. "I can't exactly do any leaning over in this, can I?" I laughed, looking down into my cleavage.

I turned to look at myself from the rear and was pleased to see that, even standing up straight, a hint of brown butt cheek was visible. "Definitely no leaning!" I giggled.

I walked over to a sofa and sat down on it, smoothing the dress over my thighs as I crossed my legs, pretending that modesty was important to me. "So, does this dress show a little too much leg?" I asked Meryl, as I ran my hand up my upper thigh and hip.

"Well, it is quite revealing, but you've got the legs to do it", she smiled, looking across at Mike, who smiled back at her.

"Do you think so?" I asked coquettishly, as I stretched my crossed legs out along the sofa. I could feel Meryl's and Mike's eyes admiring my smooth brown legs, but they didn't respond.

I then leaned back, with my hands behind my head, causing the dress to ride up just above my crotch. Meryl caught her breath when she saw I wasn't wearing knickers and looked at Mike, as if looking for some explanation. Mike remained transfixed and looked from my pussy to Meryl's legs, then back again.

"You've got beautiful legs, too, Meryl", I said, admiring her shapely calves and thighs - and her little feet with their painted nails. She reddened a little and looked down at the floor, so I thought I'd see how much mileage I could get out of this situation.

"Do you wear knickers, Meryl?" I added, with a smile, separating my legs

just a fraction.

"Umm. Yeah. I do". Meryl glanced at me - then at Mike. She was obviously wondering whether this was some sort of scam.

"As you can see, I don't", I went on. "I like it when people see my pussy, especially sexy girls like you Meryl".

I spread my legs a little further still, until my pussy lips, slightly swollen now, could be seen. Meryl was silent, but clearly fascinated, her eyes glued to my pussy.

"Mike, come over here", I asked gently, as I started to stroke myself, putting one foot up onto the back of the sofa. My legs were spread wide now and my inner lips were visible, wet and pink.

Mike obediently came forward and sat on the sofa, between my outstretched legs. "I'm sure Meryl would like to watch", I added, glancing at Meryl, who couldn't help moving closer herself.

"Have you ever seen a naked woman like this, Meryl?" I asked.

"Umm. No". She was bright red and her hands were rubbing anxiously against

the sides of her thighs.

"Should you close the shop for a few minutes, Meryl?" Mike asked. "We can all have some fun together that way".

"I can't!" Meryl blurted out.

Mike and I looked at each other while Meryl stopped and appeared to think for a moment. "Well, I suppose for five minutes I could".

She ran to the counter and picked up a little sign which she hung in the door, locking it behind her. When she returned to us, Mike had started to lick my pussy and Meryl was visibly more relaxed; she even had a little smile.

"Are you guys doing this as a dare?" she asked, standing with her hands on her hips. "Or is this some kind of turn on for you both?"

"It's a turn on for me", I replied, "but Mike can speak for himself.

Actually, he can't right now", I giggled, watching Mike's tongue and lips working busily away.

"Feel free to touch yourself Meryl", I said. "In fact, I'd love it if you did".

She reddened again and smoothed her skirt across her thighs in an anxious movement. "I've never done that in front of someone else before. Not even my boyfriend".

"Here, then, I'll show you what to do", I said, gently moving Mike's face away from my pussy. I sat up straight on the sofa, both feet on the floor, and motioned to Meryl to come closer.

"Let me see what's under this skirt", I said, as she came within arm's reach. I slid my hands up her taut thighs and found the waistband of her knickers. Meryl didn't resist as I pulled them down and let them drop to her feet.

"Nice g-string Meryl", I said.

She stepped aside and I picked up the crumpled fabric and held it against my face. "Mmmm, you've been getting horny, haven't you?"

Meryl mumbled something and looked at my outstretched legs.

"Tell me, Meryl, do you have fantasies about working here without your underwear? I certainly would."

"Well, umm, sometimes", she eventually admitted, blushing once more. "A woman like you came in a few weeks ago and tried on all sorts of things without knickers or a bra on. It made me so wet . . ."

I listened to her words trail off and I could see by the way she now looked at me that she was coming around to my way of thinking.

"I've got an idea, Meryl". I paused for effect while she looked from my legs to my face.

"I'd like to touch your pussy and you can touch mine. Mike here won't do a thing, except perhaps play with himself, not unless you want him to".

Mike looked hopefully at Meryl, as if he was expecting her to blow him. All she did was nod and slowly unzip her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. I took her butt and pulled her hips towards me, enjoying the look and scent of her trimmed bush up close.

"So, are you two married?" Meryl asked, as my tongue started making little circles on her pussy lips.

Mike burst out laughing. "No way! We just hang out together. I don't have a girlfriend", he added, looking at Meryl meaningfully.

For the next couple of minutes, I gave Meryl the best blowjob I could, as I fingered my own pussy almost to orgasm. Meryl's legs spread wider to give me access, but I could see she wasn't relaxed enough to come. Mike stood nearby, watching, his hand rubbing an obviously hard dick through his pants.

I pulled my mouth away from Meryl and she took a couple of steps back.

"Have you ever seen another couple have sex, Meryl?" I asked.

Mike's eyes looked at me expectantly, and then at Meryl for her answer.

"No, definitely not", she said, cautiously. "Are you going to do it? Now?"

I leaned back onto the sofa, holding my legs wide apart by the ankles.

"Well, if Mike wants to come over here, I'd be very happy", I giggled.

Within seconds, Mike had pulled his pants and shorts down and his thick purple cock was sticking out nicely. He looked to Meryl, as if he expected some sort of compliment.

She just stood aside silently, however, watching us both. Mike kneeled on the floor again and, in one smooth action, his cock was deep inside me.

"Oh, Mike! That feels sensational!" I cried, as I enjoyed that feeling of fullness when a fat cock is in me.

Mike started pumping away, slowly, then quickly, and I was pleased to see Meryl's own hand go to her pussy and start moving rapidly. She started making little panting noises and I could also feel Mike's cock getting fatter.

"Oh, yeah!" Mike said, as he pushed hard against me and came. I could feel a big spurt deep inside me and I held him tight. I wanted that hard feeling to stay inside me for a little longer, as I watched Meryl pleasure herself.

"Sit", I said softly to Mike, as he pulled out and slumped onto the sofa next to me. We both watched Meryl, whose loose dark hairs were stuck to her perspiring forehead as two slender fingers continued in and out of her squelching pussy.

"Oh, oh, oh", she panted softly as her eyes met mine. Suddenly, she came.

Her face froze and the colour drained quickly. Her hand stayed where it was and her legs trembled for a few seconds.

"Come, sit here", I said quietly, patting the seat next to me. She squeezed next to me, breathing heavily, her legs outstretched, a finger still inside herself.

The three of us sat silently on the sofa and I listened to a clock tick and the hum of shoppers outside in the arcade.

"Well, Meryl, how did that feel?" I asked, turning to her, putting a hand on her damp thigh. By now, her hands were in her lap and she looked normal, although a little dishevelled.

She smiled and leaned down, pulling her skirt towards her. "I suppose I'd better open the shop again, huh?"

As she stood and pulled her skirt on and then turned towards the door, she added, "You guys can keep my g-string if you like."