The Shop

by cov\_bifemcoupleÂ©

"How many times do I have to tell you" you snap at me "I need something sensible

for swimming in, not just for posing on the beach"

I look sheepishly at you, half-naked in the changing cubicle as I appear around

the curtain with yet another bundle of bikinis and 'dayglo' swimming costumes. I

stand there wishing we had bought the Speedo in the sports shop and had done

with it but then I am proud you flaunt your sexy body when you walk along the

poolside so I feel sure this exclusive boutique would have something more

interesting.

As I drop the bundle to the chair I silence you in the best way I know, holding

your body to me and meeting your lips with mine in a wet lingering kiss.

"Not in here" you whisper as we come up for air. I smile and whisper back

"OK just let me try another swimming costume on you then"

Sensing the exasperated shrug I kneel to the floor in front of you, pulling down

the bikini bottoms you are wearing. As my thumb hooked the strings at the side I

wonder at your sensuous mound, being revealed inch by inch as the lycra falls to

the floor. Not being able to resist I lunge my head into your groin licking the

shaven area just to one side of your labia. I feel your hands grip the back of

my head momentarily and thinking that I could go further my tongue delves.

Hearing your gasp and feeling your legs open fractionally my hands start to grip

your buttocks.

The pain.... as my ears are pulled and your smothered giggles tells me that you

really are not happy and so reluctantly I pull away and rummage through the new

pile of costumes. Finding a blue one piece, high at the hips and with cut-outs

at the back and front I hold the bottom open so you can step straight in. As I

pull it higher up your legs I realise that the costume shows more then it

conceals. Steering you to the mirror and watching your instant reaction I can

see you like the effect. As I stand behind you I like the effect too and cannot

resist stroking the small of your back. Feeling you stiffen slightly and leaning

over your shoulder I kiss the side of your neck. My lips trail up to your

earlobe as I know this melts you. Despite your murmured protests one of my hands

slips around, gliding over the contour of your breasts and pressing through the

smooth material. Your nipples enlarge instinctively and my fingers search them

out, teasing and tweaking through the sheer fabric.

I gently push you forwards so you are leaning slightly towards the mirror and I

place each of your hands to either side of it. Looking over your shoulder we

watch into each others eyes as my hands glide downwards, first tracing your

intimate details through the costume and then as the tell tale dampness begins

to show, my fingers slip inside. I curl my hand to move the tight strip between

your thighs and then with total accuracy gained from the view in the mirror I

find the start of your slit. Wet lips, curled and puffy, and with one long

stroke my middle fingers glides over the tip of your clit and into the soaking

passage.

Keeping eye contact my finger massages and masturbates you, I can feel your legs

sagging slightly and I push behind to support you. Your breathing gets heavier

and my other hand instinctively covers your mouth to try and gag you. But with

each stroke of my finger your gasps turn to little whimpers and I can tell you

are so close to orgasm. Just as your legs go tense and I know you are going over

the edge I swap my hands, forcing your mouth open with the fingers wet with your

juices. Smearing them across your face we both smell your sex as you lose

control, thighs taut, face strained, and breasts heaving with the exertion.

Giving one last gasp you push yourself back against my body leaning into me as

your orgasm subsides.

Just as calm regains we both hear a sudden "Ai" and a series of quick gulping

breaths.

" What the fuck" I can see you mouthing silently as we try to work out where the

sound is coming from. Leaving you naked I pull the curtain wide and rounding the

corner of the cubicle I spot the stock room door slightly ajar. Throwing caution

to the wind and grabbing the handle I wrench the door open. The sight that

greets me shocks me to the core. At first I think something is playing tricks on

my eyesight and then I realise that it is the naked you I can see through the

two-way mirror, still leaning on the edges of the glass, costume awry and with a

wet trail from your red and swollen pussy.

As my eyes move to the depths of the stock room I see the startled face of the

sales girl, terrified that I had found her secret out and half leaning against

the shelves. I could tell her T shirt had been hurriedly pushed back down and

her hand was barely out of the front of her hipster jeans. Grabbing her by the

wrist I brought her hand to my face, smelling at once the damp odour of sex.

"please, please" she whimpered" don't tell anyone.....so sorry so sorry"

I smiled, knowing what she had seen the through the mirror must have been highly

erotic and secretly I was pleased she had lost control at the same instance as

you.

"Debbie, lock the shop door and come here" I shout

"Why, what" you sounded confused

" Don't argue just lock it and come here"

The bolt rasping shut, the young Japanese woman began to look increasingly

scared. I fixed my face not wanting to show how glad I was to find her in such a

compromising situation

" I will do anything" she stuttered, "just don't tell the owner or hurt me"

Fixing her with a stern stare I started pushing her back towards the cutting

table in the middle of the room. Still covered with scraps of cloth I swept them

all to one side as she backed till her buttocks were on the edge. I began to

sense you behind me and the girl kept glancing from one to the other as if she

were seeking some reassurance.

"Jeans off and sit on the table" I barked at the young woman and, still

trembling, she hooked her thumbs back inside the waistband, so recently

refastened. I sense you behind me watching and just realising that your

masturbation was so visible to others. Your hot breath falls on the back of my

neck and you steady yourself on my hips.

We both observe the Japanese girl, a sylph like figure in her early 20s, jet

black hair in a punkish cut, jagged over her brow. As the jeans gather around

her ankles we both watch her slim legs bend as the kicks the denim away. With

both hands behind her on the edge of the table steadying herself to push upwards

I can see the contours of her mound pressing damply against the small black

triangle of silk.

In a low voice I say 'Debbie, I would like to introduce you to...."

We both look to her with eyebrows raised.

"M M Miki" she stammers, still shaking from the shock of being discovered. Her

normally pale face now scarlet across the cheeks. "Well Miki, you are our

surprise for the day. There we were having some quiet fun in your changing room.

Tell me, do you often watch people changing?" Miki nods her head, still flushed

with embarrassment. " Well you have watched us, so I think its now our turn to

observe"