Shopping for her - Part 4

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Following on again from their tryst at the shops

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/shopping-for-her-part-4.aspx

Brenda left the store, her instructions clear in her mind. Sean, Vicky and Monica chatted comfortably.

"Monica, a David stopped by to tell you that he couldn't meet you after work. This was while you and Vicky were... sorry, what were you doing?" he asked.

Monica blushed, yet again. "Changing, Sean, just changing."

"Uhunh. Not! Vicky let the cat out of the bag earlier with her 'screaming Monica' comment. Somebody was muff diving unless I miss my guess."

Vicky spoke up. "There has to be a first time for everything, and I imagine Monica's had several firsts today, eh sexy?" Vicky gave Monica a huge hug, one filled with new-found friendship and affection.

"Monica is the best gift ever!"

"Gift?" asked Monica.

"Sean brought home the lingerie you sized for him and gave it to me, telling me he'd found a gift for me. I thought it was sweet of him, but when I opened the package, I immediately saw that the bra was the wrong size, and Sean said 'Oh, these little items aren't for you. No, this is just the beginning of this little gift.' And what a wonderful gift it has been!"

"I am a gift?" Monica, still stuck on the idea of herself as a gift.

"No, baby, the opportunity to meet you, to play with you, to include you in our fun, and..." Vicky looked to Sean with an unspoken question. Sean nodded yes and Vicky continued, "and in our lives, if you want. That was the gift."

"How did Sean know what would happen today?" Monica had heard Vicky, but... still stuck on gift.

"Sean couldn't have, not really. But when he talked with you yesterday, played with you, he saw something in you that he believed fit us, fit me. If you were as ready as he thought you were, he believed we could have a lot of fun together. And more, be good friends to one and other."

"How could he know that?"

"Mistakes, baby, mistakes. Sean’s made them all, most of them more than once, and eventually he's learned from them. One of the many advantages of older men."

"But how could he know that about me?"

"By how you reacted to him. Be honest, when he left, what were you thinking?"

Monica looked down at her feet. "I was hoping he'd come back, that maybe the sizes were wrong or something."

Sean waited to hear how Vicky answered.

"See? Somehow, he knew that about you, and he... schemed isn't the right word. Gambled! Gambled that what he saw in you was real. We came here today gambling that you were the woman he'd seen yesterday, and not an act. I didn't know about all this until we got here, but I wouldn't have changed a single thing, not for the world." Suddenly concerned, she peered into Monica's eyes,
"Would you change anything, Monica?"

"Not a single thing. Not one, solitary little thing!" Monica said, with a wry smile spreading across her facey.

Vicky glowed. "I thought so. I hoped so, anyway. I am very, very glad you feel that way." The two women hugged each other tightly, cheek to cheek, bosom to bosom, hip to hip.

Sean spoke again. "About David?"

Monica broke away from Vicky and turned to Sean. "David is a... friend. We've been kind of seeing each other."

"Kind of seeing each other? Does that mean you share sandwiches or something more intimate?" Sean asked.

"Ummmmm, the sandwiches one. Not that I'd mind more intimate, but he's kind of sweet and kind of a mama's boy. He's only twenty-two and young for his age. I like him. He's an artist. Sort of."

"What does "sort of" mean?"

"It means he has a Bachelors of Fine Arts, but no real fire and no plans. He works in fibers and natural materials, that kind of thing."

"Are you sure he isn't gay?" asked Vicky. "I mean, twenty-two, not intimate with you, young for his age, an artist - how much would it take to add an 'e' and get 'artiste'?"

"It's not like that! His mom is very controlling. She's divorced, long ago, and still single. She just can't seem to let him go."

"My gaydar didn't go off, for what it's worth," said Sean. "He's definitely pervy, but who are we to cast stones? You know he hung around after he left," said Sean.

That surprised Monica. "He should have gone back to the food court where he works. I don't want him to lose his job."

"I think he's more worried about losing you."

"Really? We haven't even had a real date. Just talked and ate together at the food court. Tonight was supposed to be our first sorta kinda date. I guess that isn't going to happen." Monica's face fell at the thought.

Sean thought for a second. "Let us make it up to you for David's mother's bad timing. Dinner after you get off?"

Suddenly shy, Monica said, "I don't know. This is all so sudden. I don't want to intrude." Both Sean and Vicky waited patiently, without saying a word. After a few tens of seconds, Monica couldn't stand it anymore. "Okay, okay, I get off at four when my aunt comes in. Where should I meet you?"

Sean glanced at his watch. "Hmmm, that's only thirty minutes away. We'll wait for you at the benches right outside the store. Does that work for you?"

"Don't I need to change"

Vicky smirked. "Haven't you changed enough today, baby?"

Monica couldn't help blushing again. And then she blushed because she blushed. "I guess I have! Is this outfit okay then?"

"Both what we see and what we don't see are perfect, baby. Now we'll see you in a half hour," and with that Vicky pecked Monica on the cheek and led Sean out of the store.

Monica busied herself with store things for the next half hour. Her aunt showed up promptly at four pm. "How'd it go today?" she asked as she rounded the counter and started to run a report from the register.

"It went well, Jill. I don't think I've had a better day." On at least two fronts, she smiled to herself.

Reading the report, Jill exclaimed, "Oh, it is good, isn't it? You did really well today, Monica. What was different?"

"I don't know, people just seemed more ready to buy things. Whatever it was, I hope it sticks around!"

"So do I, so do I!"

"Bye, I'll see you tomorrow."

"Have a good evening, Monica."

"Oh, I think I will, Jill, I think I will." Monica practically waltzed out the door, while Jill watched her with speculation in her eyes. This was not the Monica to whom she'd become accustomed.

Monica found Sean and Vicky exactly where they said they'd be. Vicky gave her a hug. Sean, however, simply smiled at her. His reserve bothered her, bothered her enough that Monica felt weird. She glanced to Vicky for some insight, and Vicky obliged.

"Sean is... careful, baby. In his words, he thinks you must be gentled first. That doesn't mean trained, it means you have to learn to trust him first. I trust him with everything that I am, but I don't think you've had a chance to come to that place, not yet. Until you do, Sean won't push, won't impose his will, won't assume something not in evidence."

"But... but... you said he knew me! Yesterday!"

"And so he does, in most ways. Even so, you are a competent, adult human being. Which means you must come to trust him on your own, through the evidence of your senses and the results of his actions. And that takes time. But enough with the lessons! Let's go to get a drink!"

"A drink? I thought we were going to dinner?"

Sean finally spoke. "That, too. But dinner at four? I mean, really, Monica, that is much too early! No, a drink first, then dinner later. And after that, well, we'll see."

The mall had a very adequate fake Irish Pub, the "Stiff Old Gentleman", only a year old and locally known as the Stiffee, and to that newly venerable establishment the threesome retired for chips and drinks.

They sat at one of those high tables where you sit at stools. Booths were open, but Sean chose the table. They ordered drinks, and chatted companionably.

Monica, no longer stuck on gift, couldn't quite let the trust thing go. Sipping on her chardonnay while Vicky sipped a martini and Sean nursed a Chimay, returned to the newest sticking point. "Vicky, what makes you think I don't trust Sean?"

"Baby, think of Brenda. Who did she want to kiss? You, because, she said, you were less intimidating. But it was also because she felt stronger with you than with me. The same is true for you - you feel stronger with me, and much less so with Sean." Monica nodded yes. "The thing is, you would do anything Sean said, wouldn't you? And you know that. You don't trust him, not yet, you fear him. You fear his power over you."

"Sean has no power over me, not really."

"You think so? A test then." Vicky waved at Sean.

"Monica, take your panties off," Sean said.

Monica spit out wine in surprise. "What, now?"

"Yes, now. Right now, right here. Put your glass down and remove your panties without standing."

"Sean, I can't do that. What if someone sees me?"

"Monica, you say 'Yes, Sir' and you simply do it. Understand?"

"I... I guess I do."

"Monica, say, 'Yes, Sir, I understand."

"Y... Yes, Sir, I understand."

"What is it that you understand, Monica?"

"I understand that I must remove my panties."

"You forgot the Sir. Vicky, please pinch her nipple. Hard." Vicky pinched her nipple. Monica swallowed a little scream. "Don't forget the Sir again, Monica. Okay?" Monica nodded yes. "Say 'Yes, Sir', Monica."

"Yes, Sir."

"Now, what are you to do?"

"Remove my panties, Sir."

"Good girl. Now do it."

Monica looked around the pub, which which was mostly empty at this early hour, and then pulled her her skirt, hooked her thumbs in her panties and slid them down to her thighs and then straightened her dress.

"Put your dress back where it was, Monica. I want anyone who sees you to see your ass." Monica looked around, frightened now, but pushed her dress back up around her waist and continued to slide her panties down until she could slide them off one foot at a time.

"Pull your skirt down and put your panties on the table." Monica complied.

Vicky examined her closely, a smile playing hide and seek with her tongue. Vicky was flushed and so nervous she nearly spilled her wine as she took another drink.

"So, baby, what do you think now? Do you fear Sean?"

"Yes," Monica whispered.

"As well you should. That kind of power is all too easy to abuse. Now, baby, let me see something..." Vicky reached under Monica's skirt, sliding it up far enough she could see the juncture of legs and pubes. She pushed Monica's legs apart and slid her finger into her slit.

"Oh yes, hot and wet. You are quite the the horny little little slut, aren't you?" Vicky removed her finger from Monica's slit and then placed it between Monica's lips.

"Suck my finger, baby. Suck your juices. Taste them," she commanded.

Monica closed her eyes and sucked on Vicky's finger until Vicky pulled it out with a noticeable pop.

"That's a good girl," said Sean. "I imagine it tastes very good."

"Oh, it does, Sean, it does." Vicky, the voice of experience.

Sean laughed. "Now, sip more wine. And I do mean sip."

"Yes, J..., Yes, Sir."

"Very good, Monica, *very* good." Sean smiled at Monica, his eyes alight with pleasure.

"What about my panties, Sir? We can't just leave them on the table - what if the waiter comes back?"

"I'm planning on him coming... back, Monica." Monica's eyes bugged out, but, wisely, she didn't say anything.

And eventually, he did come back to see if they needed another drink.

"Another Whiskey for me, I think," said Sean. The waiter turned to Vicky and Monica, and came to a full stop. Clearly, he had seen the panties.

"Oh, sorry about that. Monica here. " and Sean waved his hand towards Monica, "decided she was uncomfortable and took them off." Sean made no move to remove the panties from the table, and the waiter addressed the two women.

"Can I do either of... can I get either of you..." mortified, he manned up and tried one last time. "Do you need another drink?"

Vicky spoke first. "Why, yes, you could get me... another drink. I'll have a glass of wine, the chardonnay, please."

The poor waiter began to sweat bullets as he turned to Monica. For her part, speech was long in coming. Finally, she squeaked out, "No thanks, I'm good here," which didn't help the poor waiter at all, but at least he could finally escape to fill the order.

The table remained silent while the waiter filled their order. Vicky and Sean smiled and sipped their drinks. Monica, too, slowly sipped her wine - and squirmed on her stool.

When the waiter returned with the drinks, Sean thanked him, Vicky watched Monica, and Monica stared down at the table, not meeting the waiter's eye. Which would have been hard to do, as he kept his eyes on Sean.

Drink order taken care of, the waiter left and Monica looked up from the table. "Sir, that was terrible of you! I was so embarrassed!" Sean laughed, not unkindly.

"And you loved every second of it, didn't you, baby?"

"Vicky! Of course I didn't!"

"Baby, slide your finger into your pussy and tell me if your body loved it or not."

Monica started to argue, but Sean's look convinced her otherwise. Closing her eyes, she pulled her skirt up just enough and slide a middle finger in between her cunt lips. Her eyes opened in surprise, as her pussy literally dripped with her juices. Using all the fingers of that hand, she wiped her slit and pulled the skirt down with the other hand. She brought the wet hand up in front of her face and stared at it in amazement.

"Lick it clean, baby," Vicky commanded. Monica's tongue and lips bathed her fingers, cleaning them of her nectar.

"You see, Monica," said Sean, "things with the body are not as simple as with the intellect. The body knows things the mind does not, and your body delighted in teasing that waiter."

"But... but I'm not like that! I'm not a tease!"

"Not in the thinking part of you, no. But there is so much more to being human than simply the content of our thoughts. Our actions are far more reliable, and your body can only speak it's truth, it can't lie to

you the way your thoughts can."

"Sean, enough with the philosophy!" Laughing, Vicky put her hands on Monica's thigh, pushing the skirt quite high.

"Baby, let go of who you think you are and enjoy finding out who you can be! Time to trust a little more." Vicky leaned over and kissed Monica on the cheek, sliding her hand just a tiny bit further up Monica's thigh and under the skirt. Monica's breathing quickened.

Sean broke the building spell.

"Monica, I want you to go to the ladies room and remove your bra. Leave your jacket here at the table. You are to tweak your nipples until they are hard and then return. Carry your bra in your hand. And when you walk back, you are to stand up straight, put your shoulders back and your breasts out. If I don't see those nipples sticking out of your blouse, Vicky will pinch them here at the table until they do. Do you understand these instructions? "

Shocked to her core, Monica almost started to get up and leave, but something, something Vicky had said, about finding friends and trusting, stopped her.

"Okay, Sea..., I mean, yes, Sir." She stood up, removed her jacket and went to the ladies room.

Vicky giggled as Monica walked away. "Sean, the poor girl is so horny she's going to explode!"

"I hope so. I'm kind of hovering on the edge myself."

"Sean, Sean, you know you get off from the control. I'm the one who is needs to get fucked soon or I will start begging strangers to do me! Speaking of strangers, our waiter is too cute is he not? I wonder if he'd do me..." The totally devilish smile she gave Sean only emphasized her true beauty.

Sean took her hand and kissed the palm, watching her eyes as he did so. Vicky tilted her head back, closed her eyes and let the sensation of his lips on her palm move increase the already high level of erotic tension. Her own pussy throbbed, and she could only imagine how much sexual torment Monica felt at that moment. For both of them, she knew, the torment would only increase, and the anticipation only added to the torment.

At that moment, Monica returned. Bra in hand, shoulders back, breasts pushed out, her hard, pink nipples and dark brown areolae clearly visible under the white blouse. Vicky gasped.

"Baby, you are magnificent!" She stood up and hugged Monica, and then kissed her on the lips. Pulling back, she sat Monica down, and took her seat on her own stool.

"Monica, I am very proud of you. Put your bra on the table, please."

"Yes, Sir." She put the bra beside the panties and continued to speak.

"I don't think I've ever felt like I do right now. I am so horny!" She laughed.

"But it's more that I feel, I don't know, everything. Every little bit of air, every look, every smell, it is all there like sparks on my skin. I can't even walk without almost making me cum as my legs slide past each other!" She laughed again.

"I've never even said 'cum' before!" She leaned over the table and In a whisper said, "Oh, gawd, I am so horny. Somebody please fuck me!" Surprised at her own words, she said,

"And I've never EVER said that before, either!"

"A day of many firsts, many changes, eh, baby?" Vicky stroked Monica's rich auburn hair as she spoke.

"What could possibly happen next?" Monica asked.

"Why, we've whiled away enough time here. Time to go!" Sean waived the waiter to their table.

"Our tab, please." The waiter looked around to collect his thoughts as he wrote up the tab, and that's when he saw the bra, sitting beside the matching panties. He gave Monica a stricken look, threw the tab on the table and fled to the bar,

"Well, baby, I think you have your first conquest," Vicky said in a conspiratorial whisper.

Sean spoke up. "Oh, I think that must be her third or fourth, Vicky. And that's just today."

Vicky glanced at him quizzically, then understanding dawned on her and she threw her head back and loudly laughed. "Yes, you are right. And it's probably five."

"What are you two talking about?" Monica asked.

Sean answered her. "Monica, if you haven't noticed, that waiter is not the only person whose breath

you've taken away today." Monica remained puzzled.

Vicky answered the puzzled look. "Count the conquests, baby: one, probably, is David; two is Brenda; three is the waiter. Can you guess who four and five might be?" Monica shook her head no. "Look who is sitting with you, sweetheart. We are four and five."

Astonishment flickered across Monica's face. "But... but you two started all this. Sean started it yesterday!"

Vicky answered here again. "Why would we gamble our time, our hearts, on someone with whom we were not taken?" Both Vicky and Sean smiled at her.

Vicky's answer stunned Monica. These two sensual, sophisticated, intimidating people were taken with her? How, when, why, did that happen? No answers came to her, but what she saw in Vicky's eyes, and in Sean's, too, convinced her that she needed no answers. It just was.

"Come, let us go find dinner somewhere.," Sean said. Monica started to pick up the panties and bra, but Sean stopped her. "Leave them for the waiter. He will think of you and masturbate with them tonight. It's good to leave them happy, don't you think?" Sean put on his devilish grin. Monica and Vicky matched his grin with devilish grins of their own.

The threesome discussed where to eat as they walked through St Davids2 to the Sean and Vicky's car. That much had been settled, that Monica would ride with them. As they walked by Les Bon Temps, arm in arm, Monica's Aunt Jill noticed them. After they passed, Jill walked to the doorway to see them better. Closely observing Monica, whose jacket was over Sean's arm, Jill could see that Monica wore no bra and had no panty line. Her thoughts were troubled.

The three of them couldn't come to agreement on where to eat, so Sean chose Gigi's, an old flower shop in an older part of town that had been converted into a restaurant with an eclectic menu. The restaurant was maybe a twenty minute drive from the mall.

"Vicky, you and Monica get in the back seat." The two door convertible, a 3 series BMW, had back seats, but not large ones. Still, both women climbed into the car. Sean started the car, drove out of the underground parking then eased onto the dual carrigeway leading down to Cardiff bay.

As soon as he had the car comfortably cruising along, Sean spoke over his shoulder to the two women. "Monica, Vicky tells me she needs to be fucked soon or she is going mad and begging strangers to do her. I'd rather you do her. Make her happy, Monica."

Monica looked around at the other cars on the road. 'But... but..."

"No buts. You have less than fifteen minutes to get Vicky properly off. I better hear some screaming orgasms soon. Get busy."

Vicky turned sideways in the narrow space, pulled the back leg up, braced the foot against the cup holder between the two seats, pulled up her skirt and waited, her expression expectant and happy.

Monica shrugged, then shivered in anticipation. She leaned over and touched Vicky's pussy through her panties. Vicky lifted her hips so that Monica could pull the panties off, exposing Vicky's bald, hot and wet slit. Monica leaned over further and then stopped.

"I don't know how to do this, Vicky. What do I do?"

"Imagine that everything you do is happening instead to you and then feel it! Pay attention to which things move me. I will tell you if you go too far wrong. Make me happy, Monica! Fuck me!"

Monica separated Vicky's cunt lips with one hand and stroked the clit with the other, licking and tonguing the vaginal opening at the same time.

"Slow down, baby! Just play with everything first, let me feel your interest, your breath, your lips!"

"Twelve minutes," said Sean.

"Shut up, Sean! We've got this in hand. Or mouth. Whatever! You pay attention to your driving!" Vicky began to grind her hips against Monica's face and hands and her breathing deepened as her pussy lips swelled and her clit peeked out from underneath its hood. Monica started to get the hang of it - after all, who should know instinctively how to please a woman better than another woman?

She began to tongue Vicky's cunt as deeply as she could, flicking her thumb across Vicky's rigid little clit at the same time. Vicky increased both the speed of her grinding and the force with which she pushed into Monica's face, and well within the fifteen minute time limit Vicky literally screamed

"Fuck! FUCK!" and came in a crashing orgasm that lifted her ass off the car seat. Her legs squeezed Monica's head in place while her hands pressed hard on the back of Monica's head. Monica felt Vicky's pussy spasm with her whole face, and when Vicky squirted, she could only swallow, barely able to breathe.

"Oh my fucking god, that was wonderful!" Vicky continued to shake, but at least she let Monica up so

she could breathe. Monica's face was wet with her cum. Vicky leaned forward and kissed and licked Monica's face until it was only damp.

Sean turned into the restaurant parking and waited while Monica and Vicky straightened themselves up. Vicky did not put her panties back on, which did not escape Sean's or Monica's notice.

Not that anyone minded.....