Chez Sal

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Published on Lush Stories on 01 Dec 2011

Seeing her man in a tacky dress forces a quick romp in the thrift store changing room.

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I used to attend a gathering of weirdos at which I'd sometimes wear a tacky prom dress as a gag. A friend saw a picture of me dressed that way and requested I write her this piece, which is short but to the point.

Pulling the door open I could feel the electricity in the air as we stood before the Salvation Army. She smiled up at me, a smile that said *I can't believe we're doing this* and a million other things all at once, before purposefully striding into the store. I watched her bare thighs under her skirt as she walked in and, remembering her lack of underwear, felt a twinge in mine. Her long brown hair was in a single ponytail that trailed down her back, the thin straps of the white tank top made it plain she wasn't wearing a bra, and I was staring again. I shook it off best I could and followed her in.

It was midday and the aisles were thinly populated. *Good, at least we won't get thrown out right away* , I thought. As Sondra walked directly to the women's clothing I sauntered towards the hats, wanting to draw this out as long as possible, and eyed the staff: two not-yet-old women behind the counter apparently neck-deep in receipts. They hadn't even registered our entry. Excellent.

Keeping one eye on my sexy co-conspirator I examined the hats. I fancy myself a connoisseur of thrift-store hats: some women's go-to-church hats can pass as pimp gear, whereas something straw and covered with plastic flowers can perfectly articulate my taste for the silly sublime. This rack held nothing too wonderful aside from a porkpie that fit quite well. I left it on my head as I wandered towards the men's clothes, pretending to analyze certain items but mostly watching Sondra as she buzzed intently through the racks a couple aisles over, occasionally shooting me an unmistakable *what are you waiting for, get over here* look.

Unable to torture her any longer I ambled over as she flipped through dresses. Putting my arms around her waist I nestled my head on her shoulder, looked down, and sighed contentedly.

"Nice hat," she offered, continuing to flip through the rack. "What do you think of these?" She gestured at a small pile of clothing thrown over the rack.

"They're perfect, they're oh so soft and round and they've got the cutest little ni--"

She elbowed me in the gut, but smiled. "Not *those*, silly, the dresses." Releasing her slowly (and relishing the feel of her body under my hands, electricity again) I stepped to the pile and looked through her findings: a blue cotton shift, a "little black dress," and a beige thing with plunging neckline. Each seemed a pretty good choice, but lacking the magical essence of a true find.

"OH MY GOD," she blurted happily, discovering something new on the rack. In my periphery I saw some customers give us the hairy eyeball, and inwardly smiled. "This is so great!" She held it up: a deep violet (!) ballgown lucky to be called "gaudy," its top covered in sequins and bits of lace, shoulders and skirt enormously puffed out, the back wide open until just above the posterior, which was covered by a huge white bow. Easily one of the top five tackiest things I'd ever seen.

"Yup, that's the one," I grinned. Sondra's smile lit up her eyes like a thousand firecrackers. She looked like someone had told her she wouldn't ever need teeth before locking her in a candy store; she held the dress up to my frame with a silent giddy reverence I couldn't help but adore. "It's big enough, I think. A little short maybe."

"That's okay," she beamed, "I like your legs."

"Good enough," I smiled, taking the purple monstrosity and looking for a changing room as she clapped her hands and squealed. The customers who'd looked askance at us earlier now stared in open bewilderment as they watched me take the dress into the room and close the door.

After quickly shucking my clothes -- freeing my erection -- I pulled the dress over my head, sucking in my belly the best I could as I negotiated my arms into the proper holes. Fortunately it had been made for a larger woman and fit well, if a bit loosely around the chest. I put the hat back on and looked at myself in the mirror; I felt foolish and "pretty" at the same time. But my reason for wearing it knocked on the door, and as I opened it her eyes widened. I fumbled a curtsy, then did a slow pirouette. The big white bow sat above my ass like gift wrapping.

She stepped into the room and closed the door. Her eyes still wide she reached out and stroked the fabric, sending jolts through my body. She ran her fingers over the sequins and lace, her lids drooping as she took in the texture, before suddenly taking my shoulders and pushing me down forcefully onto the bench and straddling me. Wrapping her arms around my head she kissed me with a ferocity I'd never felt before.

Wrapping my arms around her I returned her kisses but could barely match her intensity as she

nipped and sucked at my lips, her tongue a whirl in my mouth, her hips grinding against me with force, her mouth greedily sucking my tongue. I lost myself in it, holding her writhing body against my own as best I could. I could feel the wet heat of her crotch through the dress, my cock turning to granite.

Breaking the kiss, she panted in my ear as reached down to move up my skirt. "In me, I need you inside me," she groaned. As soon as my dick sprang free she impaled herself on it to the hilt. I had to grit my teeth to keep from coming instantly; I could feel her juices on my balls, she was so wet. She sat like that for a moment, gripping me with her pussy and leaning back a bit to look at the dress again. I studied her beautiful face, still clenching my jaw to keep from coming, as she stroked the fabric once more. Then with exquisite slowness she rose up my length until I was barely in, before slamming back down again and again, lost in wild abandon.

"Goddamn, woman," I gurgled, "You trying to make me come that fast?" Her mouth made a perfect O as she rutted into me again, and again, before leaning against me once more.

"Yes," she whispered urgently, her breath hot in my ear. "I want you to shoot in me... want to feel it..." Her pace quickened and she moaned. My hands grasped her ass and I began moving her hips with her, feeling the rush of energy she generated, hearing the coming orgasm in her moans, then she was moving faster than I could follow, her voice one long groan of satisfaction, and I bit back a bellow as I exploded in her and her groan went up an octave in my ear, our bodies thrusting against each other powerfully as it all washed over me.

She lay against me making soft sounds of contentment as I felt my erection slowly diminish, when there was a loud knocking on the door. Sondra leaped up, yanked my skirt down, and threw the door open, revealing an irritated matronly clerk.

Sondra grinned and pointed at where I sat sprawled on the bench. "We'll take it," she gushed. "And the hat, too."