shopping for her

By seansxxy

Published on Lush Stories on 14 Jan 2013

seduction

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/reluctance/shopping-for-her.aspx

Part 1, A Sean and Vicky Story.

Sean sat on a bench in the mall, mid afternoon on a lazy Tuesday in Cardiff, in June, and idled the time away watching the young clerk in Les Bon Temps, a lingerie store embodying something of both Palmers and Victoria's Secret. The woman, early to mid twenties perhaps and a little mousy with her clunky glasses, didn't appear to be a good choice for her role as clerk in a mall lingerie store. She had gorgeous deep auburn hair and moved with a quiet grace, but she didn't exude the kind of appeal that would bring in men or make women want to emulate her. So, a curiosity. And Sean is all about curiosity.

In an *almost* unconscious effort to satisfy that curiosity, Sean stood up and entered Les Bon Temps. He wandered among the stands of bras and panties, the racks of camisoles and slips, and the mannequins displaying the more... exotic offerings. The mannequins (shouldn't these be girlequins?) were not visible from outside the store. Mall sensitivities, probably. He had nearly given up on the clerk approaching him and had just decided to go find her when she spoke from just behind him.

"May I help you sir?"

She had a lovely voice, soft and low with just a hint of shyness, even naiveté. It caught Sean completely by surprise. He turned and smiled at her, smiled larger and longer than absolutely necessary, before he spoke.

"Why, yes, you can. I am looking for something sexy for my girlfriend, maybe a bra and panty set, but I don't seem to be able to settle on anything, not least because I am not sure of what size she wears." And then, as happens all too often, his mind began to wander down familiar pathways and the beginnings of a scheme started to form.

"What size do you guess she might be, Sir?"

Oh, that *Sir* in her voice! Things down low started to tighten, and the predator in Sean started to hunt in earnest.

"Well, I don't have any numbers, just impressions. Tactile impressions, mostly."

She blushed and turned her face away from him, lowering her blue-gray eyes at the same time. Sean took the opportunity to read her store name tag.

"Monica," he said, "that's your name right?"

She looked back up at him. "Yes, Sir, that's me," and she smiled a crooked smile. And that *Sir* again!

"Monica, I am sorry if I embarrassed you... I just don't have a lot of experience at this sort of thing. I am sure you have dealt with other less-than-observant men, can you help me make a good guess?"

Monica stood up straight and looked him in the eye , "I am sure I can, Sir. Now, let me ask you a few questions and we'll get this figured out. First, how tall is your girl friend?"

"About two inches shorter than me, I think, and I'm six foot."

"That would make her about five ten. Tall for a girl. I'm five seven myself, but that's close enough."

"Close enough for what?"

"Close enough to use me as a model. Now is she heavier or lighter than me?"

"About the same, I think. It's hard to tell because of the sweater."

"I wear it all the time," she said as she removed the sweater and placed it on a nearby rack. "The store is always cold!" She stood straight, wearing a light, knit, sleeveless top and a grey mid-length skirt, giving Sean a good look at her figure. Which look he took full advantage of. And Monica blushed. Again...

"I think she's about the same as you, maybe a little more in the hips. She's not quite so young as you appear to be!"

Monica's blushes were running together. That happens a lot around Sean.

"I am twenty four, Sir. Going on forty, I think," and she gave Sean one of those self-deprecating half

smiles that seems to apologize for not being all that and a bag of chips.

"Now, now, don't go bashing yourself, Monica. There will always be somebody to do that for you. Not me, however, not by any stretch of the imagination!" Sean laughed heartily as his own words. "Okay, back to business. You are a good model for her, or her for you, at least for... for lingerie." He smiled a secret little smile that Monica didn't miss, even she didn't know how to interpret it. "Since it is a bra and a panty I am after, how do we figure her size?"

"Well, Sir," Monica blushed again, her eyes lowered so she appeared to be inspecting his shoes, "you examine my... my breasts and hips and see if they are approximately the same as your girlfriend, or more or less."

A beatific smile broke out on his face, "You mean I should feel how big your breasts are? And how big your..."

Her eyes snapped to his face and her blush deepened, "No, no! I mean you should look closely." Her hands were at her side but curled so tight her nails dug into her palms, but that wasn't her main problem. As she turned her gaze back to Sean's shoes, a look of horror crossed her face. Her nipples stood out through the bra and sweater as if they were little bullets waiting to be fired.

Sean, never one to be troubled by a woman's embarrassment, with mischief in his eyes and voice, said "Don't worry, hon, I was just having you on. Though I have to say, you look most lovely at the moment."

If Monica could have pulled a disappearing act right then, she would have, but no such deus ex machina whisked her away. "I think her breasts look much like yours. Especially right now. And her hips are maybe a tiny bit wider, though not much." Sean did have a cruel streak in him, no doubt about it.

"Please, Sir, are her... are her breasts bigger or smaller than mine?" Monica quivered with the need to run and hide, to end this, this, this... this unbelievably hot whatever it was with this man. She was so turned on that she feared she might be leaking past her panties - and that particular fear had never even occurred to her before that moment.

"Her breasts, too, are slightly bigger I think. Mind you, it's all guess work if I can't use my hands." Sean smiled that slightly cruel, slightly evil, but totally hot smile again. There are times when you can literally see things begin to jell, and things in his mind and events in the world were definitely jelling.

"Please, Sir, how much bigger? My bra is a B cup and a thirty four inch bust and I have a twenty five

inch waist and thirty four inch hips." Monica was panting by now, nothing holding her in place except Sean's expectations and her need to comply.

Sean made gestures in the air with both hands, as if he were dialing radios. "Oh, I'd say if you are B then she's probably a B as well, and her bust and hips are really close to your size."

"Okay, what kind of bra and panty are you looking for?" Now that the measuring had concluded, Monica started to relax a little. Her hands unclenched and her nipples receded back into her bra. Neither change escaped Sean's notice.

"Oh, something lacy and slightly transparent. I just love that look under the right blouse, don't you, Monica?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Sir!" Monica had recovered a little, enough to be more her old self. As soon a she spoke, she regretted the words. As much as Sean frightened her with his very presence, she felt alive when he looked at her, when he spoke to her, even when he teased her. Maybe particularly when he teased her. And not just alive, but present, and real. She didn't want to push him away, and her old self was definitely a push-awayer.

Sean read her inner conflict like an open book, and ignored her attempt to put emotional distance between them. "Monica, if you don't mind my asking, how did you come to work here?"

Even Monica knew it didn't matter if she minded or not, she would answer his question. "My aunt Jill owns the store. I finished up my MA - that's Master of Liberal Arts - and, well, jobs are hard to come by. Aunt Jill offered me a job for as long as I need it. Mostly I work when it's quiet. I've only been here since December, so there's a lot I don't know." Sean could see her own words resonate with her as she heard herself speak.

(That's the way it is, usually. You don't know what you think until you articulate your thoughts, and then sometimes you catch yourself by surprise.)

Monica surprised herself when she realized her last words did not refer to the store.

"That whole job thing is such a mess right now, isn't it? I am glad I'm not just getting out of college today. Truthfully, it's not just because of jobs. I was a callow youth in my youth," he smiled, "and I much prefer myself today."

Monica couldn't imagine this man as a callow youth. He looked in his mid forties, fit but not physically intimidating, blond gone slightly graying, with penetrating blue eyes and a brilliant smile. His sense of

presence was formidable, and she feel as if sparks were shooting from her simply because she stood close to him.

"So let's see what we can find," and he began to run his hands over every panty and bra in the store. Every time he picked up a bra, Monica felt his hand on her breasts, and every time he picked up a panty, she felt his hands on her hips, or maybe a little lower, but she wouldn't let her mind go there.

Finally he settled on a beautiful set, off white, silky, lacy, and semi-transparent. He held them up against her arm. "These would look really good on you, Monica." He grinned, "Or off you"

Discomfited by his words, she could only stutter, "I.. I... I don't think I could wear something.. something like that, Sir!"

"Call me Sean. And yes you could. Not only could, but should." Monica shook her head in disagreement. Sean grinned, and plunged ahead. "So, what are you wearing right now? A young, attractive woman like you, I bet it's totally sexy! Let me see!"

Monica couldn't believe this conversation, and could not understand why she didn't end it. She also couldn't understand why her nipples were hard and why her kitty was so wet. Right about then, her brain disconnected from her will and proceeded to pull her sweater up enough to expose her midriff, which remained covered by what could only be a plain white slip. Fortunately for her, they were still in the back part of the store and the mall traffic remained light to non-existent.

Sean's eyebrows raised. "My, aren't we the daring one! What explosion of lace and sin are we hiding underneath that oh so demure slip?"

"N.. n.. nothing!" Sweat glistened on Monica's brow, fogging her glasses.

"Really? Nothing? Now this I've got to see!" Sean's face took a stern, but not unkind, appearance. "Lift the skirt, Monica."

"I.. I can't do that, Sir! Please, don't ask me to do that!" Her voice was panicky, but her hands - those traitor hands, they reached for the hem of the skirt and lifted both the skirt and slip above her waist. She watched herself, not believing anything she saw, and somewhere deep inside, a switch flipped, and she realized, finally, how turned on she was.

"Well, it isn't nothing, of that I can assure you, Monica, but, really, granny pants?"

Granny pants and a visible wet spot. A BIG wet spot. Mortified, Monica dropped the skirt.

Sean wasn't through tormenting, her, not quite yet. "Pray tell, what kind of bra do you have on?"

"It's a... It's a... Oh please, don't make me tell you!"

"Monica!" Sean spoke in a warning voice, but not sharply. You have to be gentle with them first.

Monica took a deep breath and put her shoulders back and her head up, her hands still at her side. "It's a white jogging bra, Sir."

"Hmmmmm, pretty much what I expected." He looked up and down, but not exactly rudely, more... contemplative. The wheels were turning. Monica could see them, too, but she had no idea what it meant.

"Well, dear, let us get my purchases purchased. I am sure you will have other customers soon, and I don't want to keep you from them."

Monica stepped behind the sales counter, scanned the bra and panty, and in a minute the transaction was complete. As Sean turned to leave, she spoke. "Will you shop here again, Sir? I am here Monday through Thursday from ten am to four pm. If the fit isn't perfect for your girlfriend, we could try again." She held her breath, not exactly sure why she'd spoken, but quite sure she wanted him to return.

Which suited Sean just fine - but he couldn't let on, not yet. "Oh, I don't know. I was just kind of hanging around today, not my usual place, not really. But it could happen!" And he smiled his sunniest smile as disappointment briefly crossed her face. "Bye, Monica. Have a great day!" And he was gone.