

The ins and outs of clothes shopping

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Part two of My Panties

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This story is written from my perspective. You are me. Krystal. Tell me what you think. It has been a little over a year since the incident with Tyrone in my previous story. Things did not work out between myself, and Tyrone, or myself and Frank. I have been alone for a long time with no men in my life. Now a new story begins... You just left a costume party, you experimented with your first hit of ecstasy with friends earlier tonight, and you are still feeling it a little bit. You are still dressed as a Japanese school girl. You enter a discount clothing store in a bad part of town. You find several different things to try on. Humming a nameless song, you stroll into the changing room, an assortment of affordable skirts and shirts in your hand ready to be tried on. Times are tough and you are having a hard time paying your bills. Still humming, you begin to undress, without noticing the small hole in the wall and the man's eye peering through it. You strip down to your bra and panties, then you take a moment to look yourself over in the mirror. A smile spreads across Your face as you examine your curves. Your your hands follow the outline of your body as you whisper to yourself. "I'm so lonely." The eye continues to watch through the peephole, drinking in all of the sights of your beautiful body. You reach over and pick out a short little skirt to try on. Slowly you slide it on, wiggling your hips into it. A quick glance into the mirror confirms that the skirt fits you, maybe too short, but only because of the accidents that would be caused by people staring as you sauntered past wiggling your tight ass. The skirt is removed and tossed into the maybe pile. Slowly the door to the changing room opens. Quietly, a chubby bald man enters and shuts the door behind him. An arm wraps around your waist and a hand covers your mouth. This startles you greatly. "Shhhh," the strangers voice whispers in your ear. "Relax. Do not be afraid. I've been watching you through a small hole in the wall. I was waiting for you to arrive. You and I are going to have a little fun. Are you going to keep quiet?" Eyes wide open, you nod your head up and down. A muffled, "yes," emerging from under his hand. His rough hand removes itself from your mouth and slowly explores your body. His manly hand slides across your small chest, down your flat stomach and around your silky smooth thighs. He gently rubs your crotch through your dampening panties for a moment. You feel the cold dull touch of a pair of pink fuzzy safety scissors as your bra straps are cut and your bra tossed on the ground. Seconds later, your white cotton panties are lying on the floor cut in ribbons. A shiver of fear and cold runs through your body as you are suddenly and completely exposed to a stranger in this cold air. He

places the tattered undergarments and scissors in his pocket. His rough hands slide up, following the curves of your body and encircling your breasts. Roughly he massages your breasts and pinches your nipples. Soon your nipples are erect, standing out defiantly from the rest of your body. A small squeak involuntarily slips from your lips. Quickly you bite your bottom lip to prevent another from escaping. The man smiles, leans in and whispers in your ear, "Sounds like someone liked that." He leans in even closer and sucks you gently on your neck, leaving a small hickey. "Don't worry. You can enjoy it, I won't tell anyone." One hand continues to tease your tiny Asian breasts while the other hand slides down your body and past your hairless pubic mound and comes to rest over your crotch. One finger slides into the folds of your labia and begins to gently slither its way back and forth, managing to softly rub your puny clit with each stroke. After a few strokes you can feel your body starting to betray you. That feminine lubrication begins to flow and a wave of pleasure builds in the center of your body and expands outward. Another moan escapes your sexy lips. As soon as the moan escapes your mouth the finger slips inside you and begins to slowly rub up against your hymen. Your little legs spread slightly and your back arches into him, giving him better access. Another moan escapes your lips. "I didn't expect you to be a virgin, what a nice surprise." The man smiles and you hear the sound of his belt and zipper being undone. Then his pants hitting the floor. He reaches up and grasps your wrist, pulling your arm back and placing your hand on his dick. As your hand encircles his shaft, a gasp escapes your lips as you feel the size of it. Although it is slightly shorter than average, about four and a half inches, it is much wider than most, like a pop can, so much so that it is not possible to get your petite little hand entirely around it. This amuses him. The man's finger slides out of you and begins to gently pinch your itchy-clit, slowly applying pressure. Another moan escapes from you as you melt into his furry arms. The man's thick hairy knees spread your smoothly shaved thin legs apart and he bends you over at the waist. You reach out and brace your arms against the wall and wait with a mixture of anxiety and anticipation for what is about to happen next. One strong hand is placed on the small of your back and the other grasps his cock and lines it up with your quivering virgin fuck hole. The man badgers you, sliding the massively thick head up and down your dinky slit. Pushing the head in partway, bumping your unpoped cherry and then pulling it back out. Pushing it back in, bumping your cherry a little harder and then pulling it back out. Eventually he pushes it firmly against your hymen without pulling back. Finally he breaks your barrier. A little bit of blood drips from your cunt. Pushing into you to the hilt, slowly opening you up, your freshly popped no-longer-virgin cunt and filling you up. You let out a gasp as you wiggle your hips backward. A shiver goes up your spine as you enjoy the feeling of being stretched by this stranger's thick dick. The older man leans forward moving your hair aside and kisses and nibbles up and down your silken neck as he thrusts in and out of you. Another shiver runs up and down your spine as the sensations rush through your tiny Japanese body. The thrusting continues to get faster as you moan louder and louder. The man's hand slides up and roughly covers your mouth. A small amount of your drool drips on his fingers. "Sshhhhh. We wouldn't want anyone to hear us and come and spoil our date now would we? Now suck on my finger. Like a naughty school girl." You take the pointer finger on his right hand into your mouth and suck on it like a good girl listening to an authority figure. It

tastes faintly of salty French fries mixed with your juices. He must have eaten some fast food for lunch. Harder and faster he thrusts. With his free hand he cups your left breast, and then you feel his hand sliding up and pinching your nipple while he continues to thrust. You continue to lick his finger as you were told to do. Harder he thrusts and louder you moan into his hand as you feel an orgasm building inside you. Quicker he thrusts as you begin to meet him thrust for thrust. Harder he pumps and quicker he thrusts. He takes his hand away from your breast and covers your mouth with the other hand. He slides his wet fingers down your back and into your butt crack. He presses his thick finger against your rose bud. The saliva on his finger allows it to slip inside your asshole. With his finger up your ass you can feel it building and building inside you as you both thrust harder and harder against one another. With a loud moan into his hand you feel the orgasm engulf your body and your mind goes blank in the haze of your simultaneous orgasm. He has sullied your virgin pussy with his bastard-producing seed. You are not on the pill, and could very well become pregnant from this encounter. Panting and dripping in sweat, you lean against the wall exhausted, but feeling a combination of regret, shame, lust, and pleasure. He withdraws his finger from your back-door and his cock from your pussy. A thick load of jizz drips down your thigh mixed with some virgin blood. The man leans forward and gives you a quick kiss on your blushing cheek, and then pulls out his wallet handing you ten one hundred dollar bills. "The price we agreed to on the dating site." The man gets dressed and leaves you wondering. After you get dressed you walk out of the changing room. You notice another Asian girl who looks very much like you dressed as a sexy schoolgirl in the changing room across from you. She is staring at her watch. "Waiting for someone?" You ask. "Ya... I was supposed to meet an online date here, but I guess he is a no show." She replies. Then she walks away... I guess you were mistaken for her, and she is a prostitute. Do we all look that much alike? Talk about being in the wrong place at the wrong time. To be continued?