

7 Lesbian Erotica Stories

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Girls Only

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Shopping

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Two women shopping in an adult store want to try before they buy...

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/lesbian/shopping.aspx>

“Let’s try this one.” My feet were already aching as we entered the hundredth shop today. I turned to Amelia and sighed. “I know I suggested shopping but you never said it would turn into a marathon. I want to sit down! Can’t we have a coffee or something first?” Her face crumpled with disappointment before she smiled again, as if a light bulb had appeared above her head. “One more and then I’ll reward you. You can even choose where we go.” “Oh promises, promises,” I replied as she took my hand and dragged me inside. I was impressed with her gesture though as normally she never liked to show off in public that she was a lesbian. A kiss from her outdoors only occurred when nobody was in eyesight and to hold hands with me like this, well that was unheard of. As if she realised what she was doing, she let go of my hands and began to browse the rails of clothes. I looked too but I had no plan to spend any more money. The bags in my arms were proof enough that I’d already gone way over budget today. At last she was done and we were out on the street. That was when I saw the adult shop. It wasn’t a blinds over the window, dangling drapes over the doorway kind of place. The huge windows were filled with mannequins wearing stockings, basques, even top hats, holding whips and handcuffs. “I vote we look in here,” I giggled, expecting Amelia to look shocked and then realise I was kidding. “Okay,” she shrugged, heading straight through the door before I could stop her. I followed her inside, feeling as if my joke had been ruined. Together we browsed past the massage oils and fifty shades inspired kit until we came across rows and rows of lingerie. There was more choice in here than most department stores and soon we were both laden down with items. Finally we headed for the fitting rooms together. “Can I help?” the bored teenage girl asked, leaning against an empty clothes hanger. “We’d like to try a few things on,” I replied. “Fine, head down the end.” She yawned and turned to her phone, leaving us to walk down a small corridor and turn through a door into a surprisingly spacious room, a long mirror on the back wall and a single chair in the middle of the floor. “A seat at last!” I laughed, slumping theatrically down into the chair and letting my bags fall from my hands. “You rest dear,” Amelia said in a faux pensioner’s voice. “Take the weight off your varicose veins.” “Ha ha,” I replied as she began to strip. “Turn around,” she said, acting as if we’d not been together for months. I spun the chair round to face the wall, looking straight into the mirror to

see Amelia taking her clothes off behind me. She picked up her first choice, a silk negligee and slipped it over her head. "You can look now," she said and I turned to stare open mouthed at her. The thing barely skimmed her bottom, was translucent and her hardened nipples were clearly visible through the fabric. "What do you think?" she asked, giving me a twirl which flashed her bottom at me. "Wow!" I managed to get out. "You try something," she said, forcing me from the chair and sitting with her legs crossed, staring up at me. I turned to my pile and tried to pick something out. Finally I made a decision and quickly undressed, only too aware of her watching me intently. I slipped into my joke purchase, a school girl's uniform. The pleated skirt was about the size of a belt, just covering my pussy but leaving my long legs on show. I pulled on a pair of long white socks and panties and then picked up the blouse. I thought it might have been the wrong size but then realised it was designed to be ridiculously tight, having only one button to hold it closed. My boobs were pushed together, creating a huge cleavage that Amelia kept staring at as I added the final touch, the striped tie and straw hat. "Ready for lessons miss," I said, twirling a length of hair in my fingers and crossing my knees. "You naughty girl," she said, jumping to her feet and sitting me back down. "I want to eat you up," I replied, trying to get back up. "Not yet," she replied, pushing me away. "What about this one?" She threw off the negligee and picked up the next items. As I watched she quickly pulled up stockings, suspenders, the tiniest thong I've ever seen and some kind of corset. Finally she pulled on long gloves and then picked up the pair of handcuffs she'd taken a shine to. "You look amazing," I managed to get out before she grabbed my hands and cuffed them behind my back. "What are you doing?" I hissed. "We'll get in trouble." "Ooh," she replied, turning away and bending over slightly, exposing her incredible bottom to my gaze. She spanked herself playfully and turned back to me. "How naughty of me. Let's hope I don't do anything else bad." She knelt down and wrenched my knees apart, exposing my panties. I gasped as she grabbed them and ripped them apart in her hands, throwing the flimsy item away. "We'll have to pay for that," I said. "Way to ruin the mood," she whispered back. "Stay in the moment Sarah please!" "Sorry," I replied, sighing happily as she slid her hands up the insides of my thighs. "That's better," she said, leaning down and unwrapping a love egg. "As punishment, you can smuggle this out of the shop." She spread the lips of my pussy and switched on the egg, nudging the vibrating sex toy against the entrance to me, gathering up my wetness before pushing it slowly into me. I felt my pussy widen to let it in, then snap back closed around it, the buzzing of the toy deep inside me sending shivers of pleasure through me. I felt so aroused, tied to this place, knowing how near other people were. I looked down to see Amelia grabbing a second egg. "Oh no, please don't. It won't fit," I said but she just grinned back at me. "Not in there it won't. Stand up." I managed to get to my feet, not easy with my hands cuffed behind my back. Amelia walked behind me and lifted my skirt and then I realised what she was about to do. I tried to relax my buttocks as she coated the egg with a layer of lube from the bottle on the floor. I felt it spreading my cheeks as she pushed it towards my ass until it reached my anus. With a push, my opening widened painfully and then it was in me, vibrating powerfully inside me, competing with the other egg to send me over the edge into an orgasm before I'd even been kissed. "You may sit," Amelia said. I perched on the edge of the chair, the weight of my body forcing the egg further into my bottom where it buzzed

away, sending shivers through me as Amelia began a strip tease. She pulled off the gloves first, dancing to music that wasn't there as she tossed them aside and began to peel off her stockings, her foot on the edge of the chair between my legs. I could only watch as she unhooked the corset, letting her boobs fall free. She leaned forwards and pushed a nipple into my eager mouth, making me suck and lick as she leaned down and tugged my clit between her fingers. "Ouch!" I hissed. "You want me to stop?" she asked, standing up again. "No, do it harder!" I snapped. She grabbed my clit and squeezed it between her fingers. The mixture of pleasure and pain made me want to scream but I managed to resist. Amelia grabbed me and laid me down on my back on the floor of the room, the eggs inside me still vibrating as she lowered her thong and then descended onto my body. She grabbed a vibrator and placed it in my mouth, making me grip it with my teeth as she planted her feet either side of my head. I could only stare up as her pussy enveloped my face, sliding down onto the vibrator. I gripped it as best I could so it could slide up into her and then she began to ride my face, each time she moved up and down the sex toy, juices trickled down it and ran into my mouth, making the lust inside me rise up and overpower any self-control I had. Silently she rode the vibrator as I could only watch, occasionally she reached down and tugged at my nipples or ran her hands over my body but she was less interested in my pleasure as she became more aroused. At last she stopped and stepped off me, pulling the toy from my mouth and holding it to her pussy, circling her clit and forcing me to watch her as she reached an orgasm. I lay thrusting into nothing as she came, her face a silent mask of pleasure, her climax tearing through her body as she stood with legs shaking above me. Her nostrils flared as she fought to control her breathing until her orgasm faded away. She fell to her knees and crawled over to me, spreading my legs and moving her head straight to my pussy. She began to lap at my long ignored clit, making me desperate to come. The eggs inside me were keeping me so close to the edge it took less than a minute of licking and sucking and nibbling my clit for a climax to hit me, tearing through me in seconds and making my eyes water at the strength of it. The tension of the muscles inside me pushed the egg from my bottom as I came, the stretching sensation of my anus making the orgasm all the more powerful. As the egg in my pussy emerged moments later, a second climax hit me, making me cry out with pleasure despite the risk of people hearing. Amelia clamped her hand over my mouth to muffle the noise I was making until I finally lay still and she was able to slide up my body to kiss me, her tongue sliding over mine as our eyes closed. Afterwards we dressed slowly and I was about to open the cubicle door when Amelia stopped me. "Hold on, I said you were to smuggle the eggs out of here." "You can't be serious?" I replied, but I could see she was. Sighing I pulled down my trousers and panties, letting her gently slide the egg back into my still soaking wet pussy. The buzzing was inaudible but made my whole body quiver with pleasure as she pushed the second egg up into my bottom. I pulled up my panties and trousers and we walked out of the fitting room, my whole being tensed up from the sensation of vibrations deep inside me. "Did it all fit?" the girl asked as we walked past her back into the shop. "Oh yes," Amelia replied. "Everything fit in her perfectly." Leaving the girl frowning at us in confusion we walked over to the counter to pay, every step making my clit throb for more attention. We carried the bags out of the shop just as the eggs inside me sent me over the edge. I stood in the shop doorway, unable to move

as an orgasm spread through my body, my pussy spasming over and over as people glanced in our direction. "Oh shit," I managed to whisper, holding onto Amelia's arm for support until the waves of pleasure faded away at last and then with the buzzing of the eggs still making me shiver with delight, we slowly made our way home to see how much fun we could have getting the eggs back out.