

# Jazzy

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*So the top says Jazzy, does every guy have to ask if it's her name?*

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"Why 'Jazzy'?" The voice startled her from her reverie. Her eyes refocused from the desirable dress in the shop window to the images reflected in the glass. Vanity dictated that she assessed and approved her own reflection before discovering the source of the voice. The figure-hugging pants accentuated her slim hips and small waist; her breasts were emphasized by a tight 'Jazzy' Tee. Involuntarily, her hands tugged, smoothed and preened. From the reflection, the owner of the voice appeared tall, above her own 5 foot 6 inches even though she had five inch heels. Although his image was masked by hers, it indicated that he was slim. Her name wasn't Jazzy, of course but it seems that every guy thought himself an original jack-the-lad by variously referring to the image on the tee-shirt. Wore more and more she had to admit! Why? The self-posed question elicited the inevitable giggle. She loved the attention! Turning, the time-tested, biting put-down formed on her lips, and then her eyes fell upon an Adonis. Not a weak, self-centred Narcissus, but a strong jaw and self-confident smile that could easily turn her knees to jelly and send a thrill to her hot spot. Despite her feelings she looked indignantly at the speaker. "Why Jazzy what?" "Just idly wondering", Adonis grinned. Oh gawd, please don't flash that dazzling smile at me, you don't know what that does to the crotch of my panties, her thoughts screamed at him. "OK, I know that this isn't going to be original but do go on, enlighten me as to the level that your thoughts can attain". Adonis flashed a bigger smile; the bastard! She swore to herself, he knows exactly what that does; bet he has removed many a pair of panties merely by smiling! She raised an eyebrow as he paused before continuing. "Ahhh yes, you must have heard all the quips by now". The eyebrow lowered, paused, then rose higher; arms folded under breasts; right foot moved forward. "Um OK. This had better be good, huh"? The right foot tapped three times. "Ahhh ... right ... it's just that.....j" " ..... It's a strange name to call a boob"? she finished. He laughed a genuine, deep in the throat laugh. His teeth were perfect, no fillings, white, sparkling. His tongue moist and clean; she imagined it pushing between her lips, joining with hers, and licking deep within her pussy... His cough brought her back to reality. She struggled to retain her cool, aloofness, and of course she fooled neither herself nor him. "As if I would!" She allowed him a brief "hmm". "It's just that I wasn't sure if you were in the original model or not, with those stunning

looks". "Crap!" His face fell, chin dropped, eyes looked at the floor; a little boy hurt. Female instincts sprang into action, or would have had she not suppressed them. Oh brother, you do not fool me that easily! "Crap!" she reinforced. "You were perving", pointing to her breasts, which, disconcertingly appeared to have pushed themselves up and forward. A smirk morphed to a grin, changed to that panty-wrenching smile. He chuckled. Holding out his arms, wrists pressed together he exclaimed "It's a fair cop guv, lock me up". Impetuously, she grabbed his arms and pulled him. The force almost pulled him over. "It's time women made a stand against this type of sexual harassment, it's disgusting, and no one is safe". "Just because we try to keep neat and tidy your type seem to think all women are fair game to treat as easy, without morals or self-control". "Where the hell do you people get off?!" Her eyes blazed unblinkingly into his as she hissed out the words. "Woah, woah!" He stepped back a pace. "All that energy should be harnessed, it could be the answer to the world's energy crisis!!" She smiled to herself, yes! Fooled him, until he turned on that damned smile. Shit! A calculated risk was worth taking. "Very well, because women are of course superior in so many ways, I am prepared to let it go, THIS time". She turned on her heel and strode towards the entrance to the shop, pausing only to check back at his reflection on the glass. There are few things that take precedence over men, but she always prioritized clothes shopping above anything else. Thus, she made her way through the store to all things feminine. The dress in the window was out of her price range so something like it would have to do. The first item she selected was THAT dress; no harm in seeing that it was meant just for her! It was of course fabulous! She considered that if anyone else bought it, it would be just a waste of money as it would look more like a rag on them. It was impossible to resist walking out of the changing cubicle and strutting her stuff. Bored guys, forced by their wives to wander embarrassed among such femininity, while they too tried on everything they couldn't afford, took sudden interest. A wife or two displayed envy thinly veiled as nonchalance. In a cheval mirror she noticed with horror the slight visible panty line. In a moment she had returned to the cubicle, rid herself of the offending article and returned to the mirror. The men, it seemed, had found something of interest in this part of the store, much to the obvious annoyance of their spouses. In front of the mirror, and seemingly oblivious to those around her she reached two finger tips into the bustier top and eased her boobs up to produce just the right amount of décolletage. She blew herself a kiss in the mirror; every guy reflected therein received the kiss as if it was their first. She giggled just loudly enough. Nothing that she selected came close to that dress; her poor plastic was going to have to suffer! She took it out of her bag and kissed it. "Sorry darling, this is the last time for a while". "I can't believe that blondes are really as dizzy as they make out" "Shi...!" Adonis! Where did he come from? "I really can't believe that I will have to call the store security to get you off my case!" She turned. What she saw made her step back. He was holding her discarded panties high in front of his face. "Just didn't want you to lose these sweet designer undies, nor to...well...catch a cold?" "Mister, if you dare put them to your nose I will scream blue murder!" Feeling the colour rise in her cheeks she snatched at the small piece of material. In a flash he removed them from her reach. "Tell me if you honestly didn't notice that the cubicle curtain wasn't fully closed as you changed". She truly hadn't. How much had she displayed? No wonder the guys had suddenly congregated in that area. In such

small area it was easy to brush the curtain aside. "How dare you peer behind the curtain, is there no end to the shameful attempts to fulfil your hateful lust and voyeurism?" An uncertain glimmer of a smile appeared, then seeing her confusion, he smiled broadly. The panties reappeared. "In my defence, I believe I must confiscate the evidence until I am safe from your terrible accusations. I will ask these gentlemen to be witness to the events". His arm swept to indicate the gathered male throng. All of whom grinned and she could swear that they all licked their lips. Her face glowed bright red. "Very well, I will let you off with just a warning! Keep the panties if it will keep other girls safe from you. I do hope the collection that you have inevitably stolen from wash lines and washeteria will keep you from being as lonely as you so obviously appear". Damn him she thought, now I have to buy cheap undies to protect my pants. Her moistness irritated her, the pants would stain. The journey home took longer than usual due to an unusual amount of traffic, so when she arrived at her apartment there was something that she had to do with some urgency. Struggling with her purchases she pressed for the elevator. It had better hurry, she thought, or the concierge will want to know how the puddle got in there. She began to wriggle her thighs, hop from foot to foot. The door opened. He stood there. "Oh bloody hell!" It was Adonis. "Going up? He took her purchases from her and stood back to allow her in. Reluctantly she had to accept and so stepped into the confined space. Her nose wrinkled as his cologne became apparent. It was impossible for her to stand still. Her hand stole down to her crotch for two reasons. The pressing desire to pee and the desire to ease a familiar itch. Knees pressed together, hand pressed hard to her crotch she wriggled. "Missing those panties?" "No I am not! I bought new ones". "Shame". "Don't be disgusting" "I merely mean that it will be something else to take down before you can relieve yourself". "Shut up or I'll do it right here!" "OK" "Just don't dare me" "Very well, I dare you" She laughed and then wished she hadn't, her bladder didn't take kindly to her laughing when it was this full. Too late! First a drop, then a dribble. "Eeeeeeeek!" He tried to stand back but the elevator was small. "Don't you dare!" "You dared me!" The contents of her over full bladder flowed. She gave him a sickly grin. He raised his eyes to the heavens. "I didn't think for one moment you would do it." "It's all your fault for making me laugh". "Now what do we do?" "Keep my shopping off the bloody floor!" "What about my shoes?" "Is that all you can think about, self, self, self? MEN!" "Here, take the key and let me in the apartment". He turned the key and let her in, followed with the packages and deposited them on the floor. Sounds of the shower lead him to the bathroom. The steaming water flowed over her body and he admired the beautiful curves, envying every drop that flowed into folds he wanted to enjoy. She glanced towards him... "Let the concierge know about the elevator darling then get in here and let's fuck!" He picked up the phone.... "John, my wife has had a little accident... again....."