

A Shopping Affair

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Shopping for lingerie brings a couple together

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She never noticed him at first as she browsed the rows of bra and panty sets on the ladies underwear aisle of a well-known High Street clothing retailer. Her mind was elsewhere, engrossed on what to wear for her twelfth wedding anniversary. Things had gotten stale between her and Steve, her husband, this last while. She needed to put the spark back into their relationship, spice things up, and she thought that maybe a night away in a hotel might do the trick. Sandra moved down the aisle slowly, stopping every now and again to feel the material of a garment. She thought about how it would feel against her skin; she imagined how the panties would hug her flesh and how the bra would hold her firm breasts. Sometimes she would take a hanger off the rail and hold it up to picture it on her. "What would Steve say when he saw her in this?" she would say to herself. She grabbed a black and red lace panty and bra set off the rail and began to hold it up when she suddenly felt his presence next to her. She lowered the hanger and held it at her side as if to hide it. "Look I am sorry to trouble you but I could do with some advice," he told her. She looked at him. He was tall and handsome and about the same age as she; she also noticed that he wore a wedding ring. "I know that this may sound strange and perhaps be out of place but I am trying to buy some underwear for my wife and I could do with a woman's take on what I should get her. I have all her measurements but I just don't know what to get her," he explained. Sandra looked surprised by his approach. "I..... I bought her a thong a few Christmases ago and she looked at it with disgust then just buried it at the back of her underwear drawer." She smiled. "I would probably do the same," she told him. "Men have no idea sometimes when it comes to buying ladies underwear." He returned her smile. "So what would you recommend?" he asked her. "I can't really recommend anything," she told him. "Underwear is a very personal choice." "I know," he told her. She could see that he was troubled. "What does she buy for herself? Sandra asked him. "Hmm... pretty much plain stuff. More Bridget Jones than Victoria's Secret," he replied. She smiled. "And you want her in something sexier I take it?" she asked. He smiled. "Ah well that's where the danger lies," she told him. "You would probably buy her something that in her opinion makes her look like a tart. A lot of women don't like that." "So what do I

do then?" he asked her. Sandra shrugged her shoulders. "I would get her some perfume. Always a safe bet." He smiled. "Yeah maybe you're right," he said looking down at the hanger in her hand. Sandra caught his gaze and pulled it tighter against her. "That looks okay but I would go for this," he said picking off a hanger from the rail. The colours were very much similar but the panty style was different. The sides were cut away leaving a patch of black silk laced with red frills covering the groin area with a larger patch to cover the bottom area. Sandra looked at him as he stood there holding out the hanger. "Sorry, I'm out of order aren't I?" he told her as he put the hanger back on the rail. "Yes, but that's okay," she told him as she reached for the hanger. For some reason she was finding it erotic talking about underwear with this man. "So this would do it for you then if you were my hubby?" she found herself asking him. He stepped forward and took the lacy gusset between finger and thumb. "Very much so," he replied. "Would your wife wear something like this?" she asked him. He shook his head. "Never in a million years," he said with such certainty. Sandra held it up and looked at it for a few minutes. "I am sure that it would perk him up seeing you in that" he commented. She smiled and found herself glancing down towards his groin. She could see that it was also perking him up as well. "Hm... not so sure," she told him. "Problem is with underwear is that you can't try it on first and see how it looks." He leant a little closer. "I have a hotel room nearby. You could always use that and if you don't like them bring them back and just say that you want to exchange them," he said quietly. She was shocked by his suggestion. "Sorry!" he told her. "I keep putting my foot into it don't I?" he added responding to the look on her face. "It's okay," she told him. "It.....it is a nice idea though," she added. "I want to surprise my husband on our anniversary this weekend. There is a skirt on the next aisle I quite like and a top as well," she told him. "You are very welcome to use it if you want." Sandra stood and thought about it for a few moments. "If I take you up on the offer you won't take it the wrong way will you?" she asked him. "I mean it's not an invitation....." "Look," he interrupted. "It's easy to see that you are not that sort of woman. You can use the room and I will stay well out of the way in the bar." She smiled. "Thanks," she said turning to go to the next aisle. "Aren't you forgetting something?" he said. Sandra turned. "Stockings!" he said. "You are forgetting stockings. You want to give him an anniversary to remember then wear stockings. Believe me I am a man and know just how pleased he will be to see you in them." Sandra smiled. "Of course." "And this will go well with it as well," he told her handing her a matching suspender belt. "Of course," she told him. She took them from him and then went to the stocking and tights section with him following on. "I suppose you would go for fishnets?" she said to him. "Definitely," he told her. "But if you are going to be in public then I would give them a miss. They look a bit tarty even though we men love to see them." Sandra agreed. "These lacy top ones look nice," he told her as he handed a packet to her. "I agree," she told him as she moved away. He followed her to the next aisle and to the skirts section. She held up a red and black pleated tartan skirt. She didn't need to ask him what he thought about it. His eyes were almost popping out of his head. "If he doesn't turn up for his anniversary can I come instead?" he said to her. Sandra laughed. She was enjoying his company now. She felt quite sexy taking him around with her as she shopped for a night of sex. She went on to the next aisle and chose a red lacy top and then headed for the shoe section before going to the checkout. She placed

them down on the counter and let the counter assistant scan and place them in the carrier bag. The girl told her the cost and he suddenly stepped forward with his credit card. "I will get these," he told her. Sandra protested but he insisted and to save making a scene she gave in. "You shouldn't have done that," she told him. "You shouldn't be buying me clothes." He halted her protestations. "Yes I know it isn't the done thing but I just wanted to thank you for your help." She followed him to the hotel and to his room on the second floor. "Take your time," he told her. "I will be in the lounge bar when you are ready to leave," he told her and handed her the room key. Sandra sat down on the bed after he had closed the door behind him. She felt good. It had all been so illicit. A man chatting her up and then helping her choose underwear; not only paying for it but also allowing her to use his hotel room to try the clothing on. She stood up and laid the garments on the bed and then went to the bathroom. She liked the idea of taking a shower first. She wondered if he would mind and also wondered if she could trust him. Would he come back while she was showering or even dressing? He seemed a decent sort of guy so she went for it. There were clean towels and flannels for her to use and she was sure that he wouldn't mind. In the shower she washed and ran her hand over her mound. She felt good. It was all so illicit; so out of the ordinary. She could forget that she was a wife and mother. It was late afternoon, she had time on her hands and she was in a hotel room with a man waiting in the bar for her. She could feel bristles on her mound; it had been a couple of days since she had last shaved. She spotted his razor resting by the wash basin. "Would he mind her using it?" she wondered. She stepped out of the shower and picked it up. It took just a few minutes to make her mound smooth again. She wondered what he would say if he knew that she had used his razor on her most intimate places. She didn't care though; she felt sexy; she felt good. Sandra hadn't felt like this for ages. She dressed slowly; putting on a garment and then standing back and looking at herself in the long wardrobe mirror. Bra first and then panties. They did look good. He was right, the thigh cut made them look even sexier. She put on the suspender belt and then sat in the chair and put on the stockings before going to stand in front of the mirror again. She wondered what the man downstairs in the bar waiting for her would say if he could see her now. Sandra could feel herself getting moist from her sexual excitement. After a few minutes she snapped out of her thoughts and slipped on the top and the skirt and then stepped into her red heels. She stood in front of the mirror again and wondered if she should go down stairs to him so that he could see her in her new clothes. "He might get the wrong ideas," she thought. "But there again he had paid for them all; shoes; skirt; top; stockings; suspenders; bra and panties. He had a right to see them, well the outer garments at least!" Sandra decided to go and join him in the bar for a few minutes before returning to the room to change again. She tidied up her makeup and then went downstairs. The look on his face said it all. He looked gobsmacked. "That husband of yours is one lucky bastard," he told her. She smiled. "Can I get you a drink?" he asked her. "I had better not," she replied. "Please," he said. "Just one drink," he pleaded. Sandra gave in. How could she refuse him after all that he had done for her. They sat in a corner and talked quietly as she sipped her glass of wine. "You think he will like the outfit then?" she asked him. "If he doesn't he's bloody mad," he answered. "It's just that.....well things have been a bit stale between us lately," she confided. He shrugged his shoulders. "It happens. You get lost in life and

forget what really matters sometimes.” Sandra nodded in agreement. “Do you and your wife have a good relationship?” she asked him. He looked pained. “Sorry I shouldn’t have asked such a personal question,” she told him. “No, it’s okay,” he replied. “We haven’t had sex in months,” he told her quietly. “Oh,” she said. “Sorry I shouldn’t have said that.” “It’s okay,” she replied. There was silence for a few moments and then Sandra spoke again. “I had better get going,” she said. “Can you stay for one last drink?” he asked her. “Better not,” she told him. “Someone that knows me might just happen to drop by for a drink and well it wouldn’t look good would it?” “We could take the drink up to my room,” he said. Sandra was silent for a moment. “Just the one,” she replied. She saw a smile light up his face. A few minutes later they were back in his room and he was opening a bottle of sparkling wine. “I am only staying for the one,” she told him as he handed her a glass. Sandra sat down on the dressing table chair and he sat down on the bed. There was an uneasy silence between them for a few minutes. “So that is what you are going to wear for him then?” he asked, breaking the silence. She nodded. “I.....I....I don’t suppose you would let me see you without the top and the skirt would you?” She shook her head. “That’s for my husband’s eyes only.” “Lucky bastard!” He exclaimed. “It has been years since I saw a woman in stockings and suspenders. Doubt if I will ever get to see one again, not in my present circumstances,” he added. Sandra remained silent for a few moments. “If I take my skirt and top off will you promise not to try anything on with me?” He sat up sharply. “You have my word. I won’t touch you.” Sandra stood up unbuttoned her top and took it off. She heard him gasp. Then she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor. He gasped again as she bent down to pick it up. “You are fucking beautiful,” he told her. She stood back and let his eyes take it all in. She followed his eyeballs moving from to groin to breasts; back and forth; forth and back. She turned around for him a couple of times and then stood facing him. He kept to his word and just sat there. He had stripped her off in his mind; she knew that, but he kept to his word. She stepped closer to him; he was fidgeting now. His hands were clenched and his knuckles were white. She knew that he was struggling to keep his hands off her. “I hope you don’t mind but I took a shower before changing,” she said to him. He shook his head. He didn’t even bother to look up from her groin area. It felt good to have a man so captivated with her body and so mesmerised by her presence. “I also used your razor.” He eyes quickly rose to meet hers. “Your legs?” he asked her. She shook her head. His jaw dropped. “You mean your...!” Sandra nodded. His eyes fell back to her groin and he gulped. “Sorry, too much information,” she said quietly. He shook his head. “Don’t worry about it,” he told her. “I just wish I could trade places with your husband. I’ve never seen a shaved one,” he confessed. “Well not outside of an internet picture or video.” “I would let you see but you get might the wrong idea,” she told him. He shook his head more violently this time. “Look I will sit on my hands. I promise I won’t touch,” he said as he slid his hands under his thighs. Sandra smiled at his boyishness and then slipped her thumbs inside the waistband of her panties. His mouth fell open and there was an audible gasp as they made their way over her hips. She felt then slide down to her ankles and then she stepped out of them. The man just sat there as if in a hypnotic state. She remained still and silent for a few minutes and then she said, “What is so special about a woman being shaved down there?” “I....I... just can’t put it into words,” he told her. Sandra could see that his arms were twitching and she

knew that he was struggling not to touch her. "Would you like to touch me down there?" she asked him. A hand immediately shot from under his thigh and his fingers alighted on her shaven mound. His touch was light and gentle. "I....I.....bet he is always touching you up isn't he?" "Hmmm not as much as I would like," Sandra told him as his fingers moved along the groove. "I would never have my hand out of your knickers if you were mine," he told her quietly. "Not even to fuck me?" He looked up at with his mouth open like someone pained. "Would you like to fuck me?" she asked him. His fingers slipped inside her groove. She was wet. "You know I would!" he said. "Have you got a big one?" she asked him as he leant forward to kiss her mound. He looked up at her. "It depends on what you consider as big." "Show me and I will let you know," she told him as she moved away and sat down on the chair. The man stood up and without any hesitation kicked off his shoes and stripped off his trousers and boxers. After taking off his shirt he stepped forward and stood silently in front of her. Sandra was impressed. It was big. It was also in an excited state; she liked to see a cock in an excited state. She reached forward and ran her finger over the man's wet and sticky tip. "Is it bigger than his?" he asked her. She nodded. "Size does matter you know," he told her. Sandra smiled. "He does make up for it with his tongue though!" He suddenly sank to the floor. With his hands on her knees he looked up at her. "Care for the opportunity to compare us?" She smiled and pushed her bottom forward, widening her legs in the process. He gratefully accepted the challenge. Sandra groaned as his tongue caressed her inner pussy lips. She loved the touch of a male tongue on her pussy; loved to feel it flicker over her clitty, pushing back the hood as it made contact. She also loved the tongue penetrating her; pushing hard and deep inside. He was good; the man was good. His fingers were gentle as they tenderly prised her lips open to make way for his tongue. She knew that she was wet; very wet in fact and she loved the way that her taste excited him. She placed her hands on his head; burying her fingers in his dark, thick hair as a prelude to pulling him tighter into her. She could feel her juices flowing now; she could see his cheeks glistening with her releases. When he slipped two fingers inside her she closed her eyes and gripped his head tighter preparing for a shattering orgasm. Normally such release would be slow in coming but not this time, the illicitness of it all added impetus. With his fingers moving in and out of her like a cock and his tongue flickering on her clitty she came quickly and noisily. Sandra surprised even herself with the loudness of her cries. Her orgasm was barely over when the man stood up and began lifting her to feet. She knew what he wanted now but she was in no position to refuse him. She allowed him to pull her on the top of the bed and offered no resistance when he lifted her legs up to rest on his shoulders. She watched the head of his cock press against her opening and then closed her eyes as it slipped inside her. His fucking of her was fast and furious. He slipped his hands under her bottom and dug his fingers into her soft flesh as he pulled her tightly against him. In turn Sandra wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him as he pounded her. She could taste her own juices on his face; smell her own sex on his breath and she could hear herself urging him on to fuck her harder. As she felt his cock pulsating inside she came as well. For a while there was just the sound of their heavy breathing in the room. Their loud gasps gradually subsided into quite breaths. When they opened their eyes they looked at each other for a few moments; not saying anything and not expressing any emotion. Their bodies

seemingly glued together on top of the hotel bed. It was Sandra who spoke first. "Are you going to take it out of me then?" she said quietly. He shook his head. "I haven't finished with you yet!" he told her. "Mmmmm," she said feeling his hardness returning. He shifted slightly but only just to get more comfortably between her legs. "And just how long do you intend keeping me here then?" she asked him as he gave a small thrust. "I will fuck you just now, shower and change and take you down to dinner. Then I will bring you back to fuck you again throughout the night. I might let you off in the morning sometime." She kissed him. "Is this your way of making me recompense you for my clothes?" she whispered as she kissed. He returned her kiss. "Yes." He gasped as he thrust again. Sandra gasped at his hard thrust. "You're good, you know that don't you!" she told him breathlessly. He gave her a few more thrusts of his cock. "You're good yourself. Brilliant acting!" Sandra sighed. "Next time...next time...we..." she tried to say as his thrusting increased. "Next time we leave the kids with your Mum and go away for a dirty weekend we will choose a different shop." He gasped. "A.....a..... an Ann Summers shop," he added as he speeded up his thrusts. Sandra groaned. "BDSM section." He groaned. "Buy some handcuffs and a paddle," he told her quietly. "F...for me...for me?" She gasped loudly as she tried to meet his thrusts. "Yesssssssss...time my wife had some stern disciplining," he told her. "Oooooooooo...I love you Steve...I love you my husband." She sighed as she closed her eyes and awaited her next orgasm from his heavy pounding.