



Stories

This is what made Akasha's Web famous...

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Shopping with Andy

Shopping with Andy was never planned to be the most humiliating day of his life. It just sort of worked out that way.

Blue and I were going to concentrate on some new hot little club outfits, mostly pvc and latex and things of that variety. Shoes, gloves, and really outrageous jewelry would not be out of the question. While it started out as a girls-only trip, when I mentioned to Blue that Andy was hinting at wanting to go, she gladly welcomed him.

"We'll need to have someone to carry our packages anyway!" she laughed, and of course this made me grin. The image of him stumbling behind his with hands full of packages was enough to make any woman smile. The boy would be fumbling to please and feeling quite awkward the whole time, and he had no idea how vicious Blue and I could be when together.

I guess Blue just brings that side out of me.

Anyway, the boy arrived right on time at Blue's doorstep. Blue was dressed in a sexy little short outfit and I was wearing a sun dress. I tossed the boy my keys and told him he would be driving. Immediately, only after being in our presence for five minutes, he was visibly shaken.

I suppose calling him "boy" is overdoing it a bit - after all, he hasn't been a boy for many years. But his whole demeanor is that of a boy - shy, playful, careful. Sometimes rambunctious, but always ready to back down if he feels he's out of line.

And aggression makes him blush, as well as any forward behavior from women. I noticed that right off about Andy. I guess a shopping trip with Akasha and Blue was a pretty harsh first date.

"Does my ass show too much in this dress?" I asked Andy, bending over just outside the dressing room stall.

He blushed and fumbled and Blue was coming right over. "No way, girl! That looks great!". She patted my ass. Andy turned away and pretended to be interested in something, not realizing that he was looking at a rack of women's blouses.

Blue caught on at once, pulling one off the rack for him. "This will look good on you sweetie, wanna try it on?"

I was giggling, half leaning in and out of the stall easing out of the dress. Andy didn't have time to recover from her suggestion before I said, "I guess I can't wear this dress

without any panties?"

Blue was looking for more blouses for Andy, ignoring him as he stood, mortified, holding the hanger of the one she'd put in his hand. "Don't worry about it. You barely wear them anyway. By the way you left a pair at my house last weekend. Remind me to get them for you."

I came toward her and shoved the hanger with the dress into Andy's other arm. "Take this up to the counter for me."

"Wait, isn't he going to try on the blouse!?" Blue turned to me.

Andy was crimson. Girls nearby had turned to look at him.

I took Blue by the arm. "Don't be cruel to him."

He looked relieved.

"That's my job" I smiled. He looked down.

When Blue and I turned to exit the store, I heard him quickly, eagerly put the blouse back on the rack.

It was only a matter of an hour before Andy had more stuff than he could carry. I think Blue and I subconsciously were picking things that were big - boots, jackets, and a hat rack.

But he looked simply priceless fumbling behind us to carry all of our stuff, while we kept a few paces ahead and talked as if he wasn't even there. Eventually he got the picture when his attempts to start conversations were futile. He kept quiet and began taking the initiative to hold our things, take things to the counter, and hand things over the dressing room doors when we needed a different size.

I peeked over a stall at him. "Andy dear, I'm not decent. Will you go get something for me?"

He walked over. I could hear Blue giggling in the next stall as she was zipping up a skirt.

I lowered my voice to a whisper. "Bring me a pair of those crotchless panties over there, hanging on that rack."

The color returned to his cheeks.

"Oh I saw those!" Blue peered over. "Those were awesome!"

"Go get them, and get Blue a pair too, Andy." I told him.

He turned and looked all around, trying to find where I was pointing. The bin was hidden behind some large shelves, but I neglected to tell him that. "Hurry up, I'm getting cold in here Andy!"

Andy looked all over the immediate area, finally turning to me with an exasperated look.

I pointed firmly. "Over THERE!"

He scurried over, fumbling with the packages, and finally located the bin. I could tell he was again traumatized by what he saw. Virtually dozens of styles of panties in all sorts of styles and colors and sizes. I watched him pick through them then look up at me from across the way, a confused look on his face.

"Haven't you ever seen a pair of women's panties, Andy?" I hollered across the store.

Again, girls turned to look at him. He was the only guy in the store. There was a rumble of giggles coming from another dressing room full of young teenage girls.

"What..what size?" he asked, trying to regain footing.

I sighed. "What size do you think, Andy? You've been down there."

Blue burst out into giggles and whispered, "Has he?" from the other side of the stall.

"Of course not," I chuckled. "But a boy can dream, can't he?"

It took Andy a little while to recover from the panty incident. Blue and I gave him a lecture outside, telling him that next time if he was so slow, he would be trying on a few pair himself.

"I'll do better," he insisted. "It's just that I don't know much about women's clothes, you know."

"Don't give us any excuses," Blue said, stopping to look in a window. Andy kept going and bumped into me, in turn I bumped into Blue.

We both shot him a look.

"Sorry."

I pointed to the ground. "Sorry isn't enough, package boy."

Blue stepped in behind me. "I almost spilled my drink on her."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked helplessly, looking at her, then at me, then at the packages in his hand. People were walking by on the busy street, crossing to go around us, bumping him a little as they brushed by.

"We should leave him here with a For Sale sign on him," I suggested to Blue.

She giggled. "How much could we get for him?"

A woman passing by overheard. "I'll give you six bucks."

We turned. She was a bag lady. I wondered if she had six bucks. I wondered if he was worth all the money she had, which was six bucks. She was eyeing him with interest, then starting feeling his clothes.

"I think we'll keep him," I said, taking him by the arm and pulling him along to follow.

The homeless woman watched after us. "If you change your mind honey, I'm on the corner of Vine." The smell of booze still permeated the area.

None of us spoke for a moment, then Blue turned to me and spoke loud enough for Andy to hear. "You know with that six bucks, you could get those sunglasses you were checking out."

Andy was relieved to be in a shop that asked him to leave the packages at the counter. He turned them over one by one, sighing with relief, finally getting a break from having to lug them around.

Meanwhile, Blue and I were already deep into the store. The front section appeared to be mostly alternative clothes, but in the back were the goodies. The adult toy section.

When Andy finally made his way back to where we were, I think the room heated up with the blood rushing to his cheeks. I whispered to Blue, "I don't think he's ever been in a shop like this."

"Oh come on yes he has!" She laughed. We were in the vibrator section.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, picking up a slimline plastic vibrator. "I need this, I really need this. I like them like this, no ridges. Feel how smooth it is."

Blue felt it through the plastic. Andy was over a row past us, trying to not stare but not knowing where to look.

"Yeah, these are good," Blue nodded. "But you know what's really cool, these mini ones, aren't they great, look!" She held up a small mag-lite sized vibrator. I took it and smiled big.

"But can you feel anything? Is it good?"

"Oh yeah!" She nodded. I pulled her over to the clitoral vibrators and we started comparing notes on those. Andy was getting carefully farther and farther away, while other men in the store started gravitating toward us with hopes of eavesdropping.

"Andy come over here," I finally called.

With his head down a little, he approached. I handed him three vibrators and some Motion Lotion. "Hold this for us."

He opened his hands and took them, fumbling a little to hide them as much as possible.

"People will think you're shoplifting," I told him. "Stop that. Come on,"

Andy followed after us into the section where the dildos were.

"This is what we need, Blue!" I said, and lifted a big, 8 inch jelly dildo. It wobbled a little.

"Oh yes!" she agreed, taking it from me.

Andy looked away.

Soon it was in his hands with the other toys. But of course, that was just the start.

About fifteen minutes later, Andy was weighted down with more dildos, anal beads and butt plugs than he had ever seen. A store clerk offered to take them up to the counter, but both Blue and I jumped in and said no, that he was doing a fine job holding them.

He sighed helplessly but we moved on.

In the videos section I found a great gay porno flick and held it up for Blue. "Super Boner Man and the Hershey Highway" I read the title to her.

She laughed.

I started reading the back. "I wonder if anyone gets tied up."

"Hey look at THIS GUY!" Blue exclaimed, picking up another gay video. The man on the cover was gorgeous. I nodded enthusiastically.

"I watch gay porn when I want good bondage scenes," I told her, walking up and showing her the Hershey one up close. Andy was lingering behind, looking at the wallpaper.

"Let's get them!" she nodded. "We can have a slumber party, drink wine and watch videos!"

"Sure," I agreed, then turned to Andy. "Should we have him cater to us during this? Maybe fetch our drinks, give massages, that sort of thing?"

"Maybe we won't even need the videos!" she grinned and we both looked at him.

He looked down, shy, even smiling a little.

In unison Blue and I both went, "NAHHHH!!" and both our videos were plopped into his arms.

By the end of our time in the store, Andy was carrying a little of everything, from anal lube to pornos to french maid outfits. Blue and I made him stand there while we tried to estimate the cost, making him keep the numbers tallied in his head.

"Fifteen ninety nine," Blue called out.

"Three fifty two," I added.

"Six seventy five," she said, making Andy shift so we could get into his goodies more and find more prices.

He counted softly to himself, looking up, and fumbled to keep everything in his arms. People were walking by us, looking at him curiously.

"What's the total, package boy?" I asked him.

"Uhm," he added a few more numbers. Shut his eyes. "I think, uh, ninety seven dollars and fifteen cents."

"What about with tax?" Blue asked right away. God, she was good.

"UHm," he shut his eyes again. "About ...uh..."

He fumbled. I picked up the anal beads and held them up to him right as a very attractive older blonde woman walked by. "Well are you SURE you want THESE?"

He sighed and looked down. No blushing this time, I think he was getting used to it.

"Hmm," I looked at Blue. "You know what, we didn't factor in that we still need to have lunch."

"Yeah," she nodded.

"Maybe we should come back later." I turned to Andy. "We're going to go sit outside. Put all this stuff back and meet us when you are done."

He looked terrified. The store was crowded now. Half of the things he held were gay sex toys.

Blue and I turned and headed for the door. Right at the door I turned just to see him starting to look around and figure out what first.

"Oh Andy!" I called after him, "You can keep the big dildo, if you really want."

Everyone in the store turned and looked at him.

By the time Andy got outside, he looked tired and warn. I held out a twenty dollar bill before he could speak. He took it carefully with two fingers, his arms once again full of our previous packages.

"Blue and I decided we want the anal beads,"

"Yeah," she looked at him. "You can get some for yourself, too, if you want."

"Please don't make me go get those," Andy said. It was the first time he had asked. He looked sweet. He gave both of us the most pathetic little face, like he was terrified.

Blue and I were sitting on a bench looking at him. We looked at each other.

He fumbled with the packages and again said, "Please?"

"Get down on your knees here," I pointed to the ground. "And beg us not to make you do it."

He looked torn. What a choice. He thought, turning his head. He peered back toward the store. Blue and I looked at him. I knew it was turning her on, too. I leaned over and whispered so Andy couldn't hear, "I could use that vibrator right about now."

Blue giggled.

Finally, Andy dropped to his knees. He delicately set down the packages next to him and people started walking around him as they strode by. Skaters weaved to avoid him. Dogs being walked stopped to sniff him.

I pointed down. "All the way, Andy. Nose to the cement. And then beg."

He hesitated, but only briefly. I think he felt that he had nothing more to loose at that point. Down his nose went, all the way to the ground.

"Isn't he cute," Blue observed.

"Yeah, he's a keeper." I nodded.

A homeless man was watching us from the corner. He waved from his cardboard box. "I'll give yeh three bucks for him."

"Wow, our second offer today."

We stood up and nudged Andy to get up and follow us. He gathered up the packages and scurried behind us. I don't know if he heard, but I turned to Blue and said, "Damn, I really did kinda want those beads."

"I have some at home you can borrow," she said without missing a beat.

We didn't turn, but I could feel him blushing.

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