Not a Thing to Wear

Still working in a clothing store was not what I envisioned for my early twenties. It had been fine in my teens, but I'd assumed I'd be somewhere more 'grown up' after that.

Which was not to say I hated it or anything. I liked it enough that I was still there, after all. It was a pretty chill place to work, in many ways, and I knew my shit well enough by now that I didn't have any worries of fucking up like I used to in my nervous early days of employment. Plus, my best friend Julie worked there too, which made a huge difference all on its own.

Julie and I working together made for the kind of employee duo that drove managers crazy. That had meant being separated many a time over the years. We'd gradually become two of the most senior workers, and at some point management had been forced to concede that in spite of our shenanigans and tendency to hang out together too much, we also got way more shit done than any of the newbies.

We were technically supervisors now, which didn't mean a hell of a lot. Mostly just that we were entrusted with opening or closing, when need be, and allowed to do our own thing most of the time. We also got stuck training the new hires and keeping an eye on them, which wasn't quite made up for by the pay bump, but we got to do some bossing around too, which evened things out.

Possibly my favourite part, in a weird sort of way, were the Saturday morning shifts. No one wanted them. They came too soon after a Friday night, and were dead as all hell for the first few hours. Julie and I had been saddled with them as a punishment of sorts after we'd flipped all the clothes on the mannequins inside out, which I thought was a little harsh at the time, but it turned out well for us. A few hours of ostensibly doing our job as normal, but actually just chilling together without any pesky customers, managers, or fellow employees to disturb us.

The lack of customers was not guaranteed, however.

This Saturday in particular we had a couple of them come in early. Early enough, as it happened, that Julie and I had only just settled in to our

ritual lounging. She was perched rather unprofessionally atop the counter next to the registers staring at her phone, while I was making use of one the store's mirrors to fidget with my hair trying to get it sit just right.

I was the first to notice the two girls come in since Julie wasn't even making a pretense of watching the store. I sighed, left my hair the way it was, and stepped over to Julie to give her a nudge.

"Look alive," I said.

"Why?"

"Customers."

"Really?" Julie looked up, then nodded. "Huh, so there are. What the hell do they want?"

"You're asking me?"

She slipped off the counter, tucking her phone away in a smooth, practiced motion calculated not to draw any attention. She'd perfected it over the years.

"Damn inconsiderate of them," she grumbled.

"Tell me about it."

We stood behind the counter, casually keeping an eye on the girls and their progress. They were only browsing, not looking for anything specific yet. We still should have approached and offered assistance, but without any witnesses we were free to use our own judgement on these things. We knew when customers weren't ready for help yet.

"Still, at least one of them's cute," I said thoughtfully.

"Which one?" Julie asked.

"The cute one."

"Give me a hint."

"The one in the skirt."

"Ahhh," Julie said knowingly. "The shy, doe-eyed one."

I rolled my eyes. "How would you know if she's shy?"

"'Cause she's only following her friend around, and she keeps looking at us out of the corner of her eye to see if we're watching."

"Which means she's shy?"

"Probably. Maybe a shoplifter, but I don't get that vibe."

"You're so full of shit. One psychology course and--"

"Two and a half, thank you very much. Very nearly three."

"Yes, very nearly."

I accidentally caught the cute girl's eye. She looked away immediately, a slight flush rising on her cheek. Julie might actually be onto something, not that I'd willingly admit it.

"I guess one of us should meander over to the change rooms," I said. "Just in case."

"You go," Julie offered graciously. "It might give you a chance to flirt."

"You're such an ass."

"What? You said she was cute."

"She is. But what are the odds she's into girls? And if she is, what are the odds she and her friend aren't together?"

"I dunno. Fifty-fifty?"

I snorted. "Yeah, either she is or she isn't. Fantastic math there Jules."

"Thanks. I did it without a calculator even." She gave me a gentle push. "Just go, Bree. Give it a shot."

"Fine. Just to shut you up, though. And just for the record, even given your extremely suspect percentages, I'd have to win two coin flips, which only makes it one in four."

"Have fun," Julie called after me, ignoring my parting shot with ruthless cheerfulness.

I moseyed over to the changing room alcove, which someone was always supposed to be guarding, according to the rules. God forbid a customer might have to wait half a minute for someone to come over and help them.

Still, it gave me an excuse to pass nearer the two girls without actually having to disturb them or make it obvious I was getting a closer look. They both appeared to be around the same age as Julie and me, which was preferable if I was going to engage in even a fleeting crush on one of them. Not that I was planning on taking things even that far, but it was good to know all the same.

I caught the cute one watching me as I walked past. She didn't know the angles on the strategically placed mirrors like I did. I smiled to myself and put a little extra swing in my hips, feeling silly about it even as I did. I'd meant what I told Julie. The odds just weren't in my favour. Let alone the horrible logistics and potential consequences of actually flirting with a customer.

I pretended to tidy up around the area for a while, only watching the girls when they were busy looking at clothes. Julie sent me a couple texts in the interim, but I ignored them. I could make out her impish grin from where I was, and I was quite sure whatever she'd sent wasn't helpful.

The girls finally headed my way with a few selections each. I set myself in a professional stance with a customer service smile plastered on my face.

"Finding everything ok?" I asked cheerfully.

"Yes, thanks," said Cute Girl's Friend, a slightly slyer smile on her lips to mirror mine. "We'd just like a couple rooms to try things on."

"No problem at all."

I glanced at Cute Girl, but she wouldn't look directly at me.

I maintained my retail courtesy as I set them each up with a changing room, just a small room with some hooks, a full-length mirror, and a curtain drawn across the doorway. I tried asking Cute Girl directly if she needed anything else before I left her to her decisions, but I didn't get much out of her other than a faint blush when she finally met my gaze. It might have meant something, or it might not, but it was an adorable reaction either way.

Any lingering hopes I had, not that they'd been all that high at any point, were dashed when the friend snuck across to Cute Girl's room. I pretended not to notice, though in fact it was hard to slip much of anything by me. I knew the exact type of sneak too. It came up every now

and again when two people wanted to occupy the same room for less than virtuous reasons.

Just to be sure, I padded silently next to the room once they were settled, and indeed there were soft whispers, giggles, and eventually some barely audible sounds of making out.

Well fuck. Won one coin flip, lost the other pretty hard. Better than I thought I'd do, and yet all the more painful for it.

It was Julie's fault, I decided. Left to my own devices, I very sensibly would never have considered things going anywhere at all. It wasn't like I knew this girl even a little, except that she was cute, and that she did, in fact, like girls. And that when she thought I wasn't looking, she'd given me looks like....

No, bad Bree. Stop that. All in your head. She definitely wasn't checking you out. Not when she was out with her girlfriend.

Julie caught my eye as I paced out into the main store area just to get a little space. She shot me a questioning glance. I shrugged in return. Then, because I might as well get it over with, pulled out my phone and shot her a text.

"They're in there together making out."

Julie, thankfully, didn't make a joke of it. She sent back a sad face, then mouthed a, "Sorry," when I looked up at her again.

I went back to stand by the counter in the changing area, summoning my retail happy face back for when I needed it. They'd be gone soon enough anyway, and the whole thing would blow over.

I got another text from Julie. "Want me to come kick them out for you?"

We weren't supposed to let people use the change rooms for sexy times, though in practice that wasn't always an easy rule to enforce. And when left to our own devices, Julie and I would use our own discretion as to whether to interfere or not. Oftentimes it came down to whether we liked the customers in question or not.

This time was a bit different. It was tempting to get them out sooner, but it also felt a little too petty.

"Nah. Leave them be. Thanks, though."

"I got your back, Bree. No one breaks your heart on my watch."

I smiled for real, if only for a moment. It wasn't all that funny, really, but I'd cooled down just enough to appreciate what humour there was. Plus, Julie was really good to have around at times like these. Even if they were basically her fault. As soon as the girls were out of there, we could huddle back up and talk shit about them. Or about relationships in general. Or whatever. It'd be fine.

The problem was, the girls took fucking forever. And when the curtain finally did move, only one of them came out. The friend. I had no idea why they weren't leaving together. Surely they knew that staggering their exits wouldn't prevent me from noticing they'd been in the same room. Or maybe they weren't thinking things through that thoroughly. Who knew.

I was bored and frustrated, but all that was safely hidden behind my customer service shell. I smiled and took the pile of clothes back, setting it on my counter to be refolded and rehung.

"Hang onto my friend's things for her would you?" the girl asked with an even broader version of her sly smile from before.

I tilted my head uncertainly. "Would she like to buy some of these?"

"Not exactly."

She gave me a wink, then sauntered off without bothering to explain. Nor, indeed, without waiting for makeout accomplice.

None of it made sense. She'd winked at me very deliberately. I felt like she had to know that I knew what they'd been up to. Yet they weren't leaving together. And she'd seemed to think something was terribly amusing, but I couldn't begin to guess what.

I absently began organizing the pile of clothes to put back on the floor while I pondered the morning thus far. It took me a moment to realize some of the clothes I was sorting weren't ours, and a moment longer still to recognize that they formed a complete outfit, excepting shoes. A complete outfit such as....

My eyes tracked toward the still-occupied changing room. I slunk toward it without really making the conscious decision to do so. There was only a

small gap under the curtain, not enough to see much of anything, but enough for me to spy a pair of shoes and a bare, fidgety pair of feet next to them.

I knocked on the side of the room. "Doing ok in there?"

"Uh... yes, thanks."

A rather nervous voice. For good reason, if I'd put the pieces together correctly. And I was pretty sure I had.

"Is Cindy still there?" the girl inside asked.

"Your friend? No, she left."

"Oh."

I waited to see if I'd get more out of her. Then, with a certain amount of self-satisfaction that I just couldn't contain, "Would you like your clothes back?"

Silence a moment, then a rather meek, "Yes, please."

I leaned against the side of the girl's flimsy prison. "Is this the sort of thing Cindy does to you often?"

"Well... not this specifically, no. Could I please have my clothes?"

"In a minute. I'm trying to figure out if this game is something you both play, or if it's mainly just her."

"Does it matter?"

"Kinda. If it's just her, I'm gonna grab your clothes for you and advise you to tell her to fuck off." I shrugged. "If it's both of you, then I'm gonna be spiteful and not get your clothes."

"You're not?"

"Nope. You'll have to come out and get them."

"Why?"

"I told you. Spite. For involving me in your games without even asking if I was cool with it."

"Oh. If it helps any, I didn't know she was gonna do this."

I felt a 'but' coming, and calmly waited for it.

"But... it's not exactly like I don't know how she thinks."

"So a little of both?" I hazarded.

"I guess. Kinda."

"Well you know that makes things complicated for me. Now I don't know whether or not to help you out."

"Yeah. I know."

This was getting interesting. I still wasn't quite sure what was happening, but that was ok. I also didn't know who I was talking to, and that at least could be easily resolved.

"I'm Bree," I said by way of introduction.

I could practically hear the anxious hesitation before I got an answer. "Riley."

I nodded. "Well, Riley, we've got a bit of a predicament now, don't we?"

"Sort of, I suppose."

"Sort of?"

"Well, uh... is there anyone else around?"

I peeked out to the main floor. All quiet on the western front.

"Just Jules over at cash."

"The other girl working here?"

"That's her."

"And she's not looking?"

"Got her face buried in her phone. Why?"

The curtain slid back and Riley stepped out. She did the traditional, very awkward attempt at covering herself at first; hunched over, arm across her breasts, hand covering her pussy. Once she'd verified that there really wasn't anyone else around, she dropped her arms to her sides, hands clenching and unclenching with nervous energy.

"Huh," I said.

I really hadn't expected to see anything. I'd been messing with her, mostly out of spite just as I'd claimed, but had no intention of forcing the issue in the end. Maybe just make her beg a little or something.

She was even cuter without clothes on. Partly because of her nudity itself, but more so because of how adorably shy she was about it. Eyes darting away from mine, cheeks gone rosy pink, and constant fidgeting like she wanted to hide herself or turn away, but was resisting the urge.

"Wow," I said after a moment.

"You don't mind, do you?"

I tilted my head. "Are you kidding me? Why would I?" I cleared my throat. "But, uh, you really don't have to do this. I can grab your stuff for you."

"That's ok."

I had no idea why it was ok, but I let it bed.

Riley stood there, gradually getting her reactions under control. She didn't move toward her clothes, nor back to the safety of her changing room. Just stood, letting me look if I wanted. Which I did.

"Cindy said you were checking me out," Riley said softly. "I wasn't sure if you were or not."

"Oh I totally was."

I scanned up and down her naked form, taking in the cute features of her face, the smooth paleness of her uncovered skin, the curve of her breasts, the soft lines of her tummy and hips, and the forbidden slit of her pussy.

"Cindy's better at seeing that kind of thing. She caught me looking at you too."

"She's an observant one." I swung my eyes back up to hers. She was getting more comfortable, but still wouldn't quite meet my gaze. "I thought you were looking too. I got thrown off a bit when Cindy snuck in there with you."

Riley's fading blush brightened back up again. "That's probably not quite what it looks like."

"She left you naked," I said lightly. "And I heard you making out."

"Yeah, but... we....." Riley folded her arms, though it seemed more a gesture of conversational discomfort than one of trying to cover her tits. "I'm not good at this."

I sighed. "Sorry, I'm being a bit of a dick about it too."

"No you're not."

"I am. This is, like, not a situation I know what to do with."

"I get that." Riley smiled tentatively. "I'm really too shy to be doing this kind of thing too."

"You're a very confusing kind of shy."

"That's... fair. That's pretty much how I feel about it too."

I gestured to my counter. "You wanna sit? We can talk more, if you want." I shrugged. "Or you could grab your stuff and leave, too."

Riley bit her lip and looked longingly at her clothes before coming to a decision. "I could talk for a bit. If you wanted."

I nodded. "Ok."

It would have been nice to have chairs to offer or something. As it was, we used the counter as seating, much as Julie and I so often did when no one was watching.

Riley took the end against the wall where she was partly covered from anyone wandering through the store. I took a seat on the other end where I had a better view through the doorway, and where I could spot trouble more easily. I folded one leg under me and left the other dangling over the side. Riley adopted a cross-legged pose, which left her pussy quite well displayed, more than she realized I assumed, but she couldn't decide what to do with her hands, and they alternately covered and uncovered her as she fidgeted with them.

I got a text from Julie as we were getting settled.

"Was that a naked girl I saw? What's going on over there?"

I texted back quickly, "Tell you later. Promise. Keep watch?" then put my phone away, ignoring the follow up buzz.

There was a moment of awkward silence between Riley and me. I didn't quite know what to say to her, nor was I sure how much I could safely check her out without bothering her. It was a delicate balance.

Riley picked anxiously at one of her nails a moment, then dropped her hands again. She took a deep breath, unwittingly drawing my attention to her chest in spite of my efforts to make eye contact.

"There's kind of a thing between Cindy and me," she said. "Obviously."

"Obviously," I agreed.

"But it's, uh, I don't know exactly what you'd call it."

"She's not your girlfriend?"

"No." Riley shook her head and shrugged ruefully. "She's got a boyfriend."

"Oh. Ohhh. And he doesn't--"

"No, he knows. He's cool with it. But I'm very much 'on the side' for her."

"Huh. Well then."

Riley shifted, then peeked at me cautiously to gauge my reaction. "I honestly don't know if Cindy was just being Cindy here, or if she was legitimately trying to set us up or something." She bit her lip. "Maybe some of both."

A small thrill ran through me, and it was my turn to pause and take a breath. "She likes getting you naked?"

"Not naked very often. I mean, not in risky places. Usually something less extreme than that."

"Right. But she'd also be ok if we... if you... you know."

Riley flushed and adjusted an errant strand of hair. The gesture was as cute as I was coming to expect from her. "I mean, she cares about me. I think she'd be happy if I found a real relationship of my own." She went even brighter red. "Not that you... we... not that that's what this is, necessarily. It could be, but it doesn't... you don't...."

"Riley? Chill. It's all good."

She nodded, but it took a moment to get her panic levels down. "It is?"

"Yeah." I let my dangling leg swing with calculated carelessness, even though I felt anything but careless inside. "I get it."

"Oh. Good." She hesitantly met my eyes. "Could you explain it to me?"

I laughed, expelling some of my nervous tension. Riley joined in and giggled along with me. Her body untensed somewhat and uncurled from itself.

"This might sound ridiculous," I said, "but what if we thought about this like kind of a date?"

Riley's eyes went wide. "A date?"

"Kind of. Not a proper one, obviously, but just like a chance to see what happens. Like, uh, no expectations or anything. No commitments. But maybe with the acknowledgement that we're both kind of interested?"

"That makes sense," Riley said slowly. "It's kind of unfair though."

"Why?"

"I'm naked."

"So you are." I shrugged. "Your clothes are right there if you want them."

Riley looked toward the small pile, again with a certain amount of longing.

"Or maybe," I said, "you'd rather if I didn't let you have them back yet?"

She squeaked in embarrassment and ducked her head under her hands to hide. "Oh god, you think I'm a total weirdo, don't you? I don't even know why I'm like this."

"I think you're cute," I stated definitively.

"... you do?"

"And I, personally, am rather enjoying your lack of clothes."

Riley reflexively moved to cover herself again, but then caught herself and forced her arms away. "So unfair," she mumbled.

I was beginning to get a sense of her. Not only that, but I was rather enjoying the insight that I had gleaned. The way things were going, this could be very, very fun. Actually, it kind of already was, minus the

awkward fumbling we were both doing. Though hers was quite endearing, in its own way.

"I don't know," I said airily. "Maybe dating would be more fun if someone had to be naked for it."

Riley smiled shyly. "But how would you decide who?"

"That'd be the trick alright." I tilted my head thoughtfully. "Usually, anyway. In your case it'd be quite easy."

"I really don't do this!" she protested. "This isn't, like, my version of a pick up line."

"It'd be a good one if it was."

"That... you...."

I grinned broadly. "You'd get so many girls."

"I'd get so many guys, more like," Riley grumbled.

"Ooh, yeah, that is a problem. It all seemed so foolproof."

Riley rolled her eyes at me, which was fine. I liked her all cute and embarrassed, but getting her loosened up and talking like a normal person--like we were on some bizarre kind of impromptu date--was probably better for getting to know each other.

We talked for a while longer, not about anything in particular, just chatting, giggling, and getting comfortable with each other. I started to forget that she was even naked and found myself conversing with her like she was any other girl I was kinda sorta into.

Riley was forgetting too, judging by her little reactions every now and then. She'd be all relaxed, then suddenly jerk and go a bit red, sometimes covering her chest for a second, then we'd both giggle and she'd let her arms fall away again.

A few times I caught myself staring at her. Not in a checking her out kind of way, but more like my eyes just kind of zoned out a bit, and she happened to be right in front of me. It didn't hurt that she was by far the nicest thing around to look at. I knew she caught me a few times, but actually seemed not to mind at all. Her lips quirked shyly when our eyes met afterward, and she didn't do that little twitch and blush thing. Like it

was ok if I looked, but it still startled her when she remembered suddenly that we were in public.

"Hey, Bree? You still hiding over here?"

I sighed at the sound of Julie's voice. Riley squeaked and curled up into a protective ball.

"Don't worry," I whispered. "Sit tight for a sec."

I hopped off my perch and intercepted Julie before she could wander into the changing area.

"There you are," she said. "You're leaving me bored to tears out here. You know that, don't you?"

"Yeah, well, I'll owe you one, ok?"

Julie tilted her head. "You don't care, do you?"

"I--"

She smiled wickedly. "You've still got your little crush back there."

"I do. And it's going pretty well."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Did I really see her naked earlier? It was only quick, but--"

I urged Julie further away and lowered my voice. "She's totally naked."

"Seriously?"

"Yes."

"Damn, you move fast. And here I've been worrying about your love life all this time."

"I had so very little to do with it, I assure you."

"She just got naked? Then, uh, I guess she's the one who moves fast?"
Julie shrugged. "Either way, hell of a first date."

"Tell me about it," I murmured absently. "But, uh, I'd really like it to keep going well...."

Julie grinned and punched me lightly on the arm. "Hey, dude, I got your back. It's quiet as shit out here anyway. Been a couple people poking in, but not really interested in anything. And this story is definitely gonna make up for a little boredom." She looked at me seriously. "You're gonna tell me the whole story, right?"

"Promise."

"Pinky promise?"

I rolled my eyes at the childish gesture, but clasped pinkies with Julie without hesitation. I would have told her anyway. This wasn't the sort of event I could keep to myself.

"You really need to give up on playground rules one of these years," I told her.

"Haven't failed me yet."

"You--"

"Can't argue with success."

"You're a weird girl sometimes, Jules."

"Maybe." She gave me an innocent, beaming smile. "Why don't you head on back to your romantic encounter in the changing rooms at work with a naked girl you just met?"

I glared at her, which didn't faze her even slightly. "Ok, you win this round."

"Yeah I do." Julie pointed authoritatively over my shoulder. "Now get back in there and work some magic already."

"Yes ma'am."

The room was deserted as I reentered. I looked around in confusion for a moment until Riley's head cautiously popped up from behind the counter.

"It's safe now," I said with only a faint trace of the amusement I felt.

Riley stood up, this time appearing embarrassed over her reaction more so than her nudity. "I, uh, got a little nervous. Thought you might have been called away."

"No, just had to keep Jules happy. She was getting bored."

"Oh. You didn't tell her about me, did you?"

"Only a little."

"What?!"

"It's fine. She's cool. You can meet her if you want."

"Uh...."

I giggled. "Relax, you don't have to. I'm just teasing. She did kinda see you for a second earlier, though. When you were naked, I mean."

Riley went red again. I felt kind of bad for how much I liked doing that to her, but it wasn't my fault she was so damn adorable when she was all flustered.

"I guess maybe that's fine," she said with the tone of trying to convince herself rather than me.

"It is."

"But, uh, maybe it's time I got dressed again?"

I shook my head. "No, I don't think so."

"You said I could."

"I did. I changed my mind."

Riley glanced toward her pile of clothes, still just sitting there temptingly. I advanced on her, cutting off her options. She stood where she was, fidgeting nervously until I was directly in front of her.

"You can't change your mind," she mumbled unconvincingly. "S'not fair."

"No. It isn't. But maybe I can make up for that."

"How are you--"

I slipped my hand to Riley's neck, then up behind her head. I held her gently as I moved in and kissed her with just a light brush of my lips on hers.

"Oh," she said.

I kissed her again, more firmly, testing her response. Not good or bad yet, still just anxiously fidgeting.

"You can tell me if I'm being too forward," I said softly, my mouth only barely separated from hers.

"I wouldn't know how to judge that, under the circumstances."

My lips twitched upward. "Then tell me if I should stop."

"Not fair," she repeated.

"Hardly anything ever is."

My third try at kissing her went so much better. She was still uncertain at first, but I held it longer this time, long enough for her to start kissing me back.

It was unfair, I acknowledged. She was naked. Any touch of mine on her body was meeting her bare skin. She was ridiculously unprotected and vulnerable for such initial explorations. I was very conscious of where I put my hands, even as she stepped minutely closer and cautiously put her hands on my shoulders in return.

My caution didn't last forever by any means. Riley responding and actively participating allowed me to be bolder. I slipped a hand to her tits, cupping one of them just as a test. The press of her lips didn't change as a result, nor did the tentative probe of her tongue. If anything, she may have even become more responsive when I started fondling and stroking her breasts.

I pressed closer toward Riley, to the point of forcing her to back up or be knocked over. She moaned softly when she hit the wall and I kept coming until I was right up against her.

She'd gotten over her reservations and hesitation, it seemed. I couldn't get close enough for her. She didn't hold me lightly any longer, but instead pulled at my lower back, then slipped a hand down to my butt, bringing me tight up against her.

I smiled broadly, somewhat interrupting our making out for a moment, as I felt her grinding on my thigh. I brought my leg forward, placing it firmly between hers, giving her more purchase for rubbing off on me.

This was new and exciting territory for me. I wasn't at all used to getting so intimate with someone I'd only just met, let alone at my workplace, but it felt right. I absolutely loved that Riley was so horny that she'd grind on me like that, that she'd grab my butt, that my roaming hands weren't

being rebuffed. Everything about our meeting had been unique and special, and I wasn't about to start questioning it now just because it was moving so fast.

We broke for air, parting our faces just enough to be able to look at each other, to search for emotions in each other's eyes. Even the way she panted was cute and made me want to aggressively kiss her some more. I held back, waiting until I had enough oxygen in reserve to make it worthwhile.

Riley came for me first. She attacked me hungrily, kissing with ferocity beyond what she'd demonstrated thus far. She was losing control, not holding back, no longer worried about her fears or what I was thinking. She was just going for it.

Well, if she was going to, so was I. I pulled my leg away with some difficulty, given the way she was molding herself to me. She whined and tried to use some cunning footwork to get my thigh back where she wanted it. I ignored her protests.

I'd made space to get my hand in, and I made full use of it. Riley calmed down and moaned deeply as I found her pussy. I pressed my palm hard against it to reassure her that I'd take care of her, before then maneuvering my fingers with more purpose and deftness.

"Holy shit you're wet," I said during another quick air break.

"What did you expect?"

"I dunno. Less than that, I guess? You probably soaked right through my pants."

"S'your own fault. Kept me naked. Got all makey-outey with me. What d'you want from me?"

I grinned and nipped at Riley's lip. "Just exactly this."

She was totally mine now. She had been anyway, more or less, but with my fingers put to work, she had no more free will than a puppet. I could do anything I wanted so long as I kept her all worked up.

She was so crazy turned on that I couldn't quite believe it, but I made full use of it anyway. Slipping a pair of fingers inside her was the smoothest,

most natural gesture, given how wet and slick she was. I pushed into her pussy, smiling at the small gasps she made.

I made my fingers dance, finding her weak spots, figuring out what she liked, what she loved, and what made her clutch desperately at me so as not to fall down. I teased her clit, but didn't focus on it yet. Not until the moment was right.

For a time, Riley was my horny little plaything. She was cute, naked, desperate to cum, and reacted so beautifully to my fingering. I loved her whimpers, her wiggles, her hands grasping at me for purchase, and that overarching sense that she needed my touch more than anything.

Slowly, gradually, I increased my attention to Riley's clit. She leaned into every caress, every flick of my fingertip, wanting ever more than what I gave her. Only at the end did I really give in and rub her like crazy, giving her everything she wanted and more.

Riley whimpered, trembled, and leaned heavily on me as I played her clit hard and fast. She bucked against my fingers, her nails digging painfully into my skin even through my clothes, then finally gasped and moaned as she came.

A fresh flood of arousal surged out, making a total mess and making my fingers even slicker. The sounds she whined into my ear were a beautiful music to me, a just reward for my efforts. I kept rubbing her until she was clearly spent.

Things got a little awkward again afterward. Not too bad, really, but there was a definite moment of uncertainty for both of us. Riley extracted herself from my grasp and leaned back against the wall, still unsteady on her legs. I took a step back and gave her some space.

"Well that was... something," I said, trying to sound casual.

"I can't believe we did that," Riley said softly, her tone tinged with confusion and awe.

"We did, though."

Riley giggled madly. "We sure did."

I laughed along with her, letting it expunge some of the tension from me. It was silly to even think about feeling bad, and yet it was such a new

relationship that disastrous possibilities were still lurking at the fringes. It had been so much fun making Riley cum like that, but I didn't know her well enough to know what to do now.

I brought my hand up to my face, then looked past it to Riley's inner thighs, the floor beneath her, and even the damp patch on my leg where she'd been grinding on me. "You made a bit of a mess."

Riley didn't go as red this time as I was expected. It wasn't as cute, but I liked what it suggested about her growing comfort around me. "Not exactly my fault, is it?"

"Kinda is." I licked one of my fingers experimentally. "Tastes good though."

"Oh my god!" Riley buried her face in her hands. "Stop!"

I grinned, enjoying her reaction. I licked myself clean-ish even while she peeked through a gap in her fingers.

"I better go grab a towel or something," I said.

"Wait, don't leave me here by myself again."

I smiled over my shoulder as I headed away from her. "You're welcome to come with."

As I expected, Riley declined and stuck with the relative safety of the changing rooms. It was preferable to parading through the store, it seemed.

"Going well?" Julie asked as I passed by her to the employee area.

"So well," I answered without stopping to explain.

I managed to find a clean towel, and got a very curious look from Julie as I carried it back with me. Again, I didn't offer any explanation. It was more fun to make her wonder.

Riley hadn't bothered to hide this time. She didn't even seem to realize how visible she was as she hung around waiting for me to return. It made me wonder just how brazen she could be made to act if I decided to make a proper effort of finding out.

She inhaled sharply as I knelt in front of her. I smiled up at her, quirking my lips just a tad suggestively, then proceeded to behave myself impeccably as I patted her down with the towel I'd fetched. I started at her ankles, still amazed that it was at all necessary to begin that far down, and slowly worked my way upward.

I was fully prepared to admit that I was tempted. Riley's pussy was right there at face height, thanks to my decision to kneel in front of her. The mess she'd made was as evident to me as it possibly could have been. I knew how good she tasted. I could go for it if I wanted.

"I could do that myself, you know," Riley said.

I smirked up at her again. "Sure. But what fun would that be?"

It was a deliberately slow, tender job. I wasn't overly thorough about cleaning her, necessarily, but rather took my time traveling up the inside of her bare legs and spent my focus on exploring her soft, intimate skin with my fingertips, rather than on making sure she was dried off properly. It only got worse as I reached her upper thighs and teased myself as much as her by somehow resisting the urge to jump straight to the summit.

The scent of her eventually got to me. Her sweet little pussy called to me, wet and sensuous beyond my ability to ignore for long. I breathed it in deeply, then leaned forward and extended my tongue.

Riley gasped far above me. Her fingertips grazed the top of my head, flexing but not quite grasping, like she couldn't decide whether to encourage me, to push me away, or to do nothing at all.

My first quick taste of her was so much better than off my fingers. It was her pure, undiluted flavour, straight from her impossibly aroused little pussy. It was the greatest, most instantly addicting taste that had ever graced my tongue. I needed more.

I licked again, paused to savour it, then once more. Riley decided what she wanted to do with her hand, which turned out to be gently pressing me to her. I happily obliged, licking longer and deeper, exploring the length of her pussy. I allowed myself to get lost in it, to lap at her with no goal beyond simply seeking out her juices as they flooded toward my waiting mouth.

I lost track of time almost entirely as I ate Riley out. I forgot where we were, that she was naked and I wasn't, even that she wasn't my girlfriend, let alone someone I'd known before this morning. None of it mattered anyway. Only her sweet little pussy, and what I could do to it with my tongue.

It was something of a surprise to me when she came on my face. I truly hadn't been working toward that goal this time. Not yet, anyway. I loved it all the same. Loved that definitive pleasure in her adorable moans and whines as she tried to muffle herself, the mess all over my lips and chin afterward, and the heavy lidded, well-satisfied smile she gave me.

I finished wiping her up, then stood. "Well, all cleaned up," I said casually.

"Excellent service here," Riley murmured nearly incoherently. She gave me a soft kiss, then took the towel from me and patted my face dry. "I never think of towel-work when I'm deciding where to shop."

"Tragically underrated," I concurred.

Riley hopped back up on the counter, then stretched out along it, chest still rising and falling heavily as her breathing slowly returned to normal. She made such a beautiful picture reclined all fresh off a pair of orgasms, still unclothed, and with no thought at all to hiding from my gaze. I stood watching her, remaining totally still in case I disturbed the moment.

"I suppose I should get dressed," she said, though made no move to follow through.

"Maybe," I said. "You'll have to before long. The morning calm doesn't last forever." I chewed thoughtfully on my lip. I didn't want Riley to get dressed just yet. And she was so damn relaxed and comfortable right now that there had to be potential there. "Wanna meet Jules first?"

Riley turned her head, remaining otherwise exactly where she was. She frowned slightly. "Naked?"

"That's the idea."

"I don't know if I can do that."

"Sure you can. I'll be right there the whole time. Julie's cool. It can't be any harder than when you first walked out in front of me."

"That's... actually probably true." Riley sighed and sat up. "And you've got me feeling so good it's hard to even properly panic about the idea."

"That is very good to know."

I took Riley's hand and tugged gently until she slid off the counter and slowly followed along behind me. I set a gentle pace, letting her come out onto the main floor as gradually as possible. Giving her time to look around, to verify that it was as safe as it was going to get, and to adjust to being naked out there.

Technically, there was no one around to see Riley, excepting Julie. However, it was a pretty wide open space, broken up strategically by all the clothes racks and things. It was quite a mix of exposed and covered. I was pretty sure the people walking by the front of the store wouldn't notice anything, but it was hard to say for certain.

Julie caught our approach when we were about halfway to her. Her eyes went comically wide for a second, then she grinned broadly at me. I smiled right back and squeezed Riley's hand as I felt her lagging behind a bit

Riley had regained some of her adorable shyness by the time we made it to Julie. She was blushing and fidgeting, not meeting Julie's gaze, but also standing more or less straight and not trying to hide herself in any way. It was a nice mix of embarrassed and confident, one that I felt I'd had some hand in.

"Julie, this is Riley. Riley, Julie."

"Nice to meet you," Julie said, still with a long, appraising look at Riley.

"You too," Riley mumbled.

Her grip on my hand had become tighter, and I noted her anxious glances toward the glass windows at the front. No one had really stopped to stare yet, but we were, admittedly, in one of the most exposed areas with nothing next to us much higher than stomach height, albeit off to the side where anyone glancing at display racks wouldn't necessarily look. She could theoretically be seen at any time, but probably wouldn't be. Maybe. Hopefully.

"You're staring, Jules," I said.

"Well what did you expect?" Julie responded without a trace of shame about it, though she did flick her gaze off of Riley.

"Pretty much that. Don't be rude about it, is all."

"Ha, yeah. Rude." Julie shook her head. "Like any of this is my doing." She looked at Riley. "Watch out for Bree. She's a bit funny about some things."

"Hey! I am not! Don't be telling her stuff like that."

"Why not? Not like I could scare her off now."

I paused a moment. Riley was standing closer to me than ever, and still had a solid grip on my hand. Julie's teasing honestly didn't seem likely to be much of a problem. Still, though.

"Be nice," I said.

Julie beamed innocently. "Always." She turned to Riley. "So, what brings you here? In the market for some new clothes?"

I glared at Julie, but she cunningly ignored me.

Riley rather surprised me by smiling sweetly at Julie in response. "I'd love to try some things on. Maybe you could go fetch some options for me?"

Julie laughed. "Ha, alright, fair enough." She adjusted her stance and leaned casually on the counter. "So what's with the whole naked thing? Was it just to get Bree's attention? You probably didn't need to go that far."

Riley shrugged. "It worked, didn't it?"

Julie looked back and forth between Riley and me. "I guess so. Though how well it worked--"

"Is none of your business," I interrupted firmly.

"Just saying, you two alone and naked--"

"I wasn't."

"One of you naked, then, with no adult supervision...."

"You're only technically an adult, Jules," I said, folding my arms. "And if you're fishing for an invitation to watch next time--"

"Pff, yeah right. I don't need to see any of that."

"I think maybe you want to," I said, jumping eagerly on the opening she'd given me to tease her right back. "I think you want to see me naaakeeeddd."

"Don't flatter yourself."

"Naaakeeeddd," I repeated in a sing-song voice.

"Oh grow up."

"After you. I insist."

Luckily Riley found our squabbling funny, and seemed to help her take to Julie, even in her continued unclothed state. She still stuck close to me, but was pretty comfortable hanging out with us for a bit.

Again, it became background noise that Riley was naked. It wasn't something you could miss, but it ceased to be super relevant. Or at least it did until a customer approached the counter, very nearly catching us entirely off-guard. I only just barely noticed in time to give Riley a warning, which elicited an embarrassing little squeak from her as she dove for cover.

The little old lady who'd toddled up to us hadn't, so far as I could tell, seen Riley. Or hadn't noticed her lack of clothes, at any rate. She just asked for some help finding something for her granddaughter, which Julie very kindly offered to assist with, after only a single sharp elbow to her ribs by way of encouragement.

Julie was still grinning like a lunatic as she led the lady away. She winked at me over her shoulder as I feigned calm and tried to ignore Riley cowering below me until our customer was out of earshot.

"Did she see me?" Riley asked.

"I don't think so," I said. "She's a pretty chill kinda person if she did, 'cause she sure didn't let on at all."

"I think... I think maybe I need my clothes back now."

"Yeah, maybe."

"Maybe?"

Riley looked cuter and sexier than ever, all naked and embarrassed on her knees in front of me. I hadn't moved to give her room since I didn't want to give away that anything was amiss, and now that we were alone she remained too close to leave me unaffected. I wasn't horny to the point of absolutely needing some action, but was horny enough to seriously contemplate some very questionable choices.

"Riley?"

"Yeah?"

"I know this is kind of a stupid idea...."

She gave me a confused look, but with a hint of anxious, excited anticipation that really worked for me. "What?" she asked softly.

"We really shouldn't, but I want to ask...."

"Tell me," she insisted breathily. She was sitting back on her heels, palms laid demurely on her thighs. The way she looked up at me, searching, waiting....

"Would you, like, lick me?"

Riley's eyes shone. Her tongue flicked across her bottom lip. "Right here?"

"Yeah."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"You'll get in trouble."

"Hopefully not." I gave her a crooked smile. "I haven't gotten in trouble over you yet."

Riley bit her lip. She was still behind the counter, nearly invisible unless someone leaned over to get a look. She might really have been more worried about me than herself, which was touching in its own way.

Slowly, shakily, she reached for me, going straight for my pants. I leaned in and braced myself on the counter in a way that I hoped looked normal and casual, but really was meant to cut down the angles in which my bottom half could be seen.

Riley's trembling fingers clumsily worked at my pants, finally tugging them down past my thighs, all the way to my ankles. My panties followed much more quickly and easily in comparison.

I felt light-headed and giddy, on top of my growing arousal. This wasn't something I did. Getting naked at work. At the counter. Even if it was only my bottoms, I really could get in trouble for this. And I could potentially be seen so easily.

It was such a different experience than being around Riley all this time. So much more personal and visceral in a sense, while also managing to be surreal and dream-like in another.

None of which even touched on the thrill of having Riley's face inches away from my bare pussy. The feel of her breath on my arousal-wet skin, the anticipation of what she was about to do, the acknowledgement of how my feelings for her had developed in such a very short time. It was crazy to have formed this mutual trust and attraction already, even if it had been spurred on by her initial nudity.

I bit my lip hard at the first caress of her tongue. I couldn't make a sound, couldn't let my expression reflect what I felt. I'd inadvertently given myself the torturous task of standing like a statue while I got eaten out by the sexy little nymph kneeling between my legs. How exactly was I supposed to stay calm and quiet? I hadn't thought this through well enough at all.

Riley, totally oblivious to my struggle, was quickly warming up to our risky game of cunnilingus. Her tonguing accelerated from a few tentative licks to lapping at me with puppy-like enthusiasm without much buildup time at all.

My knuckles went white as I gripped the counter hard in an effort to steady to myself. I was pretty sure I couldn't do this. I couldn't stand there all nonchalantly and give nothing away.

Riley slipped her hands around my butt, holding me tightly for better leverage as she licked me. Her swift little tongue probed deeper into my pussy, exploring as far as she could reach, then returned to her initial style of licking with a gentle focus on my clit.

My eyes rolled back and my arms shook as I desperately tried to maintain some form of composure. It didn't work all that well. I got a sharp elbow in the ribs from Julie, who I hadn't even noticed returning.

I pulled it together somewhat while Julie rang her customer through. I didn't think the woman suspected that I was getting eaten out behind the counter, and I was pretty lucky it hadn't been someone more alert and observant.

"Ok, seriously?" Julie demanded as soon as the three of us were left alone again. "This is pushing it."

"Not now," I gasped. "Argue later."

Julie folded her arms. "You've got to be kidding."

I closed my eyes, blocking out her attempt at disapproval. I focused on Riley's tongue, and only her tongue. I was still aware of Julie's presence, of Riley's grip on my butt, on the world around us, but let all of that slip away for a few glorious minutes.

I was going to cum, I could feel it, and I needed it so badly. It didn't matter that Julie was watching, that anyone could come in and walked over to where I was standing. I just needed that release, and Riley was going to give it to me.

Her lithe, eager tongue just kept going and going. My knees went weak, and I had to use my arms for even more support than before. My hips were going all wiggly of their own accord. I could only imagine how wanton and irresponsible I looked.

That little ball of pleasure built inside me, coaxed forth by Riley's frantic licking. I tensed up so hard in an effort not to give it away, but I couldn't hold it as I came all over Riley's tongue. I moaned and whimpered, and nearly collapsed to the point where I was halfway lying across the counter by the end. My body refused to work properly, but I felt too good to care. It was a brief, magical moment.

I stood up shakily and looked around. No customers. Good.

Riley was still on her knees, chin wet from my pussy, looking up at me with adorable searching eyes and a proud smile. Julie, meanwhile, was on her phone again as she pretended not to be at all interested. She wasn't

feigning indifference all that well, though, as I caught her peeking a few times even after we were finished.

I offered a hand to Riley and helped her up. I kissed her, freely tasting myself on her lips and tongue, then wiped some of the mess off her chin.

"You gonna put your pants back on yet?" Julie asked.

"In a minute," I answered without taking my eyes off Riley yet.

"'K. Only just 'cause a couple girls just walked in."

I looked toward the entrance. There were, indeed, a pair of new customers checking out the front displays.

"They never stop, do they?" I sighed.

"Yeah. Such a rush this morning," Julie said as she slipped her phone away. "I've been run right off my feet. And you hardly had a spare hour for your sexy shenanigans. I'm gonna demand better working conditions as soon as I see our manager. I say it's time we go on strike. We--"

"Fine, fine. You win. You're right."

Julie jabbed a finger at me with a serious expression. "We don't even get our union mandated public sex breaks anymore. Having to sneak them in like this just isn't--"

"Jules? Shut the fuck up. You're losing moral high ground with every word."

She grinned. "Yeah, I thought I might be. Worth it, though."

I pulled my pants and underwear back up, then took Riley's hand. "Come on, better get you dressed too."

Riley nodded and followed along back to the changing rooms. She walked casually, not darting between racks for protection. Either she was too worn out to worry about being seen anymore, or had just grown comfortable enough with the store to figure she was safe with the cover she had.

"Hey, so, uh, this was pretty fun," I said, suddenly feeling awkward again as we got back to her clothes.

"It was," Riley agreed. She picked at her pile of clothes without yet grabbing anything to put on.

"Would you... could we...." I stopped and took a deep breath. "Can I get your number? Maybe I should just start with that."

Riley smiled. "It's a good start alright."

I got her contact info all squared away, then before she could get dressed I decided to push my luck a little more.

"And I should probably get a picture of you," I said.

Her eyebrow lifted. "Oh?"

I flushed slightly. "If that's ok."

Riley matched my faint blush and smiled shyly. "Sure."

I snapped a quick, nude pic of her with my phone, managing to capture some of that endearing mix of shyness and boldness that I loved in her. Her cute, naked, openly displayed body along with her blushing cheeks and a small lip bite. Such a perfect combination on her.

Riley hung out with Julie and I for a little while after, though our clientele soon grew to the point that I couldn't really just stand and chat with her. Cindy eventually came back to pick her up, and since I was helping a customer at that point, I only got a farewell wave before she left.

A few coworkers trickled in as their shifts started, and as it got closer to noon the store started to feel like its true self again. This Saturday more than most, I missed those precious few hours first thing in the morning when it was a ghost town. I already had wistful thoughts of Riley flitting around naked.

The time passed in a blur of being helpful mixed with being utterly distracted by fond, sexy memories. Julie had to come grab me when it was time to go.

"Come on, enough daydreaming at work," she said. "Time to go daydream at home."

"That time already?"

"Yep."

"Huh." I waited until we were alone in the back rooms. "Thanks for everything today. I seriously owe you one. Or a couple."

"Yeah you do." Julie shrugged. "But honestly, it was good seeing you let loose a little. Even if I didn't necessarily want to see as much of it as I did."

"Oh what, 'cause you saw me getting eaten out?"

"Yeah. Pretty much."

"You didn't mind when Riley was naked."

"You're right, I didn't. Because she's not my best friend, and no one was licking her sexy bits at the time. Those kinds of things make a difference."

I gave Julie a big hug, which she didn't quite know whether to accept or not coming on the heels of her last statement. "Well I love you for putting up with my sexiness today anyway."

"Yeah, yeah. Love you too, or whatever. Just keep your butt to yourself, ok?"

"You've seen my butt plenty of times."

"Not when you're doing sexy stuff. Again, that makes it different."

"I feel like there are some real questionable lines being drawn here."

"Some very reasonable lines, I think you'll find."

I grinned to myself as Julie and I bickered playfully while we got our stuff together. In fact, I totally got her point. Looking back I wasn't sure what had ever possessed me to take my pants off like that, except that I'd been exceptionally horny. Apparently that had been enough to override any and all common sense that I had to work with.

I checked my phone out of habit, and found myself flicking to the picture of Riley that I'd taken. It made me smile just looking at her. Julie came over while I was still fondly staring at it.

"Nice pic," she said.

"Thanks."

"You ask her out?"

"Uh... not exactly."

"Bree!"

"What?"

Julie rolled her eyes at me. "Please tell me you at least got her number."

"Yeah, I did."

"Good. And you're gonna ask her out, right?"

I looked down at Riley's picture again. A broad smile crept over my lips. "Hell yeah I am."