

Outlet

Sherilyn Connelly

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Karen and Robert had been driving the better part of the day, returning home after a spectacularly rough visit to Karen's parents. They decided to stop in a small town off the freeway to stretch their legs, eat, and poke around the seemingly endless array of strip malls.

While browsing through a drab Ann Taylor store, Karen found a short, sleeveless red-sequined dress. She lifted it off the rack and showed it to Robert, who commented, "What's a dress like that doing in a store like this? Damn, that's just about the sluttiest thing I've ever seen."

Karen laughed and said, "Oh, you've seen far sluttier than this, and you know it. But it's still pretty great. I am so trying it on. I only wish we'd found it before we went to my parents' house." She walked towards the flimsy wooden stalls which passed as dressing rooms.

Following her, Robert said, "There's always next time." He stopped as she opened a door.

"Uh-uh," she said. "Come on in."

Robert closed the door behind them as Karen shook off her shoes. She stripped down to her panties and shimmied into the dress, which didn't go much past her upper thighs. She turned her back to Robert and lifted up her long black hair, saying "Can you zip it up in the back, dear?"

Robert stood up from the tiny wooden bench and zipped up the dress. "There you go," he said. "I swear, I never will understand how they expect you to—"

He was cut off by the piercing wail of an infant from the other side of the door. Two small sets of foots ran by, accompanied by chattering and screaming.

“Oh, you have got to be kidding me,” Karen said, letting her hair back down. She closed her eyes and leaned against the flimsy balsawood wall. “Not now. Not right next to us.”

“It’s okay,” Robert said, gently turning Karen to face him. “They don’t matter.”

“I know,” Karen said, her green eyes brimming. The feet raced past in the opposite direction. “It’s just that these past few days have been so rough, and it sounds like a herd of giraffe out there, and that baby screaming, my god, it’s like a dentist’s drill--.”

Robert kissed her and nibbled softly on her upper lip. Karen shivered, and Robert started to crouch down, continuing to kiss her along the surface of the dress, feeling the distinct shape of her body underneath. His hands trailed above by a few paces, lingering around her breasts, squeezing through the fabric, finally making it down to the hem of the dress. He lifted it up with one hand and pulled down the top of her panties with the other. Robert kissed her exposed pubic hair, then looked up at Karen.

Karen glanced at the door. More sounds of children and babies, white noise. Biting her lower lip, she looked back down at Robert and nodded.

Robert removed her panties, then gently guided her onto the bench and spread her legs. Karen grasped the back of his shaved-bald head with both hands as he moved closer and licked her rapidly wetting pussy. He nudged her clit with his nose as he moved his tongue in deeper, her lips enveloping his, the hem of the dress covering his forehead. As usual, he was able to gauge his progress by

how much her nails went into his scalp. Digging in a little, but with room for improvement.

His left hand on her sequined ass and the right on her breast, Robert moved his tongue in and out, his nose caressing her clit, faster and then slower and then faster. She dug in deeper and moaned softly. He pulled back, re-emerging from under the dress, and said, "You're so quiet. You can do better than that."

"So can you," Karen replied.

thumpthumpthumpTHUMPTHUMPTHUMpthumpthumpthump from outside the stall, then crying.

Robert fingered her clit, slowly circular, and Karen moaned louder, surely by now loud enough to be heard on the outside, if they were paying enough attention to notice at all. Karen didn't know if they were or weren't, and was surprised to discover that not only did she not care if they did notice, she didn't care if they didn't notice. In this moment, Robert was right: they didn't matter.

Karen moaned considerably louder when Robert inserted his forefinger and index fingers into her pussy. As he began to lick her clit, his fingers snaked upwards, searching for that certain special spot. When he found it, her fingers suddenly dug much deeper into Robert's scalp. She felt his fingers and tongue pick up speed and strength in response, and in turn she moaned louder and dug in deeper still, and when she realized she was breaking the skin, she started to come, kicking the wall and screaming louder than anybody on the other side—

Silence on both sides of the wall, except for the labored breathing of both her and Robert. Then the running and screaming started up again as though nothing had happened. She joined him on the ground, kissing him and licking his face clean.

“So,” Robert said, “Are you going to get the dress?”

Karen smiled and said, “What do you think?”



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