

Secret Shoppers
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Early October

“I don’t need a lot of clothes, right? Fuck, I dunno. Get me some jeans and a couple cute shirts? I guess I need a coat or a sweater if I have to pretend I’m cold. Or fuck it, just get me a couple dresses like what I’ve got, but different?”

“Different how?” Alex wondered. He turned his head left, but not enough to look like he was talking to thin air. It wasn’t like anyone else in the mall could see the angel. Friday evening shoppers might be more interested in the restaurants than people-watching, but he figured at least a little subtlety was worthwhile.

“Ugh. Same look, different colors, maybe? I know I wear more or less the same things all the time. I just don’t care. I don’t think about clothing much. It’s not like I get sweaty or dirty unless I’m rolling around in the mud or some fucking nonsense. Angels don’t worry about this. We’re not that materialistic. We figure out what we like and we stick with it.”

Walking hand in hand with Alex on his other side, Lorelei could turn to Rachel without the move seeming strange. Anyone would think she was speaking to him. “You think about mine.”

“It’s different with you,” said Rachel.

“How so?”

Rachel’s rolling eyes eventually settled on Lorelei. “When I wear clothes it’s like, ‘Oh hey clothes are a thing. I guess I should wear some.’ When you were clothes it’s like, ‘My naked body is lethal, and thus I have shown you the mercy of wearing clothes. Except oh look, I’m so fucking hot in this outfit your hormones are boiling you to death. Sorry, not so much mercy after all. Lick my boots and like it, *sluts*.’ Clothing is one more weapon of conquest for you.”

“Uh. Wow.” Alex blinked hard. “I feel like we’re not really talking about clothes anymore.”

“Is that why we’re here?” asked Lorelei.

“Isn’t it?”

“Perhaps as an aside, I suppose. Priorities.”

“What, like lusting after you?” he asked.

“Always.” Her grin was too charming to call smug, except it was that, too. “The fixation is entirely mutual, love.”

Alex looked down at his ensemble. The dark button-down and jeans under his leather jacket were fine, but: “I do not compare with either of you.”

“Different flavor of horny, same hot and bothered,” said Rachel.

“Exactly how I feel about the two of you,” said Lorelei. “I am merely better at managing my obsessions. It will be better for all of us if we lean into our desires together.”

“In public?” Alex wondered.

“Everywhere.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Rachel. She slipped her hand into their man’s back pocket. Once again, he couldn’t react.

“Good,” said Lorelei. “Then on the other topic: you don’t want a little variety?”

“I’m here shopping with you two, right?” said Rachel.

“Hold on, I’ve seen variations in your clothes,” said Alex. “Sometimes part of your dress hangs over your shoulders like a shawl. Sometimes the hem is lower. Or there’s a sash around your waist. Pretty sure I didn’t imagine that.”

“No, because you’re always checking out my ass. And no, I don’t mind,” she added.

“Okay, so where do you keep your different clothes? Do you have a closet in Heaven?”

“No.” She sighed dramatically. “We grab bits of cloud or fog and weave it into whatever we want. It’s like a nervous habit. Sometimes we knit. We can make good needles out of the longer feathers from our wings.” She watched his mouth turn to a skeptical frown. He didn’t need to ask if she was serious this time. “Aren’t you more interested where my underwear comes from?”

His lips tightened. So did her hand in his pocket. They kept walking. “Damn right I am,” he admitted.

“Feels good to lean into it, huh?” asked Rachel.

“Yeah,” said Alex. “Where’s the underwear come from?”

“Drawn from the ether formed by only the purest of horny thoughts,” she teased.

“You’re never answering any of this, are you?”

“It’s not a total dodge. Horny thoughts really do lead to the best underwear.”

“Lingerie,” said Lorelei.

“That word is hotter when you say it,” said Rachel. “You’re bound to have better taste there, too. I trust you.”

“That means more than I can say, love. But you should still have some input.”

“We’re only talking about the occasional mortal appearance. I’m not worried about honoring my personal tastes. I’m worried about looking like a fucking fashion cautionary tale.” Then she let out a sigh and her shoulders sagged. “Aw hell. I gotta go.”

“Now?” Alex wondered.

Rachel gestured to the upper level. Her partners saw nothing more than ordinary shoppers. “Frankie’s up there giving me the ‘business’ wave. It’s Friday night and the weather is okay, so I imagine some mortals somewhere are being drunk and dumb. I’ll be back when I can. Have some fun for me, okay? The dirty kind.”

“You have my vow,” said Lorelei.

“Love you,” said Alex, but she was already in mid-leap. His gaze followed her up into the air and on her way to the top floor—and fixated squarely up the billowing hem of her short dress.

The view lasted only a moment. Rachel ghosted through the guardrail and disappeared. His attention returned to Earth and Lorelei, finding her with the same appreciative upward gaze.

“You can’t still see her, can you?”

“No,” said Lorelei, but her smile held. Her hand replaced Rachel’s in his back pocket.

“Do we want to shop for her?”

“If something stands out, perhaps. I know what will fit her. Until then, I have priorities.” She walked with him toward one of the escalators.

“Like?”

“My plans for our first shopping trip took a wrong turn from the start. I thought we might try again.”

His eyes wandered along one side of the mall. That first trip involved a chain store with an outlet here, too. “Didn’t turn out all bad.”

“All for the best, I think,” said Lorelei. “And yet my plans remain unfulfilled.”

“Is that where we’re going?” he asked. “Kinda hope Audrey hasn’t transferred there. I’m not sure what I’d say after that.”

Lorelei smiled. “You remember her name.”

“She’s the second person I ever had sex with and it was only a couple weeks ago. It’s not exactly hard.”

“We’ll have to work on expanding your list until it can’t be recited from memory.”

“Hey,” he said softly, halting their progress. Lorelei turned and drew closer. He found her free hand with his. “I’m not against any of that, but I wanted to focus on us tonight. The three of us, if Rachel comes back. If not, then you and I.”

She didn’t flash the seductive grin as a matter of performance. With Alex, it came naturally. Sincerity only made it more enjoyable for her. “I want the entire weekend. Tonight is only the start. Do you trust me?”

He wondered why she would ask in the middle of a mall, but he answered. “With my life.”

“Then come with me,” she said softly, “and have no concerns for propriety, or moderation, or whatever anyone else might think.” Her lips brushed his, breaking with the sensation of a spark of flame between them. He thought he saw more embers in her eyes. “Demon sex magic,” she taunted. “Lean into it.”

They walked. He trusted, but still dreaded at least a little. Bumping dance music and that palette of bright colors against dark backgrounds awaited. Then they shifted course. “It turns out there’s a better place, anyway,” said Lorelei. They turned toward a calmer store. Still women’s apparel, still upscale and colorful, but he didn’t know the name and the displays outside left him expecting outerwear and maybe even towels as they passed through.

Inside, he found lace and straps on the shelves, and the displays, and the mannequins. Nope. Still a lingerie store. Serious about it, too. Less flash than the chain store across the way but more variety. Only a handful of women were present, with presumably two of them employees and the others customers—and Alex as the only man.

“They won’t notice you,” murmured Lorelei. “Magic.”

“Ah. Thanks,” he whispered.

“Ssh.”

Lorelei strolled around a couple of racks with Alex close at her side. She looked over the merchandise with mild approval, but picked up nothing until they were near the other side of the store. Alex hardly noticed what it was. He wasn’t sure she did, either. Regardless, she continued on to the fitting rooms.

The store only had two, but they were spacious. This one even had a humble loveseat along with its mirror and wall hooks. Lorelei ushered him in, closed the door behind them, and pushed Alex against the wall for a long, hungry kiss. Her body slid against his, hands sliding his jacket up and off his shoulders. Her breath grew hot. She had him hungry, raging with energy to get aggressive right back at her, and then her nails dragged along the back of his scalp and his neck. The tremor she sent through his body felt incredible, but it disrupted that surge of intent. She had him wildly aroused and too shaky to do anything about it.

“Hold that thought,” she told him. “Give me a few minutes. I have a plan.”

“Huh? Wh-what?” Alex blinked. Lorelei smiled, casually tossed her coat onto one hook, and slipped back out of the fitting room again. He stared at the door. “The hell?”

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The wares were interesting. The setting even more so. Lorelei sauntered through the store at a casual pace that belied her agenda. She paid less attention to the clothes than the roll-down gate over the false double doors at the entrance, the pair of subtle cameras in the upper corners, and the two store attendants at hand. A glance at the time confirmed the rest. This wouldn’t be too hard.

“If there’s anything you’re looking for or any way I can help, please let me know,” said the closest attendant.

“There is,” said Lorelei. She rested her eyes on the table beside the young woman until they were close. “I might want to try on a few things. How much longer are you open?”

“Oh, we’ve got another hour and a half. You’re fine.”

“Thank you,” Lorelei smiled back. “I’m sure you’re ready to get out of here. In fact, you might just *lock up and go* as soon as it’s time. *Why bother with the usual chores?*”

“Huh.” The attendant’s eyes fluttered briefly, but cleared again with a shuddering breath and a shy smile. “Yeah, it’s been a long day, but we’re happy to help until closing.”

“Of course.” Lorelei smiled. One down, one to go. The other was at the counter, where a computer screen served as part of the register. Lorelei tapped at a bustier on the table. “Do you know what other colors these offer? Is that something we can look up?”

She returned to the fitting room with near silence. Alex clearly expected a knock, what with the latch on his side of the door, but her demonic tail took care of that problem. Lorelei found him on the little loveseat, leaning forward with his knees on his elbows, eyes cast downward at his cell phone. Whether catching the door out of the corner of his eye or the motion of shadows on the floor, he glanced up before she made it inside.

A finger to her lips kept him silent as she closed the door. Alex sat upright. Lorelei gracefully raised one high-heeled foot to his shoulder to pin him against the wall. He threw a quizzical look, first to her face, then her leg, and then her face again. Lorelei answered him only with one raised eyebrow.

He opened his mouth to speak. The spade-shaped end of her tail appeared out of nowhere—at least, to his eyes—to settle over his lips. She held it for only a moment before the tail curled back away once more.

He said nothing. Questions came from his eyes: confused, amused, unsure, aroused. More of the latter as she held the pose and stared at him. His desires rose as she held him there, one foot on the ground and the other pinning his shoulder, both in high heels, all without the slightest difficulty. The longer he looked, the more he wanted her. She felt his desires.

She felt the same way about him.

“You wonder at times if you do enough for me.” Though quiet for the sake of stealth, Lorelei spoke with the same confident dominance of her pose. It worked too well for both of them to let up yet. “We are bound by more than curses and rituals. You could sit back and enjoy me without lifting a finger to make me happy, and we would still be bound. Yet you could never be that kind of man.”

“No,” said Alex.

“I live at your feet. You kneel at mine.”

He glanced at the shoe against his shoulder. Rather than spoil the moment, he held back his smirk. Mostly. She cracked only the slightest grin in response.

“I love you for so many reasons, Alex. You know who and what I am, and you embrace it. You let me enjoy being me. You would be surprised how rare that can be.”

Lorelei unfastened her top with a single twist of the clasp at her chest. The fabric slipped easily from her shoulders, leaving her in a black lace bra made to draw his attention. She cast the

top onto the loveseat beside him, only to move on to her skirt. The zipper went all the way down. She didn't need to take her foot off his shoulder.

No stockings tonight. Only lace and heels now, and so much skin. Stripping off her clothes did nothing to abate her rising heat. She didn't expect it would. "Everything I do with you is selfish, love. All of it."

Once again, he didn't see the tail coming. She hooked it in at the gap of his unfastened collar and pulled downward to cut each button loose. Despite his surprise, he didn't object. He didn't have much time. Lorelei pulled her foot down only to push him right back against the wall with a passionate kiss.

Her hands made short work of his belt and the fasteners beneath.

"We will be here a while," she whispered. "*Forget the time. Relax.*"

His eyes fluttered back out of the trance of her suggestions as soon as she finished speaking. "Are you—?" he began softly, but Lorelei was already on her knees pulling away the last restraining fabric over what she wanted. Her tongue ran up the hardened length of his arousal. Alex groaned at the sensation, and at her eyes gazing back at his when she did it again. He shuddered when her fingers curled around the base. His heart pounded when one side of her mouth spread in a taunting grin.

She felt it all with him: the deep excitement in the stomach. The pounding within the chest. The rush of sensation carried through nerves on overload...and with it all, the rush of power.

He gave it freely. With unquestioning trust.

Lorelei slid her tongue and her lips over his cock and reveled at his groans. Her body came alive. She indulged herself and her lover slowly, encouraging him to relax against the wall with a nudge of her free hand. His skin was as delicious as the intangible reward of his lust. When he shook with pleasure, Lorelei shook with him.

"This will go on," she told him breathlessly. "Do not anticipate. Relax and savor."

Her mouth descended again. Alex inhaled sharply, but soon settled in with dreamy bliss. His fingers caressed her hair. He followed her advice.

So did she.

* * *

He wasn't the only one to lose track of time. She wasn't sure how long they were alone when she noticed the darkness and silence. The loop of carnal and mystic ecstasies had her fully immersed on through closing. Her mortal partner couldn't share in all of that, but he was more than happy with what she could give. Even now she had him in a near trance blocking out everything but sensation and desire.

As much as they both liked it, she had other plans.

"Alex." She slid beside him on the loveseat. Her soft voice and the stroke of her fingers eased the end of the trance. Snapping out of it was never difficult or painful, but this time might be a little jarring. "Love. There's more."

"Huh? Why's it so dark?" he whispered. "Holy shit, did we stay here past closing?"

"Yes," she hissed into his ear. She tapped the phone laying beside him. "Nearly an hour."

"Oh man," came his mortified laugh. "How do we get out of...?"

He didn't finish the question. Lorelei smiled against the side of his neck. "Now you see," she murmured. Her fingers traced down his bared stomach and groin. "Trapped in a lingerie store with a succubus. Do you want to escape?"

"Wow, I'm in love with you."

"How fortunate for us both."

"There's gotta be security," he thought out loud.

"A motion sensor and camera. They should be disabled. Allow me to check." She rose from the loveseat and looked down at him with a grin of anticipation. The light from his phone's screen was just enough for him with his eyes adjusted to the darkness. Lorelei saw him looking back, still enthralled at the sight, perhaps even more with the limited lighting.

"Get naked," she told him. "I like you that way best."

Caution twitched at his lips.

Lorelei unhooked her bra as she turned away and tossed it back onto his lap on the way out. He dropped his caution.

A little ordinary stealth was all she needed for simple store sensors. Her rising power made it even easier. After centuries of using those powers to navigate danger and serve to the Pit, she felt a special joy in turning it all to mischief and seductive fun with her lovers.

A single glance outside the hall to the fitting rooms assured their seclusion. Red dots on the upper-corner devices noted their inactive state. A closer look at the system controls confirmed it.

The roll-down gate over the entrance even provided the extra favor of frosted faux-glass panels, and a look through one side window revealed an empty mall gone mostly dark...and a few stores with some lights left on. Even if the mall had a nighttime patrol, a light or two wouldn't be out of place.

Her survey took mere seconds. Now she had time for fun.

Lorelei cast her gaze to the round racks and tables, casually looking over garments ranging from comfortable and practical to racier things. She always preferred those.

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He couldn't get undressed gracefully, of course. Lorelei might have left Alex in an appealing state of disarray, but finishing the job was more of a fuss than it sounded. His new shoes didn't kick off easily like the old pair. Trying only twisted up his pants. Alex practically had to get dressed again to get undressed. He was glad she didn't see it.

Then again, this sort of sexytime inconvenience virtually never happened when Lorelei was involved. Everything went smoothly with her.

The silliness of his escape from his own clothes ended when he put the last of them on the little shelf along the wall. Then the silliness of standing naked and horny and alone in a fitting room caught up with him. It doubled up with the return of dim light as one of the lamps in the hallway turned back on.

All of the silliness vanished when Lorelei stepped through the door in black ensemble of sin and straps. Lots of straps. Lots of skin, too.

"Wow," he breathed.

"I thought you might like it." She took a slow turn to show off her sides and her back. He noticed string at her hips, too. Drawstrings, separate from the rest of the ensemble. Her grin told him she knew what he saw.

"How did you pick that out and get it on so fast?"

"Skills and expertise built over millennia. All of them at your disposal, love." She stepped close with one hand on his chest and the other at his hip.

Alex shivered as much more sensitive skin bumped against the lace over her crotch—and slid between her thighs as she drew close for a kiss. Her kiss brought wild pleasures. The damp heat sliding over his length was whole different rush.

“I would love to take your every request,” she whispered. “We have a whole store to ourselves, all night long. Plenty of time to try out anything you like.”

“I like this one,” he confirmed.

“As do I. But we should give it a thorough test.”

Lorelei gently pushed him back into the loveseat. She twisted and turned in her new outfit for mutual benefit, but she didn’t tease him long. Her fingers took up the drawstrings of her panties and pulled.

Alex helped with the rest. He drew Lorelei into his lap. With a few taps of her fingers against the phone beside him, she filled the air with appropriate music. His hands slid along her sides, her back, and all the rest. The mirror on the other side of the fitting room made for another point of view for both.

He watched her face as she guided his cock to penetration. Lorelei sighed with bliss, pushing back against him for more.

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Coffee didn’t shake off the morning blur in Lisa’s brain. She woke up enough to get herself together and get to work without any accidents or anything forgotten. Nobody treated her like she was walking around with her eyes closed. Maybe that was an accomplishment. Maybe she’d feel prouder of it if she were more awake.

Lisa mumbled a hello at Melanie upon opening up the gate. She turned on the lights, left her stuff in the back room, and had the drawer slotted into the register before she randomly caught the missing piece. She looked up to Melanie as her shift partner slid the gate the rest of the way up to mark the start of business. “Hey, you didn’t turn off the security system, did you?”

“No.” Melanie glanced up at the sensor in the upper corner. “I thought you did.”

“They forgot to turn it on last night.” Lisa rolled her eyes. She glanced under the counter. “Forgot to take out the trash, too.”

“Doesn’t look like anything is out of place,” said Melanie. “Guess they just split as soon as they could.”

“Yeah. Probably half asleep when they closed up. Like I am now. Sorry.”

“No worries,” said a new voice. “I had a long night myself.” She appeared at the counter out of nowhere, and if she was the least bit tired, she didn’t look it. The woman was so beautiful and so perfectly put together Lisa thought she must be famous somehow. Her disarming smile caught Lisa by surprise. So did the guy at the customer’s side.

He at least looked a little tired. No, more than a little. His hair was a mess. Clothes wrinkled. Was his shirt even buttoned? She only got a glance at him before he set a bundle of merchandise on the counter. A big bundle. So did his companion.

Lisa blinked. Much of this was high-end stuff. Sometimes they didn’t ring up this much in sales in a whole day. She looked at the clock, then back at the pair.

“We tried out some things last night,” the guy mumbled.

“Tried on,” the woman corrected pleasantly.

“Right. That,” he said. “Sure.”