

## They're Getting Smaller

by Pan

“They’re getting smaller every year.”

Olivia didn’t know what to say in response to the stranger’s odd remark. He must have been at least thirty years her senior – older than her father, easily – and his comment had come out of nowhere.

“Pardon?” she eventually offered.

“You’re thinking of buying a bikini, right?”

Olivia blushed. She was only eighteen, and still getting used to the attention from men that puberty had brought her. Almost overnight, she’d gone from cute and pretty to...

Well, to the kind of girl that attracted attention from strangers in their fifties.

“I’m sorry,” she demurred, trying to gain enough confidence to ignore him. It almost seemed contradictory, that one would need confidence *not* to talk to someone. But she’d been raised to be polite, and cutting off a conversation – even a conversation that opened with unsolicited commentary from a stranger – seemed rude to her.

After all, he hadn’t actually said anything *offensive*. Still, Olivia wanted to finish her shopping trip and return home as quickly as possible.

“That’s okay,” the stranger said with a broad smile. “It’s not your fault that the times are changing.”

The teenage girl didn’t say anything, just kept flicking through the rack. She had, indeed, been looking to buy her first bikini. Since the sudden development of her body, it seemed like none of her old clothes fit anymore, and she’d been invited to a pool party that weekend.

“Back in the day, women used to wear full-form bathing costumes. Then they shrank to outfits showing off their arms and legs. Then two-pieces, bikinis, and nowadays...”

The man gestured to the bikini on the mannequin, the one that had attracted Olivia’s attention in the first place. It was a string bikini, with two straps of cloth covering the mannequin’s breasts, and a back thong.

Revealing. Slutty, even.

But...well, Jake was also going to the party, and the young girl knew that if she wore something like that, he was sure to notice her.

Everyone was sure to notice her.

A secret thrill went through her at the thought.

“But it won’t stop there,” the man continued, undeterred by her lack of response.

“I’m sorry,” Olivia said again, trying to be more firm. “But I–...”

“Like I said: not your fault, not your fault,” the man interrupted, grumbling. He caught her eye, and a gleam appeared in his gaze. “Not your fault that the next step is inevitable.”

Olivia felt trapped, suddenly. She’d accidentally reinserted herself into the conversation, turning his dialogue into a monologue, and now she couldn’t look away.

She couldn’t look away.

“What next step?” she asked, her voice barely louder than a whisper. But the older man heard her, and his mouth curled up at the corners.

“Nothing at all,” he said firmly, and Olivia shivered at the words.

“W-what?”

“Think about it. The outfits are getting smaller, smaller by the day. Girls these days are wearing thin straps of thin material. It’s a perfectly logical conclusion. The next step is for young women, like you, to be wearing nothing at all.”

“That can’t be right,” Olivia said breathily, and her denial of his conclusion seemed to light a fire in the man’s eyes.

“Mark my words,” he said, the fire licking across his face. “Soon enough, you’ll be wearing nothing at all.”

Olivia swallowed, her throat dry. She’d never considered herself prudish (as the bikini she’d been considering clearly indicated) but the thought of being naked in public...it was ludicrous, really. She’d never do something like that.

He seemed so certain.

“Are...are you sure?” she asked, her question a half-gasp.

“Absolutely,” he said, and again the word landed in Olivia’s psyche as if stamped there by God himself.

Swimwear was getting smaller. Women’s outfits were getting smaller. Logically, it followed:

The next step was nudity.

“Oh,” she said, and the stranger blinked at her response. It was as if a spell had been broken – she suddenly found herself able to look away.

She looked at the mannequin, in its revealing bikini.

And then she looked at the mannequin next to it, standing in the corner.

The mannequin not wearing anything.

“Don’t worry,” the man said kindly. “I’m sure it’ll look good on you.”

“D-do you think so?” Olivia asked nervously, and was strangely comforted by his emphatic nod.

“Pretty little thing like you, course it will.”

The teenage girl felt like she should be offended by the way he ran his eyes up and down her body, but...well, she *had* asked for his opinion.

“In fact,” he continued, an optimistic tone in his voice. “Why don’t you try it on now?”

Olivia’s mouth went dry. Surely she must have misheard him.

“W-what?”

“It’s going to be the next hot fashion,” he said, a twinkle in his eye. “Why not get ahead of the trend? Try it on now, I’ll tell you how it looks.”

Olivia stared at the man, trying to work out if he was joking. It...it sounded like a joke, almost.

But the longer she stared into his twinkling eye, the more convinced she was that he was serious.

“Okay,” she finally mumbled.

“That’s a girl,” the man said, leaning back to enjoy the show. “Just take it straight off the display.”

Olivia walked over to the mannequin, feeling self-conscious. Had she just agreed to...to strip off in front of a stranger?

In front of the whole store?

Her hands were shaking as she took the lack of outfit off the dummy, and she tried to keep her movements slow and steady.

“Okay,” she said. “I’ll...I’ll go change.”

“Change here,” the man offered. “I’m sure no one will mind.”

Feeling a little as though she was in a dream, Olivia began to strip off. She’d come straight to the store from school, and was still wearing her uniform, a white blouse and a skirt that went to just above her knees.

She pulled the shirt over her head, then unbuttoned her skirt. Her fingers trembled as she slid the fabric down her hips, and she stood before the strange man, wearing nothing but her school shoes and a set of black underwear.

“There we go,” the man said approvingly. “Nice and smooth.”

Olivia flushed, and reached behind herself to unhook the clasp on her bra. It was hard to do with trembling hands, and she felt the man watching as she struggled.

“I’m sorry,” she said, and the man’s voice was warm and comforting in response.

“Let me help.” Olivia moved beside him to gratefully accept his offer.

He put his hand on the back of her neck, and Olivia felt the warmth of his skin against hers. She didn’t think it was truly necessary for his hands to run down her back as he undid the clasp, but she didn’t object.

After all, he was doing her a favor.

“Thank you,” she whispered, and the man smiled.

His smile only grew as her breasts fell into view; large and round, without any sag to them. The sight of her huge teenage bosom coming into view had attracted the attention of some others in the store, and her blush deepened as almost a dozen strangers stared at her half-naked form.

She was embarrassed. Mortified. But beneath that, there it was again.

The secret thrill that came with attention.

“Almost there,” the man said encouragingly, and Olivia gulped as she hooked her thumbs into the sides of her panties, before slowly lowering them.

The man’s eyes widened, and Olivia bit her lip, unable to meet his gaze. She felt the man’s gaze on her thighs, and then she was stepping out of her underwear.

She stood in the middle of the store, nude except for her white socks and black school shoes. In preparation for the bikini, she’d shaved her pussy for the first time, and she could feel the cool air of the store’s AC on her bare lips.

“Turn around,” the man said.

Olivia obeyed, and he whistled appreciatively.

“Very nice,” the stranger said. “Very nice indeed.”

Olivia smiled at the compliment. She’d gone to the store to buy something that would show off her body, and sure enough, she seemed to have found it.

“I’m glad you like it,” she said shyly. She could only hope Jake would as well.

“I...I’m sure I won’t be the only one,” the man replied, as though he could read her mind.

Olivia blushed again, and turned back to the mannequin.

“I-I’ll go change,” she said, picking up her uniform and starting to walk towards the dressing rooms.

“Wait,” the man said. “Let me ask you a question.”

Part of Olivia knew that she should just ignore him and keep walking, but...well, he’d found her an outfit that was sure to attract more attention than even the bikini she’d been looking to purchase.

The least she could do was hear him out.

“What are you kids doing about relationships these days?” he asked, the gleam in his eyes back again. Olivia sighed – was he setting up for a transphobic rant, or a tirade about the evils of porn?

“Relationships?” she asked.

“Yeah,” the man said, and he was smiling again. “You know, dating. Being with someone. A boyfriend. Going steady.”

“Um...”

“Because it seems to me that they’re going the same way as swimsuits.”

Olivia’s forehead crinkled. “Smaller?”

The old man shook his head.

“I mean...back in the day, couples wouldn’t have sex until marriage. Then, it was no sex until you’re living together, then no sex until you’re in a relationship. Then, no sex until you’re dating...nowadays it seems commonplace to have sex on the first date!”

“Um...”

“I’m just saying,” the stranger said, ignoring her interjection. “If you ask me, the next step won’t even require a date.”

“What do you m-mean?”

It would have been easy for the stranger’s eyes to roam up and down Olivia’s naked body. He could have been checking out her exposed breasts, her soft belly, her tiny waist, her...everything.

But instead, the man's eyes were fixed on her face. Burning into her eyes. Shaping her thoughts.

"Well," he said. "It's only logical, isn't it? Sex used to take years, then months, then days, then just a single date. The next step will be for young women like yourself to have sex with someone you're not even dating. Someone you'd never even consider going on a date with!"

There was a long pause, and Olivia realized that the back of her hand was unconsciously brushing against her bare breast. What the man was saying, it...

It shouldn't have made sense. But, somehow, it did.

"Don't you think?" he pressed, and Olivia found herself nodding.

"Yeah," she gasped. "Yeah, I...I suppose you're right."

The smile was back, a wicked grin that filled the strange man's entire face.

"I am, aren't I?" he gloated, and Olivia nodded.

"Yes," she said softly. "Yes, I think you are."

"Well then," he said, sitting on the chair beside the bikini rack. "Let's do this."

Olivia's eyes widened as she realized what he was suggesting. That she...and he...

"Oh, no," she protested. "No, I just meant...I meant in theory..."

His gaze caught hers, and for a moment Olivia had that feeling again. That she was a rabbit, trapped in a cage. A rat in a maze.

No. He was the rat. Olivia felt like the cheese.

"If you want to get ahead of the curve, you need to act now. After all, you wouldn't want to get left behind, would you?"

The teenage girl shook her head no. And as he patted his trouser-clad thighs, she swallowed. Hard.

"O-okay," she said nervously. She'd only had sex once – a quick, fumbling affair in the back of a car. She'd been on vacation, and she and Hayden had gone on three dates before she'd finally given in.

But this was different. This was the stranger who'd seen her naked. Who'd helped undress her.

She didn't even know his name.

Of course, that was rather the point, wasn't it? It was the natural evolution of dating: sex before the first date.

Not that Olivia would ever go on a date with a man like this. A man three times her age, a middle-aged man who spent his time in clothing stores, talking to teenage girls about their fashion choices.

But that was the point, wasn't it? Sex with the kind of man she'd never, ever go on a date with.

The man finally broke her gaze, looking down as he undid his belt and opened his fly. Olivia couldn't help but glance down as his cock came into view; it was only half-hard, but already looked larger than the twenty-year old she'd had her first time with.

"Come here," he ordered, beckoning her closer.

Olivia hesitated, but when the man's eyes met hers, she felt compelled to obey.

The teenager stepped forward, and he reached out to cup her bare ass, before running his hand up her back and making her shiver.

"Get me ready with your mouth," he ordered, and Olivia sank to her knees in front of her. This, she was more comfortable with – she'd done it with three different boys now, including Hayden.

Of course, none of those had been in front of an audience. The crowd which had gathered when she'd removed her bra were still there, watching as she leaned forward and took the old man's cock into her mouth.

"That's a girl," he grunted, placing one hand on her head as she ran her tongue over the head of his cock.

She wanted to get him hard as quickly as possible, so she could ride him and get the whole ordeal over with. The boy she'd lost her virginity had only lasted a few minutes, and she was sure that the stranger would be faster than that. After all, this was probably his wildest sexual fantasy – a naked, busty teenager pleasuring him with her mouth.

If anything, she'd have to be careful that he didn't cum in her mouth before she could get a chance to take him inside her.

Her fingers trembled as she began to bob her head up and down, licking the tip of the man's cock as she went. Her other hand reached up to massage her own breast, pinching her nipple between her thumb and forefinger as she teased herself. She wasn't attracted to the stranger, not even slightly (which was, after all, the point) but she'd always gotten an erotic charge out of giving head.

The man moaned as her lips slid along his shaft, and Olivia took the opportunity to lean in and kiss the underside of his cock. His balls rested in her palm, and she gently squeezed them, feeling the firmness of his testes through his skin.

"Mmm," he groaned, his hips twitching as he thrust his cock deeper into her mouth. He was completely hard, and after one more long, loving suck, Olivia pulled him from her mouth.

He watched her as she stood up, and she saw his eyes wander up and down her naked body. She was used to being ogled by men, but this was different. She was naked, in full daylight. This wasn't a late-night escapade that only allowed fleeting glances of her body.

The teenage girl was completely exposed.

Olivia felt her nipples stiffen under his gaze, and she blushed deeply as he grinned at her.

"Turn around," he said. "Show me your butt."

She hesitated.

"I said turn around," he repeated, staring intently into her eyes.

Olivia spun on her heels before she even realized what she was doing, and her blush deepened. She'd never had anyone tell her to do something so forcefully, and she was surprised to find that she liked it. She liked being ordered to show off her body.

"Bend over," the stranger grunted, and Olivia slowly did as she was told, until her hands were grasping her ankles. She'd seen women do this in porn, of course, but never imagined that she'd be the one showing off her ass so vulgarly.

"Good girl," he murmured approvingly, and Olivia was surprised to feel herself shiver with pleasure at the compliment. "Now, come here and ride me."

The teenager blushed again, but she obeyed, climbing onto the man's lap and straddling him.

"Are you wet?" he asked, and Olivia was surprised to realize that she was. The attention, the feeling of his huge cock in her mouth, the confident way he'd told her what to do...she was excited.

Not just biologically. She was excited to have sex again. The first time had been so quick, so dissatisfying. Something told her that having sex with a man – a man with experience, who knew exactly what he wanted – would be much better.

"Yes," she breathed, leaning down to press her breasts against the stranger's shirt-clad chest. "I'm very wet."

"For me?"

"For you," she blushingly admitted.

"Good," he said, and he grabbed her hips, pulling her down on top of him.

Olivia's eyes widened, and for a moment she felt like she couldn't breathe. Yes, she'd been wet, but he was *so big*. He'd slid almost half of his length inside her without warning, and the teenage girl felt like she was being split in half.



Neither of them moved for the next few moments. As the world began coming back into focus, Olivia noticed that several of the strangers watching had their cellphones out. Their coitus was being recorded.

She blinked twice and shook her head. She didn't have the brain space to deal with that; she had to focus on what was in front of her.

Inside her.

After more than a minute had passed, Olivia's breathing returned to normal. The old man was staring at her with a satisfied look on his face.

"Ready?" the man asked, and Olivia nodded.

"Do it," she whispered.

He took hold of her hips, and the teenager moaned as she relaxed her legs and felt his cock slide deeper into her. It didn't hurt, she just felt...full. No, more than full.

Stuffed.

Following the older man's guidance, Olivia lifted herself off him slightly, then moved back down onto his lap.

"Oh, god!" she groaned.

"You'll get used to it," he chuckled, reaching up to grab her tits.

Olivia gasped as he squeezed them, and she let out a moan of pleasure.

Sure enough, every time she lowered herself onto the strange man's thick rod, she was able to take more of it inside her. And the fullness was quickly turning to pleasure; a deep satisfaction that she could take such an enormous member all the way inside her near-virginal teenage pussy.

"Fuck," the man grunted, and Olivia whimpered as she felt him begin to move. "That's it, baby. Take my cock. You like it, don't you?"

"Yesss," she hissed, and she began to rock back and forth on his lap, taking his cock deep inside her.

The teenager was no longer embarrassed about her nudity. In fact, she was starting to enjoy herself. She was getting turned on by this man, by his dirty talk and his rough treatment of her body. She could feel her body responding, her nipples growing harder and her clit becoming engorged.

And the stranger was clearly enjoying himself too, holding her firmly against him as he fucked her.

“God you’re tight,” he growled, and Olivia whimpered as he tightened his grip on her hips. She was no longer the driving force in their intercourse; he was thrusting forward and simultaneously pulling her towards him. “You’re so fucking tight.”

Olivia just nodded fervently in response. Her body was experiencing intense sensations that she’d never felt before; it was hard to think straight when she was being fucked so thoroughly.

“Faster,” the man ordered, and she complied. The teenager began to bounce on the man’s cock, riding him as fast as she could. She felt the man’s hands tighten on her waist, and she cried out as he picked her up and slammed her down on his cock. “Faster!”

“F-fuck!” Olivia gasped. She was so wet that despite the man’s size, she was able to take most of his length inside her without any discomfort.

The crowd cheered as the girl’s voice rose in pitch, and she realized that they’d recognized what she hadn’t yet worked out – she was cumming.

“Oh!!!” she exclaimed as her entire body began to spasm. The sensation was overwhelming, and she found herself screaming as she began to cum around the stranger’s cock.

“Take it all, sweetheart,” the man grunted, and Olivia did as she was told. She was in the middle of an orgasm more powerful than her own hand had ever brought her, and her entire body was tensing, as though trying to push the stranger’s erection out of her.

The man held her in place as she came, and Olivia felt his cock throbbing inside her. When she finally stopped shaking, he began slowly fucking her once more.

“Good girl,” he murmured. “Very good.”

The teenager panted heavily, and she leaned forward to kiss him. She didn’t care if people were watching them, she didn’t care if he’d been twice her current age on the day she was born; she was going to give this man everything she had.

And he seemed to appreciate it. His tongue darted into her mouth, and she moaned as he licked her lips.

“So good,” he muttered, and he lifted her off his lap.

The teenager looked around, and she realized that she was standing in front of the man. He was still clothed, but he was holding her by the hips, and he was staring at her with a hungry expression on his face.

“D-did you finish?” she asked in confusion, and he shook his head.

“I want to take you over the counter,” he explained. Olivia looked at the clerk, who seemed just as confused as she was.

“You don’t mind, do you?” the old man asked, staring into the employee’s eyes. He looked like

he was just a few years older than Olivia; after taking the full force of the stranger's intense gaze, the store clerk shook his head.

"Please," he muttered. "Be my guest?"

"Bend over," the old man ordered, and Olivia obeyed without hesitation. Her groan filled the store as he slid inside her, and she could feel his massive cock stretching her open once more.

The old man started to fuck her roughly, and Olivia was surprised to find that she liked the mistreatment. It wasn't like the awkward, inexperienced sex that her first lover had given her; this was more controlled, like he was skillfully using her body for his pleasure.

Rough, but deliberately so.

"Oh, god," she moaned, and the man's hands tightened on her hips. He was obviously enjoying himself, and he leaned in to kiss her neck, pressing his lips against her bare skin.

"Cum for me," he whispered, and Olivia whimpered as she felt his pace increase. He was pounding her now, thrusting into her with a speed and strength that surprised her. "I want to feel you cum all over my cock, you little slut."

"O-okay," she panted, and within just moments she was once more overcome by her orgasm. She felt her body convulse, and her insides clenched around the stranger's cock as she screamed with pleasure.

"Oh, god!" she cried, and the man grunted as he kept fucking her.

"That's it, honey," he whispered, and Olivia felt his fingers digging into her hips. "Cum all over me."

Olivia moaned as a smaller orgasm followed the first, and her entire body trembled as the man continued to pound into her. How was he lasting so long? Everyone else she'd been with had cum within just a few minutes of feeling her mouth, hand, or pussy on their cock.

"Cum for me," the man grunted, and Olivia whimpered. "Again. I want to feel your hot cunt dripping all over my cock."

"F-fuck!" she sighed, and she came once more, as his dick thrust into her so hard she felt like she was never going to be able to walk again.

"That's it, baby," he said, and Olivia could hear the excitement in his voice. He was clearly loving the feeling of her pussy clenching around his cock, and she could feel his cock throbbing inside her. "That's my good girl."

The teenager was so lost in her own pleasure that she didn't even register what he was saying. All she knew was that she was being fucked by a stranger, that she was having the new kind of sex, the kind where you didn't even need to date.

And if it was always this good, Olivia had little doubt that it would soon catch on.

“I’m gonna cum,” the old man finally grunted. “Yes, you little slut, I’m going to cum inside you...”

“Oh!” Olivia exclaimed, not sure what else to say. Did she like being called a slut? She wanted to say no, but the way her body reacted each time she heard it...

“Cum for me,” he ordered once more. “Cum for me, while I fill your slutty cunt with my load...”

“Yessss,” she hissed, and her eyes glazed over as she felt the strange man pumping his seed deep inside her.

When Olivia’s senses returned, she realized that she was still naked, sitting on the counter of the clothing store. Her legs were spread, and the strange man’s cum was slowly dripping out of her.

He was no longer inside her – instead, he was standing a few feet away, adjusting his clothing. His pants were already refastened, and Olivia was surprised by her disappointment. She’d been looking forward to seeing his cock some more.

“How was it?” the man asked.

“Amazing,” Olivia replied honestly, smiling up at him.

“Did you enjoy yourself?” he asked.

“More than anything,” she admitted, and the man chuckled.

“Excellent,” he said. “Like I said: before you know it, everyone will be doing this...but perhaps you could help it along. Spread the word a little. How about it?”

Olivia didn’t say anything, just nodded fervently. If all sex-before-a-date was that good, she’d do all she could to tell the world about it. And, of course, she wanted to experience it herself as much as possible.

“Good girl,” the old man said, and with those two simple words (that sent such a shiver of pleasure up Olivia’s spine), he was gone.

The teenage girl slowly, reluctantly made her way off the store counter. She turned to the clerk, who looked as though all his Christmas ghosts had come at once.

“How much for this?” she asked, gesturing to the outfit she’d gotten off the mannequin.

The store attendant looked at her in awe, clearly impressed by what he’d just seen her do.

“For what?” he asked breathlessly.

“This,” she said, running her hand over the outfit she’d be wearing to the pool party that night.

“This outfit. I’ll wear it out.”

“Oh, that?” he asked, brow furrowed. “Uh...no charge.”

Olivia’s eyes lit up, and she leaned over the counter to give him a grateful kiss. Perhaps when she was less sore, she’d come back and try a not-first-date with him as well.

“Thank you,” she said, glancing around. Her school uniform was nowhere to be seen, so proudly putting one long leg in front of the other, the teenage girl strutted out of the store, ready to introduce the world to two new trends.