**Lynn Buys New Shoes**

**by [LynnGK](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1154355&page=submissions)©**

My husband is a bastard. And I love him. He calls me a bitch. And he loves me. Our marriage and our sex are both perfect. We often make bets on football and basketball games. Not for money -- but for sex. Sometimes I win and sometimes I lose. When I win, I make the bastard pay. Last week I teased and tormented him an entire evening before I finally let him jack off to relieve the pain in his balls. But, this week, he won the bet. That bastard made me wear a thigh high miniskirt and a revealing blouse without bra and panties and make a trip to the mall.

I put it on I thought my legs still looked pretty damn good for a twenty seven year old broad but, shit, when I bend over even a little bit people are going to see my ass and that hairy pussy between my thighs. That skirt was short!

I was as uncomfortable as hell walking through the mall with all those guys staring at me, and hoping we would not meet someone we knew. As much as I would have denied it, this new outfit excited me. But, I would never admit it to that bastard who walked along beside me. I thought I had paid off my bet by letting him watch the guys we passed leer at my legs and bouncing boobs, but I was wrong.

"Let's stop here," said Bob, as we stopped in front of a shoe store. "Baby I want you to pick out some spike heels. Any kind you want."

We walked into the store and Bob sat down in a chair near the back. I looked around the shoe store and saw that we were the only customers. As I stood looking at the shoes, a young man came up.

"May I help you?"

There was no one else around. Shit! The bastard had planned this! There was more to this bet than walking around the mall. I realized that in that thigh high mini that shoe salesman was going to get a good look at my thighs -- maybe more. I turned to look at Bob, and saw him sitting there with a grin on his face watching me.

"Do you see something you like?" one young man asked.

I pointed to an attractive shoe on display. It looked like my size. "I would like to try these on and see other shoes like these." I was nervous, but a bet is a bet.

"Have a seat right over there." the young man said with a smile. He pointed to a chair and I sat down across the aisle from Bob, who had a good view as I sat there. The clerk sat on a low stool with the shoe I had pointed out to him. I could feel my face turning red as the young man's eyes fixed on my very exposed thighs. He was young - barely twenty, if that, more like nineteen. The clerk sat on the low stool and reached for my foot. Bob just smiled at me. The bastard! Then the clerk lifted my leg to get my foot situated in the shoe. I could feel my legs separating and knew that he could look up my dress at my thighs. I kept my legs as close together as I could.

That clerk may have been young, but he knew how to look at a woman's legs and he wasn't shy about looking at me. He knew where to sit and how to move my legs. The way he positioned me he had a good look up my skirt. He kept trying to maneuver my legs to get a better view. I kept my legs together as much as I could and held my skirt down as low as that mini would let me. But, that skirt was just too short. He was going to see what he wanted to see and Bob was going to sit there, laughing, and watch that kid look up my skirt at my pussy.

"You picked the right size. Let me get several styles for you to look at."

When he got to the stock room I heard him say, "Hey, Sam," and another young man joined him. They held a hurried whispered conversation and made frequent glances at me. I figured they were talking about my short skirt. I was going to have to deal with them both.

The clerk came back from the stock room with an assortment of shoes. "I brought several for you to choose from. I asked my colleague to help me pick some additional shoes you might like."

I was embarrassed, and at the same time I could feel myself getting sexually excited. Those guys were going to look up my skirt. I didn't have any panties on. And that bastard Bob was sitting across the aisle watching the whole thing. Shit! It was a set up. He had me. He really had me, but no way was I going to welch on my bet.

The clerk went to work and I tried hard to keep my legs together as that young boy moved my feet around working to fit my foot into the shoes. I was fighting, but it was impossible for me to keep my legs together all the time. He was getting one glance after another all the way up my skirt. Then the other guy took his tern and got his share of quick looks at my pussy.

I really tried as best I could, but I couldn't do it. They kept maneuvering my legs apart and looking up at my crotch. Finally I thought, what the hell! If Bob wants these guys to look up my skirt, then I'm going to let them look as much as they want to. I'll just let these guys do whatever they want to do with my legs. I took another look at Bob sitting there a few feet away. He was grinning at me. You bastard, I thought. You're going to win this one, but I'm in control here and I'm going to give these kids a good look at what you think is you private pussy. I turned back to the young man sitting on the low stool in front of me. I was becoming aroused as I let him lift my leg to fit another shoe. I made no attempt to keep my legs together. My skirt slid up my legs and my thighs slipped apart, and I could tell that he now knew that I had no panties on. I saw his eyes staring directly at my exposed pussy. After he took a good look at it, he looked up at me and I blushed. Damn it! Twenty-seven years old and I blushed because some nineteen year old kid had stared at my pussy. But it made my arousal greater. I think I was starting to get wet.

He had spread my legs just barely enough to look up my skirt. I'm sure he expected me to move my legs back together as I had been doing before. But I didn't. I just left them spread. He looked up at me for a moment, surprised. Then he smiled at me and turned his eyes back to my pussy but this time making no effort to conceal what he was looking at. I could almost hear him thinking "if she's gonna show me her pussy I'm gonna look at it." He looked over his shoulder at Bob who just smiled at him and nodded his head. Now he had my husband's permission to spread my legs and he looked up at me and smiled. I looked across the aisle at Bob and saw him smirking as he watched the young man stare up my miniskirt. I was really sexually excited now and felt my pussy start to get wet as my juices began to flow. I knew the inner lips of my pussy were getting engorged and hanging out as they always did when I got horny. The clerk took another long look between my legs, and then he got up to get another shoe.

Now that they knew I was going to let them look up my skirt and my husband didn't care, it was funny to watch these two horny young men running back and forth, bringing me shoe after shoe. Taking turns, they tried on one pair after another. Each time, I just let them move my legs any way they wanted. I spread my legs for them as they positioned me, giving each a good long view of my increasingly wet and juicy pussy. I knew that by now my inner pussy lips would be big, wet and floppy and hanging down for these kids to see. Bob often told me I had the biggest pussy lips he had ever seen.

They began to spread my legs a little wider each time. And still, I made no effort to pull my skirt down or to hold my legs together. Bob watched the whole thing, smiling at me. When those young men figured out that I was going to spread my legs for them as wide as they wanted, they made no effort at all to conceal what they were doing. They were fitting shoes half the time and looking at my pussy the other half. And, I was turning on more and more.

They kept bringing shoes for me to try on while enjoying long lingering looks at my aroused pussy. There was no need for them to manipulate my legs any more because I just sat there with my legs spread and my skirt up high on my thighs letting them look at me. I think Bob had figured out that I had just given up and it turned him on. We were in the back of the store and it was late but still, it was a good thing that no other customers came in.

Then the other clerk brought a second low stool so that the two of them sat in front of me a couple of feet apart, one working on my left foot and the other on my right. I had started out to tease them, but they had me horny now -- and I let them do anything they wanted. They spread my legs even wider so that my miniskirt slid high up exposing my bare hips and my thick curly haired beaver. I could see my beaver when I looked down. I was almost naked from the waist down and they were not even pretending to fit shoes any more. They just spread my legs, started stroking them, and stared at my pussy.

I knew that by now my inner pussy lips were fully engorged, hanging down and dripping. Each young man looked up at me from time to time and smiled. I didn't blush any more. I was beyond that. They looked back at Bob occasionally and that bastard just nodded his encouragement. Then they worked up my legs and started stroking high on my inner thighs. I couldn't stop them. I was too horny. Shit! I got horny because two kids were stroking my thighs and staring at my pussy. And now, I wanted them to play with it and I knew they would be doing that in a minute.

By this time both young men had bulging pants and my drippings were running down my thighs. They lifted my legs up and positioned my bare feet on their laps, touching the hard bulges in their pants, and I just got hotter and hotter. I started slowly pumping my ass. One guy got his hand under my ass and helped me lift it up to make my pussy easily available, and that turned me on even more. Bob got up from his seat and walked across the aisle and stood between them for a closer look, watching their hands fondle my thighs and ass. I was going to have an orgasm with my feet in their laps touching their hard cocks through their pants. My knees were high in the air and spread as wide as I could spread them, my head was thrown back, my hands were gripping the arms of the chair, and my eyes were closed tight. I panted for breath and knew that the moment their fingers reached my pussy I was going to come, big time. I started to hump obscenely for the orgasm that I knew was seconds away. Four hands were rubbing my belly and bush and thighs and ass and when I felt fingers penetrating my dripping pussy, I started to come and moan as my contracting pussy grabbed their fingers like a squeezing hand.

Bob just stood there, smiling, watching me come for these kids. At last, I recovered from my orgasm and returned from my fantasy-land. When I opened my eyes, they were both playing with my dripping pussy at the same time, stretching out the distended inner lips and laughing. One guy said these were the largest pussy lips he had ever seen. They stretched them out wide and laughed at the size of my pussy. One of them got four fingers in to me.

Bob laughed too. "She's twenty-seven boys. That pussy's been used a lot. But, you're right. She's got a big pussy and she likes to have it played with."

I just sat there, recovering from my orgasm, legs spread, listening to the wet squishy sounds as both guys played with my pussy. My husband was laughing and talking with them about the size of my pussy. The bastard had really got me this time. He'd gotten even with me for making him so horny last week that he had to beat his meat while I laughed at him. He was the one laughing now.

At last, I stood up, put my own shoes on, and pulled my skirt down. The boys pulled out their handkerchiefs to dry their wet hands. Bob and I walked up to the counter and I gave the boy my credit card with a smile. When he handed the card back with my new shoes I said, "Thank you, young man. You were very helpful. I'm glad you enjoyed your work. I enjoyed it to."

Bob said, "You guys are the best shoe fitters in the business. We'll be back."

"We have a sale next Monday. You might want to drop by," said the clerk.

"I'll be working late Monday," said Bob, "What time do you close?"

"We close at eight. But if you two want to shop after we lock up, that's no problem. We'll let you in and if you want more privacy there are some chairs in the stock room you can use. We'll fit your wife there."

"That sounds great," said Bob. "We'll be here if I win my bet with Lynn. The Packers are a sure thing Sunday."

"Your bet?" said the clerk.

"Yeah. Lynn and I bet on football. If I win she gets to buy shoes next week."

"We'll be here," both clerks said eagerly.

When we walked out of the store with my shoes, Bob had a wide grin on his face. "Was that fun or was that fun?"

"Yes, it was fun. You saw me come, didn't you," I said. "But I'm in big trouble if you get me back there in the stock room next week with those two young studs and you just cheering 'em on. In no time at all they'll have me buck naked with my legs spread. And you saw how horny they made me."

"Yeah," said Bob, "and that's when the fun begins. You saw those big bulges in their pants."

"Saw 'em? Hell, I felt 'em with my toes. They're huge!"

"Yeah," said Bob, "and they're attached to two nineteen year old studs with all the energy in the world. Baby, if the Packers win, you're going to have a sore pussy next week."

"Sore but probably well satisfied. You've got me in a position where I don't know who to root for next Sunday."

As we walked out of the mall, I remembered my excitement as I teased those guys trying to look up my skirt. I thought maybe I would visit that shoe store again on my own in a mini without panties. It might be fun, letting them spread my legs again, even without Bob watching. Or, if there were other customers, just letting them try to sneak a feel when no one was looking.

As we left the mall I said, "You won the bet honey, but maybe I won the payoff. I love you baby. I really love you."