**Mel Goes Shopping**

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I don't know if it was the summer heat or the fact that Mike had been away all week that made me dress the way I did that day. It was a Thursday morning later in august, and my husband Mike had been away on a work conference all week, and wasn't due back till late Friday night. I had decided earlier in the week to buy something nice to wear for when Mike returned - at least it was an excuse to get out of the house - but something made me feel more daring that morning.

I showered, and shaved my legs and under my arms (I hate that prickly feeling you get when you haven't shaved for a few days) and with only a little hesitation, decided my pussy needed a trim too. I don't usually shave down there completely, preferring to leave a small patch around my pussy lips - this time though, I decided to take it all off. When I'd finished, I stroked my fingertips all around my pussy and was amazed at how smooth it felt. Wow, I was getting turned on already - better get dressed before this gets out of hand.

I went to the closet, deciding what I should wear. It was another hot day and I clearly didn't need to much in the way of clothing, just enough to be decent when I needed to be. I selected a pale yellow cotton dress that I'd bought last year. It had a nicely fitted top the shaped my boobs nicely whilst allowing enough movement to be interesting to anyone who cared to look. It was fitted at the waist and flared out wide just above my knees. It buttoned all the way down the front allowing me to choose just how much leg or cleavage I wanted to show. I decide to leave just the top two buttons and the bottom three undone - barely exposing any cleavage and allowing about 3 inches of my thing to show as I walked.

No underwear today I decided! Besides, a bra or panties would spoil the line of the dress wouldn't it? It wasn't unusual for be to go bra-less of course, my 34B boobs didn't need too much support - I didn't often go without panties as well though. I chose some strappy white sandals and my sunglasses to complete the outfit - this was the least number of items of clothing I think I'd ever worn out!

I grabbed tied my long blonde hair back into a ponytail, grabbed my purse and headed for the car. Sliding into the front seat, I realized just how thin the dress was - I could feel the coolness of the leather seats right through it.

The shopping mall car park was only half-full - pretty normal for a weekday, and I was able to park fairly close to the entrance. As I stepped out of the car, I could feel the warm breeze plucking at my dress, making it flap up as I stepped out. I looked around nervously to see if anyone was watching, but there was no one nearby. I already felt excited at the idea of walking around the mall in just a thin dress. I walked to the mall entrance, and could already feel a little perspiration between by boobs and between my legs - or maybe that was a different type of moisture!

The mall itself was nice and cool. I stepped onto the escalator to go up to where the main clothing stores were located. The cool breeze from the air conditioner made my nipples harden, and looking down I could see the shape of them clearly through the pale fabric.

The first store I tried was a fairly up-market women's store which I often visited. I browsed the racks, not entirely sure what I was looking for, and found some nice sheer mini-dresses that looked like my kind of thing. I selected a couple in my size, one in pale-blue that had thin straps, and a flared skirt - the other in a pink flowered sheer material (virtually transparent) that had more of a vest top. I suspect you were intended to wear a shirt under this one, but I took it anyway.

The changing rooms, had those slatted wooden doors that started around eye-level and finished about two foot off the floor. I could see that a couple of the other cubicles were occupied so I went into the one at the far end of the row. I quickly unbuttoned my dress and hung it up, pausing for a moment to see myself in the small mirror on the wall. I almost blushed at the sight of my own body - my nipples were rock hard, and my normally pale skin was flushed.

I took the blue dress of the hanger and tried it on - fitted perfectly, but I wanted to get a better look. I opened the door and stepped into the main area where they had a whole mirrored wall. I must admit, I looked pretty good! It was much shorter than the dress I'd worn that morning, coming only about 3 inches below my bum cheeks. If I bent over I'm sure you'd have seen my bare bum. Hell why not? I thought. I bent over slightly, looking over my shoulder at the reflection. Yep you could see I had no panties on for sure. Just then, one of the cubicles opened and a middle-aged woman stepped out. I straightened up quickly but I think she saw me bending over. She just smiled though and continued out.

I went back into my cubicle and changed into the other dress. It was definitely more daring than the blue one. Not only could I see my nipples clearly, I could see the darkness of the aureoles in contrast to the rest of my skin. The neckline was very low, and the armholes seemed very deep - being cut away to a level well below the bottom of my boobs. Again it was very short and even more flared then the first one. I had to see how I looked again.

I stepped in front of the mirror wall, and did a slow turn so I could see myself for the side. If I lifted my arms and leaned forward, you could easily see the sides of my boobs through the side of the dress - I loved it (and I was sure Mike would too). I span round quickly and the hem of the skirt rose very high. My pussy was clearly on display at that point. This would do nicely I thought.

I went back to the cubicle and took off the dress and began to rebutton my own one. This time though I thought it was time to be a little more daring. I left three buttons undone at the top (now it was fastened at about nipple height) and left only fastened one below the waistband (barely covering my pussy). I took the pink dress and went out to pay for it. The assistant was polite but barely paid much attention to me (I guess you get that way working in a shop all day), so after paying I left the store and wandered out into the mall.

I was getting a little thirsty, so decided to get a coffee. I ordered a latte from the coffee-stand near the fountain and sat down to drink it. I noticed that a number of people were sitting with their feet in the fountain to cool off. That sounded good to me too, so I stepped out of my shoes and dipped my feet into the cool water. Without even thinking about it, I hiked my dress up a little as I sat down on the marble surround. The skirt opened over my thighs anyone passing by on the other side of the fountain would have a good chance of seeing my pussy. A couple of teenage boys were standing there - they must have around 18 or 19 and I knew they were looking my way, so I decided it was time for a flash. I leaned back and sipped at my coffee, my legs stretched out in front of me as my feet swayed in the water. I moved one leg slightly further to one side and back again - know it was exposing my pussy to their stare. One of them said something to the other and they both grinned (never taking their eyes of me). But more people were approaching so I decided enough was enough.

I slid first one leg, then the other over the fountain edge so I could put my shoes back on. Of course, I was still showing a good view of my pussy as my legs lifted. I stepped into my shoes and stood up, straightening my dress. I stepped away from the fountain, but realized I'd left my coffee on its edge. I turned back to get it, and could see that the boys had wandered around to my side now. I bent down with my legs straight to grab my coffee, and gave them an excellent view of my boobs as an encore.

I headed for the elevator to go down to the lower shopping level. The boys were following me, so I put a little extra swing into my step. As I reached the elevator, there were about another 6 people waiting in front of me. When the elevator arrived, we all stepped in, and I found myself pushed into one corner facing the taller of the boys. A couple more people squeezed on and he pushed (or was pushed) up against me. His hand went out to stop himself, and made brief (but exhilarating) contact with my left boob. He smiled apologetically at me and moved back a little as the doors closed. I could see his eyes slowly moving down until he was staring right down the top of my dress. Without hesitation, I reached my hand up and slipped another button undone. Fortunately, from my position in the corner, no-one else could see anything. The top of the dress parted and I thrust my chest out more making my boobs almost spill out.

He slid his hand up between our bodies, and took hold of the front of the dress and pulled it towards him. He could clearly see the whole of my boobs now and probably all the way down to my pussy. I closed my eyes and let him enjoy the view.

The ride between floors was all too quick, and soon the doors opened and people filed out. Before he turned away he smiled again and said, "Thanks - they're beautiful!" I stepped out of the elevator and sauntered back to my car. The two boys went of in the other direction, chatting and giggling as they went. I slid into the drivers seat and paused to catch my breath. It was time to head home, but maybe time for one more quick thrill on the way.

I reached down and undid all the remaining buttons on my dress. Now only the belt held it together. I stretched the skirt flaps over my thighs so that my pussy was clearly visible, and arranged the top so my boobs could be seen by anyone who stood next to the car. Then I drove slowly out of the mall. There were the two boys walking down the side of the road. I passed them and the pulled into the side of the road about 20 yards beyond them. Then I got out my map book and pretended to be studying it (whilst secretly glancing in the rearview mirror).

As the boys got level with the car, they glanced across in my direction, and clearly recognized me. I looked up and said casually "Oh Hi, Can you guys help me?" The rushed over and immediately looked down into the car. I knew they could see everything, but to make sure, I allowed my legs to part slightly. "Can you direct me back to the Freeway?" I asked them. The coughed and spluttered a bit, and mumbled something about next turn on the right. I decided enough was enough and I didn't want to risk anything more developing (although part of me was thinking about asking them if they wanted a ride!). I thanked them, gave them a big smile, and drove off.

I left my dress open all the way home, but didn't really get a chance to flash anybody else. When I got home, I went straight to the bedroom and flopped down on the bed. My heart was still beating fast from all the excitement, and it was inevitable that my hand would start caressing my body. It wasn't long before I had a tremendous orgasm still lying there with my dress barely covering me.

The only thought now was - would I tell Mike? One thing's for sure, I couldn't wait to see his face when I showed up at the airport in my new dress.