**Saturday at the Mall**

**by [phoenixsr](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1183304&page=submissions)©**

My wife and I live in Phoenix, Arizona. Yes, we know. We have heard ALL of the jokes about living here. Like, it's a dry heat, much like a bonfire. Or do you guys live on the sun? Maybe. Quite possibly. Valets parking cars have been known to complain how at the end of their eight hour shifts, their shoes have come apart at the seams, standing on the blacktop all day. So, we cope by taking daily showers. Okay, four showers a day with the water stone cold would be much more accurate, but we do cope. The bright side? No matter how high the temperature climbs, we do NOT have to scoop it, as in snow shovels have become extinct here. I did see one though as a child, in a museum, so I know what they look like.  
  
My wife and I have the good fortunes to have jobs where we have our week-ends off together. On one such Saturday morning, we leisurely got up at nine in the morning and each of us had a bagel with our morning coffee.  
  
"What would you like to do this morning, if anything?" I asked my wife Angie.  
  
"I woke up this morning feeling kind of randy. I could be in the mood to go to the mall and play a few games," she answered with an enthusiastic smile.  
  
"Anything special?" I asked as she immediately had piqued my interest.  
  
"Yes, I wanted to get a new pair of shoes and then maybe a blouse or two."  
  
I smiled. We had played this game a time or two before and it always led to wild, passionate sex. I don't mind sharing my wife, up to a point. First of all, let me say that Angie and I take care of our bodies We eat right and try to make it to the gym twice a week. Angie is twenty-four, and I am twenty-six. We have been married for almost three years now. We met in college and married after she graduated.  
  
Now, about Angie. She is five foot, seven inches tall with legs that go on forever. She has dark brunette hair with matching chestnut brown eyes. So as not to keep you guessing, she wears a 38 DD bra when she wears one at all. They are perky enough so that if you would put a pen or pencil under her breasts, it would fall directly to the floor. Gravity had not yet touched her ample bosom with hard, full nipples and light pink areolas. It should be mentioned in passing that her breasts and nipples demand a lot of attention. If I fail to play with them for a single day, she asks if I am mad at her.  
  
We are totally in love and several years ago, when we first began our 'games', she wanted me to know that she would only play them with my permission and when I was with her. She said she didn't feel safe doing it on her own, as I was always there to protect her if some horny guy wanted to take it to the next level.  
  
This morning she took an abbreviated shower, and quickly dressed, allowing me to shower and shave as well. With no winters to speak of in Phoenix, your closet pretty much consists of summer clothes. While I quickly dressed, my wife had put on a beige dress. It was low cut in the front with no bra. She never wore a bra unless she was going to work. When she bent over in front of someone, you could see everything but the nipples. Her dress came to about a foot-and-a-half above her knee.  
  
With both of us dressed, we headed for the mall which of course opened at 10 a.m. Angie headed for a shoe store where she had noticed a cute clerk waiting for business. We entered the store.  
  
"Good morning to you both. If there is something special I can help you find, just let me know!" he said with a smile. As far as he was concerned, I was invisible. Didn't exist. Couldn't even see me. He instead, couldn't take his eyes off her chest.  
  
"There is something, actually. You have a red stiletto shoe in the window. I would like to try them on," she said through her smiling lips.   
  
"Do you know your size?"  
  
"I usually take an eight, but various brands run differently. Why don't you bring me a few to try?"  
  
He disappeared into the back of the store and re-emerged later with six boxes. He wanted to make his first sale of the morning and he wanted to please. My wife sat down in the chair and hiked up her dress when he wasn't looking. Angie had dealings with this guy before. He would sit down on his little stool in front of female customers. You know the kind I mean. They slope up at an angle toward his crotch allowing you to easily put on the shoes.  
  
However, like all men on the planet that are not gay, he would try to sneak a peek at a woman's panties by pushing his stool up close to the chair they were sitting in. It worked every time. Angie knew this and decided to toy with him.  
  
He tried the first pair of shoes on her but they were too small. As he reached down into the second box of shoes, she readjusted her dress. When she lifted her foot he put the shoe on his foot and almost had a heart attack. When she lifted her foot he had a perfect shot of her crotch. She wasn't wearing any panties! She spread her legs apart, pretending to look at the shoe on her foot from all possible angles.  
  
This only caused the lips of her pussy to pull apart and she could feel it when it did. She trimmed her pussy only leaving a shadow of her hair. The shoe clerk could see everything but her clit. She asked to try on the other shoe, stood up and walked around.   
  
"I'll take them!" she said, giving the clerk a chance to catch his breath. My wife and I laughed as we walked down the mall to the nearest clothing store. "I gave him an erection!" she said, obviously pleased with herself.   
  
"Funny, I noticed the same thing," I said as we walked together.  
  
"Next stop, I need to try on some new blouses."  
  
"Lead the way," I said eagerly.  
  
We came to a national brand store and we each began looking for blouses for her to try on. Angie quickly dismissed the modest ones, the ones that button up clear to your neck. She did prefer the ones that buttoned rather than the pullovers. That way she could unbutton as many buttons as she was in the mood for, and turn the guys on with them always hoping to see just a bit more.  
  
It was getting onto to noon, and the mall was filling up. Mostly female shoppers but a few men as well, being dragged along by their wives. Most of them wore expressions like they had just finished running a 50K run and just wanted to go home.  
  
Angie and I picked out four new blouses for her to try on. As I looked around, only one other male was waiting by the changing room, waiting on his wife to come out and show him something or other.  
  
My wife came out in a flowered print with half sleeves that buttoned.  
  
"What do you think?" she asked as she slowly turned around for my appraisal. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw this other male obviously staring at her. She is a knock-out and could easily grace the cover of any porno magazine.  
  
"It's okay." I said, "But let me see the other ones before I make a decision."  
  
"Okay," she said and went back and shut the door.  
  
"You got dragged out here too, I see," I said, striking up a conversation with the only male within a hundred yards of the dressing room.   
  
He was forty something with premature balding and a stomach that hinted at one too many donuts in the morning. I learned that he had been married for over twenty years and had three kids. He volunteered that they were being watched by a neighbor so they could shop in peace. His wife came out and modeled a pair of jeans for her husband. He said they looked fine and she disappeared behind the door.  
  
His wife showed signs of gray in her hair, and looked like she took a size 22W jeans. The poor fellow really looked like his best sexual days were behind him. The only light in his eyes came on when my wife emerged with a different blouse on. He obviously admires my wife's looks. I couldn't blame him. Put the two wives together and there was no contest. It made me wonder what we will look like in twenty years with a few rug rats running around.  
  
Angie came out wearing a red blouse with mini dots in white all over it. It looked cute on her and I told her so. She quickly changed into a white see-through blouse that hugged her like a second skin. Both the other guy and myself both gave my wife the thumbs up.  
  
"Okay, last one," she said. "I'll be right back."  
  
I waited patiently while she tried on the last blouse. The other fellow's wife came out to show him a new blouse. He tried to muster up some enthusiasm so she would choose something and he could go home. His wife disappeared after saying she was going to purchase her blouse and the jeans. Then, drum roll here please, Angie came out.  
  
She was wearing a pale lavender blouse which was totally sheer! If she had been topless, you probably couldn't have noticed the difference. She unashamedly modeled it for me and the stranger next to me. Then she put her hands behind her head, lifting up her breasts in invitation to me. I thought she might have picked out a size too small, because her erect nipples were straining against the fabric, bursting to be free! It looked way more like something you would wear on your honeymoon night, in the privacy of your bedroom than a blouse to wear out of the house.  
  
"Well, what's the verdict? You like what you see?"  
  
"Oh my god, yes. I love it! Wait, what do you think?" I asked the guy next to me.  
  
The poor guy seemed to be tongue tied. You could see it was taking all his will power not to reach out and grab her tits.  
  
"Yes, definitely, Yes!" he stammered.  
  
"Thanks for your honesty, both of you," she said. She stood there for a moment more, letting us take in the full effect of her swollen breasts. She did absolutely nothing to cover herself. She disappeared back into the dressing room and decided on the see-through white blouse and the sheer one.   
  
The others guys wife came out and he followed her to the check out counter. He turned to me and whispered, "You are one lucky son-of-a-gun!" with this huge smile on his face. Then my wife joined me.  
  
"So, how was the show?" she asked.  
  
"A fantastic matinee! Let's check out and go home and you can model the sheer one again, just before I jump your bones!"  
  
"Can't wait," was her answer. "I am so wet I can't stand it. I hope you are up for a marathon session in bed."  
  
"Try me!" I said as we made out way out of the mall.