Shopping Day

Rebecca heard her husband's car start in the driveway, and she heard him back out into the street and drive off for work. She was still lying in bed, in the same position she was in when he left the room ; on her back, with her knees drawn up and spread to the sides. A warm trickle of her husband's cum was still oozing from her slightly gaping pussy. She sighed, and slowly got up and headed for the shower.

As she stood under the hot water, she tried to analyze her feelings.
'What was missing?' she mused. It wasn't that she didn't enjoy sex, quite the opposite was true, in fact. She loved sex.

'Maybe I enjoy it too much,' she thought to herself. She loved the feeling of being penetrated, absolutely loved it, and she constantly thought of being filled with a male erection. Lately though, it wasn't just her husband's cock she dreamed of ; it was just male cock in general, the perfect, anonymous male erection, fucking her until she was totally satisfied. And, the reality of the situation was, she wasn't satisfied. Not at all.

Rebecca was twenty five, and she had been married to her husband, Tom, for almost two years. They had no children, and Rebecca's body was fit and trim. She knew her looks was not the problem. She stood 5'4", and her thin waist accentuated a perfect set of 36c breasts. Long, blonde hair cascaded almost to her waist, and she had blue eyes that sparkled when she smiled.
She stepped out of the shower and took stock of herself in the full-length mirror as she dried off. She cupped her breasts and hefted them up, as if in offering to the image in the mirror. Full, firm breasts, that stood proudly out from her chest. She ran her hands down her flanks and around to her ass. She turned slightly in the mirror.

Her ass was firm and tight, topping off a pair of great legs. She faced the mirror again, slowly parting her legs. Her freshly-used slit shone with moist slickness. She had a quarter-sized patch of blonde pubic hair about an inch above the top of her slit. Otherwise, her pubic mound and slit were cleanly shaved. It used to drive her husband wild, and he would spend many long minutes with his face buried between her legs, licking her bare slit while she bucked in orgasm under his tongue.

Their sex used to be wild and uninhibited, and they would screw anywhere, at anytime. One of their favorite games was to go out, grocery shopping perhaps. He would dress her in a very short skirt and a pair of thong panties, perhaps a pair of high heels. Then somewhere in the store, he would whisper to her.

"Your panties, Rebecca. Give them to me" Those words always thrilled her, and she would look around, and when no one was watching, she would slip her hands up under her skirt, hook her thumbs in her panties, and quickly slide them off until they fell down around her ankles. She would step out of them, squat down and pick them up, and hand them to him. He would smile and slip them into his pocket.

Then, while they shopped, he would snake his hand up her skirt at every opportunity, squeezing her ass or sliding a finger along her bare slit. She would get tremendously aroused at this, and she got a vicarious thrill knowing that anybody could see her naked ass when he lifted her skirt. By the time they left the store she was usually so aroused that she couldn't concentrate, and he would laugh as she tried to write a check, her hands trembling. When they pushed the shopping cart out to their SUV, he would hand her the bags, and she had to lean into the vehicle to put them away, knowing that her nakedness was clearly visible. Then he would open the back door.

"Get in, Rebecca," he would say, "on your back." He would follow her in, push her skirt up and take her right there in the parking lot. She loved that, and she would orgasm almost instantly when he penetrated her.

But, they didn't do that anymore. In the last few months their sex had become just what it had been that morning. They usually slept naked, and she would wake up with his hand between her legs. She would spread her legs while he fingered her. When she moistened, he would roll on top of her, enter her, and pump his cock into her a few times until he came. That was it....wham-bam-thank you ma'am. Then he got up, showered, dressed, and went to work In the evenings he would drink. He frequently recited to her all of the nasty things he was going to do to her, and she would get aroused, looking forward to a sex-filled night. But then he usually passed out on the couch, or as soon as he got into bed. She would lay there, listening to him snore; horny and frustrated.

She bought herself a vibrator, and she would use it in times of desperate frustration. Although it relieved her, and she orgasmed with it easily, she missed the sort of excitement she used to feel when they had wild sex ; that oily feeling of fear and excitement like she had when he would display her in public, then fuck her while she was in the midst of that excitement. She sighed again.

Today was shopping day. She had to go grocery shopping. Her list was already made out, sitting downstairs on the kitchen table. She pulled a pair panties and a pair of old jeans out of her dresser and threw them on the bed. Out of another drawer, she grabbed an old sweatshirt and tossed it on the bed, too. She noticed something sticking out of the arm of the sweatshirt, another piece of clothing that had entangled itself in the dryer. She pulled it out....it was her thong panties; the same ones he used to make her wear when they went out, only to make her remove them in public. She sat naked on the bed, absently rubbing the panties against her cheek. She stood up and slipped them on, marveling at how sexy they made her feel, the smooth silk strip between the cheeks of her ass, and another tiny strip just barely covering the center of her womanhood. She left them on.

As she grabbed the jeans, she was seized with a thought, a thought that momentarily shocked her. The compelling thought hadn't even completely formed yet, but she walked to the closet and opened the door. Her short, black skirt hung there on a hanger, and now the idea was taking shape, almost on its own. She stood in front of the mirror, holding the skirt up in front of her. The thought of what she was considering doing was so naughty, her nipples hardened as she stood there. She slipped the skirt on. She closed her eyes and imagined herself in a store full of people, without her husband, sexually aroused with just a wisp of a skirt on. She started breathing heavily, and she wondered if she actually had enough nerve to go through with it.

She felt her self moistening. She opened a drawer and took out her vibrator, fully intending to use it, and then put her jeans and sweatshirt on and go shopping. Then a different thought hit her.

'I could use it when I get back,' she thought with a wicked smile. That would be about as close as she could get to having real sex after hours of flashing herself in public. She threw the vibrator on the bed. She was torn ; dressing up as a slut and going out in public without her husband was almost like cheating on him, she thought. But, on the other hand, if she could re-live that incredible feeling of excitement again....That did it, her mind was made up.

She picked out a white blouse that buttoned down the front. She had worn it with this skirt before. It did not tuck in, and the hem came down to the waist line of the skirt. Her jutting breasts held the blouse open at the bottom, and if she reached up, it exposed her taut tummy and the bottoms of her rib cage. She tried it on without a bra ; she had never worn it bra-less before. The dark circles of her nipples could be faintly seen through the fabric. She walked around the room a few times.

The fabric of the blouse rubbing against her sensitive nipples brought them to attention, and they jutted out clearly. She loved the feeling, and she left the blouse on. She left the first three buttons of the blouse undone, and it exposed just a slight amount of cleavage. She unbuttoned another one. A lot more of her naked breasts were exposed, and she bent over in the mirror. Her long, blonde hair fell over her shoulders, concealing the opening in the blouse. She tied her hair back in a pony-tail and bent over again. She smiled.

'Much better,' she thought wickedly. You could see all the way down her blouse, the breasts and nipples exposed entirely. She stood up and took stock in the mirror.

'Good God,' she thought, 'I look like a complete slut .' Her erect nipples were aching, pushing through the sheer fabric of the blouse, and she began trembling in excitement. She knew she had to do it. At least once. Just to try and re-capture the wonderful, sexual feelings she used to get when her husband exposed her in public. Then she could run home and play with the vibrator.

She returned to the closet, slipped on her high heels and paraded in front of the mirror again. She liked the way the heels accentuated her calf muscles when she walked. She turned around and bent over. The dress hiked up to the bottom of her ass, the molded curves of her buttocks clearly visible. She was ready

Her husband knew she had to shop today, and he had taken the car to work, leaving her with the SUV. As she got into the vehicle, she pictured herself in the back seat, this very-same skirt hiked up around her waist while she guided an erect cock into her hot, needy cunt. The thought made her light-headed.

She pulled into the grocery store parking lot, parking way in the back like her and her husband used to do. She had to sit in the truck for a minute and build up her resolve before she could get out.

'I can do this,' she thought. 'I want this...I need this,' she said to herself, and she finally opened the door and slid out of the seat. A man was loading his groceries a few cars down, and he stopped in mid-loading as he watched this vision of pure sexuality emerge. As she swung her legs out, her bare thighs flashed all the way to her thong-covered crotch. As she slid off the seat, her bare ass cheeks momentarily flashed before the skirt slid back down. She strode across the parking lot, her pert breasts bouncing and swaying under the blouse. Her nipples were erect, and for a moment she wondered if she had made a huge mistake.

She grabbed a shopping cart and headed into the store. She definitely caused a commotion. All heads turned to watch her, and she felt her face become flushed. The men all smiled at her, and the women all glared. Some of the women, especially the older ones, made caustic comments as she passed.

"Slut!" one of them hissed at her.

"You should be ashamed of yourself," another one said. It bothered her at first, shocked her even, but as she built up her confidence, she began to giggle at their comments, and she started to stick her tongue out at the old biddies. That shut them up. She slowly sashayed down the aisles, not even concentrating on what she was doing. She felt glorious and alive, and totally free. She was out in public, almost naked under a few scraps of clothing. She could feel the sexual energy around her, and she could feel all the men's eyes burning into her, and she knew she was the focus of all that sexual energy.

She knew that she could have any man in that store, or all of them for that matter. She mentally pictured a line of erect penises waiting to take her, and she again imagined herself in the back seat of her SUV, guiding the erect penises into her panting body, one by one. The vision made her tremble, and the more aroused she got, the more blatant her displays became. She knew she had attracted a following of men, and it was humorous to see them trying to be discreet as they jockeyed for a position that would allow them to see the show. And she was indeed putting on a show. She ducked in between two men looking at canned goods. She turned sideways and bent over, picking up a can from the bottom shelf, pretending to read the label. The blouse fell away from the front of her, her full breasts totally exposed, while the skirt hiked up the backs of her legs, exposing the bottoms of her naked ass cheeks, and a good portion of ass cleft.