**Shopping with Me**

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If you were to encounter me, it might go something like this:  
  
You notice me and think you have discovered a pleasant diversion, someone to take your mind off your present task for a moment. I'm just another shopper like you, a mature woman at that; not some bouncy young thing who broadcasts that she knows she's hot but you're a pig for leering; rather, I have a sexuality that intrigues you.  
  
You go into stalk-mode and think I am unaware. No mister, I am the hunter and I have targeted you. I'm not even operating alone; I have a bodyguard.  
  
I play my first tease. I browse and examine items on shelves, bending slightly, reaching, and twisting my body. My tongue flicks across my lips; my fingers curl strands of hair behind my ear; my dress strap falls off my shoulder before being tugged back into place. You are certain you did not see a bra strap.  
  
It's time to set the hook. I move around to another aisle, just out of sight. You follow, trying to be as casual as possible. You catch me straightening up with something from a bottom shelf but you're too late to see more than my bare legs and swishing dress.  
  
You curse your slow pace while waiting to see if I put the item back. I'm examining my selection thoroughly, reading every word on the packaging, taking a long time to decide. Your eyes begin to tire from looking sideways before I finally start to bend over.  
  
A quick turn of your head finds I've only leaned and you look elsewhere, pretending to find something, hoping you haven't given yourself away. Oh, you have; like a fish jerking on the line, I know you are hooked. I could repeat my bending if I wanted to amuse myself.  
  
I carry my selection in the crook of my arm and start to walk away from you. You almost start to follow when I do a quick about-face. Startled, you awkwardly turn again to look at merchandise, until I stoop and put my selection down. My thighs stay close together and my dress doesn't droop far enough yet you see a lot of skin.  
  
You are too far away and shadows leave you wondering, 'Is she wearing any underwear?' You vow not to be tardy again and to get closer. You want to know. You have to know.  
  
As I walk away, you don't notice the gesture that signals to my watcher that the game is afoot. He tails us but you are too engrossed in me to realize it. The chase has begun. I will lead you around as long as I can get away with it.  
  
From one department to another, to other stores or shops, if I sense a waning commitment on your part, I will up the ante with a glimpse of boob or ass-cheek but never with a direct line of sight. You will become aggravated at always being in the wrong position.  
  
If you are diligent enough, I will eventually reward you with a long, frontal, down-blouse view of my breasts. Like most of my targets, you're so enthralled with your success, I could easily catch you perving my charms but I give you a pass. You are totally committed at this stage such that nothing will deter you from sighting the holy grail of my body ... my pussy.  
  
I've finally lured you to my playground, a shoe store. Your heart quickens as you analyze the facts that point to a certain unveiling. Your cock is now hanging heavy, causing a noticeable bulge in your pants. I peek through the shoe racks to confirm your arousal and know it's time for a finale.  
  
You anticipate the position you need to take for a front row seat near the closest bench seat and feign interest in some shoes there. I can smile at your total loss of decorum because they are probably for a child or a woman.  
  
Instead, I cross you up by bending over at the waist toward you to slip on a pair of sandals, giving a perfect view of my bare ass to someone else. You are furious. You've been following me for almost thirty minutes and some schmuck gets the money shot with no effort on his part. I almost laugh at your reddened face.  
  
At last, I walk over to the bench seat with two pair of shoes with heel straps. You swallow hard and your cock twitches. Several teasing glimpses between my legs provide no telling detail. Your breath halts with each move I make. When I stand to check the fit, my legs gap open briefly to display something dark. Was it panties or pubes?  
  
Trying on the second pair appears to give me some trouble. I bend sideways to pull and adjust one of the shoe straps but your eyes are locked on my open legs. You can clearly see my naked labial lips, red folds of skin parted to pinkish flesh, and my neatly trimmed pubic hairs. Seconds tick by as you gawk uncontrollably. Five seconds, ten, then fifteen, I struggle and you stare. Your cock is now rock hard. You want to walk over to me, drop to your knees, and dive tongue-first into my heavenly portal.  
  
Suddenly, another man walks up. I stand up and give him a big hug. His hand slips under my dress and cups my ass. I quickly kick off the shoes, slip mine back on, and walk away arm-in arm with him, my ass swishing an enchanting goodbye.  
  
You may decide to duck into a men's restroom to rub one out before finding your way back to your starting point to resume your shopping. Maybe you'll wait until you get home and bang the hell out of your significant other.  
  
Me? I'm either in a restroom or our car, my husband's fingers probing my soaking-wet pussy, rubbing my clit until I explode in a furious orgasm. Being an exhibitionist is very arousing and I take my hobby to a professional level.