**Shopping**

by [nigelfannypatter](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=838904&page=submissions)©

My wife Kim, and I were going to go grocery shopping last week. As usual, I was waiting for her to get ready. When she finally came downstairs, I had to do a double take. She was dressed in the shortest skirt I have ever seen her wear. It was denim and very loose and flouncy. The waistband of the skirt was very low across her hipbones, showing a lot of bare stomach. The hem of the skirt barely covered her ass cheeks as she stood still. She was also wearing one of my old white undershirts, which was very threadbare. I could just make out the shadow of her nipples through the worn cloth.   
  
She giggled as she saw my reaction. "I thought you would like this," she said as she ran her hand across the front of my pants. She was right.  
  
"Are you going out like that?" I was finally able to ask.  
  
"Do you want me to?" Her eyes had that playful look that she usually reserved for the bedroom. "Do you want me to be seen like this in public?"  
  
I thought carefully for a moment. This could be dangerous. It has always been my fantasy for my wife to show off in public, but even though she knew this, she had always dressed very conservatively. It has caused a few fights in the past. Kim didn't understand why I would want other people to look at her. I needed to choose my response delicately in case she was just joking, I didn't want to re-start a fight. Was she just teasing or would she really consent to going out in public like that?   
  
I must have been standing there, contemplating the situation for too long, because she turned on her heel, "Fine I will go change," and started back up the stairs.   
  
"No wait," I called after her. "You look incredible, any man would be crazy to not want to be seen with someone as sexy as you."  
  
She looked at me for a few seconds and then smiled. "You almost blew it." Then she kissed me on the cheek, "Get your keys."  
  
My heart skipped a beat as she bounced past me, her breasts jiggling under the thin shirt. I caught a glimpse of her ass cheeks peeking out from under her skirt and my only thought was, "Is she wearing panties?"  
  
I quickly locked the front door and ran after her. Her legs looked very naked stretching up from her sandals to where her thighs disappeared under the skirt. My question was answered as she slid into the car. Her smooth thighs gave way to a sparse strip of close-cropped red hair that sat nestled atop her moist slit. No panties after all. She grinned and made no move to cover herself.   
  
"Why? I mean what prompted you to dress like this," I asked openly staring, my throbbing erection testifying my approval. "Don't get me wrong, I love it, but why now?"  
  
"I know that you want me to dress sexier, and I just thought I would give it a try. Who knows, if I like it maybe I will do it more often. The grocery store seems like a safe place and it shouldn't be very crowded this time of night." It seemed so surreal, sitting there talking to my normally conservative wife, while she was dressed so sexy. She was sitting very demurely, knees together, hands folded neatly across her lap. In stark contrast, her skirt was riding across the top of her thighs, her red pubic hair openly exposed to me. Each bump we hit in the road caused her small breasts to bounce deliciously under her t-shirt. Her nipples betrayed her arousal. It was an unusually warm night, and I had the air conditioner going. Even so, a light sheen of sweat glistened across her skin causing the fabric to stick to her breasts. Not quite creating a wet t-shirt, but making it very revealing none-the-less.  
  
As we pulled up to the store, she self-consciously pulled the hem of the skirt down and glanced nervously around the parking lot. I parked away from the lights in the back half of the lot. She had been right, the place was nearly deserted, only a few cars. I got out and walked around the car and opened her door. She looked around, took a deep breath and swung her leg out. Her skirt pulled up a little, but that was enough to allow me another tantalizing look between her legs.   
  
"You're going to have to be careful or you are going to give some lucky guy a treat."  
  
She looked at me innocently, sitting halfway in the car, her legs slightly spread, "Is that bad?"  
  
"I don't exactly know what has gotten into you," I said as she pulled herself from the car. "But, I like it."  
  
"I don't quite understand why you like this sort of thing, but if it excites you keep your eyes open big boy, you're in for a treat." She traced her fingers across me chest and left a quick kiss lingering on my cheek. Her hips swayed with each step, making the hem of her skirt play peek-a-boo with her ass cheeks. I ran to catch up, as she entered the store.  
  
The grocery store, like the parking lot, was all but deserted, just a few employees and a handful of patrons throughout the store. I pulled up beside Kim and noticed that the air conditioning was having a very noticeable effect on her. Her nipples were small bullets, and I could almost make out the color of her areolas under the thin white fabric. She looked down and blushed furiously. To her credit did not try to cover herself, even when the teenaged stock boy walked by and almost walked into a display of canned corn. His eyes and mouth, both wide open. I walked closer to her, and whispered in her ear, "Did you see that? He was looking right at you."  
  
"He wasn't looking at looking at me. I am old enough to be his..." she paused for a second with a glint in her eye, "older sister."  
  
"Are you kidding? Of course he was looking at you. You are a wet dream walking," I told her. "He is probably going to go in the back and think about you for a few minutes in the bathroom, if you know what I mean."  
  
"Do you really think so?" The surprise in her voice was real. It was a discussion we often had; she did not think that she was extraordinarily attractive. If she only knew. Maybe after tonight, she would.  
  
Kim looked after the stock boy as he made his way down one of the aisles. He was walking in that patented 'I have a hard-on I am trying to hide' walk. She giggled quietly into my ear, "Only one way to find out. Watch this." Then she bounced down the aisle after stock boy, her walk distinctly playful.  
  
I caught up to them in the frozen food aisle. Kim was reaching into one of the freezers looking at the ice cream. Her admirer was pretending to rearrange the frozen peas but his eyes never left her backside, which was just hiding under the hem of her skirt. The teenager looked at little nervous at my approach, but not nervous enough to miss the show. He tried a little harder to rearrange the peas, but I could still see him sneaking glances at Kim. All three of us froze when Kim dropped a box of ice cream bars. It was quite comical; none of us knew what to do. The stock boy looked at Kim expectantly through the foggy freezer door, Kim looked at me for approval, and I of course gave it with a quick nod. Very slowly, she bent over. Her breathing got a little labored and a flush spread across her cheeks and neck.  
  
The hem of her skirt rose as she bent lower, climbing slowly over the back of her thighs and then up the lower curve of her ass. The stock boy stopped pretending to stack peas and stared openly. The lower half of her goose bumped ass cheeks were exposed to the frigid air. I could see the faint tan lines from her laying out last summer. She continued to bend down, exposing more of her backside, until she was completely bent over at the waist. Almost all of her delicious butt was on display to this stranger and me. I could just make out some red pubic hair sticking out from between her thighs. She held this pose for almost ten seconds, fumbling with the dropped box.  
  
The stock boy caught me looking at him. He quickly closed his freezer door and walked quickly down the aisle toward the back of the store. Kim stood up, her eyes looked wild and her breathing was very ragged.  
  
"Did you see the look on his face when I bent over?" she asked breathlessly.  
  
"I thought he was going to cum in his pants," I told her hugging her tightly.  
  
"He had an erection." Her voice sounded excited and aroused. "It looked pretty big." She grabbed my hand and pulled me to her. "I need you to take me home and fuck me." She only used language like that when we were hot and heavy in bed. She was hot now and I wanted to see how far she would go.  
  
"All in due time," I told her. "I want you ready for me. It looks like this little show has you pretty excited."  
  
"Are you kidding, I am so hot its just about running down my legs. I didn't think that I would get this excited from a stranger seeing my butt, but just look at me."  
  
"He saw more than that," I laughed pulling her toward the back of the store and the deli counter.  
  
Her eyes got wide, "Do you think he saw my..."  
  
"From the look on his face, he got a pretty good glimpse of the promised land," I told her. We rounded the corner and I could see the deli counter only had one customer, a fifty-something woman, and the guy behind the counter.   
  
"Oh my God. I am so hot," she hadn't noticed where we were headed, she was still reliving her exposure to the stock boy.   
  
She looked up and saw where we were headed and smiled at me. Kim put a little extra wiggle in her step. Her skirt had settled back to its original place below her ass and I reached down and pulled it a little lower. At first, Kim looked at me disappointedly, but then she understood. The waistband of the skirt was a very loose hip-hugger type and pulling it lower caused it to expose a broad stretch of her lower belly. I couldn't tell, but I figured that it was about an inch from showing her close-cropped red hair. It looked like if she didn't concentrate on it, the skirt could slip right down her legs. Her hipbones were a good three inches above the waistband of her skirt. She took a deep breath and stepped up to the meat counter. Her nipples were still rock hard and jiggling with each step.   
  
When the guy behind the counter finished up with the fifty-something woman, he turned to Kim and almost fell over. There she stood, her nipples could easily be seen through her thin white shirt, and her skirt started at least five inches below her belly button. She was truly a sight to see. Innocently she looked through the deli meats behind the glass, bending now and then to take a closer look. From behind, I was treated to her lovely cheeks peeking out at me. From the front our friend, his nametag said 'Phil' got just a good a show. The neck of Kim's t-shirt was very loose and fell away from her chest when she bent over, allowing a nice view all the way down to her belly. He must have had a great, unobstructed view of her hard nipples.   
  
Kim stood there, letting this guy look down her shirt for at least five minutes. Then she asked to have a sample of some honey ham. Phil told her that he didn't have any cut, but he could slice some up for her. She thanked him and he put some up on the slicer. Kim gave me a 'watch this look' and asked, "Could I come back there and watch you? I have been wanting to get a meat slicer and I was wondering how to use it."  
  
Phil looked at me warily, as she walked around the side of the counter. I shrugged my shoulders at the guy and tried to look disinterested. My heavy breathing and tightness in my pants, betrayed my real emotions. Kim trotted around the side of the counter and bounced up next to the guy.   
  
The deli area was now deserted, just Kim and I and, of course, her current admirer. Kim stood on her tiptoes, looking over the Phil's shoulder watching as he got the slicer ready. From the back, Kim's skirt rode low across her hips, almost allowing the crack of her ass to show. The more she stretched to see, the lower her skirt slipped. Phil kept glancing back at Kim. Her shirt had ridden high against her belly and the skirt threatened to plunge to the floor. I noticed that Kim had moved closer to Phil with her hand on his shoulder, trying to see what he was doing. All the while, I stood back and watched to see what my, up until now very conservative, wife was going to do next. This morning, I never would have thought I would be watching my wife standing next to a complete stranger, with her skirt almost around her ankles. But there it was, slipping inch by inch over her firm ass.  
  
Phil had gotten the machine ready and bent over to retrieve the ham from a low cabinet. Kim bent over also. But as she did, she hooked her thumb into the waistband of her skirt and tugged it down even further. From where I was standing behind them, I could see at least an inch or two of ass crack. I'm sure that from Phil's point of view, if he could not see a few curly red hairs peeking up at him, it was because he wasn't trying. Kim's skirt was now barely hanging from her hips. I couldn't believe that she was doing this. She was almost naked in a public store, practically hanging on a strange guy. But I could tell from her breathing and the flush across her neck, she was enjoying this.  
  
Phil plopped the meat on the machine, never taking his eyes of Kim. He kept glancing back at me, making sure that I wasn't going to come over the counter at him for staring at my wife. I played the completely unconcerned husband, looking around just waiting to leave. This seemed to relax Phil a little. He slid in a little closer to Kim, even reaching across her to turn on the slicer. When he did that, I could see Kim arch her back a little, which caused her breasts to brush against his arm. I wasn't sure how far Kim was going to take this little game, but I was sure that I wanted to watch.   
  
I moved a little to the left, and I could see why Phil was getting so worried about me standing there. Kim's skirt had slid down even further in the front than I had thought. One side of it was draped along her hipbone, while the other side had slipped down even further, exposing about an inch of her pubic hair. She brushed against Phil's hip, which rotated the skirt a little and exposed about half a tanned ass cheek. She was virtually bottomless now.   
  
Kim asked, "Can I try to slice some. You know, to get the feel for it," she purred suggestively. Phil looked over his shoulder at me, but I quickly looked away pretending to be bored.  
  
"Well, it's against store policy..." he paused looking down at Kim's soft red, half covered, pussy. "...But since nobody else is around. I guess it would be okay as long as you're careful."  
  
Kim slid in front of Phil, brushing her half-covered ass against the front of his pants. I'm sure that she felt his obviously erect penis, as it slide across her naked skin. Getting into it now, Phil reached both arms around Kim and guided her hands, showing her how to use the slicer. After a few seconds, they both got into a rhythm as the slicer hummed and chunked slices of ham onto the counter. From the behind it looked as if he was actually having sex with her. From the side, I watched Kim's skirt slip even lower with the motion of Phil's body against her. Then, in long slow instant, Kim's skirt slipped again, this time it fell to the floor. I had given up my covert watching, and was now staring intently at the two of them. Phil still had his arms around Kim, who was now bare-assed. They continued for a few moments, not realizing the skirt now lay on the floor. Her ass cheeks quivered with each slicing motion and I could see that she had her eyes closed. She was obviously enjoying the feeling of his erection pressing against her bare ass.   
  
Kim finally let out a mock squeal, looking around as if embarrassed. "My skirt," she exclaimed.   
  
Phil looked down and saw Kim's naked pussy staring back at him. He just stood there for what seemed like an eternity before looking around to see if anyone was around.  
  
She held up her hands, covered with ham grease. "It is a new skirt and I don't want to get grease all over it. Can you pull it up for me?" Standing there wearing only a thin t-shirt, she looked pleadingly into his eyes.   
  
Then with a sly grin she said, "Wait, you have grease on your hands too. Is there someplace in the back where I could wash my hands?"   
  
Phil nodded, unable to speak, as Kim stepped out of her skirt. Phil led a very bottomless Kim into the back through a swinging door. Kim flashed me a big smile, just before her bare ass disappeared into the backroom.   
  
I stood there for at least five minutes. Then Kim reappeared, still naked from the waist down, her face flushed and her breathing ragged. She quickly darted over and grabbed her skirt off the floor. Then stepping quickly into it, she rounded the end of the counter pulling the skirt up over her naked ass. Phil poked his head out from the backroom, as Kim pulled me toward the front of the store. We half ran out of the store, Kim's skirt threatening to again attempt it's disappearing act. We made it out to the parking lot, and into the night air. Kim was still very flushed. A few steps outside the store, she turned to me with a very serious look in her face.  
  
"Please tell me that you don't hate me now."  
  
I couldn't believe this. My very straight-laced wife had just fulfilled my deepest fantasy and she thought that I would be mad at her.  
  
"Are you kidding me," I took her hand and placed it on my still very erect member. "Does this tell you how I feel about this?"   
  
She giggled and leaned over to whisper in my ear. "Do you want to hear what happened in the backroom?"  
  
I nodded, walking back across the darkened parking lot to the car.   
  
"When Phil led me half naked into the backroom, I didn't know if there was going to be anyone back there. I was so excited I wanted to touch myself. He never took his eyes off my naked bottom and I could feel my juices running down my thighs.  
  
"I was kind of disappointed that there was no one back there to see me. I don't know why it excited me so much, but I was very close to cumming."  
  
"Did you want him to touch you," I asked slipping my hand under her skirt from behind. Boy, she wasn't kidding about it dripping down her thighs, she was soaked.  
  
"Just wait," she said. "I'm getting to that."  
  
Getting to that? My mind was racing. Had she let that guy touch her? Did she let him fuck her? She was certainly gone long enough for a quickie. And it would have been easy for Phil to whip it out and slip it right into her very wet pussy.  
  
"Phil led me over to the sink and turned on the water. As I washed my hands, he was standing next to me, just looking. His hip was almost touching mine. Then he reached both arms around me to wash his hands. He leaned against me from behind and through the roughness of his pants, I could feel his erection. It was nestled between my ass cheeks. I pushed back against him and I felt him start pumping his penis against me."  
  
"Did you let him..." my voice trailed off.   
  
"I'm getting to that," she panted. "I told him that he could not fuck me. Then I reached behind me and ran my hand over his erection. God it was big! I unzipped his pants and...are you sure you want to hear this?"  
  
"Yes," I almost screamed. I was ready to cum right there just from hearing her story.  
  
She glanced down at my erect penis and then continued. "I unzipped his pants and pulled out his penis. Like I said it was very thick and hot. I slipped it between my legs and slid it along my pussy lips."  
  
By now, Kim was openly masturbating in the car as we drove home. Her legs were spread wide, and her fingers were buried deeply in her pussy. The car was filled with the squishy sloppy sounds of her pleasuring herself.  
  
"His big dick was drenched in my juices, sliding between my pussy lips. It would have been so easy to just slip the head between my lips and ..." she let the orgasm wash over her then. Her breathing was ragged and loud. After the shuddering stopped, she continued.  
  
"He was thrusting between my thighs, his penis almost slipping inside me. Then he speed up and he came. He actually came just from rubbing between my thighs."

I looked down and realized that the wetness that I thought was just Kim's juices, was actually sperm. It was practically running down her legs.   
  
"He just kept cumming and cumming. I am drenched in it."  
  
I looked at my conservative wife, with another man's sperm running down her thighs. She never looked sexier.