A Trip To The Mall Changed Everything

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Just a simple trip to the mall changed my life.

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Chapter 1

I haven't had what I would call life-changing experiences very often, a few like beginning piano lessons which gave me a passion that continues to this day. My first sex which, well, of course, continues that passion to this day. It was with my husband, well, not my husband then, but he was my first. I was in college, yes, I was late getting into sex, and it was wonderful. Still is.

Then there was the day at the mall a while back. There's a story. And it also involves sex.

Now, I was raised by two parents who were not at all forthcoming about sex, I basically had to learn everything from a twelve-page pamphlet my mother gave me, she got it from our preacher, along with what I picked up from the girls I knew. Hardly the best way but that's what happened.

So, my sex with Rich, who became my husband, has been an interesting road. It took him quite a while to get me in any position other than missionary and oral sex was something that I did very reluctantly and I never sucked him to completion, just finishing him by hand each time he would talk me into it. I never initiated any kind of sex, even oral on me, it was always his idea.

Did I enjoy sex? Yes, I did but I was just never relaxed about it, always tight, thinking, in the back of my mind, that sex was dirty and that maybe it shouldn't just be enjoyed simply for the pleasure and closeness it brought. I hardly ever masturbated, either, thinking that sex was not a sole pleasure but always shared.

Well, this drove poor Rich crazy, of course, he was from a much more open family and, I guess, also being a guy probably helped.

He did talk to me about being more open, that sex was really many things, there to be enjoyed in its

many forms. He even told me of some of the forms it took. Well, some really did surprise me. The idea of sex with anyone but him, for example.

I remember the first time he brought up the idea of getting another man for me. I'd only ever had sex with him, why not experience other men as well. My husband! My husband suggesting that I let other men fuck me.

He would bring these things up from time to time and they often led to hurt feelings, even a few arguments. He would accuse me of being up-tight and closed, I would accuse him of being loose and not loving me the way I was.

Was I always happy being so limited in my outlook at sex? No. I did know a few women who had very active sex lives, yes, married, but they talked about how they enjoyed frequent sex in all manner of ways, some rather interesting and enticing, actually. Even with men other than their husbands. One was seeing another man behind her husband's back, the other was having sex with three of her husband's friends, usually with him as well.

Even though I didn't always like having some of my inhibitions, it was just so difficult to shed them. That is, until I went to the mall one Saturday.

I was walking down to Nordstrom's, past a bunch of smaller shops when a young woman came out of one of them and began walking the same direction in front of me. She was dressed in a tight top and a very short skirt and would stop every now and then to bend over or set a shopping bag down, then crouch to root around inside.

Well, every time she did, she exposed herself, she was not wearing any panties from the look of it or it was a very skimpy thong and, not surprisingly, she had gathered a contingent of young men who were intent on getting an eyeful of her bare bottom. I could even see the slit between the plump labia between her thighs.

She went into the Nordstrom's and I caught up with her just by the perfume counters.

"Excuse me, miss, um, I want to let you know that every time you bend down or look in your bag, well, you're exposing yourself to the group of guys who seem to be following you." There I did my good deed for the day, I thought.

She laughed and whispered, "Well, that's the whole idea, I'm afraid."

"So you're doing it deliberately?"

"Oh, it makes me so hot, so sexed-up to know that they're following me around and I'm making them all hard and horny, oh, yeah, I love doing this. It makes me so wet knowing they're looking at me. But thanks, anyway," and she winked and went on swinging her hips from side to side as her fans followed behind.

What a world, I thought, then realized that I had vaginal secretions soaking my panties as my pussy tingled and throbbed standing there at the counter. I walked slowly the way she had gone, watching from behind the group of men as she held them all entranced as she teased them through the store.

Well, the truth is, I watched this long enough that I had to scout out a ladies room and masturbate seeking some relief so I could even go on with my shopping. But, even though I did get off in the stall, I was just so wound-up, I had to go home.

I got into the house and there was Rich sitting at the kitchen table rewiring a table lamp that needed a new cord. I reached right out for his shoulder, gripped his tee shirt and pulled him down the hall, "Come with me, I want you to fuck me right now, come on."

We got into the bedroom and I had my clothes off in seconds, flopping onto the bed, legs wide and so eager, so ready.

"Come on, Rich, I am so horny, fuck me, come on." He got down between my legs and jammed into me as I began wildly gyrating under him as he stroked in and out of me.

"Mmm, faster, Rich, mmm, mmm, oh, yeah, fuck me, mmm, mmm, more, mmm, more, yeah," and I humped and ground my pussy up at him as his hands rubbed my breasts, my hands over his, pressing them tight on my hot boobs.

I love orgasms and am occasionally a bit vocal but this afternoon I was screaming. Thank god the house was closed up.

"OH, OH, I'M CUMMING, I'M CUMMING, OMIGOD, FUCK ME, RICH, FUCK ME."

Well, you can imagine my husband, his sexually-repressed little wifey having the orgasm of her life and screaming it out for all to hear.

"Hon, are you all right? You okay?"

"Just don't stop, Rich, it's not enough, I want you to keep on fucking me, just don't stop, please."

"Sure, hon, sure," and he kept stroking in and out of me as I kept changing angles under him to get the maximum I could from his cock.

He took me through three orgasms, he came once and I begged him to keep going, promising that I'd suck him any time he wanted just to fuck me more.

After all that, he rolled off me, and asked, "Did you buy some kind of Viagra for women?"

I laughed and said, "No, you just won't believe what happened at the mall, today."

"The mall, the shopping mall? You've got to tell me this."

So I did, I told him about the young woman, the guys following her, what I said and what she said, then my following them around the store and, finally, that I was so horny, I had to go get myself off, then race home for more.

"Well, I sure don't mind, hon, that's the best sex we've ever had, you were really wound-up. And did you mean what you said, you know, about sucking me off whenever I want?" he asked with a big, big grin.

I looked down and he was pretty hard again so I got on my knees, bent down and proved to him that I was serious. And, well, you know, his cum was really pretty nice. It was a real turn-on to be able to bring a man off like that just with my mouth. Yes, I loved it, I really did.

"Well, I'm sure glad you went shopping today, this has been great." We snuggled and kissed and after a while we got up, fixed dinner and soon were back in bed for another fuck.

I slept like the rock everyone talks about, then woke up on Sunday morning, just as sexually aroused and horny as the day before, my pussy throbbing and wet. Rich was on his side facing away from me. I flipped the covers off and rolled him toward me onto his back, bent over him and took his soft cock into my mouth and began sucking is as it swelled and expanded.

I was never much into sucking on Rich's dick and the few times I did do it, he was already hard. This time, though, I caught him asleep, his dick soft and small and floppy as my mouth opened over it and took it in. Each soft suck enlarged it as it lengthened and swelled. This was a new experience for me and it was thrilling. The power I felt as my mouth transformed it from a little child's formless plaything into a raging, passionate shaft craving for release, yearning to yield its hot, sticky cum into any warm, wet haven it can find.

He was soon awake, moaning as I sucked and licked and stroked him into fountains of cum shooting against the back of my throat as I swallowed his happy load.

"Oh, mmm, what a way to be woken up in the morning, mmm, thanks, hon."

I looked up at him, smiling and replied, "Maybe I'll get you up like this every day. Would you like that?"

I knew his answer, of course, even before he told me. We snuggled in each other's arms kissing, his tongue roaming my cummy mouth. We were both getting hungry so we got up and, staying naked at his suggestion, we went and had breakfast, enjoying playing with each other as we had our coffee and croissants.

"Well, we've got the whole day together, what do you want to do, hon?" he asked me.

"Honestly, I'd love another good fuck. Any interest?"

Since I was already feeling his cock regain its interest, I had a good idea of what the answer might be.

"You've got a deal. What else today?"

"Oh, haven't thought that far ahead, really," I answered already wanting another round of sex, just feeling insatiable.

"How about a trip to the mall for you? Maybe that short, black leather skirt, no panties, um, that white tube top, high heels?"

"Oh, Rich, you are kidding. Me? You know there's no way your up-tight wife would do such a slutty thing. Come on."

"No, I mean it. Look at you, Rita. You look so good. Your breasts are nice and firm, not a bit of sag. Your legs are to die for and your ass is the best. I'd even give that pretty puss of your's a nice close shave so it's just right. You'll have a band of pussy hounds leaving trails of cum all through the mall. You'd love it. Look how wet you are just thinking about it."

He was right about that. I could feel my juices drooling down under me, yes, the idea had me massively turned-on.

"Okay, yes, I'm really hot thinking about it. You happy now?"

"Well, why not do it? I'll even take you over to the mall on the other side of town, we never go there. And I'd follow you to make sure everything went okay."

I was actually thinking of doing it. Well, really, my pussy was thinking of doing it, my brain was so taken over by my pussy, I couldn't think straight. He reached out, took my hand and led me back to our bedroom. I knelt down and sucked him good and hard then had him lay down, got up over him and squatted down over his cock, twisting back and forth as he went up inside me.

Oh, I fucked him like I've never fucked him before. I was wild, jumping up and down on his cock, holding his hands to my breasts, going hard for a cum. And when it happened, it was enormous, just the best. We both came within seconds of each other and I collapsed over him panting and so happy. These last twenty-four hours of sex, even less than that, actually, well, it's been the best.

I just had no idea how sexually aroused I was capable of getting. Here I thought I knew myself, well, not at all. Sex had just taken me over, it ruled me, was all I could think about. I even was still fucking him up and down. Usually I got off and we snuggled but I wanted his cock and, well, for the first time in my life, I wanted any cock.

"So, how about the mall?"

"And you'll be there?"

"Yep, and you can see just how sexy you are."

"What if it causes a riot?" I asked jokingly.

"Well, not likely but you might get some hits from your admirers. What then?" he asked me.

"You think I'll get propositioned?"

"Almost certain. What would you do?"

"In the mall?"

"Yeah, the mall. What if one, two, three guys wanted to poke that pretty pussy of yours? What then?"

"You ask me this when you're going to be there?"

"Hon, if all this turns you on and you want to go for it, well, it's okay with me. Just make sure you have condoms, we can get some at the drugstore there."

"Fucked at the mall? You are kidding. Maybe go into a bedding store?"

"There's always a handicapped or a family bathroom around, lock it and have some fun. I'll even scout one out for you."

"No, I just couldn't do that. I'd walk around, maybe, flashing my pussy, you know, seeing how many guys I can get interested, see how they look, yeah, that turns me on. But, oh, I just couldn't have sex with them."

"Okay, do it that way. Wanna go this afternoon? Show this pretty pussy off?"

Again, I let that pretty pussy decide and nodded, yes.

Chapter 2

He went and got a razor and shaving gel and lathered me up making it feel so nice, then whisked off every trace of stubble, wiping me clean. Then some body lotion which he took lots of time with making me even hotter that I was already. I was torn between fucking him again and getting dressed up and going to the mall trolling for hard cocks. I couldn't believe how I was acting. I hope my mother never finds out.

I pulled down the tube top over my breasts and narrowed it so I look really hot with the tops of my boobs up over top edge, then pulled on the leather skirt and walked over to the full-length mirror and turned around.

Walking away, I could just see the bottom curves of my ass cheeks and when I leaned forward, yes, there it is, just the bottom of my slit peeking out from between my thighs. I bent like I might to pick something up and, looking back, oh pussy for sure. Right there. Unmissable.

"Oh, hon, you could turn-on a telephone pole the way you look. You just wait, you're gonna love this, I just know you will. I sure will. Ready?"

It was about a thirty mile drive across the city and I was trying to keep myself from shaking the whole way.

Then, Rich pulled up to an entrance and let me off so he could park the car.

"Just go in, I'll be right there," he said and I took a deep breath adding to my courage and also to my bustline and slowly walked through the automatic doors into the chilled interior of the mall. It was cool, thankfully, as I was so hot, knowing what I looked like.

I slowly started down the wide hall with shops lining the sides, then turned a bit and saw Rich coming in the doors. I let out my breath in relief that I had gotten that far without creating a disturbance. I walked to where several more halls went out at angles and went to the rightmost one which led to one of the major department stores.

There were jewelry kiosks and other little stands along the way and I would stop and look at merchandise along the way, scanning back to see if I had any admirers and, oh, my, six guys were following me, two men and four boys in their late teens. The next time I stopped and surveyed, I counted six men and the same four boys. It seemed like a good time to set down my shopping bag as I looked over the merchandise on the counter.

Rich walked past me, smiled, winking, as he dropped a pack of condoms in my bag. I bent down to root around as the guys nudged each other and snickered to one other.

Well, here's the pussy, I thought, as I got down and crouched to look through my bag giving them a good shot, even spreading my stance a bit to open my lips to them just slightly. I let them look for several minutes as I pretended I was looking for something. The last time I looked, there were thirteen men and six boys. I just couldn't do any more.

I rose up, smiled at the gathered crowd and slowly retraced my steps back down to the exit and stood outside as Rich went to get the car.

"Excuse me, I'd just give anything to fuck you." I turned and here was this man, about thirty-five, quite nice looking, grinning at me as our car pulled up.

I smiled, leaned forward, kissed him softly on the lips and whispered, "Maybe next time, this time next week," and got in the car.

"God, hon, you are so hot," Rich said to me as soon as he pulled away from the curb.

"Find a place, quick, somewhere we won't be seen. You've got to fuck me right now, before I go crazy."

"Oh, geez, yeah, um, let's go down Lenoir Boulevard, there's an industrial district back in there, just hang on," he pleaded as I was leaning over opening his fly.

He took several turns and soon we were back behind a myriad of warehouse-style buildings where he stopped and we both quickly got in the back seat and he fucked me just like I wanted to be fucked, hard, fast and deep. I came three times before he shot deep into me.

I made him keep his cock out as we drove home so I could hold it and please it as much as I could, until he could fuck me with it again.

As soon as we got into the house, I was out of my clothes and all over Rich, literally pulling him toward our bedroom by his cock.

"Easy, hon, easy, damn, not too hard, careful with that."

I pulled his clothes off, knelt down and sucked him as hard as I could then jumped on our bed, still unmade from earlier, still a big wet spot from our earlier coupling, and made him fuck me as hard and fast as he could. Then, after supper, I had him fuck me again. I just couldn't calm my pussy down.

The rest of the week, I would dress in the tubetop and leather skirt to greet him when he came home and lead him right into the bedroom for a frantic session of wild sex. I also sucked him off every morning before we left for work, we were at each other all the time now. I couldn't believe how sexually-inhibited I used to be. Now, well, now I was a sexual exhibitionist.

Every weekend now, I would dress provocatively and we would head for the mall across town. And, yes, the man who told me he wanted to fuck me that first time just before I got into our car, yes, he was back every time now, with the same question. And, each time I gave him a peck and told him to keep trying, maybe some day soon.

Poor guy, I bet he was jacking off all the way home each Sunday afternoon.

Then, on the way to the mall one Sunday afternoon, I told Rich, "You know that guy that keeps coming to the mall to follow me around, then comes out to the car when I leave?"

"Oh, yeah, poor guy, does he want to fuck you."

"Well, I do feel kind of guilty about getting him all worked-up, then just leaving him with a drippy hard cock."

"Why not let him fuck you?"

"You mean like in a bathroom or something? You aren't kidding?"

"No, I mean it. Let him get in the car then we'll go to that warehouse area and he can fuck you, then I will."

It took me a while to make sure that he really meant what he was suggesting and, well, I let my pussy decide for me again.

So, I did my mall walk, far different than the senior citizens did during the week, and gathered my admirers behind. Then, back outside, I turned to the guy who seemed to be my greatest fan and said, "If you have a little extra time today, hop in the car with me and I'll let you have what you want."

Right then, Rich pulled up and I opened the back door and slid in, leaving the door open. It quickly swung closed and my new friend slid over next to me as we pulled away from the mall and headed to our secluded business spot.

"I'm Rita and this is Rich. He's fine with whatever happens, so what's your name?"

"I'm Drew and I can't believe I'm really here in the car with you."

"Well, here's what you've been wanting." I turned my body toward him and opened my legs giving him his first view of my pussy head on, the full thing.

"Oh, you're so hot, what a pussy you have and wet, too."

"Really wet after parading around in front of all you horny guys."

We were turning into the industrial park and heading for the back end to find a nice, quiet spot when I reached over and took his hand and led it to my open thighs.

His fingers were rubbing my wetness up and down as I watched him slide a finger inside me and begin finger-fucking me.

Rich pulled into an isolated spot, then got out, opened my door and had me get out, take off my top and lean onto the car's warm hood, spreading my legs as he asked Drew if he was ready. He pulled his belt open, unzipped and slid his pants and boxers down and waddled up behind me. Rich was

holding out a condom and Drew rolled it on then pressed up against me as I felt his cock glide into my wet, slippery love tunnel, then begin that wonderful moving back and forth.

I was twisting and turning my butt around as he fucked me, Rich standing back a way, his cock out in his hand slowly rubbing back and forth. Oh, I was so hot, so sexed-up, so turned-on, I felt my juices running down both legs as my new lover fucked me, I was loving every second of it. Oh, how much I had changed.

Suddenly he bucked into me, pushing me right up against the car, groaning, spurting his warm cum up into me.

"UUH, UUH, UUNH, UUNH, oh, uh, mmm, oh, man, this is so good. God, I've wanted to fuck you like this for so long."

He just kept going and it took me right up to a massive orgasm that had me shaking and trembling as my whole body was pulsed with floods of ecstasy culminating from my new lifestyle as a slut. I was loving it.

Then, Rich moved up and took over, shoving his hard cock up into me as I lay my head down on the warm hood and he fucked in and out of me on and on, over and over as my hot juices dribbled down my legs.

He soon shot his load and Drew asked him if he could do me again so I got a third fucking out behind the warehouses that afternoon. We drove Drew back to the mall and dropped him off at his car, a happier man with a tale to tell his friends, I'm sure.

The next time we went to the mall was about a month later. I have to say, our sex life was totally changed. I was so wired-up now, so sexualized, that I wanted Rich to fuck me every day at least once. I was sucking his cock every morning and as soon as we were home we did oral on each other then to bed early and fucked long and slow. It was wonderful.

In addition to Drew, I had chosen another guy at the mall, Will, to take to our fuck-spot for some fun and even, one Sunday afternoon, Rich and I had them both follow us home and I got fucked the rest of the day and well into the night. I counted this time, eleven times. I could hardly walk the next day but loved every second of it.

We kept contact with Drew and Will and they became regulars around our house for threesomes or foursomes fucking me until I had enough, that wasn't very often, either.

So, a trip to the shopping mall made all the difference. I suggest that if your sex life has gotten a bit dull or routine, just go mall-walking, seniors do it all the time. They just don't dress the way I do. Have fun. I sure do.