**In the Shopping Mall**

by Emi Tsuruta

Do you ever have one of those days where nothing seems to go right? I guess it all started when Yuuki - the girl who works in the mall here in Oceanview - called me up, and invited me to come in, and meet her boss, Mr. Kishitani. I'd agreed to fill in for her at her kiosk in the mall, and now she had this friend coming to town to visit. Yuuki promised that this would only be for a day or two while she showed her friend around.

The day came, so I went down, and met Mr. Kishitani. He seemed like a nice guy. He took me out for a coffee, and flirted with me a bit before we got down to business. He was maybe thirty or so, well-dressed, but apparently still single. I knew that Yuuki had her eyes on him though, so I tried to act professional. Eventually, he turned more serious, and told me what all I had to do. It didn't sound that hard really.

Then the morning I was supposed to go in, we were in the middle of this heat wave. It was absolutely sweltering out the night before. I had to get up early, so Mr. Kishitani could show me how to open up, and work the cash register and everything. It was like six a.m. My American host family don't usually get up till eight, so it was really quiet in the house. I quickly stripped out of my nighty, grabbed a towel, and ran across - naked - to the bathroom to have a shower. I knew I probably shouldn't be running around the house naked with my host family home, but none of them were up anyway.

In the shower, I tried to remember all the things Yuuki and Mr. Kishitani had told me. What did Yuuki say again? 'Part of it is you've got to dress the part, flirt with the customers.' I guess she's expecting me to wear some of those clothes she gave me. I sure hope they fit alright.

I shut off the shower, and toweled off, examining my body in the mirror. I'd kept in pretty good shape with my swimming and all. I cupped my breasts, and lifted them up checking how they looked. I slid my hand down over my tummy and through my pubic hair shuddering a bit as my fingertips brushed against my hello kitty. It's too bad I have to work today. I felt like calling my boyfriend Ryosuke and fooling around. I turned around to examine my fanny next. Ryosuke is always on about what a great ass I have. I wasn't so sure, but anyway, I was glad he liked it. I spread my legs, and dabbed at my pussy with the towel, getting a little excited.

I was getting hungry though, and had to get ready for work, so I wrapped the towel around me, and headed down to the kitchen. It sounded like my host family were all still asleep. I poured myself some tea, popped a slice of bread in the toaster, and sat down. I listened again to see if they were up, but it was still quiet, so I undid my towel, and lifted it up to dry off my hair. I felt a bit naughty sitting there naked in the kitchen.

It looked like it was going to be a beautiful day out. I got up, went to the back door, and peered out at the backyard. It's really too bad I have to work. It would be nice to spend some time outside too.

The suddenly, I heard shuffling noises coming from upstairs. Oh oh. Someone is up. I quickly wrapped the towel back around me, and went back upstairs to my room. I dug out the white lace tube top and fluffy red sweatpants that Yuuki had given me. A bit sexier than I usually dress, but if I was going to flirt, I had to look the part.

It took a couple of tries to get my breasts to stay in the top. The top pressed my breasts together leaving this little crack where my cleavage was. The pants were kind of low cut too. I tugged them up, but the waistband hung pretty low. I wondered if it was too revealing, but anyway, this was the way Yuuki dressed when she was working. Once I was all set, I rushed back downstairs, and finished my breakfast. My host mom Loretta came down, and saw me, but she didn't say anything about my outfit.

Once I was out on the street, I began to worry more. My sweatpants were riding so low you could kind of see my panties sticking out over the top. Drat! Maybe I should run back, and grab some low rise panties. Before I could, the bus came. I reluctantly got on, and sat right at the back trying to figure out what to do. I didn't really want to have my underwear showing on the first day of my new job.

I sat there, and thought about it for a while, and then I got an idea. What if I just take my panties right off? Then they wouldn't show. Yuuki had even said something about going commando when wearing low rise pants like this.

I glanced around. It was so early in the morning the bus was almost empty. There were a few other people on the bus, but they were all facing forward away from me. I wonder if I can just quickly change...

There was a girl sitting in front of me, and a few middle-aged ladies sitting further up. They seemed to be focused on other things, so I quickly undid the front string that keeps my sweatpants up. I know it sounds kind of silly, but I was getting all excited at the thought of stripping on the bus.

I carefully lifted my rear, and slid my pants and panties down to my knees. The warm vinyl seat felt so strange on my bare behind. I pushed my pants and panties down to my ankles, my senses tingling with excitement. None of the other passengers were looking this way, but I felt insanely indecent sitting here with just my tube top on, my pants around my ankles. I finally took my shoes off, and pried my pants and panties off over my socks. I felt relieved in a way, but now I was sitting here practically naked in the bright morning sun. I stuck a hand between my legs dabbing at my hello kitty, but that just made the tingling worse.

I jumped as the bus suddenly pulled to a stop. I watched, all tense, as the girl in front of me got up, and got off the bus. I glanced up at the front, and two young school boys were getting on. I was starting to panic because here I was sitting here nearly naked, and they were heading right this way. Luckily for me, they didn't come all the way to the back, but ended up sitting a few rows ahead. They both eyed me suspiciously, but eventually turned, and looked out the window. I quickly gathered up my sweatpants, and shook them out. My hands were shaking now, but I finally managed to step into my pants, and pull them up. Phew! That was close.

Even dressed, it still felt strange sitting here with no panties on. I could feel the soft seam of the sweatpants brushing up against my you know where. I frantically tried to do up the string. In my panic though, I pulled so hard that the end of the string disappeared off inside the hole where the belt goes. I tried to pull it back out, but I was having trouble getting a grip on the knot through the material. Before I had time to fix it, we'd arrived at my stop at the mall. Note sure what else to do, I gathered up the string, and stuffed it down the front of my pants.

I rushed off the bus, hurrying along so as not to be late, but I had this distinctly breezy feeling around my hips. These were Yuuki's sweatpants, but without the string, they were sliding way exposing the top of my butt crack. I don't think anyone in the parking lot noticed, but I can't walk around the mall like this.

Mr. Kishitani was waiting for me in front of the kiosk. He smiled when he saw me, glancing first at my breasts and then down at my bare midriff. I tried to smile, and act like nothing was wrong, but I was probably blushing. To get ready to open, we had to move these tote bags and stuff from his storage locker down to the kiosk. I scooped up a bunch, but as I carried them over through the empty mall, I could feel my sweatpants slipping down. Mr. Kishitani was trying not to be too obvious about it, but he was clearly amused by the sight of the fleshy white cheeks of my bare behind. I am glad someone thinks it's funny. I was so embarrassed really. I hadn't meant for this to happen at all.

"How old are you, Emi?" he asked.

"22."

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

I kind of flinched at the question. As I said, I knew Yuuki was interested in him, and didn't want to get in her way.

"Um, yeah, I do," I whispered shyly.

Eventually, we managed to get all the merchandise out on the stand. I finally pulled my pants back up. Mr. Kishitani was still smiling. He hung around for the longest time, obviously enjoying watching me squirm. Finally, I said,

"I think I can handle it from here. I'm sure you must be very busy..."

He looked deep in my eyes, a bit hurt perhaps that I was chasing him off. He finally nodded.

"Um, yeah. Hey listen. I'll give you my cell phone number, and if you need anything, just give me a call. OK?"

"Yeah, sure. Thanks. I will."

Eventually, he headed out leaving me to man the booth alone.

I went down to one end, and sat down. The kiosk was right out in the middle of the mall, so people kept walking by on either side. My buns were still showing, but luckily, most people didn't look. I played with the drawstring some more, trying to work the one end out of the belt. I ended up giving my boyfriend Ryosuke a call to ask him to drop by. He's pretty good with his hands. Maybe he'll be able to get it out.

Eventually, I got thirsty, so I went into the drugstore. While I was standing deciding what drink to get, a stock boy saw me, and came over.

"Hey, you are that new girl... replacing Yuuki, right?"

"Um, yeah. Just for a day or two."

He was trying to be polite, but slowly, he lowered his eyes to focus on my delicate derriere. Self conscious, I tugged on the waistband trying to get it to stay up.

"Hey, listen," he said leaning forward. "If you need any help, give me a shout. My name is Carl."

I nodded, and then waited for him to leave. I'm sure he was a nice guy or whatever, but it was just I felt so jumpy in this get-up. I hope he doesn't get the wrong idea. Anyway, I finally grabbed a drink, paid for it, and headed back to the kiosk.

Soon, the mall started to fill up with people. When guys came up behind me, they would almost inevitably look this way. I was hoping they might buy something, but actually, they seemed more interested in my buns than anything we had on sale. I kept pulling up the waistband, but without the string to hold it, it would just fall back down as soon as I let go.

Eventually, this one man in a business suit stopped to look at our things. He seemed more serious than most of the people, but he did sneak a few glances over at me. I looked at him sheepishly, and eventually, he came this way.

"This is quite a selection you have here," he smiled.

"Thanks," I nodded. He was clean-cut and handsome.

"What are these here?" he asked pointing into the showcase.

"Sailor Moon slippers."

"And this?"

"That's a Pokemon fanny pack."

"Can I take a look?"

I dug out the key, and squatted down to open the case. When I glanced back though, he was peering down at my tush. It seems that when I squatted down, that pulled my waistband down, leaving my delicate buns on display. I fiddled with the lock, frantically trying to get the case open. I didn't mean to flash him, but bending this way pulled the waist way down. I looked back at him, almost apologetically. I didn't want him to think I was flashing him on purpose. He didn't seem upset though. He just smiled, evidently quite happy to get a look at my bottom.

Another younger guy in a hoodie wandered by, and you should have seen the look on his face. I wasn't really sure how much they could see, but just from his look of shock, I guess practically my whole behind was showing.

I eventually got the case open, pulled out the pack, and stood back up, blushing like crazy. The gentleman was trying not to make a big deal about it. I pulled my pants back up, and showed him the pack.

"How do you wear it?" he asked calmly. My heart was still pounding, but I took the fanny pack from him, and clasped it on around my waist. He circled around behind me, apparently quite interested in my bottom now. I arched my back trying to accentuate my hips, but he seemed happy enough with how I looked no matter what I did.

Unfortunately, our little pas de deux was attracting attention. Carl, the stock boy, had spotted us, and came out to the store front to watch. I felt even more embarrassed now that we had an audience. I took the fanny pack off, and tugged my pants up again. The businessman seemed nervous too, unhappy that he'd been caught ogling me. He avoided my gaze, staring into the showcase.

"Do you have anything in a more adult design?" he asked softly. Unsure if he was flirting with me, I came over, and tried to see what he was looking at. I was too nervous though. Trying to get away from Carl at least, I circled around the case.

"What's that?" the man asked, pointing to another item behind the glass.

"Chinmoku no kantai," I said not knowing the English. It's a sea adventure story from manga.

"Can I take a look?"

I peered over at Carl, signalling for him to scoot, until he finally went back inside. Once he was gone, I slowly bent forward, giving the gentleman another look at my hiney. I licked my lips, but my mouth had gone dry. I was so worked up I didn't know what to do. It was kind of fun teasing this guy, but all these other people kept walking by looking at me. If I had any sense, I would have stopped, but I was too excited by then.

I leaned way forward, and opened the case, reaching for the lunch box. The hem had fallen down again, so I'm pretty sure he could see quite a bit of my behind. I fished out the box, straightening up, and nervously tugging my waistband back up again. I felt so embarrassed with all these people streaming by.

The way the guy was licking his lips I knew that I had him, but the problem was he seemed much more interested in me than the products I was showing him. Maybe I'm reading too much into this, but it was almost like he was waiting for me to show him more before he'd commit to buying something. I didn't know how far I was supposed to take this. Yuuki said flirt, but Carl was probably over there watching, and we were right out in the middle of the mall.

"Do you like video games?" I asked. He shook his head no. "A nightie for your girlfriend?" I suggested, but again no. Then it finally hit me what the guy might like.

"How about a dakimakura pillow case?"

He seemed more hopeful about this, so I led him round to the far side, getting away from Carl at least.

"What's dakimakura?" the man asked.

"You hug the pillow, like a terry bear," I explained showing him. I hadn't noticed this before, but some of the designs were vaguely risque - a girl in a yukata lying on her bed for instance. He took the pillow case from me, and looked hopeful, but turned back to me, as if he wanted me to convince him.

Getting a bit carried away, I planted my feet a fair distance apart, and slid my hands down the back of my sweatpants, gently squeezing my own butt cheeks.

"It might be good for those long lonely nights...," I whispered my voice trailing off at the end. He straightened right up, shocked, peering down hesitantly at my rear, wondering what I was implying. He seemed fascinated by my butt cheeks, clearly dying to get a better look. I have to say I was pretty aroused myself, no longer able to rein in my excitement.

In a fit of pique, I peeled the waistband away from my bare bottom finally showing him. I tried to make this look innocent, like I was fiddling with the broken waistband, trying to fix it, but we were both getting excited regardless. I felt horribly embarrassed, but I continued to fiddle with the waistband, peering back trying to get a look, and see how much I was showing him. There was a glass show window behind us, but it wasn't quite shiny enough to act as a mirror. There were people here and there around the mall, and I'm sure they must have wondered what on earth I was doing.

I couldn't see, but I could feel the air swirling around my bare behind, tickling me on my privates. I glanced back at the man, but his eyes had gone wide, shocked that I was actually showing him.

"Oh sorry. Uh, the waistband is broken," I explained. He came round to look at my pussy, but coyly, I rotated away from him, not letting him see. I squeezed one buttock, confirming that I was indeed naked.

Eventually though, I became worried, so I pulled my pants back up covering my rear. What on earth did I do that for? That was silly.

"Are you OK?" the man asked, looking concerned.

"Yeah, I'm fine. The waistband came loose this morning. Sorry about that," I apologized, trying to shrug it off as an accident. He didn't look convinced, but at least he wasn't making a scene.

"Um, what do you think of the pillow case?"

He looked at me long and hard, trying to figure out if I was coming on to him. I avoided his gaze, trying not to play down the whole thing as a mistake. He ended up buying two pillow cases, maybe out of a sense of obligation. I packaged it up as neatly as I could, and told him to call again. He was kind of nice about the whole thing. I was just glad I'd got away with it.

A while later, Ryosuke showed up.

"What's up?" he asked. I didn't have the heart to tell him, but maybe he could tell from how red my cheeks were. He zeroed right in on my waistband. "How did that happen?"

I showed him where the knot had gotten pulled inside. He inserted a finger, and pulled my waistband open, also quite curious about my bare behind.

"No panties!" he marveled.

"Long story," I frowned. Carl came out to the front of the store again, wondering who this new rival was.

"Here. Let's go to the washroom," I suggested. I led him to the ladies which is right near there. I stood in the doorway, while he squatted down, and tried to pull out the string. He kept pulling the waistband down exposing my pussy, so I slapped his hand.

He wasn't having much luck with the string, so finally he suggested,

"Maybe you'd just better take them off?" I rubbed my face, afraid of where this might lead. "Oh, come on Emi. It's the only way."

I hesitated, but he was probably right. Eventually, I went in the washroom, pried off my shoes, and then took off my sweatpants as well. Pulling my shoes back on, I opened the door a crack to hand Ryosuke my pants.

"Here hurry up. I'm freezing." I waited by the door shivering, more from excitement than cold. I could hear the dull murmur of voices as people went by outside. Here I was standing practically naked. Ryosuke pushed open the door.

"Do you have a bobby pin?" he asked peering down at my pussy.

"Uh, yeah." I handed him one from my purse, but I felt so embarrassed. Ryosuke continued to hold the door open, making me nervous. If anyone walked by, they'd see me. After what seemed like the longest time, he finally managed to get the string out.

"There you go, Emi. I told you I could fix it."

I smiled. He gave me a hug, grabbing my ass. I had to get back to work, but we were both too excited.

"Here, quick. In one of the stalls." He came right in, closing the door on our stall behind us. Almost before I knew it, he'd got my tube top up, and was licking my nipples. I covered my mouth, trying not to moan.

I don't think we'd ever done it in a washroom before. When he undid his jeans his cock flopped out already erect. I took it in my hand trying to get him off, but he motioned for me to turn around, so he could do me from behind. I had to wait while he pulled on a condom, but it felt awfully good once he was inside me. I was pretty horny after all that fooling around.

I was panting and moaning when we suddenly heard someone come in. Ryosuke stopped thrusting, but I could still feel him inside me. I stood still trying not to make any noise.

The lady outside the stall was awfully quiet. Maybe she'd heard us when she came in. To make matters worse, Ryosuke began easing his penis in and out, teasing me with it. I opened my mouth, panting, but tried to keep quiet. Somehow having the woman here made me even hornier. You could hear these obscene squishing sounds every time he thrusted. Eventually, we heard the lady leave. Ryosuke started going to town, really hammering me. I came in a flurry of ecstasy.

I slouched up against the wall, still in shock from how quick it had all happened. Ryosuke eased his penis out, but he still looked pretty excited. I dabbed at my pussy wondering how I could wash off. My tube top and purse were on the back of the toilet, but I couldn't see my pants. I finally gathered my energy, and went out from the stall, a bit ashamed to see the reflection of my naked body in the mirrors.

Ryosuke came out, and washed off his penis, while I looked around for my pants. I found them lying in a bunch right by the door. I walked over, and picked them up. I knew that I had to get back to work, but still horny, I stood by the door for a while, brushing off the dust. Outside I could hear voices, first a mother calling, and then two boys playing with cap guns or something. I gathered my nerve, and opened the door a crack, but the boys voices were really close by, so I quickly closed it again.

"What are you doing?" Ryosuke guffawed.

"Nothing." I didn't want him to know how horny this all had made me, but I guess it was obvious.

After that, I pulled my pants and top back on, and went back out. I gave Ryosuke a kiss, and he headed off to work. It ended up being a very strange day, but luckily I don't think Yuuki or Mr. Kishitani ever heard about what happened.