**Jenny’s Shopping Mall Emergency**

“I know now that I never knew anything until I met you.” It was sappy dialogue but that didn’t keep the ladies in the movie theater audience from being enraptured by it. It was the kind of ‘serious’ romance that women would so often afterward refer to as ‘a beautiful story’ while any nearby men might roll their eyes. Jenny herself was trying and failing to hold back a few tears. Her friend Ashley of course, was unmoved.

Speaking of being unmoved, do to her fascination with the film, Jenny had barely even shifted in her seat. So she was unaware of the sticky situation she had fallen into. She and Ashley had arrived a few minutes into the movie and couldn’t see a thing when they entered the dark theater. The spectacularly stacked blonde, displaying typical Jenny luck, managed to find the worst seat in the theater to place her beautiful bum. It wasn’t that it was uncomfortable that made it so bad. It was that there was a fairly large, partially melted piece of caramel candy on it that Jenny managed not to notice. It was just soft enough that she could sit on it and think that she just had lumpy chair. After a long two hours of sitting on that tacky thing though, it spread out a bit and stuck fast to both the seat it was on and to her pants.

It wasn’t until the movie was over and the credits were rolling that Jenny knew she was in trouble. Still quietly smiling at the tearfully happy ending of her chick flick, she leaned forward a bit and realized that it was a bit difficult to do. Ashley was already standing up, waiting for her ‘friend’ impatiently. She couldn’t believe she had wasted nearly two hours of her life on this tripe. “Jenny! Come on.”

“Ashley!,” she whispered. “My pants are stuck!”

“What? Your pants are stuck?” She’d said it loudly in order to attract as much attention a she could. She managed to look concerned for Jenny as she said it even though she was already smiling inside at seeing the voluptuous blonde trapped in yet another ‘Jenny situation.’

“Ashley! Be quiet!” But it was too late. Women in the audience that were alone didn’t care. The men that had accompanied their wives and girlfriends were showing mild curiosity but about half were either already on their way out or were being hustled along by their women. The ones that moved slower or were still sitting were in for a treat.

“What am I going to do?,” Jenny whispered

“Let me give you a hand,” Ashley said mischieviously. She took ahold of each of Jenny’s wrists and started to pull.

“WAIT! ASHLEY! DON’T! THIS ISN’T WORKING!” Her pleas didn’t help her at all though. As Ashley tugged and tugged, Jenny was freed but at a great cost. With a resounding rip, Jenny was standing but the seat of her pants remained where they had been. “OH!” Her tight fitting shorts now had a great hole in the back and due to her thong panties underneath, quite a bit of her luscious buns had been bared. She glanced around hoping that no one was looking. Everyone was looking. “Oh! Oh! OH! Ashley! Lend me your jacket!”

It would have been long enough to cover that hole in Jenny’s pants almost completely if Ashely had been willing to part with it. “No way! This is a ninety dollar jacket! There’s no way I’m letting you wear it, the way your clothes are always getting torn.”

“But everyone can see my butt!” And everyone was seeing her butt. Everyone in fact, was staring. The sudden flush of embarrassment sent Jenny scurrying until she could put her back to the wall.

“This way!,” Ashley said with annoyance. She grabbed Jenny’s arm and pulled her along until they were out. “Come on, come on, we’ll get you a new pair of shorts. I’ll even buy.”

“But Ashley, I can’t walk through a crowded mall with a hole in my pants! Ashley? Ashley!” Following her cold hearted friend, Jenny trotted along, at first having trouble keeping up, then wishing that Ashley would move faster. Once they were commited to their little walk, Ashley slowed down to a very casual pace and Jenny practically bounced up and down with every step. People behind her were openly staring, pointing, commenting about the lovely sight. It seemed to take forever, but eventually they were in the nearest clothing store.

A very exuberant, somewhat weaselly looking sales clerk approached, “How are we ladies? Oh my!,” he suddenly noticed the partial lack of pants on the lovely Jenny. “It seems you’ve had a bit of a problem. That is a lovely ass you have though.”

“Wh-What? Hey! You can’t say that!” And she scampered off to the dressing rooms, Ashley already having promised to pick something out for her while she took cover.

Ashley, partially stifling a guffaw told the happy salesman, “You just keep noticing and complimenting her. I’m paying and the more she blushes, the more I’ll spend here when I come back tomorrow.”

Smirking conspiratorially, the bespectacled and bow tied little man replied, “So that’s the way it is? Well miss, I work on comission and if you promise to come back to make a substantial purchase tomorrow, then I can promise you an enjoyable show today.” He really didn’t know if Ashley would keep her word, but this would be fun anyway. “For starters, let me point you in the direction of something nice and appropriate for your friend.”

His taste in Jenny apparel was dead on. Ashley smiled wide and evil as she accepted it. “I’ll just take this to her.”

In the dressing room the naively stunned Jenny protested, “Ashley! I can’t wear this!”

“Come on Jenny, it’s on sale. It’s only until we get home.”

“But!”

“No buts! Just try it on. I’ve seen you in swimwear this revealing.”

“But this isn’t the beach!” Jenny didn’t know what to do. To make matters worse, Ashley was helping her out of her top. “But Ashley!”

“It’s cheap and you’ll look great!” The one sided argument ensued but eventually Jenny was dressed in the clothes picked out for her, a narrow tube top and a pair of shorts that were so high cut that a substantial portion of her cheeks were bare. Jenny didn’t feel much more comfortable in this than she had in the torn shorts. All this outfit seemed to be was a bright pink highlight of of her body, far too little of her skin concealed for comfort. She followed Ashley out of the dressing room timidly. Along with the salesman who had chosen the outfit there were two other store employees and several customers all waiting at his suggestion to see what would happen.

Jenny was horrified to have an audience. She was about to rush right back to the dressing room but Ashley took her hand and guided her out. With an odd little grin under his little mustache the happy salesman urged her toward the register with a little pat to one butt cheek. “I knew it would be perfect for you! You look magnificent!”

“But, but, but!”

And that’s right where everyone was staring as she walked across the room. She was all too conscious of the stares and it was about to get far worse. “It’s just too bad that your underwear sticks out a bit here,” he pointed at the sides of the short’s low, low waistline where Jenny’s thong was just a bit visible. He noticed that it had snaps there and he stifled a grin at the thought of what he would do about that. “Now if you’d step close to the register, I’ve got to scan the prices on these items.” He looked closely around the little tube top. “Hm. It’s inside your top.” The man’s self control was remarkable. He acted as though it were the most natural thing in the world when he deftly popped her top down to get to the price tag. Jenny of course yelped, wide eyed as her remarkable breasts met the public. That top had outlined the gorgeous curve of her bosom so well that it had already attracted a number of covert and even direct stares. So it was a very happy group of shoppers that caught a glimpse, but a very revealing, very enticing glimpse of her boobs before her hands grabbed ahold of them to keep them from view. She was so stunned and embarrassed that she didn’t even know what to say to the silly little man that had turned her top inside out. After just a second or two of looking behind her though, he stepped in front of her and said, not quite crossly, “Now, don’t get in the way miss.” Looking for that errant price tag, the man gently guided her hands away from her breasts, putting them on display not for a moment, but for a good long look.

Jenny was about to complain but Ashely, trying not to let her humor show, said, “He’s just doing his job Jenny. Hold still.”

“But, but, but!”

“No, boobs,” Ashley retorted, “and it’s not as though you haven’t put those things on display a hundred times before.”

“That’s not the point!,” Jenny whined but she grew squeamishly silent when the sales clerk checked under her breasts, lifting them, one after the other.

“Here it is!,” he said with satisfaction, still holding her left breast up to get to it. With his other hand he took the scanner and after a few deliberately botched attempts, managed to get the price off of her top. Wide eyes and lecherous grins were on every side now. “I’m sorry about that inconvenience miss,” he said as he put her top back in place. To make certain it would stay in place, he adjusted it a moment or two, hands on her boobs.

Jenny finally had a sour and angry look now but she was still a bit too flustered to know exactly what she wanted to say. He gently urged her to turn which she did. “Now,” he said matter of factly, “lets get those shorts rung up.”

“What?”

He pulled them down far enough that her thong clad ass was bared. A murmuring of approval sounded from everyone. Seeing that Jenny was about to finally act in her own defense, the sales clerk decided to go for broke. As though he were doing her a favor, he said, “Let’s solve that underwear exposure problem for you.” With skill honed from years of working with women’s clothes, the funny looking little man popped the snaps on both sides of Jenny’s thong and had it off of her. Jenny made the appearance of a scream, but it was a silent gesture of sheer panic. Bad enough that so many people around had gotten such a good look at her tits and ass, now her blonde bush was bare! It was too much for her and she started to trot off making funny little squealing sounds as she tried to pull the tight little shorts up as she went. This was a colossal error in judgment since the store’s alarm went off as soon as she hit the door. Still too terrified at her public nakedness to think straight, she kept going.

“Well, that’ll bring security,” the sales clerk said. “In the meantime, what kind of price would anyone pay here for the lovely lady’s panties?” He held them up and the bidding started.

Jenny’s rush from the store did not go unnoticed and, maintaining her Jenny luck, a trio of security guards were near enough to notice her and follow. “Miss! Stop right there!” They caught up quickly, two of them taking her by the arms. Jenny wasn’t sure what to think now. She bit her lip nervously and stared sheepishly at the stern faces of the mall cops. Two were men, the third a woman who noticed almost instantly, “Security device! Did you pay for these miss?”

“Uh, well not exactly.”

“You either did or you didn’t.”

An uncomfortable discussion determined nothing other than the fact that Jenny had run from a store wearing clothes that weren’t hers that had yet to be paid for. She looked around hopelessly for Ashley, knowing that her friend would help her. Ashley was near enough to watch the action with her devious, satisfied smile, but she had no intention of aiding the hapless Jenny. So the unlucky blonde had to fend for herself. “I’m sure that if we go back to the store the man there can explain it to you.”

“Lady, we’ve got to take you to our station first.”

“Wait a second,” said a suddenly bright eyed mall cop, “maybe we should check to see if she has anything else stolen on her, you know, search her.”

“Good idea!,” the other two stated.

Jenny groaned inwardly. She didn’t know what would happen next but she knew she wouldn’t like it and there were enough people passing by that it would be that much more uncomfortable. No one stopped to watch, but everyone passed by slowly to get a better look at the commotion and the gorgeous, voluptuous blonde in the skimpy outfit.

Two of the security guards were arguing about who would get to search the ‘suspect’. “It was my idea!”

“I’ve got seniority!”

“What the hell does that mean?”

The lady guard interrupted loudly, “Hold on! We’ll just treat this fairly. It’ll be like a training experience. We’ll all search her. We’ll take turns to make certain that we’ve done it right.”

More than satisfied, the two male security guards agreed, but the woman went first. “Put your hands against the wall and spread your legs!” Jenny in a state of near disbelief, did as she was told. The lady security guard asked with a happy sneer, “You got anything else hidden on ya?”

“How could I hide anything in this outfit?” Then she had to stifle a squirm as the woman’s hands touched her hips and slid over her shorts, searching all around the sides, then the front. All of that was uncomfortable, but quick. Then those hands slid back to Jenny’s butt, caressing every bit of her cheeks, even the expanse of exposed skin that the tiny shorts didn’t cover. Jenny trembled at the thought that she was going to go through this two more times. Then her ass took two grabby squeezes that made her nearly jump in place. It only got worse when her top was searched. Starting with the back, saving that delectable front for last, the increasingly unsubtle hands of the smiling woman in uniform ran over the little pink tube top and ended up on those spectacular breasts. As Jenny groaned almost inaudibly, her big round tits were touched all over before they had to endure some blatantly grabby fondling. “All right Smith, I’m done. Your turn.”

Jenny endured two more pat downs as her emotions swung from embarrassment to fuming anger and back. After having been touched up by all three of the security guards, she was handcuffed and she thought that that part of her ordeal was over but, with a sinister smile, the lady guard decided, “I’m not entirely certain we did a good job there.” Jenny was held in place as her top was popped down, baring her boobs for all three guards’ vieing pleasure along with anyone nearby. A few hoots and a bit of applause accompanied that and Jenny turned scarlet. “Well, I guess there really wasn’t anything under there but you.” With that the woman mall cop put the top back up but just barely in place so that the upper edge of each areola showed.

“Check her shorts too,” some one watching suggested.

As though she were entirely professional, the woman guard said over her shoulder, “Hey, don’t tell me how to do my job!” She followed through on the comment though, kneeling down, out of the way so that everyone would get a good look, and yanked Jenny’s little shorts down. The thoroughly humiliated, busty blonde let out an adorable squawk as her blonde beaver was bared. “She’s good on this side. Turn her around.” Jenny couldn’t even manage a moan of indignation as her beautiful bum became the final part of the show. “Yep, it looks like these clothes really are all she tried to make off with.”

“I didn’t make off with anything! It’s all a misunderstanding!”

“Quiet you!,” a little slap to the butt silenced Jenny, then her shorts were pulled back up but kept low enough that a tuft of blonde bush showed.

Ashley smiled with satisfaction as she watched them walk the blushing blonde away. With a casual, happy walk Ashley returned to the store to pay for the outfit. She’d make her way to the security station to get Jenny free, but she wanted the blushing blonde to be walked the length of the mall in that skimpy outfit first.

The three guards took their sweet time getting there too. People might have enjoyed a glance or even an good look at a woman dressed like that but it was even worse this way. In handcuffs, escorted by mall security, everyone, absolutely everyone stared at her openly. Jenny shifted and fidgeted and stared at the floor and ceiling. The three security guards smiled the whole way. They even stopped at D’Lish Doughnuts to get themselves a well earned reward for the capture of this fugitive. All the while Jenny’s itty bitty outfit made her the eye candy of everyone around. Partway there that little top slipped a bit and one nipple showed.

When they reached the security station at least she was out of public view even if the three mall cops ogled her openly and copped a couple feels of her ass. Before their paperwork was even complete Ashley arrived. “You’re with her?,” one of the greedy guards said already imagining the imminent ‘search’ of the shoplifter’s lovely partner.

“I have a receipt for that outfit.”

“Oh,” they all three groaned

Ashley grinned without any evident malice even though she was feasting on the irony that Jenny clearly considered her a hero. She even apologized. “Oh, Ashley I’m so sorry for the trouble!”

“We’ll have to check this of course,” the lady guard said mischievously. She took the receipt and explained, “I’ll take this and ask the store. Of course, I’ll need to take the merchandise in question with me.”

Jenny moaned, “I have to walk all the way back like this?”

“No, you have to stay here until it’s confirmed.” The sinister security woman licked her lips a bit as she advanced to confiscate the clothes.

“Wait! No!” But handcuffed as she was and held in place by the other two, Jenny could only stare in horror as her shorts were pulled down yet again, this time all the way down her lovely legs and off of her body. “OoOoOH!”

She overheard the mutters of approval, “That’s some damn nice bush!” “I love her ass!”

Next her top was popped down and her breasts were free again. Slowly it was slid all the way down her waist. It struggled to get past her hips, then it too slipped down her legs and off of her, leaving the poor girl totally naked. “Don’t worry,” she heard her chief tormentor say, “I’ll be as quick as I can. Meanwhile, we’ll have to put you in our holding area.” Jenny was brought to a locked room inside of which were a few suddenly happy individuals that had been picked up for vandalism and skateboarding on mall property. As she shut and locked the door, the lady guard said, “Oops! I forgot to take her handcuffs off! Oh well, I’m sure she’ll be fine.”