**Mall Crawl**

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"Get dressed." Larry nudged me with his foot. "I need a new ink cartridge. Come to the mall with me."

"Mall?" I looked up from the magazine I was reading. Well, pretending to read. Looking at the pictures was more like it. Scrumptious naked men. I'd been porning it most of the day, which was why at nine o'clock at night I was still in the T-shirt I usually wore to bed.

"Yes, my little mall rat. Mall. Maybe if you're a good girl I'll even buy you a present at Vicky's."

"Ooh, presents!" I sprang up from the couch. "And then I'll give you a little fashion show when we get home."

"Uh huh. I'm sure that your reading material there's gotten you good and wet, hasn't it?" He winked. He didn't mind me looking at porn any more than I minded when he did. Fantasy was fantasy, but damn, didn't it make for some hot reality sometimes.

"Yeah, it has. Want to feel how wet?"

"Nope. I want to get to the mall before they close. Hurry up and get dressed."

He walked away, and I went into the bedroom. Since Larry had mentioned Vicky's, I knew exactly what to wear. We'd been together long enough that we'd developed a sort of code. If he'd wanted me to be prim and proper, he would have just said we were going to buy an ink cartridge. The other stuff meant he wanted to have a little fun on our shopping trip.

Thank goodness it was a warm night. I took out a cute little floral cotton miniskirt, one that just barely covered my ass and didn't even manage that if a breeze blew, and paired it with a tight, cropped tank top. I didn't bother with a bra or panties; those would have defeated the purpose of the outfit.

When I went back to the living room, Larry grinned. "Perfect, babe. Let's see how many men and women drool over you tonight."

"Maybe I can flash the cashier and get you a discount on your ink cartridges."

"Mmm, if you get a chance, go for it. And when we go to Vicky's, let's see if you can get one of the sales girls to help you try things on. Come on, let's go."

He didn't touch me, of course. That wasn't the point. I knew that when we got home he'd fuck the shit out of me, but not yet.

We got into the car. I didn't bother trying to be graceful when I slid into the passenger seat, even though our driveway faced the house next door. It didn't matter if I flashed a bit. The couple who lived there had seen more of me than was currently on display; they hadn't complained yet.

Larry pulled out of the driveway and headed down the street to the main drag. As soon as he turned the corner, I propped my feet up on the dash. "Comfy?" he asked.

"Very."

As expected, we attracted looks from other drivers and passengers on the way to the mall. One poor kid, who couldn't have been more than nineteen or twenty, almost rear-ended the elderly man in front of him, he was so busy gawking at my bare legs. Since he was in a pickup truck, it was entirely possible that he could see more than my legs. Just the thought made me wet enough to wish I'd brought a towel to sit on.

At the mall, Larry parked close enough that I wouldn't have to walk far to get inside. I appreciated that. Walking outside was always a bit sketchy when I was dressed like this; a light wind could take me from slutty to illegal and I preferred not to have a record just because I liked showing off my assets. However, we were at the opposite end of the mall from the office supply store. "Ready?" Larry asked.

"Absolutely."

I got out of the car, again not bothering with any type of modesty. A man and woman walking past did a double take when they saw me, but by the time they took their second look I was on both feet and reasonably respectful. Well, except for the two or three inches of belly between my top and skirt, the bare legs, and the boobs that threatened to rip my tank top in half. Damn, I loved dressing this way.

Larry took my arm and we walked into the mall. I attracted looks from men and women, some disapproving but many more who seemed to like what they saw. I put a little extra sway in my step as we walked down the corridor to the opposite end. "Hey, baby, wear a little less!" one guy called when I walked past.

Grinning, I flipped up the side of my skirt just enough to give him a hint of what was—or rather wasn't—underneath. The guy whistled. "I know what he'll be doing when he gets home," Larry whispered.

"Uh huh. I hope so." The thought of giving a guy something to masturbate to sent tingles through my cunt. These little trips were a form of torture for me; by the time they were over, it was usually all I could do to make myself wait till we got home before I grabbed Larry and fucked him silly. But it was such exciting torture, I could hardly complain.

We finally made it to the office supply place, after a lot more looks and a few more comments. The place was empty of customers, which was perfect for my plans. While Larry checked out the ink cartridges, comparing brands and prices even though he would end up buying the same one he always did, I walked along the ends of the aisles until I spotted a male employee kneeling in one aisle, stocking pens and pencils. I sashayed into the aisle and pretended to be looking for something, though of course the only thing I wanted was his reaction.

"Um, can I help you?" he asked.

I looked at him. His face was red, and he seemed more than a little flustered to have a half-naked woman standing beside him. Very nice. I reached up for a box of markers that was on the top shelf and heard him gulp as the hem of my skirt rose above a level that would be considered tame. "Could you get those markers for me? I can't quite reach."

"Oh, sure. Of course." He stood and pulled the markers down for me. A few other boxes fell, narrowly missing me. "I'm so sorry. I'll pick those up."

"Not a problem." I brushed against him as I left the aisle. "Thanks for the help."

Larry was waiting for me at the registers. "All set?"

"Uh huh." I looked over my shoulder. The guy who'd helped me was nowhere in sight. "I think I might have traumatized some poor shelf stocker."

"Naughty you." He gave me a light slap on the ass, ignoring the stares from the two cashiers who stood at the registers with nothing to do. "Are you actually buying those markers, or did you just pick them up to tease the poor, defenseless employee?"

"I'll buy them. I'll find something to use them for."

"Hand them over, then."

While Larry paid for our purchases, I leaned against him and ran my hand over his thigh. The cashier watched us, open-mouthed, until Larry said, "Thank you; have a nice night," and led me away.

We went back to the corridor. "Have I been a good girl?" I asked innocently.

"Oh, very good." Larry checked his watch. "I think we have just enough time for a trip to the pretty panty store. If you want something there, though, you'll have to decide quickly."

"Oh, I will." I already knew what I wanted; I'd been eyeballing a royal blue bra and thong set for a month or so now. I'd just been waiting for Larry to offer to buy me something. I preferred to have him buy my lingerie rather than buying it myself; somehow it seemed hotter that way.

As we walked through the door of the lingerie store, we heard, "The mall will be closing in ten minutes. Please complete your purchases at this time."

"It's almost closing time" The woman at the store's counter apparently figured we couldn't hear. She looked me up and down. "Are you sure you need anything here tonight?"

"Absolutely." Judgmental bitch. She only wished she could pull off an outfit like the one I was wearing. I went to the rack where the set I'd coveted hung. It was on one of the bottom pegs, so just to get the saleswoman back for being snarky, I bent over to pick it up, making sure to face away from the counter.

Larry nudged me, and I looked between my legs at the saleswoman, whose face had turned bright red. I straightened up, holding the bra and thong. "I'm sorry. I needed these because I've run out of panties. I forgot I wasn't wearing any, though."

"Um, yeah, that's fine. So will you be taking those?"

"I just want to make sure they fit." I checked to make sure they were my size, then took the thong off the hanger and shimmied into it. The woman watched, stunned. Apparently people usually used the fitting rooms to try things on. "Yes, these are perfect. I'll take them. Larry, sweetie, will you pay for them, please?"

I handed him the bra, which had the price tag. "Of course, babe." He went to the counter. I smoothed my skirt down over the thong and followed him.

The saleswoman's face was bright red, and she couldn't meet either of our eyes as she rang up the purchase. "You do know, um, that we have, um, rooms to try things on?"

"Of course, but you seemed in such a hurry I didn't want you to have to take the time to open one," I replied sweetly. I took the bag she held out. "Thank you and have a wonderful night."

"Um, you too."

As soon as we were out of the store, Larry started laughing. "Babe, you got her good."

"That's what she gets for not liking my outfit." I took his hand. "So now can we go home so I can model this for you?"

"I don't think we're going to make it home." Larry pulled me into the service corridor we were passing and pushed me up against the wall. "You've outdone yourself tonight, sweetie." He shoved my skirt up to my waist. "I'm going to fuck you right here."

"The mall will be closing in five minutes," the recorded announcement said. "Please complete your purchases and proceed to the exits. The mall will close in five minutes."

"That's plenty of time." Larry whipped out his cock, yanked down my brand new thong, and shoved himself into my soaking wet cunt. "God, babe, you really got yourself wound up, didn't you?"

"Fuck!" I didn't even try to be quiet. I didn't care if the entire population of the mall saw us. Just the thought of it made me come, my pussy clenching around Larry's cock. "Holy shit, Larry! Fuck me!"

"What the hell?"

Larry kept pounding into me. I turned toward the voice and saw two mall cops heading our way. "Evening," I said. "Oh, fuck! Sorry, gentlemen, we're just finishing up like the announcement said. Oh!" Another orgasm ripped through me. "Goddamn! Thanks for coming to check on us."

"You can't do this here," the older cop said. The younger took in every move Larry made, and rubbed the front of his pants while he watched.

"Almost done," Larry grunted. He hammered into me a couple more times, so hard I thought he was going to push me right through the wall, then yelled something that wasn't quite a word as I felt his cum shooting into me. He lowered me to the floor and handed my thong to me. "Here, babe, put these back on so we can get out of the nice men's hair."

I slipped the thong back on, taking my time so the cops could get a nice view of my pussy with Larry's cum dripping out of it. "Sorry to take up your time, gentlemen," I purred. "We'll be on our way now."

"We could arrest you for this," the older cop said.

"Oh, come on, Frank, haven't you ever done anything wild?" The younger one adjusted his crotch. "Have a nice evening, folks."

"You too." Larry put his arm around me and led me out of the mall. I couldn't wait to find out what he had planned for the drive home.