**Mall Fun**

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Some days I just want to have a little harmless sexy fun and adventure on my own, without actually having sex; I love to go out without panties thrilling at my 'secret' and the fact that I could be exposed at any time.  
  
The 'naughtiness' of being damp and aroused in public is enough to put me in the mood for a long sensuous session when I get home.  
Our sprawling downtown shopping centre with its, glass sided escalators and numerous food courts is a favourite place of mine for a little fun.   
  
Dressing in a modest blouse, light jacket and the shortest skirt that I dared go out in, I checked my self in the mirror. The skirt was a plain black pleated number that sat just above mid thigh, turning to look over my shoulder I slowly bent forward, the pleats slipped up my leg showing a lot of bare thigh, the edge of my buttocks just coming into view; I was going to have to be real careful not to show too much...too soon.   
  
Setting off I was both excited and, surprisingly, a little self-conscious.   
  
The drive to the shopping centre passed without incident and I was soon making my way across the car park.   
  
This was only the second time I'd gone out on my own without panties and although I had worn short skirts before I was acutely aware of the miniskirt, riding high on my bare thighs and felt utterly naked, the movement of my hips had it swaying as I walked briskly along, the thin fabric of the pleated hem tickled as it swished against my bare buttocks.  
  
There was a little flutter in my belly as I realised the only thing keeping me from being naked below the waist was the thin belt which held up my skirt.   
  
The car park is pretty exposed and the breeze plucked at the hem of my skirt, toying with it. My shoulder bag pinned my skirt down on one side pressing it to my thigh so I felt pretty safe; however as the wind picked up a little I felt the back lift, a cool breeze on one bare cheek as the material flipped up. Resisting the urge to reach behind and smooth it down, I walked on wondering if it had lifted for long enough to get anyone's attention anyone.   
  
Despite my mouth going dry and my heart racing there was a subtle wetness between my legs, I quickened my pace causing the skirt to bounce teasingly, bare legs rubbing erotically at the thighs.  
  
  
It was the midday and the centre was full of office workers, men with briefcases, cell phones and ties on their way to lunch, I noticed some of them pause in their conversations and cast an admiring glance as I sashayed past which made me feel really good, picking up my confidence a little  
  
  
Taking the escalator to the first floor I knew full well anyone behind would be able to see up my skirt, nearing the top I pretended to adjust my bag and glanced over my shoulder, two guys were looking up with big stupid grins on their faces.   
  
They didn't meet my gaze as their eyes were fixed on a level with the back of my skirt, I stood with my legs pressed together however from their rapt attention I knew a little bit of bare buttock must have been visible to them, framed by the pleats of my little skirt.   
  
  
Stepping off the escalator I glanced in the reflection of a shop window and saw that my admirers were still behind me, nudging each other and grinning like loons, no doubt hoping that I was going to ride the next escalator up to the food court.  
  
They walked just behind me, stopping as if in conversation as I turned into a card shop and browsed the shelves, they repeatedly flicked their eyes in my direction obviously hoping for another flash of buttock.   
Not wanting to disappoint I reached up to the upper shelf, as I leant forward on one leg I felt the skirt ride up and over the bottom half of my cheeks.  
  
Out of the corner of my eye I saw that the two guys had seen my display and were no longer deep in conversation, their full attention on my bottom.  
  
It would have made for an erotic sight for any red blooded male, a skirt short enough to show off the tops of my thighs, the hemline creeping up as I stretched forwards giving a tantalising glimpse of buttocks, my taut calves and smooth tanned legs accentuated by heels. Perhaps they were thinking that I had finished off my outfit by wearing a little thong under the skirt so as not to show a panty line.  
  
Heart hammering I decided to show them that it wasn't.  
  
Making a show of reaching down to a lower shelf I stood with my legs very slightly apart and very slowly bent over from the waist until I felt the edge of my skirt creep over my upper thighs and slip up over my buttocks.   
  
From the lack of a little strip of material disappearing between my cheeks it would now be obvious to the guys that I was not wearing any panties and I knew from my experiments in the mirror at home that from the angle they were standing at just behind me they would be getting just the tiniest glimpse of my slit.   
  
Placing the card back on the shelf I walked from the shop and casually stepped onto the escalator that would take me up to the food court.   
  
The two guys stepped on behind me and I could hear them whispering to each other. My face felt hot and flushed; between my thighs I became slowly wetter.   
  
Pulling my bag up against my hip it caught on my skirt, hitching it up a little increasing the view up the back of my skirt to the guys who were standing just a few steps down from me.   
  
The cool air tickled the wetness between my legs and I knew they would have a fantastic view of my bare ass, the more naked and exposed I felt the hotter I got. Butterflies danced in my stomach and a little shiver ran through me, I was aching to touch myself but resisting the urge, today's game was all about letting the excitement build for as long as possible.  
So far I was enjoying my day immensely.   
  
  
Thirsty I entered Starbucks and ordered a coffee, as I waited at the till I looked for a seat, it was surprisingly empty at that time of day and I chose to sit on a large leather sofa at the far end of the room away from the window.   
  
The two guys had followed me at a discreet distance and were now cueing at the till while the girl serving prepared their drinks, they seemed to be in conversation with the girl but their eyes kept darting over towards me.   
  
I put my drink down on the low table in front of the sofa and stood with my back to them pretending to look through my purse. I 'Accidentally' knocked my napkin on the floor which gave me the opportunity to lean forward knowing that the two men would get a good view up the back of my skirt, the curve of my ass once again exposed. Glancing back toward them I found that they had now taken a seat at a table opposite and were watching intently.  
  
Not to disappoint I slowly sat on the sofa and took my time sliding across the soft leather, parting my legs slightly as I inched along it briefly exposing my naked pussy.  
  
I sipped my coffee, watching the guys over the top of my cup.   
  
They were too busy looking elsewhere to notice me watching for a reaction, their whole attention was on the view under the table as I squirmed into a more comfortable position, moving my hips, causing my legs to part.  
  
They both finished their drinks before me and sat fiddling with the cups, half heartedly making conversation, all the time keeping one eye on me sneaking glances as I stared across the room seeming oblivious to their attention. I finishing my drink and made my way out into the mall, walking slowly, swinging my hips enjoying the swish of my skirt on bare skin.  
  
The two guys were once again following me at a discreet distance obviously hoping to get another glimpse up my skirt. There was a new instant photo booth by the foot of an escalator and I paused by it as a wicked thought came to me. I turned hand on hip and stared right at the two guys; they froze like rabbits caught in a headlight.  
  
Smiling I held up my hand and motioned for them to wait by the escalator then entered the booth.  
  
  
Heart hammering in my chest I closed the curtain, pushed several coins into the slot and read through the options on the screen. It was one of the new digital booths and I chose the option portrait rather than passport because it produced larger pictures for the same money and gave the choice of one or several sets.  
  
Opting for two sets I sat on the little plastic seat and quickly slipped my blouse off my shoulders pulling the buttons apart and freeing my breasts, nipples instantly hard as the cool air hit them, I checked in the little screen that I was seated so that my face would not be in the picture, \*flash\* The booth light up as the first photo was taken.  
  
  
Turning so that my back was to the screen I stood and lifted up my skirt checking the image of my ass was centred in the screen as the camera flashed a second time.  
  
Leaning over the seat I flipped my skirt right up over my back and pushed my ass out until I could just make out the image of my pussy peeking out from between my thighs reflected in the screen... the camera flashed for the third time.  
  
Excited and wanting to be even naughtier for the next picture I arched my back opening my legs to the little screen so that my pussy was in full view the lips damp and parted slightly, the booth light up again as the fourth picture was taken and I wondered for the first time if my silhouette could be seen through the thin curtain as the camera flashed.  
  
  
There was only one shot left and I wanted to make it a good one.  
  
Quickly turning I sat facing the camera, once again making sure that my face was out of shot, and checked my reflection in the little screen.   
  
My blouse was open either side of my breasts, my skirt bunched up over my thighs, legs apart just enough to give a tantalising glimpse of my pussy, the lips glistening slightly, damp with excitement.  
  
A little shiver ran through me as \*flash\* the camera took its final picture.  
  
Doing up my blouse I mopped some of the moisture from my damp pussy with a tissue and straightened my skirt before exiting the booth.  
  
  
The two guys were still standing by the escalator looking slightly puzzled, I smiled at them as I waited for the pictures to come through.   
  
It was only seconds until the machine gave a beep and the two strips of film popped out of the little slot, I slipped one set into my purse leaving the other behind.  
  
Walking up to them I gestured towards the booth and whispered. "Enjoy."  
  
They walked over and retrieved the pictures just as I stepped onto the escalator; they both looked up with huge grins on their faces giving a happy thumbs up as I slowly disappeared up to the next level and exited the mall.