Mall Rat

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It was a swelteringly hot Summer's day in mid June, so as always, the climate

controlled comfort of the local mall drew bored teenagers and actual shoppers alike in

droves. Unfortunately for one girl, though, it was also the week that most of the people

she usually hung around with were out of town with their parents, leaving her with next

to nothing to do.

Her name was Hannah. A girl of sixteen years, with long silky auburn hair that fell past

her shoulders, and pale green eyes, she was of average height, with a fairly firm body

from two years of cheerleading. She always came across as being somewhat sweet at

first, but those who knew her knew that Hannah had a tendency of being somewhat

manipulative. Those who disliked her said that she had no conscience. Those with lower

marks in English called her other things.

It was both due to her boredom, and her lack any real concern for the feelings of

others, as well as the intolerable heat, that lead Hannah to the mall almost every day

that week.

She thought her plan through one morning as she sat in the food court, bored out of her

tree. It came to Hannah as she noticed a few of the geekier guys at her school

meandering aimlessly past the various stores, even more alone and bored than she was.

Hannah smiled to herself as she contemplated her little game, which was all it was to

her, and quickly rushed home to change her clothes.

The teenager returned two hours later wearing a flimsy white tank top, thin black mini

skirt with high heals. Hannah did herself up as sluttily as she could, adding a near

ridiculous to her usual amount of makeup and actually neglecting to wear any knickers.

Hannah couldn't help but smile to herself as she re-entered the mall, and all eyes

turned to her for at least a moment. Most of the women gave the girl a quick

contemptuous glance, but well over three-quarters of the males seemed incapable of

controlling their salivary glands.

This was how Hannah liked it. As she walked past the crowds near the enterance, the

girl took special care to accidentally bump into at least three older men. Making

certain that she brushed her bare skin against at least one of their hands, and looking

over her shoulder to give them a sultry smile as she departed.

Hannah giggled as at least one man's wife hit him soundly in the arm and dragged him

outside. This was what the girl lived for. The undivided attention, the leering stares of

men who knew that they could never have her, the looks of envious contempt upon the

faces of their wives and girlfriends. To Hannah it was nothing. She knew how

frustrating it was for them, their penises bulging in their pants, straining against their

zippers. Their eyes nearly popping out of their heads when she "accidentally" dropped

something on the floor and had to retrieve it...

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For the better part of four days Hannah went to the mall, each time wearing sluttier and

more outrageous clothing then the last. On the third say that she went, though, she

noticed a boy from her school. He was one of the computer whizzes that her high school

seemed to attract, and was mostly beneath Hannah's notice, except that every day he'd

stare at her quite intently. He seemed to be desperately looking to build up the courage

to talk to her, but his shyness held him back better than any deterrent ever could.

Before her fifth excursion, Hannah toyed with the thought of extending the parameters

of her little game, and struggled to recall what the boy was even called. He was actually

somewhat average looking, not at all like the usual "computer geek" stereotype. But

the mere fact that he dared to have an IQ over a hundred and ten was enough for him

to have been long since ostracized by Hannah's group.

When she saw him the next day, Hannah smiled seductively from across the room at

him, licking her lips in such a way as to cause the poor boy to almost spit out his drink

when he made eye contact.

"Hey, you're Dave, right?" Hannah asked a little breathlessly as she sauntered up to

him.

Dave nodded slowly. His eyes wide as the girl leaned down on the table he was sitting

at, giving him a clear view of her cleavage. "Y-yes," he responded, slowly nodding.

"Mmm, I'm just sooo bored!" replied Hannah, standing back up and stretching her

arms above her head, causing her pert breasts to stand out as they strained against her

tank-top.

"Um, ya. I know the feeling," said Dave, trying to hide the fact that he was staring.

"Well then, Davie," offered Hannah in her most sultry of voices, "Why don't we solve

that little problem of ours?"

"Oh..? How?" he inquired nervously, glancing around as if expecting people cameras

to burst out of some fake wall and announce that he'd had.

"Trust me," she giggled, grabbing Dave's hand and dragging him to his feet, "It'll be

fun!"

Dave gulped and nodded as he allowed himself to be lead across the food court to one

of the thick metal doors that lead to the lower-level parking garage. Hannah smiled the

entire time, excited by the prospect of what she was about to do.

"Where are we going?" Dave inquired as the girl lead him down a dimly lit, grungy

hallway that intersected the path that lead to the garage.

"You'll see," purred Hannah, having been one of several girls who'd spent the night in

the mall last summer on a dare. She now knew most of the secret halls and rooms

between stores that the cleaning people and stock clerks used to travel unseen, and

generally do their jobs.

She quickly led Dave through a door, and down several flights of stairs. Once there,

Hannah took him underneath the bottom staircase, and leaned him up against the wall.

"Now, just relax, and enjoy this," giggled the teenager as she knelt down in front of her

amazed victim.

"W-What are you doing?!" he gasped as Hannah pulled down his zipper and undid his

pants.

"Hmm, you'll see..." the girl assured him seductively, and yanked down his pants and

underwear with one motion.

"OH!" gasped Dave as he erect penis was exposed to both the cool air and to Hannah.

"Oh my," she replied sarcastically, taking his hard cock in her hand and stroking it

gently, "It's sooo big."

'And so average!' the girl thought, inwardly chuckling to herself at Dave's expense.

The guy moaned softly as he leaned back against the wall and exhaled loudly as

Hannah began running the tip of her tongue down the underside of his shaft, while

holding his balls in her hand.

"Do you like it?" she inquired insincerely, giggling as she placed the head of his cock

against her lips, "Do you want me to suck it?"

Dave could only nod, as he dick seemed to undulate in Hannah's hand. The girl smiled

as she continued, her eyes meeting his as her lips parted ever so slightly, causing Dave

nearly loose it as he felt her soft tongue tease the end of his cock.

Hannah paused for a moment, holding Dave's dick against her lips, just on the verge of

penetrating her mouth. She waited for his adolescent body to stop shaking, and his dick

to stop threatening to flood her mouth with his thick hot cum.

Once satisfied that she was once again in control, Hannah pushed her head forward,

allowing Dave to ever so slowly enter her mouth. With great care, she slid her tongue

along the hard throbbing shaft as her mouth suckled firmly against it. Dave's body

tensed again, and Hannah felt him grab the sides of her head for support, so once again

she stopped all movement until he had calmed down somewhat.

Hannah moaned softly, teasing Dave even more as she increased her suction, and

began carefully playing with his balls as he moved his body back and forth, drawing his

cock in and out of Hannah's small mouth.

All too soon though, Dave felt himself on the verge of coming again. Hannah glanced up

at him and was pleased to see the look of intense concentration upon his face as he

tried to hold himself back. She once again stopped, and he seemed content to let

himself calm down, but this time she slid his cock out of her mouth.

"What are you-?!" gasped Dave, staggering as Hannah stood up, wiping his precum

from his mouth.

"I think that that'll do for now," she laughed, spitting out the taste upon the concrete

floor, and turning to walk away.

"Wha-! You-! You can't!" Dave stammered, his cock bobbing up and down as it dripped

his frustrated pre-cum onto the cold concrete floor.

"Sure I can!" chuckled Hannah as she began her ascent back up the stairs, "Who're

you gonna tell that'll believe you! Like as if!"

Hannah left him there to fume as she made her way back up to the mall proper to find a

security guard to send after him, full of self-gratification and satisfaction...

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The next day, Hannah once again made her way to the mall. And, as she had suspected,

Dave was nowhere to be found. He had either been arrested for masturbating at the

mall, or was too embarrassed to come back. Either way, it made Hannah feel good.

Brimming over with satisfaction, she went about the mall, doing some idle shopping for

things that she didn't really need, but knew that her parent's charge card would pay for.

To her it was like icing on a cake, just another of life's simple pleasures.

After a few hours, though, Hannah found herself getting hungry and bored. She went

back to the food court where she'd met her victim previously, in hopes of perhaps

finding another hapless boy from school with which to toy, but was disappointed when

she found none. The best there were, were some older men, possibly in their late

twenties or thirties.

Hannah thought about for a few minutes as she ate meal, but decided against it. They

were all much larger than the girl, and probably quite capable of turning her little game

against her. After all, Hannah was saving herself for whatever singer guy was popular

that month.

The teenaged tease was not wholly disappointed, however. She still managed to get

some small sense of satisfaction out of the way the older men looked at her. Most just

peered longingly out of the corner of their eye at her young, slender, supple

proportions, and some would occasionally make up some excuse to look in her direction

as they talked to their girlfriends, stealing a few quick glimpses of something that they

could never have. A few even out right stared, their mouths gaping as they were

paralyzed with cheeseburgers and sub-sandwiches just inches from their mouths as

Hannah absently spread her young legs to reveal to all her complete lack of knickers.

But this game eventually grew tiresome, as Hannah found the pressure on her bladder

too much to take. The teenager stood straight up, giggling girlishly as she realized that

static cling had caused her skirt to bunch up. As she stood there, trying to appear

innocently embarrassed, several men found themselves choking at the sight of so much

of her firm, lovely legs. Not to mention the fact that the skirt was very much in danger

of revealing her shaved virgin pussy to all present.

With much melodrama, Hannah pulled down her skirt one side at a time, smiling

seductively at several men as she swayed her hips to assist her tugging motions.

Finally, though, she turned to leave, and took special care to sway her hips as she

walked towards the washrooms. Behind her, Hannah could almost feel the men staring

at her ass through her tight mini-skirt...

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Once she was done, and was standing in the small cubical rearranging her clothes so

that they were just perfect, Hannah heard a peculiar sound. It was something of loud

click, but she thought little of it, and picked up her things to leave.

However, as she pulled the flimsy metal door towards her, it was forcefully pushed

inward. Hannah shrieked as she almost fell backwards, but managed to grab the sides

of the stall and catch herself before falling in the toilet.

"Hey!" she exclaimed angrily, "Can't you wait two freakin' seconds-!"

But before she could continue, the girl was grabbed by the arm and pulled to her feet

before being grabbed by the shoulder by a very firm grip. Hannah yelped as she was

turned forcibly around, and grabbed around the waist by the same pair of accosting

hands.

"Hey, you slut!" Hannah exclaimed angrily, as her small perky breasts were roughly

grabbed, and a pair of hips was thrust against her perfectly rounded ass.

"Shut up!" ordered a harsh, but distinctively female voice in her ear, "Besides, you're

the only slut here, little girl!"

"I-! Oh! Stop that!" demanded Hannah, as the woman fondled her young bosom with an

expert's touch.

"Why?" the woman inquired softly, "Doesn't it feel good?"

Hannah found that her breathing was strangely shallow, but she reasoned that it was

only adrenaline. "No," she said firmly, and grabbed the woman's wrists, trying to pull

them off as her nipples were rubbed to erectness though the flimsy material, "Stop or

I'll scream for security!"

"I've-! Already taken care of that, you little cunt!" the woman grunted as she struggled

with Hannah, "There's nowhere for you to run, and no one will hear your screams."

"What?!" demanded the teenager, suddenly feeling quite frightened, even though she

wasn't completely sure what the woman wanted.

"Oh come on!" the woman ordered, reversing the grip on her wrists, with a simple

trick, and forcing Hannah to knees in front of the toilet, "There's no sense struggling,

little girl. I could break your arm without even thinking about it, but fortunately I want

you in one piece."

"Ah! Stop it!" cried Hannah, feeling almost as angry as she was afraid, as the woman

knelt upon the backs of her calves, and leaned over her. Effectively pinning the

struggling teenager.

"Don't worry," the woman assured her with a laugh, as she handcuffed Hannah to the

pipes, "This won't hurt a bit!"

"Er, fuck..." muttered Hannah pulling against her binds as the woman stood up.

"Good idea," her captor snickered as she began tying a blindfold over the girl's eyes,

"but don't worry, I'm not here to steal your cherry, little one."

"Then why am I here?!" demanded Hannah, tears starting to wet the dark silken

blindfold.

"I'm here to punish you!" the woman announced with a wide grin.

The teenager's eyes went wide beneath the blindfold as she looked over her shoulder

and tried to see through it. All that she could make out, however, was the tall dark

shape of the woman. Whoever she was, Hannah's captor was several inches taller, and

significantly more muscular than her.

"H-how..?" the girl stammered, now trying to act pitiful in hopes of getting some

sympathy.

"You'll see," the woman snickered, licking her lips as she ran two fingers from

Hannah's spine, down over her skirt, and between the twin hemispheres of her ass

cheeks.

"Ah-!" the girl exclaimed, her body shivering at the touch as she strained against the

handcuffs, "Don't!"

"Why ever not?" the woman's chuckling voice inquired, "Does it feel good?"

"Mmph! No-!" Hannah managed as the woman reached underneath and traced a line

along the girl's bare stomach, up under her tank top to her small breasts. The girl

shivered again as the woman's fingernails brushed over her erect nipples, and pushed

herself closer to the toilet to avoid them.

"Naughty, naughty," her captor laughed, as Hannah defiantly lifted her dangling tits

over the rim of the bowl and rested herself a little more comfortably on the seat, "Don't

you like having your titties played with, little one?"

"Not by another girl!" exclaimed Hannah, as though the woman had just suggested she

go skydiving without a parachute, "I ain't no dyke!"

"Oh! Such language!" the woman scolded her, "And after I've been so nice to you. Oh

well, you brought it upon yourself."

Hannah remained indignantly silent as the woman contemplated her ass through the

dark blue material of her mini-skirt before hooking her fingers under the waistband.

"Wha-?!" the girl began, too shocked to speak as the woman ran her fingers along until

she found the zipper at the back and started slowly undoing it.

The teenager's captor merely chuckled to herself as the zipper hit the bottom, and she

slowly began pulling the impossibly tight skirt down over the girl's firm bottom.

"Hey!" cried Hanna, resuming her struggle by kicking her legs violently at the woman,

loosing one of her high heals in the process, "What do ya think you're doing?!"

"Oh my!" the woman replied, grabbing Hannah by the calves and pinning her firmly to

the cold floor, "You're not wearing an knickers, Hannah!"

"Wha-!? How do you know my name?!" the girl demanded angrily, tears soaking

through her blindfold and running down her pretty face.

"Oh, I know many things," the woman said matter-of-factually as she knelt on one of

Hannah's legs to keep it from moving as she pulled the skirt the rest of the way down,

"Mmm, you shave too! How very naughty!"

"What business is it yours?" the girl responded, squirming as best she could under the

woman's firm hold, but only succeed in waving her ass provocatively in her captor's

face.

"Mmm, you are my business, Hannah dear," the woman said appreciatively, "My, my,

my, but you do have a beautiful bottom for a girl your age. So wonderfully spankable!"

"Uh-! I-!" the girl stammered, taken back by her captor's comment, but had little time

to reply as she felt a hard snap cut across her ass causing her to shriek.

"Oh yes!" the woman laughed, smacking Hannah's ass once more, "That's it, Hannah!

Take it like a good little girl!"

"No! Ah-! OW!" she cried as the woman's hand fell again and again against the tender

skin of her ass cheeks in an unrelenting assault, "Stop it! I'm too old to be spanked!"

The woman laughed sincerely, and slammed both hands down upon the girl's ass

cheeks. "You're NEVER too old for this!" she laughed, grabbing the girl's sore cheeks

firmly in her hands and roughly massaging the welt-ridden flesh, "It's good for you!"

"I-! Ohh-!" exclaimed Hannah, feeling both angry and humiliated by the situation the

woman had forced her into, "Look, whatever it is you want from me, just take it and

leave me alone!"

"Hm, if only it were that simple, my dear," the woman replied thoughtfully, "But

unfortunately, it's not!"

There came another loud snack and a shriek as the woman slapped the girl once again,

before roughly grabbing both ass cheeks and forcing them apart. She chuckled to

herself as Hannah gasped and let out a little whine as began giving into the woman's

touch.

"Wha-? What are you doing?" the girl sobbed, her body shaking as the woman's grip

on her ass cheeks intensified the stinging sensation caused by her spanking.

"Just checking," her captor chuckled, sliding both thumbs up along Hannah's labia,

causing the teenager to shiver as goose bumps rose along her reddened bottom.

Hannah whimpered, desperately trying to shut out the sudden tingling that began to

mercilessly fill her pussy as the woman adjusted her grip, and spread the girl's labia

apart.

There was a moan of deep satisfaction from her captor as the woman's tongue began to

caress the girl's outer lips, causing Hannah to cry out defiantly.

"Nooo!" she begged, her whole body shaking with a mixture of fear and denial at what

she was beginning to feel, "Stop it! I'm not a lesbian! I'd don't like girls!"

"Mmm, but you must be!" the woman chuckled as she began licking her tongue deeper

and deeper into Hannah's pussy, "'Cause from what I hear, you always leave the boys

unsatisfied. Could it be that you've just been looking for something a little more

interesting? Or are you just frigid?"

"No!" cried Hannah defiantly, continuing to squirm as the woman's tongue caressed

her most sensitive and private places, "I'm just saving myself! That's all!"

"Oh, ya right!" laughed her captor, bringing her head up as Hannah glanced over her

shoulder, "For one of those silly little boys in one of those silly little bands, I take it?"

Hannah blushed profusely, partially because it was her secret truth, and partly due to

the clear liquid that was clearly visible, smeared across the older woman's face.

"Ugh! Yuck!" she exclaimed, feeling her stomach clench, "That's so gross!"

"What? Don't you like the sight of cum? Not even your own?" the woman inquired

seductively in a condescending manner, "Don't you want to taste it?"

"What?! NO!" cried Hannah, turning away as the woman wiped her face with fingers,

and offered them to the girl, "Stop it! That's disgusting!"

"Actually, it's quite delicious," the woman purred, reaching around to Hannah's mouth,

and smearing the teenager's own juices across her unwilling lips, "Now come on. Be a

good girl and lick it up!"

"Mm-um!" the girl mumbled, clenching her jaw tightly and pursing her lips as her own

juices were liberally smeared all over her mouth.

"Fine," the woman said in mock defeat, "then I guess I'll just have to take more

drastic measures."

"Mm?!" came Hannah's questioning response, but was quickly changed to a yelp as

the woman drove her middle finger up inside Hannah's tight virgin pussy, and began

moving it in a scooping motion.

"Feel good?" the woman inquired, giving Hannah's sore ass a gentle kiss and a nibble

as she smiled down at her handiwork, "I'll bet it does, judging by how lubricated you

are!"

"Mm! Mm-um! Mmmm!" Hannah exclaimed as loudly as she could, still refusing to

risk tasting herself.

The woman sighed, enjoying herself despite Hannah's complete lack of cooperation.

She continued fingering the little girl's pussy until she could hear her almost grunting as

she was pushed back and forth against the toilet. The woman knew that it would only be

a matter of time before the sensation caused the girl's breathing to become difficult.

Then Hannah would be force to open her mouth. But the girl's captor wasn't feeling

particularly patient.

She took her finger out, and replaced it with the index finger of her left hand. The

woman then held the girl's chin firmly in her hand, and pressed her wetted finger

against Hannah's lips.

"I think you might like this..." she murmured, listening to the sound of the girl's

breathing as she was finger fucked for several moments before making her next move.

At first, Hannah thought she was imagining it. She'd never felt anything like it before,

and so her eyes went wide, and she gasped out loud as the girl felt the woman's long

wet finger pressing against her asshole for several seconds before pushing past the

membrane and penetrating. Her own lubrication aloud the woman's entire finger to slide

up inside, as her middle finger was pushed mercilessly into her pussy to replace the one

that was now in her ass.

"Nooo! Ummm!" the girl gasped, feeling her inner walls being forced apart in unison as

the woman forced a wetted finger into her mouth.

Hannah almost gagged as the woman's finger entwined with her tongue, spreading her

own juices across her taste buds for the first time. "There!" the woman laughed, isn't

that better? Don't you taste good, little one?"

"Ugh! No way!" managed Hannah, desperately trying to spit out the flavor, denying it's

wonderful flavor as the woman double penetrated her from behind with her fingers.

"Such a shame," the woman replied retrieving her right hand, shivering a little in her

own excitement as she watched her index and middle fingers slide in and out of the girl,

"You taste sooo good! And I just love the way that little ass of yours looks with my

finger up it! You're a natural, baby!"

Hannah gritted her teeth, trying not to cry as she realized that she'd been inadvertently

moving her hips in time with her violator's fingers. She hated to admit even to herself

that the woman's unrelenting and rhythmic movements were bringing her ever closer to

orgasm.

"And it's also too bad that you're not more willing," the woman said thoughtfully, "I'd

love to have the chance to suckle those perky little titties of yours!"

"Shu-! Shut up!" cried Hannah, desperately trying to force the euphoria from her mind.

"Oh, just give in!" the woman chuckled, brining a third finger into play by using it to

rub against Hannah's clit in time with everything else, "I can see that you like it. You're

all flushed, and you can barely contain yourself. You're breathing kinda heavily, and I'll

bet those little nipples of yours are sooo hard! I'll bet you'd just about explode if

anyone came near them right now!"

Hannah closed her eyes tightly, trying to ignore the fact that she'd breathing through

her mouth in quick ragged breaths since the woman had stuck her finger up her ass.

And now, with her hard little clit being rubbed against, Hannah knew that it was only a

matter of time.

"Please! Oh please-!" she stammered, the cloth of her flimsy tank top rubbing against

her nipples, "I don't want to! Please don't make me..!"

"Make you what?" the woman inquired calmly, "Tell me, little girl."

"C-Cum!" exclaimed Hannah, stammering out the word, and blushing at having to

actually say it, "Please! Do-Don't make me..!"

"Why not?" the woman inquired, twisting her fingers, and causing Hannah's body to

jerk violently as she hit a sensitive spot.

"Because!" cried Hannah, "I-! I'm not into girls!"

"Well, I am," confessed her tormentor with a grin, "especially young, innocent ones.

But I occasionally like teaching little pretentious sluts like you a thing or two as well!

But fear not, I know exactly how to make this last as long as I want. By the time I'm

done, you'll be begging for more, you little slut!"

"No! I-! I'm not a slut!" denied Hannah, shaking her head violently, "I'm not! I'm not!"

"Oh, that's right," the woman corrected herself, "You never put out, therefore you

can't be a slut. Just a little tease!"

"No!" the teenager said meekly, "I just don't like the taste of it!"

"If I could, I'd teach you to love it!" laughed the woman in response, "But instead, I'll

show you what you've been missing out on!"

She removed her finger from Hannah's pussy, and pressed it against her asshole,

pushing hard against it in order to slide it in deeply. Hannah protested with a mournful

groan, but quickly changed her tune as the woman began lapping up the wetness of her

pussy once more.

"Oh! Ye-! NO!" she exclaimed, tears running down her pretty little face, "It's not

fair!"

"Mm! That it feels so good? Or that you can't reciprocate?" the woman inquired

condescendingly as her victim moaned out a little cry.

"Oh, please..." she sighed, her voice taking on a defeated tone as the woman sucked at

her pussy while her tongue wove its way inside, "please... Please... Please..."

"Mmm, please what?" her captor inquired between slurping sounds.

"Don't..." she whispered in reply, "Don't stop..."

The woman's face showed a wide grin of satisfaction as the humiliated girl gave in

completely to her body's desire. She reached between Hannah's legs with her free

hand, took her clit between two fingers, and began squeezing the little nub.

"Do you like it?" the woman inquired with a giggle, giving Hannah's ass cheek a

playful nibble and a kiss before sliding her tongue back inside the young teenager's

pussy.

"Y-yes..." replied Hannah defeatedly, panting and moaning in her sweet torment, so

close to coming she almost taste it.

"Good!" her captor laughed, twisting her finger inside the girl's asshole one more time

before wrenching it free, causing Hannah to cry out in surprise, "Because that's all

your getting!"

"What?!" demanded Hannah, her body jerking back inadvertently at the sudden lack

of penetration, her clit almost burning with need as the woman stood back up.

"You heard me," the woman replied with a smirk as she readjusted her clothes and

fixed her hair, "I told you I was going to teach you a lesson. And I hope that it won't be

forgotten."

"No..." pleaded Hannah pitifully as her captor stepped out of the stall, leaving the girl

still handcuffed on her knees, her juices dribbling down her legs, "You can't just..."

"Leave you there like that?" the woman chuckled as she wiped her mouth and licked

her fingers clean, "Why not? You did it to my brother, now I'm doing to you. Bye!"

"Nooo!" exclaimed Hannah at the top of her lungs, suddenly fearing what security

would do when they found her.

"Oh, do be quiet," the woman laughed from somewhere else in the washroom, "They're

trick handcuffs. They don't actually need a key, you can just move the lever a few times

to release yourself. It shouldn't take any more than five or ten minutes... Depending on

just how much of an act that 'bimbo routine' is! Bye-bye, Hannah dear!"

With that, Hannah could hear the washroom door unlock, open and then close, leaving

her alone to finish what the woman had started...

The End