**Masturbation at the Mall**

**by [Sassy Susan](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=509044&page=submissions)©**

It started with a dare. I had been corresponding via email and Instant Messages with a young woman in England who was shy and lacked self confidence. I'll call her Jenna.

She couldn't seem to initiate any sexual event. So she talked me into the dare game. If I gave her something to do, as a dare, she seemed able to follow through. In this way she was able to talk to her mom about masturbation and get across the idea that she would sometimes need privacy in her unlocked bedroom. This was a major step for her and helped build her confidence.

We kept doing little things like this for a couple of weeks in July and then she turned the tables on me. One day she said, "Susan, I want to give you a dare."

I said, "Jenna that seems fair, and kind of fun. What's your dare, dear?"

She said, "I dare you to do something sexual in public."

"Oh, you little imp. What exactly did you have in mind?"

She said, "I want you to masturbate in a public place."

After some thought, and listening to my psyche begin to react, I agreed. I told her I would report back when I had done it. It took a few days to get ready and work myself up for it. I decided to do it in the largest Mall in town, one surrounded by parking lots that allow you to park quite close and walk inside through any handy store. Inside it was multi-level, with stores arranged on all levels opening onto a central atrium section. Stairs and escalators were placed at each end and the middle, with one set of elevators for those who needed them.

Shortly after noon I parked my pickup truck at one end, by one of the anchor stores, J.C. Penny. I slipped out of the truck, smoothed my skirt and headed for the doors. My adventure was about to begin.

I had prepared carefully. I wore a white and pink summer frock, a sun dress, demur but revealing. It had spaghetti straps, a soft bosom that supported my unfettered breasts, and was snug from just below my breasts to my hips. The skirt hung loose and easy from there, in pleats, to just above my knees. The dress showed off my bare shoulders and arms, and much of my bare legs. The skirt was very feminine, swishing lightly around my thighs as I walked. I wore white backless sandals and matching plastic jewelry: earrings and assorted bracelets, and carried a small white straw purse.

I felt cool and collected as I strode across the blacktop, my hair falling loosely in soft curls to spill over my shoulders and tickle the tops of my breasts and my back. That feeling of calm was to be short lived, as it turned out.

Once inside the air conditioned Mall, I found the air considerably cooler, and I felt my nipples pop in response to the sudden chill. But the soft bosom material hid their condition from view. I was fully aware of them, however, as my breasts moved around within the gentle confines of the dress and rubbed my nipples incessantly against the soft cloth. Such sweet torture.

I walked around the second level until I reached the restroom of my choice. The women inside reflected the variety all over the mall: middle aged to matronly women, and teenagers. The former typically wore Bermuda shorts, slacks, or casual skirts. The latter, the youngsters, wore low-rider jeans or short-shorts, cut-off sleeveless T's, or halters. Lots of bare legs and midriffs on display. And a ton of cheap jewelry clanking and clinking. And to top it all off, pardon the pun, hair of all colors, none of it, it seemed, natural. Plenty of blue, red, gold, purple, and white – in streaks and high-lights and solids, and in multiple combinations. A feast for the eyes, nubile human flamingoes.

Inside the restroom, I pretended to check my makeup and adjust my hair. I used the time to check my potential audience. And I got the shakes. All these strange women, a crowd of more than a dozen – how would they react? Could I do it? But I had to; I could not back out now. I noticed a mature woman beside me sniffing the air. She had a puzzled look on her face. I realized suddenly that she was smelling me; my arousal must be making me juice some more and she was picking up the scent. Time to get to it.

The older women tried to ignore the younger ones, who were noisy and brash, laughing and giggling and joking. Their antics and sounds caused a cacophony of echoes in the hard surfaced room, making it seem even louder than it was. Maybe they wouldn't hear me in all this noise, I hoped.

I waited until there were three empty stalls in the middle of the row and took the middle of them. Inside, I locked the door and looked around. It was small with about a foot of space between the floor and the steel walls. I could see part way into the stalls beside mine. Oh, dear.

I reached up under my skirt and peeled off my skimpy panties. I realized they were damp with my juices. I took them in my mouth as I figured out how to work in these cramped quarters. Then I hung them on the hook inside the door and sat down. Oops. Need to do something with this skirt, I realized. I pulled it up and bunched it around my waist, wishing the dress had a belt. But I tucked it in as best I could to keep it out of the toilet water. Then I realized the toilet seat was not going to work. If I leaned back the plumbing attacked me in the small of my back.

Finally, I compromised. I sat and slid as far forward as I could, leaning back into the hardness that now caught me in mid-back. Just then a woman entered the stall next to me. I froze. Her feet were visible and I could hear her pushing her panties down onto her thighs. Then the sound of her pee splashing into the water. Usually that would have turned me on, but I realized that in spite of the noise outside I could clearly hear what she was doing inside her stall. So I, too, could be heard.

But I had to get going. The pain in my back was getting worse. So I put one sandaled foot up and braced it against the door – which caused a metallic rattling. Shit.

I heard the woman next to me stop moving. Listening? Well, the hell with it. I started to massage my cunt lips and discovered that I was soaking wet. When did that happen? I wondered, almost aloud. The woman next door pulled toilet paper off the roll and I could hear her rubbing it against herself. Oh, god. And then I must have let out a squeak as my finger found my swollen clit. The paper-on-pussy sounds stopped abruptly, but I thought to myself, fuck it. Let's get on with this.

I began to get into the act of masturbation and to hell with the noise. I could hear myself and now I could smell myself: the aroma of aroused woman on a tear. My wet pussy was making distinct smacking and sloshing noises. It turned me on, and I kept going. I was close, which surprised me. I had been at it for only a minute or two and I could feel the orgasm building deep in my belly.

As I went at myself with gusto I realized the sounds outside had diminished. Oh god, they were listening. But it was too late. The tension was at a peak and I knew it was too late for anything. My foot banged against the door as I came, sending rattling sounds reverberating around the room, and the door shook on its hinges.

I came, and came. Oh my god I came. And I didn't stop. I kept abusing my poor sodden cunt until I couldn't stand the sensations anymore. I must have yelled or groaned or something, but I don't remember. Outside my door there was not a sound. Nothing.

Could they all have left? And then the outside door opened and a couple of teenagers entered the room. They were quickly hushed to silence and I knew. Oh my god in heaven. They are all still there, waiting.

The silence dragged and I knew I had to do something. I got up and smoothed my skirt down over my legs and drooling pussy. I put the panties into my purse, but not all the way. I let part of them hang out the opening. "If you're going to do it, Susan, you might as well do it all the way."

I unlatched the door, took a deep breath, and pulled it open -- and stopped dead in shock. They were all just standing there, staring at me. No one said a word, not a sound. A long count of three, another breath, and I began to move.

With head down now, I walked quickly to the wash basins and began to wash my shaking hands. I know I was beet red, right down to my breasts. I could feel the heat of it. I was mortified and felt one foot tall.

A woman, an older one, stood beside me. I had sort of pinned her there when I had blindly picked this washbowl. As I reached for some paper towels to dry my shaking hands, I heard her inhale – the kind of sound someone makes as they are about to say something. I cringed and pulled my head down into my shoulders, expecting the worst.

"I guess you really needed that, Hon," she said, half in question. My head snapped up in surprise and my eyes must have been saucers. She smiled gently and put her hand on my arm. "It's OK, dear. We all have those kinds of moments. I hope you enjoyed it. I certainly did." Her hand squeezed my arm and her smile broadened. "I think we all did."

She glanced up and around the room and I dug deep for the courage to follow her gaze. All the other women and girls, except one elderly matron who seemed confused, smiled back at me. The teeny boppers were giggling softly and poking each other. Then someone laughed and it popped the tension -- and released an avalanche of laughter. They all laughed and laughed hysterically, and the teens shrieked with glee. I stood there stupefied, with open mouth, I realized after a moment.

Then someone started clapping and the room took off. Thunderous applause and laughter surrounded me, echoing off the walls and making my red ears hurt. I looked into my new friend's eyes and let her see my thanks. I felt tears leak out and run down my cheeks. Impulsively I gave her a kiss on the cheek and mouthed a silent, Thank You.

She leaned in to talk in my ear. "You're welcome, young lady. Thank you. By the way, may I have these as a memento? And to prove to my bridge club that this actually happened?"

She was touching my soiled panties, partly hidden in my purse. I smiled into her eyes and opened my purse so she could retrieve them. When she had, I took one last look around the room and bolted for the door.

I'm not too sure, but I think I ran all the way through the Mall and out to my waiting truck. Once inside, I just sat and shook for long minutes, breathing deeply. Oh god, what a hoot. Then I started the truck, put it in gear, and drove out of the lot and home, one shaken, but satisfied girl.

Jenna, thank you for the challenge. I hope this lived up to your expectations.