Scenes from a Mall

by Mortice Â©

Freedom!

I'm a fit, young, attractive girl, wanting to get out and see the world, but always constrained by the quiet conservative life which comes from growing up in a small town where everyone knows you.

But I had just started at university (I had chosen one as far from my home

town as I could find) and so I was free to do whatever I liked.

It was 3 weeks after I had started at University, on a Saturday, when I decided to take my first step into my brave new world. I had read on the Internet about girls dressing up to look sexy and tease guys, and I wanted to do it myself.

I had got a few sexy clothes, and I was going to go to a large shopping

centre nearby, where I would hopefully catch the eye of some nice guys.

I had bought a thong bikini in yellow, and a short, tight, halter neck dress in shiny dark blue. After a shower, I put on the bikini and then the dress on top. My hope was that sometimes guys would get a flash of the thong.

I looked in the mirror, but it just didn't look right. The shape of the bikini top were obvious under the dress, and, since the dress had a low cut back, the straps of the bikini top were visible across my back.

Well, I'd never gone out without a bra before, but I'd never done any of

this before. I took off the bikini top, and let the dress support my breasts. I don't have huge breasts, but the dress showed off my cleavage well. It did feel strange, but very sexy, and it looked great.

I practised flashing my thonged arse in the mirror. It wasn't difficult, since the dress was short and quite loose. I was hard to see what I would look like to an onlooker, but I think I was showing enough.

I tried flashing my bikini covered pussy, too, but looking in the mirror I could see lots of unsightly hair poking out - I hadn't realised the bikini was so small!

There was no other choice - I stripped off, got a razor out, and started

shaving my pussy. I started just on the edges, but decided to go for it,

and shaved my whole pussy bald - something I'd never done before. It felt

very sexy, and it was all I could do to not start playing with myself

right away, but then I'd never get to the shops.

I put on some strappy heels and a long coat I'd bought to hide in, then

picked up my bag and headed out to the bus stop.

It was a warm day, so I let my coat fall open on the bus. I was terrified

but very excited about the whole trip, But no-one on the bus seemed to

notice.

I got to the shopping centre and found a quiet corner. I took my coat off,

exposing my undress for the first time to the public, then folded my coat

up and put it in my bag.

I headed for the main shopping area, where most of the people were. At

first I got no reaction from anyone, but then some guys whistled at me

from a balcony, and shouted out, "Nice tits darling!"

My confidence boosted, I went up one of the escalators. I looked around to

see a guy watching me, so I pretended not to notice and went to scratch my

arse, lifting the back of my dress up in the process. I looked back to see

him smiling broadly.

I went upstairs and looked over a balcony. I leaned forwards over it, and

I could see one guy nudging his friend and pointing up at my cleavage. I

waited until they were both looking, then parted my legs a little. Their

jaws dropped when they saw the yellow of my bikini - then I decided they

had seen enough, and I walked on.

While walking along the balcony, I saw a fit looking guy, mid-twenties,

wearing red cycle shorts and a red teeshirt. He had quite a noticeable

bulge in his shorts.

He looked over to me, then did a double take when he saw what I was

wearing. He turned towards me, which gave me a better look at his packet.

I couldn't help staring, and he must have seen me doing it.

He said, "Hi."

I said "Hi" back, then thought that I should really say something more

interesting. While trying to think of something witty, my mouth said the

only thing that was in my head. "Did you come here by bike?" Why did I ask

such a stupid question!

But he answered, "No. If you mean the shorts, then I just like wearing them."

I could have answered, "...and I like seeing you in them," but thankfully I didn't.

While I was looking blank, he said, "You're looking ready for Summer yourself."

I couldn't really tell him that I was out to titillate guys. I just said,

"Thanks, I thought I'd do something a bit different."

"Well you've sure done that. Would you like to get a cup of coffee?"

And so we went for coffee, and chatted some more small talk about what we

were doing and where we'd come from. His name was Steve, and he was also a student.

After a time, he said, "So my guess is that you've never before worn that dress out in public, but you've often thought about it, and this is your first time away from home when you can do it. I've seen how you smile when guys stare at you as they walk past."

"Yea," I said, "that's pretty much it."

He smiled. "Me too - I love wearing tight gear and showing my body off."

I looked at his crotch and raised my eyebrows. "So I see!"

Then he said to me, "So uncross your legs then."

I wondered why he wanted me too, but I did so.

He added, "And move your knees apart!"

I was at first shocked at the request, but then, what he wants is exactly what I came out to do. I pulled my knees apart, giving him a good flash of my bikini."

Steve smiled, but then said, "I thought so - you haven't been doing this for long, have you?"

"What do you mean?"

He leant towards me. "Do you want to know how to really get the guys going?"

Of course I did. "Of course I do!"

He pointed, and said, "Go over there to the toilets, take off that thong you're wearing, and come back."

Wow, that was quite a step! But I knew I had to do it. I went to the ladies toilet, and there pulled my bikini bottoms down, pulled down my dress as best I could, and returned to him.

It was very strange, walking around in a short dress with nothing at all

under it - another thing I'd never done before. When I got back to him, I

couldn't help but sit with my legs crossed.

"Have you done it?"

I nodded, embarrassed.

"Where is the thong?"

I opened my bag to show him.

He reached in and took them out, saying, "You won't need these any more.

I'm saving you from the temptation of putting them back on later."

At first I was horrified at the loss of my escape route. Then I realised I was turned on by his taking control of my state of undress. The only response I could give was, "Thank you."

He said, "Now, uncross your legs again."

I kept staring at his face, as I uncrossed my legs and parted my knees -

the first time I had ever flashed my pussy at a guy.

He smiled, saying, "Very good. You're even shaved, which is better than I

expected. Now we need to try it out on someone."

We left the coffee, and went over to lean on the balcony. A guy on his own

on the floor below was looking up at us.

Steve said, "He'll do. See what sort of reaction you can get."

I looked down, but pretended not to look at him. I opened my legs a little, and I could see him looking up at me and shuffling around to get a better view. Then I opened my legs much more, and saw him just staring, open mouthed, at my bald naked pussy. I'm sure that he was still staring, even after I'd walked away.

"So, " I said to Steve, "what sort of thing like that do you do?"

He replied, "Watch and see."

He leant back against a wall, as a girl walked past. As she was looking at

the bulge in his shorts, smiling, he went to scratch his balls, but in

doing so cupped his balls and pushed his cock up. The girl burst out in

giggles, and had to look away, but couldn't help looking back..

We walked on. He said, "You girls have this game a bit easier than us

guys. For one thing, you can wear skirts and dresses without underwear,

which makes it easy to guys. The only options men have like that are tight

shorts or kilts. And then you can do lots of things with breasts too."

I replied, "I'm sure you could get other clothes to show yourself off."

"Well if you see any, perhaps I'll try it out."

I took that as a challenge. I saw something suitable in a girls clothes shop window, and took him in.

Ten minutes later, he stepped out of the shop's changing room, wearing a little crop top teeshirt and his tight cycle shorts. It covered his upper body, but showed off his firm stomach very well.

"Wow," I said, "that looks great."

He looked awkward. "Do you think so? I've not tried anything like that before."

I whispered to him, "If you want to find out if it works getting the girls' attention, why not ask one of the shop assistants?"

He tapped a petite girl on the shoulder, and said, "Can you tell me what

you think of this?"

She turned around, then her jaw dropped. For a few moments she was

speechless, then she said, "Um... yes... yes it looks very sexy... Uh, I

mean very suitable! You're quite different from the usual girls we get in

here, but I'm glad you came in."

He said, "Thanks, I'll take it."

"Ah, are you buying the shorts and the top?"

"No, I was wearing the shorts when I came in."

"Oh, I wish I'd seen that. If you take the top off... I mean, change into

your other clothes, then I'll put it in a bag for you."

"No thanks, " he said, "I'll keep it on."

She looked amazed. "Are you sure?"

He paid and we left the shop. Looking behind us, I saw all the girls in

the shop crowded at the window staring at him.

Steve said to me, "You're right, this does turn heads."

"Yes, your previous teeshirt was hanging down covering your crotch bulge,

but no chance of that now!"

He said, "This top works well, but I don't think I would have chosen it for myself. I liked you picking it out for me."

I replied, "It was good, too, when you told me to take off my bikini bottoms. I wouldn't have done that myself, but it was actually quite a turn-on to be told to do it."

"Yes, it was a turn-on for me too, getting told what to wear. Actually, I know a dress which would look great on you."

I was feeling brave. "Great, lets go buy it."

He smiled. "Well, I was thinking of something else. It's a bit unusual, and of course you don't have to do it, but I think you'd enjoy it."

This sounded interesting. "Go on."

"Well, you go into the toilets, and hand me the dress you're wearing, then I give you the new dress. That way you have no choice but to wear whatever I give you. I promise it won't be too outrageous, but I also promise it won't be to boring. You'll have to trust me to pick something suitable for you."

Now he was getting me very turned on! The thought of being given something

sexy to wear, but having no control of what it was and no choice to not wear it sounded like the ultimate scene.

"Yes, let's do it!"

He grinned a broad, sexy smile. "Right, we can go to the mixed sex public

toilets they have here. You go into one cubicle and I'll go in the next

one. Give me your dress under the partition wall, then I'll go buy you

another one."

"You mean I'll have to wait while you buy it?"

"Yes, you'll have to sit in there, naked, for as long as it takes me. And

I want to take your watch so you don't know how long I've been, and your

overcoat so you can't cheat."

Some time later, I was sitting, naked except for shoes, no clothing with

me, hoping he would return soon. It turned me on so much when I handed him

my dress and heard him leave, that I had to put my fingers in my pussy and

give myself an orgasm. It took all my willpower not to scream out as I came.

A bag was pushed under the partition. Inside was a note, telling me he was

waiting on the other side of the shopping centre, and a small bundle of

yellow fabric.

I picked up the dress. The front and back halves of it were attached

together only with four metal rings on each side, so when I was wearing

it, it would be quite obvious I had nothing on underneath!

I pulled it on over my head. It was quite short, and had a low cut front

to show off my cleavage, and a very low cut back. The rings showed lots of

flesh at the sides. The fabric was quite thin, so my nipples poked

through, and quite transparent, so it I hadn't shaved you would have been

able to see my bush.

I covered myself up as much as I could, and left the toilet to find Steve.

I felt quite strange, walking through the shoppers in such skimpy attire.

I turned the heads of both men and women.

Finally I found Steve, grinning from ear to ear.

"Wow you look great, very sexy," he said. "That dress shows off your nipples, and everyone knows what you're not wearing under it."

I looked down to see the bulge in his shorts had got a lot bigger and stiffer. "Yes, I can see you like it!"

He moved towards me, to use me as a shield.

I was feeling adventurous, and quite horny, so I rubbed his stiff cock through the shorts. "My, you are excited, aren't you!"

He said, "If you keep doing that, it could get very messy!"

He put his arms around me, and I could feel him lifting my dress when he

put his hands on my arse. We stared into each others eyes, and we kissed,

a long, slow kiss.

We smiled at each other for a moment, then he said, "Would you like to see

where I got your dress?"

We walked across the shopping centre, all the time both of us getting

whistles and stares. He took me to a shop called 'Funky', which had lots

of unusual shiny clothing in the window. We went in, and I was amazed by

the range of dresses, shorts, skirts, tops, catsuits and other things in

rubber, leather, PVC, and some fabrics I couldn't recognise. I said, "I

could wear the whole shop!"

We browsed for a while, and I wished I could afford everything. I came

across some shorts which would be very sexy on Steve, and had an

interesting extra feature, so I told him to go to the changing room. When

he took his own shorts off, I grabbed them from under the door, but then

waited a few minutes before giving him the new ones, along with a rubber

shine spray and a bottle of lubricant.

When he came out, he was wearing the tightest black shiny rubber shorts I

had ever seen. There was no doubt he liked them - his erection was straining against the rubber.

We browsed some more, paid, and left.

I said, "So, are you wearing the shorts correctly?"

He replied, "Yes, I am. It was quite a job to get it in, and I wouldn't have managed if I hadn't had the lube."

I put my hand on his rubbered arse, to feel the base of the buttplug which was built into the shorts, and now stretching his arse. I pulled the plug out a little and pushed it back in.

He smiled, "Ooo, but it does make for some interesting sensations!"

He pulled a small box out of a bag, and said, "And I got you a little surprise too. It's a vibrating egg. You switch it on and then slip it into your pussy."

That sounded like fun. "Thanks, I'll take it into the toilet and try it out."

"No need," he said as he unscrewed the egg, flicked a switch to start it buzzing, then screwed it up again. He pushed me back against a wall, then, standing very close in front of me, kissed me as his hand moved under my dress and pushed first his fingers and then the egg into my pussy.

As his tongue pushed into my mouth, I felt the vibrations deep within me, teasing my clit and turning me on.

"There," he said, "how does that feel?"

"Wow, what a sensation, constantly tingling me down there."

He smiled as he said, "And it's not going to stop, unless you want to reach up under your dress in the middle of the shopping centre.

We ambled on, pretending to browse the shops, but I couldn't forget about

the egg buzzing away inside me.

He said, "This stuff is a real turn-on for me. Would you like to go somewhere a bit more private and get to know each other better?"

"Yes, of course I would, but I don't think it should be anywhere at all private."

"I have an idea."

Ten minutes later, and not a moment too soon, we were in the back row of a

cinema. We got tickets for the only film showing in the afternoon, which

was Bambi, but there were very few other people there.

Steve pulled my dress off over my head, and threw it a few seats away, saying, "You won't need that any time soon." I pulled his top and shorts off, and threw them the same way.

As we sat there, both naked, Steve said, "Have you ever tried these?" as he pulled a pair of handcuffs out of his bag.

"I never have, but I'd like to. But if I'm going to get chained up, you are too."

"What do you mean?"

I took the cuffs and locked one end around one of my wrists, and the other

around one of his.

His locked up hand started stroking his hard cock. "Oh, being naked and

chained up to you is such a turn-on!"

I pulled my hand towards me, to pull his away from his cock. I said, "Let

me do that," as my other hand felt his erection.

His hand went down to push my vibrating egg and flick my clit, as my head

went down to suck his cock.

We stayed this way for some time, his hand all over my body, and my mouth

sucking hard on his cock. Then I felt him lean back as he cried out, then

cum gushed into my mouth - that made me cum too, and I would have cried

out if I had not been gagged.

We kissed, hugged, and rested, still naked and in each others arms. I realised that Steve must have screamed just as Bambi's mother died!

We stayed huddled at the back of the dark cinema until everyone had left.

I climbed along the seats, keen to get my dress back, but I couldn't find

it! And Steve said he couldn't see his either.

We decided after searching that someone had taken not only all of our clothes, but my bag too, and even our handcuff keys. We were naked and chained together, and there wasn't even anything nearby we could use to cover ourselves up.

I was scared, but even then still turned on at our situation. I asked Steve, "Can I turn off this vibrating egg now?"

"No," he said, "don't touch it until I tell you. Now, I think those rings

on the floor over by the staff exit are the rings that used to be on your

dress, so lets try that door."

We sneaked over to the door, still quite naked, and Steve opened it,

peering inside.

We went in, to find our clothes and a note. The note read, 'Go to the

shopping centre's rubbish collection point.'

We put the clothes on, which was difficult when handcuffed. But they had

been modified - my dress had had all the side rings removed, so it hung

over my shoulders, covering my front and back, but there was nothing at

the sides holding it together. And Steve's shorts had had the crotch and

buttplug cut out, so when he put them on his cock fell out of the bottom.

I could wear my dress and still be not illegally indecent, and Steve's shorts were okay as long as he pulled them down his hips like a mini-dress. His top had vanished.

"Well," he said, "we'd better find the rubbish collection place."

We left the cinema. Now people were just refusing to look at us, scantily

dressed and handcuffed together.

We had much trouble finding the 'rubbish collection point'. It wasn't on any maps, so we had to ask people.

The first person we asked, a woman, said, "You people disgust me. Go away."

The second, a man, said, "I'll tell you if she gives me a flash of her tits."

The third, a man, said, "Get a room!" I did thing that was a good idea, but we carried on asking.

The fourth, an elderly lady, was very helpful and told us exactly where it was. She added, "Fashion today is so different from my day, dears. We hardly ever wore handcuffs when we went out."

Steve started dashing, but I pulled him back. With only one free hand, I couldn't make sure my hanging dress would cover my pussy, arse and breasts while running. Steve said that, as he ran, his cock had a risk of poking out from under his rubber mini-dress too.

Walking slowly, and avoiding the abuse and wolf whistles, we got to the rubbish collection point. There we found my bag and another bag.

Steve opened the other bag, to find that it contained two long plastic coats. He checked the pockets, and found some money and a set of handcuff keys.

I found that my bag was zipped shut, with a padlock securing it.

Steve said, "I have the equipment back at my place to cut open that lock,

and with these coats we won't look too silly on the bus back."

I smiled, saying, "So I guess that means I'll have to come home with you?"

"Ah, yes you will. At least that's one benefit of all this."

"And you're not going to let me take this vibrator out, are you?"

"No, don't touch it. That will keep you amused for a while, and I'll get it out later."

He put one of the coats on.

I grabbed the front of his shorts. I said, "If you're going to wear that coat to cover you, then you won't need these," as I pulled the shorts and tore them off him.

He pretended to be shocked, and said, "Well you won't need this either then." He ripped my dress off.

Once I'd put my coat on, Steve said, "I'm just going to make a little adjustment." He ripped out the insides of the pockets in my coat. Then he told me to put my hands in through the pocket holes, and handcuffed my hands together before closing the coat over them.

"Right," he said, "that will make sure you don't get into any trouble before I get you home."

I replied, Yes I think I'll be very obedient for you."