Shopping at the Mall

by tiedwide Â©

We tried something a little different over the holidays this year...

One evening, during the holiday shopping rush, he took me to the mall.

Neither of us was shopping for gifts, however. We had something else in

mind.

Before we left home, I put on heels and a dress that buttons all the way

down the front, and he carefully tied my elbows behind my back. I could

bring my elbows almost all the way forward alongside my body, but the rope

was just short enough to keep me from reaching the buttons of my dress

with my fingertips. Naturally, I wore nothing at all under the dress. He

draped my overcoat over my shoulders to hide the rope across my back, spun

me around to check my look, and led me to the garage. Having my elbows

pulled back behind me a little made my back bow and my breasts stand out

more, and that seemed to please him thoroughly.

The ride to the mall was a little uncomfortable, but not too bad. He had

to put on and take off my seatbelt for me, but shortly we arrived at the

mall complex. The walk from the car to the buildings was a challenge; I

gripped the sides of the overcoat with my hands and held it closed as best

I could in the wind, but the icy air still swirled up my dress and froze

my bare skin. Had it not been for the rope, I'd have had my arms in the

coat sleeves and cinched up the coat, but it would have looked a little

odd to have the coat buttoned up around me with the sleeves flapping

empty.

Once inside, he straightened my coat and we walked into the crowd. The

effect he was going for was to have me look as if I were casually

strolling along with my coat draped over my shoulders and my arms swinging

loosely at my sides. It didn't quite work out that way, though - if he let

my elbows come far enough forward to let my arms look naturally relaxed, I

could reach my buttons, and that wasn't part of the game. So, after a

little experimentation, I figured out a pose that looked reasonable,

lifting my hands a little around my hips so that it didn't look like I was

being led along in handcuffs. People pretty much see what they expect to

see, especially in a crowded, noisy environment like a crowded mall. My

hands were free and visible, and if my back was bowed a little and I

clicked along in heels with my breasts thrust forward, well, what's wrong

with that? We attracted no undue attention as we strolled along in the

crowd.

"Comfortable?" he asked. I nodded.

"Lighten up," he murmured. "We're holiday shoppers, carefree, and all

that, remember. You look tense."

I shook my head and grinned. He was right - I was focused on the faces of

everyone around me, intent on worrying about whether they could tell I was

naked under the dress and whether they knew I was tied. I knew for one

thing that my nipples were rock-hard from the chill; it wouldn't take a

rocket scientist to conclude that I was either braless or wearing only the

sheerest of lingerie. I took a deep breath to clear my head and smiled

back at him.

"Kiss me!" He did, quickly but deeply, draping his arm across my

shoulders. I smiled and we continued on, the very picture of the happy

holiday couple.

After a little window-shopping, I finally got warmed up and the flush left

my face. I also relaxed into the game, not worrying so much about whether

everyone in the mall knew what I was up to. It really is interesting to

watch crowds - when there are a lot of people in a relatively small space,

you can tell that people are concentrating solely on getting to their

destinations and avoiding the people in their way. He guided me through

the throng, not hurrying or dawdling, just going with the flow.

As we admired a Christmas tree in a niche by the escalators, he reached

up, caressed my face, and kissed me tenderly. When I turned into him and

leaned closer, he slipped his hand down along my throat, thrilling me.

With another deep kiss, I moaned and closed my eyes, and his hand dipped

lower. In a split second, it seemed, he unbuttoned the top buttons of my

dress, flipping the edges apart to show my cleavage. When he stepped back,

grinning, I looked down, startled that he had managed to get that many

buttons open that quickly.

"That's better," he said softly. "Let's walk some more." My nipples jumped

to attention again, and I was again convinced that everyone around me was

staring at me, but I followed him back into the thick of the crowd. I

concentrated on the "shopping couple" image to try to control the blush I

knew was giving me away. As we looked in store windows and saw our

reflection, I had an impish thought. With a wink, I walked to a side

hallway, beckoning with a toss of my head.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I'd do this myself, but I can't reach. Reach inside the dress and lift my

tits one at a time, up and toward the center. You'll like the result."

I turned my back on the crowd, and his eyebrow went up as he got the idea.

After a couple of quick adjustments, the top of my dress gaped even wider,

extra cloth bunched below the curve of my breasts and propping up an even

more impressive display of cleavage. As we walked back into the crowd, I

noticed a lot more jiggling going on - I turned to him and grinned

broadly. While the dress wasn't skin-tight across my upper belly, it was

snug enough to give me a sort of foundation for my shelf.

Our next stroll through the crowd brought a few curious looks; even though

I discounted most of my suspicions, there were a few people giving me

frank stares as I tiptoed my high heels past them and jiggled breasts at

their faces. During one of our full-body-press kisses, I felt his erection

through his slacks and clucked my tongue at him.

"You can't walk through the mall sporting a huge woody like that! What

will people think?" He actually blushed, started to look down, and then

caught himself. I don't think he realized the state he was in. He stuck

his hands in his pockets to tent the front of his pants and hide the

evidence, then arched an eyebrow at me.

"At least I can hide my arousal! You're pretty well stuck, my dear!" With

that, he reached up and cupped a breast, tweaking my nipple hard right in

the middle of the crowd. I gasped, but he was right - he could do with me

as he wished, and there was nothing I could do to stop him. To drive the

point home, he led me a few more steps and then brazenly tweaked the other

nipple erect, right in front of an older couple walking arm-in-arm. Their

eyes widened, and then the crowd swept us apart.

I licked my lips, and my eyes dilated. He noticed, chuckling.

"Come with me," he whispered, heading toward a dress shop.

He led me into the shop and between a couple of closely-spaced racks, then

dropped his keys on the floor. With a "Woops!", he squatted down to

retrieve them, left hand going for the keys and right hand making a

beeline for my lower buttons. Again, I was amazed at his dexterity - in

just a few seconds, he had my dress unbuttoned halfway up my thighs.

As he turned dresses on the rack this way and that, I nodded in approval.

I knew there were security cameras all over the store (and all over the

mall itself, including the parking lots, for that matter), and so I played

the part for all it was worth. He drew closer, and then a particular dress

seemed to catch his eye. He leaned in to read the tag, and I felt his

other hand catch up the front of my dress and start gathering the

material. I stifled the urge to look around in panic, and in a second or

two his warm fingers were curling around my bare crotch. With a wiggle, he

opened me with his middle finger and slipped inside.

"What do you think of this one, baby?" he asked as he burrowed deeper. I

struggled to speak.

"It's - it's nice," I finally stammered. He squeezed me with his whole

hand, and my knees went weak. "I think it's pretty!" After a few quick

flicks of my clit, he withdrew his hand and stepped back. We casually made

our way out of the store, and it was all I could do to walk a straight

line without wobbling.

As we walked along looking at the other shop windows, he eyed me

critically. At my frown, he leaned in close and whispered in my ear.

"Open up your stride a little bit - show off those legs some more, hm? Or,

if you like, I can just undo a dozen more buttons...."

I had frankly forgotten about his magic trick with the dropped keys; at

the next window, I blushed to see my dress flapping open from mid-thigh

down. I grinned back at him wickedly, though, and took longer steps. The

swish of cloth and swirl of air between my thighs turned me on, and he

didn't have to tweak me to bring out the best of my breasts. After a quick

mental review of the mall layout, I took off in a new direction.

"Where are you going?" he hissed in my ear.

"You'll see!" I led him to the foot of the escalator, and a smile appeared

on his face. "You stay right here - I'll be back in a few minutes." He

shook his head quizzically, but stayed put. He thought he was going to

ride up a few steps below me, I guess.

I got on the escalator sideways, bracing myself with one hand, looking

round and round over the heads of the crowd as if I were searching for

something. I put my foot up on the next step, shivering slightly as my

dress fell open, and rode the escalator all the way to the top that way.

The knot of teenage girls below me on the steps spent the whole ride

giggling to each other, but they were so caught up in their conversation I

don't think they even registered my presence.

At the top of the escalator, I turned right, not left. I could see him

down below with his hands in his pockets again, wondering why I had not

stepped across to the down escalator right away. I stayed by the balcony

edge and casually worked my way around, and finally the light dawned

downstairs - the balcony rail was glass, and I stopped every few feet to

belly up to the rail and look around, putting a foot up on the rail.

He was really funny to watch; he dared not just plant himself in one spot

and gape up my dress from the lower level, but he didn't want to miss

anything, either. He fidgeted, shuffled around, tried to appear casual,

but still spent many long seconds breathing harder and keeping his hands

in his pockets as I worked around the balcony's edge.

For me, it was a heady combination of fear and arousal. I was out of his

arms' reach, arms tied and breasts on jiggling display, showing off my

thighs to the people inches away as well as everyone on the lower level.

If someone decided to take my coat, I knew I probably couldn't stop them -

and then, as the crowd realized my condition, I knew I could not stop

anyone who wanted to from touching me, exposing me, fingering me. I felt

flushed and excited, and I started deliberately making brief eye contact

with everyone who turned my way. I wet my lips and parted them, feeling a

warm flush spread across my chest and neck, and I knew without even

needing to check that I was soaking wet. Just before I stepped onto the

down escalator and headed back to safety, I pretended to stumble slightly

and pressed my breasts into the back of the man in front of me, then

mumbled my apologies.

Reunited, we stepped quickly to another area. I was a little worried that

there might have been more than one eager watcher enjoying my balcony

show.

"Baby, that was hot," he breathed in my ear. "I almost blew a zipper right

then!" I smiled, pleased with the effect of my tease. He snagged a cherry

from a free sample offer and teased my lips with it as we walked, and I

licked it and lipped it and panted for it until he finally let me suck it

into my mouth. After eating the cherry, I worked the stem for a moment and

then presented it to him in the O of my lips, tied in a knot. He giggled.

"Here's something for you to think about," I purred. "Something to test

your ability to think on your feet."

"What's that?"

"Whip out your cock so I can suck it."

His eyes widened, and I had to grab his belt loop with a fingertip and

yank him away from a collision with a potted plant.

"You're kidding," he stammered.

My eyes dilated wide, I huskily whispered, "I am not kidding. Right now,

I'm asking you quietly. If you take too long to come up with a plan,

though, you'll be walking through the mall with a woman loudly complaining

that she wants to suck your dick RIGHT NOW..."

His eyes bugged out slightly and he swallowed with an effort, then went

into high gear as he started mentally reviewing every square foot of the

area. A light dawned, and he led me all the way to the back of a nearby

department store. He hunted around briefly, then let me around a corner to

a freight elevator. With a last check around, he pushed the button and

ushered me inside. Even as the doors closed, I dropped to my knees and he

unzipped.

By the time the car started moving, I had swallowed him completely,

sucking deeply and urgently. His knees wavered, and I pressed in harder,

herding him into the corner of the elevator and pinning him there with his

cock down my throat. When I knelt, I had opened my knees for support, and

I felt my outer and inner lips bloom apart like a wet flower between my

legs. When the bell rang for the third floor, I let him pull free and

stuff himself back into his pants, staying on my knees until he could help

me up. Luckily, the floor layout was similar to the first floor; the

service elevator was set back in a little crooked hallway rather than

opening up onto the sales floor. We staggered off the elevator, panting.

After smoothing his clothes and adjusting himself, he flung himself

against me, gripping me to him tightly and covering me with kisses. I

ground my belly against his, and he shook with desire. I panted wetly in

his ear, hands shaking to hold him, caress him, grip him.

"Do it again," I whispered. He nodded, then moved back toward the

elevator. The indicator showed that it was still on our floor. As he

reached for the button, I hissed urgently at him. He turned back to face

me, confused.

I turned my back to the hall opening, shielding him and the elevator

buttons. "Take out your cock," I instructed. He hesitated, frowning over

my shoulder at the hallway entrance. After checking the elevator display

again, he unzipped his pants and eased out his cock, still a little moist

from my saliva. He put his finger on the elevator button, then raised an

eyebrow.

"I want you to stroke it up, get yourself ready," I explained. "When I go

down while we're going down, I want you to cum big and hard in my mouth."

He blushed, looked over my shoulder again, and stroked himself with his

free hand. In a few seconds, he was rock-hard, and I finally let him push

the button. The doors opened immediately, and he ducked inside, pushing

his cock down at the base with his thumb. I dove to my knees even before

the doors started closing and clamped my lips around him, whipping my head

back and forth and extending my tongue.

He was shaking violently by the time the doors closed, and as we passed

the second floor, he grabbed the rails with both hands and convulsed deep

into my mouth. He pumped strongly all the rest of the way down, slumping

into the corner as the bell rang for the first floor.

The sound of the bell reminded him where he was, and he frantically got

himself in order just as the doors rolled open. He hauled me to my feet

clumsily and straightened my coat, and we staggered out into the

first-floor service hallway where we had started. He checked me over

before we went back out into the crowd, leaning close to dab at my cheek.

"Hang on," he stammered, "you've got a little cum on your face." I smiled,

turning my cheek to let him wipe off the droplet. As he led me toward the

hallway opening, I cleared my throat and stopped walking. He turned back

to me, and I grinned. As he watched, I bowed my head, pursed my lips, and

dribbled more cum across my breasts. His jaw dropped in utter amazement,

and I tipped my head back to dribble even more down my chin, giggling as a

big blob trickled down my neck. He was speechless, and I would have burst

out laughing had I not had my mouth full.

"You've got it - I mean, you didn't - you've got your mouth full?"

I nodded, then tipped my head back and parted my lips, pushing the rest of

his load up front so that he could see.

"Oh, my God - hang on, wait a second," he stuttered, fishing in his

pockets for a handkerchief. He swiped at my breasts, face, and neck,

smearing his cum all over me. He stepped back, shaking his head, and I

inclined my head at his hand, staring intently. He followed my gaze, then

held up his hand questioningly. I bent toward it with my lips pursed, and

he raised his palm.

I opened my lips and dropped the rest of his cum in his palm, swallowed,

and licked my lips. "Rub it into my pussy," I told him. He did, and I

swayed in his arms, moaning as he rubbed it into the slick folds between

my legs. When he buried two fingers in me and squeezed, I came right then

and there, hard, clamping down on his fingers and shuddering. After a long

moment, he finished cleaning us up and led me back into the press of

people. We were both flushed and breathing heavily, and we worked to cut

through the crowd quickly so that no one had too much time to wonder what

we'd been up to.

He led me up the escalators and across the promenade to the big picture

windows overlooking the city lights, and we joined several other couples

taking a break from shopping to admire the view. He slowly edged us to the

side, into a darker corner, then pressed me close to the window and

embraced me from behind, kissing my ear. We were the perfect picture of

two lovers, stealing a moment of intimacy in the midst of the hustle and

bustle - at least when viewed from behind. Hidden from the crowd behind

us, his hands were busy.

He quickly gathered my skirt up with both hands, well up around my waist,

then bunched it up into a ball at the small of my back just below the rope

tying my elbows. Pressing his belly against me to hold the skirt in place

under my coat, he had me totally naked from the waist down, facing the

window and the city spread beneath us. He cupped a breast and fingered my

pussy, nibbling on my ear.

"So, let me think," he murmured. "What shall I do next? Maybe open some

more buttons, hm?" I wriggled in his grasp, closing my eyes and panting,

not having to worry about anyone in front of me watching. "Maybe all of

them?"

He squeezed my breast, then dropped both hands to my crotch and opened me

wide. "Or maybe I'll just turn us around to face everyone, hm? Show

everyone your pretty, shaved, dripping pussy?"

I flinched, then shook my head.

"Oh, come on - wouldn't that be something? Just to hold you tight like

this," gripping me tighter, "and turn you around?"

I choked, swallowed, and cleared my throat. "I - I don't think so," I

croaked. He chuckled in my ear, then stroked my inner lips with a warm

fingertip.

"Where's your sense of adventure? Can you imagine me spreading your

thighs, opening your wet pussy, and marching you right into the thick of

that crowd? It'd be a riot!" He slammed two fingers home, and I collapsed

in his arms, moaning. He chuckled, nipped my earlobe, and withdrew his

hands, coming to stand beside me.

"Oh, all right, I won't do that," he reassured me. "Besides, I'm about to

die, wanting to fuck you good and properly. Come on, let's go." He turned

away to face the crowd, but I didn't follow.

"What's the matter?"

"You're forgetting something," I hissed. "My skirt's still wadded up

behind me!" He laughed, then turned toward me and turned me slightly

toward him.

"Oh, that's right - you're still exposed, aren't you. Better fix that, I

guess." I sighed with relief, but instead of fixing my skirt, his hand

raced up through the rest of my buttons. In a flash, my dress hung open

all the way down, and I spun back to face the window, blushing furiously.

"There, that's better," he chuckled evilly.

"Come on now," I hissed. "Cover me up, and let's go!" He grinned, running

a warm hand up and down my entire body, squeezing and stroking. He eased

the sides of my dress back under my arms, fully exposing my breasts, while

I fumbled with both hands trying to get the edges back around in front.

"All right, we can go - after you turn around to face me."

"No way!" My pulse was racing, my ears were ringing, and I was trembling

all over.

"I'm right here close to you; I'll be between you and everyone else," he

insisted, placing his free hand on my shoulder and starting to pull me

away from the window. "Just turn around with your back to the window, and

give me a kiss." I was shaking all over, but I let him move in really

close and turn me around. I looked over his shoulder at the surging crowd

a dozen yards away on the promenade and tried to keep the fear from

showing in my face.

"Good girl," he purred, drawing me into his arms and kissing me. I hooked

my fingers into his waistband on both sides, pressing us together as he

rubbed his clothed torso against my naked one. He slipped his hands under

my coat, gripping my waist and grinding himself against me. Despite my

fear, I was soon panting and licking his ear as he squeezed me tight.

There I was, standing in a crowded mall, offering full frontal nudity and

helpless to do anything but drip on the floor. He reached behind me with

both hands and twisted my dress into a rope running down the middle of my

back, and then tried to step away. I gripped him hard by the waistband,

bit his earlobe, and kept him close. He cupped my bare ass, gave a mighty

squeeze, and then relented.

"All right, all done. Let's turn back around and get you buttoned." I

shuffled with him until I was facing the window again, and he unwound my

dress and brought the edges together in front of me. Working quickly, he

buttoned me from just below the curve of my breasts to just below my

crotch. He remembered the titty trick, propping me up with a grin. I could

feel the dried cum on the tops of my breasts from where I had dribbled it

before, and I wondered if anyone could see it.

"Look, just untie me, please," I hissed.

"One last walk through the crowd, then out the door," he insisted. I shook

my head in resignation, then let him turn and lead me back into the press

of people. I realized pretty quickly that there were not nearly enough

buttons done up on my skirt; every few steps, the edges opened dangerously

wide and I felt air swirling up my thighs. We made a run for it, almost

literally, I thought, leaving a trail of puzzled shoppers in our wake. I

could feel eyes on my breasts, my thighs, and occasionally on my pussy

when a perverse gust of air billowed the skirt open. After an eternity of

walking, we made it to the outer doorway, and only then did he reach

behind my back and untie me. I wriggled into my coat and cinched it closed

as he pocketed the short piece of rope.

We dashed across the parking lot, dove into the car, and took off. By the

time we got home, I had lost the fear and he was primed and ready to go

again, and we fucked like wildcats well into the night and early morning.

Sure beats regular Christmas shopping - that's all I have to say!