**Shopping for Perverts**

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Christmas had just ended and now it was time to go shopping at the mall to redeem some of the gift cards I had received, the usual return of an item or two and to see if I could locate any good sales. My family and I had flown to eastern Indiana to see my grandmother on the 27th and were prepared to stay a few days like we had done several years prior. My sister and her husband were planning a day to themselves, so being somewhat familiar with most of the territory, I headed out for a little "me" time at the mall.   
  
I wasn't used to the cold, and wanting to take advantage of the winter fashion, so I was dressed in my grey mini flared skirt with leggings and grey knee high leather boots. I also was wearing a new sweater with the cutest matching Vera Wang scarf. With my GPS set on my phone and nothing on my agenda, I found myself driving for a couple of hours until I reached this nice large and fairly new mall in Columbus, Ohio. As I browsed the stores and accumulated a few bags, I found myself in Hollister. The dim lighting and the aroma of men's cologne gave me that frisky feeling as that fragrance usually does, not to mention a cute guy or two. Who am I kidding, let's call it horny.  
  
As I left that store, I was also hungry, and decided to take a break with a soft pretzel. While on the outer area bench, I dropped a chunk on the floor which bounded away from me. As I stooped down to pick it up, I noticed out of the corner of my eye, that an older gentleman, with his head cocked sideways, was actually trying to look up my skirt. Usually, if a guy is subtle, I will let it go but this man had no shame. He looked about 60 years old, wore dark rimmed glasses, and had snow white short hair on the sides of his head while most of it was gone from the top. He was thickly built like he had played football in his youth but had accumulated a belly with time.   
  
I snapped my head his way and commented, "Did you get a good look?"  
  
Feeling completely embarrassed, his head looked down to the floor as he said, "Honey, I'm so sorry. I know I'm old enough to be your grandpa but you are just so pretty, I couldn't help myself. Please accept my apology for my rude behavior."  
  
At first I was going to accept his apology but my daring mood, fueled by lust and anonymity from being in a strange place, I decided against it, when I snapped, "What is your name?"  
  
"It is Ron," he replied. "I'm sorry again for trying to look up your skirt," he added.  
  
I walked over to him, forcefully took him by the hand before tugging him, "Well, Ronnie, you need to come with me, if you are truly sorry."  
  
"I can't. I'm waiting for my sister who is doing a bit of shopping and I told her that I would be out here," Ron reluctantly answered.  
  
Definitely not taking no for an answer, I pulled even more and ordered, "Get up and come with me. I need to show you something."  
  
Ron got up and allowed me to lead him into the first large department store nearby. I think it was Macy's but I cannot remember. We headed directly toward the dressing rooms in which there was one door open and inside were a couple pairs of store slacks hanging on the hook. I tossed them on the floor outside the door, before tugging Ron into the small room with me. I closed the door behind us and we were now standing face to face in the confined area.   
  
I looked up at him and grabbed his crotch through his pants before saying, "Ok, if you like trying to look up girls' skirts, then I'm going to give you something to look at and you are going to do what I say."  
  
"Listen, I said I was sorry. I won't do it again," Ron replied.  
  
The fact that he actually allowed me to take him to the dressing room in the first place just told me that he was just telling me what I wanted hear. I unbuckled his belt, yanked his pants down around his ankles and then pulled his underwear down overtop his bunched up pants. This exposed his hanging cock which looked thick, surrounded by long, straggly, grey pubic hair.   
  
I was going to make an example of this guy, so I pushed him unexpectedly, causing him to sit down on the changing bench with a thud. I hiked a leg up on the edge, lifted my skirt and flashed him my butt, covered by spandex leggings before saying, "Look, you can see my thong through the tights. Is this what you were trying to break your neck to see? Now that you get to see, what do you think about it?"  
  
Ron stumbled with his words before replying, "I wasn't...I said...well...It's very nice."  
  
"When was the last time you had someone my age? I want you to take a good look at this tight, 21 year old butt. Just because I work hard in the gym to keep it like this, I don't appreciate you old perverts thinking you can act like peeping toms," I teased as I brought my hand down, slapping my ass firmly.   
  
I slightly pulled my leggings down under my ass cheeks, revealing my G-string while Ron opened his mouth but remained speechless before I commanded him, "This is what you wanted, so play with yourself while you look at it. You finally get your chance to see my ass and you aren't even hard. Are you gay or something?"   
  
"I'm sorry, you are beautiful but I am at this stage in my life whereI have trouble getting hard and even more trouble staying hard. It's nothing against you," Ron said apologetically.   
  
As I verbally humiliated and dominated this older man, I became even more aroused and horny. My guilty pleasure is that I like to dominate sexually, sort of like a modern day mistress. This larger man could have easily gotten up and left but he didn't and that is why I needed to, first teach him a lesson, and second, get myself off.   
  
I turned around facing him and Ron was now slowly stroking himself. His cock was semi-hard and was a nice size in which I would estimate it to be about 7 inches when fully erect. His hand began beating even faster when I pulled my leggings with the panties still in them, down to my thighs.  
  
"See my shaved pussy? Is that what you were trying to see? All you old guys fantasize about this don't ya? See how smooth it is? I just shaved it in the shower this morning. This isn't the 70s, we keep our area nice and slick," I teased.  
  
"Oh my. It looks...well...amazing. What I wouldn't do if I were twenty years younger," Ron mumbled.  
  
I snapped back, "You wouldn't get to do anything, you pervert. You have to know how to treat a girl first and trying to sneak looks when nobody is watching is not the way to do it."  
  
I took my palm and placed it over my crotch. I stuck out my middle finger before seductively sliding it down, until it disappeared into my pussy. I pulled it out, looked up, closed my eyes, moaned, and then slid it back inside me. I kept repeating this over exaggerated tease as though he was watching a porn.  
  
"Oh my god! This feels so good. Oh! I'm fingering myself. I'm sure you like that, don't you perv?" I groaned.   
  
Ron was beating at a brisk pace while he moaned, "Oh yes I do. Is there a hidden camera around, because I can't believe this?"   
  
Just then I heard someone outside the door and could see a shadow as though someone was standing there. I stopped everything and asked through the door, "Is there someone out there?"   
  
After a slight hesitation, there was a knock on the dressing room door and a male voice said, "Ma'am, we have had a complaint from management that there have been inappropriate noises in there. Could you open up the door please?"  
  
I thought it was a policeman and we were busted. I pulled up my hose and let my skirt fall down before I slung the door open. Outside of the door was a very young, very cute, mall security guard. He looked about 25 with dark wavy hair and the bluest eyes. I reached outside the door and pulled him in with us and shut the door. It was extremely cramped as I stood with my boobs pressed against his ribs.   
  
Even as Ron sat there with his pants around his ankles and his hands covering his cock, I said innocently, "As you can easily see, there isn't anything inappropriate going on in here."   
  
"Uhh, what is that?" The security guard asked as he pointed to Ron.  
  
I responded, "Oh that is nothing. But let me ask you something, why didn't you knock immediately?"  
  
The security guard shifted uncomfortably before he answered, "Well...um...I did knock as soon as I got here."  
  
It was obvious that he was lying and I confronted him, "No, you didn't. You stood outside the door listening to us like another typical perverted guy just like him (referring to Ron). If you really wanted us to stop, you would have stopped us immediately. You guys are all alike and now you are going to pay for it, just like Ronnie here."  
  
As the security guard tried to make excuses, I unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. The weight of the items on his belt such as pepper spray and a flashlight caused his pants to crash to the floor without my assistance. He was wearing brief underwear that supported a nice bulge from his erection protruding through the material. I pulled the elastic band away from his crotch and yanked those briefs down all the way to his ankles, allowing his balls to be the same height with my face. His dick snapped out and stood straight up at attention. As I began to rise back up, I stopped long enough to give his shaft and his head a couple of kisses.  
  
I looked at Ron, cupped the security guard's balls and said, "Even though he's a perv like you, at least he is hard. Look at that...rock hard!"  
  
I then pushed the security guard and he went down on the bench just as Ron had done earlier. They were sitting side by side. The security guard's cock stuck up past his abs which told me that it was very long. I would guess it past 8 inches but also very thin with a small circumcised head. It reminded me of a broom handle and I was anxious to feel it.   
  
I started pulling my tights, along with my panties, down once again. It wasn't easy while wearing boots, so I had to pull the leggings inside out overtop of them. My pussy was very wet from dominating these two guys. I put my hands on the security guard's knees and hopped up on his lap.  
  
"What are you doing? We can't do anything. I don't want to lose my job, plus I'm married and have a little baby on the way," the security guard said.  
  
I started kissing his neck and nibbling on his ear before whispering in it, "Then why aren't you stopping me? I will tell you why, because you are a dog just like all guys. It doesn't matter what your age is, you all think with your cocks."  
  
I shimmied my legs to get closer to him, reached down, grasped his stiff pole, and searched around until I had placed the helmet between my lips. I repositioned my angle, then sank my body weight until it slid in me. We both groaned in pleasure when that warm sensation hit our genitals. I will admit, it felt great, but since I was sitting on his thighs and my legs were constricted by my hose and panties, I couldn't get completely down on every inch. With one boot on Ron's thigh and with limited mobility, I started rocking on the security guard's hard cock.  
  
I would kiss him on the lips then pull back before he would mutter, "We...can't...I mean it...we...can't...do this."  
  
Ron was jerking his half hard cock while I shifted back and forth on the security guard's pole when I asked the guard, "Are you sure you want me to stop or do you want me to keep going?"  
  
The security guard was moaning, then hesitated before answering me, "Oh my...god!"  
  
I interpreted his non-answer as his answer before questioning him again, "Oh I see, you are a pervert just like him. So your wife doesn't care that you fuck young girls at work?"   
  
My rocking quickly became grinding and my knees occasionally thumped against the wall while the entire dressing room shook. His cock felt amazing while pressing against my inner walls. Ron sat there quietly playing and stroking himself. I was going to milk the security guard and I knew it wasn't going to take long.  
  
The security guard announced, "I'm gonna cum. We can't. We better stop."  
  
I continued to grind on his lap with him securely lodged inside me as I teased, "I don't see you stopping me. The pervert that you are, you just let me slide up and down on your dick. Now you are going to spurt your sperm in my pussy just like that huge load you shot into your wife to get her pregnant.   
  
"I can't hold it...I ...can't...hold...augh...aauuugghhhh!" screamed the security guard just as I put both hands on the sides of his face, stuck my tongue in his mouth, and kissed him while he orgasmed.  
  
The security guard's legs lifted off the ground with his pants now dangling around his ankles. He was having a powerful orgasm while I could feel the twitching of his spurting cock inside my pussy. I continued to kiss and grind on him so I could make sure to squeeze out every last drop. When the security guard's orgasm finally stopped, my French kiss turned into closed mouth sensual smooches on his lower lip. When he stopped cumming completely, I eventually pulled away and carefully slid back off his lap until I was able to hop down to the floor. The security guard's cock was still hard as it snapped against his stomach when I pulled off of it. It was coated in our juices and I immediately felt the warm cum ooze down my inner thigh.  
  
The security guard sat there on the dressing room bench with his head tilted upward and his eyes closed, trying to recover from his ecstasy. He was mumbling to himself as I struggled to pull up my panties and leggings stile stretched inside out over my boots.   
  
I managed to get everything situated and my tights fixed, packing the security guard's creampie inside me before I ordered him, "Get your pants up and get out of here while Ronnie and I finish."  
  
I will admit the security guard was hot but I needed to prove a point. He didn't say a word, fumbled with his pants, adjusting his belt and shirt, before opening the door and leaving. As I locked it behind him, I looked at Ron who was also speechless, his own pants around his ankles and stroking his soft cock.   
  
"Now you got a good peek, didn't you," I asked.  
  
Ron's reply, "Yes, but we don't..."  
  
I cut him off, "Oh yes we do," as I bent down, put my hands inside his buttoned up shirt and ripped it open, causing all the buttons to fly off and bounce around the floor like a marbles. I lifted up his tank top undershirt, revealing his gray hair covered, barrel chest. I rubbed his hairy chest, using my thumbs to play with his nipples. Ron was enjoying himself, when I gently pinched them to add a little sensation.   
  
Ron moaned as I squatted down and placed my knees on his bunched up pants like they were my own personal pillow. I took his cock in my hands and began to play with it like it was my own personal toy. I also used my other hand to rub and squeeze his hairy balls. He put his hands down to his side, laying his palms flat on the bench allowing me to take control. Even though his cock wasn't hard, it wasn't completely soft either. I would describe it as plump.   
  
I needed it in my mouth so I wrapped my lips around the head. It felt nice a spongy and that feel inspired me to swallow all of it. Before I went completely down, I licked and sucked on the tip. Ron would lurch in his seat or at least shudder when my moving tongue would lick a sensitive area. I started sucking and jerking the semi-hard cock. It was easy to deepthroat until it fattened even more. The wet slurping smacking sounds that my mouth was providing could have probably been heard in the department store. Ron's cock did get harder even if it never completely became erect.   
  
I lifted my mouth off, but continued to jerk it when I asked, "So you say you can't get hard, but can you cum?"  
  
Ron mumbled, "Sometimes, but it's very difficult. I haven't cum in months, maybe even a year."  
  
I considered that a challenge, so I spit on his dick to give it even more lubrication and jerked even faster. I again added my mouth to suck and jack his load right out of him. My hand and mouth were working overtime. Ron wasn't lying about taking a while but I was putting in the effort. I would give a throaty, "mmmmm" while I sucked it. I could also peripherally see my head bobbing up and down through the full length mirror on the side wall.   
  
My mouth and hand became tired but I was on a mission. I used my other hand to rub my clit through my cum soaked panties thanks to the security guard. In no time, I was orgasming to the entire situation. I actually came a couple of times. The second one was so strong, I actually stopped sucking to enjoy it.  
  
I decided to use reverse psychology when I teased Ron, "Ok, if you are going to take this long, I'm not going to allow you to cum. Do you hear me? Don't you dare shoot your disgusting cum in my mouth."   
  
I continued slurping Ron's half hard cock. He groaned a little louder before his ass began to shake. He then put his hands on the wall behind himself just before his ass lifted about an inch in the air off the bench and bellowed out a growl, "Here it comes! Oh shit, get ready...I'm...cummin!"  
  
His plump cock throbbed just before it starting shooting cum. I felt the warm ooze before several thick jolts slapped the roof of my mouth. With every muscle clenched, Ron was writhing around on the bench and his hands clawing at the wall while this powerful orgasm had overtaken him. Even though I was still jerking it with one hand, I was now using my other one in attempt to hold Ron's thighs from moving around too much.  
  
When Ron had finally stopped cumming, he relaxed and hit his head on the wall. He was choking and gasping for air, trying to recover from the blowjob he just received. When I took my mouth off his now rubbery cock, I closed my mouth nice and tight so not to spill any of the goo. That is when I could tell Ron was telling the truth about the duration since his last orgasm. For an older guy, he sure was "backed up."   
  
I looked Ron in the eyes, kept my mouth closed tight but puckered my lips as though I was going to kiss him and then swallowed the huge load. It was slightly bitter but enjoyable. Just to see the satisfied look on Ron's face was great. I stood up, adjusted my leggings and skirt. I looked in the mirror to adjust my lips, makeup and make sure I had no cum anywhere on me. Ron looked a mess with his shirt torn open and pants down but I don't think he cared.   
  
"You better go find your sister, I bet she's worried sick," I said just before I opened the door and left.