**Shopping in a Short Skirt**

A Kelly's Diary Story

by Kelly85

**Summary:**

One of the best things about being a teenage girl is that it seems almost everyone wants to look at you. So far as I am concerned, the more the better. If you're willing - and daring, the opportunities to tease and play are endless. One of the best places is also one of the easiest to get to. This is for those of you who have ever wondered what it’s like to be one of those naughty, cock-teasing teenagers who love to drive you crazy at the mall.

**Chapter 1 – Planning For Summer**

I was eighteen and a newly minted high school graduate looking forward to college. Thus this was my last summer before becoming a college student and it was my intent to enjoy it as much as possible.

Fortunately, my parents were paying for my schooling and expenses so it wasn't like I had to find a summer job like many of my friends. I DID baby-sit now and then but it was more because I enjoyed it than anything else. Being financially independent allowed me to pick and choose who I wanted to sit for which was fortunate as there were some people whose kids were absolute brats. Although they may not have known it, there was neighborhood “black list” that was maintained unofficially between the local girls.

It should go without saying that I preferred to sit for people with well- behaved kids but it also helped when the parents themselves were more “interesting”. It’s funny how so many people think that they can leave things around and somehow think the babysitter won’t find them, or at least will ignore them.

I’m talking about stuff like home videos they made of themselves that are left in the VCR, incriminating photos “hidden” in the backs of bedroom drawers, risqué lingerie, and much more. Once the kids are in bed it’s fun to rummage around and see what I can find. For me it’s sort of like an Easter egg hunt for naughty babysitters!

Besides being nosy when I baby-sit, another of my favorite “hobbies” is teasing. Actually I’m not nearly the tease that some of the girls my age are. You know the ones I’m talking about - the girls who loved to get a boy all hot and bothered and then leave him stranded with a hard cock ready to burst any moment.

No, while I did enjoy teasing to start with, usually I would “put out” as the boys like to say so I never earned the reputation of being a cockteaser. Still, there ARE times when teasing alone can be almost just as fun. Of course teasing doesn’t provide the physically satisfaction but sex is 80% mental for me anyway so it works out for the most part.

Sometimes when I’m horny and masturbating at home just doesn’t quite quench my needs, I‘ll head over to the mall. Usually I’ll invite a friend or two to join me as it’s more fun to share the experience. Still, there are those times when I like to go out alone, especially when I’m REALLY horny and my hopes are that I’ll get an opportunity to do more than just tease. It shouldn't come as a surprise that a determined girl can get pretty much anything she wants at the mall and I don't mean what’s on the racks!

As I said, most of the time I prefer to hang out at the mall with a friend or group of friends. There is just something about a pack of girls that just seems to draw the attention of boys yet at the same time it intimidates them such that all they do is watch and nurse their poor erections.

There’s another good reason to travel in packs. Being alone at the mall is like having been cut from the herd, leaving you at the mercy of the predators. Fortunately, I’ve got several friends who share the same enthusiasm for my “hobby” as me, including my best friend Beth, so it’s not like I have to be alone too often unless I want it that way.

While Beth and I often have fun together, my favorite “partner in crime” is my cousin Kristi. Just a little more than two years younger than me, she looks even younger making her by far more the boy magnet than I am. In addition, she’s always trying to go at least one step farther than me - no matter what I do. Part of that is simply her competitive nature but it can also be attributed to my future ambitions.

My goal is to be a teacher in my old school district after I graduate and so while I didn’t mind the boys my age thinking I’m slut, I try to not be TOO bad since I know such a reputation in the community at-large won't help when it comes time to interview someday in the future.

Kristi, on the other hand, has no solid plans for the future and thus lives only for the day. Based on her actions, she certainly has no problem with being well-known by all as the class slut; in fact, she seems to be quite proud of her stellar reputation. It doesn’t hurt that her mom, my Aunt Linda, is the neighborhood MILF, especially since she’s been known to have a taste for a few of her daughter’s boyfriends!

**Chapter 2 – Waking Up Horny**

For one reason or another I woke up particularly horny this day, even more than usual. I must’ve been having quite the dream judging from how wet as my pussy was when my eyes opened - too bad I couldn’t remember any of it! All I knew was my poor pussy was literally aching with need and there’s only one cure for that condition (assuming no boyfriends were around) – masturbation. Actually, I usually masturbate anyway to kick off my day but this morning there was no choice, I HAD to do it!

My right hand reached between my bare legs before my eyes had even focused. All I could think about was how wonderful it would feel to have a nice hard cock sliding in between my smooth thighs. As I lay on my side I stretched my legs out and then curled them back under me but nothing seemed to help the itch between them.

My middle finger slowly worked its way inside of me, easily sliding in between the folds of my wet pussy lips while my left hand squeezed my boobs and pinched my hardening nipples. Oh yeah, this was MUCH better!

With my eyes STILL tightly closed I imagined Chuck, my current boyfriend, slipping into bed behind me. In my mind I imagined his hard naked body pressing up against me. I could all but feel the firmness of his erect cock pressing against the small of my back as he rubbed it up against me, letting me know what he wanted (as if I didn't know already!)

Two of my fingers worked their way into my pussy as I lifted my leg and imagined Chuck’s erect cock moving down my back. I loved the feel of it as it passed between my ass cheeks and then started to poke me as it hunted for my pussy opening like a heat-seeking missile.

I smiled to myself as I thought about how no matter how many times he fucked me, poor Chuck never seemed to be able to hit the bull’s-eye the first time. Usually he was too high and had to work his way down. More than once he inadvertently tried fucking my asshole but I quickly set him straight on that one!

Typically I would end up just reaching down and grabbing his dick so I could hold him in the right position (not to mention outside the correct hole) while he made yet another attempt. My reward was well worth the effort when his cock would finally penetrated my tight pussy.

There’s nothing like the feel of a man’s dick as it pushes its way into your pussy for the first time. It’s like you’re surrendering to him, accepting him into you as you feel yourself stretching impossibly apart. For just a moment it seems like he can never fit yet then he pops in and starts to rub up against the sensitive outer regions of my pussy, instantly driving me crazy with lust and desire.

I fantasized how I would squeeze down on him, forcing him to push even harder to drive his teenage dick deeper into me. I rubbed my clit in little circles as I dreamed of Chuck’s warm hard cock now deep inside of me, struggling to get in yet even further as he pressed his hairy crotch up against me. I shuddered briefly as I recalled how I would sometime be tickled by the coarse thick pubic hair that surrounded the base of his dick.

As I continued to masturbate, I longed for Chuck’s strong arms to be around me. He always made me feel so secure when he would hold me tightly against him, my boobs smashed in against his chest as he kissed my neck and shoulders.

My hand on my boob reminded me how Chuck LOVED to play with my boobs (or tits as he liked to call them – a nasty term for them that I’ve always disliked). Yep, Chuck was a boob guy for sure. It seemed he was always trying to touch mine as if they were toys or something provided solely for his amusement.

Everywhere we went Chuck would try to grope me, even in school and church! If he couldn't touch them then he would press up against me until my boobs were pressed tight against him. If all else failed, there was the old “peek down my dress” game where he tried to catch a peek of my chest. Not that I minded! Normally I would help him out by wearing clothing that could be easily unbuttoned or loose enough to give him a nice view. After all, what’s a girlfriend for if not to please her boyfriend?

As I stroked my fingers in and out my wet pussy I used my thumb to rub over my hardened clit. As horny as I was this morning it didn't take long before I felt my first orgasm of the day threatening to make an appearance.

I moaned loudly as the equivalent of a sharp electric shock ran through me, radiating from my pussy and reaching out to the tips of my toes and to the last strand of hair on my head. My back arched as my whole body tensed while my hand which was still working my pussy, keeping me on that knife edge where I tried to maintain myself, that edge between losing my orgasm and driving myself crazy.

Finally it died down enough for me to relax and I just lay in bed with beads of sweat cascading from me as I panted and tried to catch my breath. Wow! I can’t think of a better way to start out your day – well, if you have to be alone that is.

It felt so good to just lay there with my hand gently cupped over my pussy, just enough to apply a little pressure but not too much which might set me off again. Remnants of my orgasm seemed to be floating through me, tickling me here and there like a feather being drawn slowly over my body.

The warmth of my pussy felt good against my hand as I lightly traced the fingertips of my other hand over my stomach and breasts. Sometimes I would shiver uncontrollably as I touched just that right spot and my legs closed tightly over my hand, holding me in place as I held myself.

**Chapter 3 – Getting Myself Ready**

Eventually I knew I had to get going although thoughts of another round of masturbation briefly flashed through my head. Sometimes I could go most of the morning this way, driving myself hard to an orgasm and then enjoying the aftermath for a while before going for it again.

Today, even though I was still horny, I decided to get up and see what the day could offer so I rose from my bed and took a peek outside. The summer sun was out and it looked like a great July day was just beginning. Of all the seasons I love summer the best, not the least because usually it meant I didn't have to wear very much outside.

As I went to the bathroom to take a shower and clean myself up, I thought about what I wanted to do today. Since I was still horny as hell a couple of options quickly came to mind. Of course, Chuck was my first choice. I suppose I don’t need to say that he was always willing to fuck me whenever I asked for it. I mean, what teenage boy would turn down a request from his girlfriend to come over and fuck her? Unfortunately, Chuck was away for the week for some sports camp thing so that killed that idea.

I briefly considered dropping in on my dad at his downtown office. That was a little more risky, especially if my goal was to have sex with him. Of course it was the element of risk that made it even better for both of us. To have my dad fucking me while he was on a conference call was SOOOOO hot. Thanks goodness he didn’t do video conference thing very often!

It was all a moot point though as once again fate intervened. Last night at supper he’d mentioned something about important clients coming in today from overseas. Even though I knew he would do anything he could to make me happy, I didn’t like to interrupt his work if I could avoid it.

Well, that left another option – head to the mall and tease some boys. Such a trip usually meant no sex, but it was the next best thing and as I mentioned earlier, was typically a lot of fun.

After I got out of the bathroom I jumped back on my bed feeling the cool soft sheets against my warm naked body and called my cousin Kristi to see if she was available. As luck would finally have it, it turned out she was feeling much the same way I was and it made me hot as she described how she had masturbated this morning as well.

Like me, Kristi’s thoughts had revolved about some new boy that she’d recently met and it made me start to feel warm between my legs again as I listened to her describe her latest fantasy. When she was finished, I mentioned my idea and we both agreed that a mall trip was just the thing for us today. We agreed for me to pick her up sometime after noon and spend most of the afternoon seeing what trouble we could cause.

Most guys probably have no idea how much work actually goes into preparing for a day like this at the mall. It’s not like you just throw on some clothes and drive over – which I would say is the scenario for most guys judging by how they look once they’re there.

There are all sorts of factors to take into consideration such as what age group is being targeting? Options included teenage boys, young men, or in some cases even older guys and especially husbands. It wasn’t any different than getting ready to go fishing - you had to choose your bait depending on what you wanted to catch.

The teen boys are the easiest. They aren’t looking for anything subtle and would have undoubtedly been satisfied if we simply strolled in nude. It’s sort of like when I have sex with them – they want everything fast and quick with no foreplay other than what they thought they were obligated to provide.

It seems that the older guys get, the less blatant they want me to dress. Unlike the young guys, older men, especially the married ones, seem to prefer fantasizing more about what they could do with me rather than seeing it all outright. It’s sort of like where I’ve read that strippers claim that it’s what they DON’T show that makes them erotic rather than what they reveal up front. In the state of mind I was in today, being subtle was not my list of options which led me to think of the day as a good day to simply “troll” for teenage boys.

Since it was midweek, and the older guys would be working anyway, there were always packs of teenage boys roaming the malls. Although it was like fishing a stocked pond for me, I’m sure having them around was a bit if a concern for the mall security guards! There seems to be a bit of a double standard in that regard because if a group of girls goes to a mall it’s OK but when boys congregate the guards get nervous. Maybe it’s because packs of girls are considered “safe” whereas a group of boys is considered a “gang” - something to be feared and watched.

Back to my getting dressed...

Over time I’ve developed what I guess you could call a standard “uniform” for each of my “targets”. For today I would be fishing for younger teenage boys so I knew it was all about the visuals.

Looking through my closet, I carefully selected a short-short denim skirt with a skin-tight pink cami top. The skirt hugged my hips tightly and then loosened up for just a few inches. Thus even while the hem might bounce around a little, hinting at the possibility of showing something if I moved just a little too fast, the tight band around my hips kept anything private from going on display unless I specifically wanted it to.

The cami was light pink with thin spaghetti straps. It was at least one size too small for me if not two which allowed a few inches of my tanned midriff to be exposed above my skirt. It was skin tight everywhere else and without a bra underneath (I wouldn’t have been caught dead with one on while wearing this outfit!) it hugged my boobs like it was painted on and clearly outlined my nipples – even when they were NOT aroused.

One thing about a cami like this. It tended to be more accurate than any bathroom scale could ever dream of being. What I mean is that if I gain even an ounce it tells me and anything close to a pound was cause for alarm as it simply wouldn’t stretch enough to pull over.

Since I was going to a public mall, a LITTLE discretion was required so I chose a pair of standard white cotton panties my mom had picked up on sale from Macy’s. I think guys love cheerleader and schoolgirl outfits because they are things a “girl next door” would wear rather than those super sexy outfits the unattainable girls in the magazines wore. Seeing my cotton panties probably made them think that they just might, barely, have a shot at nailing me.

My shoes were chosen with the careful attention as the rest of my outfit. Sexy heels were for the older guys where the rule was the higher the better. Open-toed was a must and the less material the better, even if that meant they were uncomfortable.

For my young guys today, it was pink sneakers with white anklets – the same thing their sister’s friends wore, the girls they went to bed at night masturbating about.

Hopefully now you see that being a tease at the mall is not as simple as you might have thought. It takes a lot of planning and experience is needed to pull it off successfully. I claim success when everyone involved - me included, masturbates as soon as they get home, or hopefully even sooner!

**Chapter 4 – Detour to Kristi’s**

I was dressed up with my hair in a ponytail (of course) and with one last glance in the mirror it was off to Kristi’s house. On my way downstairs I asked my mom for the car (a minor detail I’d overlooked in my initial planning). She looked me over from head to toe and just shook her head as if she was ready to give up on me.

“God grief Kelly,” she sighed, “Don't tell me you're heading to the mall again to tease those poor boys.”

From my naughty grin she knew she’d hit it on the head and she sighed again, “Why don’t you just go out and find a nice boy to fuck if you’re so horny? Frankly, I don't see what you get out of just teasing the poor kids anyway.”

“Oh mom!” I pouted, “You’re the one who told me how you used to the same thing when you were my age so what’s wrong with me doing it? Besides, I like it when they look at me that way.”

I grinned at her and gave her a searching look saying, “Besides, I think you’re proud of me when I dress like this, aren’t you?”

“Now Kelly, don’t exaggerate. You know full well that I NEVER did half the things you do when I was your age,” my mom replied with wag of her finger at me. “Alright, you can have the car but be careful.”

She paused and then a smile broke out on her face, “And yes... I AM proud of my sexy daughter.”

Grabbing the keys, I jumped up and gave her a kiss on the cheek and then I was off! Driving over to Kristi’s house I couldn't help but reach under my skirt and press my fingers against my clit through my cotton panties. It might be a bad habit, but I love playing with myself when I drive around town. It’s so cool to pull up next to a guy in his car and smile while I toy with myself and he had no idea what I’m doing.

Being it was only a few minutes to my cousin’s house, there wasn't enough time to really get going but it was enough to get me started. When I pulled up to the curb I stopped the engine and for a few minutes I kept rubbing myself. Finally, I shook my head and stopped touching myself or else I might have just stayed in the car until I came again. Besides, it was too hot out without the air conditioning going.

I got out, straightened up my skirt just a little bit, and slowly walked up the steps to her house. Her neighbor was outside, a boy who looked to be about eighth grade or so. The kid was obviously starting to appreciate girls as he stopped goofing around with his baseball and just stood there, unabashedly stared at me. I just turned away and shook my head – he was a little on the young side, even for teasing!

Kristi must have been watching out for me because she opened the front door as I went up the last steps. As she let me in she also noticed her little neighbor who was still staring our way, making no attempt to even pretend he wasn’t staring. God, did he have no shame?

“Ahhhhh, I see you’ve met Bad Billy, our neighborhood’s youngest pervert,” she said, laughing with me. “I swear he’s tried looking into our windows at night. As you can see, the kid has absolutely no shame – he just stares all the time – even at my mom!”

We both laughed more at that but it didn't surprise me. I think I mentioned before that my Aunt Linda was what the boys at school called a MILF – Mother I’d Like to Fuck. She had to get a divorce way back when Kristi was young and kept herself in great shape making her single – and HOT.

From what my mom and Kristi had told me, I knew my aunt maintained quite an active sex life. She stuck mostly with men her age although Kristi has hinted more than a few times that her boyfriends may have gotten more than they’d counted on when she brought them home!

Somehow I doubted that Aunt Linda would have been interested in a kid as young as Bad Billy but it didn't take a genius to understand why Billy had more than a passing interested in her!

My thoughts were interrupted when Kristi told me that she was ready to go. Looking her over, I noticed that she was dressed quite similar to me. Her skirt had a slightly different pattern and she preferred a white cami but otherwise you would have thought we were twin sisters, at least in terms of how we dressed.

Although I couldn't see them, from past experience I suspected she had on her favorite skimpy white thong in lieu of the cotton panties I’d chosen to wear. You could never be sure though as Kristi wasn’t above not wearing anything at all under a skirt, no matter where she was going.

We were both the only kids in our families so Kristi was probably the next best thing I had to having my own sister. There have been times when I have wondered what it would have been like to have had a real sister or even better yet – am older brother! Mmmmmmm, that had all sorts of possibilities!

We were about to head out when my Aunt Linda came downstairs to say hello.

“Well my oh my, look at the two of you,” she said shaking her head in mock despair, “I have to say, the you girls make the perfect pair of slutty mall cock-teasers if I dare say so.”

Kristi just laughed and tossed her hair back seductively. “Oh Mommmmmm, sure you don’t want to join us?” she said with a naughty grin.

Aunt Linda just rolled her eyes at that one. “I hate to admit it, but those days are over for me. You girls can get away with it looking like you do but people would think I was just a hooker or a some poor woman trying to relive her childhood.”

This time it was Kristi and me rolling our eyes. My Aunt Linda looked ten years younger than she was and still turned heads everywhere she went. I could only imagine the looks we would have gotten if she was with us – a cougar mom with what looked to be her two slutty daughters trolling the mall for some male companionship.

Mmmmmmm, the possibilities were endless and a bit kinky as well! I knew she and Kristi often DID go out together but she had never done it with both of us. My mom wasn’t into that sort of thing, at least not at her age so I had to envy Kristi a little on this one.

Kristi grabbed by the arm and pulled me to the door. She was about to open it when she looked through the glass storm door and turned her head back to me.

“I see Bad Billy’s still out there. What do you say - wanna put on a little show for the nasty perv?” she asked me in a conspiratorial whisper, as if he could somehow hear her in the house.

Honestly the idea really didn't appeal to me all that much. First he was way too young for me. Even so, maybe another time or place but today I was anxious to get to the mall where all the cute guys were and now she wanted to waste valuable time on some kid who probably masturbated every day dreaming of fucking Kristi (and maybe even her mom!)

Well, I could tell from the twinkle in her eye she wanted to do it for whatever reason so I relented even though I had no idea what crazy idea she was hatching. As usual when it came to Kristi, I didn't have to wait long to find out.

Kristi reached under her skirt and pulled down her thong, quickly slipping it off her feet and stuffing it into her purse. She looked at me and huffed overdramatically, “Well, you gonna take yours off or do I have to do it for you?”

As much as the idea of having Kristi reach under my skirt appealed to me, I shrugged and dropped my panties as well, balling them up in a tight wad and stuffing them into my little purse. Kristi watched me with an amused look.

“What’s with the granny panties cuz?” she smirked, “I didn’t even know you OWNED a pair like those.”

I just ignored her as no matter what I said it wouldn’t help. It was embarrassing enough that she saw them.

My mind was beginning to form an idea now of what her plans were, and all I could think of was how she was going to get away with it without putting on a show for the entire neighborhood – or maybe that WAS her plan!

In any case Kristi took my hand again and we stepped outside. My aunt was close behind us, watching through the glass storm door to see what we were up to. No doubt she was wishing she could join us as she was as much as showoff as her daughter. Not that it hurt her real estate sales!

As we stepped out I noticed Billy was still watching and just like Kristi had foretold, he just sat there on his front step and stared at us as if he didn't care that we saw him or not. Is this how sex perverts get started out in life? I wondered if we would be seeing him someday on Date-Line or another TV show on sexual predators.

Kristi led the way to a spot about halfway down the concrete walk and then stopped, turning her back to Billy and twisting my arm to make me stand next to her.

“OK girl, now let’s give the little perv something to jerk off about!” she whispered to me excitedly. “I’ll bet ya lunch I can be nastier than you.”

This was classic Kristi, always competitive, always trying to be one-up on her older cousin, especially when it came to sex. I gave her a look that clearly announced that there was no way she was going to win this one and she just grinned at the challenge.

We both bent over and Kristi looked over her shoulder and waved to Billy as our bare asses were exposed to his view. As much as he’d probably been dreaming of such a sight, I doubted he ever honestly expected it to happen as his eyes widened and his mouth hung open like a fish out of water. I could lonely imagine the dirty thoughts going through his mind at the sight of our two tanned teenage asses.

I spread my legs wider and leaned over further until I could see him upside down through my legs. Kristi followed up by putting her hands on her ass and spreading her cheeks apart, giving him a nice view of her asshole and pussy. Not to be outdone, I reached between my legs and pushed a finger into my pussy.

God, I couldn't believe I was doing this in the middle of the neighborhood but the wetness in my pussy betrayed the thrill it was giving me. I pushed my finger deeper into me and looked over at Kristi who winked at me and then promptly put her own finger in her pussy. The two of us were bent over fingering ourselves and I wondered how far this was going to go when Kristi took her fingers out and then stood up and proceeded to suck the pussy juice off of them like a wet popsicle.

Just then the front door opened and my aunt called out to us, “OK girls, that's about enough. Now get going before someone sees you and calls the police!”

We both laughed and with a wave to Billy we hurried to my car. We jumped in and Kristi laughed at me, “HA! I won!” she crowed triumphantly.

“No fair,” I protested, “Your mom stopped up before I could do anything. It was a tie.”

Once again my cousin had outdone me.

**Chapter 5 – The Food Court**

We both had a good laugh as we talked about out little antics in the front yard. It wasn't long until I pulled into the mall parking lot. Before we got out we slipped our underwear back on. Kristi started to make another wise-ass comment about my oversized panties but I shushed her and glared.

On our way to the food court entrance we passed an older couple leaving the mall. I grinned at the poor husband whose eyes were clearly wandering. His frumpy wife poked him in the side with her elbow and gave us both a nasty look that clearly indicated what she thought of us. It really didn't matter what she thought about me as it was her husband’s reaction that mattered to me more. At the entrance was the usual security guard, a pot-bellied middle-aged guy wearing a dark blue rent-a-cop uniform whose sole mission seemed to be to harass the kids trying it have fun at the mall. It should have been obvious that neither Kristi and I were hiding anything – I couldn't have fit a straw inside my dress let alone a knife or gun!

Nevertheless the idiot stopped us and declared that he had to check out our purses. Well, his hands may have been inspecting our purses but his eyes were definitely inspecting something else. He was evidently a breast-man from the way his gaze kept shifting from Kristi’s boobs to mine and then back to hers again.

This was one time I held a distinct advantage over Kristi. My boobs may not have been as large as I wished they were, but they were at least a cup size bigger than Kristi’s. At the same time, that was part of her “little girl” appeal in that most people would never had believed she was sixteen based on her boobs – or lack of them.

Finally, Barney Fife established that our purses were empty except for our ATM cards and makeup so he handed them back to us while trying to maintain a stern demeanor. We twirled around and looked at each other as we walked through the doors, trying not to burst out laughing at the fumbling guard behind us.

The food court was set up with the usual variety of food kiosks on both sides and the tables in the center as you walked towards the main shopping area of the mall. Instinctively I took note of the people looking at us as we walked around the table area. The reactions were all about the same – the boys stared at us liked idiots, the older guys stared as well but at least tried not to be so obvious about in their interest in two younger girls, the girls ignored us and (best of all so far as I was concerned) the mothers and wives gave us looks that could kill.

Having skipped breakfast and lunch, I was starving so we stopped and got in line for some Chinese food – my downfall when it comes to keeping to a healthy diet.

The Chinese kiosk was being run that day by several high-school boys who appeared to know us, probably from school. That wasn’t such a big surprise as I’d just graduated and Kristi was about to be a Junior so between the two of us we probably were known by most every guy in school. Of course, we never wore outfits like this to school although I’m sure we would have if the dress code would have allowed.

As we paid for our meals a cute guy behind the register kept looking at Kristi and smiling. I noticed she was putting on her patented flirty look back at him and as we walked away I asked her what the story was. She just grinned at me with that smile and without a word spoken I knew exactly what she meant.

“You’re kidding,” I said, glancing back at him to catch another look, “When did he do you?”

Kristi flipped her hair back and smiled at another group of guys sitting at one of the tables before she answered me.

“Ohhhhhh, it was almost a year ago but ever since he’s been trying to get back in my panties! I mean, he’s cute and all but damn, what a lousy fuck. God, I think he came ten seconds after I started sucking him! The only good things was that at least he stayed hard enough afterwards to fuck me but you know how it is with guys like him, all he wanted to do was get himself off. I had to do myself afterwards to get myself off.”

I just nodded as I knew that for Kristi, in the end that was what mattered most. She wasn't hung up on looks, money or personality. A guy could be deficit in any of those areas but the one thing she couldn't tolerate was bad or incompetent sex. Some people might say she was a bit shallow but at her age (she had just turned sixteen two months ago) she wasn’t looking for a husband or anything so as far as I was concerned she had her priorities straight.

We finally found an empty table where we both sat down across from one another. As I crossed my legs I could feel my skirt riding up my thighs but I didn’t make any effort to pull it down. From the way that the plastic seat felt cold against my ass, I knew without looking that the skirt must be showing at least half my bottom. Kristi was seated across from me and she leaned over and whispered to me.

“Don’t look Kelly but you should see the way those two old ladies over there are staring at us.”

I raised my eyebrows and despite her warning, glanced to each side looking for whomever she was talking about. Sure enough, over to the right side of us were two older women who looked to be in their fifties or sixties. I knew that they had to be talking about us from the way their eyes looked away as soon as mine locked onto them. Then they would whisper something and try looking back again. From the frowns on their faces I was pretty sure they weren’t paying us any compliments – at least not what they would consider compliments.

What made me happier though (and hornier) were the boys that Kristi had smiled at on the way to our table. They looked to be about sixteen or so – Kristi’s age, and had just thrown away their garbage and were now walking over to us. There were five of them but the one in front was clearly the alpha leader. He was taller than the others and looked a little bit older but it was his swagger and attitude that identified his spot in their pecking order. I couldn't help but notice his tight ass through the jeans as well as the lean cut of his body. Mmmmmmm, the boy was surely in shape! I figured he was probably a football player or wrestler in school.

“Hey Kristi, looking hot today,” he said as they reached out table. Then he looked at me and smiled, “I see you brought your cousin with today.”

I looked at him but our eyes never met because his were fixed squarely on my boobs. I’m not sure why boobs fascinate men so much but I’m sure glad for whatever it is that makes them love them so. It’s like Mother nature gave girls the ultimate prize when it came to controlling men.

I could feel my nipples against the fabric of my cami and I knew without looking they must be sticking through it nicely for him to see. My camisole hugged me tight and I loved the way it rubbed against my nipples whenever I moved, encouraging them to harden even more.

“So... see something you like Michael?” Kristi teased him in a flirty voice

Michael was certainly bold for a boy his age. He never took his eyes off my boobs for a second when he answered her saying, “Oh yea, I DEFINITELY see something I like – a couple of things in fact!”

Well, with a hunky body like his I guess he could afford to be a bit brash. I imagined every girl in school wanted to get between him and his Calvins! It made me wonder if Kristi had already. It certainly wouldn’t have surprised me if she had. Actually, it would have surprised me more if she hadn’t!

The other guys stood a bit further back, a little more shy I guess or perhaps it was just the classic case of an alpha male taking control. Hmmm, I would have loved for Michael to take control of me right now! Michael licked his lips a bit and then turned back to Kristi. I smiled to myself as I noticed that his eyes never went higher than her chest. Hmmm, yep - definitely a boob man!

“So Kristi,” he went on softly, “Is your cousin as ‘talented’ as you are?”

Kristi looked over at me and winked. Well, that helped explain things. Obviously she had at least sucked off Michael in the past and judging from the way she as looking at his crotch I had the distinct feeling that she was hoping for another chance at his cock right about then.

I figured the odds were he’d fucked her as I couldn't conceive how my slutty cousin would have passed up chance to be fucked by a guy like him. Besides, while I might have a rep for blow jobs on the first date, I didn’t usually put out until the second or third date whereas Kristi typically didn't bother playing the game and just did it the first time.

Kristi squirmed a bit in her seat, which I knew was a clear sign that she was horny as hell. It would have been an easy bet that had she been alone without me in the way that she and Michael would be heading out to his car about now – or anywhere for that matter where they could get down to business. Not that I had ever stopped her from doing it even now, it was just we had other objectives for the day and tempting as he was, he’d be available another time. Still, Kristi couldn't help but tease him a bit more though.

“Hmmmmmm, well I think she’s quite talented,” she said in a husky voice, winking again at me.

Michael grinned, catching on quickly to what she was inferring. “Oh? Kissing cousins, eh?” he said with a smirk.

Kristi and I both giggled. We didn't have to say anything as from the look of the growing bulge in his pants Michael’s imagination was running in high gear and anything we said would probably not been as hot as what he was imagining!

It was no different than us sitting there in our outfits. Although I’m sure he would’ve loved to have seen us both nude, we were exposing just enough to let his teenage hormone-driven mind imagine far more than we could’ve ever shown him.

Michael’s stiffening cock was clearly outlined in his crotch now – the poor boy’s balls must have been near busting! For a moment I contemplated what fun we could have with him but again I held back. It was enough fun for now to just tease him like this in the middle of the food court.

During the exchange we’d both eaten what we wanted of our meals and so I looked at her and she understood what I was thinking. We both got up and grabbed our trays. Kristi patted Michael on the ass lightly and gave him one of her classic slutty looks.

“Sorry boys, maybe another day?” she teased in a bit of a southern drawl which was funny, at least to me, as she’d never been more than a hundred miles south of Pittsburgh.

“Anytime Kristi,” Michael replied, “And your cousin’s free to join in. I’m sure you’ll vouch for me after our last time.”

Kristi giggled like a little grade-school girl and looked at me with a big grin. Yep, I was sure now that she’d fucked him before. We turned away from them and walked over to the garbage can with our trays, wiggling our butts naughtily for the benefit of the eyes we knew were staring at them.

From the garbage can we turned down the hallway and entered the mall proper where I gave Kristi a questioning look and asked, “Spill it girl, so how many times has he fucked you?”

Kristi laughed replying, “Oh just a few... Don’t look at me like that - I saw you staring at his erection through his jeans. God... he has this HUGE cock and man, can he stay hard all night! Mmmmmmm, I LOVED it!”

We both laughed and went on our way. As we strolled through the mall we pretended not to notice the stares and looks from almost every guy we passed by. It didn't matter how old they were – teenagers through grandfathers, they couldn't keep their eyes off two teenage girls in short skirts – especially ones as short as ours were.

My pussy was feeling a bit tingly from all the attention so I hope it doesn't sound too egoistical to say that it was a huge turn-on knowing that so many guys looked at me and wished that they could get under my skirt.

It may sound a bit trite but I love knowing that that most of them would have been willing to give up most anything for a chance to fuck either of us. Of course, they knew as well as I did that virtually none of them had a chance in hell of ever nailing a girl like me or Kristi but I’m sure they fantasized plenty about it.

I whispered in Kristi’s ear, asking her how many masturbation sessions she thought we were inspiring! Kristi just laughed and I knew the idea turned her on just as much as it did me.

**Chapter 6 – Shoe Shopping**

We passed by a new shoe store that had recently opened when I noticed Kristi giving it an extra glance so I asked her if she wanted to go in and look around. She nodded and so we went inside.

It was actually a new family shoe store with only a limited supply of high heels so we probably would have left quickly had it not been for the sole clerk in the store. He looked to be the same age as Michael but he was as opposite otherwise as you could get. Skinny as a rail and with a terrible haircut (it looked like some “mom with scissors” project), he looked like a stereotypical geek.

Surprisingly, for someone working in sales he appeared to be quite shy but of course, it could have been he was a bit intimidated by us. Judging from the shoe styles I doubted that many of his customers came in looking like Kristi and me, probably more overweight soccer moms dragging in the kiddies. That said, all in all, he was the perfect target for us today!

Kristi quickly found a pair of heels and walked slowly over to the guy, asking him if he had a pair in her size. He asked what size she wore and she shrugged, telling him that he would need to measure her foot.

The poor guy looked totally flustered at this point but he eventually found a measuring tool and set it down on the floor in front of her. He had to kneel down and position her stocking covered foot in it and it was like he was touching a hot brand when he held her ankle.

He was biting his lip and I noticed he was looking at her legs the whole time but trying hard not to let her notice. How typical! For some WEIRD reason guys always think they can look at girls without them knowing it. The real truth is the only time a girls doesn’t notice is when she doesn't WANT him to know she has noticed – if that makes any sense!

The clerk told Kristi to wait a second and he would be right back. As soon as he was out of sight Kristi looked at me and giggled.

“Poor guy,” she said, pushing her foot back in her shoe, “I wonder if he’s touching himself back there now? Did you see the hard-on he was getting?”

I sat down in the chair next to her, crossing my legs to let my skirt ride up high on my ass. Looking at my cousin, I gave her my wicked smile and said, “Well, the way you were coming on to him, it’s a wonder he didn't cum in his pants right then and there! Hurry up, he’ll be back any second and you still need to take your thong off.”

Kristi didn't even hesitate. One thing I loved about her, she never needed to be asked twice to take off something she was wearing! There was nobody else in the store and we were in the back away from the entrance so she quickly slid her thong down to her ankles and stepped out of them. She reached down to pick them off the carpeted floor and handed them to me. Feeling the urge to do something naughty, I held them to my nose and I could smell her wetness. Oh yeah, the girl was horny all right!

“Oh Kelly, you are soooooo bad. Put those away you naughty girl!” she hissed at me.

I just grinned back at her and slid them under me just in time as he was on his way back with several boxes piled high in his arms.

“Do you need me to sit down?” she asked him innocently.

The boy cleared his throat and nodded. For a salesman, he certainly didn't seem to have much to say! Kristi sat down with her legs tight together, holding out her right foot for him like Cinderella waiting for her silver slipper. Her skirt was riding high up in her lap now and the only thing hiding her bare pussy from view was her thighs clamped tightly together.

The guy kneeled down in front of her, grabbed her foot and tried to remove her shoe. It should’ve just slipped off but he was so nervous he couldn’t seem to grab onto it. Finally it popped off, leaving just her anklet on. He picked up the heel but Kristi interrupted him.

“Ummmmm, Brian... I can’t try on heels with my socks on.”

By the way, my cousin isn’t clairvoyant - his name was on an engraved badge pinned to his shirt pocket.

Poor Brian didn’t seem to know what to do so I helped out by going over to the checkout counter and grabbing a pair of disposable nylon socks.

“Here you go Brian,” I said softly as I handed them to him, “Isn’t that what these are for?”

The poor kid was flustered now and his face was turning red at having forgotten about the disposable socks that every store has out for women when they try on shoes. He started to hand them to Kristi but she just sat back in the chair with her arms folded over her chest.

“I’d rather have you put them on Brian... is that OK?”

What was he suppose to say, no? I wondered if anyone had ever asked him to put them on for them before - probably not but there was a first time for everything.

Kristi raised her foot up and Brian gingerly pulled her anklet off. The he fumbled with the nylon, obviously never having had any experience with one before.

“You have nice hands Brian,” Kristi purred, “I bet you give a great foot massage.”

Brian just stuttered a bit and kept fumbling with the nylon. Kristi kept up the patter...

“Did you know that I love it when a guy plays with my feet?” Kristi murmured in a low voice.

Brian obviously didn’t know what to do now. I imagine he had to be wondering if he was going to wake up any minute from this wet dream he was having. He probably couldn't believe a girl like Kristi would ever be saying such things to him.

“Just forget the shoes Brian, rub my foot,” Kristi told him. He hesitated so she continued, “It’s OK, really, I want you to rub my foot.”

Brian gingerly took her bare foot in his hand and just sort of squeezed it a little.

“Come on Brian, you can do better than that,” I broke in, unable to contain myself any longer.

Brian’s face was still red like he had just run a marathon but he did start to massage her foot more vigorously.

“That’s better,” Kristi encouraged him, “I bet your girlfriend loves it when you do this for her, doesn’t she.”

Brian just mumbled something so I told him to speak up and he finally confessed, “I don’t have a girlfriend.”

THAT didn't surprise me in the least but I tried not to laugh or even smile too much but instead licked my lips and said, “You’ve GOT to be kidding Brian... a sexy guy like you? I would have thought the girls would be falling all over each other to get to you.”

Brian frowned at that and I thought maybe I had gone a little overboard but Kristi chimed in.

“Well if they knew how great you are at rubbing their feet they would be,” she sighed. Then she added, “God, you’re making me soooooo horny Brian.”

He seem startled at that one but before he could react further she spread her legs apart then, giving Brian a nice view of her cute little bare pussy.

Poor Brian, he just froze. As much as he was probably embarrassed to look, he couldn't help but stare at the bare crotch that was now exposed between her legs. Damn, Kristi was being relentless! She reached between her legs and ran her finger up and down her pussy slit.

“Oh Brian, look what you’ve done to me. I’m all wet!”

It wasn't her faking either as I could tell from the faint scent of her pussy that she was indeed wet and horny. Like me, I knew Kristi got horny as hell turning guys on, especially guys like poor Brian who she could wrap around her little finger without any effort at all.

Kristi pushed her finger inside her pussy just a little, then slowly started stroked it in and out of her as Brian watched, totally mesmerized by the show she was putting on for him. I had to admit I was enjoying it as well!

“Have you ever seen a girl touch herself like this before Brian?” Kristi asked softly. Brian shook his head as he licked his lips almost continuously. “I like to be watched when I touch myself,” she continued, “Do you like watching me Brian?”

Brian nodded but Kristi wasn't going to let him off that easily. “C’mon Brian, tell me what you think of my pussy.”

Brian cleared his throat and said in a low voice, “It’s pretty,” was all he could get out.

“I bet you’ve never seen a real girl do this to herself before, have you Brian?” Kristi asked.

**Chapter 7: The Dressing Room**

“God Kristen! That was so nasty of you,” I said admiringly as we continued our mall shopping., “The poor guy will be jerking off every night this week thinking about you now!” Then I leaned towards her and whispered in her ear, “You know, I’m horny as hell now thanks to your little show. Since it’s all YOUR fault, what are you going to do about it?”

Kristen tossed her hair back and a wicked grin came to her face. Without a word she grabbed my hand and pulled me along towards the Sears store at the end of the mall. We went to the women’s clothing section and headed straight for the dressing rooms. As usual there was nobody there (I mean seriously, WHO in their right mind shops for clothes at Sears?) so we went into one of the changing rooms and she shut and latched the door behind us.

“OK, so who’s hornier - you or me?” she asked with a twinkle in her eye.

I was already undressing as I replied, “Well, we’ll just have to find out, won’t we!” I stepped out of my panties as I unzipped my skirt. I then challenged her saying, “You know the drill, let’s just see who cums first!”

It was tight in the dressing room but we both managed to strip in a matter of seconds, leaving our clothes on the floor except for our shoes which we left on. The bench seat was barely wide enough for the two of us to sit and spread out legs but somehow we managed. Her smooth bare legs pressed against mine and for a second I felt a little naughty rubbing up against my cousin like this. Although we’d been masturbating together for years now we’d never done anything to the other like licking pussies or even kissing passionately. I smiled to myself as I wondered what she would say if she knew what I had been doing with my mom - and hers, since I was sixteen.

Unashamed I reached between my legs with both hands, using one hand to spread my pussy lips apart and the other to fondle my clit and pussy. Kristen used a similar technique and it wasn’t long before we were both going at it like two whores in heat. I looked over and watched her, noting how her clit was already swollen and her pussy was glistening with her juices. Well, thanks to Brian she had a head start on me so now I had to play catch-up! My finger ran over my pussy and a soft cry emerged from me as my wet finger ran circles around my sensitive clit. Kristen already had a finger up her pussy and was pushing it up in her as she used her other hand to massage her boobs.

“Oh my god!” she whispered to me, “This feels so damn good ... Oh yeah Kelly, I love you watching me.”

My pussy was soaking wet, just as hers was, as I alternated between pushing my finger in and out of me and fondling my hardened clit. Leaning back against the wall, I pushed my hips out to make it easier for my finger to enter deep inside of me. God, I wanted to be fucked so badly I could’ve screamed! What I would’ve given for a nice hard cock at that moment, to feel it entering me and violating me as it filled by pussy. My free hand roamed all over my boobs and torso, raising goose bumps wherever it touched. I could smell the air in the room filling with the pungent scent of our wet pussies as we both masturbated together, each of us desperately trying to be the first to cum.

At times like this, when I wanted to cum as fast possible, I liked to dream of my dad fucking me, how his cock feels when it’s deep in my pussy as I gave myself unconditionally to him. I closed my eyes and imagined how it would feel right then to have him push himself in me, showing me how much he loved me. I loved it when he would cum in me, filling his daughter with his love, giving her his most treasured gift.

“Oh god, I’m cumming!”

I awoke from my reverie as Kristen began panting. Damn! She was always able to cum faster than me and I was pretty quick usually! Even as young girls when we would masturbate together she always “won” - cumming much faster than I could. I watched her fingers as they working furiously on her pussy when suddenly her head arched back and her hips rose to her manipulating hand. Her pussy gushed cum onto her hand and then she put her fingers in her mouth and licked it up.

I wondered how her pussy tasted and how it compared to her mother’s. My tongue liked my lips as I thought about how good my mom and aunt’s pussies tasted. Like fine wines, each was a bit different and like a rare vintage, I could have identified which one I was licking with a blindfold on. I loved the taste of my own pussy as well so given the family history I imagined that Kristen’s would undoubtedly be succulent as well.

Kristen was cumming hard now. I could feel the softness of her thighs and the firmness of her legs against mine as she struggled, trying not to cry out too loudly as her orgasm stretched on. She was flushed to the point of being almost red and her breathing was fast and shallow. Finally her hips bucked hard and she took in a final deep breath.

“Oh god that felt so good,” she sighed. “ Oh Kelly, I love it when we do this.”

If it was possible I was even more horny now and I wanted my own orgasm more than anything at the moment. It was Kristen’s turn to watch intently as I played with myself until I felt the most incredible sensations run from my pussy to the outer reaches of my body while my fingers worked their magic on me. With one hand on my pussy I massaged my boob and nipple with the other. I looked down and observed myself masturbating as Kristen leaned back, slowly moving her finger over her wet pussy as she watched her older cousin masturbate.

My orgasm hit me like a truck on the expressway as I could feel my cum gush from my cunt into my hand. I didn’t stop touching myself and thus I drove me higher and higher into the magical world I retreated to when my orgasms really get going. It had been too much already today for my poor pussy - first teasing little bad Billy, then seeing Michael’s cock growing behind those tight jeans, then watching Kristen tease the poor boy at the shoe store, and finally seeing my cousin getting herself off.

I needed to cum so badly by now it literally hurt and so my orgasm was incredible. Every pore of my body tingled like I was plugged into an electrical outlet while at the same time I felt almost on fire my pussy felt so hot. It was like ocean waves pounding a beach except in this case it was pleasure pounding my body - over and over and over the waves of pleasure hit me as Kristen watched, her fingers moving faster over her pussy now.

One thing about doing yourself, you know exactly how you feel and what you need at any given time. I could sense just when I was peaking and would hold off just enough to let me stay there as long as possible and then hit me again just as I started to descend to bring me back to the top once again. It was like one continuous orgasm instead of a series of them like I usually had. I never wanted it to end, I wanted to feel this way forever. I love sex so much because only sex can make me feel this way, so complete and so fulfilled. God I needed this more than food, more than anything else in the world. I needed to just cum and cum and cum - and I did.

Well, I had no idea how long this went on as it was like I was just in another world but finally my body just couldn’t sustain it anymore and I collapsed in the seat, exhausted from the incredible orgasm I had just given myself. The only thing missing was the feeling of warm sperm dripping from my cunt but I couldn’t do anything about that! Kristen looked over at my crotch with a huge smile.

“Well, I guess you really WERE horny today,” she said with a hint of a laughter. “God I thought you were never going to stop cumming!”

Kristen leaned over to me and we hugged and kissed. It was just a gentle kiss between cousins and once again for a moment I wanted to see where it might lead. I wanted to hold her warm pussy in the palm of my hand as she did the same to mine. Who knows, as horny as I was I might have done something except I heard someone coming in the dressing area.

“Excuse me, is someone in here?” someone called out.

Damn, it was a store clerk! Oh well, I guess that was the end of that. I tried to call out to her but my voice wasn’t responding yet so Kristen said we would be out in a second. We quickly pulled on our underwear and she put her skirt back on as I rearranged my cami.

When I opened the door, standing there outside was an older woman, maybe in her fifties, the classic store clerk in her out-of-style clothes and bad hair. She took one look at us with our messed-up hair, flushed faces, and the unmistakable smell of pussy that filled the air and I knew she had us pegged. She may have been an old bag but she was still a woman and no woman could mistake that smell for anything other than what it was! Her eyes narrowed and she shook her head at us. It was obvious we weren’t trying on any clothes - we weren’t carrying any and there was no way we were hiding any in these outfits!

“Well I’ll be damned,” she said, “Can’t you dirty sluts find someplace else to do your filthy business? I mean for heaven’s sake, don’t either of you have ANY decency? What if there were kids here now?”

We didn’t even bother answering - what would be the point? Instead we just left as quickly as possible. Once in the safe confines of the mall we stopped and turned to look at each other and we both broke out laughing.

“God, did you see the look on her face?” Kristen laughed.

“Yea, I bet she hasn’t had an orgasm in twenty years!” I said back to her.

We headed to the mall restrooms to fix our hair and makeup. Afterwards we wandered the mall a bit more, teasing more boys than I can count with nothing more than a smile and wiggle of our butts. We probably could’ve both gotten laid a dozen times easily if we had wanted to, but I enjoyed just teasing them like we did.

**Chapter 8: Back Home Again**

Finally we decided enough was enough, time to head home for some serious masturbation. I dropped Kristen off at her house and returned home to find my mom working in the kitchen.

“Have a good time dear?” she asked.

The grin on my face told her all she needed to know. She gave me a quick kiss and patted me on the ass saying, “Well, I imagine you have some serious tensions that need to be relieved so when you’ve finished come on down and tell your mother ALL about it.”

As I headed up to my I thought how my mom was such a wonderful friend and confidante as well as loving mother. In my room I quickly stripped and hung up my short skirt. Looking at it I marveled how a piece of clothing so small could lead to so much fun!

Laying back on my bead I started to masturbate again as I recalled the events of the day. At least at home I didn’t have to be quiet! Hmmm, I bet my mom was going to get horny herself once I told her about my day at the mall. It wouldn’t be long before dad got home and I was sure he would enjoy hearing about my day as well. Yep, I had a good idea that things might get even more interesting before the day was over!