**The Mall**

by [Markie2003](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1217304&page=submissions)©

It was a typical Saturday morning. We got a chance to sleep in a little, and my boyfriend, Chris, had planned to go help his buddy with something for a few hours today, so I decided I could head to the mall and get some long overdue shopping completed.  
  
Of course, as a young 29 year old women, I loved shopping just as much as any other women, but with expenses and everything lately it seemed like the only true shopping I did was for essentials. Things hadn't changed for this trip, but Chris and I were invited to a wedding of a long time mutual friend and I knew I needed to pick up a new little black dress.  
  
After jumping out of the shower, I jumped into a pair of comfy panties and pulled on my favorite jeans. They were snug but not necessarily too tight, and they accentuated my tight ass I work so hard to keep up. A pair of comfy sandals and a bright cotton top completed my ensemble. Off to the mall I went. It was a big mall, the ones you see now a days, with tons of stores, multiple levels, etc, etc. It had been a while since I had been there and I was happy to see some new stores. After searching thru some small boutique shops and various other stores, it was finally the big chain store Macy's that I found the perfect little black dress. It was nothing too special, but it fit great and was flexible to wear to the wedding and use for other opportunities down the road as well. You know, every women needs a little black dress.  
  
I thought about it and figured it was only proper to get new undergarments for the wedding as well. I didn't splurge on these item's as much as I'd like to and as much as I did when I was younger, but I thought what the hell, I deserved it. I proceeded over to the lingerie department and was pleased to see it was as huge as if I just stepped into a Victoria's Secret shop. I wanted a matching combo panty and bra set. I am 5'6, and very toned , so there were plenty of options when it came to a 34B bra with a matching size 5 panty of some sort. I found many, but a lot were bikini style and I wanted to be a little more sensual for the wedding, without telling Brian of course. I finally found a sexy black set, perfect amount of lace around the soft cups of the 34B bra, and the the small panty was a sexy g-string with lot's of lace and a little skirt stitched around the hem. It was only when I was holding them up admiring them that I noticed him. There was a very well to do man, maybe upper thirties to lower forties that was obviously watching me as I admired my matching set. At first I didn't think too much about it, but I continued to notice him hanging around watching me. One would think I would get nervous in a situation like this, but I was in a crowded mall and knew I was in no danger.   
  
I continued to the check out clerk and bought my new little surprise for Chris. He would see the dress before the wedding, but the undergarments were to going be my little surprise for that night.  
  
The rest of the day went on as usual, Chris and I enjoyed a nice dinner and a few drinks, which probably assisted in the sensual nature as we went to bed and made mad passionate love that night. I was more into sex that night then normal and it wasn't until a few minutes into our love making that I thought of that guy at the mall eyeing me. I know when your boyfriend is deep inside you you should not be thinking about someone else, but I couldn't help it. I had never been an exhibitionist before, but the thought of a sexy guy eyeing me made me feel like I was 18 again. We had a great night of sex and I slept soundly.  
  
The next morning over coffee, I kept thinking about the day before, the panty shopping, the sexy guy watching me, and I was getting excited again. I couldn't get my mind off of it and finally finished the thoughts over a mind blowing masturbation session in the shower. Wow, I needed that.  
  
Weeks went by and the thought kept popping into my head, I knew I needed to go back to that mall to see if I could re-enact my previous session. I dressed again in the same tight jeans, but this time, I wore a tight white tank top with a open cotton blouse top over the tank. My erect nipples displayed and confirmed the thoughts bouncing around in my head. I looked in the mirror and I smiled and it reminded me why I spent so much time in the gym working on my tight body.  
  
This time, I went directly to Victoria's Secret, and while there were mostly women shopping, there were a few men with their wife's or girlfriends roaming around. For the first time, I was actually watching for guys watching me. It added to the excitement that men were noticing and staring at me when the were literly standing right next to their female companion. The women were too busy looking through the bins of sexy undergarments to notice thier man noticing me.  
  
My white cotton panties under my jeans were beginning to get damp. I was hooked!! I couldn't believe that I had this new found love for teasing and entertaining men. I had no intentions what so ever of taking it any further, but as you can imagine, every women enjoys looking good and knowing that men, and women, are looking at her.  
  
That night again, the sex Chris and I had was tremendous and whatever it was that got into me, he knew he liked it, because he got to reap the rewards of my excitement. It was my little secret.  
  
Many weeks went by and the occurrence was always the same, I dressed nicely, went shopping, watched guys watch me, got excited and went home and either had great sex with Chris or entered into a very special "me-time" masturbation session that was always more intense then my usual solo orgasms.  
  
The thoughts in my head were getting bolder and bolder, and while I never acted upon them, they certainly entertained my fantasy world and was a good back drop for my know more frequent "me-time" play sessions.  
  
One day, I even shocked myself and decided I was going to the mall again, but this time in a skirt. I hadn't worn skirts alot as I was the typical 'jeans and t-shirt' kind of girl, but I did feel sexier whenever I did choose to wear a skirt. The skirt was not too short and was certainly acceptable for a women my age. I wore a nice white pair of bikini panties under my dark blue denim skirt. I noticed I was already damp before even stepping into the mall. I knew this is what I wanted and I was going to definitely hang around the mall for a while.  
  
After spending an hour or two walking around, I decided I needed to stop and get a cup of my favorite coffee from the center area of the mall. I sat down to enjoy my coffee and did alot of people watching. After a few minutes I felt these eyes on me as I glanced over to other tables and noticed this man that I had seen a few other times early in my shopping spree. He was alone and it finally dawned on me why he choose the table he did. As I sat, my skirt rode up my thighs and since these were little cafe tables, he had full visibility of my legs and thighs. I couldn't believe he was sitting there admiring my legs. It was so obvious, but not in a rude way.   
  
I made sure not to make eye contact with him or have him know I knew he was watching me. I fiddled with my phone as if I was texting friends, and looked over to see if he was enjoying the view. He was definitely concentrating on viewing me.  
  
I have no idea what happened to me next, but I started shifting in my seat, cross and re-crossing my legs back and forth. The area was busy and I had to be coy with my activities, but I made up my mind that this guy would get to see up my skirt to the white panties, now very damp, that contrasted strongly to the dark blue denim skirt that covered them. My movements got bolder and bolder crossing my legs, until I finally got up enough courage to bend over to the side to get something out of one of my packages and slightly spread my legs (accidentally of course), long enough and wide enough that he got the view he was eagerly awaiting. I felt the blush come across my face as I even surprised myself at what I did, but the continued dampness in my panties confirmed my desire.  
  
Upon getting up, I noticed him with a very slight smirk and smile on his face as I cautiously walked out to my car making sure I was not being followed.   
  
Luckily for me, but not for Chris, he wasn't home when I got home. I texted him to see when he would get home and got the answer I wanted, he said he wouldn't be home for at least another hour or two. Perfect, I stripped off my clothes and threw my soaked white panties in the hamper and proceeded to have the best "me time" masturbation session ever!!!  
  
Maybe next week I should leave my panties at home?  
  
~~~Melissa