**The Show in the Mall Ch. 01**

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Some times, when I am shopping at the local mall, I see small groups of young girls walking around, chattering with each other. They seem so bold these days - what with the short, tight, and very revealing clothes they wear. It's almost as if they are putting their young bodies on display. I wonder, sometimes, when I see them, if they'd ever really "show off" - purposely expose themselves to someone if they were dared to or wanted to "get a rise" out of someone.  
  
I sat at my usual seat in the corner of the food court on Friday evening, sipping my Starbucks coffee while I gazed at the people shopping and moving to and fro. Everyone seemed to be in a hurry, carrying packages and bags filled with purchases. Mingled with the shoppers I could see groups of young people, chatting away as they strolled through the mall. The booth in which I sat, as well as the one across from me, was in the corner of the food court and nearly hidden from most of the other tables. From where I sat, however, I had an unobstructed view of the rest of the tables. It suited me just fine, as I didn't have to worry about people walking around me and making noise while I reviewed my notes.  
  
I am on the facility of a local community college, where classes have been in session for a few weeks. I was renting an off-campus house from the university while their occupants - another husband and wife professor team from the university - were off an an archeological expedition somewhere in the world. I had the whole house to myself, along with the spacious and quite private yard - together with an outdoor pool and hot-tub. The professors did right nicely for themselves.  
  
Suddenly, a gaggle of girls swept around the corner, giggling and chatting, before settling down at the secluded booth across from me. They were loud and obviously happy. Happy to be young, out of the house, and with their friends. I watched as some of them got up and returned with drinks and food. They seemed to be either eating or talking. I was surprised they had picked the booth across from me, as it was so far from the normal ebb and flow of people and the food court.  
  
I couldn't but help notice one young girl at the near end of the booth. She was cute - her long hair framing her glowing face. She was wearing what appeared to be a school uniform - white blouse and pleated skirt. Rather conservative, compared to what her friends were wearing! Their outfits were either short and tight, or long and black. I caught her looking at me, and I smiled back.  
  
After a while, I noticed some of the girls glancing my way, then leaning over and talking to her. She looked up at me, then turned back to her friends, shaking her head from side to side. Whatever it was they said, she didn't agree. Her friends continued to talk to her. Finally, I saw her look my way, and meekly nod "yes." She gave me a wry smile, got up, and walked away. I watched her leave, wondering what that was all about.  
  
I turned back to my notes, and resumed sipping my coffee. In a short time, she returned and sat back down. I looked up at her. Was it my imagination, or did she appear to be flushed? Her friends talked to her, briefly, then they all got up and walked away, leaving her alone in the booth. I wondered what was going on. After a few moments, she looked up, staring directly at me. Her tongue flicked out to wet her lips, nervously. I put my coffee cup down on the table. Something was about to happen.  
  
I watched as her hands slid off the table to rest on top of her lap. Slowly she moved her hands down, under the booth, until she grasped the hem of her skirt, just above her knees. I watched, mesmerized, as she slowly slid the edge of the skirt up her thighs. I watched as she moved her knees apart. I looked up at her face to find her eyes locked on my face. Higher and higher went the skirt. Wider and wider moved her knees. Then, I saw it! The dark, curly, fleece against her creamy, white, thighs - and her ruby red lips within. She was flashing me! Oh, my goodness! What a delicious treat! And in public, too! She held that pose for what seemed like an eternity before pressing her skirt back down and bringing her knees back together.  
  
I let out my breath, which I had been unconsciously been holding. I looked at her to see her smiling at me. Well, that was an invitation if ever I'd seen one. I slid out of my booth, and sat down across from her. "That was quite a daring thing you just did." I observed. "Why did you do it?" I asked.  
  
"I had to," she explained, "or I wouldn't be allowed to pledge when the sorority decides who to let in next week." She was clearly embarrassed at having exposed herself to me, as well as by my presence. Yet, I suspect, she seemed to count on me talking to her. Nearby, I recognized some of the girls who had urged her to expose herself, and was sure they knew what would happen.  
  
"Ah, I see." I said, understandingly. I decided to press my advantage. Putting on my most stern look, I continued: "Tell me," I asked, "what would your father say if he learned of what you just did?"  
  
Shocked, she replied "Oh! He'd punish me, for sure!" She looked up in alarm. "You wouldn't tell on me, would you"?  
  
Smiling, I replied "Well, that depends."  
  
"Depends?" she asked, not quite sure what I getting at. "Depends on what?"  
  
"Well," I continued, "that depends on whether or not you agree to be punished by me for what you just did. That was a very naughty thing to do, exposing yourself to a complete stranger, you know. So, if you agree, I will punish you myself, and won't breath a word to him." I could see she was wondering if I knew her father, or how I would possibly be able to tell him what I had seen. Then again, she couldn't possibly know how much I loved spanking naughty young coeds - with their permission, of course.  
  
"Wha- wha- what would you... I mean... how would you punish me?" she stammered, clearly confused at how this little "dare" of hers was turning into, quite possibly, more that she expected.  
  
"I know what your father would do - he would put you over his lap, lift up your skirt, and slide your panties down. Then, he would begin to spank your bare bottom until it was a bright red, and you were VERY sorry for what you had done. Then, when he had finished spanking you, he would hold you in his arms until you stopped crying. Am I right?"  
  
"Ye-y-y-yes. He did that to me, once, when he caught me smoking." she nodded in agreement. "Would you really spank me on my bare bottom?" she asked, her face turning a bright red at the very thought of being exposed and spanked by a stranger.  
  
"Yes, it would be the only way." I reaffirmed. "But," I continued, "you must be punished immediately - this very evening, in fact! Or, your father will hear about it."  
  
"OH! DEAR!" she uttered, hopelessly. "Are you sure? Do I have to?"  
  
"Yes, I am quite sure, my dear. I expect to see you at my house, this evening, at 6:00 sharp." I responded. "Here is my address. I expect you to be prompt, alone, and properly attired for your punishment." I said, writing out my address on a slip of paper and handing it to her. I slid out of the booth, and stood up, looking down at her. "I will be expecting you. Don't keep me waiting."  
  
I returned to my both to pick up my material. As I walked out of the food court, I saw her friends sitting down at the table with her, talking. No doubt, they were asking her what I said to her. I wondered if she would tell them about our appointment this evening. I looked forward to finding out. Right now, though, I had to prepare for my visitor this evening. I thought about how warm her cute bottom would feel under my hand as I spanked her, and how she would sound. I strode to my car in eager anticipation.  
  
*To be continued...*