

Naughty Massage at the Mall



Lacey Starlove

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By Lacey Starlove

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This is a work of fiction and is intended for mature audiences only. All characters are at least eighteen years of age.

Special thanks to Chaichaichai for inspiring this story

Sarah decided she had done enough shopping for one day and was headed for the exit to the mall. Her twenty-sixth birthday had just passed and, along with other gifts, her husband had given her a stack of cash, with instructions to “enjoy yourself.”

She took in her surroundings as she walked. The mall was new, having just had their grand opening six months ago. It was modern and luxurious, with clean, polished floors and gorgeous, flowing fountains.

It was about noon on a Saturday, and the place was packed. People of all walks of life were milling about. Professionals with their nice clothes, thug wannabes with their ghetto-chic outfits, old retired men, young women like herself, and so on. It was a beautiful day, and the sun shone through the glass windows of the ceiling high above her.

As she walked, Sarah noticed a massage service up ahead. It didn't have its own store, it was just setup in the middle of the wide walkway, along with the other kiosks selling perfume, jewelry, cell phones, and other assortments.

There were three therapists – two men and a young woman. There were a couple of people already getting massages. They were sitting, leaning forward in special massage chairs, getting their necks and backs rubbed through their clothing. The people giving the massages were the two men, very muscular, and Sarah thought how nice it would feel to have those strong hands rubbing her aching shoulders, tired from hauling around her purchases all morning.

As she approached, the woman looked at her and smiled. Sarah's chest fluttered a bit as she realized how incredibly attractive the woman was.

“Hello. Would you like massage?” the woman asked her. She had some sort of accent, Eastern European perhaps, although Sarah couldn't be sure, and her English wasn't perfect.

“Um, sure,” Sarah replied. She had wanted a massage from one of the men, but she found herself quickly warming to the idea of feeling this woman's hands on her.

“Regular or full body?” the woman asked.

The question caught Sarah off-guard. She didn't realize "full body" was an option, and wasn't sure how that was going to work with this setup, but she realized she was excited to find out.

"Full body," she replied, her heart thumping a little stronger as she said it.

"Wonderful," the woman said, smiling.

She told Sarah the price, then Sarah handed her the money. After putting it in the register, the woman bent down and dragged out a folded massage table from behind the kiosk. It was heavy, but the woman was strong for her size. She found a space for it and, with the help of the two men, unfolded and assembled it so that it lay perfectly straight, about three feet off the ground.

"Okay, go into changing room, remove all clothes, and wear this," the woman said, handing her a towel. Sarah felt a small surge of arousal upon hearing this woman instruct her to strip nude. Then she looked at the "changing room" the woman was referring to. It was nothing more than a rectangular framework of thin, plastic poles, supporting four vinyl curtains on each edge.

Sarah's first thought as she walked up to the contraption was that the curtains looked see-through. She stuck one of her hands inside and waved it around. It wasn't see-through per se, but the silhouette of her hand was clearly visible. Everyone walking by was going to be able to watch her strip, even if they wouldn't be able to see any nudity.

Sarah stepped inside and shut the curtain. Or, at least, *she tried to shut the curtain*. She realized with horror that none of the curtains could extend far enough to completely touch the other curtains. The result was that there were four thin slits in each corner, unobstructed by any of the material. Only a sliver of her could be seen from any one angle, but passersby would be treated to at least a tantalizing tease of nude flesh, if not more.

The thought of being partially exposed while she stripped nude in the middle of the mall was starting to excite her. She pretended to be completely unaware of her situation as she began peeling her blouse off over her head. She unfastened and unzipped her jeans, and couldn't help but bend over seductively as she dragged them down over her smooth legs. She unclasped and removed her bra. It was starting to get hot in this confined space as Sarah's excitement grew, but she felt cool air coming in through

the slits. The coolness blew over her bare chest and made her nipples hard. Again, her arousal got the best of her, and she couldn't help but bring her hands up to her chest to play with her tits and squeeze her nipples for a few moments, knowing full well that anyone watching would be able to tell exactly what she was doing. As she did this, she looked towards one of the slits and made eye contact with a man as he walked by. Electricity ran through her body. As she pulled down, and stepped out of, her panties, she noticed they were slightly damp.

She felt so sexy, standing here completely naked while she heard the din of hundreds of voices around her, echoing throughout the mall outside of her little makeshift dressing room. She didn't want it to stop, so she lingered like this for a moment, playing with her hair for a bit. Finally, she decided she better get out soon before the masseuse began to wonder if something was wrong.

She grabbed the towel and wrapped it around her. It was so small! She had wrapped it so that it would completely cover her breasts, but this left part of her pussy and most of her ass completely exposed. She tried re-wrapping it so that all of her bottom was covered, but this left her breasts out in the open. The best she could do was to position the towel so that it just barely covered her nipples and pussy, which left an ungodly amount of cleavage showing in the front, and about a quarter of her bare ass peeking out from the rear.

Taking a deep breath, she pulled back one of the curtains and stepped out into public view, a great deal of her naked body on display for the strangers around her. She glanced about nervously. She saw eyes go wide as they noticed her. Behind her, a young man was elbowing his friend, smiling and pointing at her exposed butt. Her confidence from just a few moments ago evaporated and she suddenly felt self-conscious. She had never seen anyone getting a nude massage in the middle of the mall before, towel or not, and began to wonder if this was at all normal. Some of the startled looks around her suggested it was not. But the masseuse just beamed a wide smile at her, and she began to relax again. This woman seemed to think it was normal...*or did she?* Behind her friendly smile, Sarah could've sworn she noticed something else, a look of...mischief, perhaps? If she didn't know any better, she would've also sworn she detected a look of...lust.

But she brushed off this last thought feeling silly. Sarah knew she was hot, but *this* woman was a goddess. Of course she would want to believe that someone so beautiful would find her attractive, she told herself.

“Okay, get on table. I start with back, so lie on tummy,” the woman instructed.

It was very difficult for Sarah to get on the table while maintaining any sense of modesty. She could only use one arm if she had any hope of keeping herself covered. Finally, she managed to hoist herself up on her hands and knees, whilst keeping the towel around her. But as she got on the table, the towel rose up in the back. She wasn’t sure how much it came up, but it felt like *a lot*. She quickly pulled it back down and shot an embarrassed look towards the masseuse.

The woman just smiled that devilish smile of hers and said, “Oopsie.” Sarah’s face flushed with embarrassment.

Lying on her stomach, with the towel still wrapped around her, Sarah realized she would have to lift her body up slightly to get the towel out from under her. She did it as quickly as she could, but for a brief moment her tits hung freely, exposed to the cool air once more, and again, her nipples got hard. As she laid back down, they pressed into the leather of the massage table and the pressure felt wonderful on them.

The woman pulled the towel down, covering Sarah’s bottom half, and exposing her entire back, right down to where the swell of her ass began. Sarah laid like this, draped in nothing but a small towel, the only nude person in a sea of fully dressed people, as the woman began the massage.

As the woman rubbed her shoulders and neck, Sarah momentarily forgot her excitement as the tension in her upper body melted away under the woman’s firm touch. But then the woman dragged her nails lightly and slowly down Sarah’s back. A wave of pleasure shivered up her spine, and her arousal came flooding back, stronger than ever. She felt hot between her legs.

The masseuse worked Sarah’s lower back for a bit, then slowly moved back up.

“You want oil?” she asked Sarah.

“Yes, please!” Sarah replied, a little too excitedly than she would have liked.

The woman got a bottle of massage oil from her supplies and began drizzling it on Sarah's back. At first it felt warm, but as the woman began working it lovingly into her flesh, it began to feel hot. Or was that just Sarah's skin reacting to her touch?

The woman's hands now glided along Sarah's slick skin with ease rubbing all over her shoulders, back, and arms. She began to feel an insatiable desire to have the woman's hands go everywhere, to coat every inch of her skin with oil, without modesty. As if reading Sarah's thoughts, the hands began inching slowly down the sides of her upper back, rubbing in circles as they went, until they were rubbing the sides of her breasts. It took Sarah everything she had to not let out a moan. But all too quickly, the hands began working their way back up again.

"Okay, now I do legs," the masseuse told her softly.

Starting at the end closest to Sarah's feet, the woman began folding the towel up, and up, and up...and then up some more! The last fold really caught Sarah by surprise. She hadn't dreamed the woman would go so high. She was lying here, completely nude, save for a thin strip of cloth failing miserably at its job of covering her well-endowed ass.

The masseuse rubbed oil into Sarah's right calf, then worked her way up. As she rubbed hard into Sarah's firm thigh, Sarah could feel her leg being pulled ever so gently outward, spreading her just a bit. She didn't fight it.

The woman moved to Sarah's left calf and repeated the process. Again, Sarah's leg was pulled outward, and her legs spread even further. She felt her lips separate slightly. She was sure the woman would be able to see her pussy if she wanted to.

"My, you're very beautiful," said the woman sweetly.

Now Sarah was getting wet. Which, given the current situation, just increased her arousal even further. She knew it was an inappropriate thing for a masseuse to say, and that excited her. Not to mention the fact that it was entirely possible the woman was staring right at her bald cunt as she said it.

"Thank you," was all Sarah managed to say.

The woman kept working her hands higher and higher up Sarah's leg. They began sliding under the towel, and grazing Sarah's butt.

"Is okay?" the woman asked, her accent thick.

“Mmm, yes, perfectly okay,” Sarah responded. She didn’t want to leave any doubt that she was okay with intimate touching. She wanted the masseuse to touch her as much as was ethically allowed. In fact, if she was being honest, she wanted her to touch her *much more* than that.

With this invitation, the masseuse began sliding her hands all over Sarah’s bare ass. Then she alternated between sliding, rubbing, and squeezing. To Sarah, it felt like more than just a massage. It felt like she was being played with...and she liked it.

The woman fell into a pattern where she had a palm on each cheek and was rubbing each in a circular motion. The hands would meet at the bottom, then push upward and outward, before circling back around to meet again. The effect was such that, during each rotation, the woman was spreading Sarah open lewdly.

“You want deeper?” the woman asked her.

Sarah didn’t know exactly what she meant, but she knew she wanted it. “Yes, please,” she told the woman, trying to hide her excitement.

Now the woman’s hands slid deeper and deeper into Sarah’s crevice each time. They were coming within an inch of Sarah’s holes before spreading outward again. In addition, the woman kept leaning forward a little bit more each time. Eventually, Sarah could feel the woman’s hot breath on her, each time she stretched her open. Sarah was being driven wild with desire. Now the hands were coming within a centimeter of touching her most intimate treasures. Just when she thought she was going to lose control, the woman stopped.

“Okay, now I do front,” she said. She went to get another towel, then handed it to Sarah. This one was even smaller. Even completely unfurled, it was nothing but a thin strip of terrycloth. The woman held onto the towel lying on Sarah’s ass to keep it in place, then said, “Okay, turn.”

Sarah did as she was told. She tried to cover her breasts with the towel as she turned, but for a second she was again completely exposed to anyone who happened to be watching at the time.

The masseuse moved to the head of the table and began massaging Sarah’s shoulders.

Sarah looked down at the clumped up towel lying lazily across her crotch. Before, she was sure the masseuse could see right up under it. Now, she knew, while she may be covered to a bird flying above her, anyone

walking by in the pathway in front of her would not have their sight obstructed in the slightest by the towel. She watched them as they walked by. Watched when they turned their heads. Watched as their eyes grew large when they peered between her legs, not believing what they were seeing. Some of them, she noticed, would suddenly “realize” they were going the wrong way once they passed her, then turn back around, only to decide, in the end, that they were going the right way the first time. Most of these were men, but there was one young woman doing it as well, looking adorably cute as she tried her hardest to be discrete.

Then, Sarah noticed, there were some people who had completely given up on being discrete. There were three 18-year-old boys that were just standing around staring at her bare pussy. One black, one white, and another Hispanic. They were dressed in ill-fitting clothing, with hats on sideways, large gaudy chains hanging around their necks, and cute attempts at growing facial hair. Even through their baggy shorts, Sarah could see that their dicks were hard. One of them was rubbing himself casually through his clothing. She couldn't help but spread her legs farther apart, knowing they were watching.

Sarah's attention was brought back to the masseuse when the woman's hands suddenly slipped under the towel and began lightly rubbing the sides of her breasts.

“Is okay?” the woman asked again, but this time her voice was seductive and teasing.

“Yes! Is...is okay,” Sarah managed to say, her brain cloudy with lust.

Then suddenly the woman's hands glided freely across Sarah's tits, right over her nipples.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah gasped out loud.

The woman massaged her tits lovingly, cupping them in her hands, squeezing them gently. She clasped Sarah's nipples between her thumbs and index fingers, and squeezed and pulled them.

The boys were going wild now. It was obvious that the masseuse was rubbing Sarah's tits under the towel. One of them had his cell phone out, recording this amazing scene of exhibitionism unfolding right in front of him.

The masseuse then moved to one side of the table and began sliding her hand up Sarah's right leg. She started at the calf, then glided up and up,

running her hand along the inner part of Sarah's thigh and right into the crevice where Sarah's leg met her crotch. She did this over and over again. Just like when Sarah was on her stomach, she was pulling her leg outward with each motion, only this time, she was doing it much more forcefully. She moved to the other side of the table and repeated the process with Sarah's other leg.

Eventually, Sarah was lying practically spread eagle. The crowd standing in front of them was growing larger. At this point, the scene was getting raunchy enough that a spectator could be excused for wanting to see what the hell was happening, without seeming like a leering pervert who just wanted to watch a woman massage another woman. The people watching were no longer the deviants. Sarah and the masseuse were now the deviants.

The masseuse began to use one hand on each leg and she no longer bothered with the calves. She just ran her hands along Sarah's inner thighs and then dragged her thumbs along the edges of Sarah's pussy. Sarah wondered if she had ever been so wet in her life. Cream was oozing out of her, and the masseuse and everyone else watching could see it.

"Okay boys, is closing time," the woman said suddenly to her co-workers.

The men tapped at their customers in the massage chairs and told them their time was up. One of them began to protest, but as he stood up, he noticed Sarah and the scene unfolding there, and he suddenly cut his argument short.

"The fuck?" he muttered under his breath, flabbergasted.

One of the masseurs turned a sign around to indicate that they were now closed and not taking any more customers. Then he moved to help his co-worker who had begun to pack up shop. They were disassembling and folding the massage chairs, kiosk, and other equipment, and loading the pieces onto a large flatbed cart. They seemed to be in a hurry.

In the back of her mind, Sarah idly wondered why they would be closing in the middle of the day, but at this point the only thing she cared about was whether or not *her* massage was ending. It wasn't though. Her massage *was just beginning*.

"Okay, now is tongue massage," the masseuse said.

Before Sarah could even process what was said, the woman grabbed both of her legs and pulled her hard so that her body slid down the table and her butt was near the edge. Then the woman leaned her beautiful face in, between Sarah's legs, and plunged her tongue through Sarah's lips, straight into her cunt. She lapped up Sarah's cream, swallowed it, then ran her tongue slowly upwards, and straight over Sarah's clit.

Sarah let out a loud, involuntarily moan, and yet she could still hear the audible gasp from the crowd at this new turn of events. *What was the masseuse doing*, she wondered. Before, they at least had some appearance of a legitimate massage. What they were doing now was *clearly illegal!* But it felt good. So, so good. Sarah realized she would let this woman do anything she wanted to her right now, even if it meant having sex in public.

Sex. Oh my god, she was having sex with this woman! This stranger! What was her name? Sarah didn't know. She thought about her husband. She was cheating on her husband. Even if it was a woman, she was fucking around on him behind his back. She even used his money to pay for this. Well, he did tell me to enjoy myself, she thought wickedly.

The woman alternated between sucking and slurping on Sarah's clit, and flicking it with her tongue. Sarah felt warmth creep into her body as a powerful orgasm approached. Then it hit, and Sarah grabbed the back of the woman's head with both hands and pulled as she humped into her face. She was rubbing her clit all over the woman's tongue as she creamed and creamed.

When Sarah finished, the woman got up, moved up to the head of the table, and leaned over to whisper in her ear.

"You taste wonderful, sweetie," she cooed as she stroked Sarah's hair.

"Thank...thank you." Sarah was still regaining her wits after her explosive orgasm. "But...but I don't understand. Why are you doing this? I mean...aren't you worried about getting into trouble?"

"We go back to home country today," she explained. "I want to, how you say, go out with *bang*."

The woman emphasized this last word and, as she did, she inserted her middle finger into Sarah's cunt.

"Is okay?" the woman teased, as she smiled wickedly.

"Mmm-hmm," was all Sarah could say.

She inserted another finger and Sarah moaned in appreciation. As the woman's fingers worked themselves in and out of Sarah's pussy, making wonderful wet noises, she leaned in to kiss her. They kissed lightly at first, then the woman's tongue began probing Sarah's lips, looking for entry. Sarah parted her lips and the woman's tongue entered her mouth, setting off fireworks in Sarah's brain. Their tongues explored each other's mouths. Sarah could taste herself on the woman.

Then, the woman broke off the kiss and said, "Hmm, I don't think we need no more," as she ripped the towel off Sarah's chest, exposing her tits to the world. Then she did the same to the other towel. Sarah was now lying completely nude, getting finger fucked by a total stranger, while a large crowd watched in amazement.

As the woman plunged her fingers in and out of Sarah's fuckhole, she massaged Sarah's clit with her thumb. Sarah began humping into the woman's fingers, causing her tits to bounce as she did so. Then, with her free hand, the woman grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair and yanked her head back hard.

"Tell me you like it," she demanded.

"I love it. I fucking love it," Sarah responded immediately.

"Good girl," the woman said, and she began to kiss lovingly along Sarah's cheek, behind her ear, and down her neck. Then she removed her fingers and brought them to Sarah's mouth. "Clean me."

Sarah wrapped her mouth around the woman's fingers and sucked her own sweet juices from them.

"I am feeling warm," the woman said. "Play with yourself. I get comfortable."

"What?" Sarah asked.

"Touch your pussy. Like this," the woman told her, and she grabbed Sarah's hand and brought it between Sarah's legs and started moving it in circles. Then she spread Sarah's legs apart a bit and said, "Like this, so they see better," referring to their audience.

Sarah looked up at the people while she masturbated. For some reason, playing with herself like this while they watched was even scarier and seemed dirtier than when the masseuse was eating her out. The crowd was huge now, over a hundred people, and more and more were coming. The

entire mall was flocking towards them, wanting to see what all the commotion was about.

The masseuse, meanwhile, had begun stripping. She was down to her bra and panties when a woman, the manager of one of the nearby stores, came storming up with a phone held to her ear.

“You two are *disgusting*,” she said with contempt. Sarah was frightened and closed her legs and covered her breasts with her arm.

The masseuse shot her a look, pointed a finger at her, and commanded, “Don’t stop!”

Slowly, Sarah took her arm away, spread her legs again, and continued rubbing.

“And you’re in big trouble!” the store manager continued. “I’m on the phone with mall security, and they contacted the police over 10 minutes ago!”

The masseuse simply ripped her bra off and started playing with her tits while the store manager looked on, aghast. Then she stepped out of her panties and said, “Well, then, they need hurry. Or they miss show.” And with that, she brought her hands between her legs, stuck her mound out, and spread her lips open as much as she could. The store manager just stared at the pink insides of her pussy, in shock, before storming off angrily.

Sarah was admiring the masseuse’s gorgeous, athletic body and yearned to touch it all over and feel it against her skin. She got her wish. The masseuse climbed onto the table and onto Sarah. She embraced Sarah and kissed her passionately. Their tits rubbed together and their hard nipples felt good dragging across the other’s skin. The woman was pressing her mound hard into Sarah’s. Sarah’s oily skin made it easy for the woman to slide her body up and down. Sarah felt another orgasm welling up inside her and the woman noticed. She humped Sarah’s clit hard and fast, pulled her hair again, and said, “That’s it. Cum for me, baby girl.”

And Sarah did. She came even harder than the first time. As her orgasm died down, she noticed the two masseurs were standing nearby, their hands behind their backs as if they were standing at attention in the military. “Everything is packed. Other than table,” one of them said, his accent as thick as the woman’s. “We need to leave now.”

“No, not yet,” the woman told him. Then she spun herself around so she was facing the other way and her pussy was inches from Sarah’s face.

“Make me cum, beautiful,” she told Sarah, and she lowered her wet cunt onto Sarah’s mouth.

She tasted wonderful, thought Sarah. She tasted...like sex, was all she could think of. It made her own steamy cunt burn with passion again, so she moaned with glee when she felt the woman’s tongue gliding across it once more. She grabbed the woman’s hot, athletic ass with both hands and pulled her even harder down on her mouth.

“Fuck yes!” the woman screamed, momentarily ungluing her mouth from Sarah’s pussy. “Make me cum, you dirty slut!” Then she went back to work between Sarah’s legs with passion.

“We really must go!” one of the men insisted after a bit.

“Not yet! Not yet! Not yet!” the woman was yelling.

The two gorgeous women sixty-nined for a little while longer, hungrily sucking and slurping each other’s pussies, until they came in the other’s mouth. They each drank as much of the other’s juices as they could get.

Some of the crowd began applauding. Many more were yelling things angrily and calling them “sluts” and “whores.”

After just a few seconds of catching her breath, the woman suddenly leapt off the table. Her and the two men began quickly folding up the massage table. When they were done, one of them handed the woman a sundress, which she quickly slipped on, while the other loaded the table onto their flatbed cart.

The woman ran up to Sarah, gave her a final kiss, and said, “Thank you, love, was much fun.” Then her and the men began their escape, pushing their cart ahead of them as they ran. Sarah just stood there in a trance, watching them go. The woman glanced behind her as she ran and yelled back to Sarah, “You should go now too, sweetie!” Then she blew her a kiss.

This brought Sarah out of her daze. Yes, she needs to leave now, she thought. Oh God, she needs to leave right now! She was standing completely nude, surrounded by a sea of strangers, and she had just committed a crime. She needed her clothes. *Where were her clothes!?* She had left them in the crude dressing room that had been setup, but that was long gone. Her clothes were nowhere to be seen. The men must have accidentally packed it with their things in their rush.

She spotted her purse and shopping bags nearby. Thank goodness they were still here. Then she realized she could put on some of the clothes she had bought that day. She was reaching into one of the bags when she heard something that made her freeze in terror.

“They’re heeeeeere,” someone was shouting mockingly. Sarah knew what the person meant. The police were here. Then she heard the staticky voices and beeps of police walkie-talkies. She grabbed her purse and bags and ran as fast as she could in the opposite direction.

The police made their way through the crowd, and then they spotted her.

“Police! Halt!” they commanded. But Sarah didn’t stop. She couldn’t be arrested, not for this. It would destroy her life. She knew she was committing another serious crime by evading the police, but still she ran.

“This is the police! Stop *right now*!” Sarah heard behind her, in the angriest, most authoritative voice she had ever heard. She had never been so terrified, but she kept running. She ran out the nearest exit and into the parking lot. It was a sea of cars. Oh God, where was her car? Was she even on the right side of the mall, she wondered.

It didn’t matter. Even if she made it to her car and got away, they would still probably see her license plate, and she’d be done for. So she kept running.

The newcomers to the mall were shocked to see this beautiful, terrified woman running stark naked through the parking lot, her ass swaying back and forth as she ran, her tits bouncing wildly. They were even more surprised when they saw two police officers burst through the exit, shouting for her to stop.

There was a thicket of bushes lining the edge of the parking lot and Sarah jumped through a clearing in these. On the other side was a sidewalk and a busy street. Sarah ran down the sidewalk towards the intersection as men honked their horns in appreciation and whistled at her out their windows.

When she got to the intersection, she panicked. What now? She couldn’t run forever. She was about to start crying and concede that her life was over when she spotted a pickup truck stopped at the red light and quickly made up her mind. She ran to the truck, stepped onto the rear

bumper, and climbed into the cargo bed, which was mostly empty. The driver looked behind him and was shocked to see a naked woman.

“Just drive!” she shouted.

Luckily for Sarah, the light had just turned green, and the cops weren’t in view yet, so the driver didn’t know he was helping a fugitive. Seeing her naked and screaming, he assumed she’d just been attacked, and hit the gas.

Sarah leaned back against the cab of the truck and tried to catch her breath. Her heart was thumping relentlessly and she was still terrified beyond belief. But there was something else. Some other familiar feeling underneath it all that was brewing fast and starting to overwhelm her. Adrenaline was pumping hard through every vein in her body, but it seemed to be going straight between her legs.

Despite everything that had happened today, despite the danger she was currently in, and, in fact, *because* of those things, Sarah was hornier than she had ever been before. She plunged three fingers into her sopping wet pussy, then began to rub her clit furiously with the other hand. The last thing the cops saw of Sarah, as they emerged from the bushes, was of her having the best orgasm of her entire life.

When she came back to her senses, she reached into her shopping bags, and quickly put on a T-shirt and pair of shorts she had bought. At the next red light, she jumped out of the truck, yelled thanks to the confused driver, and ran across the street into a convenient store. She called for a cab and hid out in the store until it arrived.

The cab drove her back to her car at the mall, and Sarah stayed low in her seat in case the cops were still out in the parking lot. When they got to her car, Sarah looked around carefully, and when she was satisfied the coast was clear, she paid the driver and quickly got into her car. She didn’t start to feel a sense of relief until she was halfway home.

Her husband was downstairs when she walked in. He walked up to greet her.

“Hey, honey,” he said as he smiled. “Did you have a good time shopping?”

She tried not to laugh. “I did.”

“Good,” he said, and he leaned in and kissed her. He got a puzzled look on his face and licked his lips. “New lip gloss?” he asked. “I like it!”

Sarah couldn't help but laugh at that. "Yes," she said. "From Eastern Europe, I think."

Enjoy this story? Check out another [Lacey Starlove](#) tale about exhibitionism at the mall in [Bad Things In Public](#).

Ashley looked out the window while John drove. He had woken her up this morning and told her to take a shower and do her hair and makeup. But when she asked what she should wear, curiously, he said it didn't matter, just make it quick.

So she had just put on a comfortable pair of bra and panties, jeans, and a T-shirt. Despite what he had told her, when she walked out of the bedroom, she was worried he would be angry at her casual choice.

But John just looked at her and said, "Good. Let's go." She let out a sigh of relief.

As they sped along the highway, Ashley looked over at her husband in the driver's seat. He hadn't told her where they were going, and she wondered if it would be okay to ask. She was getting nervous. All he had said was that they were on their way to her punishment. And he had brought the black bag with them.

She had to risk it. "Am...am I allowed to know where we're going...sir?" she asked reluctantly.

"We're going to the mall."

She almost wanted to laugh. Her imagination had been running wild on her. She had imagined all sorts of horrible dungeons or torture chambers where he might be taking her. But the mall? What could be so bad there?

When they arrived, he took her straight to the restrooms. He took a smaller, white bag out of the black bag and handed it to her.

"Go into the ladies' room," he told her, "and change into this. Strip completely nude first, and only wear what's in the bag and nothing else."

She went into the nearest stall and removed her clothing. When she opened the bag, she let out a gasp. All that was in there was a shirt, a skirt, and a pair of shoes. There was no underwear. The shoes were a black pair of high heels. The shirt was a stretchy, white, low-cut, cotton undershirt with

spaghetti straps. It looked to be about two sizes too small. The skirt was a mini-skirt, solid grey, and the shortest she had ever seen.

Ashley changed into her assigned wardrobe and stepped out of the stall. There was a frumpy woman in her late 50s patting at her perm in the mirror. The woman glanced over at Ashley and didn't even try to hide the distaste on her face when she saw what she was wearing.

Ashley looked at herself in the mirror and gasped. The shirt clung to her skin like paint and the small amount of her large tits that were actually covered were straining against the fabric so hard, she thought the shirt might rip. But that wasn't the worst of it. The material was of a kind that gets significantly more see-through the more it's stretched. The fabric was stretched so tight across her chest, it was almost completely transparent. Her nipples could clearly be seen.

Then she looked down at the skirt. It was barely covering her pussy. Reluctantly, she turned around to see how bad it was in the back. This turned out to be a mistake. She twirled a little too hard, causing the skirt to rise up. Even all the way down, the skirt didn't completely cover her cheeks. So when it rose up, she flashed her entire bare, beautiful ass to the woman next to her.

Ashley pushed the skirt back down as fast as she could and looked over at the woman with a look of horror.

"I'm sorry!" was all she could blurt out.

The woman snorted derisively. She was blunt. "Well if you didn't dress like such a *whore*, these kinds of things wouldn't happen, would they?" she said as she walked out of the bathroom.

Ashley's face was on fire she was so embarrassed and ashamed. And that was just one person. How was she going to go out into a crowd of people? She took a deep breath.

- Excerpt from [*Bad Things in Public*](#) by [Lacey Starlove](#)