

# ~ A Day At The Mall ~

by Mavis Applewater

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*Thanks to my beta reader Joanne.*

*As always this is for Heather.*

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## PART ONE

Her head throbbed as she found herself wandering through the shopping mall; her senses were dulled as she zoned out. The only thing she wanted was to get out of there and go home. It had proven to be a long day for Maggie. She hated the mall. Everything about it aggravated her. She hated the shopping, the crowds, the children, and the teenagers swaggering around in pants far too large as they chatted on their cell phones. She hated when salespeople would pressure her. It was even worse when they would ignore her because they were busy chatting on their cell phones.

All she had wanted when she left the house that morning was simply a pair of black shorts and a plain top to go with them. Everything she'd looked at was designed for someone at least twenty years her junior. She wasn't fourteen anymore; heck, she wasn't even twenty-four anymore. She was thirty-four. She was tired of looking at fashions that she hadn't enjoyed the first time around.

She also wanted to dress like an adult without dressing like her grandmother. On the rare occasion she did find something suitable, the size never went above a two. Totally disgusted, she decided it was time to go. In fact it was well past that time. She headed in a direction she prayed held the exit from this hellhole. Out of the corner of her eye, she spied a small shop she had somehow missed.

"What the hell," she muttered to herself as she entered the store. Her ears immediately ached as they were once again assaulted by the loud techno music that seemed to be blasted in every shop she entered. She grimaced at the shiny tacky outfits that surrounded her.

Turning to leave, she found herself suddenly stopping as she heard voices raised in anger. "Cut me some slack here, Stewie," a woman argued. "It's almost time to close. Can't we just change the music?"

Maggie found herself chuckling as she looked around.

"No way," an adolescent male retorted.

"Come on," the woman's voice countered. "Have a heart. I've been on all day and there's no customers left."

Maggie finally spotted the bickering duo standing behind the sales counter. Stewie was clad in a baggy black outfit, and the poor boy had so many body piercings that Maggie feared he might spring a leak.

The blonde standing next to him was something else all together. She was beautiful with her short blonde locks and firmly toned body. Thanks to the youthful outfit, Maggie was afforded a nice view of the woman's abs and legs. She was pleased to find another adult in the mall and felt guilty as she allowed herself to enjoy the woman's form while pretending to look at the clothing.

"Oh yeah? What about her?" Stewie snapped as he jerked his thumb in Maggie's direction.

Maggie groaned as Stewie made his observation. The blonde irritably turned until her emerald green eyes met Maggie's crystal blue ones. Maggie felt an unexpected shiver as they found themselves locked in an intense gaze. "I'm sorry," the blonde finally offered to Maggie.

"No need to apologize," Maggie answered in a rich tone. "In fact I'm on your side. I think a change of music would be nice." She leaned slightly closer to beautiful blonde.

The blonde smiled back with a slight twinkle in her eyes. At that moment Maggie found herself very pleased as she realized that they were most definitely flirting with each other. Stewie, on the other hand, remained completely clueless. "Stewie?" the blonde inquired, her eyes never breaking contact with Maggie's.

When Stewie failed to answer, they both quickly realized that Stewie was far too busy ogling Maggie's six-foot frame. Maggie swept her long black hair off her shoulders as she directed an angry gaze at the young Stewie. The blonde saleswoman took a more direct approach as she smacked him on the back of his pointed head.

"Ouch!" he squeaked as he rubbed the back of his head. "You can't do that. I'm the manager." Maggie felt her eyes widen upon hearing that information.

"Stewie," the petite blonde repeated firmly, "since it's almost closing time, why don't you shut off the music?"

"Huh?" Stewie grunted.

"You know, turn off the music," she reasserted as she stared at him. "Kind of get a head start on things," she suggested eagerly. "In fact, why don't you start closing up while I help this

customer?"

"Uh . . . sure," Stewie nodded, eager to end his workday.

Stewie wandered off as the saleswoman approached Maggie. "Again, I'm sorry," the woman offered. Maggie felt her gaze slip down as she shyly drank in the sight of the blonde's breasts. With a quick glance, she noted the name on the nametag. The agonizing music vanished suddenly and Maggie took the moment to avert her gaze. She noticed that the woman covered her nametag with her left hand. "Alex," Maggie began in a confident tone, "I'm Maggie." She extended her hand in a friendly manner.

Alex's eyes narrowed in amusement as she accepted Maggie's hand. Maggie felt a surge of heat travel through her body. As Alex released her grasp, she felt a cold shiver quickly replace the heat. "Nice to meet you, Maggie," Alex said with a smile. "Was there something *special* you were looking for today?" Alex asked in a slightly husky tone.

"Shorts," Maggie squeaked out. "Ahem," Maggie cleared her throat quickly, feigning a cough. "I was looking for shorts, black. Preferably denim but not too short."

"Nothing the kids or your mom would wear?" Alex asked encouragingly.

"That's it," Maggie answered happily.

"I think I have just the thing," Alex said as she led Maggie towards the back of the store. "Are these what you were looking for?"

Maggie's eyes widened as she caught the innuendo cast in her direction, then she noticed the pair of black denim Calvin Kline shorts that Alex was holding up. "Yes," she blurted out as she snatched them from Alex's grasp. "They look like they're the right size as well," Maggie gushed, thinking that she had been blessed from the moment she entered this little shop.

"There's only one way to be sure," Alex pointed out as she led Maggie over to the dressing room. "Try them on."

"Uhm," Maggie stammered, "I don't need to."

"You really should," Alex suggested. "You can't really trust the sizes these days."

"I don't . . . ," Maggie began uncomfortably, ". . . like to try things on."

Alex stared back at her with a confused look. She seemed to suddenly understand as she glanced down at Maggie's hips. "Hold on," she said quickly before she walked away, leaving Maggie standing there. Just as quickly Alex returned with a small package in her hand. "We can just add these to your order." She smiled boldly as she handed the package of panties over to Maggie.

"How did . . . ?"

Alex leaned in and whispered softly, her breasts gently brushing against Maggie's arm. "No panty line."

"Uh huh." Maggie blushed as Alex winked. Maggie felt giddy as she turned to enter the dressing room.

"Call me if you need anything," Alex added as Maggie entered the empty dressing room.

Maggie walked to the last cubicle noting that she was indeed alone. She stepped into the last stall and closed the door behind her. She smiled as she felt her face becoming flushed. *"My, it's been forever since I've been flirted with like that. Even longer since it was done by an attractive woman. I wonder what would happen if I called her back here?"*

As she pondered the possibility, she changed into her new underwear. She chuckled lightly as she looked at the white panties with blue lace and a little yellow happy face on the front. "Interesting choice and a perfect fit." She then tried on the Calvin Kline shorts and found another perfect fit. She was just unzipping the shorts when she heard a light rap on the door.

Maggie's heart quickened pace as she opened the door, unaware that she had left the shorts unzipped. She lost herself in Alex's smile. "I just wanted to see if you needed any help," Alex said softly as she stepped into the cubicle.

Maggie stepped back allowing Alex in the dressing room. Alex didn't stop her approach until Maggie found herself up against the back wall. "I was just thinking I needed your help," Maggie panted as she felt Alex leaning slightly into her body.

"Anything, you want." Alex offered as her green eyes blazed with desire. Maggie started to lower the black Calvin Kline's before smaller hands captured her own, halting her movements. "Allow me," Alex said with a slightly questioning tone. Maggie understood what she was being asked and she knew that she didn't want this dream to end.

"Yes," Maggie moaned as she moved her hands above her head, granting Alex access to her body. Alex ran her hands across Maggie's exposed abs. Her hands tugged gently on the shorts, lowering them past Maggie's hips. The shorts fell to the carpeted floor. "I see that these fit as well," Alex said slyly as her fingers gently caressed the smiley face.

"Uh hum," Maggie choked out as she lowered her arms to place her hands firmly on Alex's shoulders.

"Do you like them?" Alex inquired in a husky tone.

"Yes," Maggie panted her throat feeling suddenly dry.

Alex smiled as she pressed closer to Maggie. "I'm wearing the same ones," Alex offered as she pulled away slightly.

"Really?" Maggie swallowed as she watched Alex's hands move to the waistband of her short skirt. Maggie licked her lips as her thighs began to tremble slightly.

"Would you like to see?" Alex teased as Maggie felt her stomach clench tightly.

Maggie could only nod in response to Alex's question. Alex held her gaze as she began to lower her skirt. Maggie felt the dampness gathering between her legs as she watched the skirt fall to the floor. Alex ran one of her hands across her own smiley face panties. "See, they're the same," Alex informed her. Maggie simply nodded, unable to speak.

"Of course they might be different," Alex added as she opened her legs before pressing her smiley face against the matching one Maggie was sporting. Maggie gasped and arched her back, knowing that Alex could feel how wet she was. A groan escaped again as she felt Alex's wetness press against her own. Maggie lowered her arms, feeling the heat of the blonde's body as her hands traced a path down. She cupped Alex's backside as she began to grind her clit into Alex.

Maggie felt Alex's hands exploring underneath her t-shirt; the smaller hands lifted the shirt up just enough to expose one of Maggie's breasts. Maggie heard herself moaning again as their hips took on a wild rhythm. Alex lowered her head and began to suckle Maggie's nipple through her bra. Maggie felt her body thrusting harder and harder. Alex tore her mouth away from Maggie's breast, leaving her nipple aching.

"Should I look?" Alex asked breathlessly.

"Huh?" Maggie tried to understand what Alex was asking.

"Your happy face underwear . . . ," Alex continued as her fingers toyed with Maggie's nipple, " . . . should I take a closer look?"

Maggie stared deeply into Alex's eyes as her hands moved quickly back up to Alex's shoulders. Firmly she guided the smaller woman down to her knees. Maggie thought she would explode as she looked down at the beautiful blonde kneeling before her. Alex's fingers explored the front of her underwear. Green eyes looked up, silently asking if this was what Maggie wanted. "Yes," Maggie gasped as she opened her thighs and ran her fingers through the short blonde hair.

Alex smiled up at her as she began to lower Maggie's panties down her long legs. Once she was freed from her new underwear, Maggie opened her legs wider as she guided Alex to her wetness. She shivered as she felt Alex's tongue touch her for the first time. She knew she was moaning and gasping as Alex tasted her gently. Maggie felt out of control as she pressed Alex's face deeper into her passion. "Yes," she begged as she felt Alex's tongue entering her.

Maggie looked down to find a pair of emerald eyes twinkling up at her. The sight only served to further fuel her desire. Alex seemed to respond to her unspoken lust. Her tongue plunged deeper and harder inside of Maggie as her hands clenched her hips tightly. Alex shifted her attention and her tongue flicked across Maggie's swollen clit. "You taste so good," Alex gasped.

Maggie could only whimper in response as Alex began to suckle her clit. She teased Maggie's throbbing clit with her teeth and her tongue as she entered Maggie with two of her fingers. She sucked her hard as her fingers increased their rhythm. She pumped her fingers in and out, harder and harder, as Maggie held Alex's head tightly against her.

Her thighs trembled as she felt the room start to spin. Her hips thrust against Alex's face as the smaller woman took her harder. "God yes!" Maggie finally called out as she climaxed. Her hips still thrusting, she could feel Alex's tongue starting to tease her once again. She bit her bottom lip as she felt Alex fingers start to move again. Despite Alex's efforts to slow things down, Maggie climaxed a second time.

Alex lifted her head and rested it against Maggie's exposed stomach, leaving her fingers inside Maggie's warmth as she rode out the aftershocks. The moment was disturbed by a voice announcing that the mall was closing. Both women sighed heavily as they realized the moment had passed. Alex slipped her fingers from their warm nest. Maggie sighed deeply as she watched Alex licking her wetness off of each of her digits. Alex stood and put her skirt back on while Maggie put on her pants. "I'll let you get dressed," Alex offered. "I'll just take these," she said as she took the shorts and the package the underwear came in, "and ring them up."

Maggie simply nodded in response as she adjusted her clothing. Once she was dressed she rechecked her hair in the mirror. Satisfied that she looked presentable, she stepped out of the cubicle. She found herself humming as she stepped out of the dressing area. The tune died on her lips as she noticed Stewie with a grim expression on his face. Alex was noticeably absent. Maggie approached the cash register and paid cash for her purchases. Neither she nor Stewie spoke.

The gate had been lowered while she was in the dressing room with Alex and Stewie lifted it to let her out. She felt a little uneasy as she walked out of the mall. A part of her wondered if she had dreamed the entire encounter with Alex until she spotted her sitting on the curb.

"Hey," Maggie said shyly, feeling slightly relieved as Alex smiled up at her. "I was a little worried when I didn't see you."

"The little weasel fired me." Alex shrugged as she stood. "I guess we should've let him leave the loud music on."

"I'm sorry," Maggie blurted out.

"Don't be." Alex smiled. "I hated that job, but since the DSL company I was with went under, it was all I could find. I've got a couple of promising interviews this week."

"Well, at least let me take you to dinner," Maggie offered. "Or maybe a drink, or my place," she teased finally.

"Yes, yes and maybe." Alex smiled.

THE END

Send comments to [findingmavis@comcast.net](mailto:findingmavis@comcast.net)

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