

A close-up photograph of a person's face, focusing on the mouth and nose. A hand is positioned near the mouth, with fingers slightly curled. The person's eyes are closed, and their lips are parted, showing teeth. The skin is light-toned, and the overall mood is intimate and expressive.

artcover ray litsala

Day at the Mall

jeremiah k. black

BERLINABLE

BOOKS OF FREEDOM

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DAY AT THE MALL

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Artcover: Ray Litsala

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Berlinable invites you to leave all your fears behind and dive into a world where sex is a tool for self-empowerment.

Our mission is to change the world - one soul at a time.

When people accept their own sexuality, they build a more tolerant society.

Words to inspire, to encourage, to transform.

Open your mind and free your deepest desires.

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Sunday, December 20th

We say we're going to meet at the mall. It's big, sprawling, busy. Winter has come on strong and the snow is heaped up in piles on either side of every street. The air is crisp. The multi-colored cars are all in neat little rows in the parking lot. As people get out and make their way into the mall, their shoulders bunched up, they half run to get out of the cold. You can see their breath coming out in puffs.

I've been thinking of you since I got up this morning. Waiting until we meet. Feeling my cock get hard when I picture you putting your hand on it. Or think of the way your panties stretch over your round ass, run between your thighs.

When I walk up to you outside of Barnes & Noble you're wearing a maroon sweater that hugs your waist, jeans, black boots, earrings that jingle, a dark scarf is wrapped around your neck, and your jacket is slung over your left forearm. Your brown/red curls spiral down to your shoulders.

You don't see me...I'm walking up behind you, quiet. I stop maybe ten feet away to take you in: the angle of your hips, the way your head leans to one side. Your shifting black boots. Your jeans creased up at the knees and then again just under the curve of your ass. Your slim waist. That beautiful pristine back. I know that other men's eyes are on you...they're always on you...and I can see why. You stand out. How can they help themselves?

Have any eyes lingered just a little too long? Stared at that perfect, soft little body of yours and thought they might have a chance? Thought about what it would be like to touch you? Run their hands down the outside of your thigh? Wrinkle that sweater and press their hips into you? Feel your skin on their lips? I wonder, have any of those motherfuckers come up to you to say hello?

You're on your phone. Distracted. Are you texting me? Asking where I am? Or is your mind on something...someone...else?

I want to grab the phone out of your hand; slap it to the ground. I want it to shatter and cause a big ruckus. Little bits of broken plastic and metal bouncing on the tiled hallway. Maybe someone running. Mothers looking up with wide eyes. Conversations stopping. You looking at me half angry and half excited like that was exactly what you wanted me to do.