**Amy and Zoe – Trouble in store**

By bittergrey

**Part One**  
“They do this to me every year!” Amy grumbled to herself as she strode through the large department story. The bag over her shoulder was overflowing with brightly coloured clothing, one frilly sleeve trailed along behind her as she walked. “My parents have no sense of fashion, but they insist on buying me clothes for my birthday!”  
  
At nineteen years old, Amy had been wearing nothing but faded t-shirts and torn pants since she first discovered heavy metal at thirteen. She was becoming incredibly irritated that her parents continued to give her flowery, bright, girly outfits every year.  
  
Heading into the women’s clothing department, Amy walked up to a sales girl and emptied the bag of assorted clothes onto the counter in front of her. She vaguely recognised the girl as Zoe from collage, one of the sickly-sweet and bubbly girls that always turned up early for classes.  
  
“I want to return these,” Amy said.  
  
“May I ask why?” Zoe asked, wrinkling her nose as she pondered why anyone would get rid of such cute outfits.  
  
“They’re an unwanted gift,” Amy growled, handing over the receipts and tapping her fingers impatiently on the counter.  
  
“Of course,” Zoe smiled. “It will take me a moment to process these, please fill in this questionnaire while you wait. I’ll need the answers before I can give you your store credit.”  
  
Amy growled again, but grabbed the questionnaire from Zoe’s hand and took a seat outside the changing rooms. The questions were gibberish nonsense that took twenty minutes to wade through. But the strawberry blonde ticked all the boxes and scratched her name into the sheet before returning to the sales girl.  
  
“Here,” she grunted, dropping the crumpled form onto the counter. “Is that it?”  
  
“One moment, please,” Zoe said, entering the results into her computer.  
  
Amy gritted her teeth and waited while the information was slowly processed.  
  
“That’s it!” Zoe smiled, handing a slip of store credit to Amy. “Have a nice day.”  
  
“I doubt it,” Amy sighed, taking the credit and wandering deeper into the women’s department. The store was huge, but she doubted she’d find any outfits she’d like.  
  
After half an hour of searching through lots of bright, happy clothing, Amy returned to the changing rooms with a couple of items to try.  
  
The changing area seemed to be deserted. All six of the cubicles were empty, so Amy took the one furthest from the door and slid the curtain closed behind her.  
  
Peeling off her torn jeans and t-shirt, Amy tried on the retro-style loose blouse and mini-shirt she’d found. “Not too bad,” she admitted, admiring herself in the mirror. “With a little customising to make them a little more punk and a little less hippie, this could work.”  
  
The smile faded from her face when she realised she’d spent almost an hour looking for clothes and had barely managed one outfit that she might consider buying. At this rate it would take until her next birthday to spend all the store credit!  
  
Sighing deeply, Amy removed the new clothes and was reaching for her old outfit when she spotted the open pack of cigarettes sticking out of her bag. “I could really use one of you about now,” she whispered.  
  
Pulling back the curtain a crack, Amy peeked out at the changing area. It still looked deserted, and the rest of the department sounded half-empty too. Reassured that the coast was clear, she took a cigarette from the bag and lit up.  
  
Standing in nothing but her matching grey panties and bra, Amy relaxed for the first time since she’d arrived in the store. “That’s much better,” she sighed, taking another long drag.  
  
“We would like to remind customers that special offers are available at the front of the store,” a loud voice boomed though the speaker above the changing cubical.  
  
Amy jumped, surprised by the sound. The cigarette fell from her lips and dropped straight into the pile of clothes on the floor.  
  
“Oh, shit!”  
  
Normally she would have stomped on the cigarette, but she was still barefoot, with her heavy boots trapped under the smouldering clothes. By the time the initial panic had passed and she could think straight, flames were rising up from the bundle of cloth.  
  
Grabbing her bag, she emptied out her purse and keys before using it to beat at the fire. The clothes were burning fast, but she was able to keep the flames away from the curtain until it died out.  
  
Amy breathed a sigh of relief as she collapsed back against the wall. Her racing heartbeat had just started to slow down again when she heard a soft, metallic click above her.  
  
“What now?” she asked.  
  
The blonde girl looked up just in time to see the fire sprinkler come to life and rain cold water down inside the changing cubicle.  
  
Amy coughed and spluttered. Instinctively she wanted to get out of the cold shower, but when she pulled back the curtain she saw two shadows fall across the entrance to the changing area. Darting back inside the wet cubicle, she pulled the curtain shut again and held her breath.  
  
“What happened here?” a male voice called from outside the changing area.  
  
“I don’t know,” another man replied. “It sounds like someone’s set of the fire sprinklers in there.”  
  
Amy clamped a hand over her mouth to stop herself from gasping. Only a thin curtain and a corner separated her from the two men outside. “Please let them go away,” she whispered.  
  
“Who’s in charge of this area?” The first man asked.  
  
“Zoe, but I think she is on her break at the moment.”  
  
“Go and find her!” the first man barked. “Or another female member of staff, we need to find out what’s going on in there!”  
  
“Right away!” the second man replied.  
  
Amy stood shivering as the sprinkler slowly stopped raining water on her. When it had been quiet for a while, she peeked through the gap in the curtain and saw one shadow still lingering over the entrance to the changing area. “My escape route is still blocked, and they’re going to burst in here at any moment!” she thought to herself.  
  
She doubted that she’d be able to convince them that setting fire to their store had been an accident. And even if she could sweet talk them, she’d still be in a lot of trouble for smoking indoors. Amy felt her panic rising again, she couldn’t afford to get into any more trouble, and the idea of trying to explain herself while wearing nothing but her soaking wet underwear was even more terrifying.  
  
Amy looked around for an exit. It seemed hopeless until her gaze turned upward and she noticed the air vent beside the sprinkler system. “I think I can fit through that!”  
  
Kneeling down, she picked through the burnt mess of clothes, hoping to find something she could wear. But apart from her leather boots, the rest of the clothing was ruined. Pulling on the boots, Amy stuffed her purse and car keys inside to keep them safe before reaching up toward the vent.  
  
The vent swung open easily, and Amy was able to squeeze herself into the narrow tunnel inside. Moving through the ducting was uncomfortable, but she figured she only needed to crawl for a few dozen feet before she would drop down into the women’s department, grab some clothes, and head for the exit.  
  
Cold metal slid over her knees, hips, stomach and breasts as she moved. With every edge she passed, Amy could feel her panties and bra getting dragged down a little lower until her bare pussy and hard nipples were being rubbed against the metal.  
  
She gasped at the cold and stimulating feeling, but blushed with embarrassment at the thought of her private parts being on display. She would have to be careful and try to keep the underwear from slipping off entirely.  
  
After crawling for much longer than she had anticipated, Amy noticed another vent ahead of her. Sliding over to the opening, she looked down to find herself over an office instead of the women’s department.  
  
Amy was about to continue crawling, when she noticed Zoe enter the small office.  
  
“What happened, Zoe?” the man behind a large desk asked.  
  
“I don’t know, sir,” the sales girl pleaded, wringing her hands. “I left for a bathroom break and when I came back they told me the changing area had been set on fire!”  
  
“You left your post in the middle of a shift, without arranging for cover,” the man sighed. “I’m afraid I’m going to have to let you go for this.”  
  
“You’re firing me?” Zoe gasped, her usually bubbly expression replaced with shock.  
  
“I have to,” the man explained. “We have very strict rules. You’re just lucky the fire was put out quickly or the damages could have been much worse.”  
  
“I understand,” Zoe sighed, lowering her head.  
  
“Now, please hand me your uniform and collect your final pay check before you leave.”  
  
“I have to hand over my uniform right now?” Zoe squeaked.  
  
“Yes,” the man nodded. “Some of our past employees used to steal the uniforms and other items when they were fired. Now everyone has to hand company property back the moment they are let go.”  
  
Zoe opened her mouth to protest, but slowly closed it again, shaking her head. Reaching down, she took hold of her store blouse and began to undo the buttons.  
  
With red cheeks, Zoe removed the shirt and placed it on the man’s desk. Wrapping her arms across her chest, she stood trembling and embarrassed, unable to look up from the floor.  
  
“May, may I go now,” she stammered.  
  
“Yes,” the man nodded, “remember to collect your final pay check before you go.”   
  
Amy watched, wide eyed, as the dark-haired girl headed out of the office again. She’d never realised what a cute body Zoe was hiding beneath her usual bright, straitlaced clothes. Amy guessed the other girl’s breasts were a little bigger than her own, Ds to her more modest Cs, but she was more impressed with the brunet’s toned stomach and arms.  
  
“Damn, that girl must put a lot of effort into keeping fit!” she whispered to herself as she admired the almost topless Zoe walking out.  
  
The sight of Zoe stripping in front of her boss had sent a shiver of pleasure through Amy. But when the door slammed shut behind the other girl she soon snapped back to reality. She was trapped in an air duct, wearing nothing but her underwear.  
  
She needed to stop daydreaming and keep moving.  
  
Pulling herself forward, Amy felt something tug at her bra. Looking down between her breasts, she could see the band was snagged on the vent she’d just been spying through. Amy tried to tug herself free, but there wasn’t enough room to reach the trapped clothing, and every time she pulled at it, the vent would start to creak.  
  
She needed to make a decision. Either rip the bra free and risk the man in the office hearing her, or slip out of her bra and continue without it.  
  
Clenching her teeth, Amy shuffled herself around until she was free from her bra. Crawling forward, completely topless and with her panties slid halfway down her thighs, Amy prayed that the vent ahead of her would lead to clothing and the exit!

**Part Two**

Amy reached the next vent and peered down into the room below. She’d been expecting to be somewhere in the women’s department, but instead she found herself above a deserted staff locker room.  
  
“That’s even better!” she smiled, relieved that her luck was finally improving. “I can steal some clothes from one of the lockers and sneak out without anyone ever knowing what happened!”  
  
Pushing open the vent, Amy dropped down into the room. Turning around, she caught sight of herself in a mirror. Her strawberry blonde hair was plastered against her head, and her pale skin was streaked with dirt and soot. Her body had been stripped almost completely naked, only her leather boots and the pair of panties hanging from her ankle remained intact.  
  
“How on earth did I get into this mess?” she thought, pulling up her panties and examining the lockers.  
  
After a quick search, she found a locker that had been left unlocked. Opening the door, she pulled out a light, pink jacket and a baseball cap. “It’s better than nothing!” she sighed, pulling on the clothes and heading toward the exit.  
  
The jacket was just long enough to cover the bottom of her panties, but still left a lot more leg on display than Amy would have liked.  
  
Leaving the locker room, Amy found herself in the employee’s only area of the store. The doors around her were labelled as staff locker rooms, showers, break area etc. But there was no sign of a way out.  
  
Amy continued along the corridor, checking every door and tugging her new jacket down to hide her panties. When she was halfway along the hall, she heard a door swinging open behind her. Turning around, she recognised Zoe’s long dark hair and almost bare chest as the other girl stepped into the corridor.  
  
Zoe’s arms were still wrapped tight around her generous breasts, and her head lowered with shame as she closed the door behind her.  
  
Amy stared at the brunette, her heart racing at the thought of the other girl looking up and catching her in the employee’s only area wearing nothing but a jacket and panties. So far she’d managed to avoid being seen, and the thought of being discovered was terrifying.   
  
Opening the nearest door, she dived inside before Zoe could spot her.  
  
Slamming the door shut, Amy looked around to find herself in a store room willed with filing cabinets and boxes of paperwork. The only light in the room came through a small window set high into the far wall.  
  
Approaching the window, Amy dragged a box against the wall and climbed up. The window didn’t open very far, but with Zoe out in the corridor and no sign of another exit, Amy was getting desperate.  
  
She dragged herself through the narrow gap, but as she slid out into the fresh air, Amy Felt the jacket zipper snag on the window. Tugging at her clothing, there was a loud snap and the blonde girl suddenly tumbled outside.  
  
Sitting up, Amy felt the breeze across her chest before she spotted the jacket flapping open around her. The zipper had snapped off, leaving her bare chest fully exposed. Folding her arms around herself, Amy climbed to her feet and looked around nervously.  
  
Thankfully she’d ended up in a deserted corner of the parking lot. She saw a few figures moving in the distance, but there were so many parked cars between them that she was sure they couldn’t see anything.  
  
“I just have to get to my car and this nightmare will be over!” she thought, making her way along the wall toward the loading bay where she had parked.  
  
Amy was halfway to her car when she heard a voice shriek from inside the building. “My locker!” the female voice cried. “Someone’s broken into my locker!”  
  
Up on her tiptoes, Amy peeked in through the high window to see Zoe standing in the locker room she’d dropped into moments before. The other girl was still almost topless, a pink, lacy bra the only thing covering her torso as she stomped her foot and slammed the locker door shut.   
  
Amy felt bad for the brunette. Not only had Amy’s accident in the changing room resulted in Zoe being fired, she’d apparently stolen the girl’s top from her locker too. But as guilty as she felt, there was still something inexplicably pleasurable about seeing Zoe stripped half-naked and humiliated.  
  
Seeing the dark-haired girl, red-faced with embarrassment as she removed her blouse in front of her boss had sent a shiver through Amy. And the thought of Zoe walking around with just her bra to keep those full breasts contained as she fetched her pay check and passed other employees in the corridors made the blonde girl moan with delight.  
  
“I never realised seeing someone stripped was so exciting,” she gasped, dropping down from the window.  
  
Looking around, Amy saw that nobody was close enough to realise she was practically naked herself. She wondered for a moment if being caught in her current state of undress would be as stimulating as watching Zoe. But the burning fear and embarrassment that suddenly filled her was reminder enough of how mortifying that thought was!  
  
Keeping low, behind the cars, Amy made her way along the building toward where she had parked. She was almost at her car when the door she was passing swung open and she almost collided with Zoe storming out of the building.  
  
“Sorry,” Zoe squeaked meekly. Wrapping her arms tighter over her chest, she looked up and gasped when she saw the dishevelled, almost naked girl in front of her. “Wait, I recognise you...”  
  
“We go to the same collage,” Amy replied, trying to hold the jacket closed as her face turned red with embarrassment.  
  
“Wait, those are my jacket and hat! You broke into my locker, and you started the fire!” Zoe cried, looking at the soot streaked young woman who was backing away from her.  
  
“It was all an accident,” Amy pleaded as the usually cheerful brunette clenched her fists and started to growl at her. “I swear!”  
  
Zoe swung a punch at the retreating blonde. The other girl managed to dodge her, so she advanced on her, teeth clenched and fists swinging. “This is all your fault!” she growled.  
  
Amy stumbled backward, her eyes wide with a mixture of fear and arousal.  
  
Zoe had raised her arms to fight, leaving her bar-clad breasts exposed to the world. Her full chest jiggled with every swing and her toned body looked even fitter than before.  
  
“Please!” Amy gasped, ducking under another fist and diving for cover. The blonde ran between cars and vans, ignoring the jacket as it flapped open, flashing her breasts at anybody who might be looking. Turning a corner, Amy crawled underneath a large truck, hoping to hide from her pursuer.  
  
“Get back here and return my jacket!” Zoe shouted, getting down onto her hands and knees and scrambling after the other girl.  
  
Amy yelped with surprise and tried to crawl away, but found that her jacket had become snagged on the bottom of the truck. “Not again,” she moaned.  
  
“Got you!” Zoe laughed, lunging forward. But before she could reach the blonde girl, she stopped awkwardly. “I think my skirt is caught on something?”  
  
Both girls looked at each other, panting and sweating on the concrete, trapped beneath a truck. Amy tried to keep her eyes from drifting down to Zoe’s heaving chest, but it was an impossible task.  
  
“What?” Zoe snapped, her cheeks turning a darker shade of red.  
  
Amy opened her mouth, but her response was cut short when the truck suddenly shuddered and the sound of a revving engine filled the air.  
  
“Oh, dear,” Amy and Zoe cried at the same time.  
  
The truck pulled forward quickly, ripping the jacket and skirt with it before speeding out of the parking lot.  
  
“Now look what you’ve done!” Zoe cried out, climbing to her feet and brushing herself down. With her skirt gone she was left in nothing but her pink bra and panties. Covering her crotch with one hand and her breasts with the other, she turned to bark at Amy, “Give me my jacket back! At least I’ll have something to wear!”  
  
“It’s too late for that,” Amy grumbled. The jacket was gone, leaving her in just a pair of wet, grey panties that did very little to hide her most intimate area. “And I think all your shouting has attracted some attention...”  
  
The girls glanced around to see a crowd of people gathering toward them. The teenagers nearest to them pulled out camera phones as they approached.  
  
“I have to get out of here!” Zoe gasped, red with embarrassment as she stared at the audience.  
  
“My car is just over there,” Amy backed away from the clicking cameras, her arms wrapped tightly around her bare breasts. “Truce?”  
  
“Truce!” Zoe replied, hurrying after the blonde girl as she darted toward the car.  
  
Zoe’s breasts bounced heavily as she ran, her lacy bra was designed for fashion instead of support. But she comforted herself in knowing that most of the crowd would be too busy staring at the completely topless Amy to pay attention to her.  
  
Amy had given up on preserving her dignity, and was focusing on getting to her car as quickly as possible. Her breasts jiggled freely for all to see.  
  
Grabbing the keys from her boot, Amy pulled open the door and dived inside. Zoe barely had time to leap in behind the blonde before the engine revved and they were speeding out of the parking lot.  
  
“At least it’s over now,” Zoe gasped, sinking down in the back seat and breathing a sigh of relief.  
  
“That’s easy for you to say,” Amy grumbled, “You’re not the one driving through town topless!”  
  
Zoe laughed, her normally bright smile suddenly returning as she looked up at the almost naked girl in the driving seat. “It’s your fault we’re in this mess. I think it’s very fitting that you have to suffer for it!”  
  
Amy ached with humiliation as her chest jiggled with every bump in the road and she felt the eyes of every motorist they passed drawn to her exposed body. “I knew this shopping trip would end badly,” she whispered to herself.  
  
  
The End