**April in the Dressing Room**

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During the first month I dated my asshole college boyfriend Brian, his friend Jason would drive us around whenever we needed to go off campus on errands. Brian and I didn't have a car, but Jason had rich parents who gave him a car for college. It's a good thing he was rich, too, because he wasn't the best-looking guy, but his money helped him get a couple of dates here and there. I could tell he had a crush on me, but he wasn't creepy about it, and since it helped me get rides around town, I let him flirt with me and keep his crush going.   
  
One store I really liked going to was Percy's, the fancy department store near our campus. Brian hated going there, because I would spend a long time shopping and trying on clothes while he had to wait around, so we didn't go often. But a couple of months ago I had to buy a new dress for Brian's fraternity semi-formal, so Jason drove us over there.  
  
Once we were inside, I started looking for new dresses while Brian and Jason played games on their phones. I found a few dresses I liked, but wasn't sure which one looked the best on me. I thought about snapping a picture of myself and sending it to one of my girlfriends, but then I figured I might as well as the two guys and give them something to do.  
  
"Hey, guys, can you come over to the dressing room and tell me how I look in some dresses?" I asked.   
  
They both got up without looking up from their phones and followed me over to the dressing room area. It was a long hallway with benches on one side and the dressing rooms on the other side, with each dressing room separated from the hallway by a curtain. It was a big hallway, but because it was the middle of a weekday it was empty except for us. Brian and Jason sat down on a bench across from a dressing room.  
  
"Give me a quick sec," I said. The two of them just grunted, still staring at their dumb phones. I went into the dressing room and closed the curtain. I slipped out of my shirt and jeans and put on the first dress. It was a simple blue dress with a nice cut, but I wasn't sure it was very flattering on me.  
  
I pulled open the curtain and Brian and Jason looked up. "Wow, that looks great!" Jason said, smiling. Brian just grunted and looked back down.   
  
"Thanks," I murmured, and closed the curtain back. That wasn't any help at all. Jason would probably like anything I wore, and Brian was just being unresponsive.   
  
For the next couple of dresses, they were just as unhelpful. Brian barely paid attention to any of them, and Jason just liked to see me modeling them. It was flattering to see him ogle me, but it didn't help me decide which one I should get.  
  
As I put on the last dress, I realized that it was too low-cut to wear with a bra, so I put it down and unclasped my bra. As I slipped it off, I got a quick thrill as I thought about how little I was wearing. Right now I was just in my panties. Brian had seen it all already, but only a thin curtain separated Jason from seeing my naked breasts! That would be the thrill of the poor guy's life! My nipples started to twist up and get hard at the idea, even as I nervously double-checked the curtain to make sure it was closed tight.  
  
I slipped the dress on and looked in the mirror. Immediately I could tell that this was the dress. It was a deep maroon, low cut to show off and flatter my cleavage, and tight in all the right places. With the right hairdo and a nice necklace, I could walk on a red carpet in this thing. It was perfect!  
  
With a flourish, I pulled open the curtain. This time both Jason and Brian were blown away. "Holy shit, that looks great!" Brian said. "Get that one for sure!  
  
Jason was even more complimentary. "Oh my God, April, you look so beautiful in that! You were made for that dress!"   
  
"Aw, thanks, guys!" I said. "Let's get this one."  
  
"You sure you don't have any more dresses?" Jason asked. Aw, he wanted me to keep modeling!   
  
"No, I'm good," I said. "That's the reaction I wanted. I'll get this one."  
  
"Nuts. You're a lucky guy, Brian," Jason said.   
  
"He sure is," I said, closing the curtain.  
  
I took off the dress and looked at the price tag. My heart sank. It was way too expensive for me. There was no way I could put it on my credit card, either, not with how close they were to being maxed out.   
  
Sighing, I picked up one of the cheaper dresses I didn't like as much, but that I would have to buy instead. What a bummer.  
  
Suddenly I had a thought. I couldn't afford the dress, but Jason sure could. Maybe I could get him to buy it for me! But what would I give in return?  
  
That answer was obvious, but I would have to wait until Jason and me were alone. By a stroke of luck, after I walked out of the dressing room, Brian said he had to go the bathroom. I waited until he left.   
  
"Hey, Jason, did you like me in that dress?" I asked in my most flirty voice.  
  
"Yeah, it looked great on you! I just wish I was in Brian's frat so I could see you in it again!"   
  
"Well, how about this," I said, lowering my voice. "If you buy me the dress, I'll wear anything else in the store and model it for you!"His eyes widened. "Anything?" he said."Anything!" I whispered back.   
  
He paused for a second and looked around. I knew he was looking for a swimsuit or lingerie section. I smiled to myself; it was the fall, there wasn't going to be any swimsuits, and the Percy's idea of lingerie was pajama pants.   
  
"Okay, deal!" he said. "As long as Brian doesn't come with us."  
  
"Deal," I said, handing him the dress. That was better for everyone involved.  
  
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Brian's fraternity semi-formal was in a big hotel ballroom, and it went great. I spent most of the night dancing and drinking and having fun. Even better, everyone loved my dress! All the girls raved about it and all the guys were drooling over how good I looked in it. I even got the attention of Daryl, the dreamy frat president who I had a crush on. He spent most of the night flirting with me, even ignoring his own date to dance with me.  
  
Late in the night, while Brian was across the ballroom talking with his friends, Daryl guided me into a dark corner.  
  
"I can't get enough of you in that dress," he said.  
  
"Thank you," I giggled. "I like the fabric a lot, it's very soft."  
  
He took the hint. "Oh, yeah?" he said, and ran his hand up the front of my dress. I gasped at the shock of his finger sliding over the thin fabric covering my nipple.   
  
"It doesn't seem like there's much underneath it," he said, with a very sexy devilish grin.  
  
"Oh, there's not," I whispered. "I can't even wear a bra under it. See?"  
  
I reached up and pulled apart the cups of the dress, exposing my boobs to him. His eyes went wide as he looked at my naked tits. I knew this was crazy, anyone could have looked over and seen me flashing him, but he was blocking me enough that I didn't think anyone would get a good look.   
  
I let his eyes linger on my pink nipples for a couple of seconds, then pulled the dress back over my boobs. "Come with me," he said. He took my hand and we slipped outside. We snuck around the corner and he kissed me. It was such a thrill!  
  
We made out for a bit before he started getting grabby with his hands, pawing at my ass and groping my boobs. I didn't want my dress to get messed up, so I reached down and unzipped his fly. I pulled out his cock and started stroking it. It felt so nice in my hand, warm and thick and soft. He groaned softly as I started pumping it. I looked around to make sure we were secluded, and then I sank to my knees and popped the head of his dick into my mouth, then sucked it all the way in.I sucked Daryl's big cock for a few minutes as he groaned and whispered, "Oh, April, oh, God, I can't believe you're doing this, I can't believe you're doing this," until finally he let out a big moan and started shooting his cum into my mouth.  
  
I swallowed his load and kept his dick in my mouth a few more seconds to make sure I got all of it, so it wouldn't stain my dress. Then I let it flop out of my lips and stood back up smiling at him.  
  
"You're incredible," he said. "We have to do this again!"  
  
"Sure thing!" I grinned. Hopefully real soon, I thought. That was so hot, and I had the dress to thank for it!  
  
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A couple of weeks later I got a call from Jason.   
  
"Hey! Are you ready for your end of the deal?" he asked.  
  
I had actually forgotten about it, so it took me a second to remember. But then it came back to me. "Oh, yeah, sure!" I said.   
  
I had wanted to go back to Percy's anyway, so I actually didn't mind it. We decided to go that afternoon, since Brian had a class and wouldn't know I was gone.  
  
Jason picked me up a couple hours later. He was all smiles and excited. "Looking forward to this!" he said.   
  
"Sure thing," I said, and we drove to Percy's. We had a nice fun chat on the way over, even though I knew that he was just waiting to slobber over me.  
  
When we got to Percey's, I went to the shoe section while he walked around to select the modeling clothes. I tried on a few things before I found a sexy pair of heeled thigh-high boots. I put them on and they looked so great! I imagined myself going out to clubs, I would be so cute! But of course the price was over two hundred dollars. As I slipped them off, I wondered if maybe Jason wouldn't mind making this modeling session a weekly thing...  
  
After a few minutes I saw him walking up to me. "Hey, I've got three, let's go to the dressing room," he said.   
  
"Okay!" I said. I grabbed the boots and walked with him across the store to the dressing area. Like before, it was empty. We even got the same dressing booth, with the bench across from it.  
  
Jason handed me the first item. It was a tight blue dress, exactly the kind of thing I expected him to give me.  
  
"Okay, no problem," I said, smiling. "What else?"  
  
"No, model this first, then we'll do the others," he said.  
  
"Okay..." I said. I took the dress and pulled the curtain open, stepped inside, and pulled it shut.  
  
Once I untangled it, it was clear that this was going to be a super tight dress. I had told Jason my size, but he had picked a size smaller. Figures, I thought, and stripped out of my shirt and jeans.  
  
Squeezing into the dress was agony. I wouldn't be able to wear a bra with it, so I had to stop halfway and take it off. Then I pushed the dress over my boobs and wrapped the top straps around my neck.  
  
I looked in the mirror. Not bad! I'm sure I didn't look good trying to put it on, but now that I was in it, I looked good. The dress nicely showed off my curves, and it barely came down to mid-thigh. And with no bra on, everyone could perfectly see the size and shape of boobs, as well as my nipples poking through. Jason was going to get his money's worth.   
  
I pulled the curtain open with a flourish. Jason was looking down at his phone, and he looked up and nearly dropped it out of shock. That was a nice compliment!  
  
"Oh, man, April, you look great!" he stammered. "That looks so good on you!"  
  
"Aw, thanks," I giggled. "You've got good taste!"  
  
I let him gawk at me for a while as I posed in different ways and asked him teasing questions. "It doesn't make my butt look too big, does it? How do my boobs look in it?"  
  
"They look great! You look great, I mean! So hot!" he blurted. I laughed. Boys are so nervous sometimes.  
  
After a few minutes, I asked, "Alright, what else?"  
  
"This one," he said, smiling. He reached into his bag, and to my shock he pulled out a bikini! He saw my reaction and grinned even wider.   
  
"Where--Where did you get this?" I blurted. "It's the middle of November!"  
  
"Clearance bin!" he said, grinning mischievously.  
  
I hadn't thought about that! Now I was going to have to wear a bikini for him? The thought flashed through my mind to tell him no, and to find something more covering. But then I figured that I did give my word, and besides, was it so bad? If I was on a beach, I wouldn't care about it, so why make a big deal over it now?   
  
"Okay, hand it here," I said, and snatched it from his hand.   
  
I pulled the curtain shut and inspected it. No wonder it was in clearance, no girl would wear this bikini. It was super tiny, with small cups and no clasps, just a bunch of ties. You couldn't even look at a pool without this thing just falling off.  
  
I pulled the dress back off, which took another few minutes. I slid the bikini bottoms over my panties and tied the sides up. My panties were small enough that not much showed through, but still, I was showing a lot of skin. The top was even worse. After I tied it up, the cups barely covered even the bottoms of my breasts. it looked almost like I was wearing floss. Jason was going to get a lot more than his money's worth.  
  
"Let's get this over with," I muttered, and pulled open the curtain. This time Jason had been expecting me, so his gaze immediately met my body as I swung it open.   
  
"Oh, man, I made the right call," he said, grinning widely. I suddenly felt very exposed.  
  
"Enjoy it while you can," I said. I shifted my pose, feeling my boobs wobble in the top. His eyes widened at that and his grin got even broader.  
  
"Your tits look great," he said.  
  
That shocked me. I may have been modeling for him, but I was still his friend's girlfriend. "Hey!" I exclaimed. "Watch the language, mister."   
  
"But they do," he said. "That top barely covers them, I can tell how round and firm they are. Your tummy is so tight, too. Jesus, you look like a model."  
  
I didn't know what to think about the way he was openly complimenting my body right to my face. It was upsetting, but also a little surprising. I had never thought of Jason sexually before, but now seeing him leer at me almost turned me on.  
  
"Thanks. Thanks, I guess..." I trailed off. I glanced down at his pants and saw a nice, thick bulge. He wasn't even trying to hide his erection.  
  
After a few more seconds of staring at me, Jason broke the tense silence. "Okay, now this," he said, and reached into the bag and pulled out a piece of lingerie. "Last one."  
  
I should have looked at it first, but I took it. I knew that Percy's had a lingerie section, but like I said, it was all pajama bottoms and nightgowns, and in any event, I was so shaken up by my embarrassment and arousal that I wasn't thinking straight.   
  
I drew the curtain shut, and spent a few seconds shaking off the mood. Was I really turned on right now? No, of course not, I told myself. He's just my boyfriend's friend, I was only in this for the dress.  
  
I unrolled the lingerie and gasped. It was a pair of tight black panties and a sheer black camisole. I had never noticed anything like this before at Percy's. If I wore this, I'd basically be topless.  
  
I grabbed the curtain to pull it open and tell Jason no way. But again, I stopped. I don't know what kept me from calling the whole thing off, but the idea of Jason seeing me topless apparently wasn't enough. Maybe I should at least try it on first, I thought to myself. So I stepped out of the bikini and pulled the black panties on. Then I slipped into the camisole and looked in the mirror.   
  
Just as I suspected, it wasn't hiding a thing. You could clearly see my breasts through it, almost like I wasn't even wearing a top. The black sheer gave just a hint of cover, but it was no match for the pinkness of my nipples. It was almost sexier than just being topless.  
  
It took a second of staring at myself in the mirror to realize that I was going to do it. I was going to open the curtain and let Jason see my bare breasts, covered only by this sheer camisole. Just thinking about it turned me on so much I thought I was going to faint. What was wrong with me? I wasn't a prude when it came to my body, but this was the first time I had been so turned on by being exposed to someone's leering.  
  
I took a couple of deep breaths, to give my brain a last chance to talk me out of it. Then I pulled open the curtain.  
  
Jason eyes almost popped out of his head. His eyes went straight to my tits. I thought he was going to bore a hole in them, he was gawking so hard. I felt so vulnerable, and so turned on. At that moment I wanted him to fuck me. I wanted him to bend me over and fuck me right there in the dressing room.  
  
"How...how do you like me -- I mean it?" Now I was stammering.  
  
"Hot," he said, staring intently at my body. "You look so fucking hot."   
  
"Thanks," I said, meekly. I felt surprisingly happy to get his approval.  
  
"I can't believe I'm staring at your naked tits. Wow. April Mullin's naked tits," he said. I giggled, my breasts visibly and nakedly jiggling under the camisole. I leaned on the door and stared down at his bulge. "I can tell you're enjoying it," I said. He blushed. Now I felt more powerful. I was sexy, dammit, and he was putty in my hands again. But now I wanted him even more.  
  
I spent a minute doing different poses for him. I leaned against the doorway with my arms draped around my neck, then stood up with my arms akimbo, then leaned on my back with my leg raised. I made sure each time to have my boobs bounce and wobble as much as I could.  
  
Jason's cock looked like it was going to break out of his jeans. With each second he became more flustered and meek, and I felt stronger and stronger. Part of me was hoping I could make him cum in his pants just by looking at me.   
  
After a while, I made a final pose. "So are we all settled up?" I asked.  
  
I could almost hear his heart sink as he realized the show was over. "Yeah. Thanks, April. This was awesome."   
  
"Great!" I said. "Before we go, can I model some boots for you, see what you think?"   
  
"Sure," he said. "It's only fair."  
  
Smiling, I went back inside and shut the curtain. A minute later, I pulled it open, wearing the boots. And ONLY the boots.  
  
This time Jason let out a short yelp. His jaw dropped open and he stared at my completely naked body. His eyes darted up at my totally naked tits, down my tummy to my trimmed bush, then back up and down again.  
  
He finally looked up at my eyes. The two of us looked silently at each other for a second, as I gave him the most inviting look I could muster. Like a tiger, he leaped off the bench and into the dressing room, almost slamming me into the back wall.  
  
His hands and lips were all over me, on my face, on my mouth, on my tits, pressing against my pussy. I started moaning at the rush of sensations. "Jason, wait, the curtain is open..." I gasped out.   
  
He didn't respond at all, except to grope me harder. I didn't really care, either. I started unbuckling his pants, reaching for his cock, while he started pushing his fingers into my wet cunt. He was so commanding and dominant, I almost came right there.  
  
I finally pulled his cock out from his fly. He yanked my hand away and pushed himself up against me. He guided his dick up against my pussy and with two thrusts he was completely inside me. I moaned loudly, too loudly, considering we were in a public dressing room with the curtain wide open.   
  
He had me standing, pinned up against the back wall of the dressing room, and started pumping into me. There wasn't any tenderness in it, it was just furious, animal thrusting. He moaned hungrily as he stared down at my wildly bouncing tits, grabbing at them and pinching my nipples, making me squeal.  
  
"Oh, god, Jason," I groaned, trying to whisper. "Someone might see us. This is so wrong, someone might see us!"   
  
He pulled out of me. I gasped as I suddenly felt empty, but before I could react he pulled me to the side wall and pushed me up against it. Then he pushed his cock back into me from behind. Now I was even more exposed! Before at least my body was blocked by Jason's. Now anyone walking past would see us both from the side.  
  
Jason could tell what I was thinking. "Let's give them a show, then," he grunted. "Let them see your big round tits bouncing up and down while I fuck you." He reached up and pinched my nipples. "Let them see these big tits and your tight pussy taking my cock!"

I shuddered and loudly cried out as I came so hard I could see stars. Jason kept pounding into me, and less than a minute later I started cumming again. As I came down from my orgasm, I felt Jason stiffen inside of me. "No no, don't cum in me, don't cum in me!" I squeaked, but it was already too late. I suddenly felt his cum shooting into my unprotected pussy. He thrusted a few more times as spurted out the rest of his load into my cunt and then groaned and collapsed against my back.  
  
The two of us stood there for a minute, gasping and exhausted, bent over, with me naked and Jason's cock lodged up in my pussy. Finally, Jason pulled out of me and slumped down onto the floor. I joined him.  
  
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Jason and I visited Percy's a few more times that semester, with each time ending in us having hot sex in the dressing room. But that summer his dad took the car back, and there was no longer an excuse to get away from Brian. We snuck in a quickie here and there over the next year, and one time I gave him a blowjob in chem lab right after class, but the spark wasn't there any more. Oh well, sometimes things don't last.