Carrie - The Quick Change

Ok,  I know I haven’t updated my site in forever but it’s only been because the summer has been so great.  Now that’s it’s cooling down I’ll try to do better.

I have a couple a small little dares that I’ve done that I want to get out since it’s been so long and then I’ll work on one of the bigger stories.  This one was a relatively simple dare was provided by a fellow who I’ve been exchange emails with for some time.  He dared me to go into a clothing store and try on an outfit and not use the changing rooms.  Well here’s how it went down.

I really didn’t set out to do this dare when Karen and I left the house. It was kind of a spur of the moment thing.

Karen and I stopped in the mall to do a little shopping and like often happens, we were being silly.  Somewhere along the way I mentioned the dare and she pricked up on it.  We were in the second little boutique looking at tops when Karen picked out a nice blouse for me and said “I dare you to try it on right here.”  Well the joking from before got serious now as she really wanted me to change right there in the middle of the shop.  I looked around and there were only two women in the store plus a single clerk.  I had a bra on so it shouldn’t have been any big deal but I still wasn’t ready to do it.  I told her I think the idea was to show my breasts or to be naked when I did it.

She said,  “Well then this should be a good warm up then.”

I nervously looked around and then as quick as I could slipped my T shirt off over my head and went to put the new top on.  Karen played with me for just o second leaving me standing in the store in just my jeans and white bra for a second.  I was quick and I don’t thing anyone saw me but heart was still beating pretty good.  With the new blouse on I calmed down again and modeled it in the mirror as one would normally go about checking out cloths.

Karen congratulated me and said that now I had to talk the bra of before changing putting my T shirt back on.  I complained saying that that wouldn’t seem very natural and suggested going to another store and trying it. I didn’t feel quite as nervous this time but this time the clerk saw me I had not sooner pulled my T shirt over my head and back down when I hear the clerk come over and asks what’s going on over here.  Karen cracked up and I blushed as I said.  “Just trying on this blouse.”  She reminded me that the changing rooms were along the wall and told me that I could not change in the middle of the store.  Despite my nervousness I was pretty aroused at being caught.  Karen was still laughing as we headed out not buying anything.

Out side I started to laugh as well.  Karen said, “You have to do that again but without the bra.”  I was amazed at how turned on I got from just showing my bra in a little boutique.  I guess it’s more the circumstances that the actual act.

I ducked in the first ladies room I saw and took my bra off and stuffed it in my hand bag.

My nipples were already erect from the first change and the movement of them against my shirt as I walked just made them harder with each step.  I got a number of looks as we walked through the mall just from my nipples poking against the material of my T Shirt.

As we walked Karen tells me that this time she is not going to say a thing and that she wants me to just act natural and try to blouse on without hesitating and that if I do she’ll pay for it.   I liked the idea but hesitated worrying about surveillance cameras that might catch my face. She tells me most of these places uses those magnetic tags and doesn’t have any cameras. Before I could even say anything she walks into this nice boutique and over to a rack of blouses.

This time before I even get a change to look at the cloths Karen is asking the clerk if she can help us saying that we’re in a hurry and want to catch the movie.  She tells the clerk who is a young girl probably only 18 or 19 years old what we’re looking for for me.   She takes us to this rack towards the side of the store but clearly in site of the entrance.  Luckily there was no one in the store at the time but there certainly were people passing by.  Karen is being miss social butter fly with the young girl and talking pretty fast and acting like she’s her best friend.

As the clerk pulls a blouse off the rack, I knew my moment of truth had arrived.  She held the blouse up to me saying how nice it looks on me and all.  Her eyes seem to linger on my chest for a moment noticing that I am obviously not wearing a bra.  She asks me how I like it but I’m too nervous to really say anything. All I can muster is a nod and a fake smile.  Meantime my nipples were trying to rip holes through my T shirt.

I held the blouse to my chest trying to cover my erect nipples while I tried to decide my next move.  I looked past the young clerk towards Karen and saw her shaking her head as if well,  now the time.   I think the clerk was saying something to the effect that if I liked it I could try it on in the dressing room but to be honest I wasn’t exactly listening to her.  I hesitated for a second then laid the hanger with the blouse over the rack next to my left and looked to the side as I crossed my arms over and reached for the bottom of my T shirt.  I don’t know why I was so hesitant.  I’ve done much worse things in my life but for some reason this made me particularly nervous.

Before the poor clerk could say anything I had pulled my top up in one continuous motion over my breasts and then my head leaving me completely bare from the top of my low ride jeans up.  I felt my breasts bouncing as I lowered my arms with my T Shirt in my right hand.  The motion in my breasts made it all so real and sent a wave of energy through me that manifested itself in my rock hard nipples.  I threw my T shirt down on the rack to my side and then reached over to blouse I wanted to try on without ever making contact with the poor clerk.  I did catch the fact that her mouth was open and her eyes seemed riveted on my chest.

I slipped my arms into the blouse as quick as I could.  As I stretch to first to my right and then my left, my boobs swung the other way causing the material of the blouse to brush across my extended nipples.   The sensations were sent directly to my sex which was already wet.

It wasn’t until I started to button the blouse that I looked back to the poor woman’s face.  She had this, ‘I can’t believe she did that’ look.  She seemed more stunned than angry.  I continued buttoning up the blouse until I was done.  I then asked Karen what she though like it was not big deal even though my body told a different story.  It was actually kind of fun after I calmed down a little.

That’s when the woman said,  “You can’t just change out here on the floor someone will see you.”

Karen says something like,  Oh don’t worry.  She does it all the time.”

I almost slipped and apologized as I’m sure I was blushing a bit.

The women rightfully so seemed more concerned with my changing act that how the blouse looked on me.  I was happy with the blouse but Karen wanting to prolong the dare said,  “I don’t know,  What about this print one.”, holding another one out for me to try.

I had just managed to calm down when the tought of changing again hit me.  I told her I really liked this one seeing where this was going.  I had done the dare and I thought Karen was just prolonging it for her own enjoyment on the other hand it was kind of exciting.  The second the clerk looked away I started unbuttoning, again right there in the middle of the store.  As soon as I had it unbuttoned, I slipped it off my arms and was once again bare from the waist up.  It was just then that I caught a couple of people walking by the store looking in.  I kind of panicked and instead of walking over to try on the new blouse I move back and behind a rack.  My T shirt was sitting right there so I grabbed it and pulled it over my head.  It momentarily hung up on my erect nipples just as Karen or the young clerk turned.  Again the poor woman’s jaw dropped as she saw me.

This time she moved over and in a strong voice said,  “you can’t keep changing right her in the store.  Someone will see you.”

I said.  “That’s ok,  I think I take this one,  Anyway we have to run.”

Karen looked on disappointed but that was enough for me. I ended up paying for the blouse since Karen wanted to continue shopping and I wanted to get out of there.  All the time we were both fighting to hold back our snickering.  We broke out laughing just as we left the store.  We laughed about it all the way back to the car.

I was still plenty excited by the experience so as we got in the car I gave Karen a smirkish smile and said, “How about we go out for a drink before heading home after all I have this new outfit now.   With that I slipped the T shirt off again and change into my new outfit right there in the car.  I had to stop to pull a couple of tags of and Karen says,  “Here, let me help you with that”,  and flips on the inside lights.

The whole inside of the care lights up as I rush to cover up.  We laugh the whole way there as I told Karen she’s buying since I ended up paying for the blouse.