**Exposed in a Clothing Store**

It's been awhile since I've been able to write and post some adventures. Yet now I can again, so here is one that happened awhile back:  
  
The idea with this one was that I would be undressed in front of a stranger at a clothing store. I'd go in the stall, undress, and then exit to ask for help.  
  
Well this was going to be tough for me. I really wasn't sure about doing it, but I felt I had to at least try. So my Gf went along for the usual moral support. Sadly I wouldn't able to be around her for this to work. She though was going to keep an eye out.  
  
We arrived at a clothing store. I would have preferred the store to be dead, but it wasn't sadly. I did some browsing till I found something I'd try out. I then started to stand around waiting for someone to come by. Just in general I felt stupid for what I was about to do. The plan was to ask for a certain size of something, and then ask where the dressing rooms were. I could have found the size, and the dressing wouldn't be hard either, but I had to get the person to help me. I though was still going to try.  
  
The first person around was some guy, probably about 25. I asked him about the different size, and he pointed he found it. I then asked if he could show me to the dressing room. Sadly or luckily, he merely pointed me in the right direction and left. After some more fake browsing though, I left. I couldn't ask someone else, or him again.  
  
We went to a different store at this point. I started to search close the changing rooms this time. After finding something that looked cute, I made sure to grab the wrong size. I asked a nearby girl for some help. She seemed happy to help me find the size I was looking for. With the skirt of the size I was looking for, I asked about the changing room. I was already blushing at how stupid I felt. She lead me to the room this time. I knew though she' just leave any moment. I had a plan to maybe keep her around. I asked if she could stay nearby, because I was unsure if this skirt would fit, since I was on a diet and didn't exactly how much weight I had lost yet. She seemed to by it and said sure as I went to go change.  
  
My heart was pounding really fast now. I was scared out of my mind as I took off my pants to put the skirt on. The skirt though was too small by a bit. I took it off and looked at the door now. I knew I was blushing, and I knew I shouldn't do this. This girl was probably going to think I was some weirdo, or a complete idiot. I was in a tank top and some plain white panties. The shirt didn't hide the panties at all.  
  
A moment later though the door was open and I was looking out into the changing room. It tried my best to not look too embarrassed, my blush could be giving it away though. I looked for her and she was fixing up some the clothes rack outside of the changing room. That means I would have to walk over to her! I wanted to turn around, I didn't want to just walk out into the store. I've fallen out of the cubicles naked, I've snuck around areas naked. I however this time would be just plain old flashing her and who knows who else my panties, so brazenly. I was so scared.  
  
I saw my Gf to my side though, watching on. She looked sympathetic and worried, she knows I'm unsure about exhibitionism stuff. I however was going to go through with it. I took a few steps towards the exit to the rooms, and then called out "Miss!", but of course not too loud. She turned around her eyes widened a bit. I held out the skirt quickly. "This was a tad bit too small, could you help me get one larger?" I turned my head away though, not able to look at her.  
  
"Oh yes, sure, right away. I'll bring it to you. If you could though, please return to your changing room, you shouldn't be out here like that." is what I think I remember her saying. She said it though with a bit of a stutter herself. I suppose it's hard to tell someone like a customer that they need to not be out in the store with their underwear. I was happy to turn around and return. I remember seeing one other person seeing me out there, some older lady going through the clothes. I wasn't even able to bare to look for her reaction to it all though.  
  
After hiding for a bit, the lady returned and called out she found the larger size. I was still dressed the same. I came out though, still blushing. I took the skirt from her hand, forcing a smile as I went back in to change. The skirt did look very nice. I decided too I had best buy it, so to try and not make the total thing look like a set up. I got dressed normally, bought the skirt, and met my Gf out by the car.  
  
So now that it's over, I guess I can say I'm ok with exhibitionism. It isn't as enjoyable as the other dares I do, but it was in a way exciting. I was scared to death, and still am. I also still feel like a total fool. I however did it, and I do feel proud to have done so.