**Lisbeth's Dare Gone Bad**

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Lisbeth stops to look in the store window at the mall and catch her breath. She looks at her hands. She is literally shaking, she can't keep them still. Her heart is pounding, she can feel herself sweating, and on top of that her nipples are hard and she has that warm squishy feeing in her pussy to tell her she's really turned on. She can't believe she's going through with this, but it's too late to back out now. She looks up at Sharon sitting at a table, her camera pointed at her. Belle is somewhere out there, behind Lisbeth, but knowing where would just make it harder. Lisbeth takes a deep breath and wonders what the hell she is doing.  
  
It all started as a bit of innocent fun. Okay, more like kinky fun, but compared to some of the things Lisbeth had done it wasn't that wild. She'd come across a Yahoo group all about ENF – embarrassed naked females. She thought it was pretty funny, and after getting a lot of them to beg she'd posted a topless picture of herself to the group. No big deal, but guys are funny, they all wanted more.  
  
So after a lot of messages back and forth, she had finally agreed to get a photo that was more truly of an embarrassed naked female. The deal was she had to be both naked and really embarrassed. So working with her accomplices Sharon, and Belle she'd come up with a plan.  
  
Looking down at the dress she was wearing, she wonders how smart that plan really is. She had gone to a consignment shop and bought a summer dress that buttoned down the front. It was probably meant more as a beach cover-up than a dress, but it wasn't something that would attract that much attention. It came down to mid-thigh on her, and if it had been buttoned properly, and if she had been wearing underwear, it would have been pretty normal. But that was the rub. She wasn't wearing anything under the dress, making her feel incredibly kinky. The dress was pretty tight, and a light cream color, making it obvious to everyone she didn't have a bra on. She didn't think people could see the dark patch of her bush through the fabric, but the thought of it made her shiver.  
  
Then there were the buttons. To make this work, she had removed all but three of the buttons. She had one right between her tits, one over her belly button, and one right over her pussy. She had thought that she could get away with it when she was home, but here in the mall, the fact that the dress was tight and opened up below her boobs and near her bush was attracting attention when people passed by her. Nothing inappropriate was showing, but lots of people were looking twice at her.  
  
So now all they had to do is complete the plan. She will walk towards Sharon, and when she gets close enough Belle will come up behind her and pull her dress open. The last three buttons will give way, and Sharon will snap a picture of her totally exposed, and definitely embarrassed. Then they will all scoot out to the car and get out of there before anyone complains. That's why she is here early on a Sunday morning. The mall is pretty dead, so while there are a few people around who will see her, it could be a lot worse.  
  
"Well, here goes," she mutters under her breath, as she walks toward Sharon. Her stomach is doing flip flops as she walks, knowing what is coming, but not knowing when. Her breathing is ragged, and the thought occurs to her that she hopes that no slime drips down her thighs, because she's sure she's sopping wet. It takes every ounce of will she has to keep her hands the way she and Belle planned. She has them behind her with her palms open and facing back, her knuckles touching her ass. She and Belle had worked out that would let Belle rip her dress open the easiest, and make sure that Sharon has enough time to take the picture before Lisbeth covers up again. So all she has to do now is wait for Belle.  
  
When it happens, it takes her breath away. She feels as much as sees Belle's hands come around her and grab the dress right by her tits. Before she can even think, the first two buttons pop and Belle has the dress pulled open and over her shoulders. Exposing her tits completely. She feels the dress slide down her arms... and off. Then the last button gives way, and the dress is gone.  
  
"THE DRESS IS GONE. HOLY FUCK I'M NAKED!" Lisbeth thinks, as she screams involuntarily and hunches over using one arm to cover her nipples and the other hand to cover her snatch. Belle was only supposed to rip the dress open, not take it away and leave her in nothing but sandals. People stare at her as she tries to figure out what to do. Her nipples are now so hard they hurt, and her hand at her crotch starts to press it almost all by itself. She is scared witless, but also turned on more than she can remember.  
  
Finally focusing on getting out of this mess, Lisbeth turns around and sees Belle drop her dress and run towards the exit. Trying to keep her bits covered she scurries over to the dress, and then tries to get it on. She swears under her breath as she hears people laughing as she tries to figure it out. Basically she has to stand totally exposed while she arranges the dress, then pull it on as fast as she can. When she picks it up she sees an envelope on the floor with her name on it, but she's got bigger issues right now. Once the dress is on she has a whole new problem. She'd never actually thought about how she'd hold the dress together once the buttons were off. Since the dress is pretty tight, there isn't much of a way to overlap it and hold it together so that there are no gaps. So she ends up holding it between her tits with one hand and over her bush with the other, with the dress wide open over her belly. Not exactly what she was planning on.  
  
Lisbeth notices the envelope again, reaches down and lets go of the top of her dress to grab it. Her tits fall out into plain view as she swears and it takes her ten tries to get the envelope off the floor. She is starting to hyperventilate as she gets the envelope up and pulls the dress closed again. She starts to move as fast as she can to the exit without flashing her crotch or breasts. What she really wants to do is diddle herself to three or four orgasms, but right now she figures she needs to get to that car and get out of here.  
  
People are still laughing and pointing at her, and others stare at her as she walks by, but she doesn't see any security as she gets to the exit. She even feels like she's gaining control of her body again as she uses her butt to open the door, and walks out to the lot where the car is waiting. Where the car is not waiting. Where there is no car at all. Lisbeth swears out loud as it slowly dawns on her that Sharon and Belle had more plans for her than she knew. Her nipples harden again, she starts to hyperventilate, and her thighs start squeezing together all by themselves as she realizes that she is stuck at the mall with only a tiny dress with no buttons, with no way home.  
  
She looks at the envelope that Belle left, and tries to get it open. That means she has to use her forearm to hold the dress closed as she uses both hands to open the envelope. Wind gusts up and blows the skirt open, flashing her bush, but there really isn't much she can do about it. Inside the envelope is a bus route map and a few dollar bills. The map has a stop a few miles away circled and a note from Sharon saying to meet them there. Lisbeth is seriously pissed as she realizes that she will have to ride a public bus in a skimpy dress that she can barely hold closed. It's probably less than fifteen minutes to where Sharon and Belle will meet her, but that will seem like a really long time in her current state.  
  
"Those bitches!" She swears out loud, vowing to herself that she will get even with them. She looks around and spots the bus stop across the parking lot. Using both arms to hold her dress together, she starts to walk, which is a lot harder than she would have thought. The wind keeps blowing her skirt open right to where her hand is covering her pussy. While that keeps here bush from peeking out, she is showing a lot of thigh as she walks up to the bus stop.  
  
There are two teenagers at the stop, and they definitely notice the show she's putting on. They look pretty harmless, just a couple skinny kids with emo haircuts. They seem too shy to do anything other than occasionally stare at her as they wait for the bus. Actually, she starts to enjoy the feeling that she's got so much of their attention. She moves her top hand down to below her boobs, allowing the sides of her tits to peek out. She can tell they've noticed as they keep moving around to get a better view as she turns and paces waiting for the bus. Neither of them show any sign of moving to talk with her, but she knows they are watching. This is way more exciting than the nudist club she went to once. There after few minutes it'd been no big deal, but here, where no one was supposed to be showing their private parts, it was getting her very excited.  
  
Soon the bus arrives, and she faces her next problem as a couple people get off the bus. She lets go of the top of the dress to get the dollars out of the envelope. She manages to get on the bus first, not wanting the emos to watch her do this, but the bus driver's eyes get wide as he sees her dress open all the way to just above her bush. Then she manages to drop one of the dollars, so she has to bend over to get it, giving the bus driver a great view as one nipple almost makes it out of the dress. Based on some swearing by one of the kids behind her, he must have got a good look up the back of her dress too.  
  
As she shoves the last dollar into the machine, the bus driver asks if everything is okay. She assures him she's fine, and rushes to grab a seat. Thank God there's no one on the bus. She wants a seat where he can't see her, so she grabs the one just behind him, where he can't easily look in his mirrors. It faces across the bus rather than forwards, but hopefully he'll leave her alone and not call the cops or anything. The teenagers get on, and grab the seats across from her.  
  
"That blows that plan," she thinks, realizing that they now are watching her dress part open, waiting for a glimpse of more skin. But the wild part of her likes the attention they're paying her, and she smiles to herself as she thinks of ways to tease them. One of them pulls out an ipod, hands his buddy an ear bud, and they start talking quietly as Lisbeth hears the start of some tinny music coming across the bus.  
  
"Now, that won't do," she thinks to herself. Two teenage boys, sitting on a bus across from an almost naked woman, and all they can think about is their music? She decides to up the ante a little. Her right hand is holding her dress together between her tits, but now she leans forward a little, like she's looking out the front, and lets go. She sees one of the emos glance over and his eyes widen briefly as he can see down to her navel. She leans back, and then seductively as she can she starts stroking the skin between her breasts. The guys across from her seem to fidget a bit, but they're still paying more attention to the damned iPod than her.  
  
She starts pulling the dress open slowly, bringing it closer and to her nipple. She starts brushing her fingers against the nipple through her dress, making it stand up and be easily visible through the fabric. Finally the emos are ignoring the iPod, staring in her in wonder. She actually grabs her nipple through the fabric and squeezes hard, closing her eyes in ecstasy.  
  
Now she's unstoppable. She doesn't make eye contact with them, or she'd chicken out for sure, but she lets her hand drop down and start stroking her thigh. She works it up and down, each time pushing the dress open higher and higher, closer to her snatch. She looks outside and sees that she's about five minutes away from her stop. She pulls up her left hand, letting them see her bush between her closed thighs. She keeps moving her right hand up and down her thigh until it's brushing her pussy each time. The teenagers start squirming in their seats as their jeans have gotten uncomfortably tight.  
  
Lisbeth brings her hand up to her crotch, and begins to trace her finger up and down her lips. She has to part her thighs a little to do this, and the emos move over a little to improve their view. Lisbeth knows she should stop, but at this point it just feels too good. She spreads her legs some more and goes to work. After rubbing her clit for a bit, she pushes one, and then two fingers inside herself, causing the kids across the bus to swear. She works the fingers in and out for a while until she starts getting close, and then pulls them out and starts rapidly stroking herself.  
  
She starts panting and her pelvis bucks, and she lets go of her dress all together, causing it to open wide showing off both tits and her gaping pussy. She can't believe she's doing this as she throws her head back, bites her lip and a giant orgasm washes over her body. It is an enormous earthquake of one, with several aftershocks, leaving her trembling on the seat.  
  
The only thing that brings her back to reality is she realizes she's hearing a familiar sound, like a camera clicking. Suddenly she realizes that the kid's iPod thingie has a camera, and the little shit has been taking pictures. Deciding that it's too far gone now, she just laughs and gives him a smile. She realizes she's at her stop, reaches up and pulls the cable to tell the driver to stop. Through the window she can spot the car, with Sharon and Belle waiting outside it, and she gets an idea.  
  
As the bus stops, she stands up keeping her dress wide open as the boys stare in shock. She smiles at them, and shucks the dress off, handing it to the one who was taking the pictures. "Here's a souvenir to go with the pictures." She does a twirl to show off her completely naked body and marches past the speechless bus driver. She gets off the bus, and laughs as she sees the dumbfounded expressions on Belle's and Sharon's face. Feeling on top of the world, she marches proud, naked, and triumphant back to the car.  
  
THE END