**My Dress Shop incident.**by Deine Freundin

I once went to a local dress shop to have them custom make an evening clubbing dress for me.
Jennifer, the proprietor and I went way back. We were members at the local tennis/fitness club.
She agreed to make/design me a "Little Black Dress" that would make men's head's turn (both of their heads she joked).

She told me to come by late one afternoon, as the store would be closed and we would have some privacy.
I wasn't sure why we needed "privacy"...until she showed me her design.
This was the skimpiest, tiniest little dress I had ever seen. I wasn't allowed to see the finished product until the day I showed up. She had the preliminary design sewn. The fabric was very stretchy, "a spandex-cotton blend that clung to your figure like body paint", she informed me.

After I arrived, Jan told me to go ahead and get undressed and meet her in the back of the shop near the mirrors. I proceeded to one of the changing booths and disrobed to my bra and panties. I had on one of the sets that my husband had bought for me from a sexy catalog. It was a quarter cup push-up bra that squeezed my average sized boobs together to give me more cleavage and left my boobs and nipples completely open...very sexy! The panties were the very high cut type that left half of your butt cheeks hanging out. They come up pretty high in the front so I had to be clean shaven in order to wear them.

As I exited the booth, Jen met me. "Wowwie girlfriend, that is super hot. Bet hubby likes to see you in that, huh?"

Even though we had seen each other without clothes on, on numerous occasions while in the club, this was not a club setting. I lightly blushed, "Well, it used to, but it hasn't in quite some time", I responded sadly.

She told me to stand on the podium which was surrounded by several mirrors at various angles. Once I was on it, Jan brought out the dress. When she held it up and I looked at it a little closer, I was shocked. It looked like it was made for a young teen, not a full grown woman. She saw the concern on my face, "Don't you worry none Anna dear, this is not one of those 95/5 % blends...this is a 60/40. It will stretch quite a bit...and then some. But first, since I don't have the stitching completely tight just yet, I need you to take those sexy undergarments off."

"What!!...Right here?...In the middle of the store?!?", I questioned.

"Oh come on Anna! You're over exaggerating. We're in the back of the store! Which happens to be closed up. I took down the open sign just after you came in. Not to mention, I've seen you in your birthday suit so many times, that I can point you out of a naked line-up by your pussy lips and over sized nipples alone!", she said with laughter.

Now I really felt my skin redden...not only on my cheeks, but almost all over. I knew she was right, so I unclasped my bra and freed my little puppies. I have always hated to keep them confined so. I massaged them gingerly and my nipples responded in kind. When I lowered my panties, I had to pull them out from between my protruding vaginal lips. All my tight fitting clothes tend to give me one helluffa camel toe. Guess Jen was right, she wouldn't have any trouble at all picking me out.

Jennifer picked up my underwear and carried them to the booth where my street clothes where located. She told me, "To wait right there, I'll be right back."

Like, where was I going to go in my current state of undress? I was admiring my body in the mirror..."Not bad for a woman that has had two kids (at that time)...My breasts had bounced back to their natural state, even after nourishing two young babies. I only had a few minor stretch marks on my lower abdomen...hardly visible." Turning around to see how my backside looked, I caught a glimpse of two young lads walking past the shop window...I FROZE! They just happened to look in after I stopped moving. Putting their faces up on the glass and placing their hands on the sides of their eyes to shield the light, they were looking right at me. The window above the front door was open, so I was able to hear some of what they were saying.

"Holy shit! Doesn't that mannequin look real?"
"Yeah, but you can tell it's not real, there is no hair on her pussy. Everybody knows that they don't have a hole down there."
"I know that! You jerk", one of them punched the other on the arm. Luckily, I had my leg nearer to them, raised on my toes and by knee was bent a tad, blocking the view of my vaginal opening.

Just then Jennifer returned. "So let's get this dress on you. We have to be very careful not to loosen the stitches. If there doesn't need to be any alterations, then I will double stitch everything."

Whispering, I tried to let her know, "Shhh! Jen....there are a couple of guys looking through your store window at me."

"I often wonder why they always make the mannequins have erect nipples?", stated one lad.
duffus!", the other one returned his friends punch in the arm.
They were laughing at their own comments, when they spotted the store employee, my friend Jen, holding a tiny dress in her arms. "Damn she's going to dress the store dummy in that little dress.

I had not moved since I spotted them. I was turned to my side. My right hand on the top of my backside. My left hand flat against my stomach.

Jennifer laughed and whistled the tune from 'Snow White'...'Whistle while we work'...."Oh my God girl, this is going to be so much fun!"

"Jen...you can't do this!", I pleaded. "Can't you just shoo them away, or go over and close the blinds?...Please?!?!"

"Oh, come on sweet cheeks. Tell me you don't like this. Hell, I can smell your musk from here. I'm even getting a little turned on myself."

I'm still talking very quietly and not moving an inch, "Jennifer! This is wrong. What if I run into those two out on the street and they recognize me?"

"Well then, I just have to do something about that, won't I?" She grabbed a dark wig off a nearby mannequin and put it on my head. After she got that squared away, she proceeded to turn my around, with my backside to the window. Raising my hands into the air, she stood on the podium in front of me. Her cloth covered breasts rubbing up against my exposed nipples. Sending an electric shock through me, clear down to my ever growing clit. I could feel my lips begin to swell. I guess my friend was right, I was enjoying this. I couldn't believe this was happening to me.

With my arms raised, Jen slowly lifted the skimpy little dress and placed it above my arms. After opening it, she started to carefully pull it down the length of my arms, down to my sensitive breasts. When she reached my nipples, she gently pinched them. "You're such a bitch!", I whispered to her..."and remember, 'Paybacks a Bitch!'"

She just laughed and waved to the two voyeurs. The two ducked down, laughing. Then stood again and continued watching, knowing they had been spotted. I guess they figured, there is nothing wrong with watching someone put clothes on a "doll". She continued to pull and tuck the stretchy material down towards my ass. Jennifer was now kneeling down and had her face eye level to my crotch. She started to blow on my exposed lips. The gentle breeze felt like little needles upon my outer petals. My clitoris twitched to and fro. It took all my will power to not reach down and frig myself to oblivion. This was torture to the next level. Damn I'm going to get her back...one way or the other.

After she fitted me with the dress, she lowered my arms, putting them at my sides. She turned me around, so I could now see the eyes glued on my every curve. The dress barely covered my crotch and ass cheeks. On the top, there was only two small spaghetti straps keeping the stretchy material from rolling off my chest. Jen, from behind, reached over my shoulders and first grabbed one handful of my boobs and then the other. Pushing them into the proper position. I watched the expression of the two peeping toms change from amusement, to total bewilderment. They were not certain if they had just seen what they saw. That store employee had just readjusted the breasts of a plastic mannequin...But those tits moved!?!?

One asked, "Did you just see that??...Is that a real person?...or are they making mannequins life-like?"
"Nah...No store would have love dolls as mannequins....that woman is 'Real'!!!"
"But she's not moving!"
Then one of the guys called out through the window. "Hey lady! Is that a mannequin or a real woman?"

Jennifer looked at the boys and slowly raised my arms. I could feel the material slide up on my thighs, exposing my sopping wet pussy. I was uncertain if they were able to see my protruding lips or not?...but with what happened next, made the last question irrelevant. After my arms were pointing up to the ceiling, Jen carefully, slowly peeled off the skintight dress. With me facing the window, Jennifer finally got the dress completely off of me. Here I was completely nude, facing two strangers, when she suddenly smacked my behind open handed really hard. The force was so strong it made me yelp and jump off the podium. I reached around rubbing my stinging behind. Jumping up and down. I could feel my tits bounce with every jump. Remembering that the two voyeurs now new that I was indeed a 'real" woman. I screamed some unpleasantries toward my friend and the two pervs and ran into the changing booth. I could still hear Jennifer and the two guys laughing for some time after i entered my booth.

After closing the curtain, I did, however, not get dressed right away.
I had some unfinished business to attend to first.