**Sameena Does Dares**

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**Sameena Does Dares Pt. 01**

'Oh, my God,' Lucy said, greeting Sam with a firm hug. 'You look amazing.'  
  
'Thanks,' Sam smiled back. 'You look stunning, too.'  
  
Sameena wasn't just being polite. Lucy had suggested they dress for their game of dares as if they were going out for the night and she had held up her end of the bargain. A tight-fitting, short white dress barely contained her deep cleavage at one end, while also narrowly hiding her underwear at the other. On close inspection, but while doing her best not to seem like she was staring, Sam could make out the fact that her newest friend was wearing sheer tights. They were sexy and practical. Practical in the sense of the messy dares both women had in mind for one another, at least.  
  
Sameena had chosen stockings over tights and a slightly (very slightly) longer, cream-coloured skirt so that the tops of said stockings were barely concealed. Above that she wore a white blouse, which was mostly opaque, but not entirely. She knew that the outline of her bra would be visible to anyone who cared to look, which part of her hoped was anyone who happened to pass. In the right light or at close proximity her own cleavage would be almost as obvious as Lucy's was now.  
  
'Are you sure you're ready for this?' asked Lucy.  
  
'Sure I'm sure,' said Sam, sounding more confident than she really felt, or at least trying to. She need not have bothered, though. Lucy was already busy sizing up the corridor ahead of them, not really paying attention.  
  
'Where shall we start?' Lucy added at last, a wicked grin on her face.  
  
Sam wasn't sure what to say to that. She had agreed to this because it seemed like fun when Lucy had invited her. Here and now, though, she was having second thoughts. She had fully accepted that getting messy was a part of who she was now - it would be ridiculous to try and deny it. Similarly, exhibitionism, to some extent, was a huge turn-on for her. But actively seeking out both things, and with a woman she hardly knew, was an entirely different matter.  
  
'First, I suppose we have to figure out who goes first,' Lucy continued. 'Then they can decide where.'  
  
'What do you suggest?'  
  
'Flip a coin?' she replied, rifling through her handbag and pulling out a fifty-pence piece. 'Heads or tails?'  
  
'Tails never fails.'  
  
Lucy flipped it, caught it, and held it on the back of her left hand with her right hand covering it. She looked at Sam, milking the tension for a moment, then theatrically pulled her hand to the side.  
  
'Heads,' she beamed.  
  
Sam shrugged, trying to look nonchalant, but beneath the unconvincing veneer she was oddly relieved. As much as her tastes might match with Lucy's on the surface, and as excited as their earlier conversations over Facebook had made her, Sam still didn't know this woman all that well. Yes, she was nervous about what Lucy might make her do, but she also didn't want to have to go first and risk misjudging the situation. She would be embarrassed if her first dare for Lucy was too tame, but she would probably feel even worse if she went overboard and scared her off. This way, she would be the first to be embarrassed but at least she would have something to gauge her own dares against.  
  
'Alright,' Sam said with a hint of pretend bravery, puffing her chest out and breathing in deeply. 'Do what you have to.'  
  
'Oh, I'll go easy for now. Undo the top three buttons of that blouse. You can't fasten them again till we leave.'  
  
Sam hadn't been sure what to expect but now considered herself somewhat fortunate. She thought Lucy might have come with some mess in hand and gone off the deep end right away. The thought of strangers looking at her ample cleavage was exciting and nerve-wracking in equal measure, but at least the logistics were simple enough. Besides, it wasn't too far removed from something she might have done anyway. Without a word, she popped all three and as a show of bravado, pulled the two sides of her blouse apart to make sure her pretty, black bra was plainly visible.  
  
'Will that do?' she asked.  
  
'Perfect,' Lucy smiled. 'You turn, then.'  
  
Sam looked around for inspiration. The shopping centre was full of opportunities for silly fun. It wasn't so busy that they would cause a major scene - this being a Thursday afternoon - but it was busy enough that their exploits wouldn't go unnoticed. She would have to bear that in mind and use it, but in the right amounts.  
  
'Follow me,' Sam said, taking Lucy by the arm and pulling her into Primark.  
  
'What are we doing in here?'  
  
Sam said nothing for a moment, dragging her friend into the lingerie section. At last said 'find the trashiest, tackiest thong you can, then go ask the cutest staff member you can see - male or female - if you can try it on.'  
  
'You can't try knickers on, Sam. Yuck, imagine.'  
  
'I know that,' she replied. 'I haven't finished. Tell them you'll just have to take them anyway, then, because yours are wet with excitement.'  
  
Lucy pretended to look shocked before she answered: 'if you carry on like this, that won't be a very tall tale for much longer.'  
  
With that, she turned to the shelves of underwear. The sets on hangars were a bit pricy for the sake of a one-time dare so she turned instead to the £1 section. Sam had told her to go tacky, and there were plenty here to match that description. After a few minutes she settled on a stretchy, leopard-print number with frilly trim. Tacky was too generous a word for it.  
  
She held it up for Sam, who gave her a nod, then went off in search of an attractive assistant.  
  
Sam followed at a distance. She trusted Lucy to do it, but she wanted to hear the exchange for herself. After all, what was the point in giving each other dares if you didn't get to enjoy the other person's humiliation?  
  
The poor guy Lucy picked on looked like a deer in her headlights. He looked about half Sam's age, though that only made him five or so years younger than Lucy, she guessed. She heard Lucy ask for the changing rooms, and even that was enough to have him clearing his throat awkwardly as he tried to keep thoughts of Lucy undressing from his mind. Lucy pretended not to notice but Sam knew exactly what effect her friend was having on him.  
  
'Oh,' Sam heard her say. 'Then I guess I'll have to go buy them anyway and hope for the best. This one is starting to rub against, well, y'know, and it's making it wet and uncomfortable.'  
  
The guy's face turned bright red as he watched Lucy waltz away. Sam smiled at her friend, who, finally letting the act drop, was now in hysterics. Sam looked right past her, though, and watched the shop assistant's eyes following Lucy's ass. He was still red as a tomato, but he somehow managed to go even redder when he noticed Sam watching him. He turned away and, moving rather awkwardly, shuffled off to another part of the shop.  
  
'His face,' Lucy chuckled. 'That was hilarious.'  
  
'Poor guy,' Sam agreed. 'I almost feel bad.'  
  
'Almost. Hang on,' Lucy said as they headed for the door. 'Your next dare starts from the door and goes until we reach the food court.'  
  
'That's practically the other end of the building,' Sam protested.  
  
'Don't worry, it's nothing terrible. We're still in the foreplay stage.'  
  
'You're such a tease. Fine. Go on then.'  
  
'I want you to pull that skirt up over your hips till we get there.'  
  
'What?!' Sam gasped. 'But—'  
  
'Plenty of butt, yes,' Lucy giggled dirtily. 'You're not chickening out already, are you?'  
  
'No, I just - it's a bit of a leap from flirting to showing everyone my knickers, let alone my arse.'  
  
'Well, it's big, I'll grant you, but it's nothing to be ashamed of. Guys like that kinda thing.'  
  
Sam was stunned again. The cheeky grin on Lucy's face told her she meant it in good spirit, but Sam was already self-conscious about her rather large, albeit shapely behind. Still, the thought of showing it off did have her heart pulsing a beat or two quicker than usual. On top of that, she was not ready to give Lucy the satisfaction of winning already. Losing so easily would be more embarrassing than flashing a bit of flesh, no matter how much she might hate the way it jiggled when she walked.  
  
'Fine. I've got nothing to hide,' she lied.  
  
With that, she grabbed the hem of her skirt at either side and flipped it upwards, then folded it so it was almost like a poorly positioned belt around her tummy. That didn't matter, though, she knew people would be looking below that at her stockings, her bare thighs, and her plain black thong. Anyone behind her would see her plump cheeks with the same black thong wedged between them.  
  
Outfit properly adjusted, she turned her nose up to try and counteract her embarrassment with haughtiness. She began powerwalking towards McDonald's and Pizza Hut, her fleshy cheeks jiggling with each step - a fact of which she was more acutely aware than ever before. She knew people were staring, but Sam looked straight ahead at all times, doing her best to ignore other shoppers. The whistles of several men were impossible to ignore, however, as was Lucy's voice telling her to slow down.  
  
'No rush,' Lucy chuckled. 'I'm not all that hungry.'  
  
Sam groaned internally but didn't want to see like a bad sport. She slowed down, knowing full well that this new pace would give the world far more time to gawk at her shapely thighs, ass, and the thong snugly nestled between them both. The thong which, she noticed to her great embarrassment, was becoming quite damp at the thought of all those eyes on her exposed skin. Still, at least the slower pace meant less unwanted movement. Her enjoyment was just starting to override her embarrassment when a woman brought her crashing back down to earth by spitting the word 'slut' at her. Sam had no idea how to react, so she kept walking, her face burning bright red with shame the whole time. She noticed Lucy trying not to laugh, which didn't help her own mood one bit.  
  
It took what felt like an age before they reached their destination. Sam had never been so happy to reach a McDonald's in her life. There, Sam slipped into the first booth and sat, readjusting her skirt under the table.  
  
'I can't believe I just did that,' she said as Lucy joined her, having made a point of walking a few steps behind her the whole time. 'That stuck up bitch. And thanks for standing up for me, by the way.'  
  
'I enjoyed it,' the blonde replied, still grinning. 'And I get the impression you did, too. That or you're just out of breath because you tried walking too fast.'  
  
'Shut up,' Sam replied playfully. 'It's your turn now, no more Mrs Nice Sameena.'  
  
'Ooh, I'm shaking.'  
  
'You quite likely will be in a minute.'  
  
'Not likely at all.'  
  
'We'll see.'