**Shopping Experience**

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It was a beautiful Monday afternoon as I sat naked in my lounge chair by the window. I had a book in my hand and was engrossed in the pages. I know what you're thinking, and no, I didn't care if others passing by my window saw me. Anyway, Mom who knew about my love of being naked, called me to her at one point. Setting down the book, I padded into the kitchen where she was busy making herself lunch. Once she saw me, she turned to face me and grinned.

"Kiddo, you may like being nude here, but I noticed that when you do wear clothes, your bras and panties look a bit tight. Why don't we go shopping today?"

"Ok. Sounds like fun. Do you think maybe I can shop on my own now? I mean, I'm a grown woman now, so I don't need protecting anymore."

"Sure. Just let me get ready then we can go out."

I went out back to my lounge, but not before smiling at a boy passing by my window. Needless to say, he blushed red and hurried on after seeing all of me. Settling down again, I resumed my book for a while until mom was ready. It didn't take long.

"Alright hon, let's go shopping. I've picked out something for you to wear at least in public. Honestly, with your nudist streak, I bet you go naked anywhere. That would get you arrested."

"Aw mom, it's not that bad. It feels like freedom, really."

We said no more as I put on a T-shirt and denim shorts. I didn't bother with underwear because it always felt so restrictive now. Finished, I followed her out to the car and got in.

The Mall

When we got inside, we made a beeline for the clothes and fashion areas. Many of them had names I couldn't be bothered to understand, but some looked ok. It was here that we decided to shop separately.

"We'll meet in the food court, so take your time hon. I'll be over at one of the other stores finding a big surprise for you." mom said.

"Alright. I'll make sure I'll get things that don't shrink against me too fast. So I might be longer than usual."

We parted ways and entered different stores. As I entered one, I felt nervous, and somewhat excited too. I mean, I had nothing but single layer clothes on here in public, so it was kind of thrilling. I spotted the store manager behind the desk and asked her where the dressing rooms were. She politely led me to three stalls, each with a curtain cover drawn over the areas. Thanking her, I went over to the racks and took my time. After selecting a few dresses that looked good to me, I walked over to the dressing rooms and tugged back the curtain of one. Stepping in, I closed it and proceeded to change. All three dresses were too tight, so I took them off and redressed in my T-shirt and shorts, then replaced the clothes.

Turning to the manager again, I asked if she had sizes a little bigger, and she showed me certain racks that had dresses that looked my size. After leaving me to decide again, I picked out five dresses this time and headed into the changing room. I had closed the curtain, but only half way, and if people tried, they could see me. Funny thing was, the mirror which reflected my appearance, was in perfect view of the counter desk where the manager stood.

When I stripped down and tried on these five dresses, I caught her looking up from whatever she was doing and watching me in the mirror. I was naked at this point, going to try on the last dress. I did, but that didn't stop her from looking. Finding this dress a perfect fit and style, I took it off again and proceeded to redress in my t-shirt and shorts. Stopping part way, I thought 'ah hell with it' and took them off. Naked, I exited the changing rooms and walked up to the counter. The manager seemed a little shocked, but she didn't say anything. Instead, she rang up my dress and handed it to me. By this time, other shoppers were in the store, and most of them blushed at seeing a naked girl in a public store.

I left with my original clothes on and a grin on my face. It felt good to do what I did.

Second Store: The Incident

On my way toward the food court, I stopped and stared at another store that caught my eye. Figuring I might as well, because mom is probably busy herself. I entered and got a warm welcome from the manager and helpers as well. Smiling myself, I thanked them and looked around till I spotted the changing rooms. These had curtains as well, and the fun part was, they faced the stores entire interior.

Biding my time in looking over the clothes, I saw out of the corner of my eye the helpers whispering to each other and glancing at me. I knew what they were talking about, as my t-shirt was a bit baggy and they would have a perfect view of my breasts. Ignoring them though smiling , I picked out a few clothes.

One in particular interested me as the sides were endorsed with zippers that fastened over the hips. It looked fun to try on so I took it. Walking to the changing rooms, I considered something, then decided to go for it. Opening the curtain, I didn't close it again as I stripped naked and held an outfit to my side as if thinking if it would fit or not. This drew the attention of the girls behind me as I could plainly see in the mirror that they were grinning and looking right at me while whispering amongst themselves. Trying on the dress finally, I found it too tight and took it off almost immediately. This left me naked to their sight again. I went through the other clothes with similar effect until, standing naked, I gazed down at the zipper number.

I wanted to see how they would react to this one so I took my time in putting it on. This gave me an idea as I saw where one zipper would go, right over my pussy. Smiling as there were a few pubic hairs above it since I had shaved last, I stepped into the dress and proceeded to zip up. It didn't take long before I put my idea in play.

Pretending to catch a hair in the frontal zipper, I cried out a bit and got the attention of one of the girls. She asked if I was ok and I said no, the zipper was caught. Walking over to me and seeing my breasts on full display and the dress only zipped up to my mound, she smiled and asked if I would like help. I told her yes I would and she knelt down in front of me to examine the zippers.

She said she didn't find anything wrong with the sides, so the problem must be in front or back. There was no zipper in back, so that left the front. She apologized to me if it hurt and tugged the front of the zipper outward a little ways. I made a fake stiffen and grimance to show that it did indeed hurt a bit. Apologizing again, she said she would need to check inside. I said fine and she carefully slid her fingers into the dress. I thought maybe she really was checking for the painful catch before a felt it. Her hand had slid in farther than it needed to and her middle finger rested between my pussy lips. She then curled the finger and slid it into me as she proceeded to finger fuck me right there in the middle of the store.

She said she couldn't find the catch with her hand alone, so she asked me to try and take the dress farther off. That way, she would be able to see what the problem was better. I said ok and grasped the sides of the dress to tug downward. As I did, another of her fingers entered me and she was staring intently at my now naked pussy. Her mouth opened a bit and she leaned in close, saying she was checking more thoroughly.

I asked her if she had found it yet as I had gotten wet and felt that an orgasm was building. She said not yet as her fingers moved in and out of me at a slightly quicker pace. The other girls were watching intently, so I knew they knew what was happening. The helper girl finger fucking me had leaned in close enough to close her mouth over my clit and she did, giving it a slight suckle before kissing it.

That did it. I shuddered slightly and moaned as my orgasm broke over me and I covered her hand in juices. She smiled then and said I was free from the snag finally, standing up. She hadn't taken her fingers out of me and started to walk to the desk. What could I do but follow naked with her hands between my legs?

Smiling at the other girls, I stood by the desk as the current helper kept her fingers inside me while the other and the manager rang up my dresses. After the purchase was complete, she finally slid them out of me and licked her fingers clean, giving me a wink. I asked them if they could go get my clothes, and one headed off, only to return with my t-shirt and shorts. She dressed me herself and went it came to my shorts, I felt her finger invade my pussy briefly before she fastened them. Thanking them, I left to their chorus of I was welcome back anytime.

I met mom in the food court later and we both had lunch.

"So..." she said. "Did you have fun shopping?"

"Yeah. A whole lot of fun mom. I love doing it myself."

I crossed my legs, still tingling in my pussy from the day's events. I never did tell mom what had happened and I never will. It's my secret forever.