Sibling Rivalry: The New Outfit

 Thu Jun 15, 2006 18:28

 82.46.53.69

 Amy, Charlie and Steph had enjoyed their humiliation of Tasha. The poor girl

 was devastated at having been stripped to her polka-dot knickers in the park.

 Alliteration aside, this was no laughing matter. Tasha had been utterly

 embarrassed, and Jess was extremely angry at her sister from the orchestration

 of this attack.

 The three girls were enjoying a shopping trip. They had spent hours buying new

 outfits and spending large amounts of money that they had earned from their

 summer job. It was a sunny, yet breezy afternoon and the mall was full of

 people; especially elder teens similar to them, all browsing the same shops

 and almost buying the same outfits-unless they had seen someone else buy it

 first.

 The girls continued to shop, although whilst Steph and Amy wanted to go and

 get something to eat, Charlie had spotted an skirt she just had to own. It was

 an extremely short, white cotton skirt with red flowers on it. Sitting in the

 window, it just called to her!

 “Oh my God, I so have to own that skirt!” she smiled.

 “Get it on the way back, I’m starving,” pleaded Steph.

 “No, it, like, may be gone by then,” protested Charlie.

 “Whatever. You go buy it, we’ll meet you in the café in ten minutes.” said

 Amy, obviously as hungry as Steph.

 With that, Charlie strutted into the store, past the window with the skirt,

 and headed for the rack where she could see only one remaining skirt. Whilst

 it was a size too small for her, it would just have to suffice. Besides, she

 was slim already, one size smaller wouldn’t harm her.

 Charlie was a knockout. She was blonde, blue-eyed, very petite, albeit with a

 bosom the other girls would kill for. She was slim and fit as a result of her

 being the captain of the hockey team. She wasn’t particularly obnoxious like

 Amy or Steph, but she was malleable, and easily led by the two other, bigger

 girls. Truth-be-told, she didn’t particularly agree with a lot of Amy and

 Steph’s behaviour, but she’d rather have them as friends than enemies.

 As she turned, heading for the fitting rooms, her eyes beheld a lacy, red

 thong, which she also felt inclined to buy as a result of her materialistic

 nature. She quickly picked it up, and headed for the fitting rooms. She turned

 the corner in the women’s section, and found all of the cubicles empty, nor an

 assistant of any kind. She drew the curtain anyway, as she was not the

 exhibitionist Amy and Steph tried to be, or succeeded to be through no real

 fault of their own. She had not witnessed their ordeal at the party, but

 wished she had, as it appeared funny to her, although she had never admitted

 this.

 She dropped her blue jeans to the floor and stepped out of them. Remembering

 that she was going to try on some new underwear as well, she stepped out of

 her sky blue knickers, and groaned when she caught a glimpse of herself in the

 mirror, as she reminded herself that she had not shaved in a while, and had

 grown rather fluffy down there. She pulled the new, lacy, red thong up over

 her tanned legs, and immediately found that it did not fit at all, as she had

 gotten the wrong size in her haste. It was far too big for her slender, but

 curvaceous hips and simply fell to the ground and she stepped out of it. She

 heard a noise, sounding like a giggle.

 “Anyone there?” she asked nervously.

 There was no answer, and she assumed it was someone in the main area of the

 shop. She bent down to pick up her own underwear, when suddenly a hand reached

 under the curtain before hers, and snatched away both pairs of knickers, and

 her jeans!

 “Who the ...? Who’s there? Give me back my clothes…” she snapped angrily,

 “…please,” she finished, suddenly realising her predicament.

 There was no answer, and she heard someone running away.

 She stood there in shock, bottomless, having had most of her clothes stolen.

 She cursed and panicked to herself, when realising she still had the skirt she

 was to try on. She could simply explain to the cashier that she had lost her

 clothes and needed to wear it out of the store. It was a short skirt, and she

 would have been worried about showing her knickers on such a windy day. But

 not today, for she had none on now!

 She pulled the skirt on, when to her dismay, she realised that it was smaller

 than estimated. A lot smaller! She panicked even more, and grew flustered,

 pulling and pulling and struggling until eventually after many, many seconds

 of terror, it pulled up over her hips. Then she looked in the mirror. Not only

 was it excruciatingly tight, but it was dangerously short. It barely covered

 anything. It was belt-like, and only came down to just below her intimate

 areas! She didn’t even check how high it came to on her rear, but had she done

 so she would have been frightened to see that it hung a millimetre low enough

 to cover her bum. It was supposed to have been a summery, loose skirt, but

 instead it clung to her figure, and even dug into her skin. She blushed, and

 left the concealment of the changing room.

 As she walked into the store, she tried to avoid the gaze of the other

 customers, as they stared at the girl in the daring skirt. She just hung her

 head low and hurried to the checkout, where she was greeted by a girl around

 the same age as her, shocked to see Charlie’s skirt.

 “Excuse me,” Charlie sheepishly initiated the conversation. “I kinda lost my

 clothes, so I need to buy this now and wear it out of the store.”

 “Okay, not a problem.” replied the salesgirl, disguising a laugh. “Let me just

 take the security tag off.”

 She reached around and pulled the tag from the back of the skirt to remove it.

 The skirt could barely take such strain. Handing over all her remaining money,

 which just covered the cost, Charlie left the store in a hurry.

 As she rushed, she could hear and feel the skirt starting to disapprove of her

 movement. She took smaller steps as she walked through the crowd of shoppers.

 “Woah, check out that skirt!” shouted one guy.

 “I swear I just saw her ass! She’s going commando!” his friend responded.

 Charlie heard this and hurried along, her skirt grew tighter and tighter and

 tighter until it started to rip. Charlie’s heart jumped in her bouncing bosom

 as she felt it start to fall apart at the back, she broke into a run and

 people started to stare. Her eyes widened and she bit her lip as the

 inevitable happened, and the skirt ripped all the way up the back.

 There was a lot of laughter and sounds of people gasping and whistling as her

 naked bottom emerged from her tattered skirt. It was the most excellent

 backside ever, and many of its new admirers noticed this. It was tight and

 tanned, and bare as a baby. Charlie just continued to bite her lip in shock,

 clutching the skirt to her hips, unable to cover her revealed rump. She wanted

 to cover it, to put it away somehow, but needed to clutch her skirt to avoid

 revealing her bush. She could feel her toned, smooth ass burning as every eye

 just stared at it. Luckily she had trainers on, for as stupid as she looked

 with her bottom on display and wearing nothing below the waist but shoes, they

 enabled her to at least jog, as she hurried to meet her friends. In her hurry,

 she bumped into someone heading in the opposite direction, who seemed to

 collide with her on purpose.

 “Hey!” she cried, turning around to see them.

 She could not determine who it was, but was met with a great cheer. Her skirt

 had gone, and her reaction had caused her to reach out to grab the person who

 bumped into her. Her fluffy bush was on show to the whole mall! It took her

 several seconds to realise, before she screamed and covered her light-brown

 pubic area. She howled as she witnessed a crowd before her, laughing and

 pointing at her crotch, obviously amused by its cute, furry state. She turned

 and ran, her golden backside on show to everyone, and her unable to do

 anything except use both hands to hide her embarrassingly hairy pussy.

 She didn’t even look where she was going anymore, and by chance she ran

 headlong into a security guard, who had seen the commotion and immediately

 covered her in a blanket, boos ringing out as her glorious rear-end was hidden

 away. As she sobbed into the blanket, Amy and Steph appeared to comfort her.

 They called her mother and she was driven home, crying all the way as she

 relived every second of her famous moment, knowing her most private parts had

 been seen by hundreds of people.

 Tasha had most definitely been avenged.