**Her Shirt**

**by [nadia4fun](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1180597&page=submissions)©**

My name is Nadia. I like the looks of guys when their brain is taken over by hormones and they have this paralyzed longing stare. I also get a kick out of the reaction of women when the see another women attracting too much attention from men, the disapproval and the secret envy of the attention.  
  
I am a shy and reserved person by nature. Also, being in a relationship, I did not try to get the attention of other men, and my boyfriend didn't really like me dressing in a revealing way. Therefore, I was mainly an observer witnessing the reactions to outfits worn by others, while secretly imagining to be the person that creates these reactions. Another element in my fantasies was always doing something a little risqué or naughty, something a little inappropriate and being afraid of getting caught or ending up regretting it.  
  
Finally, one Saturday, I put on simple flat cotton sneakers, a light t-shirt dress (coming down to a couple of inches above my knee), and nothing else. I looked at myself in a mirror. I am 5'7, slim, with small breasts - they are firm but a little too pointy. I am a runner and have well toned legs. The dress is light brown / beige, not loose but also not really tight. You are able to see the shape of my bum when I walk. You can also guess that I am not wearing a bra and see a little bit of the outline of the shape of my breasts and nipples - but only barely.   
  
It was probably a little too cool to wear just the dress. I was very nervous. I shivered a little as I walked to my car. The dress seemed so light. I got in my car and drove to a Starbucks in a different part of town. At first I had goose pumps on my bare legs and arms. I turned on the heat. I almost turned around when I got to the parking lot and saw a few people getting in and out of their cars. I parked close to the entrance.   
  
I hesitated a minute. I looked at my legs - the dress is not really short. I still felt kind of naked - I thought nobody will notice unless they pay close attention. So I got out. I felt the cool air - it would be quite obvious in a second that I am braless - the dress felt like nothing.   
  
I walked in. Nobody in line. There were a few people sitting and one woman waiting for her drink. The girl behind the counter looks at me. She might have said something. Does she look at my chest? Do the people at the table behind me look at the back of my dress and my legs? I got coffee, nothing that takes any preparation time. I paid. She definitely looked at my chest. Not sure what to make of her facial expression - Disapproval? Surprise? Pity? - She got the coffee. I grabbed it. Two men in their late thirties walked in. They looked at me, form top to bottom. I smiled nervously and walked past them. They followed me with their eyes. I walked out and got in my car. I was able to feel my heart beating heavily. Nothing really happened. Still I got a huge high from this. My outfit was not that outrageous but it felt very intense to me.  
  
After I got home I was still very excited. I had plans to go out with friends that night.   
  
I decided to wear the jeans and the knit, short sleeved, gray sweater I had in mind all along, but without any underwear. Nobody would notice.   
  
We went to a couple of bars. The second one was quite hot and crowded. I was really hot in my sweater, but I was wearing nothing under it so I couldn't take it off. I fanned myself, lifting up my sweater up to expose my stomach a few times. I was sweating. The whole time I was still feeling high from my experience at Starbucks.   
  
My friend Amy wore a simple open back shirt, basically a thick t-shirt with a triangle shaped cutout halfway down the back. It was white with a black pattern. It sometimes slid off one shoulder and she had to readjust it. Under it she wore a black strapless bra. Most of the time the bra was hidden. One could see glimpses of the back of the bra when the shirt slid down a little. Her occasionally bare shoulders and the naked skin on her back got her a few looks. Amy is very sweet and lively. She is about my height, but a little heavier and has BIG breasts.   
  
Her boyfriend had to get up early and they were leaving. She came to say bye. I was fanning myself with the bottom of my sweater. We commented on how hot it was. I said: "I wish I had worn something lighter. " - She offered: "If you want we can trade shirts?" - I agreed – I didn't think – I just said Yes. A split second later I could felt the excitement rising inside my stomach. Her outfit was sexy but I'd wear it without a bra. Very sexy – even though the front part of her bra had never been visible and the shirt was quite heavy.   
  
We went to the bathroom. There were a few others. One stall at the end was open. I was nervous and walked straight inside and closed the door – completely ignoring Amy. She followed me and I heard her say "Hello" through the closed door. I let her inside. I was hesitant to take off my sweater. She took off her top. Standing there in her bra she handed it too me. I slid it over my sweater not using the armholes. Then I slid my arms out of my sweater and pulled it out under the top over my head – all the time facing away from her. I handed the sweater to her – while holding up the top with my other hand. Then I slid through the armholes, still facing away from her. She asked whether I'll be ok or if we should switch back – I said: "No, I am too hot, feels much better this way" – She asked "Sure? – I have to go Brian is waiting" – I said: "Sure – feels much better" – I adjusted the top and turned to her – my front was completely covered. She had a concerned expression: "You are not wearing anything under it? It sits quite loose on you." Her phone rang. I hesitated. She said "I have to go – Brian got the car." She seemed not sure what to do. The phone rang again. She pulled my sweater over her head – it fit quite tight – looked at me one more time - and left quickly. I followed her slowly. Her concern made me feel even more vulnerable. I briefly looked in the mirror. I thought I looked good but the top was much looser than on her.  
  
I walked out of the bathroom – I could feel the air on my back. I walked carefully and the top stayed in place. After a few more steps it slid off my left shoulder – I pulled it back up right away. I had to pull the top up a couple more times before I was back with my three remaining friends. Adam asked if I changed shirts with Amy. Otherwise they did not pay much attention. It was dark and crowded. I stood there for a while with my back to the wall not moving much.   
  
Adam asked if I'd like another drink and I requested a Vodka Soda. He left to get it and returned with a guy named John. My two other friends said that they'd be downstairs but leave soon. I stayed put, sipping on my drink and talking to Adam and John. Moving my glass to my mouth with my right arm caused the shirt to slip a tiny little bit of my right shoulder. At first I adjusted it right away; I saw that Adam and John noticed this. After a while I let it slide down a little before adjusting it – the guys definitely paid attention to that. Slowly, I let it slide down a little more before pulling it up again. I tried to do this a casual as possible – pretending to not pay attention at all – I never looked down. I cold tell that they both looked and tried to look at my eyes at the same time.   
  
I took a sip – my drink was half empty – I lowered my glass and felt the shirt sliding down my right shoulder as I lowered my arm. I did not adjust it. I had another sip – barely drinking. I could feel the edge of the shirt on the outside of my right arm – right below my shoulder – I pretended that I didn't notice. I could feel it sliding tiny amounts even while standing almost still. They guys talked very fast – working to look at my face or at each other. I waited a while before I took another sip. I lowered my arm. Suddenly I saw the face of John change - now he stared. I looked down. My shirt had slid down and exposed my right nipple. I pulled it up immediately. I was honestly really embarrassed. I explained that I traded shirts and that this one was too big for me. I don't remember what they said. I saw a girl in the group next to us looking at me disapprovingly – her look was full of contempt.  
  
I suggested to go downstairs and look for the others. I went first, the two guys behind me. As I made my way through the crowd I had to adjust my shirt with my free left arm. I could never get it quite into place with one arm while moving through the crowd and down the stairs. I ended up walking while permanently holding it up in the middle with my left arm. The shirt had now slid down over both shoulders. My back was completely bare. I saw people turning to look at me.   
  
I didn't see the others. They probably had left already. It was crowded. I had the impression that a stranger was trying to head towards me and tried to avoid him. I changed direction and bumped into another guy. I had to steady myself with my left arm and let my shirt slide down. I immediately bend forward and squatted down to set my glass on the floor and readjust. Still for a couple of seconds my shirt had fallen down exposing both of my breasts fully. Several people had seen it and were looking in my direction or telling someone else about my accident. I started to sweat out of embarrassment but at the same time I was extremely aroused.   
  
I moved towards the wall. John and Adam caught up with me. I am not sure if they saw what happened. They didn't say anything. I was still shaking. John proposed another drink. I declined. I felt that this was enough for one day.   
  
They walked me to may car. Having both hands free I kept my shirt in place. I avoided giving them a hug. They stayed to watch me get into my car – and saw the shirt slide down over my right shoulder and arm, exposing my right breast. I was embarrassed and looked at them for only a split second. Still their facial expressions are among of the most erotic images I can call into my head. I had turned these two intelligent guys into hormone guided zombies, unable to even move.  
  
This was one of the most intense days of my life. Thinking of the looks of the guys when I got into my car and when my shirt slid down the first time still makes my stomach feel numb. I also frequently recall Amy's concerned look in the bathroom or the disapproval of the unknown girl after my shirt slipped over my nipple.  
  
I think the great thing was that everything just happened to me. It did not feel staged. I know that these moments are hard to recreate, but if you have some ideas to orchestrate a similar experience let me know.