Bad Girl

By Morpheus

Spells R Us: Bad Girl

Carrol Lane was looking forward to the costume party this weekend, and even had her costume already set up. All she needed though was some accessories, so had come to the mall to see if she could find something to add to her costume. Preferably some cheap costume jewelry.

Noticing a store called Spells R Us, Carrol went in to check it out.

An old man greeted her at the door, “Hello Carrol”

Startled that this old man knew her name she started to ask how but he interrupted again.

“Its on your button, so I assume that’s your name’, and she was embarrassed to notice that she was wearing her button on her jacket with Carrol plainly visible on it. Funny, she didn’t remember putting that button on.

“Well, Carrol, what can I do for you?”

“Um,.. I’m looking for some costume jewelry or something for a costume party”

The Old Man started digging around behind the counter and pulled up a cardboard box, setting it on the counter. “Here’s most of my costume jewelry. I’ve got a bit more in back with the costumes if you’d like to look at those too”.

Carrol started looking through the box and found a large copper colored bracelet that she liked, and turned down the offer to look at the other pieces.

“Are you sure I can’t get anything else for you?”, the Old Man said as he was running up the purchase on the register. “It’ll be fourteen dollars please”.

Carrol gladly paid the the money, thankful it wasn’t much more.

Getting home, Carrol set her purchase down on her bed, and wondered when her roommate would get back. She’d lived in the campus dorms, and hadn’t even bothered trying out for a sorority. She’d always been the typical “good girl”, the type to never drink or smoke, and even at the age of 19 she was still a virgin. She studied hard and got good grades, and was considered boring by the sororities, and most of the guys.

Her room mate Karen kept trying to get her to dress up more, saying that she could probably look real nice if she wanted to, but Carrol thought that was a waste of time. Karen had often tried getting her to loosen up a bit, and had finally talked her into agreeing to go to the party, even though she was shy around people and usually avoided partys. That’s why Carrol found the costume she and Karen made up for her so perfect, and ironic.

Getting ready for the costume party Friday night, Carrol pulled out her costume and started to get dressed. She was about to back out, but Karen made her go through with it. Karen had been dressing up as a Cowgirl, while Carrol was going as a bad girl.

She put on a pair of very high heel shoes, which she usually wouldn’t consider touching. Karen had her put on a fairly short black skirt, and some long pantyhose. She put on a slightly large and low cut shirt and stuffed padding in the stomach to make her look 7 months pregnant, and more padding in her chest to make her breasts look larger. Karen took great joy in putting long false manicured fingernails on Carrol, and putting too much makeup on her. Carrol wore long dangling ear rings and had Karen style her hair just right, then put on more jewelry. A necklace she borrowed from Karen and a couple of rings from Janet down the hall. She put the bracelet she’d bought on her left wrist, seeing it threaten to almost slide off her hand.

When she was done, Karen grabbed an empty bottle of tequila and filled it half way with apple juice, and held a fake plastic cigarette she’d gotten in a novelty store that looked like it was lit between her fingers, posing in front of the mirror. She thought her breasts were a little too open, but Karen had insisted she show them off a little. She could barely tell that they were padded.

“Great knocked up slut costume” Karen commented with appreciation to Carrol.

Carrol was somewhat embarrassed to look like that, but she tried getting into the act, saying “So, whatcha wanna do?”, to Karen in her best tramp accent, and both of them started laughing.

The trip to the party was embarrassing for Carrol who didn’t know what to do from the attention and wolf calls she kept getting from the boys they passed. She’d practiced in the high heels during the week so didn’t have problems with that, but still kept wanting to cover up her breasts and legs more, feeling like she was half naked.

Karen was obviously having a blast and was encouraging the wolf calls, which made Carrol feel more embarrassed.

Once they got to the party, Karen left Carrol on her own while she went off to flirt with some guys on the football team. Feeling pretty embarrassed and awkward, Carrol tried to have fun, and felt herself loosening up after an hour. She kept having to turn away boys who were trying to pick up on her, and tried to ignore the looks from some of the other girls.

She was beginning to get a little bored, and looked started looking for Karen. It was almost midnight and Carrol wanted to get home. It wasn’t good to be out so late, or safe.

When the clock hit midnight, Carrol felt a tingling in her wrist, and briefly noticed a faint glow from the bracelet for a second. She felt another tingling in her body, especially in her chest and stomach, staggered for a second then got her bearings. Shrugging it off, Carrol took a deep drag from her cigarette and blew the smoke overhead, then took a gulp of tequila from her bottle, feeling it burn down her throat. She ignored the baby’s kick inside of her in protest of the rough treatment, and went off in search of a good man for the night. “Hey, yous”, she called in a strong accent over to a guy she saw nearby, “how bout us havin some fun”. The nights still young, she reminded herself and there’s still a lot more partying to do.

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