**Biking Adventure**

This was a biking themed adventure.  
  
Ok, I decided to try and see what I could do with this. I had  
multiple plans of what to do, I just really didn't know which plan to  
use. I was itching too much for an adventure though so I did this one  
pretty unprepared.  
  
For this adventure I wore some sweat pants, a bikini bottom, a t-shirt  
and bikini top. I wore the bikini stuff because I thought I could do  
something with it.  
  
My girlfriend joined me, but wasn't going to be doing anything this  
time. She was just there for moral support. We just got on our bikes  
and rode off.  
  
It was nice out that day, which meant there might have been too many  
cars around. After a short time I was ready to try something, so we  
stopped. I then took off my pants and shirt, and gave them to my  
girlfriend to hold. She didn't want to do that, since she didn't want  
to carry them. I asked if she could hold them just until we got to  
the park.  
  
Now, I'm not used to being in my bikini in a non-water environment.  
Heck, when I'm sitting around anywhere, in any amount of clothes, I  
can imagine that I'm naked. But, when you are in only two small  
pieces of cloth, it's a lot easier.  
  
I felt like I was in my underwear, I was embarrassed to continue. I  
hoped it wouldn't look too weird to be riding my bike in my bikini.  
I've seen others do the same thing, so I should be fine. I was still  
scared though. I felt so exposed while riding.  
  
The wind was blowing all over me, well almost all over me. We passed  
some people occasionally and a few cars. They looked, but it didn't  
seem like anyone was mad or took particular notice of it.  
  
We got to the park and we quickly hid my clothes so we wouldn't have  
to carry them around. We then rode our bikes through and out of the  
park. Once we got to the bike trail I figured it was time to go into  
one of my other plans.  
  
The path was a one- way path which loops right back into the park. If  
we went decent speed, no one would be able to catch up to us, and we  
would know before we caught up to anyone else. So we went a bit down  
the path, stopped, and off came the bikini.  
  
Now naked, I got onto the bike and we continued. I'm not a biker so I  
was getting tired by now, but my girlfriend said she knew the path and  
would warn me when we would get to the end.  
  
I was having a good time though. It was nice to be naked outside in  
the sun again, and it was great on a bike. Sitting on the bike naked  
wasn't too comfortable though, but I was able to ignore that and enjoy  
it. We never did catch up to someone.  
  
When we were near the end I got my bikini back on and we went off to  
where I left my pants. There was one last plan I had, and luckily it  
didn't really involve riding, which I was tired of already.  
  
I got the shirt on and while hidden behind the bush I got off my  
bikini bottom and got on the pants. I made sure to have worn these  
junky pants.  
I wanted to do an accidental exposure, and I figured I would get my  
pants stuck in a bike.  
  
I figured I'd have one leg of my pants get stuck in the wheel, then  
push it a bit to get it jammed in. Then I would wait and hope someone  
comes by so I could try to struggle free. So, we went back to the  
bike path, as that was the logical place to do this.  
  
I got off my bike and got the leg of my pants a bit in. I then pushed  
the bike and sure enough I got it in there. I then got half way on my  
bike, so when someone showed up, it would look like I just stopped to  
try to fix the problem. My girlfriend decided to try to not act like  
she knew me and road off to watch from afar.  
  
Shortly after my girlfriend road away from me, someone showed up, and  
I it was time for me to put on my show. Luckily, when I do these  
adventures, I do actually get myself stuck to make them realistic. It  
makes it so I can't back out.  
  
Well I started off by just pulling and tugging. This caused the back  
of my pants to pull down a bit, so I was probably showing the tip of  
my crack. I noticed someone watching. I couldn't tell for sure at  
first, but after I was able to make a few glances in that person's  
direction, I could see it looked like a 20 something woman.  
  
I then started to get off the bike, causing about another inch of  
crack to show. I held the bike with one hand and pulled with my  
other. I regretted getting it stuck, but at the same time thanked  
myself. I tried to pull with my leg too, but this only made things  
worse.  
  
Now half my butt was showing, so I stopped trying to get free and  
pulled my pants back up. I heard two voices approach and then they  
stopped. It sounded like two guys, but they may have seen the other  
woman stop and decided to watch too. I couldn't tell if they stopped  
to watch though, because I was blocking the path.  
  
I got back to struggling with the bike, and soon again my pants were  
falling down in the back. I then tried to pull my pants up by raising  
my knee, but this only caused my pants to show about 2/3 of my butt.  
  
I panicked about the show I must be giving, but I knew I had to do  
more. I couldn't just walk away from this with just a few moonings.  
I then had a plan and tried to pull away from the bike, as if in shock  
from the pants falling.  
  
Well, I still had my hand on the bike, so all I accomplished was  
sliding backward and having my pants start to slide down the leg I  
still had in the air. Well with one leg stuck to the bike, I  
naturally fell. I had hoped for this though, and I was able to land  
nice, well at least I didn't hurt myself.  
  
  
As I fell the bike toppled over and my pants were pulled down to my  
knees. I was now on the ground, with my pants down and my still  
shaven region exposed.  
  
The bike was now on top of the bottom of my legs, keeping my pants  
down, and me down with then. I squealed a bit and covered up with my  
hands. Getting up was going to be hard, as I now also had to cover  
up, and with the pants still on I still was attached to the bike.  
  
Well finally the group that was watching decided to give me some help.  
The guys themselves were just being jerks, laughing, pointing, and  
watching. The woman though had now perhaps realized the situation and  
came to help. She lifted my bike up, so I didn't have to do it, and  
so I could keep covered.  
  
My pants were now around my knees, so I turned away from the boys and  
pulled up the pants. The woman gave the boys a dirty look. They must  
have been drooling or something.  
  
She then started to fuss with the pants as I held my pants up,  
occasionally losing a bit of my grip with her pulling, but it only  
showed a bit of my crack to the boys that were still watching.  
  
She almost had it, but then my girlfriend came back. She acted as if  
she had left me there and was wondering where I had been. I explained  
that I couldn't get unstuck. My girlfriend told the woman that she  
could leave, because my girlfriend could help get me out of this  
situation.  
  
The woman took the offer and left, but the boys didn't leave. Well my  
girlfriend moved fast and quickly tugged at the pants. Since no slack  
cam from the part stuck in the bike, the rest came from my pants and  
they got pulled all the way down my butt with the force she used.  
  
I quickly reached down to get them. The thing I hate most about these  
embarrassing situations is when they keep going. Right off they are  
fun and exciting, but when they keep lasting longer, it seems to get  
worse (in the end a whole lot better though).  
  
She kept pulling though and I had to struggle to keep my pants up,  
most of the time I was giving the boys partial moons.  
  
She then asked the boys if they could give us privacy, by leaving or  
at least turning around. The boys though merely only turned around.  
I knew what she meant by that and she had already begun pulling my  
pants off.  
  
I was now getting pretty hot from all this, and wanted it to be over  
as fast as possible, so I let her. It took a little while to get the  
leg out that was in the bike, but when it was out I was then bottomless.  
  
She got to working on the bike as I tried to ignore the fact that I  
was standing there bottomless, with the two guys standing not far from  
me. At least the two of them didn't look like they were trying to  
sneak peeks.  
  
She got them unstuck now that I wasn't causing problems and took them  
in hand. She then got on her bike and shouted to me and the boys "see  
ya" and she road off. She left me there bottomless!  
  
The boys of course looked and now were seeing my bare behind. Knowing  
I had to go after her I got on my bike and started pursuing her,  
leaving the two boys behind. They got to see my naked butt as I road  
off.  
  
My girlfriend let me catch up and explained she thought it would be  
fun. The two boys I heard not too far behind, probably not wanting to  
miss a moment. I just kept going after my girlfriend as we exited the  
path and into the park. I was glad there weren't any large groups  
there, and I continued to follow my girlfriend out of the park.  
  
I figured if I kept moving no one would be able to notice I was  
bottomless fast enough. I now though wasn't following her in hopes of  
getting the pants back. I really didn't want them back. I was now  
just enjoying the ride. I was scared, but I saw no one on the side  
walk and the cars seemed to go by fast enough.  
  
We were getting close to home though so I had to ask her for them  
back. She understood and I got them on for when we would go inside.  
I'm thinking though that I'm almost starting to like riskier nude  
adventures. At least if I'm moving fast enough no one will notice in  
time.  
  
I might have to think about trying some streaking and flashing.  
Although, I still don't completely like the idea, the bottomless bike  
ride was fun, so those other riskier dares might deserve a try.  
  
Well those pants didn't stay on too long. Once I was sure I was out  
of the eyes of any neighbors, they were off again.