Shave Pants - The Lowest Low Ride Pants Ever

By Carrie

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this story.

This story actually has it roots back at Halloween when I was surfing

the Internet for costume ideas and came across this site called Wicked

Temptations at http://www.wickedtemptations.com/m1-303aj.html Oh, I

didn't by the top. Just the pants. It has some really wild stuff

that you never see in stores. Well along with a couple of other

things, there was this pair of pants that caught my eye. They were

the lowest low ride jeans I had ever seen. I was concerned about

buying them over the Internet in case they didn’t fit but well, they

were so sexy that I just couldn’t resist. I got them a couple of

weeks later and well let me tell you these are definitely the lowest

low ride jeans possible. I don’t think I could wear anything lower and

remain decent.

They had to be the sexiest pair of pants I had ever seen in my life.

They’re like a pair of legs with no top. It’s a good thing I have a

pretty slim butt because there isn’t much material to cover it with a

3 inch inseam in the front and an 8 inch inseam in back. I don’t know

if you realize it or not but that is nothing. The back is about the

width of a piece of letter paper and the front is lower than most of

my bikinis.

As soon as they came, I had to try them on. I took my cloths off and

tried them on right away. It was amazing. The sides sit right across

the middle of my hip bone and the front has this sexy V cut to them so

the front exposes you even more than if it came straight across.

Almost too much.The back is no better. The 8 inch inseam in the

back doesn’t even cover my ass completely, even with them pulled up as

far as I can get them. Even so a little bit of my butt crack is

showing no matter what, and that’s when I’m standing. If I sit half

of my butt is hanging out. They are so daring it’s unbelievable.

I walked around the house for a bit to see how well they stayed up.

They felt like they were going to slip right off my hips with every

step but somehow they stayed. It felt so sexy and daring I couldn’t

believe it. I was constantly stopping all the time, trying to tug

them up to cover my butt - even though it was impossible. About an

inch or two was showing all the time causing a draft in back that was

so exciting me terribly. The front was the part that really concerned

me though. The bottom of the V stopped just about at my pubic mound

and now I knew why they called them shave pants. Even though I was

shaved pretty close down there, close to an inch of blond hair was

showing above the waistband - that’s how close my pussy was to coming

into view.

The other thing that concerned me was the little gap between my lower

abdomen and the waistband of my pants. I had a pretty serious hip

bone gap going and that was just standing. If I shifted my weight and

sucked in my tummy you could just make out my pussy from my vantage

point. Luckily no one really had that view except me. I guess the

proper thing to do was to wear a thong under them but I had never

really been into that look for some reason. I had usually skipped the

knickers under my low ride jeans to give me a cleaner look. I did

however have to trim my bush back before I could wear them though. I

ended up shaving everything off by the time I was done.

I modeled them again for Karen and Sue and called Lisa to describe

them to her. She couldn’t wait to see them and insisted I bring them

when I came down to visit her over New Years. It was just before

Christmas then and I was really busy, so except for modeling them

around the house, I didn’t have a chance to wear them in public until

I went down to visit Lisa.

Ok on to the interesting part. Just before New Years I went down to

visit Lisa. Well you know how she really brings out the exhibitionist

in me. Well this wasn’t much different. She had wanted me to wear

them the first night I arrived but I ended up waiting till the second

night which was New Years Eve.

Once again I shaved everything silky smooth down there so nothing

would be peeking out of there. After I showered and did my hair I

tried them on for Lisa.She said that they looked so hot on me that

she was getting turned on just looking at me.I kind of gave her a

questioning look as I did my best runway model walk around her

apartment. I have to admit I was getting plenty aroused myself just in

her apartment because they felt like they were just barely hanging on

my hips. I was deliberately taking small steps to see how long I

could go without pulling them up. Lisa started saying something about

a dare but I cut her off saying that there was no way these pants were

going to last 5 minutes before falling down. Well after about 3

passes I had to tug them up.

“Nice ass.” Lisa yelled as she started laughing hysterically when I

continued tugging with nothing happening.

After she got her laughing under control she came over for a closer

look. “What’s the matter? Having trouble keeping you pants up?”

“Damn, not leaving much to the imagination down there girl. The guys

will love it.”Lisa added as she checked out the gap in the front of

my pants.

Lisa kept on making comments as she reached around me and gave the

back of my pants a tug. As she did, her blouse rubbed against my

nipples causing me to jump back a bit.

Again we broke out laughing. “Want to dance?” I asked as I grabbed

her around the waist and turned her around and all but rubbed my boobs

into her chest.

Eventually we settled down and finished getting ready. I finished my

outfit with a tight fitting white tank top. I passed on a bra

figuring if I’ve gone this far why bother. My nipples and a tiny bit

of my areolas were visible through the top and since it only came down

to my navel, there was a lot of my stomach exposed which proved a

little chilly considering it was New Years Eve and about 40 degrees

out.We grabbed coats and our purses and headed out.

I could feel the cool air rushing up underneath my jacket and down my

butt crack as I walked which only highlighted how low these pants

were. Sitting in Lisa’s car was also interesting because my butt was

exposed below my jacket and resting against the cold seat. I wiggled

around a bit and was tugging them up higher when Lisa asked me what

was wrong. Eventually I just sat there with half my bare butt on the

seat realizing there wasn’t anything I could do.

When we got to the club I carefully got out the passenger door and

pulled my pants up and the jacket down. You should have seen me. I

must have looked like I was trying to give myself a wedgie or

something. The jacket pretty much covered me so noone could see the

pants as long as I kept it on. It did nothing however to hide the

feeling inside of me that they were about to fall down at any moment.

Lisa yelled back, “Are you coming or what?” as she walked ahead of

me. You see I was walking rather slowly trying to minimize the

slippage of my pants. I’m usually a pretty fast walker since I have

pretty long legs but not tonight.

We had a longer walk than I had wanted and I need to stop once again

to pull my pants up before going in. The walk and the fact that my

pants were just barely hanging on my hips had gotten me more than a

little excited. I tugged them up one last time under my coat and took

a deep breath as Lisa and I walked in. I must have looked pretty funny

but believe me it was necessary. Just one more of my high maintenance

outfits.

Inside was dark and not that crowded for a New Years Eve. I guess it

was still early. Lisa surveyed the place and picked out a set of

stools in the corner. I pointed towards a table that was off to the

side. We ended up standing at the bar as this group of guys offered

to buy us drinks. Lisa immediately accepted and took her coat off

revealing a hot black mini skirt and tight blouse that left about 2

inches of bare belly showing. She looked pretty good and the guys

took notice which took the attention off of me since I still had my

coat on. She immediately settled in and made herself at home with the

guys.

Eventually she says, “Come on take your coat off and stay a while.”

Ok, at this point all these guys saw was a tall blond in a pair of

dark metallic blue pants with a dark wool jacket. A wave of

nervousness passed over me since now was the moment of truth. I knew

I wasn’t going to be able to keep my jacket on all night but I wasn’t

exactly ready to take it off right then with everyone watching. Lisa

wasn’t going to let me off though.

“Come on Carr. Guys you have to check out these pants she has on.”

She adds.

Well now she has all the guys staring at me waiting in anticipation

which only makes it worse. I can feel my nipples grow hard as the

guys are all checking me out now. Now the pants aren’t your normal

denim either. They’re pretty loud to start with so everyone knows

they’re different but just not how different.

Eventually after a number of other comments are made I slowly start

to unzip my jacket. About half way down I stopped and reached under

the back of the jacket and tugged my pants back up one last time

before finishing. Everyone went silent as all eyes, including Lisa’s,

focused in on my crotch. I tried to not look down but I had to be

sure I wasn’t already exposing something so I quickly glanced down

myself. I wasn’t but you certainly would have thought so by the looks

I was getting. I could feel my pussy swelling and growing moist as I

stood there.

Eventually a woman along side of me that wasn’t part of the group

broke the silence with a gasp of “Oh my god.” As she notice my pants.

Again I couldn’t help myself and looked down once again to see how

bad it was. This time I notice the gap between my belly, if it’s

still called that down that low, and the waist band of the pants. The

tiny gap ran from my hip bone to my mound on either side opening up a

tempting view that seemed to have the guys mesmerized. I quickly

shifted my weight so the gap became less noticeable. But their

attention seemed riveted on that sexy V.

Right at the base of the V there is a little zipper that crosses

right over my pussy splitting my lips. Right behind that tiny zipper

was my open sex which was starting to get wet from all the excitement.

I quite often go without any knickers under my jeans and it’s rare

that it bothers me but I definitely felt a little more sensitive down

there tonight.

It seemed like it took a couple of minutes before their eyes rose

enough to catch my nipples which were now quite noticeable poking hard

at my skin tight lycra top.

“Pretty hot, huh?.” Lisa added keeping the attention riveted on me

knowing that I must have been getting more and more aroused by the

second.

Once again, I instinctively reached down and tried to tug them up

even though I hadn’t moved from my spot.Eventually the guys broke

their silence and added their complements saying they had never seen

sexier pants before in their lives.I got a wave of courage and spun

around giving them a glimpse of my partially bare butt in the process.

“Damn, What holds them up?” one finally asked.

“Not much,” Lisa added.

Slowly the conversation returned as a number of other people seemed to

move in even closer. I was really turned on now and it showed. It was

barely 10:00 and my nipples were like little marbles outlined

perfectly by the tight material.

The club was starting to fill up and I had conversations coming from

both sides as people clamored around. One guy in particular was

getting really close trying to wrap his arm around me. I had to take

his hand off my hip several times as he was trying to grab a feel. He

was pretty full of himself so I tried to separate myself from him and

rejoin the original guys that had bought us our first drinks. He

wouldn’t take the hint and asked me to dance. I told him frankly that

he was being a jerk and I wasn’t going to dance with him. He didn’t

take it well but eventually left me alone.

I was finally starting to relax a bit after the guys bought us

another round of drinks and the conversation moved beyond my pants and

how they were staying up. I still caught them stealing a glance down

whenever they thought I wasn’t looking. The guys were actually pretty

nice and we had a long pleasant conversation as we all told our little

stories. Of course Lisa brought up some of my dares which I had to

explain and all. Hearing myself describe some of them was

embarrassing me and at the same time getting me turned on all over

again, especially whenever the guys would look on like, ‘I can’t

believe she did that’. This seemed to go on forever until I had to go

to the bathroom.

Lisa joined me and we snaked our way through the club to the ladies

room. Oh man you should have seen some of the looks and comments as I

walk through the crowded club.All the attention, not to mention

that my pants were hanging on by barely a thread, was really having

its effect. I tugged them up a couple of times in just the course of

the walk. At one point a guy put his arm around me and ran his hand

down my back and butt while he tried to sweet talk me. I quickly took

it off and pushed myself through the crowd and ahead of Lisa.

There were several young girls inside the ladies room when I arrived

and all gave me a thorough look. One just shook her head and left in

a huff but the other two were pretty nice and asked me how in the

world they stayed up. I was in a bit of a hurry so I didn’t take time

to explain as I ducked in the first available stall.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down and carefully, very

carefully pulled the tiny zipper down its 3 inches. About half way

down my thumb passed over my clit and I left out a moan just as it

popped free. I was wet, really wet and turned on like no tomorrow. I

finished peeing and freshened up as best I could, resisting the

temptation to get off right there in the bathroom stall. I needed

something wet like a paper towel but that meant doing the same thing

at the sink with everyone else looking on. I wasn’t sure I could do

that but knew I had to do something.

I pulled my zipper up very, very carefully and pulled the pants up as

far as I could in the front and went to the sink. There was only Lisa

and one other girl there so I grabbed some wet paper towels and

carefully pulled the zipper down once again to finish the job, trying

to hide from the others. It looked really bad, like I was getting off

right there in the bathroom. I tried to finish as quickly as I could

as Lisa is chewing my ear about how cute the one guy Phil is. She

only slowed up long enough to slap my all but bare ass which only drew

a comment from the other woman there. I pulled up the zipper once

again being ultra cautions not to snag any of me along the way and

tuned back to Lisa.

I finished up and headed back to the guys again with equal results on

the way back. Once there Lisa suggested dancing. I declined at first

because I was concerned about loosing my pants but was all but dragged

out to the dance floor by the guys.

Oh man, talk about risky, about an inch of my butt was showing at best

and a lot more after I started dancing. I normally love dancing but

was being real conservative tonight. We danced as a group - 4 guys

and Lisa and I. Lisa was really getting down with Phil so I was kind

of left with the other three all of whom were paying more attention to

my slip sliding pants than me. I tugged my pants up two or three times

in the course of one song. By the end I was starting to relax a bit

more but still asked to sit out when the song ended. I got three

other invites to dance as I walk back to our corner of the club. I

guess seeing me dancing kind of got the attention of some of the

people that hadn’t seen me previously because before I know it, I had

six or eight guys hanging on me and asking me to dance. Two handing me

drinks at the same time. There I am with a rum and coke in each hand.

They must have asked the bartender what I was drinking. I doubt it

but I almost think they did it on purpose so I didn’t have a hand free

to pull up my pants.

There I am talking to a half dozen guys, a drink in each hand and my

pants all but falling off me unable to pull them up. I couldn’t help

but notice everyone glancing down to catch a glimpse of my pants as we

talked. I was starting to get buzzed in the process and felling less

and less concerned about my pants as time went on too. Finally I

finish one drink just as someone hands me a noise maker and a glass of

champagne. Now the place is getting really noisy to the point where

you couldn’t talk.

Eventually I put down my drink so I can hold the glass of champagne

and blow my noise maker. By now I’ve all but forgotten about my pants

until someone behind me takes his noise maker and slips it in the

crack between my half exposed butt cheeks. I turned around but

couldn’t tell who had done it as I pull it out and tug my sagging

pants back up.

Then I turn around the other way just in time for someone to plant a

kiss on me. Right on the lips. I was momentarily stunned until I

hear someone say one minute.

Just then Lisa and Phil returned and Lisa is screaming something, ‘I

leave you alone for a minute and your back here making out.’ in my

hear. Then everyone started counting down to midnight and it is so

loud it actually hurts my ears.

Then, ’10, 9 ,8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1’ and the place goes wild. Before

I could even get a chance to sip my champagne another guy is kissing

me then another, and I feel my ass being grabbed then my boobs. I was

cool with it until someone tried sliding his hands down the front of

my pants. This guy was kissing me and I felt his hand sliding down my

stomach. I felt like this guy is getting a little carried away and

then I feel his hand sliding even lower. I stopped him just as it

slides inside my pants. I should have been more concerned but the

place was going nuts so I just let it go and went with the flow.

Eventually the music started up again and everyone kind of just

started dancing in place. I was pretty buzzed by then not to mention

horny as hell after being felt up like that so I was getting into it

pretty good, forgetting for the most part about my pants and how

exposed I was. This guy Joe, one of the guys who bought us our

original drinks when we walked in finally finds his way over to me and

I couldn’t help but give him a big fat sloppy wet kiss as we swayed to

the music. In the process I rubbed my breasts all over his chest

which got everyone’s attention and got me going even more. My nipples

were trying to rip holes in my top by now I was so wound up. I’m

normally not that slutty but it was New Years Eve and I was horny as

hell.

Joe grabbed my hand and dragged me through the crowd to the dance

floor were we danced up a storm for a long while. At one point a slow

dance came on and we dance real, I mean real, close. I could feel my

nipples rubbing his shirt and his hard-on rubbing me a little lower

down as we danced. At first he was holding my bare waist as we twisted

to the music but then as he got a little more intimate and slid his

hands lower until he had them down my pants and on my ass. I think the

process pulled the front down also cause I was getting all sort of

sensations in my pussy. We were so close that no one could see

anything so I made no attempt to change anything. The combination of

sensations was driving me crazy. After that dance I was really hot in

more ways than one. I felt like I needed a cold shower to cool my

sweaty body and dowse the fire that was growing in my sex. I needed a

break and we started to head back to the others but didn’t have a

chance before one of the other guys grabbed me and dragged me back to

the dance floor.

I danced a bunch more times with several different guys and was

forgetting about my pants more and more as my mind was in a kind of

fog. They must have surely slid exposing more than they should have.

By then though, my inhibitions had been washed away by the alcohol and

my own horniness.

The workout of dancing was making me pretty hot and sweaty and my

nipples and areolas were clearly showing through my tight top but I

didn’t care. I was having fun and no one seemed to mind so what the

hell.

Lisa was really into Phil and I hardly saw her after midnight.

Eventfully it got late and I remember Lisa telling me it was time to

go as she gave my pants a tug which isn’t like her to be covering me

up so they must have really been falling down.

Phil and her exchanged numbers and Joe was trying to get mine as I

tried to explain that I had a boyfriend already. He was pretty sweet

and seemed a little hurt so I took his number and gave him another big

fat wet kiss on the lips as we left.

Lisa and Phil had hit it off pretty well and that was all she talked

about until we got back to her place. She must have really liked him

because she gets real talkative when she likes someone. I was just

going along with it and teasing her about how she needed a man in her

life to take care of her needs better. She just started teasing me

about Joe and I and how it looked like we were having sex out there

on the dance floor during that slow dance.

I just laughed and said, “oh it looked that bad. I was hoping no one

noticed.”

“Well the way those pants of yours were hanging, you practically were

having sex out there.” She said

“Oh God was it that bad?” I asked sheepishly.

“Well half your ass was hanging out and I could see the top of your

slit. I’m surprised they didn’t fall completely off that skinny

little ass of yours the way you were dancing.” She added.

Lisa was still wound up and went on and on until we reached her place.

I was running out of gas fast and winding down and hearing all this

was making me a little embarrassed.

When I walked into Lisa’s place I threw my coat on a chair and went in

search of my hangover medicine, three aspirin and a glass of water

before turning in. I was drinking my water in the bathroom when Lisa

came out of her bedroom in her night shirt. She simply walked up

behind me and basically grabs the bottom of my shirt and pulls it up

and over my head leaving me bare all the way down to the top of my

pants which were at about half mast since I never bothered to pull

them back up. I didn’t think too much of it until she continued by

reaching around in front of me and grabbing my breasts, one in each

hand with my nipples between her fingers and pulling me out of the

bathroom.

I looked back at her and said, “Are you coming on to me or something?”

just as I tripped and fell on the floor.

She said something about me being drunk and her having to get me ready

for bed or something. She then jumped around in font of me and starts

pulling my pants off.

The next morning we slept in late before heading out for brunch

dressed just a little more appropriately then.

Well I hope it was worth the wait and sorry I can’t share too much of

the details of my sex life. I think I actually share more than I

should sometimes.

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