Dinner Out

by katie  
  
  
This is a review of a forfeit I got while on the discussion board. After my computer logged me out of the chat rooms several times (each time making me forfeit a piece of clothing), I was told to wear a short, tight dress out to dinner with my boyfriend and tell him why I was dressed the way I was. This is the story of that night:  
  
  
I was in the shower, delaying getting ready for my date with Tommy. After all, I was obligated to wear revealing clothing and tell him that I had lost a bet on an internet chat room. My legs were shaking and I could barely keep the razor steady as I shaved my legs for the dress I was about to wear.  
  
Finally I turned the water off and worked up the nerve to leave the shower. I wrapped the towel around me and laughed when I realized I was almost as clothed now as I would be at dinner. I did my hair and makeup and then headed into the bedroom.  
  
The “dress” was hanging on the knob of the closet. It was an “Izod” dress…meaning it had the look of a golf shirt but it was extended into a dress. I was ordered to wear it with the three buttons undone and nothing else with it except shoes. I pulled the dress on…it was tighter than I remembered it being but fit me perfectly…like a glove. Too good in fact. As I looked in the mirror, I was sure that everyone would know that this was the only piece of clothing I was wearing.  
  
I slid on a pair of sandals (three inch heels), grabbed my little purse and headed out.  
  
Driving while wearing this outfit felt so dirty. When I spread my legs to work the pedals, I felt the dress ride up. Anyone above me looking in would almost have a view of my sex. I usually use two hands while I drive but whenever I could, I kept my hand in my lap to try to cover up.  
  
I arrived at the restaurant, knowing that Tommy would be there already. I pushed through the door and felt every eye in the place looking at me. From the looks in the men’s eyes, they were devouring my every bare inch of skin while the other girls were thinking what a tramp I was.  
  
I should describe myself a bit. I am 5’6 with long, thin legs. My breasts aren’t huge but pretty, about a 34B. My nipples have always been a problem…they stick out in t he best of times but this night they were pointing straight through, threatening to poke a hole in the poor material holding them in.  
  
With my knees weak, I searched the room for Tommy. I saw him sitting facing the door but looking at the menu. I quickly darted to him. He saw my bare legs first and started to look up and was startled to see me.  
  
“Katie, what the hell,” he said. “What are you wearing?”  
  
Oh God, he hates it, this is terrible.  
  
“Um, well, it’s a long story, don’t you like it?” Oh God, please let him like it.  
  
“Like it? I love it. You look so sexy but you never dress like this.”  
  
He’s right, I hardly ever show off when I dress. Yes I wear skirts sometimes and sexy tops but nothing this exposing.  
  
I slide into my chair, feeling the material under my bare thighs. I am grateful that the table cloth covers my legs.  
  
The waiter seems very attentive and comes over to take our order. I order a glass of wine (please!!!) and let Tommy order dinner for us both (he knows what I like!!).  
  
“So, why the new outfit.”  
  
Here it is, the moment of truth.  
  
“Well, it’s kind of a dare,” I said. “You see, last weekend, while you were out with the guys, I was on this chat room about girls in embarrassing situations. And, well, I lost a bet and had to do this.”  
  
“Wow, what a great dare. So, tell me more.”  
  
I swallowed hard. “You see, I am wearing this dress and these shoes and nothing else. This is the kind of thing the board talks about and it turns me on.”  
  
I saw Tommy’s face get redder then I have ever seen it and then he gulped. “Holy shit Katie, you mean you are not wearing any panties?”  
  
I shook my head. “No bra either,” I said quietly. “Please don’t be mad Tom. I’m sorry.”  
  
Tears were starting to fill up my eyes. He is going to dump me, I know it.  
  
“Can I check?”  
  
My eyes sprang open. “Check what?”  
  
Now it was Tommy’s turn to smile. “Check to see if this really does turn you on.”  
  
I gasped. This was one of my fantasies, to be humiliated in public by my boyfriend. I nodded, unable to form the words.  
  
“Good, spread your legs,” he said softly. I did as he commanded and felt the coolness rise up to hit my sex. In a few seconds, I felt his bare foot rubbing my now soaking wet sex.  
  
“OHHHH!” I tried to contain my moan but I’m not sure I did a good job as people turned. I blushed but did not close my legs. He continued to rub my pussy with his bare foot as I rubbed back as covertly as I could.  
  
“Your wine miss,” the waiter said. In my euphoria, I hadn’t seen him come to the table. I slammed my thighs shut, trapping Tommy’s foot between.  
  
“Oh, um, ah, thank you.” With shaking hands, I took the wine glass and drank it, needing the strength.  
  
“Spread them again,” he said and I obeyed. He started rubbing again. I was so close to an orgasm that I humped back as good as I could without being seen. Just as the orgasm was about to hit, he stopped.  
  
“Let’s continue that later,” he said. “But, keep your legs open wide for me, just in case.”  
  
Oh God…it was the most erotic public dinner I ever had. The passionate sex that followed was awesome. And it was all thanks to my forfeit.