furichkayak truth

Wed Oct 3, 2007 17:2886.131.232.57

My girlfriend, into a variety of sports decided she wanted to try white water

kayaking so on a day out to the city and after a liquid lunch I decided I

would buy her the very kayak she had set her heart on. Now I should mention

that my lady and wine don`t mix, she contends she is in full control but the

consequenses are often on the edge of scary. This episode was of the sexy

kind.

The upper floor of the shop given over entirely to water sports was well

stocked and the kayak she wanted had to be removed from it`s place on display

to be put on the floor for her to assess whether or not it was to her liking.

As there was only one young lad serving I helped lift the craft down and with

him looking on held the prow steady while ann got in. She is petite and pretty

and that day wearing a dress, which, totally without thought or modesty she

hitched well up her shapely legs until near showing her panties, then as

daintily as her inebriation would allow she sort of tumbled into the cockpit

but landed one leg in and one out giggling and oblivious that she was now

displaying her sexy pink transparent knickers to the young guy and myself. I

looked at him as he tried to enjoy the view without being to obvious. Becoming

aware of my glance he blushed. Ann meanwhile was still wriggling about trying

to get back in control again, all of which had made matters worse because her

skirt was now totally around her waist.

I smiled reassuringly at the sales guy and with a shrug indicated we should

help her. Taking an arm each we got her to her feet, skirt still bunched

around her waist, she stood like this giving the most delightfully view of her

shapely bottom in the tight little pants, for what seemed an age until she

felt steady enough to try again. This attempt was eased by the now braver

assistant holding the rear of the boat while I helped Ann sit down properly,

as she did he raised an appreciative eyebrow and gave me a conspiritorial

wink. Ann meantime was esconced in the craft and insisting she needed the

proper fittings installed before she could judge it`s suitability. While the

lad went to get the equipment Ann insisted I hold the various pads already in

the cockpit while she got comfortable, this I did willingly as it afforded

much manhandling of her bottom and between her legs. I was still doing this

when the guy arrived back a large smile on his face when he realised what was

going on. I stood up and suggested he do it as he would know better what was

needed, he blushed as he looked down between Anns legs then glanced at me for

further approval, I nodded and he quickly got down to the task in hand and

very thouroughly checked if all was properly adjusted for Anns size and shape.

Thie entailed her sitting with legs wide apart as he decided if the side knee

pads were correct for the boat, then with her holding this position he reached

between her legs with difficulty and much groping to find the strap that

allowed the adjustment to be fixed. Ann was now getting quite pink and

obviously enjoying the attention. At this point the telephone rang and he left

to answer it so I took over the groping until he returned.

The boat being right, there were a few other requirements so we helped Ann out

lowered her skirt and steadying her led her to where the guy said we could

select a spray deck to fit the craft and Ann. This has to be a firm fit to

both to avoid the kayak filling with water. Having chosen what he thought

would be a good fit he gave the spray deck to Ann and left us to go for the

waterproof jacket.

Eagerly Ann stepped into the latex collared deck and pulled it up over her

hips, this needed much wiggling and tugging until eventually she had it in

what looked the right position, around her waist, however in the process she

had her skirt over it so was virtually naked below the waist as the deck stuck

out all about her like a ballerinas tu tu. While we were enjoying the humour

of this vision the assistant returned with the jacket beaming as he approached

us. No! No! the spraydeck was supposed to be pulled on over the head. Where

upon we helped Ann out of it again, by pulling it down her legs as she

supported herself hands on our shoulders. The stretchy latex being so tight

took her knickers down with the deck as far as her knees at which point she

was able to step out of it and was still to drunk to notice I took her pants

off with it. The surprised assistant just smiled knowingly as Ann brushed her

skirt back down.

The last piece of equipment,the jacket we again had to help with as it had to

be equally tight and Ann had difficulty keeping her balance as we pulled it

over her head and she got a little disorientated. Once installed the jacket

fitted perfectly with the latex cuffs neck and waist fitting like a second

skin. Sure all was well we took the waist band and between us the assistant

and I lifted the jacket up, Anns dress now caught up came with it, this we

both saw but did nothing to stop as we lifted the dress and jacket up until

Ann had to raise her arms for us to take it off completely we held her there

to absorb the view. A beautifull woman naked from shoulders to floor standing

in a high street store to all intents and purpose blindfold, we held this

position for as long as we dared until Anns muffled squeals meant we had to

remove the items completely. Now she was naked(never wears a bra) a brief

momment and then panic to regain her modesty. The assistant and I laughed as

we crossed to the till for me to pay the purchases.

Ann didn`t remember any of this next day. She had one daddy of a hang over.

She had to exchange the deck and she was amazed at the attention she got from

the young assistant.