Gas Fillup in Fun Skirt

This is a very tame dare by board standards, but was fun nonetheless!

My husband bought me a new skirt from an online lingerie store. I had not seen the skirt online, but I knew it would be short, or shear, or most likely both. He likes to get me things that I can either just barely get away with wearing in public, or not quite get away with. It is especially fun if you have something that seems okay until you look closely, or something that shows you off to an observer, but in such a way as might seem accidental (even though it is not). Hope that makes sence, it is hard to describe. Basically, what we are going for is to get away with as much as we can without getting in trouble!

When it came, he dared me to go for a drive late at night to fill up the gas tank wearing the skirt. The catch?... I was not allowed to try on the skirt ahead of time, but had to change into it in the car. This way neither of us would know how it would look until I got out to pump the gas! It was late at night, so the gas station was unattended, but another car could pull up at any moment, and I was at least somewhat visible from the street. Really we both expected this to be a tame, but fun dare - really just meant as a little foreplay!

We pulled over a couple blocks from the station, and I slipped on the skirt (I had driven this far bottomless), while Ed slipped into the back seat of the minivan. (This way he could better see me pumping on the driver side.) We got to the station, which was desserted, but nicely lit, and I got out and started filling up. The skirt was a red sparkly mini, about mid-thigh length and was at least a little see-though, although looking down at the front, it looked decent enough to wear in public. You might be able to tell it was shear, but my trimmed bush was not visible from my viewpoint. The real quest was how did the back look? Ed seemed to be enjoying the show.

As I was finishing filling up, a car drove past. Ed noticed, but I did not, that the car stopped, parked on the street, the driver got out, and walked across the lot straight toward me. I first saw him as he came around the back of the van. Because of the darkened windows, he never saw Ed at any time. I was startled as I saw him, and I noticed his eyes get a little wide when he looked at the skirt. He claimed to be almost out of gas and wondered if I could give him half a gallon. At this point I was probably more nervous about being approached by a strange man late at night then I was about my outfit, so I told him I could not, and he left quickly. I hoped in the car and drove off quickly.

We both laughed, and decided that he hadn't really seen anything, but we now realized that he was harmless, and was truly out of gas. We decided to go back, knowing that it probably meant he would get more of a view of the outfit, but we felt bad about his situation. We probably weren't thinking too clearly, because at first I circled the block, came back, hopped out of the car and gave him $2. (The station was closed - how could he use cash!) He told me that his car wouldn't start, so he was stuck now. I apologized and left, but I don't think he saw too much yet.

Next we decided to run home (4 blocks), get a gas can, and come back. Unfortunately the can was empty, so we would have to fill it first. I thought this was too bad, Ed thought it was more fun! (okay, maybe I did too. I love it when it's "not my fault" when I am naughty) We came back and his car was there, but he was not, although we knew he couldn't have gone far. I took the gas can and filled it up, bending over with my rear facing the street the entire time. Ed loved the view. About the time I was done, our friend came back, but he had missed the best part of the show. He was very grateful and took the gas can and filled up the car, as I stood on the street, behind his car. With all the walking around he was on to the outfit at this point, and started complimenting me on it. I was getting pretty worked up. I did not even realize until Ed told me later that a car had driven past. I stood there behind his car and let the headlights from the car light up the back of my dress as they passed within a few feet of me. Ed said it was comical to see the car slow down too late, after they had passed. He said they paused at the intersection, in spite of there being no stop sign. He said you could almost hear them thinking "did I just see what I thought I saw? Should I go around the block and go past again?) Me -- I can't believe I never even noticed the car pass!!!

Anyway, my new friend finished filling up, thanked me again, and insisted on carrying the gas can back to my car for me - I'm sure so he could watch me walk to the car. That's about it -- I know it was kind of tame by internet standards, but it is kinda wild in real life!

Cindy