Girlfriend's exposure...

This is a true story about the first time that my girl friend got exposed. She was terrified that some one had seen her but has grown into quite a tease but she still has not been able to expose herself. She will not admit it but I think she enjoys showing off as long as she can subconsciously say she it was not her fault. She has two friends that love to show off and have since played a few pranks on her. Her name is Alexandria but goes by Alex. She has long dirty blonde hair and very pleasing to the eye. She is 5’4” tall and wears a 34C bra. She weighs about 115 to 120. She has always been conscience about her body and typically did not dress to attract attention, even though most guys always seemed to stare. Anyway here is the story. We have a Javelin fish and ski boat and usually when we go boating she wears a pretty conservative suit more like a sports bra and brief style knickers with one of my T-shirts as a cover up. I am 6’ tall and weigh about 185 pounds. Only a small part of her stomach would be showing in between the top and bottom when she finally would shed the shirt. I finally talked her into wearing the bikini she wears when she sun bathes, nothing too extreme but the top and bottom does tie on. We hardly ever wear a life jacket unless we are skiing with friends. We had been boating for a couple of hours and decided to stop and have some lunch and a couple of drinks. When we got back in the boat and took off she wanted to learn how to drive since she was always a passenger and liked just riding and letting her fly in the breeze. I was standing behind her holding onto the back of the seat and somehow my hand must have been on the top string that held her bikini top on. We were just cruising along and her top was slowly coming untied because of the waves and movement of the boat. She did not notice it until she hit a pretty good size wave and her top fell down exposing her breasts. She went to reach and pull it up but I told her she needed to slow the boat down first. We went about 150 yards before I would let her retie her top. The whole time she was saying “Someone is going to see me!” She also accused me of doing it on purpose but I denied it. I blamed it on her driving since she hit the big wave. I told her I doubt anyone would have been able to see her since she was in the boat except for a couple of guys on jet skis who did get a pretty good look at her. She was a good sport about it. She retied her top and started driving again. Later, when we stopped for gas and drinks I did manage to get her to go in the restaurant and store without her T-shirt.

This is another "accidental" exposure of my girlfriend Alex (see my first story below). Accidental for her anyway. Alex has long dirty blonde hair and is 5’4” tall and wears a 34C bra. She weighs about 115 to 120. She always says she needs to go on a diet because she has a slight curve to her belly. She still has a perfect hour glass figure and a tight ass. She thinks she needs to lose weight since her two best friends hang out at the gym and have perfectly flat stomachs. She does not wear hardly any make up and she does not need to. She has always been conscience about her body and typically does not dress to attract attention, even though she does anyway. I love the way she can walk into a bar in just a sweat shirt and jeans and still have people checking her out. I tell her sometimes that she could make a lot of money as a stripper. I had been trying to get her to wear some more revealing clothes but she would always say “I do not have any” or “No, I do not want people staring at me”. I later found out she had told her friends Krista and Liz about her topless experience and they thought it was funny but they are not shy at all. Krista and Alex are also pretty hot. Sometimes when we would all get together for a camping and boating trip, her friends would ski and stuff with their string bikinis on, knowing that certain areas would get exposed. One time on a lost bet the two of them had to drive to town and pick up dinner at a drive thru restaurant naked. I could probably write a book just about things they have done. We keep some water toys at the cabin we rent in the summer time with some friends. The following weekend after her first exposure, we were at the cabin and were out boating again. She did not want to take a chance on having her top fall down again so she was wearing her sports bra bikini top and her string bikini knickers. We were joking around and I made a bet with her about who could ride the tube further without falling off. If I won I would buy her an outfit at the local mall and she would have to wear it until we got home that night. She agreed after I promised it would not be see through material or come from Vistoria’s Secret. Sorry but I forget what she was going to make me do. I knew this would be easy since I am a better driver and I knew I could dump her in the water pretty easily. The river we bought on has a lot of cruiser traffic on weekends so there are a lot of big waves. I told her I would be a gentleman and go first. I rode the tube for about forty-five minutes, while she whipped the tube back and forth, thinking about how I was going to pull this off. I finally “fell” off. After I got back in the boat, she started to reach for her shorts she had brought along. I took her shorts and told her she did not need them since she should not need them just to ride in the inner tube. After she got in the tube and the tow line was tight, I went looking for a cruiser wake since I knew she would not be able to stay on. The first wake, I heard her scream but she managed to stay on. The second one I hit as I spun the tube around and she went flying. The tube went one way and she went the other. As I doubled back to get her, she seemed to be looking for something. I pulled up to her and asked what was wrong. She said, “My bottoms are gone”. Apparently, when she hit the water her bikini bottoms came off. I laughed and told her they were long gone by now, just get in the boat and we will find you something to wear. She said, “I can’t. Everyone will see me”. I told her, all you have to wear is your shorts and they will get wet if you put them on now. I got her towel and told her to climb up the ladder. As soon as you get out of the water, you can wrap the towel around your waist, dry off and put your shorts on. Finally she got out of the water. In case you did not know, in order to climb a boat ladder to get out of the water, you have to bend alot at the waist so your ass ends up sticking out for the world to see. Of course, I was a little slow with the towel and quite a few people got to see naked ass. A couple of guys even whistled at her. She was red faced and embarrassed. My boat has a ski tow pylon on the back deck. When Alex went to step over it, everyone got another show. She got a few more whistles and cat calls. The whole time she kept saying, "I can not believe you did that!" I told her I did not mean to cause her to lose her bottoms, I was just trying to make her fall off. After she put her shorts on, I reminded her about our bet. She said, “I know but remember our deal and since you caused me to lose my bottoms, you can buy me a new bikini too.” Wait until you hear about what I bought her to wear at the mall! Until then let me know what you think…

Since Alex lost the bet and her bikini bottom, all she had to wear was a pair of shorts. The shorts fit a little loose in the legs. With the proper angle and light anyone could see up them when she sat down. I had never told her so you did not know. She did not want to ride around with just her shorts on. We loaded up the boat and left it at the cabin. Alex changed into her jeans and we headed to the mall.
When we got to the mall. I told her if she paid up I would buy her a new bikini. Alex started looking for a new bikini while I picked out clothes for her to try on. I would give her clothes to try on and wait for her outside the dressing room to see how they looked.
The first outfit I found was a stretch mini skirt that just barely covered her ass and a tight top that covered about half of her stomach. She argued with me but I told her to just try it on. I did not intend to buy it but wanted to have a little fun with her. After she put it on, she said, "I am NOT coming out dreesed like this." I said, "At least let me see how it looks, we can always try something else." She said, "Is anyone else close by?" I said, "No, come on out." I guess a couple of people must have overheard our conversation because they moved a little closer in order to see what we were talking about. She looked killer when she came out. I had her turn a couple of times so I could see her the whole outfit but when she saw the two guys, she darted back into the dressing room. She said, "You lied to me!" I said, "No, they were not standing there a few minutes ago." She put her clothes back on and we moved on to the next store.
In the next store, I had her try on a black regular skirt that came down about halfway to her knees with a slit on the right side about six inches long. I picked out two tops for her to try. One was a black tank top that would show a little cleavage and the other was a fitted black top that would not button up much more higher than the tank top. When she put on the shirt with buttons on, she said, "These are not too bad." I said, "Well, let me see." She came out of the dressing room and I was stunned to say the least. She looked extremely sexy and I liked the outfit but I had to mess with her a little more. I had her turn a couple of times, bend over and sit down while I checked her out from different angles. I reached for her shirt, like I was adjusting something and unbuttoned the top button. I said, “That’s better”. She buttoned it back up and went to change clothes. While I was paying for the outfit, a guy told her she should not wear white knickers with the skirt. Apparently, when she had sat down he could see up her skirt and decided to let her know. Her mouth fell open and she said, “Uh, thanks. I will remember that!”
We went to a couple of more stores. I bought her a pair of shoes with four-inch heels. I also bought her a pair of thigh high hose. She found a couple of bikinis she wanted but I told her, “Try them on and if I like it, I will buy it for you.” She did not want to model the bikinis so I told her I was not going to buy one unless she did. She said, “You promised”. I said, “Yes, and I will but I want to see what it looks like before I buy it”. She decided to try one on that tied on each side but she did not want to walk out into the store. I told her, “At least, come out far enough for me to see it”. She stepped out of the little hallway leading to the dressing room and said, “See. Is this okay?” I said, “I am not sure. Turn around”. She turned and I said, ”Okay. That will work. It looks good”. As she turned to walk back into the dressing room, I tugged on one of the strings not really meaning to untie it. When I tugged on the bottom string to her top, Alex jumped causing the string to come untied. She screamed, “Oh shit! I can’t believe you!” and ran back into the dressing room. I paid for the bikini and asked her if she needed anything else. She said, “No, I don’t think so.” We headed to Krysta’s apartment so she could change into her new outfit since we had dinner plans with her friends and we did not have time to go home first. Next up…Alex goes out on the town in her new outfit!

More of my girlfriend's exposure...

Theis is a continuation of my previous posts about my girlfriend Alex. See my other posts below...

Since we did not have time to go home for Alex to change, we decided to stop by Krysta’s apartment. On the way there, Alex asked, “Are you really going to make me wear this?” I told her, “A bet is a bet and you lost.” She said, “But it’s a little too skimpy for me.” I told her, “If you really don’t want to wear it then don’t. But you did make a bet and you did lose.” Finally, she agreed to wear the outfit and follow through on her bet. While Alex was taking a shower, I told Krysta about the bet. She asked, “Are you going to make her wear the outfit?” I said, “Yes, she lost. Besides, the outfit is not that skimpy. As long as she doesn’t bend over too far, no one will be able to see anything. ”
When Alex got finished in the shower, her and Krysta went to get ready. I was left in the living room with Krysta’s boyfriend Craig. When the ladies finally emerged, Krysta had managed to talk Alex into also wearing make up, which she does not need or normally wear. Usually she puts on a slight amount just on her eyes. Needless to say, Alex looked stunning. Craig said, “It’s a good thing Krysta is here or I would have to jump you right here.” Alex turned red as a beet but also smiled. We all had a couple of glasses of wine while waiting for Liz and her boyfriend to get there. I should mention, Alex had not eaten anything since breakfast, so she was drinking on an empty stomach. I noticed she was wearing the bra she had on earlier in the day. I asked her about it and she said, “Yeah, I am. I am not going out without a bra or knickers.” I reminded her of our bet and said, “I did not buy them today, so you can’t wear them.” After a little teasing from Krysta and Craig, she said, “Okay, but you did buy the bikini so I will wear it instead!” I told her that was fine. I was planning on her having an accident later anyway.
While she was changing, Liz and Rex finally showed up. Krysta filled Liz in on the day’s events. Liz said, “I am glad. Maybe she will loosen up a little bit now.” I said, “She probably will before the night is over.” Liz looked at Krysta and said, “What does that mean?” Krysta said, “I am not sure. You will have to ask him.” I said, “You will have to wait and see.” Alex got finished putting her bikini on under her outfit and said she was hungry. After we kidded around with her a little more we decided it was time to go. Liz and Krysta were wearing tight low cut tops, short skirts and shoes with high heels.
Now the fun really begins. I drive a 4X4-diesel truck and Alex had to figure out how to get in the truck. She is only 5’4” and almost gave the neighbors a show just trying to get into the truck since she had to step up so high. When we got to the restaurant, I decided to use the valet so I could watch her and see what happened. She is not used to wearing a skirt, as she was getting out, it slid up exposing her knickers. She was embarrassed but the valet tried to act like he was not looking. Krysta and Liz were in the car front of us so they were already out of their car. Liz exclaimed “Nice knickers” loud enough for a lot of people to hear and look at Alex.
When we got inside, the only table available for six people was a high top table with bar style chairs. Alex did not care for it too much but she agreed to it anyway. She kept saying anyone would be able to look under the table and see up my skirt. I reminded her that she was wearing her bikini bottoms and not something revealing. She laughed and said, “That would have been bad. I am glad I wore my bikini.” While we were eating I noticed Alex was loosening up quite a bit. When we first sat down she was keeping her legs squeezed together but she was slowly letting them open a little more. After a few more glasses of wine, Alex and Liz went to the bathroom. Krysta said, “I still can not believe you got her to do this.” I told her, “She will never ever admit it but she is enjoying everyone checking her out.” When Alex and Liz got back from the bathroom. We talked a little more and decided to go to another club since it was still early.
While we were waiting for the valet to bring my truck I noticed Alex was starting to get a little drunk. After the valet brought my truck around and got another peak at her knickers when she got in, we headed to the next club. On the way, I was playing with her tits through her shirt, rubbing her thigh and, occasionally, would brush my hand against her knickers. She already had a wet spot starting to form. She did not pull her skirt down in the back when she sat down making it very easy to expose her knickers while we were driving to the club. She was enjoying herself and did not notice when I pulled on her bikini strings to loosen them up. I did not want them coming untied, not just yet anyway. I was hoping the bottoms would unite the rest off the way while we were in the club. The top was still tied at the bottom, so it could only fall down if the top string came loose.
We finally got to the club and headed inside. We found a fairly lit table off to the side. I wanted to be visible but not enough for Alex to be self-conscious. So far, I had not drunk much because I was driving and wanted a clear head. Alex had drunk quite a few glasses of wine. I told Krysta about Alex’s bikini strings and she said, “You’re kidding!” I told her, “No, I am serious.” We danced a few times without any incidents except for an occasional flash when Alex would spin around too fast or something. But when we were slow dancing really close, I would help her skirt ride up a little in the back.
After a while, we decided to play nine ball. Liz does not play pool much but she decided it should be the girls against the guys. We would each take turns. One girl would shoot until she missed then a guy until everyone had a turn. After everyone had a turn we would start over again. Alex and I play pool a lot. Krysta went first and did not pocket any balls. Rex was next and sunk one ball, mostly by luck. Alex went next and pocketed the nine-ball to win. We started another game and Alex pocketed three balls. Craig pocketed one ball. Before Liz shot she said, “This would be more fun if there was something at stake.” Craig asked, “What are you thinking?” Liz countered with a bet. Liz said, “Losers will have to be the winners slaves at the cabin on Sunday.” Craig said, “Nah, how about if you win, we will be your slaves on Sunday. If we win, you have to give us your bras and you can’t have them back until Sunday?” Krysta said, “Okay.” Alex was not too sure but finally agreed. Liz shot and missed completely. I shot and sunk three balls. Krysta did not sink any. Rex pocketed one ball. I noticed Alex seemed to be preoccupied and seemed to be having trouble with her bikini bottoms. She managed to pocket three balls. I shot and sunk the nine-ball to win. We practiced shooting while the girls went to the bathroom to remove their bras.
Liz and Krysta were not fazed at all by not having a bra on but Alex was clearly having problems. She kept adjusting her blouse to make sure she was completely covered. Krysta walked over to me and whispered, “Alex tried to get out of taking her bikini top off. She said it was a bikini top and not a bra. We made her take it off anyway. Alex had to use the bathroom and had a little trouble getting her bottoms retied so I had to help her.” I looked at her and said, “What did you do?” She said, “You will see. Just watch her.”
We finished up our game and decided to play against the girls again. Liz asked, “What is the bet this time?” Before anyone could answer Alex said, “I am not playing for any more clothes. How about we just play for slave labor?” We all agreed and Krysta shot first. She pocketed two balls. Rex pocketed two balls. Alex did not pocket any since she was trying to make sure nothing was exposed when she shot. Craig pocketed three balls. Liz missed completely and gave everyone who was looking a flash when one of her boobs almost fell completely out of her top. I pocketed two balls before I dropped the nine-ball to win the game. Krysta tried to distract me by bending over about the time I shot but it did not work.
We decided to play one more game just for fun. Krysta shot first and sank one ball. Rex pocketed two balls. Alex sunk one ball and raised up with a shocked look on her face. I asked, “What’s wrong Alex?” She did not say but I could tell something was wrong. I walked around the table and noticed I could see on of her strings hanging out from under her skirt. She turned to walk towards the bathroom when her bikini bottom slid down her leg and landed on the floor. Krysta, being the ever-helpful friend, reached down and untied the other string. Alex was now standing there with nothing on under her outfit. She was embarrassed, shocked and did not know which way to turn. Krysta was holding her bottoms and would not give them back. Liz was laughing her ass off. Craig and Rex were looking at Alex trying not to laugh. Krysta told Alex, “Loosen up, no one can see under your skirt. If we win this game, I will give you your bottoms back. If we lose, you can have them back tomorrow.” Alex reached for her bottoms and Krysta said, “Its still your turn so go shoot and remember what I said. We win, you get them back, we lose and you go home without them.” Alex said, “It’s not fair you and Liz still have yours on.” Krysta said, “If we lose we will take ours off too.” Alex decided to go ahead and play. She nervously sank one more ball, while trying to keep everything covered. She did show a little ass trying to make one shot. Craig sunk one ball. Liz pocketed one ball. I did not sink any. Krysta sank one but missed on the nine-ball. I think she missed on purpose. Rex ended up pocketing the nine-ball winning the game. Alex looked like she was going to die. Krysta and Liz went to the bathroom to remove their knickers.
After Liz and Krista returned from the bathroom, we went back to our table and had a few more drinks. Liz decided she wanted to dance so she got Krysta and Alex to go out on the dance floor with her. At first Alex was really stiff but loosened up quite a bit. She was trying to keep her ass covered but she did flash a quick glimpse a few times. I decided to rescue Alex when a slower song was played and we could dance close. Feeling her ass without any panty lines was simply awesome. After a couple of songs, Alex whispered in my ear, “I am ready. Do you think we can go now?” I asked her, “What?” She replied with, “I am ready to go! Please take me home. I can not take this much more.” We said our good-byes and headed out. On the way out, Krysta held up her bikini and said, “I will give these back to you tomorrow.” Everyone close by turned to look at what was dangling from her fingers. Alex turned red and we headed for the door. On the way to the truck, I stepped behind her and raised her skirt up to expose about half of her naked ass.
It was a good thing no one was close by or they would have gotten a good view when I helped her into the truck. On the way home I had her skirt slid up and played all the way home. She was extremely ready by the time we got home. Next time, I will write about slave day…

**My girlfriends exposure...THE MALL**

Since Alex lost the bet and her bikini bottom, all she had to wear was a pair of shorts. The shorts fit a little loose in the legs. With the proper angle and light anyone could see up them when she sat down. I had never told her so you did not know. She did not want to ride around with just her shorts on. We loaded up the boat and left it at the cabin. Alex changed into her jeans and we headed to the mall.
When we got to the mall. I told her if she paid up I would buy her a new bikini. Alex started looking for a new bikini while I picked out clothes for her to try on. I would give her clothes to try on and wait for her outside the dressing room to see how they looked.
The first outfit I found was a stretch mini skirt that just barely covered her ass and a tight top that covered about half of her stomach. She argued with me but I told her to just try it on. I did not intend to buy it but wanted to have a little fun with her. After she put it on, she said, "I am NOT coming out dreesed like this." I said, "At least let me see how it looks, we can always try something else." She said, "Is anyone else close by?" I said, "No, come on out." I guess a couple of people must have overheard our conversation because they moved a little closer in order to see what we were talking about. She looked killer when she came out. I had her turn a couple of times so I could see her the whole outfit but when she saw the two guys, she darted back into the dressing room. She said, "You lied to me!" I said, "No, they were not standing there a few minutes ago." She put her clothes back on and we moved on to the next store.
In the next store, I had her try on a black regular skirt that came down about halfway to her knees with a slit on the right side about six inches long. I picked out two tops for her to try. One was a black tank top that would show a little cleavage and the other was a fitted black top that would not button up much more higher than the tank top. When she put on the shirt with buttons on, she said, "These are not too bad." I said, "Well, let me see." She came out of the dressing room and I was stunned to say the least. She looked extremely sexy and I liked the outfit but I had to mess with her a little more. I had her turn a couple of times, bend over and sit down while I checked her out from different angles. I reached for her shirt, like I was adjusting something and unbuttoned the top button. I said, “That’s better”. She buttoned it back up and went to change clothes. While I was paying for the outfit, a guy told her she should not wear white knickers with the skirt. Apparently, when she had sat down he could see up her skirt and decided to let her know. Her mouth fell open and she said, “Uh, thanks. I will remember that!”
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While we were waiting for the valet to bring my truck I noticed Alex was starting to get a little drunk. After the valet brought my truck around and got another peak at her knickers when she got in, we headed to the next club. On the way, I was playing with her tits through her shirt, rubbing her thigh and, occasionally, would brush my hand against her knickers. She already had a wet spot starting to form. She did not pull her skirt down in the back when she sat down making it very easy to expose her knickers while we were driving to the club. She was enjoying herself and did not notice when I pulled on her bikini strings to loosen them up. I did not want them coming untied, not just yet anyway. I was hoping the bottoms would unite the rest off the way while we were in the club. The top was still tied at the bottom, so it could only fall down if the top string came loose.
We finally got to the club and headed inside. We found a fairly lit table off to the side. I wanted to be visible but not enough for Alex to be self-conscious. So far, I had not drunk much because I was driving and wanted a clear head. Alex had drunk quite a few glasses of wine. I told Krysta about Alex’s bikini strings and she said, “You’re kidding!” I told her, “No, I am serious.” We danced a few times without any incidents except for an occasional flash when Alex would spin around too fast or something. But when we were slow dancing really close, I would help her skirt ride up a little in the back.
After a while, we decided to play nine ball. Liz does not play pool much but she decided it should be the girls against the guys. We would each take turns. One girl would shoot until she missed then a guy until everyone had a turn. After everyone had a turn we would start over again. Alex and I play pool a lot. Krysta went first and did not pocket any balls. Rex was next and sunk one ball, mostly by luck. Alex went next and pocketed the nine-ball to win. We started another game and Alex pocketed three balls. Craig pocketed one ball. Before Liz shot she said, “This would be more fun if there was something at stake.” Craig asked, “What are you thinking?” Liz countered with a bet. Liz said, “Losers will have to be the winners slaves at the cabin on Sunday.” Craig said, “Nah, how about if you win, we will be your slaves on Sunday. If we win, you have to give us your bras and you can’t have them back until Sunday?” Krysta said, “Okay.” Alex was not too sure but finally agreed. Liz shot and missed completely. I shot and sunk three balls. Krysta did not sink any. Rex pocketed one ball. I noticed Alex seemed to be preoccupied and seemed to be having trouble with her bikini bottoms. She managed to pocket three balls. I shot and sunk the nine-ball to win. We practiced shooting while the girls went to the bathroom to remove their bras.
Liz and Krysta were not fazed at all by not having a bra on but Alex was clearly having problems. She kept adjusting her blouse to make sure she was completely covered. Krysta walked over to me and whispered, “Alex tried to get out of taking her bikini top off. She said it was a bikini top and not a bra. We made her take it off anyway. Alex had to use the bathroom and had a little trouble getting her bottoms retied so I had to help her.” I looked at her and said, “What did you do?” She said, “You will see. Just watch her.”
We finished up our game and decided to play against the girls again. Liz asked, “What is the bet this time?” Before anyone could answer Alex said, “I am not playing for any more clothes. How about we just play for slave labor?” We all agreed and Krysta shot first. She pocketed two balls. Rex pocketed two balls. Alex did not pocket any since she was trying to make sure nothing was exposed when she shot. Craig pocketed three balls. Liz missed completely and gave everyone who was looking a flash when one of her boobs almost fell completely out of her top. I pocketed two balls before I dropped the nine-ball to win the game. Krysta tried to distract me by bending over about the time I shot but it did not work.
We decided to play one more game just for fun. Krysta shot first and sank one ball. Rex pocketed two balls. Alex sunk one ball and raised up with a shocked look on her face. I asked, “What’s wrong Alex?” She did not say but I could tell something was wrong. I walked around the table and noticed I could see on of her strings hanging out from under her skirt. She turned to walk towards the bathroom when her bikini bottom slid down her leg and landed on the floor. Krysta, being the ever-helpful friend, reached down and untied the other string. Alex was now standing there with nothing on under her outfit. She was embarrassed, shocked and did not know which way to turn. Krysta was holding her bottoms and would not give them back. Liz was laughing her ass off. Craig and Rex were looking at Alex trying not to laugh. Krysta told Alex, “Loosen up, no one can see under your skirt. If we win this game, I will give you your bottoms back. If we lose, you can have them back tomorrow.” Alex reached for her bottoms and Krysta said, “Its still your turn so go shoot and remember what I said. We win, you get them back, we lose and you go home without them.” Alex said, “It’s not fair you and Liz still have yours on.” Krysta said, “If we lose we will take ours off too.” Alex decided to go ahead and play. She nervously sank one more ball, while trying to keep everything covered. She did show a little ass trying to make one shot. Craig sunk one ball. Liz pocketed one ball. I did not sink any. Krysta sank one but missed on the nine-ball. I think she missed on purpose. Rex ended up pocketing the nine-ball winning the game. Alex looked like she was going to die. Krysta and Liz went to the bathroom to remove their knickers.
After Liz and Krista returned from the bathroom, we went back to our table and had a few more drinks. Liz decided she wanted to dance so she got Krysta and Alex to go out on the dance floor with her. At first Alex was really stiff but loosened up quite a bit. She was trying to keep her ass covered but she did flash a quick glimpse a few times. I decided to rescue Alex when a slower song was played and we could dance close. Feeling her ass without any panty lines was simply awesome. After a couple of songs, Alex whispered in my ear, “I am ready. Do you think we can go now?” I asked her, “What?” She replied with, “I am ready to go! Please take me home. I can not take this much more.” We said our good-byes and headed out. On the way out, Krysta held up her bikini and said, “I will give these back to you tomorrow.” Everyone close by turned to look at what was dangling from her fingers. Alex turned red and we headed for the door. On the way to the truck, I stepped behind her and raised her skirt up to expose about half of her naked ass.
It was a good thing no one was close by or they would have gotten a good view when I helped her into the truck. On the way home I had her skirt slid up and played all the way home. She was extremely ready by the time we got home. Next time, I will write about slave day…