Girlfriends Dress

My girlfriend, after a kinky Saturday in which she was dominated by me, for a change, confessed her desires to be shown off. I knew about her interest in exhibitionism, and in her great interest in showing me off, humiliating me, and dominating me in general, but her desire to be "forced" to show off was a surprise. Generally, if she wanted to flaunt her wonderful body, she did. I didn't think she needed my help to do it.

"No," she explained. "I like the uncertainty of it, the surprise. When I do it, I know what's going to happen. What thrills me even more than being exposed is not knowing when or how it's going to happen."

I understood that - that's what thrilled me about being dominated by her. Not knowing what she was going to make me do; that was a turn-on.

"Ok, hon, then let me think of ways for you to play too."

A few days later we were at the mall. The local discount store, the one that sells "seconds" and slightly imperfect items, was having a sale. D. wanted to shop there anyway, even though we hadn't talked about her dominating me or me coming up with a way for her to be shown off and surprised about it.

Once inside, D. found a few business suits to wear. I have a good eye for clothes for her, so I was helping her look. I found a perfect white dress for her; knee length, button down from the top to the bottom. Definitely not for work, but I thought I could have some fun with that. I picked one out for her that was too small by a size, or maybe two. Just like she had done with me with the lycra shorts a few weeks previous.

"Hey, honey, try this on!"

She looked at it, looked at the size, and smiled. "Ok, be right out."

After trying on the business suits and modeling them for me, and deciding to buy two, she went back into the dressing room to try on the white dress.

When she came out, my heart almost stopped. Of course it was way too small, but I was surprised how well it fit her. It molded her body, very tight around her thin waist, and around her breasts, they were forced up and together. She had obviously taken her bra off by her hard nipples that poked out against the material. I couldn't tell she had taken her knickers off, too, until she turned around for me. The dress wasn't too thin, but being so tight on her, it showed she wasn't wearing knickers. It was naughty, but wasn't nearly as nasty as when she had dressed in just high heels and a raincoat and had spent all day exposing herself. The buttons could be strategically undone, of course, which we both realized, but I had something even better in mind.

"You look great it in, hon. Let's buy that. I have an idea..."

Of course she was curious, but I told her she would find out what I had planned soon enough.

Once I had some time to myself, a few days later, I carefully took a razor blade and cut several of the lines of thread holding all of the buttons on. A few, like the ones on the bottom of the dress, where I started, were barely hanging on. I left the ones higher, around her waist and breasts, a little less cut - the tightness would do the job for me.

Aside from the usual tv watching, going out to dinner and movies and the occasional play, hiking and stuff, D. and I both love to read. We save lots of money by making trips to the library every week or two. Our books were due that Thursday night, so I thought it would be the perfect time for some "fun." We can drop our books off at any library in town - there are many to chose from. I figured we could go to a branch on the other side of town, which would be more anonymous for us.

After work Thursday, we ate a quick dinner, then I had D. jump in the shower while I got her dress out. When I had asked her if she was interested in playing a little exhibitionism game, her eyes lit up.

I dried her off carefully, then knelt and slipped her feet into a pair of white heels she has. I then took her dress off the hanger (unbuttoned already) and put it on her. She still had no idea that the buttons were barely hanging on, and I wasn't going to tell her. I carefully buttoned the dress, and was relieved when none of the buttons came off. It would be a complete surprise.

She was curious and tried to get me to tell her what I had planned. I told her that she looked fabulous and sexy in the dress, and that, even if nothing else happened, I would be thrilled and turned on by what she was wearing. I think she didn't believe me completely, but was willing to stop pestering me.

She did look fabulous. The idea of being on display in that dress, even though it covered everything, was turning her on. Her nipples poked against the fabric, her breasts strained against the material. I added a white hat with the local college's logo on it, and she looked like a co-ed. The hat would also help disguise her; if the night turned out as planned, I didn't want anyone able to identify exactly what she looked like... at least, they wouldn't be able to identify her hair or her face very well - just her whole body!

Driving to the library, I pulled her skirt up around her waist to play with her clit with my hand. Unfortunately, it was too dark for anyone to notice. That would change at the library.

We arrived at the city's second largest branch, way across town. I told her she had about fifteen minutes to pick out a few books for herself, which I would check out on my card. She was to pick them out, give them to me, then await my instructions.

I held my breath, waiting for one of the buttons to go before I was ready, ruining the surprise. I saw several of the breast buttons started to work loose, but I don't think D. noticed. Giving her a time limit kept her mind focused on finding the books she wanted - though she was also mindful of the looks she got from the few men there.

She found me in the back of the library fifteen minutes later and handed me three books she had picked out. I had a few of my own, and told her I would go check them out, put them in the car, and then come back inside and find her after a while.

In the meantime, I told her, she was to put her hands behind her back. I pulled a piece of tan thread that was from her sewing kit at home, and showed it to her. Then I turned her around and tied a loop of thread around each wrist, connected by a short piece of thread. I stood back and looked; to the casual observer, it just looked like D. had one hand held in the other, behind her back, with her wrists crossed. Like anyone who was walking and browsing at the books on the shelves might walk.

When she felt me tying her wrists together, she leaned back against me and moaned. It seemed that the bondage part, in public, also turned her on.

"Ohh, what are you doing?!"

"Relax, dearest. The thread can barely be seen, and then only if you are looking closely. And if you absolutely have to, you can easily pull your wrists apart and break the thread." I paused for effect. "But if this thread is broken before we get home, I will be VERY disappointed in you!"

The sound that came out was somewhere between a moan and a whimper.

"I want you to wander around the library, especially where men are standing or reading. If you see someone who seems to enjoy looking at you, of course you should stand up straighter, even push your chest out, pull your arms back to "stretch," stand on your tiptoes to look at books on the higher shelves, or whatever you want."

"And if you're really good, I'll give you a surprise later." Would I - when those buttons went, she would be surprised.

"Whatever happens, I really do expect your wrists to be still tied together when we get home tonight. Agreed?"

"Ya ya yes," she stuttered. I turned her around, gave her a deep kiss, then took the books to check them out. I steered her towards a table with a high-school aged boy studying, and suggested she look for books near that table, to start with.

She told me later what had happened while I checked out the books and took them to the car.

She walked over to near where the young man was studying and looked at some books on a shelf that half faced him. He wasn't paying attention to her, so she spread her legs wide, hoping he would see that out of the corner of his eyes.

She told me how absolutely taken aback she was when, spreading her legs to tighten the fabric on her legs more, all of the buttons up to right below her crotch dramatically popped off! The boy looked up to D. standing with her legs spread wide, and could see all the up to her inner thighs. She was looking down at her dress, trying to figure out what happened, but looked up in time to see the boy's eyes widen as he stared at her. He looked at her a few seconds longer before noticing that he was being watched by her, then blushed beat red and tried to return to studying.

D. walked back down the row of books without bothering to pick up the buttons. She told me later that because of the cheap store we had bought it at, and the fact that it was too small for her to begin with, she thought the the buttons had just been too stressed and come off on their own.

She said she didn't realize that maybe that was my surprise until she was standing before the magazine racks, where another young man was paging through a magazine and stealing glances at her. She turned her back to him, and keeping her knees straight, bent over to look at a lower shelf. As she did so, she spread her legs slightly, and felt two more buttons pop, right above the previous ones. She said that she knew that, with her legs even slightly spread, her crotch would be completely visible. She said she felt like breaking the thread then, to cover up, but thought she could get away with it if she tried to emphasize her breasts, to keep anyone's gaze from dropping down.

So after giving the young man a nice long look at her panty-less ass in the thin tight dress, she stood up and turned towards him. She wanted to see if thrusting her breasts out would keep him from looking down... and if it didn't, she later told me, well, that was ok too! She was very excited by the whole predicament, she said.

As she stood up on her toes, thrust her breasts forward and pulled her arms back, she told me, panting, later that night, it felt like something just exploded, and she realized that this was my surprise. Her medium-to-large breasts, already crushed into the dress, put too much strain on the thread of the buttons, and all but one, from the top to the one right at her belly button, popped off.

The young man, looking right at her, dropped the magazine he was holding, he was so startled. D.'s breasts were completely exposed to him, as were her long legs and even her partially shaved pussy. He picked up his magazine, still starting.

"I have to admit it, honey..." she told me a little later, in the car, "I had an orgasm right there! Just from the whole situation - standing exposed to him, his staring, my breasts and pussy exposed, and right there in the library! The surprise of it, the helplessness of my hands being tied behind my back... wow! I moaned, whimpered, and panted 'Yes, yes!' - and he watched every second!"

I saw that part of it, at least from the back. I was standing near the door, where the new books are located, pretending to browse through one, while really watching her. Several seconds later, when she was a little calmer from her orgasm, she blew the man a kiss, as he stood still gawking (with an erection that even I could see). Then she turned around, and I could tell she was a little panicked. Once some of the excitement had been released through her orgasm, it really hit her what the situation was: exposed in the library, not wanting to disappoint herself or me by breaking the thread and pulling her dress shut, but still needing to get out of there!

As she turned around, she headed towards the exit. "I couldn't stay in there like that - I just couldn't," she told me. "Well... maybe next time you'll MAKE me...ohhhh!"

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" I asked. "If I ordered you to stay in the library, mostly naked like that? I should have told you to go to the librarian and ask for a safety pin for your dress!"

"Ohhhhhhhhh, yesss!" She moaned. Dominating her was going to be so much fun!

She saw me standing there, but I pretended not to really notice her. The male librarian, around 50 years old, standing behind the check-out counter, certainly did though. Especially when she caught my disapproving look at the one button still holding on, at her bellybutton. As she walked, she thrust her stomach out, and it popped too. The dress came open, and since it was too small, thin, and she was walking, it swept back on both sides. She was more or less naked, at least seen from the front.

"Miss, umm, miss, your dress..." the male librarian stammered. Head down, D. just walked quickly through the exit, then out the front door, right as a husband and wife were coming in! They gasped, stopped, and stared as D. pushed through them, and outside. Meanwhile, I had put my book back, and slowly followed, like a naturally curious man.

"Did you SEE that?!" the woman asked her husband. "I can't believe it!"

He was just smiling.

I raised my eyebrows at them, like, "What was that?" and went outside. I couldn't see D. at first, but went over by the car, where she was crouching. The only reason the dress was even still with her was because it was bunched up, trapped on her arms, prevented from sliding off by her crossed and tied wrists.

I opened the driver's side door, climbed in, started the car, and opened the passenger door from inside. D. climbed in, keeping low - neither one of us wanted to get arrested for what she had just done. And since people had actually noticed her nakedness this time, we had to be careful.

She laid down on the front seat, face up, legs spread, until we were out of the parking lot. Then she sat up and I put her seat belt on over her nakedness. She begged me to finger her, to let her have another orgasm. Even though that was tempting, the evening still wasn't done. So I told her I would consider it, if she begged and pleaded, and told me what had happened after I tied her wrists together.

Sitting there in the car, naked except for her dress bunched up behind her back, she told me all about it, briefly. Later, in bed, she told me about it in more detail, but what struck me most in the car was her obvious excitement at someone seeing her have an orgasm. That's what had really turned her on the previous time, driving home when she was mostly naked - she wanted people driving by to see her cumming. I hadn't let her then, but tonight was the night.

We pulled into a 24-hour self and full-serve gas station, where I knew young college guys worked to put themselves through the local technical college. Sure enough, a college age guy was sitting on a little stool, textbook open. There was no one else getting gas right then, so I pulled up. When he came to the window to ask what I needed, I had D. kneeling, sitting back on her heels, legs spread wide, breasts thrust out, panting with my finger inside of her. Her eyes were wide open, looking at the man.

"A fill up, pleasssse," she half moaned. The young man smiled - I could tell he couldn't believe his luck. I didn't look at him - I didn't want to scare him off.

"Yes, Ma'am!" he said, and went to start the gas. Of course he came back to wash the windows, which was great. He did it slowly, watching as I pushed another finger into D. and used my thumb on her clit. She was panting and moaning loudly, looking at the guy, who leaned up against the car, rubbing his cock against it while he washed the windows.

He finished with the gas, and came back to my window.

"Umm, that's $11.85," he said, mostly to her. D. was close tocumming.

"She'll pay you on her side," I told him, still not looking at him.

The doors were locked, but the windows were rolled down all the way. He went around the front of the car to D.'s side and leaned against the door, his head still outside, but only a few feet from D's.

I whispered to her, "Cum now, honey. Cum for both of us!"

And with that, she did, with both of us watching. Wave after wave of orgasm hit her, and she was screaming louder than I had ever heard her before.

When she had calmed down and slumped against me, I pulled my sopping fingers from her, took a ten and two ones from my wallet, and wiped my fingers on them. I leaned across to her window and handed him the money.

"Hope you didn't mind the show," I smiled.

"Yeah, right!" he said. I was tempted just to leave, but decided to wait for the change. When he got it out of his pocket, I nudged D. and had her turn her back to him, bend over, raising her ass in the air along with her tied hands, cup her hand, and take the change from him.

"Now if you're cool and don't mention this to many people, we'll probably come back, ok? Be discreet."

"Wow, yeah, come back anytime!"

I pulled away, and D. sucked and nibbled my cock, through my shorts, all the way home. Needless to say, when we got home we were both ready again, and made mad, passionate love nearly all night.