Last Day in Town

**cyndi**

Tue Apr 7, 2009 00:08

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Last summer I was invited to stay at my sister and husband's home in California for two weeks as a gift for graduating high school. They had a very nice home with a pool .The home had a detached garage that opened up to a long alley .The first week I was at their home we traveled to different places to see the sights. The second week they had to work so I was left alone to hang out. I spent my mornings sunning and swimming and the afternoons reading and watching cable. My morning routine was to swim laps for an hour to keep in shape . I'm five foot eight ,one hundred eighteen pounds and was on the swim team . The "event" I'm about to talk about happened Friday the day before I was to fly back home. Friday started off like any other day; I swam ,sunned and dried off and went inside.I then covered my self in lotion . Thirsty, I opened the refrig to get a soda only to find that they were all gone. I decided that I would ride my brother-in-law's bike to the market to buy a six pack of sodas. Since I only had a towel on and most of my cloths were in the laundry I looked in my sisters closet to see what I could wear. I spotted a cool old style orange terry cloth halter dress that hung below the knees and had a long split up one side. I tried the dress on and it fit perfect so I grabed ten dollars and headed to the garage. The bike was an old style cruiser with a basket on the front. I rolled out of the garage, down the drive way and into the alley. Their alley intersects with another alley and I turned left down that alley knowing the market was two blocks down at the end of the alley. The ride was uneventful except for passing two fourteen or fifteen year old boys who were playing basketball against their garage. I laughed to myself wondering what they would think if they knew i had nothing on under my dress. I bought the sodas at the market, put them in the basket and headed back up the alley. I was around one house from where the boys were still playing basketball when it happened.

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Out of no where I felt a sharp tug on my dress. I looked down and saw that my dress had caught in the chain and wrapped around the peddle causing my dress to pull down. Since I was busy looking down and trying to unhook my dress i swerved right into the boys game and crashed into some trash cans along side their driveway. The bike went down and i landed on my feet standing above it. The force of the crash and the bike falling down grabbed my halter dress pulling it down past my boobs and any movement caused the dress to pull down farther. With my boobs hanging out and one arm covering them I tried to use the other arm to pull the dress loose. I knew I was screwed and worse both boys just stood there , mouths open, not making a move. I pleaded with them to try to help me and they seemed to come out of their trance. The more they tried to free my dress the more it pulled down until it was inches above my kitty . I was now panicked and all I could think about was that I had shaved bare this week for the first time in my life.

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The more they pulled and the lower my dress slipped the wider their eyes got.I think they were starting to enjoy the torture I was in. Then one of them yelled "Here comes a car". I really panicked jumped away from the bike leaving my dress and ran up the side of their house . I crouched down trying to cover my nudity . My tan line looked bright white against my tan body framing my exposed parts and my shaved kitty seamed to be more pronounced then ever. I was scared, naked,and exposed trying to figure out what to do with two teen boys in shock starring at me. The car drove by with out the driver even looking our way. I guess the slack from leaving my dress made it easy for the dress to come loose. The boys removed the dress and then shocked me by saying if I wanted it I would have to come and get it. I could not belive my ears and my pleading just made them braver.

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I knew I would have to get my dress and so I decided to walk to them to get it. I started to move towards them with one arm across my boobs and my hand covering my kitty. When I got close to one of the boys he threw the dress over my head to his friend. Not thinking I jumped up with both arms extended trying to grab my dress. Forgetting my state of dress, I started to get mad as the boys tossed my dress back and forth with me jumping up and down putting on quite a show. Then,with out really thinking,I grabbed one of the boys shorts and pulled them down to his ankles,underwear and all. To my surprise and his shock out popped his boner. In a fit of rage,I grabbed his boner and pulled him towards his friend proclaiming that i would "rip off his dick if I did not get my dress back". He started to cry and ask his friend to give me back my dress.

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Before his friend could answer I felt something warm against my leg. The little bastard had shot his wad on me. His buddy was so stunned at what had just happened that he handed me my dress,lifted my bike and put the sodas back into the basket. Without a word ,I put the dress in the basket , jumped on the bike and rode the last block home nude.I do not know why I rode naked but I just wanted to get out of there before I got into trouble .When I got home I was surprised that I was so turned on. I played with myself right then and there before I even left the garage. The next day as we were leaving to go to the airport we drove by their house but they were not out. I still get wet thinking about this little "event"

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