**The Lowest Low Ride Pants Ever**
By Carrie

This story actually has it roots back at Halloween when I was surfing the Internet for costume ideas and came across this site called Wicked Temptations at http://www.wickedtemptations.com/m1-303aj.html Oh, I didn't by the top. Just the pants. It has some really wild stuff that you never see in stores. Well along with a couple of other things, there was this pair of pants that caught my eye. They were the lowest low ride jeans I had ever seen. I was concerned about buying them over the Internet in case they didn’t fit but well, they were so sexy that I just couldn’t resist. I got them a couple of weeks later and well let me tell you these are definitely the lowest low ride jeans possible. I don’t think I could wear anything lower and remain decent.

They had to be the sexiest pair of pants I had ever seen in my life. They’re like a pair of legs with no top. It’s a good thing I have a pretty slim butt because there isn’t much material to cover it with a 3 inch inseam in the front and an 8 inch inseam in back. I don’t know if you realize it or not but that is nothing. The back is about the width of a piece of letter paper and the front is lower than most of my bikinis.

As soon as they came, I had to try them on. I took my cloths off and tried them on right away. It was amazing. The sides sit right across the middle of my hip bone and the front has this sexy V cut to them so the front exposes you even more than if it came straight across. Almost too much. The back is no better. The 8 inch inseam in the back doesn’t even cover my ass completely, even with them pulled up as far as I can get them. Even so a little bit of my butt crack is showing no matter what, and that’s when I’m standing. If I sit half of my butt is hanging out. They are so daring it’s unbelievable.

I walked around the house for a bit to see how well they stayed up. They felt like they were going to slip right off my hips with every step but somehow they stayed. It felt so sexy and daring I couldn’t believe it. I was constantly stopping all the time, trying to tug them up to cover my butt - even though it was impossible. About an inch or two was showing all the time causing a draft in back that was so exciting me terribly. The front was the part that really concerned me though. The bottom of the V stopped just about at my pubic mound and now I knew why they called them shave pants. Even though I was shaved pretty close down there, close to an inch of blond hair was showing above the waistband - that’s how close my pussy was to coming into view.

The other thing that concerned me was the little gap between my lower abdomen and the waistband of my pants. I had a pretty serious hip bone gap going and that was just standing. If I shifted my weight and sucked in my tummy you could just make out my pussy from my vantage point. Luckily no one really had that view except me. I guess the proper thing to do was to wear a thong under them but I had never really been into that look for some reason. I had usually skipped the panties under my low ride jeans to give me a cleaner look. I did however have to trim my bush back before I could wear them though. I ended up shaving everything off by the time I was done.

I modeled them again for Karen and Sue and called Lisa to describe them to her. She couldn’t wait to see them and insisted I bring them when I came down to visit her over New Years. It was just before Christmas then and I was really busy, so except for modeling them around the house, I didn’t have a chance to wear them in public until I went down to visit Lisa.

Ok on to the interesting part. Just before New Years I went down to visit Lisa. Well you know how she really brings out the exhibitionist in me. Well this wasn’t much different. She had wanted me to wear them the first night I arrived but I ended up waiting till the second night which was New Years Eve.

Once again I shaved everything silky smooth down there so nothing would be peeking out of there. After I showered and did my hair I tried them on for Lisa. She said that they looked so hot on me that she was getting turned on just looking at me. I kind of gave her a questioning look as I did my best runway model walk around her apartment. I have to admit I was getting plenty aroused myself just in her apartment because they felt like they were just barely hanging on my hips. I was deliberately taking small steps to see how long I could go without pulling them up. Lisa started saying something about a dare but I cut her off saying that there was no way these pants were going to last 5 minutes before falling down. Well after about 3 passes I had to tug them up.

“Nice ass.” Lisa yelled as she started laughing hysterically when I continued tugging with nothing happening.

After she got her laughing under control she came over for a closer look. “What’s the matter? Having trouble keeping you pants up?”

“Damn, not leaving much to the imagination down there girl. The guys will love it.” Lisa added as she checked out the gap in the front of my pants.

Lisa kept on making comments as she reached around me and gave the back of my pants a tug. As she did, her blouse rubbed against my nipples causing me to jump back a bit.

Again we broke out laughing. “Want to dance?” I asked as I grabbed her around the waist and turned her around and all but rubbed my boobs into her chest.

Eventually we settled down and finished getting ready. I finished my outfit with a tight fitting white tank top. I passed on a bra figuring if I’ve gone this far why bother. My nipples and a tiny bit of my areolas were visible through the top and since it only came down to my navel, there was a lot of my stomach exposed which proved a little chilly considering it was New Years Eve and about 40 degrees out. We grabbed coats and our purses and headed out.

I could feel the cool air rushing up underneath my jacket and down my butt crack as I walked which only highlighted how low these pants were. Sitting in Lisa’s car was also interesting because my butt was exposed below my jacket and resting against the cold seat. I wiggled around a bit and was tugging them up higher when Lisa asked me what was wrong. Eventually I just sat there with half my bare butt on the seat realizing there wasn’t anything I could do.

When we got to the club I carefully got out the passenger door and pulled my pants up and the jacket down. You should have seen me. I must have looked like I was trying to give myself a wedgie or something. The jacket pretty much covered me so noone could see the pants as long as I kept it on. It did nothing however to hide the feeling inside of me that they were about to fall down at any moment.

Lisa yelled back, “Are you coming or what?” as she walked ahead of me. You see I was walking rather slowly trying to minimize the slippage of my pants. I’m usually a pretty fast walker since I have pretty long legs but not tonight.

We had a longer walk than I had wanted and I need to stop once again to pull my pants up before going in. The walk and the fact that my pants were just barely hanging on my hips had gotten me more than a little excited. I tugged them up one last time under my coat and took a deep breath as Lisa and I walked in. I must have looked pretty funny but believe me it was necessary. Just one more of my high maintenance outfits.

Inside was dark and not that crowded for a New Years Eve. I guess it was still early. Lisa surveyed the place and picked out a set of stools in the corner. I pointed towards a table that was off to the side. We ended up standing at the bar as this group of guys offered to buy us drinks. Lisa immediately accepted and took her coat off revealing a hot black mini skirt and tight blouse that left about 2 inches of bare belly showing. She looked pretty good and the guys took notice which took the attention off of me since I still had my coat on. She immediately settled in and made herself at home with the guys.

Eventually she says, “Come on take your coat off and stay a while.”

Ok, at this point all these guys saw was a tall blond in a pair of dark metallic blue pants with a dark wool jacket. A wave of nervousness passed over me since now was the moment of truth. I knew I wasn’t going to be able to keep my jacket on all night but I wasn’t exactly ready to take it off right then with everyone watching. Lisa wasn’t going to let me off though.

“Come on Carr. Guys you have to check out these pants she has on.” She adds.

Well now she has all the guys staring at me waiting in anticipation which only makes it worse. I can feel my nipples grow hard as the guys are all checking me out now. Now the pants aren’t your normal denim either. They’re pretty loud to start with so everyone knows they’re different but just not how different.

Eventually after a number of other comments are made I slowly start to unzip my jacket. About half way down I stopped and reached under the back of the jacket and tugged my pants back up one last time before finishing. Everyone went silent as all eyes, including Lisa’s, focused in on my crotch. I tried to not look down but I had to be sure I wasn’t already exposing something so I quickly glanced down myself. I wasn’t but you certainly would have thought so by the looks I was getting. I could feel my pussy swelling and growing moist as I stood there.

Eventually a woman along side of me that wasn’t part of the group broke the silence with a gasp of “Oh my god.” As she notice my pants.

Again I couldn’t help myself and looked down once again to see how bad it was. This time I notice the gap between my belly, if it’s still called that down that low, and the waist band of the pants. The tiny gap ran from my hip bone to my mound on either side opening up a tempting view that seemed to have the guys mesmerized. I quickly shifted my weight so the gap became less noticeable. But their attention seemed riveted on that sexy V.

Right at the base of the V there is a little zipper that crosses right over my pussy splitting my lips. Right behind that tiny zipper was my open sex which was starting to get wet from all the excitement. I quite often go without any panties under my jeans and it’s rare that it bothers me but I definitely felt a little more sensitive down there tonight.

It seemed like it took a couple of minutes before their eyes rose enough to catch my nipples which were now quite noticeable poking hard at my skin tight lycra top.

“Pretty hot, huh?.” Lisa added keeping the attention riveted on me knowing that I must have been getting more and more aroused by the second.

Once again, I instinctively reached down and tried to tug them up even though I hadn’t moved from my spot. Eventually the guys broke their silence and added their complements saying they had never seen sexier pants before in their lives. I got a wave of courage and spun around giving them a glimpse of my partially bare butt in the process.

“Damn, What holds them up?” one finally asked.

“Not much,” Lisa added.

Slowly the conversation returned as a number of other people seemed to move in even closer. I was really turned on now and it showed. It was barely 10:00 and my nipples were like little marbles outlined perfectly by the tight material.

The club was starting to fill up and I had conversations coming from both sides as people clamored around. One guy in particular was getting really close trying to wrap his arm around me. I had to take his hand off my hip several times as he was trying to grab a feel. He was pretty full of himself so I tried to separate myself from him and rejoin the original guys that had bought us our first drinks. He wouldn’t take the hint and asked me to dance. I told him frankly that he was being a jerk and I wasn’t going to dance with him. He didn’t take it well but eventually left me alone.

I was finally starting to relax a bit after the guys bought us another round of drinks and the conversation moved beyond my pants and how they were staying up. I still caught them stealing a glance down whenever they thought I wasn’t looking. The guys were actually pretty nice and we had a long pleasant conversation as we all told our little stories. Of course Lisa brought up some of my dares which I had to explain and all. Hearing myself describe some of them was embarrassing me and at the same time getting me turned on all over again, especially whenever the guys would look on like, ‘I can’t believe she did that’. This seemed to go on forever until I had to go to the bathroom.

Lisa joined me and we snaked our way through the club to the ladies room. Oh man you should have seen some of the looks and comments as I walk through the crowded club. All the attention, not to mention that my pants were hanging on by barely a thread, was really having its effect. I tugged them up a couple of times in just the course of the walk. At one point a guy put his arm around me and ran his hand down my back and butt while he tried to sweet talk me. I quickly took it off and pushed myself through the crowd and ahead of Lisa.

There were several young girls inside the ladies room when I arrived and all gave me a thorough look. One just shook her head and left in a huff but the other two were pretty nice and asked me how in the world they stayed up. I was in a bit of a hurry so I didn’t take time to explain as I ducked in the first available stall.

I took a deep breath to calm myself down and carefully, very carefully pulled the tiny zipper down its 3 inches. About half way down my thumb passed over my clit and I left out a moan just as it popped free. I was wet, really wet and turned on like no tomorrow. I finished peeing and freshened up as best I could, resisting the temptation to get off right there in the bathroom stall. I needed something wet like a paper towel but that meant doing the same thing at the sink with everyone else looking on. I wasn’t sure I could do that but knew I had to do something.

I pulled my zipper up very, very carefully and pulled the pants up as far as I could in the front and went to the sink. There was only Lisa and one other girl there so I grabbed some wet paper towels and carefully pulled the zipper down once again to finish the job, trying to hide from the others. It looked really bad, like I was getting off right there in the bathroom. I tried to finish as quickly as I could as Lisa is chewing my ear about how cute the one guy Phil is. She only slowed up long enough to slap my all but bare ass which only drew a comment from the other woman there. I pulled up the zipper once again being ultra cautions not to snag any of me along the way and tuned back to Lisa.

I finished up and headed back to the guys again with equal results on the way back. Once there Lisa suggested dancing. I declined at first because I was concerned about loosing my pants but was all but dragged out to the dance floor by the guys.

Oh man, talk about risky, about an inch of my butt was showing at best and a lot more after I started dancing. I normally love dancing but was being real conservative tonight. We danced as a group - 4 guys and Lisa and I. Lisa was really getting down with Phil so I was kind of left with the other three all of whom were paying more attention to my slip sliding pants than me. I tugged my pants up two or three times in the course of one song. By the end I was starting to relax a bit more but still asked to sit out when the song ended. I got three other invites to dance as I walk back to our corner of the club. I guess seeing me dancing kind of got the attention of some of the people that hadn’t seen me previously because before I know it, I had six or eight guys hanging on me and asking me to dance. Two handing me drinks at the same time. There I am with a rum and coke in each hand. They must have asked the bartender what I was drinking. I doubt it but I almost think they did it on purpose so I didn’t have a hand free to pull up my pants.

There I am talking to a half dozen guys, a drink in each hand and my pants all but falling off me unable to pull them up. I couldn’t help but notice everyone glancing down to catch a glimpse of my pants as we talked. I was starting to get buzzed in the process and felling less and less concerned about my pants as time went on too. Finally I finish one drink just as someone hands me a noise maker and a glass of champagne. Now the place is getting really noisy to the point where you couldn’t talk.

Eventually I put down my drink so I can hold the glass of champagne and blow my noise maker. By now I’ve all but forgotten about my pants until someone behind me takes his noise maker and slips it in the crack between my half exposed butt cheeks. I turned around but couldn’t tell who had done it as I pull it out and tug my sagging pants back up.

Then I turn around the other way just in time for someone to plant a kiss on me. Right on the lips. I was momentarily stunned until I hear someone say one minute.

Just then Lisa and Phil returned and Lisa is screaming something, ‘I leave you alone for a minute and your back here making out.’ in my hear. Then everyone started counting down to midnight and it is so loud it actually hurts my ears.

Then, ’10, 9 ,8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1’ and the place goes wild. Before I could even get a chance to sip my champagne another guy is kissing me then another, and I feel my ass being grabbed then my boobs. I was cool with it until someone tried sliding his hands down the front of my pants. This guy was kissing me and I felt his hand sliding down my stomach. I felt like this guy is getting a little carried away and then I feel his hand sliding even lower. I stopped him just as it slides inside my pants. I should have been more concerned but the place was going nuts so I just let it go and went with the flow.

Eventually the music started up again and everyone kind of just started dancing in place. I was pretty buzzed by then not to mention horny as hell after being felt up like that so I was getting into it pretty good, forgetting for the most part about my pants and how exposed I was. This guy Joe, one of the guys who bought us our original drinks when we walked in finally finds his way over to me and I couldn’t help but give him a big fat sloppy wet kiss as we swayed to the music. In the process I rubbed my breasts all over his chest which got everyone’s attention and got me going even more. My nipples were trying to rip holes in my top by now I was so wound up. I’m normally not that slutty but it was New Years Eve and I was horny as hell.

Joe grabbed my hand and dragged me through the crowd to the dance floor were we danced up a storm for a long while. At one point a slow dance came on and we dance real, I mean real, close. I could feel my nipples rubbing his shirt and his hard-on rubbing me a little lower down as we danced. At first he was holding my bare waist as we twisted to the music but then as he got a little more intimate and slid his hands lower until he had them down my pants and on my ass. I think the process pulled the front down also cause I was getting all sort of sensations in my pussy. We were so close that no one could see anything so I made no attempt to change anything. The combination of sensations was driving me crazy. After that dance I was really hot in more ways than one. I felt like I needed a cold shower to cool my sweaty body and dowse the fire that was growing in my sex. I needed a break and we started to head back to the others but didn’t have a chance before one of the other guys grabbed me and dragged me back to the dance floor.

I danced a bunch more times with several different guys and was forgetting about my pants more and more as my mind was in a kind of fog. They must have surely slid exposing more than they should have. By then though, my inhibitions had been washed away by the alcohol and my own horniness.

The workout of dancing was making me pretty hot and sweaty and my nipples and areolas were clearly showing through my tight top but I didn’t care. I was having fun and no one seemed to mind so what the hell.

Lisa was really into Phil and I hardly saw her after midnight. Eventfully it got late and I remember Lisa telling me it was time to go as she gave my pants a tug which isn’t like her to be covering me up so they must have really been falling down.

Phil and her exchanged numbers and Joe was trying to get mine as I tried to explain that I had a boyfriend already. He was pretty sweet and seemed a little hurt so I took his number and gave him another big fat wet kiss on the lips as we left.

Lisa and Phil had hit it off pretty well and that was all she talked about until we got back to her place. She must have really liked him because she gets real talkative when she likes someone. I was just going along with it and teasing her about how she needed a man in her life to take care of her needs better. She just started teasing me about Joe and I and how it looked like we were having sex out there on the dance floor during that slow dance.

I just laughed and said, “oh it looked that bad. I was hoping no one noticed.”

“Well the way those pants of yours were hanging, you practically were having sex out there.” She said

“Oh God was it that bad?” I asked sheepishly.

“Well half your ass was hanging out and I could see the top of your slit. I’m surprised they didn’t fall completely off that skinny little ass of yours the way you were dancing.” She added.

Lisa was still wound up and went on and on until we reached her place. I was running out of gas fast and winding down and hearing all this was making me a little embarrassed.

When I walked into Lisa’s place I threw my coat on a chair and went in search of my hangover medicine, three aspirin and a glass of water before turning in. I was drinking my water in the bathroom when Lisa came out of her bedroom in her night shirt. She simply walked up behind me and basically grabs the bottom of my shirt and pulls it up and over my head leaving me bare all the way down to the top of my pants which were at about half mast since I never bothered to pull them back up. I didn’t think too much of it until she continued by reaching around in front of me and grabbing my breasts, one in each hand with my nipples between her fingers and pulling me out of the bathroom.

I looked back at her and said, “Are you coming on to me or something?” just as I tripped and fell on the floor.

She said something about me being drunk and her having to get me ready for bed or something. She then jumped around in font of me and starts pulling my pants off.

The next morning we slept in late before heading out for brunch dressed just a little more appropriately then.

Well I hope it was worth the wait and sorry I can’t share too much of the details of my sex life. I think I actually share more than I should sometimes.