The dangers of sitting

Sorry I haven't written in awhile. I got suddenly busy and had only short moments to drop in.

But let's get back to where we were. As you'll recall, on December 4 I wrote, "I was attending this semi-formal party and had come dressed in a long, flowing dress that had a really wide and deep plunging neckline." And "when I entered the large home where the party was being held, the host was nice enough to take my coat for me. However, after I unbuttoned it and as he pulled it off my shoulders, the front of my dress sort of came along with it. . . . fully exposing both of my nipples." After the incident, "I headed straight for the bar for a nice, stiff drink."

In response to this, Dominique wrote:

> I bet the guys needed a stiff drink after that too, Trish lol.

Yes they did! And because my exposure happened to me just at the beginning of the evening, there is more to the story. For you see, a number of people had seen what happened. And others talked about it. This meant eyes were on my chest the remainder of the evening. And, naturally, I had no trouble finding guys to partner up with me when there was dancing and other activities.

The one problem with being such a center of attention, however, is that you may start trying to ignore it a bit. You may think you know why they are staring at you and so you stop thinking about it as much. But that means, if you have another mishap and all eyes are on you because of it, you might not be as quick on the uptake.

Which is just what happened to me.

I forgot about something else, too: the difference between how a long dress looks when you're standing in it and how it looks when you're sitting down. You see, in the store, and later at home, I'd tried it on standing in front of a full-length mirror. The neckline adequately covered my nipples while showing lots of cleavage. So I just loved it. But I never tried it out while sitting in a chair. Doing that didn't happen until the party itself.

And, as I'm sure you know, what might stay in place with the help of gravity may not be there for you when you're seated. It certainly wasn't for me. After standing around talking for a long while, and after dancing a little, I was asked to join a group of four cute guys talking at a table. Since being the only woman among a bunch of horny men has always been a fun thing for me, especially when I know I have nothing on under a sexy and revealing outfit, I was more than happy to sit awhile with them. And, as I look back on it, I can remember how they REALLY stared at me there--something I didn't take seriously enough at the time.

Of course, after the original mishap, I'd been making it a point to check the positioning of my dress off and on. But by now I was over that. So I sat down with the guys and immediately got into their conversation.

It was maybe 20 minutes before I noticed anything was amiss.

Apparently, when I'd sat down, the front of my dress had buckled a bit at the waist, causing the upper portion to lift up and out a little, widening the plunging gape that was displaying my breasts to such dangerous advantage. I guess I didn't feel it because the material moved out and away from my nipples, probably as I was getting settled.

Only later, when a cold shot of air from the air conditioning caused me to shiver a bit did I sense I wasn't fully covered. I looked down and gasped. Both of my nipples were almost completely out of my dress. I'd probably been sitting there all that time looking like that, talking up a storm, while those four guys kept the secret to themselves!

I quickly covered myself. The guys looked guiltily away. And, after regaining my composure, I said, "You couldn't have told me?!" One of them, covering his face and stifling a laugh, answered honestly, "No. We're guys. Remember?"

At that I quickly got up, acted angry at them, and left the table. But I wasn't really mad. I thought it was funny, as well as a real turn-on. I just didn't want to stick around. That might've made them think I'd done it on purpose, or that I was fair game now for some hanky panky. (Which I was, but not with any of them.)

Afterwards there were no other problems that evening. (But, then, I didn't sit down again.) I hung out, joining a couple of conversations, hooked up with a nice guy who hadn't seen either of my mishaps (and so wasn't leering at me), and let him take me home.

Happy ending.

Now it's your turn again, Dominique (and anyone else who wants to
join in).

-- Trish

Sitting in a chair

No need to apologize Trish,I know this time of the year can get a little crazy.

Any way I too like to show off while seated sometimes.I remember one time at a bus stop this cute guy was eyeing my legs as I had on a spandex mini dress. I decided to put on a little show for him. As the bus arrived I knew he would let me get on first so I climbed up the steps knowing he was right behind watching my every move. I “dropped” my ticket and bent over to pick it up. I heard the guy behind me gasp as I knew my skirt had slid up my boot a little, exposing the lower part of my thong. I adjusted my skirt and walked to the back of the bus as the driver hit the gas. I stumbled back on my heels right into mr.cute. I could feel with my butt his erection and it was quite arousing for me as well. I sat down on the bench seats and he sat across from me (of course). The whole bus ride downtown we never said a word, he just kept quickly glancing in between my legs as I put on a show for him by crossing and uncrossing them slowly. It was as if a non verbal type of communication was going on between us. I got up first to get off just as the driver hit the brakes. I “accidently” fell right onto his lap.I couldn’t tell if his groan was for pleasure or pain but he remained aroused. I blushed and appologized as I put my hand on his knee to stand up. I could tell he didn’t mind as he felt my boot while seated. As I left the bus I turned to see him staring out the window as it drove away. I am sure he had to use the washroom before he started his work....D