undressing dangerously

--- In [Dressing-Dangerously@yahoogroups.com](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Dressing-Dangerously/post?postID=0iD4diuriteRVQv-lGAiJkzJejLHhspOFI79muT68dhHh10Ny0BUqB722GgpNfKyoZOJhvhXA65n5JmjCZOBiJc6n1_JRHalPjyq), "Patricia E. Landin"  
<trish\_e\_landin@...> wrote:  
  
> I sometimes  
> wear something so low cut or with a plunging neckline that gapes so  
> wide that my nipples have been known to slip out, whether I'm aware  
> of it or not. And I've rarely been embarrassed by that.  
  
OMG, I'm ALWAYS embarrassed by that! Though I absolutely love to wear  
daring dresses and blouses with dangerously low or plunging  
necklines, I turn absolutely RED if anything goes wrong. The guys  
can't take their eyes off my breasts. So I tease them whenever I can  
by wearing something really risky. And without a bra my breasts move  
freely, which just heightens the excitement.  
  
But that new picture you just posted on the homepage of the Dressing  
Dangerously group made me shiver. I've seen it before. It's part of a  
series where French actress Emmanuelle Seigner, her nipples already  
starting to peek out of her plunging neckline as she moves, rests her  
head on Roman Polanski's shoulder only to have one nipple slip out  
completely.  
  
I've learned from embarrassing experience that dresses hang on you  
one way when you're standing and a different way when you're sitting,  
especially loose dresses like hers. It's clear that when she sat down  
her dress bunched up a bit at the waist, taking the weight off the  
shoulders. This caused the gap in her neckline to widen, allowing her  
nipples to start showing. Then, when she leaned her head on his  
shoulder, gravity took over and a breast just fell out. I wonder how  
long it took her to realize what had happened.  
  
Last year I was at a party wearing a sexy, backless red dress with a  
wide neckline that plunged all the way down to my waist. It was made  
of a very lightweight fabric. I loved the way it hung loosely on me  
from its thin spaghetti straps. Not only did it look fabulously sexy  
but, because I wasn't wearing any underwear, it sometimes made me  
feel like I had nothing on at all!  
  
Of course the guys were all agog at me, which I was just eating up as  
I strutted around in my spike heeled sandals, letting my breasts sway  
soooo teasingly. There were times when I felt my nipples were right  
on the verge of showing.  
  
Well a little while and a few drinks later I was sitting in a circle  
of couches and sofa chairs having great conversation with a bunch of  
really fun guys, most of whom were obviously horny. We were all  
having a great time. I could see everyone looking at my breasts but  
didn't think much about it because people had been looking at me that  
way all evening. But after I'd been engaged in the conversation for  
about a half hour I happened to look down at myself. And then I  
discovered to my horror that my neckline had gaped open so wide that  
not only were both my nipples in full view, but both my breasts were  
almost completely exposed! It was worse than that scene in the movie,  
the Forty Year-Old Virgin, where the woman in the speed dating scene  
has one breast escape while she's talking enthusiastically.  
  
I was mortified! I couldn't believe it. Those guys had been oggling  
me all that time and not one would tell me what was happening.  
  
Well, I covered myself back up so quickly I almost tore my dress. And  
when I turned beet red the guys all started laughing. I felt so  
humiliated I had to leave and run to the bathroom. I was in tears by  
the time I'd gotten inside.  
  
Later, after I composed myself, I quickly got my coat and left. It  
was like the rug had been pulled out from under me. But when I got  
home I suddenly found myself so horny that I couldn't stand it. And  
now, every time I think of that night it gets me all turned on.  
  
Are there any other women in this group like me who love to dress  
dangerously but still get really embarrassed if too much shows?  
  
Yours, Linda

Trish wrote to Emily to say:  
  
>>  
And one thing you wrote really caught my eye. You said, "i like being  
bottomless even more than being topless, it's just sexier."  
  
Does that apply as well to showing off in public? . . . Although, like you,  
I don't like wearing panties, and although I keep my hemlines high and my  
low-rise jeans and bikini bottoms riding as low as possible, I keep a  
closer watch on what's going on down there.  
<<  
  
Maybe I should start keeping a closer watch, too, Trish. But I think that  
I'm more like Emily than I sometimes realize (and not at all like Linda). I  
think I get a secret charge out of showing my pussy. I don't do it  
deliberately, mind you. But it has happened to me enough times to make me  
wonder about my hidden motives. I never tire of pushing the envelope that  
way, and so, of course, accidents happen.  
  
For example, I love to wear low-rise drawstring pants with nothing  
underneath. In fact, I don't think I've EVER worn panties under them. Also,  
whenever I'm in a daring mood, I make sure they ride absolutely as low as  
possible. Thus, in the same way, Trish, that your cotton panties left no  
margin for error when you had them on under your unzipped jeans that time,  
neither do my drawstring pants leave any margin. One little slip and some of  
my "landing strip" will be exposed. (And because I don't tie them on all  
that tight, that exposure has happened quite a number of times.)  
  
Of course this is risky. Just a couple of months ago I was wearing pants  
like that while in my neighborhood convenience store buying a few things.  
Since I'm pretty notorious in my area just because of the way I dress,  
everybody seems to notice when I come in. So I was being watched. Also, my  
pants were barely hanging on, riding right down to the legal limit. And,  
yep, some of my butt crack had started to show.  
  
Still, I threw caution to the winds and just went about my shopping in the  
normal way. But when I stretched, standing on my tip toes, to reach up and  
grab something off a top shelf, my pants suddenly fell right down to my  
knees!  
  
Boy, did I have to make a quick recovery! The police might have come if I  
hadn't at least acted embarrassed.  
  
Laura