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