i have two memorable wardrobe malfunctions, both involving the wind  
and my skirt.  
  
once i was walking back to work at the end of lunch and crossing a  
busy downtown street. i wore a knit wrap miniskirt, kind of like a  
short kilt. the wind blew from one direction and suddenly from  
another and my skirt went right up. i was not wearing undies, so my  
butt and bush were exposed for a couple seconds right in the middle  
of the street. drivers waiting at the light honked their horns, and  
guys on the sidewalk whooped and whistled and applauded. i was  
mortified at first. i walked faster across the street and hurried  
back to my studio. but when i got there i wasn't feeling embarassed  
any more, i was excited, hot and wet. i think i would've been  
disappointed if no one responded! lol  
  
another time hubby (my bf then) and i were walking to a restaurant  
from the parking lot. it's a beautiful location looking out over the  
ocean. it started raining and my guy opened an umbrella. i whirled  
around to get under it and that motion was enough to get the wind  
under my short dress and lift it up above my waist. i wasn't wearing  
knickers then either and i was exposed from my rib cage down to my  
ankles. i got the dress back down quickly and noticed a group of  
senior citizens eating at a table just inside the nearest window. i  
thought good, they probably didn't notice anything. while we sat at  
our table having dinner though one of the men walked by on his way  
to the men's room. i looked up and he smiled and winked at me. i  
think we had a secret between us.  
  
emily

Yes. As you know, tiny bikinis can be hard to keep on if you try to  
play games and swim in them. But because I love ultra low-rise pants  
so much, I've had a number of mishaps in those, too. I mean, because  
of the way I usually wear them--shoving them wayyyy down to look  
really hot--it's amazing I don't lose them more often. And when I  
wear them super low, I know that my knickers would show, which I think  
looks tacky. So the lower my pants ride, the less willing I am to  
wear knickers--which is just the opposite of what most girls do.  
  
Anyway, I've shared a couple of low-rise pants experiences with you  
already, but here are the details on one incident I don't think I  
ever posted in this group (though I posted it in a different group  
some time ago).  
  
It happened at a club where I was serving drinks, a place where a lot  
of women customers came dressed revealingly and where management let  
barmaids wear whatever they liked--with the emphasis on wearing  
whatever would generate the biggest tips.  
  
Generally this club could only use my services now and then in a  
pinch; I was never one of its regular employees. So a few weeks might  
pass between my stints of work there. In this case, quite some time  
had gone by. And during that time it seems that I'd lost a little  
weight. As a result, my jeans didn't fit snugly anymore.  
  
But I didn't realize that until I finally got a call to come in  
again. It was a last-minute sort of thing that caught me unprepared.  
I didn't have any of my newer clothes washed, so I turned to the low-  
rise jeans I'd worn there before. When I went to put them on,  
however, it was then that I discovered just how loose they were.  
  
They felt pretty insecure, hanging so low on my hips that they  
effortlessly came to rest at the spot I would previously shove them  
down to (in pursuit of those bigger tips). That, of course, made the  
jeans feel more comfortable, but it suggested to me that they might  
slip even lower as I walked around in the club. So, just as a safety  
precaution (to keep any visiting cops from maybe giving me a hard  
time), I shaved off the last vestige of my remaining pubes. Then I  
put the pants back on, put on a sexy cutoff tank top, and went to  
work.  
  
At the bar, I was serving drinks in my usual winning and sexy ways.  
The guys just couldn't get enough of me (and I was really thriving on  
the attention). So things were going pretty well. Yes, my pants would  
occasionally start working themselves off as I walked around. The  
natural swing of my hips became a big factor here. But I managed to  
keep rescuing them before their descent could expose my pussy. (A lot  
of my butt crack got bared, though, let me tell you!) Because of the  
stir this caused, guys started slipping dollar bills all around my  
beltline. The whole thing soon got pretty wild.  
  
Well, toward closing time the crowd significantly thinned. Those  
remaining to the end, however, were pretty rowdy and happy, if you  
get my drift. They really liked me. One table full of them wanted one  
more round of beers before we shut the bar. So, because they'd  
already proved themselves good tippers, I obliged them. And once I  
had all the filled glasses on a tray, I got ready to take the drinks  
to their table.  
  
It was at this point that one guy in the group started waving a $20  
bill in my direction saying, "Do something to earn it and it's  
yours." I thought a moment and then lifted the tray up to balance it  
on my head. This action caused my tank to ride up, affording a  
glimpse of my nipples--which were really hard from all the excitement  
of having men leer at me all night long. I mean I was by now  
incredibly turned on! Even my pussy was wet—-something I became  
acutely aware of as I walked around the bar with this tray.  
  
For, you see, I'd neglected to readjust my pants before I balanced  
the tray of filled glasses on my head. That bait of an extra $20 tip  
(and the additional tips it might inspire) had distracted me. And so  
there I was, walking from the bar across the wooden floor to the  
table where they all sat, my loose-fitting jeans barely hanging on  
me. I mean they were down LOW. If I hadn't shaved myself I would have  
looked obscene.  
  
As I walked carefully towards them, I could feel the beltline  
shifting with the roll of my hips. I could sense that nearly half of  
my butt was showing. (They couldn't see that, of course, but it told  
me that my jeans were on the verge of slipping off completely.) Yet  
there was nothing I could do about it. I had to keep walking and hope  
I'd make it.  
  
And I almost did. However, when I had just a few more steps to go, I  
realized that my jeans had sunk so far down that they were beginning  
to bare a little bit of labia. And that got me even wetter.  
  
Then it happened.  
  
By the time I'd taken only two more steps, my jeans had slipped off  
my butt and shot down my legs. I came to a complete stop. The guys  
laughed and cheered wildly, with Mr. $20 shouting, "Alright!"  
  
Fortunately, one of the more sober guys at the table got up to come  
to my aid. "Can I help?" he asked. I told him yes. However, instead  
of assisting me with my tray, as I'd hoped, he reached down and  
pulled up my pants, then proceeded to take his sweet time in  
repositioning them, finally placing them as high as he could. That  
brought more loud laughter at my expense.  
  
Then I served the beers. When I was done, I asked if the guys would  
need anything else. That brought another round of laughter (and a few  
slaps on the rear and a few more tips, this time in my pockets).  
  
Then the soberest one asked me, "Did I do your pants right?"  
  
"No," I answered, placing my hands on my hips. "I wear them like  
THIS." With that, I shucked them suddenly downward to their usual  
spot, snatched the $20 bill from the first guy, and turned on my  
heel. Then I strutted back to the bar, a little richer and not too  
concerned that I was practically mooning them as I departed.  
  
OK, now it's somebody else's turn to share.  
  
-- Trish

That was great Trish,I see that you don't mind the occaisonal grope here and there either!

There is something about making a guy soooo horny that he loses control and touches you without your permission.Any way I am more of a mini skirt girl myself,I was wondering if you had any incidents in THEM >wind blowing up,guys peeking under them ect....  
My next story deals with rollerblading,I don't know if you are into that but I find it a great way to keep in shape and show off at the same time.This one time my boyfriend and I were trying to teach my little nephew how to blade.I had on a short fitted cut off t-shirt that really showed my abs and navel piercing.On my bottom I wore a pair of short spandex bycycle shorts with just a thong underneath.(I didn't want any cameltoe going on) We drove to the blading area by the beach,there were alot of bladers out that day.We started to blade with my boyfriend beside me and my nephew behind holding on to our waist bands.My boyfriend and I were also holding hands as we rolled down the beach. My nephew was having trouble keeping his balance as we wove in and out of the other bladers.I could feel his hand gripping my waist band of both my shorts and thong,pulling them down my butt.I was going to tell him to hold my waist instead when suddenly a couple of bladers came around the bend and almost ran us over.Well this caused my nephew to lose his balance and fall on his butt inbetween us taking our shorts down with him.There we stood,me with my pussy on display and my boyfriend in his Calvin's while people all around us laughed.I even saw people taking pictures which I am sure ended up on the net.I felt flushed and my face grew hot as I yanked my shorts back up.My little nephew thought the whole thing was hilarious and of course HAD to tell the entier family about it.We still managed to teach him how to blade but we never did it THAT way  
again!.D

Oh yes!  
  
I don't know about you, but I like the risk and adventure of wearing a  
micro mini without knickers. So I'll bet I've been "seen" more times  
than I realize. But one time I certainly realized it was when I was  
only 19. I embarrassed more easily then.  
  
It all had to do with this guy named Tim whose attention I was trying  
to get. Since I knew he would be at this certain private party one  
night, I went in this sexy little black microdress, wearing absolutely  
nothing underneath. It was of a thin material, had spaghetti straps,  
was almost backless, had a low scooping neckline, and had a hemline  
that just covered my rear. So it was dangerously short and hung loose  
about my hips. If I wanted to be a good girl, I wouldn't dare lean over  
in it if anyone was standing behind me, and I had to make sure that if  
I went up or down any stairs nobody was below me.  
  
Well, I was quite careful. But, to get Tim's attention, who seemed  
momentarily distracted by this other girl, I flirted with a friend of  
his. But this friend presumed a bit too much and began to take a few  
liberties. He put his arm around my waist and held me close. But I  
played along because he then took me over to his friend, Tim, who I was  
really interested in.  
  
Then we all got to talking about a variety of things. And a number of  
other people joined in. Soon we were all standing in a cluster, more  
like a circle, talking up a storm. And the guy who had his arm around  
me began squeezing my waist. Then he began running his hand up and down  
my right hip.  
  
At that, I made him stop. But, unfortunately, I'd made his hand stop  
moving in the "up" position, not realizing that, in running his hand up  
my hip, he'd dragged the material of my dress with it, lifting the hem  
too high on one side, exposing my pussy without my immediately  
realizing it. As we all talked on, it was only when I noticed that all  
eyes started looking down at my hemline, and that one of the other  
girls was trying to signal to me, that I looked down, too. And there,  
to my horror, I could see my bush blatantly exposed!  
  
I immediately pulled loose from the guy, pulled my dress down, looked  
at Tim, blushed, and excused myself, leaving the group. As I walked  
away, I could see that a number of guys had been behind me the whole  
time, probably getting a good view of more than half of my rear.  
  
I then tried to mingle with others at the party who hadn't seen all  
this but soon decided to leave. As I started to call a cab (which is  
how I'd arrived), Tim approached and politely offered to drive me home,  
himself.  
  
At first I was even more embarrassed by this. But then I remembered  
that my whole point in coming there was to get his attention. And  
obviously I'd succeeded! (He sure wasn't talking to that other girl  
anymore.) So I accepted his offer, he drove me home, and good things  
developed between us for awhile after that.  
  
Your turn.  
  
-- Trish