**A Dare's a Dare**

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A couple months ago my husband and I were playing a drinking game with another couple that we are good friends with. After a while we switched from drinking to dares. We mostly were doing flashing and mooning dares. We went through a spanking phase at some point and everybody had their bare ass spanked a few times.

I was pretty drunk and extremely horny and after getting spanked I leaned over to my husband and whispered in his ear, "you are in charge...I will do whatever you tell me to do"

This is my excuse to do things that I secretly want to do, but will feel too guilty about the next day unless I can rationalize that I had to do a dare...and my husband knows just how to read my mood and play along.

He knew that I had a secret desire to strip naked in front of other people, and he decided that tonight was the night. I of course didn't have any choice but to follow orders.

When my next turn came up, husband instructed me to get up on the wooden coffee table and strip down until the only thing I was wearing was jewelry. The other couple started hooting and whistling and saying that maybe that was a little too much of a dare. They were clearly giving me permission to pass on this dare.

I stared at my husband for a minute, and he just gave a look that said, "you told me I was in charge..." And I had, and I wanted to do this, but holy crap - totally naked, standing up on a table???

I stood up and said, "A dare's a dare." Which, as I said before, is my favorite excuse for doing wild things. I held out my hand, and my husband helped me up on to the table.

My heart was beating so hard that I could hear it pounding in my ears. "Is anybody going to put on some music?" I asked.

My husband brought his laptop over and fired up iTunes. The music wasn't loud enough, but at least it gave me a beat to move to. I looked down at my husband, my friend and her husband and they were all giving me big smiles. Then my friend's husband said, "take it off, take it off" and my husband joined in.

At about this moment it occurred to me that I wasn't dressed for stripping at all. I had a sweatshirt on with a t-shirt underneath. A comfortable bra, not lace, not transparent. Blue jeans, white socks and sneakers. And for the life of me I couldn't remember what panties I was wearing. They were probably at least kind of sexy, I didn't think I had worn granny panties, and I never wear thongs. Well, we will find out soon enough.

I pulled my sweatshirt up and over my head then pulled my arms out of the sleeves. I twirled it over my head a few times as my audience of three cheered and whistled. After dropping the sweatshirt to the floor, I grabbed the bottom of my t-shirt and began slowly pulling it up over my stomach, when I reached the bottom of my bra I pulled it back down again, trying to be a tease. That got the boys cheering again, and a second round of, "take it off, take it off" started up in earnest.

Instead of returning to my t-shirt, I unbuttoned my jeans, slid down the zipper and peeled them open without pulling them down. This accomplished two things. First it sent my friend's husband into a craze as he all of a sudden realized that he had bills in his wallet that he needed to get rid of, and second it allowed me to discreetly check out my panties and confirm that they were decent looking, which they were.

Then I had another revelation. I had gotten a full brazilian wax a couple weeks ago, and although I was no longer totally smooth, I was completely bare down there. So I would have no coverage at all if I actually went through with this and stripped down to my birthday suit.

Despite all these discoveries I found that I was past the nervousness that I first felt, and was actually starting to enjoy myself. I could feel the power I had over the guys as I could make them chant or yell just by grabbing my boobs or shaking my ass at them. Truth be told, I was actually having fun. But then again, I was still fully dressed.

My friend's husband stepped forward with a dollar bill in his hand and looked up at me for permission. I nodded at him and he reached up and tucked the bill into the front of my panties. I know you are supposed to put them at the sides by the hip, but I still had my jeans on and this was the only space available.

I moved my attention back to my upper torso and began pulling my t-shirt up again but this time I did not stop when I reached my bra and instead pulled the shirt up and off and threw it into a corner of the room. This brought another round of cheers and a couple more dollar bills stuffed into the front of my panties by both of the guys. I made eye contact with my husband and he looked positively delirious with lust. And to be truthful, so did my friend's husband. My friend just looked at me with eyes that said, "I can't believe you are doing this."

We were getting serious now and after a few minutes of dancing and turning myself around, I started to work on getting my jeans down. I had to be careful because the jeans were fairly tight and I didn't want to lose my panties just yet. I worked each side until I was sure they would not pull my panties down and then pushed them down my legs to my knees. The cheering was louder than ever, and it truly felt like it was carrying me forward on a wave.

Then I realized that I still had my shoes on and I wouldn't be able to get my jeans off without first removing them. How could I get them off without sitting down on the table and totally breaking the groove of the strip-tease I was putting on? I couldn't even lift my legs because my jeans were now bunched around my knees. My husband must have read my mind because just then he asked if I would like some help with the shoes.

I gave him a big smile and told him that would be very helpful. He looked over at the other guy and said, "Well, two shoes and two guys, would you give me a hand with this?" He enthusiastically nodded his agreement and they stepped up close and began to untie my shoes. I stood with one hand on each of their shoulders to keep my balance and watched them untie my shoes and pull them off.

I don't know if it was the fact that I was being undressed by two guys, or the fact that their faces were only a few inches from my panties, or the fact that I was going to be completely naked in just a few minutes, but as they untied my shoes I came very close to having an orgasm without anyone touching me at all.

One after the other, they each lifted my foot and pulled off the shoe they were working on. When the shoes were off, I pushed my pants all the way to the ground and stepped out of them. Remembering how much fun the shoes had been I told the guys that if they didn't mind, I still needed to get my socks off if I was going to fulfill my dare of getting completely naked except for jewelry.

This time instead of just steadying myself with a hand on their shoulders I kind of pulled them in closer to me, closer to my panties and what was hidden just beneath. They did not resist and got their faces within a couple inches of my panties, but all to quickly my socks were off.

"Ok, this is it," I thought. I could stop right now and although I have been dancing and acting like a little slut up on this table, I have not revealed anything more than they could see on a beach.

But there was no way I was going to stop. A dare's a dare. I desperately wanted these clothes off of me. I wanted to be naked in front of the guys, and in a weird way I wanted to be naked in front of my friend too. I wanted them to look at all of me. I wanted them to look at my breasts. I wanted them to look at my waxed pussy. I was not totally wild about them looking at my ass, which has never been a favorite body part, but if they wanted to look at it, then I wanted them to.

I reached behind and unclipped my bra and then without fanfare I pulled down the shoulder straps and pulled it off my body letting my breasts swing free. I had moved from a slow teasing strip to wanting to be naked as quickly as possible.

With my breasts out I realized that I had total control of the room. I could have made these boys do anything I wanted just by using my boobs. I love my breasts, even though I think my areola are too big. My husband assures me that they are very normal sized, but you know how body hangups are. But now, up on the table, I had no concerns at all about my body. I just felt sexy. And very very horny.

I wanted to go way past the current dare. I wanted my husband to tell me to do other things. I wanted, well I don't know what I wanted, but I knew it was very naughty.

I pushed my panties down and then let them fall to the table. My friend screamed, "oh my god you are totally shaven!" I corrected her that I was actually waxed not shaven.

I danced around in circles a few times, proud that I had completed my dare to get completely naked except for jewelry which in this case was just my wedding ring. I was totally naked, and my elevated position on the table meant that everyone was getting a really good look at my pussy.

The other husband said, "Look at that, it looks so clean. You need to do that sometime," he said to his wife. "Do you mind if I get a closer look?" he asked.

In my head I thought, "I wouldn't mind if you grabbed a beer bottle and shoved it into me." But it wasn't up to me, and I couldn't do something like that unless it was a dare from my husband.

"You can look, but you can't touch," I said instead, secretly hoping that my husband would overrule me and give me a new dare.

Then my friend's husband got right up next to my pussy, so close that I could feel his breath, which I'm sure was not an accident. He examined me closely for probably a full minute while I stood still on the table. It got very quiet in the room.

Then my husband broke the tension by saying that was the best dare he had ever seen and that unless there were any objections, I was the winner of the game. Everyone snapped out of the trance that had overtaken us and I received a sustained round of applause for my dare.

I stepped off the table still naked and slowly walked around the room gathering up my clothes. I had no desire to get dressed again, but didn't want to leave anything behind. I grabbed my husband and gave him the deepest, wettest kiss and said, "we need a bed right now!"

We got to our room and I jumped on my husband. I was literally going wild. In between kisses, I thanked him for knowing exactly what dare to give me. He said that he wasn't sure if he had gone too far when he first made the dare, but it seemed to work out ok.

"Oh honey, it was a lot more than ok. And by the way, once I was naked I would have done ANYTHING you told me to do. And I do mean ANYTHING. That's how turned on I am right now," I informed him.

He just smiled at me and said, "Oh really?"

Stay tuned, I think I am going to have some more stories to share.