**Annie Follows the Dice**

by[**winecountryannie**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4487890&page=submissions)©

Inspiration emerges when you least expect it. At least... that's been my experience more often than not. Most of my exhibitionist "games" began with a totally random idea in the midst of everyday life.  
  
My first exploration with being surprisingly nude happened because a UPS delivery came at just the right time. A dressing room is positioned perfectly to give a flash of nudity to an unsuspecting shopper. A swiveling bar stool is the right height to aim my shaved yoni for a good view by a neighboring table with a group of young guys. A full moon simply requires a nude walk.  
  
A couple years ago... we were hosting a simple table game night at our house with a few friends. We decided to play YAHTZEE... a dice game that's part strategy and a lot of luck. Between games... I had an idea straight from my deep exhibitionist desires. All these friends were intimately familiar with my nude propensities, so there was no shock value... just an opportunity to have some fun.  
  
"Okay," I said... "before we start the next game, I think I'm over-dressed."  
  
Of course, this gave rise to a howl of approval. Well... a few glasses of wine can always loosen my friends up... what can I say?  
  
I had all the others roll a single die... the high roller would then roll again to start my game. Tina... my amazingly delicious lesbian lover... won the rights to decide how many items of clothing I would take off.  
  
There was a drum roll on the table... and Tina rolled the die. Ahhhhh... it came up as a 2. There was a resounding groan among the players. Of course, they were hoping for a high number... knowing full well that I wasn't wearing lots of layers.  
  
One of the game rules I had not shared (because it hadn't come to mind yet... oops!) was that I could choose which items to remove. Ah-ha! (Yes... some of you are reading between the lines!) Playing the moment for all its worth... I stood up and slowly unbuttoned my filmy white blouse... tossing it on the floor behind me. Then... I played briefly with the buttons on my short skirt... but then dramatically unhooked and spread my front-opening bra... tossing it back with my blouse. Oh, man... it's always soooo fun to expose my boobs... even to those who have seen them so many times.  
  
[Note to readers... yes, I wear bras regularly. My older exhibitionist friends have been very explicit that they feel it's important to give beautiful boobs the support they need to extend their exposing life. I want to be an unashamed exhibitionist for many years... so I support my lovely assets with beautifully designed bras whenever I'm not playing one of my games where a bra is a liability. And... I wear industrial strength sports bras when exercising. Well... nothing else, but at least a sports bra!]  
  
We played the next round while I was happily topfree. It's a very basic turn-on to be topfree when others are fully clothed... no matter who the others might be. My nips were continually attentive... and my yoni juices were flowing. Alas... I lost yet another round. But... I was happy none the less!  
  
Before we started the next round, I had everyone toss for the opportunity to strip me more. My hubby, Anthony, won this time... with a big smile. I was then making up the rules as we went along... I figured it was my option as the person stripping. I announced the roll would be overlapping with the first... in other words, if it was lower that the first number, I could replace clothing rather than take more off. Oooooo... inspiration!  
  
Ant blew on the die... he shook it... he waved it in the air... and then released it. A cheer arose from the whole group... it was a 4... double the last roll. All my friends know... I love a beautiful pair of shoes above everything. So... it was natural that I stood and shagged my mini-skirt first... then pulled down my filmy g-string that matched my bra second. I walked around the table in nothing but my fire-engine red FMPs. Mmmmm... you know I was loving it!  
  
That was the start of a really fun "game" that has been one of the best! Several friends have surprised me in a variety of settings by putting a single die on the table... and expecting me to strip soon after as they tossed it for a result as high as possible. And... some have taken advantage of warm weather... these are the time when I'm dressed in just a sundress and sandals! Yes... when the roll yields a number that's more than the items I'm wearing, I have to get totally naked. Holy crap! Fortunately... my friends have chosen times and places where this hasn't been a total disaster!  
  
Last week... Anthony and I were visiting San Francisco with two other couples. SF is magical this time of year... we had beautiful days and wonderful dining in the evening. Then... at the end of dessert... my friend, Xia, pulled a die from her purse and placed it on the table. She stared at me with a knowing smile... and all six of us knew it would be a very interesting evening.  
  
It was just after 9:30pm... so I asked, "Starting when?"  
  
Xia stared me down, and replied, "10pm... with a new roll every half hour through 12midnight"  
  
We negotiated to have the last roll on the executive floor of our hotel where we're staying. Hmmmm... that was 5 separate rolls total... four rolls in public places. Danger... danger... including my light jacket, I was wearing only 7 items! At least the last roll was going to be in a very safe and limited-access area!  
  
Okay... my mind was whirling. At 10pm, I had to be in a public place where I was willing to strip off from one to six pieces of clothing, depending on the roll... and stay that way for 30 minutes. I couldn't help but laugh as I reflected on my options.  
  
We walked a short distance to a neighboring hotel bar... where I knew the layout of the bar and the likelihood of being mostly bare in the back of the room. Happily... we found a booth large enough for our group in the back of the bar. At 10pm on the dot... Xia rolled the die... and it was a 4!  
  
Holy crap! The bar was packed... the nightlife in this section of San Francisco brings lots of people out on almost every night. I started with my jacket and blouse. Then... I kicked off my two shoes to fulfill my agreement. So... we had a drink with everyone enjoying me in just my filmy and mostly invisible bra. Since I was mostly behind the table, I wasn't as exposed for the whole time. But... then the next roll would tell the story for the next 30 minutes.  
  
When we were ready to move to our next bar at 10:30pm, Xia rolled again... it was another 4. Oh, man! I had to choose. I didn't really want to be walking through SF at night with just a transparent bra on top. To go out on the street again... I put my blouse on, but then had to take something else off. I decided to slip my g-string undies off to stay true to the "game." My mini-skirt was pretty tight I had to hike it up quite high to pull my g-string down. It was a struggle, but I accomplished this operation without drawing a lot of attention... other than from my friends who enjoyed the wiggling out of my undies.  
  
I walked with my jacket in one hand, and my shoes and g-string in the other as we navigated to a hotel with a bar that also had live music and a dance floor... this one was only one block away. I did get some strange looks as I carried my shoes rather than wearing them. The hotel has a famous and elegant lobby. And... the lobby was full of people. We had to go single file through the crowded space on the way to the elevators. What a surprise... my g-string got the most attention! Most women weren't just carrying their undies!  
  
Good luck... we quickly got a table near the windows with a gorgeous view of the city. I knew I was relatively safe until 11pm. I was feeling pretty good. I had my blouse back and my leather mini-skirt looked great... even though I no longer had my FMPs to accentuate my muscular legs. After another drink and a bit of a rest... Ant and I hit the dance floor... totally fun! When I get on the dance floor with lively up-beat music... I'm blasting everyone off the floor!  
  
At 11:00pm... Xia rolled the die... and to my shock and everyone else's delight it came up as a 5! Damn... I was hoping to get my shoes back, but I could only wear two items now. Being totally naked with just my FMPs in this elegant bar wasn't going to happen. Hmmmm... I weighed the options for a moment. Then... I made the decision I considered to be my best choice... wearing only my mini-skirt and blouse for the next 30 minutes.  
  
But... the transition was destined to be very revealing. There were no allowances in the "game" for changing clothes in a secluded spot. Our table was next to the windows, so at least we weren't in the middle of the room. But... every table was full, and there was no place to stand or sit where I could exit my bra without being seen by at least half the people in the bar.  
  
After a bit of thought, I literally laughed out loud and said to my friends at the table, "Well, crap... I'm playing the 'game' like we created it!"  
  
I walked into the area in the midst of ours and several other tables... that was going to be my private dance floor. Anthony joined me, and we danced there for a couple minutes... eyes fixed on each other. I slowly unbuttoned my blouse to the rhythm of the music... then shrugged out of it and handed it to Anthony. Man... this was so much fun! Dancing in just my little filmy bra and mini-skirt was getting me very excited. Our table was enthusiastic in their appreciation... and that quickly got the attention of all the neighboring tables.  
  
But... they couldn't know what was coming next. As I continued to dance, I unclasped my front-closure bra, but let it hang precariously for a few beats. As I danced, I slowly lifted my arms over my head. Finally, physics did the rest... my bra parted completely, exposing my boobs for all to see. I shrugged it off too and tossed it into the center of our table.  
  
What a thrill! Dancing topfree in my cute mini-skirt as everyone watched. When I looked around... I could see several men and women with their phones out, taking photos and videos... including my sweet hubby. I could feel my nipples growing harder and harder... I love when they're standing totally erect like glistening marbles!  
  
After about a minute dancing topfree... I got my blouse back from Anthony. Slipping it over my shoulders again... I danced with it open and flowing around me for a bit. Slowly... I pulled my blouse around me and buttoned it, one by one from the bottom... until my boobs were finally covered again. What a turn on! I was ready to explode in arousal... couldn't stop my hips from pumping to the rhythm of the music as I sat down for a minute to rest.  
  
11:30pm rolled around and we almost missed it... we were having so much fun. We were on the dance floor a lot. I was really warmed up... most of the time dancing with just one button holding my blouse in place. Yes... I'm a show-off! I worked the dance floor to give as many people as possible a good view of my bouncing boobs and marble-hard nips. Mmmmm!  
  
Back at the table... Xia rolled the die for our final 30 minutes outside our own hotel... and it was a 3. I was cheering and jumping up and down with joy while the others were all groaning and swearing. They were advocating for another roll in hopes for a 6. But... that's not how the "game" works!  
  
First and foremost... I was getting my shoes back. I love dancing in my FMPs. I love how my muscular legs look in delicious 4-inch heels! I love how they cantilever my hips forward... it's called the pelvic thrust for a reason! I didn't care if I had any undies or a jacket. I was soooo happy!  
  
With my shoes on... I strutted around our table and insisted that we all get out on the dance floor again. Ant and our friends couldn't keep up... my adrenaline high and sexual arousal were amazing. Sometimes I had my blouse buttoned, and sometimes I didn't. I was flashing the band numerous times. Over 20 minutes... I ended up dancing with another 3 men and 2 women as the music worked its magic on my body!  
  
Midnight was approaching, so it was time to walk back to our hotel... for the last roll of the die. This walk would be almost 3 blocks. We took the elevator down to the lobby and found just few people rather than the crush we'd encountered before. When we got to the front doors of the hotel, a very cool breeze blew in... brrrrr! I was still perspiring from all that dancing, so I was concerned about getting a chill.  
  
Just inside the doors... I handed my jacket to Ant and laid my bra and g-string on the floor. Then... I faced back into the grand hotel lobby, unbuttoned my slightly damp blouse and took it off. As several amazed onlookers watched... I casually handed it to Ant who had a huge smile on his face... once again, my nipples were standing proudly erect. This was a lovely spontaneous moment... my FMPs creating a sensual pelvic thrust and at the same time pushing my boobs up for a perfect display. I watched them watching me... no one moved. Then I glanced back at Anthony to let him know I was ready to go.  
  
He moved behind me and paused briefly to allow the onlookers a slightly longer view of my bare breasts. He then gallantly helped me with my jacket. I closed the jacket with just one button and retrieved my undies. I turned, and we exited to the street. I was soooo aroused  
  
We were on the street for our last leg of my exhibitionist journey. I couldn't stop talking, I was soooo excited. It was definitely more comfortable walking back to our hotel just before midnight in my jacket rather than my blouse. Finally, I stopped talking and asked for the others to tell me about the past couple hours from their perspectives. And that got me even more aroused as they talked about the reactions, they'd seen that I'd missed.  
  
As we approached our hotel, I unbuttoned my jacket as I relaxed a bit in knowing we would once again be in a safe and warm environment for the night. Ahhhhh! The doorman opened the large doors and welcomed us with a cute salute. He said, "I hope you all had a wonderful evening."  
  
All the rest replied how wonderful the evening had been... and I faded to the back of the group. As I walked up to him, I opened my jacket to flash him with my bare breasts and agate hard nipples. He smiled with a kind nod.  
  
I said softly, "It was an evening few will forget soon."  
  
He glanced down at my breasts... first the left and then the right... and whispered back with a broad smile, "Welcome back, ma'am... I won't forget soon either."  
  
We only encountered a few people as we navigated the lobby and found the elevators. It didn't appear that anyone noticed my open jacket, and that was okay with me. I was looking forward to our room and the warmth and amenities of the Executive Floor. I didn't even worry about the final roll of the die... I had that all planned.  
  
When we emerged from the elevator on the Executive Floor, we saw a small group of 5 men on the couches in the Hospitality Center. It appeared each had a drink from the complimentary bar, and were comfortably chatting about business, or sports, or whatever men talk about.  
  
I walked over to the couches with my jacket open and my bra and g-string in my hand. One of the guys said, "It looks like it's been a fun evening."  
  
I leaned over with my hands on the back of one of the couches and said, "Yep... and it's not over." I knew a couple of the guys had a perfect side view inside my jacket to see a bare boob. And... the others knew they were missing something. And... I was loving it!  
  
I walked back to our group and said, loudly enough to be overheard by the guys, "I'm thinking we take a few minutes for a rest stop and regroup in 10 minutes. What do you say? Then... we'll have the final roll of the die. How about we make it a pajama party for a nightcap?"  
  
Our rooms were arranged at the end of the Executive Floor hall... two rooms on one side and one on the other. Because we had the end of the hall monopolized... when we were in our rooms, we propped the doors open so we could all visit and chat freely. We all feel completely comfortable with this easy access and casual visiting. The Hospitality Center was offset enough that we didn't have to worry about being seen... except for anyone walking down the hall to their rooms.  
  
I immediately started the shower and took off my clothes. I'd been sweating and barefoot enough that I needed to clean up. When I stepped out of the shower, I wrapped a towel around my wet hair and dried with another towel. Anthony was already in a T-shirt and shorts... his version of pajama wear. He helped me finish drying my back and gave both boobs a loving squeeze... kissing my back and snuggling with me as he knows I always enjoy. Mmmmm!  
  
Xia and Judy walked in wearing their pajama wear... both just as cute and sexy as you can get. Judy was in a mostly see-through shorty nightie with matching bikini briefs... Judy was wearing a very sexy seamless mini-slip that showed off all of her beautiful curves. "Wow," I said... "you two are looking soooo sweet!" Judy lifted her slip enough to show her smooth yoni, saying, "We can have some fun too!"  
  
I looked back at Ant, and said, "You guys go out and get a nightcap... I'll join you in just a minute."  
  
They collected the other guys, and I could hear them chatting quietly as they walked back along the hall to pour a nightcap... and to chat with the guys we'd seen before, if they were still there.  
  
Before I went out... I couldn't stand the sexual tension any longer... I flopped on the bed and gave my yearning yoni the attention she was demanding for more than an hour. Oh... the sweet rush of growing arousal... the familiar and comfortable warmth as blood flowed into my boobs and nipples and swelling yoni... the emerging awareness of an orgasm slowly but immanently approaching. I know how to bring it and slow it... coaxing my arousal quickly and then gently... remembering the eyes exploring and enjoying my mostly bare body during the evening. Wishing my yoni had been visible at some time. Then... granting the permission for my body to overwhelm my mind... pushing to and then past the point of no return... welcoming the amazing pleasure and being blinded by the light of orgasm. Ahhhhhh... soooo sweet! I heard myself cry out... and then wondered if I'd been heard... not really caring.  
  
I lay on the bed panting for a minute or so... recognizing I needed to make an appearance with my pals for a nightcap also. Part of me just wanted to curl up and sleep. But... the curious part of me wanted to see what might be next. Oh... I'm soooo bad!  
  
I didn't have the energy or the will to put anything on. I went to the bathroom to wash my hands and my still excited and wet yoni... then I re-wrapped the towel around my still wet hair and walked down the hall. Halfway there... I heard conversations that were obviously more voices than just my pals... and the fog of my pleasuring lifted slightly, and a new sense of arousal emerged.  
  
As I walked into the Hospitality Center, I realized it was full of people... even more than before... this time more of a balance of women and men... all obviously enjoying their drinks and a casual conversation before bed.  
  
Ant jumped up and came over... taking my hand to introduce me to the group, saying, "Friends, this is my lovely wife, Annie. Let me get you a drink." A variety of friendly greetings followed... and I waved my greetings back, and then joined Anthony at the bar.  
  
"I guess I'm a bit under-dressed," I said softly.  
  
He chuckled a bit as he prepared my scotch on the rocks. "Sweetie, we've been telling everyone about our evening... no one is disappointed to see you just like you are," he said as he handed me my drink. We clinked glasses and shared a brief but sweet kiss. Then we walked back to join the chat group.  
  
We both walked back to the conversation area, and I held up my glass for a shared toast, saying, "Here's to good friends and less clothes." Yes... the approval of this toast was universal. We chatted for almost another hour... mostly answering questions about my experiences being casually naked in public settings, asked by the other women. In retrospect... I remember being so engrossed in these conversations that I forgot completely that I was naked. It was a really lovely evening!