**Carrie’s Adventures**

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure Day 1**

by Carrie1 ©

My one friend Lisa who is my roommate and two others, Barbara and Jane, who where actually more Lisa’s friends than mine went to the Caribbean over winter break. Lisa and I were only invited when two of Barbara’s friends bailed out at the last minute. I don’t think Barbara actually wanted me to come since she seems to view me as a rival. I don’t know why since she is quite good looking and never has any trouble with the guys. She has dirty blond hair and is about 5, 5 and probably weighs about 130 to 135. She has an average chest and nice figure. Let me describe the others while I’m at it. Jane is a little shorter with dark hair. She probably weighs around 120 pound but has a much smaller chest than Barbara. Lisa, my roommate, is 5, 5 with long dark hair. She weighs 130 with a 32, 26, 32 figure, very athletic like myself. I have blonde hair and am on the tall side at 5 9. I weigh 125 and have a 36c 24, 34 figure.

Lisa and I met freshman year on the swim team. Don’t get me wrong, I love Lisa. We do everything together, but she’s always getting me in trouble. Some times on purpose I think. She always gets me started and like a fool I carry through and do something I shouldn’t. Well back to the trip. Because Lisa and I made our plans at the last minute we were on a different plane than Barbara and Jane. Their flight was first thing in the morning while Lisa and I were on a late morning flight with a change in Miami. Everything went well until we arrived and I couldn’t find my bag.

Well after an hour or so the airline put a trace on it and told me they’d deliver it when it arrived. Barbara and Jane had already left for the resort so we grabbed a cab when we were done. Boy was it hot. Usually you have a nice breeze, but not that day. By the time we got to the resort we were both soaked thanks to our un-air conditioned cab. We ran into Barbara and Jane just as they were headed down to the beach to look around. The room had one bedroom that Barbara and Jane had already moved into and a nice eat-in kitchen. It looked like Lisa and I were living on the pull out bed in the living room area. Not that bad though compared to some arrangements I’ve had.

Lisa and I needed a shower before heading out thanks to our cab ride. Lisa showered first and had already changed into her shorts and tee shirt when I finished and came out with a towel wrapped around me. Now for the first of what would turn out to be a continuing problem. What to wear? With the airline loosing my bag, the only clothes I had were my jeans and long sleeve shirt, which were soaked. Lisa offered one of her tee shirts but being a little larger up top I couldn’t fit it over my breasts. I tied several of her shirts including her bikini top with the same results. Lisa said, “Why don’t we just head down to the beach. You don’t need anything there.”

“Ha ha” I said. I was going to try one of Barbara’s shirts but I didn’t want to get on her bad side. I decided to call the airline to see if my bag had come in on the next flight. Standing there in only a towel, Barbara and Jane walked in with these two guys they had just met. I explained what had happened and Barbara and Jane just laughed. The guys didn’t seem to mind. They echoed Lisa’s earlier comments saying you can go nude down here. There I am on the phone trying to communicate with this guy from the airline that I can barely understand me dressed only in a towel with a room full of people telling me that I don’t need any cloths down here. “Lots of women go topless and naked,” they said. While waiting on hold, Barbara offered me one of her dresses saying, “ I hope it fits,” as the gang walked out the door. Eventually I gave up and hung up the phone. Lisa said that the others were heading out to a night club and for us to meet them there later.

I tried on the dress Barbara had left me. It was a nice black mini dress that fit pretty well except for two problems. Remember I’m a couple inches taller than Barbara so the dress didn’t quite make it to mid thigh on me. That wasn’t that bad, I had worn really short skirts before. The real problem was that the dress was suppose to have those optional clip-on shoulder straps, but they were nowhere to be found. Lucky my breasts are a little bigger than Barbara’s and it looked liked like the dress would stay up without the straps. At least that’s what Lisa kept telling me.

There she goes again getting me into trouble. Lisa loaned me a set of her thong knickers, which I wore under the dress. A bra wasn’t possible with this outfit. By now it was dark and Lisa had changed into a nicer shorts outfit for going out later. Well we decided to walk around and see the place before getting something to eat. After walking down to the beach area I decided that walking wasn’t what this outfit was made for. Well my breasts were holding the dress up but just barely. I had to keep pulling it up to keep it in place. I couldn’t pull it up too far through; there wasn’t much covering my butt. Lisa made some comment that the towel probably covered more. I responded by saying that it probably would stay on better as well.

We wondered around for a little more until we came across this nice restaurant in the resort. We had a nice dinner and several drinks. By the time we finished we weren’t feeling much pain. I didn’t really want to go to the nightclub but Lisa insisted; so we took a cab to the place. Turns out it was only about a mile away. Probably could have walked it. We went inside and found Barbara and Jane at a table in the back. When Barbara saw me in her dress her mouth dropped. She said, “I know you have bigger boobs than me but you still could have worn the straps. You don’t need to flaunt them at me.”

I said, “If I could have found them I would have put them on.”

Then Barbara said, “Well, I hope it stays on.”

We had all had a drink and talked about what we should do tomorrow. Lisa suggested the beach saying that “unless the airline finds her bag that’s the only place Carrie will be able to go.” I said, “ Not that I have anything against nudity, I just don’t want to be the only one.” Everyone said, “There will be plenty of naked people at the beach.” I said, “I was referring to you guys.” Barbara said, “we don’t have to, we all have bathing suites.” Lisa said “ don’t worry, think of the tan you’ll get.” After a while those same guys that Barbara and Lisa had met earlier came by and asked us to dance. Barbara and Jane joined them; I was still concerned about my dress falling down. Lisa ordered me another drink for us, saying, “have a couple more and you won’t care.”

Then these other two guys came by and asked Lisa and I to dance. I said no, but they insisted, almost dragging me up to the dance floor. The guys were really nice. The guy I was dancing with was Bob and the guy dancing with Lisa was Mike. It was fun but I had to keep adjusting the dress every time it slipped down. Somehow it stayed on however. Then the band started to play a really fast song and I knew I couldn’t dance to that without risking exposing myself to everyone there. A couple of times Lisa looked over to see how I was making out. I just kept pulling it back up when it started to show too much. I know Bob saw the problems I was having but I’m sure he was hoping it would fall. The song was just about to end and I started to relax a little. I must have reached a little to high.

Out sprang my breasts for everyone to see. I almost fell over trying to catch the dress before it went over my hips. I pulled it up as quickly as I could but not before the crowd got an eye full. We went back to the table and Lisa just started laughing. Well that was it for dancing for a while. Barbara, Jane and the guys left for a walk on the beach. We said we’d get a ride back or take a cab. After a while Bob and Steve had to leave saying they had to be up early for a dive trip they had signed up for. They said they’d look for us on the beach in the afternoon. Lisa shouted “We shouldn’t be hard to find that Carrie will be the naked one,” telling them and everyone around us that I had lost my bag and didn’t have a bikini to wear.” The guys hearing that stayed around for a little longer saying maybe they’d skip the diving. Eventually they left and Lisa and I danced together. This time a little more cautiously though.

When we left we ran into these two girls that were on the flight down with us. They said if you cut though on this trail, it was only a 15-minute walk. I protested saying that, “ the dress I had wasn’t made for hiking.” The girls convinced us despite my better judgment. It seemed I was holding everyone up since I couldn’t walk very fast and not have the dress fall off. I complained that they should slow down. Luckily I had on some low cut shoes so my feet were ok. The girls were telling us all about their place and that we had to come down and see the view.

I wasn’t really paying attention. I had holding the dress up on my mind.

They complemented me on how nice I looked, saying they admired how daring I was to wear a dress like that. Lisa went on to tell than that the airline lost my bag and that I had borrowed the dress. I told them that I don’t know what I’m going to do tomorrow since I didn’t even have a bikini to wear. They offered to help but they could see that neither of them had anything that would fit me either. After what seem like a half an hour I said “shouldn’t we be there by now.”

The girls said it shouldn’t be much further, saying they had walked to the club this same way. I asked to stop for a bit saying, “My arm was getting tired holding this dress up.” Saying that the dress was a real pain. We started walking again when Lisa said, “If the dress is that much of a problem why don’t you just take it off. There’s no one out here but us girls.” I thought about it and after a while reached for the hem and pulled it up over my head. The girls we were walking with just stopped dead in their tracks. I apologized for shocking them but said, “I couldn’t stand this dress any more.”

Well there I was standing there in just my thong bikini knickers holding the dress. They said, “What happens if someone comes along”? I said, “Well we haven’t seen anyone so far and besides its legal down here anyway.” We started walking again and I had to admit it felt better. The cool air felt good, there weren’t any bugs, and besides I didn’t have to worry about that dress any more. The girls said something about my tan and lack of tan lines, but I tried to ignore it. Then Lisa started to comment on my breast and stomach. I tried to change the subject but Lisa was the troublemaker.

I said, “don’t we have anything else we could talk about besides my body?” Lisa said, “under the circumstances it’s an obvious topic” and just continued the conversation. Then it happened. Around the corner came a guy and a girl walking towards us. At that point there wasn’t anything I could do. They had both seen me and obviously noticed that except for my bikini knickers, I was naked. The girl was first to comment asking if I was hot. When I explained she seemed to be more sympathetic. Her boyfriend just stared at my breasts.

I was going to put the dress back on when she asked where we were going. They said we had passed the turn and we had to go back about a half a mile. They said they’d show us. I figured what the heck they had seen all there was to see by then and I really hated to have to put that dress back on. They showed us where we should have turned and we parted ways. I caught the guy turning around as we left. She said something to him but I couldn’t make it out. We walked on a little further talking about what we should see while we’re here and I guess I got caught up in the conversation because I had totally forgotten that I was still carrying the dress in my arm.

We had come to the small road that separated the hotel from the trail when one of the girls said, “aren’t you at least going to put the dress back on to go through the hotel or are you going to just walk in there naked.” I said to her “so what if I do.” She said, “I dare you.” Well I may have still been a little tipsy despite the walk but I wasn’t about to walk through the hotel naked. I pulled the dress over my head just as the lights from a cab came around the driveway. The girls asked us if we wanted to walk down to the beach with them but I had had enough of walking in that dress. We headed up to see if my bags had come. Lisa asked me what I was going to do if they still hadn’t arrived by tomorrow. I joked and said, “Maybe just grin and bare it.” I said, “Someone has to have something I can wear.”

We had no sooner gotten back to the room than Barbara and Jane walked in. They said the walk on the beach was nice but the guys were jerks. We told them that we had walked back and got lost. I left out the part about walking most of the way topless. Needless to say my bag wasn’t there. Everyone was tired so we got ready for bed. Barbara and Jane had the lone bedroom so Lisa and I pulled pull the bed out from the couch. Lisa was already in bed when I returned from the bathroom. I don’t normally sleep in the raw, but under the circumstances I didn’t have much choice. I slipped the dress and knickers off hanging the dress over the back of the chair. I told Lisa she shouldn’t get any ideas. We talked for a while when Jane came out asking if anyone was hungry. She had on a tee shirt and light sleep shorts.

Lisa said she was thirsty and asked Jane for a soda. Jane brought us both sodas and we talked for while she made a sandwich. Barbara came out a minute later in a tee shirt and knickers. She and Jane both had a beer and sat down on the chair next to our bed. I sat up holding the sheet to my chest to hide my breast. I guess Barbara didn’t realize I was naked under the sheets based on her shocked expression when I sat up. We talked for about a half an hour on what we were going to do the next day.

It seemed like a beach day on all accounts. Jane then offered me the use of an old bikini she used to use for tanning. She explained that it was kind of small but it was a string bikini so I could adjust it any way I needed. I couldn’t help but think that if it was small on her what was it going to be like on me. Again Lisa said, “what do you need a suit for down here.” All I could hope for was that my bags arrived in the morning, otherwise it was going to be an interesting day.

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure Day 2**

The next day we woke to the phone ringing. Lisa jumped up to answer it saying it was the airline. Thank God, I thought. Now I can get my stuff back. I walked over to the phone forgetting that I was naked. I was just excited that they had found my bag. After a couple of minutes trying to understand the guy’s broken English, he seemed to be saying he wasn’t sure if it was my bag since it didn’t have any name tag on it. As I stood there naked Jane walked into the kitchen and started to make a cup of coffee. She gave me the once over and I wasn’t sure what to make of it but was too engaged in the conversation on the phone to care. I asked Lisa to get me something to put on. She brought me over my pair of sneakers. “Ha ha” I said. “How about a towel or something?”

Eventually, she brought me a towel from the bathroom. After what seemed like forever the guy from the airline opened the bag and described what was inside. It obviously wasn’t mine. I started to get mad asking what was I supposed to do and what about my camera and the stuff in the bag. They said they’d keep looking and let me know as soon as they found it. By then everyone was up. Barbara and Lisa had showered and sat down at the table starting to munch on the food they had bought last night. I was really hungry especially after the dancing and hike so I offered to cook scrambled eggs.

Barbara and Lisa had changed into their bikinis and were all ready for the beach. Lisa’s bikini was her favorite red and pink one. It was a nice suit, not too daring and fit her really well. Barbara’s was also a nice suit; a little smaller than Lisa’s, drawn high up her hips. The top showed a lot of her breasts but nothing you wouldn’t expect. When Jane came out of the shower she already had her suit on. It was one of those bikinis with the short’s style pants. It was kind of neon in color. It looked good but kind of boyish. There I was cooking eggs trying to keep the towel on.

I served the eggs and sat down at the table to eat when Jane brought out the string bikini she had mentioned last night. String was the right word. It was all string and a couple of patches. All together it wasn’t much bigger than a napkin. What a contrast to the shorts suit she had on now. I was shocked. I said, “You actually wear this thing?” She said, “only for tanning in private.”

Lisa said, “even if you do wear it, it probably won’t stay on for long.” Barbara said, “It should be interesting for you to go swimming in that.” I just ate my eggs wondering what to do. I thought I’d just have to go down to the resort store and just buy a bikini. Lisa said, “Remember those prices we saw last night.” The cheapest suit we saw was $89. And I didn’t even like it. After we finished I decided to at least give Jane’s bikini a try. I let the towel drop and went to pick it up when Barbara commented about my lack of tan lines. She said, “Looks like you used to not wearing a suit.”

I was no stranger to nude sun bathing but in this case it was the tanning booth that I owed my tan to. Lisa said, “It would be a shame to ruin that great tan with tan lines.” I said, “I had nothing against nudity, I had done my share of skinny dipping and nude sun bathing but it was usually in private.” I said, “ I’d give it a try if one of you would join me.” Apparently no one was up to it. The bikini bottom was one of those Brazilian styles. Not quite a thong but not one that covered much either.

I joked that if I wore it backward it would probably cover enough to be respectable at least in the front. The problem was that there simply wasn’t enough material from the top of the front to the back. When I pulled the back up my bush would show. When I pulled the front the crack in my butt would show. I said, “If I’m going to wear this I’ll have to shave a little more; and off to the bathroom I went. I borrowed Lisa’s razor and trimmed my bush a little more. It wasn’t like I had a lot when I started but by the time I was done I was really trimmed. If I pulled it up all the way and tied the sides really tight, I think it may actually stay on.

The real problem with the bottom was that the ties stings were only about a quarter inch in diameter and they didn’t provide much elasticity. When I tied it as tight as I did there was hardly any stretch left in it. I walked back into the living room and showed the others. Lisa and Jane really like it. Barbara said, “Why bother?” The top was the real problem. I knew it wasn’t going to work but I tried it anyway. I pulled it up to my breasts and asked Lisa to tie it in back. She just laughed saying that the string wasn’t long enough to reach. That didn’t surprise me since I had to use every last bit of string on the bottom just to tie a small bow.

“Well, I guess you’ll just have to go topless,” Lisa said. Well I had gone topless before but never at a public beach resort and never with a bottom like this one. I might as well be naked, I thought. Everyone was getting impatient having to wait for me. Well, could I do this I thought? I certainly wasn’t going to stay in the room, but did I have the nerve to go down to the beach practically naked. Again I asked if anyone else would join me. They said, “What are you kidding? What’s it going to be? We’re missing the Sun” Lisa said.

I grabbed my towel and sunglasses and said, “here goes, just bring lots of lotion, I’m going to need it.” I wrapped the towel around me making sure it was good and tight. Everyone else already had their tee shirt and shorts on. As we walked to the elevator Lisa said, “I can’t believe your actually doing this.” I said “what the heck after last night I guess I can do anything.”

Referring to the hike with/without the dress. As I walked though the lobby it seemed that everyone was looking at me. I think I was just imaging it but I was sure everybody knew I was all but naked under the towel. There were other women in beach cover-ups but I was the only one wrapped in a towel. Barbara wanted to check out the activities board and sign up for a day trip. I said, “how about we check out the beach first.” We walked out past the pools to the beach. There weren’t that many people at the pool yet. I guess it was still a little early. The beach was really nice with the nicest white sand and blue water. I forgot to mention that all the activities at the resort were included in the extraordinary price tag. That was ok; I hate it when all you do is sit around because you can’t afford to do anything. Especially on a college girl’s budget. We walked over to the activities hut and asked them what we could do.

They had sailing, wind surfing, snorkeling, water skiing and scuba diving if you’re certified. Lisa and I were both certified and asked what was involved. They said that all you had to do was pass the little checkout that they give in the pool. The next one was scheduled for 4:00 that afternoon. I told Lisa, how about we just lay on the beach for now. I still wasn’t ready to go prancing around topless. We found a spot off to the side of the resort. I looked around to see how many women were going topless and don’t see many. Only a couple down the beach a ways. I didn’t see anyone totally naked. I asked if we could move down a bit further but no one wanted to be too far from the little beach bar.

Everyone pulled down chases and started to make themselves comfortable. Lisa asked, “Aren’t you going to join us?” I said, “I was still getting used to the idea. I thought you said there would be lots of naked people.” Lisa said, “It’s still early, show us what you’ve got, time to work on that tan.” I looked around to see if anyone was looking and held my breath. We’ll here goes. I dropped the towel and lay down on my stomach. “Not ready for the whole show yet” Lisa said. I really felt naked there. The bikini bottom didn’t cover enough to be worth mentioning and that was the only thing I had. Jane said “you had better put some lotion on, the sun is really strong down here.”

After Lisa finished her self she did my back and legs. It felt good being out in the warm sun after a winter of cold back home. After a while I started to relax when everyone decided they were hot and went down to the water. “Aren’t you coming?” they said. Well now was the real test. Could I roll over and show my breasts to the world. Lisa kept yelling saying the water was great. I hesitated for a bit then said what the heck. No one down here knows me and I can’t get arrested or anything. I looked around to see if anyone was staring and as calmly as I could sat up and got up.

I remembered what someone once told me that when you’re embarrassed or scared never look down. Always look straight ahead and smile. Don’t let them know how you really feel. I slowly walked down to the water always looking at my friends and acted like I had done this all my life. Inside however my heart was beating a mile a minute and my nipples started to get hard. What a show I must have been putting on. There I was almost naked in a public place. What a rush!

When I got to the water’s edge I started to run and dove through the first wave. That was a mistake. When I went to stand up my bikini bottom was hanging on to one ankle. One more inch and that would have been it. I quickly grabbed it and pulled it back in place. I swam over to my friend and everyone started splashing and playing around. Barbara said. “Looks like you’re getting used to going naked.” I said. “Not naked just topless.” I told Lisa what had happened when I dove through the wave. She said, “Want to try some body surfing?”

Well the horseplay only lasted a couple of minutes before everyone headed back to the chases. Now I had to walk up the beach towards all the people. A few more had gathered since we arrived. Still no one else was topless near where we were set up. I was starting to get used to it now and it wasn’t as bad despite the feeling that everyone was looking at me. I know these guys over at the bar were. They even pointed me out to some of their friends. This time I just sat down and toweled myself off. Let them stare. At that point they had already seem just about everything. After I dried off I spread the sun tan lotion on my front. I tried to be cool about doing my breasts but couldn’t help thinking that this isn’t something that you do in public. I was getting braver and laid back on my back when I noticed that between the cut of the suit and where the strings sat on my hips it left about an inch gap between my lower stomach and the top edge of the suit. You see the suit sat lower on my hips that it should and I had a really flat stomach almost concave. The bottom resembled one of those older style hip-hugging suits than the newer styles that sit above your hips. I wasn’t winning any fashion awards, that’s for sure. I looked behind me to see if anyone was directly behind me. Luckily there wasn’t because they would have been able to see quite a bit of what was left of my bush. Probably should have shaved even more.

I was just about to fall asleep when Barbara suggested a walk. I was just getting used to being topless and wasn’t ready to flaunt it yet. Then Barbara said “what’s a mater chicken.” If there’s one think I can’t stand is being challenged. I don’t think she expected me to take here up on it. She was starting to get on my nerves so I said, “sure, I’m getting tired of just sitting around.” Luckily we started walking away from the resort and not right past the front. We walked passed the topless girls. They were still the only ones topless besides me. There was a long stretch of beach with hardly any people so I started to fell more comfortable.

Then we came to a bend and a more populated section in front of one of the hotels. Well here I go practically naked and not a single naked or topless person in site. We chatted all the time but I couldn’t help but think everyone was looking at me. I saw one girl hit her boyfriend for looking at me. That kind of made me giggle. All this attention was starting to get me excited. My nipples were already rock hard when Lisa commented on my arousal pointing out my nipples to the others. I said, “You walk down a public beach topless and see if you’re not affected.”

On the way back it didn’t bother me as much. I just hoped no one was taking any pictures. When we got back to our chases we sat down for a while. It was time to re apply the lotion. For me it wasn’t a problem trying to avoid getting it on my suit. I just spread it everywhere. It was then that the guys Barbara and Jane had met yesterday stopped by. Their names were Todd and Jim. All the time they were talking to Barbara they’re staring at me. I was starting to get uncomfortable when Barbara and Jane got up and walked over to the bar with the guys. It was fine with me.

Then Lisa suggested we check out to jet skis at the activities hut. It sounded like fun but there were a lot more people back there than where we were laying out. Again, what the heck, you only live once. Off we went, Lisa in her fairly modest bikini and me practically naked. Lisa asked about the jet skis and also signed us up for the scuba check out. After the guy gave us some instructions and checked us out, Lisa chickened out and didn’t want to go by herself. They said it would carry two if we wanted to go together. Checked us out was an appropriate term.

All the time he was telling us how to ride the Jet Ski he was checking me out. I thought these guys saw enough naked girls to keep them happy. He gave us these waist belt floatation devices. I was hoping for the regular vest types so I could hide my boobs. Lisa wanted me to drive so I jumped on the front and Lisa jumped on behind me. Lisa wrapped her arms around my stomach so she wouldn’t fall off. I jokingly told here “no cheap feels. Keep those hands where they belong. Off we went. I had ridden one of these before so I knew what to expect but this was Lisa’s first time.

All she did was scream in my ear. I threatened to throw her off if she didn’t stop screaming. It was a blast. I had totally forgotten about my nakedness until we hit a wave and Lisa’s hand slid up my stomach to my breasts. She said she was sorry that it’s just hard holding on when we go over the waves. She said that was fun (the waves), Let’s do it again. This time she grabbed my stomach really tight as we went over a series of waves. She tried to hold on but almost flew of the back as once again her hands slid up to my breasts. I joked and said. “I didn’t think you were that kind of girl.” She said, “She needed something to hold on to.” I said, “My breasts aren’t the right thing. Maybe if you were a guy.” We rode around for another a half and hour before heading in. After a while it seemed like Lisa’s hands spent more time on my breasts that on my stomach. I guess there wasn’t much she could do though. We thanked the attendant and he said come again any time.

We walked back to the chases looking where Barbara and Jane were lying. I asked were the guys were. Barbara said they had told them to get lost. Everyone was hungry so we decided to get lunch at the cafe by the pool.

Everyone put on they’re tee shirts and I wrapped myself in a towel. Barbara said, “What’s the matter a touch of modesty?” She was really starting to annoy me. We ordered burgers and drinks and talked about a lot of nothing. The waiter kept looking down at me to see if I had anything on under the towel. I guess he hadn’t seen me at the beach. I got up to go to the ladies room and the towel opened up. I quickly tied it around me again but not before the waiter knew I was topless.

After lunch we just soaked up the sun until Lisa asked if anyone wanted to go snorkeling. Both Barbara and Jane were interested and I figured I could use some practice if we were going to have to pass the scuba checkout this afternoon. The activities hut had a small boat that took you out to the reef just off shore. We all grab our mask and fins and waded out to the boat. Besides the four of us and the two dive masters, there were six other people on board. Four guys and two girls. The guys were cool. They just stared. It was the girls that where cold.

The one said “don’t you have anything to cover up with.” I said, “as a matter of fact no, the airline lost my bags and I had to borrow this else I’d be completely naked.” They were the prissy type that you loved to get mad. Lisa said to them, “you wish you had as much” referring to my breasts I think. That really pissed them off. They moved to the front of the boat and started talking to the captain. The guys were quiet. I guess they just enjoyed the view. I was too mad at the girls to be concerned. I figured they had seen breasts before. When we got to the reef the mate threw the anchor in and gave us the safety drill. He told us that it was between 5 and 20 feet deep depending on how far from the reef you were.

We got our equipment. We told Barbara and Jane they had to spit in their masks to keep them from fogging. That grossed them out but they did it anyway. We were the last ones in since we were helping Barbara and Jane. We jumped in and started swimming towards the reef. Barbara had some trouble so I helped her a bit. Jane took to it like she had done it before. It came back to me pretty quickly too. I pulled my bikini bottom back in place as best I could. Under water it just slid around a lot more than on land. Talk about feeling naked. With the water magnifying everything I could only imagine the show I was putting on. Not much I could do about it so I just made the best of it all the time adjusting the bikini back in place.

After a while of that I thought about just taking it off completely but thought the better of it. I didn’t need any of the guys swimming up behind me when I was completely naked. We circled back to the boat and climbed aboard. Jane had a little trouble so I help her with her mask and fins as she climbed up the ladder. With both hands full I climbed up the ladder as a big wave got me. I held on and made it on board. I dropped my stuff down and again pulled my bikini back in place. The girl who mouthed off on the way out said something like, “Why even wear the bikini it doesn’t cover anything anyway.” I was ready to say something when Lisa stepped in and calmed things down. Once we got back to the resort it was almost time for our check out.

We kept our gear and checked in at the dive pool. The instructor was busy talking to someone else when he caught a glimpse of me. He did a double take and asked if we needed any help. Well we certainly did get the VIP treatment. Talk about felling under dressed though. There were about 14 of us. 8 man and 6 women. All ages. About half had shorty wet suits and of the women only Lisa had a bikini. And then there was me. We had about a half-hour of briefing and then grabbed out tanks to get ready to get in the pool. We had to jump in and do the standard stuff like clearing out mask and buddy breathing. Not too bad, neither Lisa nor I drowned.

We both passed and could now go on any of the resort’s dives. By the time the check out ended it was getting late we walked back to the beach to see if Barbara and Lisa were still there. They weren’t there and neither was any of our stuff, including my towel. My only other article of clothing. Luckily both Barbara and Jane were over at the bar having a drink with some new guys they met. They were laughing saying they just wanted to see my reaction.

“Ha ha” I said. The guys, Fred and Andy I think wouldn’t give me my towel though. I said, “If your not going to let me cover up at least get me a drink.” We sat there at the bar for about an hour. It started to cool off so the others had put on their tee shirts and shorts but no one would give me the towel. There we were sitting at the table and I was nearly naked while everyone else was pretty reasonably dressed. After a couple of drinks I really didn’t care any more. It was kind of exciting.

An older couple stopped by and sad down next to us. They were dressed for dinner and that’s when I realized it was time to go. The guys still wouldn’t give my towel back. They dared me to walk back to the room topless. I said, “I’ve done some crazy things but I wasn’t ready for that.” So we sat down again and had another drink. At that point everyone wanted to go and change for dinner. They still wouldn’t give me my towel back and when I asked Lisa for some help. She said, “ you don’t need the towel, let’s just go.”

I must have had a few drinks because I didn’t care who saw me. I got up and grabbed my sunglasses and started towards to room. Barbara said, “You can’t be serious.” I said “watch me” I walked right passed to activities hut passed the two pools and into the lobby topless. I’ve never been what you’d call an exhibitionist but I was really excited by the idea of going through such a public place nearly naked. I got a number of stars but at that point there was no turning back. Lisa had caught up to me at that point and said, “ Boy do you have guts.”

I don’t think it was guts. It was alcohol-induced stupidity. I just hoped we didn’t have to wait for the elevator. As long as I was walking I was ok. If I had to stop and think about what I as doing I would have freaked. Just as we got to the elevator the door opened. A couple got out and the guy almost tripped when he saw me. I didn’t react I just got in and pushed button 6. Everyone piled in behind me. I slid to the back to sort of hide so I wouldn’t quite as big a spectacle if someone got on. Sure enough as we passed the lobby the door opened and two couples that had apparently just arrived stepped in. The look on their faces. Now I felt it. Was I glad when we reached our floor. I ran down the hall hoping no one else would see me. Of course I had to stand there out side the door until the others arrived since I didn’t have a key. Once inside it dawned on me what a stupid thing that was.

We all took turns showering and cleaning up. Once inside the room lights you could see that we had all gotten a lot of color. Mine was obvious. Luckily I hadn’t burned. I had dark skin to start with but I still wasn’t used to so much of it being exposed. Barbara and Lisa weren’t as lucky. Lisa has a little burn but Barbara has a pretty good burn going. I finally showered and wrapped up in a towel. We were deciding what to do when I thought about calling the airline again. Still no bag.

I was thinking if they haven’t found it by now the changes of seeing my stuff was pretty slim. Now what do I wear. That dress was a pain and besides we were all thinking about going to someplace casual. I didn’t feel like wearing my jeans and shirt since they looked so out of place down here. I tried on several of Barbara’s shirts but none of then fit. Lisa said, “Why don’t we turn you jeans into shorts. Sounded like a good idea but no one had scissors. Lisa ran down to the lobby and borrowed a pair from the front desk. I started to cut but it was tough since the scissors were made for paper and not jeans. I managed to get through them but when I held them up they were all lopsided. One leg was longer than the other. So I tried again. A little better this time but still not right. I adjusted the towel again and tried a third time. This time they looked pretty good but by then they were really short. I dropped the towel and tried them on. Not bad. A little short but I was covered.

There wasn’t really any legs left to them but at least my cheeks were covered. First time I could say that in a while. Now for a top. I knew none of Jane’s stuff would fit and I had tried Lisa and Barbara’s when she suggested her bikini top. “At least then you’d be decent and we could go out.” I tried it on. It showed more than my normal top would but it was the first time I was covered top and bottom all day. The only problem was this top didn’t tie it clipped together behind my back and don’t quire reach. There was a tie in the front between the cups so I untied it and let Lisa clip it behind me. I then tied the front together adjusting the cups a bit. This gave me the appearance of even more cleavage than I actually had. I was concerned that I was going to pop out since my nipples were just barely covered by the inside edge of the cup. I then retied the string behind my neck and it stayed in place pretty well. I still felt underdressed since everyone else had on t-tops and I only had a bikini top and short shorts. I though this is what I need earlier not now.

Looking at my self in the mirror really got me thinking. I’m going out to dinner in probably less than Jane had on at the beach. Oh well. Here we go. I forgot to tell you while Lisa an I were at the scuba check out Barbara had rented a car. A small jeep actually but now we had wheels. Lisa and I jumped in the back and Barbara drove. We dove down towards the other hotel were there was the beach nightclub. We had to cross this unbelievable hill and I though Barbara was going to kill us but we made it. When we got there it looked more like a shack than a nightclub. It looked like it was made of beach debris.

Probably one of the few places that a hurricane would improve the looks of. There were people dancing under the street light and someone with a grill had set up a make shift restaurant next door. We decided we wanted more of a real meal so we jumped in the jeep and headed up back the mountain to the small little place in a marina at the end of the island. It must have been good because there were a lot of people there. We had to park down the street a ways and walked back. The hostess sort of gave me a funny look as I walked in. Probably my bikini top. It was a causal place so I didn’t think I stood out that much. The food was really good. We all ate more than we should have. When we got up to leave it started pouring down rain.

We waited a bit but it didn’t let up. Usually these island storms move through pretty fast but after a couple of minutes Barbara suggested that I make a run for it and bring the car around so they don’t have to get wet. She said that I was the most drip dry the way I was dressed. She had a point but I still didn’t want to get soaked. Lisa pulled a baseball cap out of her purse and said this would keep my hair dry. What the heck no sense all of us getting soaked, so I made a run for it. I only got about a hundred feet when Barbara said, “don’t forget the keys.” I ran back and grabbed the keys. By then I was already completely soaked. I ran all the way to the car but had to slow up twice to tuck myself back into my top.

I got to the car and brought it around and picked the others up. Now I was completely drenched and they were dry as a bone. I straightened out my hair but decided to put the hat back on. We got to the beach club/shack and I dropped them at the door so they didn’t get wet. I parked to jeep and ran into the club holding my chest this time so I didn’t pop out again. The guy at the door said, “ the bikini contest isn’t until Saturday.” I said, “I wasn’t here for the contest.” He said, “That’s a shame. You’d have a good chance and it pays 250 bucks.

The place was really cool. It had several bars and was literally right on the beach. It had a sand floor for the most part. We grabbed a table and ordered a couple of drinks. By then my skin had dried off completely but the bikini top and shorts were still wet. Especially the shorts. A few more people had come in by then. There were a lot of people in beach clothes but I was the only one in a bikini top and shorts. It wasn’t long before someone came over to me and said they had a custom there where the women donate their bras and they tack them up to the ceiling. I said but that’s all I have and wasn’t about to talk it off here.

After a while a tall guy named Chris asked me to dance so off we went. Chris was a really good dancer. We danced at least 5 songs before we went back to the table. Chris bought me another drink while we got to know each other better. Then it was back out dancing again. I had to be a little careful since my bikini top wasn’t that secure. I had to keep adjusting it like the dress the night before. Every time we went back to the table Chris would buy me another drink. Drink and dance, dance and drink. After a while and about 4 drinks we sat down with the others for a bit. I was feeling no pain when Chris’s friend Barry asked me to dance. We danced another 4 or 5 songs and went back to the others.

Then it was back to Chris. The others were dancing but every time I sat down someone else asked me to dance. It was getting a little cool with the wind blowing right through the place but I was drenched, Lisa was hot too from the all the dancing but I was literally dripping. Time to sit down and cool off. Apparently the girls had told the guys all about my lost luggage and my show at the beach. They were staying at the place we had walked to in the morning but hadn’t seen me. “I was hard missing,” I said. They said they would surely walk down to our place tomorrow saying they did want to miss anything. Lisa and I were signed up for the morning dive trip so we said we wouldn’t be back until around noon. Chris and Barry were big surfers and wanted to check out the waves up at the point, which was in the other direction past our place. It was getting late and everyone was tired so we decided to head back. The guy said they’d look for us on the beach tomorrow. Lisa said. “ Just look for the one with the all over tan.”

“Ha ha” I said as we left.

We got back to the resort and went straight to the room. I took a quick shower since I was pretty grungy. I came out of the bathroom minus my towel thinking everyone was already in bed. Jane must have this thing about midnight snacks, because there she was talking to Lisa eating a sandwich again. I grabbed a soda when Barbara walked out and grabbed a soda as well. I was tempted to go back and get the towel but thought the hell with it. After today nothing could faze me. Buy now Barbara’s burn was really noticeable. I offered to rub some lotion on her back but she said Jane already had. I thanked her for her bikini top and said it was drying in the bathroom.

I was hoping she would let me keep it for tomorrow since I was wouldn’t be any better off tomorrow than I was today. Lisa and Jane commented about the fact that I hadn’t burned since there wasn’t much that wasn’t exposed. I joked and said, “the trick it plenty of lotion” adding “and a dark complexion.” Lisa said it was shame my only white spot was where the bikini bottom was. I said, “wasn’t topless enough, besides where were all the topless and naked girls that you said would be out there?” The only ones I saw were the four or five up the beach from us and they where only topless.” Lisa said, “it’s just a shame to waste a perfect tan with a couple of white spots.”

“What white? The only white in front was the blond hair of my bush, which was all that the suite covered. There were some small strap marks but they hardly mattered. I walked over to the mirror and said, “ and the only way to tan back there was to go completely naked. Lisa reminded me that if we were going to go scuba diving tomorrow we had to be down at the dock by 8. Before turning in I asked Barbara if I could borrow the bikini for the scuba diving. She laughed and said I didn’t think you wanted to ruin that perfect tan. I took that as a no. Maybe someone on the boat would have an extra wet suit. I called down for a wake up call and went to bed.

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure Day 3**

It seemed like we no sooner fell asleep that the phone rang. I slowly woke up and Lisa jumped in the shower. I got up and started to make breakfast. I asked Barbara and Jane if they wanted anything and they just said “go away we’re not getting this early.” Lisa came out of the shower about the same time the toast popped. I was just about to go take my shower when the phone rang again. It was the airline calling to say they still hadn’t found my bag. I went to take my shower when Lisa said, “eat the eggs before they get cold.” I guess I was getting use to being naked because I just sat there and ate breakfast in the nude. It was getting close to eight when Lisa started to gather our stuff together.

All I had was the bikini bottom Jane had lent me and the towel from the bathroom. Lisa said, “Better hurry up or they’ll leave with out us.” So I grabbed the bikini and wrapped the towel around me. Lisa said, “aren’t you at least going to but it on.” I slid it up my legs and off we went. Lisa holding our stuff and me clutching the towel. We got down to the activity center and picked out our mask and fins. Everything else was already on the boat. We had to wade out to the boat so I took the towel off and held it over my head as we made it out to the boat. Here I go again. There were only six of us on the boat besides the captain and mate. Two couples, Lisa and I. Once back on the boat I wrapped the towel around me again. I asked the other two if they had a spare wet suit I could borrow but both shook their head no.

The captain said we were going to a spot call the aquarium. It was about 80 feet and had lots of fish. The mate remembered me from the check out the day before. Hard to forget a nearly naked girl scuba diving. It was about an hour to the dive site so Lisa and I when up to the upper deck. I don’t think the two girls wanted me around their men. We applied lotion all over and worked on our tan until we go to the dive site. I told Lisa that she needed to be careful. Even though her burn wasn’t as bad as Barbara’s, it wouldn’t take much more sun for it to really hurt. When we got to the dive site, the captain and mate gave us the drill. They asked if anyone needed a guide and despite wanting one, I said no. I didn’t need anyone gawking at me the whole dive.

Lisa seemed a bit nervous but settled down. We got our equipment ready and it was time to go. I dropped to towel again and this time everyone just stopped and looked at me. I tried to act like I didn’t notice or care but how could I not. Again my nipples started to harden even before we got in the water. I tried to act cool but I have to admit I was a little distracted so I asked Lisa to check that everything was on correctly. At least the vest covered my nipples so I felt a little better. It still felt funny being nearly naked with all that equipment. Usually I have some sort of wet suit or something but now it was just the equipment and me. After jumping in I had to pull my bottoms back in place but overall was fine. We signaled that everything was ok and headed to the anchor line were we headed to the bottom. I checked our depth gage and mine read 84 feet.

We swam around for a bit looking at all the fish. After a while we started to get a little cold so we headed up to a shallower area that was a bit warmer. That bikini was really driving me nuts. I signaled Lisa to stop while I re-tied one of the strings a bit tighter. She looked at me like I was crazy. I think she though I was going to take it off. The thought crossed my mind but that wasn’t what I was doing. After a while we checked our gages and headed to the surface. We swam to the dive ladder and handed up our tanks.

Remembering the last time I exited the water I pulled the bikini bottom up before ascending the ladder. We headed up to the top deck to warm up in the sun waiting for the other two couples to come up. Lisa said “I thought you were going to take your bikini off when we were down there.” I said, “It would have been easier being naked than constantly playing with that dammed thing.” She said “why didn’t you then, it was just the fish and us”

“What about the other people.” She said, “We didn’t see them the whole time we were down there.” We warmed up in the sun while the boat pulled anchor and headed to the second dive site. When we got there Lisa and I came down and started to get our gear ready again.

Again. The stares. I should have been use to it by now but I wasn’t. We jumped in and after the mandatory suit adjustment descended the anchor line. We saw the other couple ahead of us and headed in the opposite direction. 65 feet this time and a little warmer. I saw a lobster in a hole and pointed it out to Lisa. She swam over acting like she was interested in the lobster but just when she came close to me, she grabbed the ties to my bikini and untied them both. She had both sides untied and off before I knew what had happened. She backed off a bit and just held my bikini there smiling through her mask the whole time. I was pissed and relieved at the same time.

I was pissed that she had my bikini and I was naked but relieved at how good it felt not to have to worry about it. Now I was completely naked except for my dive gear. I gestured for her to give it back but she just backed off more. We had about a half-hour of air left so we just swam around. I assumed she was going to give it back before we got back on the boat. We checked our air out and it was time to find the boat. I motioned for Lisa to give me my suit back but she kept teasing and shaking her head. Eventually we headed to the surface and spotted the boat about a hundred feet away. I begged Lisa give the suit back but she said, “don’t grab or I may drop it.” I did have a little air left but didn’t want to go for a scavenger hunting for my bikini. Lisa was closer to the boat than I and stared swimming for it. At that point I wasn’t sure she was going to give it back.

We got to the dive ladder and Lisa handed up her equipment while I tried to get her to give me back my bikini without the crew knowing what I was doing. They then asked for my tank I slid it off and handed it along with my weight belt and fins up to the mate. I stayed in the water though. The mate than asked we what’s wrong. I said, “Ask Lisa.” She held up my bikini and immediately the captain and mate knew why I didn’t want to come out. Everyone was getting a kick out of it at my expense. Then I saw the other two couples surface about 200 feet in front of the boat. With that I climbed up the ladder completely naked. I don’t think Lisa was expecting that. I guess she thought she’d get a little more teasing out of it. She offered me the bikini but I just ignored her. I said if it’s a show you want it’s a show you’ll get. I don’t think Lisa wanted it to go quite this far but she had started it. After the last two days not having to worry about a suit slipping out of place was a relief. She said “what about the other couples.”

“I think they’ve seen everything before. Besides the captain and mate didn’t seem to mind.” As the other divers made their way around the boat Lisa and I headed back up to the upper deck. At least there they wouldn’t see us and so far they hadn’t bothered to come up. Now I had done it all completely naked. My heart was in my throat the whole time but I did a good job of not showing it. I know Lisa didn’t expect this but I reminded her that she had started it.

She said. “Well might as well take advantage of this and tan that butt of yours. So we lubed up and rolled over. After everyone was aboard and we where on our way the mate stuck his head up and asked if we wanted a drink. He brought us up some fruity drink that really hit the spot. He managed to hang around and chitchat for most of the trip back in until he had to go back to work. When we got close to the resort I realized that Lisa had left my bikini with the equipment. I was sure that the other couple must have seen it and realized I was up here naked. We were now right off the beach in front of the resort. I knew if I went down for it everyone including the folks on the beach would see me naked. Now I know I spent most of yesterday nearly naked in front of most of these people but there’s a difference between naked and topless. I asked Lisa to grab it for me. At first she refused teasing me again.

Payback time for my brazen show earlier I guess. After a couple of minutes she decided she didn’t want any more shows so she slid down the ladder and grabbed my bikini. Some one had draped it over my tank. She handed it up and gathered our stuff together. There I was completely naked forty feet off a populated beach trying to tie my bikini back together and get it on. I did the best I could but I know some people knew what has going on. I came down the ladder still trying to get it back in place. There wasn’t much margin for error with this bikini. I grabbed my towel but didn’t put it on knowing that we had to wade back to the beach. The couples were already getting off the boat when I came down. We waded back to shore but I got the towel pretty wet so I didn’t put it on.

There was Barbara and Jane waiting for us. Jane had a small disposable camera with her and seemed to have just finished taking some pictures. “You weren’t taking any of me were you” I asked. She just smiled and said “maybe.” Barbara said, “Just some blackmail pictures for when we get back.” I though oh great that’s all I need some topless pictures of me floating around the school or the Internet. I said, “I want all the pictures and negatives when you’re done.” They said they went into town to look around. I asked if they had though to buy me some stuff like a shirt or bikini. They said “no.”

We rinsed off all our stuff and headed down the beach to the outdoor bar for some lunch. I guess after yesterday’s display going to the bar topless wasn’t that big a deal. The hostess kind of gave me a challenging look when we asked for a table of four. I asked is it ok to come in like this or do I have to put something on. She said “normally we don’t even like people coming in bathing suits because it gets everything wet and sandy.” She said, “I can put you out on the deck.” Sitting on the deck I didn’t feel that out of place. At least I could see the people on the beach in their suits. I was the only one in the place that didn’t have some sort of cover up of something on. Hell I barely had anything on for that matter. It felt really strange eating in a public restaurant topless.

At least we were at the beach. We ordered and the waitress kind of stared at me when she took my order. Wonder why. She bought us some side salads on this huge tray. She started to serve the table but leaned over a bit to far and two of the salads went flying. One landed on the floor and the other right on me. I would have been mad but it was just so funny. She apologized saying someone had bumped her. I think she did it deliberately though. She grabbed a napkin and went to help clean up and stopped just short of my left breast when she realized what she was doing. I took the napkin from her and proceeded to clean myself up. Everyone at the table burst out laughing. I couldn’t help but laugh myself. I was getting a lot more attention than I wanted considering my dress. I tried to sneak off to the ladies room with the napkin covering so I wouldn’t attract any more attention.

When I got back every one just started laughing again. I said, “at least it wasn’t hot stuff. That would have hurt.” We finished our meal and headed back to our favorite spot to soak up some sun. There were actually a couple more girls topless today. That made me feel better as I lotioned up. Not long after that Chris and his friend (the guys we met at the beach club) showed up. Chris said he was glad he hadn’t missed the show. I said, “ I wasn’t considering it a show and acted mad. He apologized and commented on my tan. I sat up on my elbows so he didn’t have as good a view down my suit. They said they drove over because they had their surfboards and wanted to check out the waves at the point. Surfing sounded cool. I had surfed a couple of times but was fairly good but wasn’t that keen in surfing the way I was dressed. Lisa suggested we grab some snorkeling gear and meet them down there a bit latter. I was a little surprised they left, thinking of the view they had of me. I thought I should have been hurt but I got over it.

We picked up our some gear and decided to walk down to the point. I was hesitant because this meant I had to walk past the front of the resort. After walking through the lobby last night and eating topless it didn’t seem like that big a deal besides I was starting to get use to it. So I tucked my bottle of lotion under the strap of my suit and off we went. We left most our other stuff on the chases since we already had a lot to carry. On the way past the resort we ran into the two girls we had walked back from the club with the first night. I guess they weren’t that surprised to see me topless after my exhibition the other night. I told them they still hadn’t found my bag and this was all that fit.

“Good thing this place is topless,” they said. They complemented me on my tan saying, “They wish they had the nerve.” Lynn the taller one said stop by later and she’d see if she had anything that would fit.” Now we’re talking. We headed down the beach and came across these ladies selling gifts and stuff. I looked at the tee shirt and then realized none of us had any money on us. A little further down the beach we saw these two women lying out naked. Lisa said, “I told you you didn’t need a suit.” I said, “if we were way down here,” meaning away from the people, “maybe I strip too.” I said, “still waiting for you to join me.” That stopped her. I was starting to get into this topless thing. It didn’t bother me that much but going naked, even though there wasn’t much difference considering what I had on, but that was more than I wanted to do.

We finally got to the point but didn’t see the guys. There were more people than I expected down there since there was no hotel or anything near by. It was mostly surfer and most of them were guys. The surf was much rougher here but we set up in a sheltered area and waited for the guys. We spread our towels and re applied our lotion. A couple of minutes latter the guys showed up with their surfboards. We said we were comfortable and let them go off and surf. Not long after they came back, saying the waves weren’t that good. They looked fine to me. I guess they were some heavy-duty surfers. They asked us if we wanted to try. Barbara said she wanted to and eventually we all made our way over the to the surfing side. Well let me tell you that bikini of mine was not meant for that surf.

Lisa hesitated as well thinking she might loose her suit as well. I said, “What do you have to worry about with that suit and told her she could use some exposure.” I shouldn’t have shot off my mouth because I had no intention of going in when Lisa and Jane dragged me into the water. I was already getting enough attention from the guys on shore. Now I knew they were waiting for me to loose the rest of the suit. We swam out a little past the surf and I still had my bikini on so I started to relax again. It was deep out there and we had to tread water. Barbara was already on a board with Barry when Chris asked me. John offered his board. I figured it beat trading water so I climbed aboard and paddled out further with Chris.

Straddling that board in my bikini wasn’t exactly to most lady like position to be in. I could see Chris’s attention on my crotch. He gave me some pointers but I was afraid to get started. I saw that Barbara get up right away and did really good until she wiped out. She paddled back out to where we were and screamed about how exciting it was. She told me I had to try it. I told her I was afraid of loosing my suit when I fell. She said, “that’ll just make it more exciting the risk factor.” I just sat there for a bit and then saw Lisa and Barbara waving for me to go for it. I knew if I fell in one of those big waves, my bikini would be history. I just hoped I could grab it before it came off completely and wouldn’t be able to find it. Well I mustered up enough nerve and paddled for then next big swell. I got up but fell almost immediately. My bikini stayed on despite needing a little adjustment. I paddled back out and waited for another one. This time I got up and lasted a little longer but still wiped out. This time my bikini slid down but I was able to grab it and pull it back in place.

Boy I must have been crazy but I paddled back out and tried it a third time. This time I made it all the way through the surf almost to the shore. After the required suit adjustment I paddled back out again. This was getting to be fun and I hadn’t lost my suit yet. With Chris’s and Barbara’s encouragement I tried it again. This time I crashed pretty hard and the bikini came completely down and off my legs. Oh no now I’d done it. I swam around a little panicked when Chris and Barbara paddled up. I said, “I lost my bikini now what should I do”? Barbara said, “When you tempt fate this is what happens.” I swam around a bit more towards the shallower water and there it was. Thank God. I wasn’t ready for a complete show.

That was it. I waded in to shore and told Lisa and Jane what had happened. Jane said that would have been interesting. Enough of that, we sat on the towel and talked until we started to get hot. We all went in the water in the calmer area but even that wasn’t that calm. There were still some pretty good waves. The guys started body surfing and trying to get me to join them. I said, “What are you kidding.” We started a game of chicken fight after a while. It was me on Chris’s shoulders and Jane on Barry’s. I shouldn’t have been doing that but is sure was fun. I must have been showing an awful lot because every time I got knocked off I had to do some major adjusting of my bikini, Chris got more that his share of feels. One time when I started to fall off his shoulders he tried to catch me but ended up sliding his hand completely down my front. He got a feel of everything including my pussy as his hand slid down inside my suit almost ripping it off in the process. It seemed innocent enough trying to break my fall but still. The others got into it and it got a little out of hand. One time I fell into Barry and he got a face full of my breasts. He came up asking if I was trying to poke his eye out or something.

I don’t think he minded one little bit from the smile on his face. With that much skin exposed and the physical contact; it was impossible to keep anyone who wanted to from feeling me up. Then it happened. This one extra large wave knocked down Chris and me. I got push under and off came my bikini. Chris came up with it in his hand and held it up for everyone to see. I begged him to give it back but all he did was toss it to Barry over my head. It turned into a big game of keep away from Carrie. Eventually someone made a mistake and threw it short.

That was my opportunity. Barbara swam to it and grabbed it just before I did. I tried to wrestle it away from her when another large wave got both of us. I continued when it passed but she screamed that she didn’t have it. She had apparently dropped it when the wave knocked her down. Oh great, from bad to worse at least before I thought they’d eventually give it back. Now it was lost. We looked around for a bit. At least I did. I don’t think the others had the same motivation as I did. After a while one by one they got tired and walked back to the towels. Lisa asked me what I was going to do. She seemed to have some actual concern. She didn’t seem to mind me being topless. She seemed to encourage it I thought. Chris kind of thought the whole thing was funny I guess he hadn’t seen enough of me.

After a couple of minutes I thought about it and the difference between me now and with the bikini on really wasn’t that much. I guess it was just the idea of being the only one naked that bothered me. I asked Lisa to bare it with me but she was having no part of it. Eventually I figured I had no choice. I started to walk to the shallower water and remembered to never look down and don’t forget to smile. As I walked out of the water it was like every eye on the beach was on me; and why not most of the people on the beach were guys and I was completely naked. As I got close to the towel, I said, “well here’s the rest of me, nothing left to your imagination now. I lay down on my stomach to hide my front from the stares. It felt weird being there naked when no one else was. Once again I tried to make to best of it and said, “It’s not too bad, you should try it.”

Chris offered to rub some lotion on my back before I burned. How thoughtful of him. Speaking of burns, Barbara had gotten more sun that se should have. Everyone lotioned up with Chris doing me. I could tell he was enjoying it from the bulge in his suit. He did my back then my legs and hesitated. I said, “go ahead I know you want to.” He did my ass extra well. He commented on my tan and how the only thing not tan was this little spot in the middle. He offered to do the front but I said no thanks. All at once the conversation turned to my tan and how I should work on that last little spot and then it would be the perfect tan. I said it looks like I’m doing that right now. Chris said something about how nice my ass was and asked me if I worked out a lot. I said I’m on the swim team and work out a couple of times a week back home.

Again after a while everyone got hot and when back in the water. Chris asked me if I wanted to try surfing again. Nothing to worry about now I was already naked. When everybody came back from their quick dip and started talking about me again, I decided to take him up on it. Boy was I getting brazen. We grabbed our boards and walked over to the surfing side of the beach. What a show. Me carrying a surfboard across the beach completely naked. My heart was in my throat again but I kept walking. Someone yield something to me but I just kept walking right into the water. Now to paddle out. If it looked bad before with the bikini on you should have seen me then. I bet Chris though he was in heaven surfing with the only naked chick on the beach. Once we got out there away from some of the people it didn’t seem that bad. My heart started to settle down and I jumped on the next wave before I could think about what I was doing. I did pretty well. I was a little nervous since I knew everyone was looking at me. I paddled back out and did it again. By then it didn’t matter. After about a half and hour I was starting to get good at it. It was actually a relief not to have to worry about that dammed bikini falling off. We started to get tired and headed back in.

Back across the beach to where the others were. This time I was walking pretty much towards most of the people though. They’d have and un-obstructed view of my front. I decided to carry the board on my outside hip and let them look. I think I was starting to become an exhibitionist. I lay down on my stomach again and let Chris apply some more lotion once I dried a little. Everyone was talking about my nude surfing and how daring I was. I told them after getting over my fear it was actually a relief not to have to worry about my bikini sliding around. I eventually flipped onto my stomach figuring they already seen everything. Chris offered to do my front but I declined. I just lay back, not believing I was completely naked in front of all those people. I guess I must have been getting use to it because I fell asleep right there on the beach naked. It wasn’t until Lisa came running up screaming that she had found my bikini that I woke up. I guess it had washed up on the beach. That was a relief. At least I didn’t have walk back naked. It started to get late and we decided to head back. The guys offered to give us a lift but there wasn’t enough room for all of us.

We gathered up our stuff and started walking back. Barbara said, “Aren’t you at least going to put you suit back on.” I said. “Not yet.” We had walked almost all the way back to the resort when I decide this had gone far enough. I said, “I need a couple of drinks like last night to muster enough courage to walk through the resort completely naked.” Adding, “ I don’t thing there’s enough alcohol here to get me to walk all the way up to the room naked. We returned our unused gear to the activities hut and headed back to the room.

Then I remembered that Lynne had said to stop by, that she might have something for me to wear. Their room was a cottage at ground level with their own entrance so we didn’t have to walk through the lobby. Lisa and I headed over while Barbara and Jane went back to the room. I didn’t bother to cover up. Boy I was really getting use to being topless. We knocked on the door and they invited us in. They had already showered and changed. Again I was under dressed. So what’s new? They offered us a beer and asked what it was like up by the point. Lisa went on about my naked surfing and all. I was a little embarrassed. Lynn went into her room and came out with two shirts for me to try. She said they were big for here so they should fit me.

The one was a t top that actually fit. It looked a little smaller on me but it fit. There were a lot of my boobs showing but what was new about that. The bottom came to just above my navel. Not something I’d wear to church but the best thing I came across since we’d gotten there. She commented about the how much of my breasts were showing but I said “better that all of them showing.” I took that off and tried the other shirt. That was a button up shirt but I couldn’t quite button the ones in the middle. Lisa said, “try trying it around your breasts. That worked but there wasn’t enough to tie a knot, just a loop. I pulled it a little tighter and spun around. It looked like as long as it was tight enough it would stay. We finished our beer and thanked them for the beers and headed back to our room. I decided to keep the shirt on. It looked a little funny a button up shirt (tied actually) and a tiny bikini bottom. I told Lisa it looked a lot better than the towel.

On the way through the lobby we ran into Barbara and Jane. They were changed and were at the indoor activity desk and were signing up for one of those day trip tours. It sounded kind of interesting. They take you by bus to around the island and over to these caves on the other side of the island where you spend the afternoon swimming through the caves. I sounded pretty good so we signed up. There was also this Rambo tour on Friday. I had heard some people talking about it and how tough it was. The guy behind the desk told us it wasn’t that bad if you were in shape. He said they take you to the end of the island and make your way up this river with waterfalls and all and then climb to the top of the mountain. He said, “ you can see almost the whole island from up there on a clear day.

It sounded expensive considering we just signed up for the other trip. I told Lisa I still had some cloths to buy if I didn’t want be prancing around topless all week. That’s when the guy behind the desk checked out my strange outfit. Lisa said, “you only live once and besides you’ve done pretty good so far so” we signed up. Barbara and Jane need a little more convincing. We headed up to the room to shower and change and told Barbara and Jane we’d see them by the bar in an hour and decide what to do about dinner.

I decide not to wear the t-top since after a closer look it seemed a bit sheer. In the light you could my nipples and areola pretty clearly. I pulled on my short and tied the top nice and tight and head downstairs. It was actually the best dressed I’d been since arriving but Barbara still made me uncomfortable by saying. “Hope you have that thing safety pined on. It will never stay tied when you start dancing.” I asked if anyone had a safety pin as well as the front desk and no one did. I kind of felt like I was still topless despite the shirt since it really didn’t provide any support. I bounced around pretty good under the shirt. Dinner was nothing to talk about. Latter we went to this club someone had told up about but it was nice but kind of dead. I actually wanted to go back to the beach club but thought I’d never be able to keep covered and dancing the way I had the night before. Eventually these guys came up and asked us to dance. Barbara did but Lisa, Jane, and I just stayed and talked to the guys. After a couple of beers they convinced me to get up and dance. I really like to dance so it was hard for me to just sit there and drink. Barbara was right though, the more I danced the looser the top became. I had to tighten it up after every song. It was starting to remind me of the bikini. I managed to keep it tied the whole night but I know when it loosened up people got a pretty good view. The place never did pick up so after a while we headed back.

When we go back to the room Lisa said something about checking out how my tan was coming. When we got ready for bed I did the twirl and said, “what do you think”? “Almost gone” referring to my white ass. That nude sunbathing had given me some color where I usually don’t get any. I must have been getting vain because I had to check it out for myself in the mirror. She was right. Except for a faint spot right in the middle of my butt and a few barely noticeable strap marks I had the perfect tan. Not a mark on me anywhere.

I was starting to think about what the girls on the swim team would think when I took my clothes off and they saw this tan. Lisa must have been having the same thought because she said, “wait till Sue sees that tan. Will she be jealous.” Sue is this girl on the team that is always in the tanning booth and always flaunting her body in the locker room and elsewhere. Here goal is to achieve the perfect tan and thanks to the tanning booth does pretty well. Every time she comes back from the beach it’s tan lines though. I though it would be nice to show her this tan and just leave her hanging with how I got it. Anyway. Off to bed.

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure Day 4**

Today Jane and Barbara woke us up. They really were excited about this tour we were taking so we quickly ate and started to get ready. I wasn’t too keen on that shirt after last nights experience. It reminded me too much of the bikini. I didn’t want to have to worry about it coming un-tied so I opted for the tank top. I pulled it on and checked it in the mirror to see if it was as bad as I thought.

Not quite but you could see my nipples and the outline of my areola through it if the light hit it right. Oh well I’d been topless most of the week so far so this didn’t seem that bad. Everyone else had their suits on under their clothes but I just stuffed my bikini bottom in my shorts pocket. It wasn’t like it was that big anyway. I figured there would be a place to change somewhere. It looked like another day of going topless unless I found something in one of the stores. We grabbed our towels and other stuff and headed down to the lobby.

By now I had given up on ever seeing my bags so I brought some money so I could buy something decent to wear. I didn’t have that much money left though after the trips and dinners. Down in the lobby we ran into Lynn and her friend Janet. I said, “you didn’t tell me how sheer this thing was last night.”

She said, “ I thought you at least had a bra to put on under it. Guess not from the looks of it.”

I guess it was obvious that I was braless. We loaded up on this open tour truck and off we went. It was nice to get out and see something. I always try to get to know something about the place I’m vacationing. It makes it seem more real. Well we bounced around the island for the better part of the morning stopping at every tourist spot there was. Every time we got out to look around these two guys started talking to us. They were trying to act cool but all they were doing was trying to look down my shirt. It was kind of exciting which just made my nipples more noticeable under the thin shirt. Eventually we stopped in this small town but it seemed that today was some local holiday and most of the shops were closed. The whole town was pretty quiet.

Just my luck. I go shopping and the stores are closed. There were a few open though. Lisa and I walked into this one. It looked a little too expensive for my college budget but we walked around any way. I saw some nice bikini but like the hotel the prices were outrageous. We decided to meet up with Lynne and Janet and get something to eat. We got talking and almost missed the bus when it was ready to leave. A couple of more tourist spots and off to the caves. When we got there it was pretty crowded. I guess with the holiday all the locals decided to go to the beach. The driver took us a little further down the road to a spot that wasn’t quite as busy. It was a beautiful beach with a rocky cliff off to either side. I guess that’s where the caves were.

Everyone ran down to the beach and started stripping to their suits. I guess I was wrong about a place to change. There was nothing here I mean nothing. Barbara had changed to a black and red one-piece suit. I guess with her burn it made more sense. I said, “If you where wearing that why couldn’t you let me wear you bikini?”

She said, “you never asked.” Thanks a lot. I pulled my bikini out of my shorts pocket and wondered how I was going to change into it. I decided to go back to the bus and change on the other side of it. Not exactly private but not as open as in the middle of the beach. When I came back, there I was topless again with that poor excuse for a bikini bottom. The tour guide kind of did a double take. Checking me out. I guess did stand out a bit. Everyone else had reasonable suits on and there I was. He gathered us all around and told us that we had until 3:00. We could do anything we wanted and that the caves were in the cliffs to either side of the beach. Before going in we lotioned up again.

Lisa said, “ Are you going to keep the bottom on? I thought you were going to continue on that tan.”

A couple of people hearing that kind of stopped and waited for my response. I teased them and said, “Maybe later, I want to explore first.” The two guys from the bus came over and started to strike up a conversation all the time staring at my breasts. They were being so obvious it was disgusting. I said I thought I’d make it easier on you before you strained your necks.

We laid down on out towels for a bit to let the lotion soak in before going in the water. The two jerks spread their towels out directly behind us. I was laying on my back so I knew they had a pretty good view down the front of my bikini bottom. I should have shaved a little more after seeing how much was showing but forgot. I pulled the suit up but it didn’t do any good I still had about an inch gap showing. Eventually we got up and went down to the water. Luckily the jerks didn’t follow. They just watched. Lynne and Janet joined us. Janet also had a one-piece suit on today. A rash of modesty today. Before going into the water I though I should tighten up my bikini. Being careful not to drop it right there in front of the whole beach I retied the string holding my only covering. It was exciting to see the look on the two guys face.

Most of the people went off to explore the caves to the left so we went to the right. We swam around the point to where the caves started. Despite tightening it, it kept slipping down. There just wasn’t enough elastic in it to keep it in place. I tried to straighten it while treading water and go a mouth full. Everyone asked me if I was all right. I said just pulling my bikini up again. Quit, Jane said, “Why don’t you just take it off then. It’s just us.” Not discounting option I said, “let me see how much swimming we have to do on this adventure.” Lynn seemed surprised that I even consider it.

We swan into the shallows of the first cave and admired its beauty. There was a bit of a ledge just out of the water that led up to some light above. The trick was getting up to the ledge without getting banged against the rocks. Lisa and Jane made it up ok along with Janet. I had to be extra careful since I had some rather sensitive glands hanging out there rather unprotected. I made it up and helped Lynn and Janet. I wish we had thought to bring Jane’s camera.

We looked around for a bit then jumped back in the water. We swan around to the next cave and swam in. This cave was really small. Barbara and Lynn didn’t want to go in and swam around to the next one. The rest of us followed Lisa. You could walk but it was only wide enough to just get through. We had to be extra careful we didn’t get banged against the side. It turns out this cave connected to the one Barbara and Lynn had left us for. We made it through but not before Jane scraped her arm. I was extra careful not wanting to get any scrapes on the sharp rocks. The water was deeper in this cave and we had to tread water. It was beautiful but we didn’t like treading water the whole time. I pulled my suit back up once again and swam out of the entrance. It looked like 4 or five more entrances before a small beach.

As we swan in to the next one I decided enough was enough. I held my breath and as I sank down pulled my bikini off. When I came up, I yelled over to Janet who had a little wet dry bag she’d be dragging around. I held up my bikini and asked her if she could put it in her bag. A little dismayed by my action she took my tiny bikini and stuffed it in her bag. The others just kind of looked at me like I was crazy. I said I’d put it back on before we got back to the others. We swam through the next two caves and skipped the last two and headed to the beach. Lynn and Janet waited to see what I was going to do. Janet asked if I wanted my bikini back . I said, “Hold onto it for now, we still need to swim back.”

It was a nice beach and we thought it was deserted but on the one side were about a dozen locals having a picnic. We exited the water a little further down. Everyone looked as I exited. I just walked up the beach. I had gotten over my nervousness yesterday. The sun felt good after the chill of the water. None of us had any lotion so we didn’t want to stay out too long. We climbed up on the rocks to check out the view. It was one thing being naked in or near the water but climbing up the rocks in the nude felt weird. We decided to head back since we didn’t know the exact time.

We made our way back to the original beach back to all the people. As we go into the shallower water we saw the two jerks that couldn’t leave me alone earlier. They swam out to meet us and asked how the caves were. I guess they weren’t that good of swimmers. We kind of hung around in the water for a bit. I don’t think they realized I was completely naked. After a couple of minutes Janet, Lynn and Barbara all walked back to the towels. I hadn’t noticed until they were out of earshot. They had left me out there naked. I expected that from Barbara but not Lynne and Janet. There must have been a hundred people up there including everyone from the bus. I asked Lisa to go up and retrieve my bikini. She waked up the beach but just sat down next to the others.

Nice, I thought. They must have planned this. I just shook my head and gave them the finger. After a bit I started to get cold and the guys knew it. They still hadn’t figured out why I was staying in the water. After a couple a more minutes I told Jane. I’ll show them. I started to walk towards the shallow water when one of the guys figured out that I didn’t have the bikini bottom that I had left with. I could hear him telling his friend.

I walked straight up the beach naked. I bet the guys wished they were in font of me instead of behind. By the time I go to the towels everyone else had figure it out as well. I just stood there and said, “If you want my suit that much just keep it.” I know Janet never thought I’d walk right up there naked. Lynn locked equally shocked. I just flopped down on my stomach and let the sun dry me off. Apparently it was only about two o clock so we still had and hour before we had to leave. I just lay there and pretended not to hear any of what was being said.

I could see out of my eyelids that the two guys had taken up their spots again. I just lay there. I don’t know what was with these guys there isn’t much to see except my naked ass. I had a nice ass but still what was it with these guys. Then we heard the tour guide rounding up all the people. I had forgotten that when I changed I had left my cloths on the seat of the bus. Not a problem I just wrapped the towel around me and walked over to the bus but not before giving the guys the view they had been waiting for. I though the one guy was going to cum in his pants when he saw me.

Anyway I walked over to the bus and slipped the shorts on under my towel. I just threw the towel up on the bus seat an pulled the top over my head and climbed up on the bus. Nothing much else to happened.

We got back to the resort and everyone wanted to head back to the beach. There was a volleyball game going on in the one pool. Lisa said, “We’ll take on the winner.” I said, “you’ll take on the winner, I’m going to get a drink.” Since they were still playing we all went over and got drinks. Both teams had six people. One had 4 guys and 2 girls and the other 2 guys and 4 girls. It seemed like the one with the girls was winning. Go girls. I told Lisa that there was no way I was playing volleyball topless.

She said, “Then keep the top on, go have another drink.” Apparently Janet and Lynne had played volleyball before. They seemed excited about playing. I did have another drink fearing what was going to happen. When the game finally ended the team dominated by the girls won. They hollered over “are you guys ready to get whipped. Well I didn’t like that but I still wasn’t going to play. Everyone else jumped in including Barbara who never seemed very athletic. Then they started harassing me. I said “I just didn’t want to play, that I didn’t have my bikini with me” which was the truth.

They could probably tell by the way I was showing through the top. They said, “No need just strip and jump in unless your chicken that is.” Well there were those challenging words again. I was going to ask Janet if she still had my bikini in here bag but I didn’t see her bag. I asked her what she did with it and she said “she dropped it in the room on way over her.”

Then they did it again, “What’s the matter afraid to get you hair wet?”

That got me mad; and Lisa said, “come on Carrie let’s show them.” I wasn’t sure what show she was referring to beating them or me.

Even Barbara said, “you’re the tallest one, we need you.” I didn’t expect encouragement from her of all people. I said to myself, this is crazy but here goes. I reached down for the bottom of my shirt and pull it over my head and dropped it on the table. The girls got a little quieter when they saw my tanned breasts. “Nice tan “ one of them yelled out “but can she play volleyball.” I know they though I had a bikini bottom on under my shorts because they all shut up when I unzipped my shorts and pulled them down. I heard one of the guys say “nice bod.” I couldn’t believe I was going to play naked but there I was.

I didn’t hear any mouthing off then. I think the other team was a little shock that I’d had gone that far. At least I didn’t have to worry about the bikini slipping around. I don’t think I could have played with it anyway. The water came up to just about my breasts so most of me was covered, but I still knew I was naked and so did everyone else. Yesterday at the beach and this afternoon was one thing but here in the hotel pool was another. I kind of hid in the back but it was hard to deny the attention I was drawing from the other team and from the people around the pool.

After what seemed like forever we started playing. Well women that have played volley ball especially if you have any kind of chest know that a good bra is in order. Even though my breasts are really firm there was no doubt they were bouncing around. I could feel it myself and didn’t play very aggressively at all and Lisa knew it. We were down 4 to 1 when Lisa said, “I’ve seen you play. You’re a lot better than this.” I said, “I’ve never played naked before.” Lynn who apparently played on their school’s team with Janet said, “If we had you playing dressed like that, we’d be playing to a full house for sure.”

After a while I loosened up and got into it a little more especially after the other team started mouthing off again. We played 2 and 2, and once I got the front line it was hard to be modest and still play the game. The net wasn’t that high and being the tallest one there I did pretty good up there. Of course it meant jumping and exposing pretty much all of me. I noticed that we were starting to draw some spectators. Oh great just what I need. Eventually we tied the game up at ten. That surprised the other team. Then they started to get mad. I was back on the front line and their tallest girl was against me. She spiked the ball and I went to block it and missed.

It came down and got me right in the right breast. That would have hurt with a top on but it really hurt topless. I ducked under the water and turned away as I tried to massage out some of the pain. That looked indecent so I stopped and yelled some obscenity back at the girl who did it. She took exception to if and started yelling back. Now I was mad. Naked or not I wanted to win and win we did. They wanted a rematch but we all had enough by then.

But now I had to get out of the pool. It was bad enough playing but by now we had gathered a sizable crowd. Several guys offered to help but I climbed the ladder myself showing them what they had waited for. Lisa followed me out and started yelling something at one of the girl from the other team. The girl then pushed Lisa back into the pool. I couldn’t let that go so I started pushing the girl and we both ended up in the pool. We pushed and shoved a little when someone knocked me down.

There was a pile of tangled bodies when a couple of guys that had been watching jumped in. The guys gave the impression of coming to my aid but all they wanted was a cheap feel. In the middle of the mayhem I felt a hand come up between my legs and grab me. After a bit, things settled down and we got out again. Some guys started yelling some crude stuff so I just ran over and gather my stuff and wrapped a towel around me and headed back to the room. It was getting a little creepy around the pool and I was starting to get concerned for my safety.

We all cleaned up and dressed to go out. All my stuff was a little grubby so I asked Barbara to borrow her bikini top again. I was getting use to wearing it now. I kind of like the way it showed off my tan and besides it stayed on better than the tie together shirt. We decided to go to this street fair they where having in celebration of their holiday. We walked around the booths and shops. Again I felt a little under dressed but it was a hot night and the air felt good. After the pool experience I was getting tired of exposing myself like that especially if no on else was going to so we checked out a couple of shops. Lisa and I started looking at bikinis for me while I was looking for something a little more practical.

I know, you probably think the funs over but its not. This crazy trip continues to be crazy. Like the other shop, all the suits were outrageously expensive. I was looking through the rack when Lisa brought

over this nice off white suit. It was only a little bigger than the one I had been wearing. This one was a thong though. Lisa said, “This suit will let you tan that ass and let you finish that tan. The top was one of the beau tops that you just strap onto your boobs with the single strap around you back. It seemed big enough to do the job though. Lisa said, “Here try it on.” I said “what do you want me to do try it on right here” “why not” she said. It wouldn’t have been that hard all I had on was Barbara’s borrowed bikini top and shorts.

I though the better of it though and headed to the changing area. I looked at the price tag on the way over. $35. Not that bad I thought. I tried it on. There wasn’t much to the bottom. The front wasn’t much bigger that the other one and this one had no back at all. I didn’t think this was an improvement. I mean no back what so ever. I have a thong at home but at least on mine there something where all the stings come together. This was just tiny string that actually disappeared in my ass. The stings tied right to the front piece, which was really sexy.

The way the stings sat around my checks actually helped it stay in place better that the other. There really wasn’t much to the front though, probably three or four inches wide at the most. I bent over to see if anything was showing underneath and somehow it wasn’t. I slid the top on. The top fit really nice. It was weird not having a string around my neck. I’d never had a suit like that. There was enough of the top to do a good job though. It would feel good to have a little support again. I walked out and showed Lisa. She loved it of course. The sales lady came over and commented on my tan. To make a long story short I bought it after getting the sales lady down to $25. Lisa wanted me to keep the top on but I changed back to the other top and my shorts.

We met Barbara and Jane and showed them what I had bought right there in the middle of all the people. Jane blurted out, “what no more going topless.” Some guys behind her turned around to see what she was talking about. One checked me out pretty good. We walked off before they could come over. We wandered around and grabbed something to eat and headed back to the resort early. We noticed that both Lisa and Barbara were starting to peel. I said, “I hope this doesn’t all peel on me.”

“Better put some lotion on it then.” We turned on the TV for the first time while Lisa did my back. After doing the front, I got up asked if anyone wanted a beer. I should have put something on but I didn’t. After a couple of minutes someone knocked on the door. Barbara looked at me and said, “You get it.” I know I shouldn’t have but I got up and looked through the peep whole. It was Janet. She said she had stopped by to return my bikini. She had already seem me naked twice so once more wasn’t going to hurt, so I opened the door and left her in.

“What are you, a nudist?” she said. I hadn’t though about it but I was certainly acting like one. At that I went in and got a towel. We watched TV for a bit then got ready for bed.

To Be Continued With Day V...

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure Day 5**

The next day we all felt nice and rested and got ready to go down to the beach. I tried my new bikini on. It felt nice to have a little support for a change but it felt a lot smaller today for some reason. I washed it along with the rest of our stuff last night but I didn’t think it shrank. I though about wearing the other bikini but since it didn’t have a top and didn’t stay on very well I decided to stay with the one I just bought.

For those just tuning in it was a really nice suit despite being small.

The top was one of those tops with just the single strap around your back. It seemed big enough to do the job though. There wasn’t much to the thong bottom. The front wasn’t much bigger that the other one, maybe three or four inches across and no back what so ever. The stings tied right to the front piece, which was really sexy. I pulled the top on and tied the strap tight knowing that there was only one thing holding it on. Followed by the bottom.

I took a look in the mirror when Barbara came around and commented about my bottom. She said, “I looked sexier with the suit on than when I was naked.” I said, “at least I have a top now.” We headed down the hall to the elevator. I didn’t even bother putting on the towel; I just carried it along with my other stuff. After the last couple of days, I felt pretty dressed for a change.

On the way through the lobby Lisa stopped by the activities desk to see what we could do today. They had this trip to the other side of the island in the afternoon. We heard some people talking about it the other day. It wasn’t one of those tours like we had done yesterday. On this one they have you play these silly games and basically just get you drunk. Lisa wanted to try it and signed us all up. Then Barbara and Jane wanted to go to this spot down the beach past the point where we went surfing. She said let’s drive and off we went.

On the way they wanted to stop and get some food and make a picnic of it. We stopped at what the island considered a super market (not really). We all jumped out when I said, “I can’t go in dressed like this.” Everyone said “sure why not. It’s the islands, you look fine.” Compared to being topless I looked dressed but compared to them in their tee shirts and shorts I looked naked. From the back I really was. Someone asked who has money? I counted and we had $23 and they told me to hold on to it. I didn’t have any pockets so I curled it up and tucked it in my bikini bottom.

When we went inside I took my sunglasses off and tucked them in as well. What a site. That caused the money to slide down a bit further. I wasn’t about to reach down and pull it out right there in the middle the store. The cool air kind of made my nipples a little(lot) more noticeable. I got a number of looks but ignored them. We picked our stuff out and headed to the register. The people in front of us kept turning around and checking me out. After being naked I didn’t care and let them look. If that’s what turns them on fine. But then it didn’t bother me. Boy was I becoming an exhibitionist. The guy behind the register just stared and said “nice tan.”

I don’t think he ever took his eyes off me until he had to look down to see what the total was. I could see a little budge under his apron so obviously I was doing something for him. $16.22 he said. Now I had to gracefully extract the money from my bikini. Probably should have done it before coming to the register. Looking him right in the eye I reached down and pulled the money out. His jaw dropped. I didn’t look, but I think he saw a lot. Then I looked towards at Lisa. She just shook her head. When I walked out I realized he had given me my change plus the 20 I had given him. Not a bad deal. I guess he was distracted.

We went off and had our picnic. Nothing much happened. I worked on my tan a bit. We went in the water and I was amazed that that little bottom stayed in place pretty well. This was probably the place to go naked since there were only a couple of people but I kept the bottom on. It was a great picnic but since we wanted to go on that trip, we had to hurry back. We had just enough time to run up to the room and grab the rest of our stuff. I grabbed my button shirt that I had to tie and shorts and headed down with the others. I had heard some wild stories about people having sex on the beach and everyone running around naked but couldn’t believe it was true.

I thought maybe I could get Lisa and the others naked for a change. It was about time some else provided some entertainment. We didn’t see Lynn and Janet so it was just the 4 of us. We did however see the 2 guys that wouldn’t leave me alone at the caves the other day and 2 of the girls from the volley ball game. We boarded the bus anyway staying in the back hoping they’d not see us.

They took us to this remote section of beach on the other side of the island. There wasn’t anything at this beach that except these tables and a trapeze type thing. We no sooner got there than they handed us glasses of punch. You could tell it was some strong punch. I don’t know what was in it but you knew it was there. But boy did it taste good. As soon as we got off the bus they saw us.

The girl yelled, “Hey that’s that naked chick that beat us at volley ball.” As soon as she said that all the others turned around. Especially to two jerks from the other day. I bet they were sorry they missed that game. She said something like, “decided to wear a suit today hu.” There were twenty of us in total. 8 girls and 12 guys. They got us playing this game of keep away saying that whoever dropped the ball had to strip. We weren’t drunk enough for that so there were no takers.

After another drink they matched us up guy and girl and had the guy’s carry/race with us on their backs. The guy carrying me planted his hand right on my ass and ran off with me in tow. Not bad though, I just rode. The guys did all the work. Another drink later they formed two teams and had a do this goofy relay where everyone stood behind each other. The first person ran to the back and had to crawl through all the others legs and then run to a table at the other end, chug a glass of punch and ran back and tagged the first person in line.

Lisa and I were on the same team with both the girls from the volleyball game and the jerks. Barbara and Jane were on the other team. I was the third person and Lisa was right behind me. After the first person went through it became obvious that the objective of the game was to tickle the person trying to get through the legs and try to pull their suit off. I feared the worse. With a string bikini, I didn’t think mine would be that hard to get off. I was going to tie another knot in the bottom but the game had already started. Luckily with the ties in the front it would be harder to get to them. The first two guys had these long trunks and there was no way you could pull them off the way they had tied the drawstring. It was my turn and again my heart was beating like a drum even before I started.

The guy tagged me and I ran to the back of the line and tried to wiggle though the legs. About half way through someone tried to pull my bottom off but they had a hard time getting their hands under the small stings. I got a couple of nice scratches out of it as I found out later. They didn’t have any trouble at all with the top though. Someone pulled the lone string and off it came just before got through. I started to reach to cover my breasts but just ran towards the table my boobs bounce everywhere. I could hear the cheers from both teams.

What a site. I chugged the punch spilling a lot of it down my front and ran back to tagged Lisa. They almost got Lisa’s top off but she managed to keep it on. In the end one guy lost his trunks but manage to pull them back before we could see anything. Barbara and Jane both had one-piece suites on today so they managed to keep theirs on. I was the only girl to have lost her top. I looked for it but didn’t see it. They were already organizing the next game. Topless and in a thong was just about as good as naked. The only thing I had covered was my patch in the front. My ass was completely exposed. With all the drinks I had already had I really didn’t care though. Everyone was getting pretty loose from all the alcohol.

The next game was this thing where to pass a ball from one to the other but you could not use your hands. The organizer grabbed me to demonstrate. I wonder why. He placed to ball on his neck clenching it between his chin and shoulder. He faced me and pressed up against me and tried to pass it over to me. I wasn’t that anxious to trust by bare boobs into his chest so I held back and the ball slid down into my breast. He moved down to pull it out with his neck. His face was literally right there in my boobs. He gave my left nipple a kiss as he struggled to pass the ball over to me. Eventually he did and I was a little embarrassed. My nipples were giving away my excitement, being as hard as a rock. Lisa notices them saying “exciting wasn’t it.”

I needed to cool down and find my top but we started the game right away. All the guys wanted to be next to me. Lucky me ended up with the two jerks from the other day on either side of me. They were practically drooling. It appeared that you could do just about anything we wanted except use our hands. It was comical to watch people trying to be discreet and pass the ball along. I was the second from the end with the ball being passed from the left. I didn’t think I could be discreet being topless. The closer the ball got the more aroused I got. By the time the jerk on my left got the ball my nipples were at full attention.

My nipples are extra sensitive when they get hard and they were as hard as they get. I had this evil thought go through my head to really give these two guys a turn on. I bet if I did it right they’d cum right in their trunks. I thought better of it and then said to myself why not. That punch really had its effect. The guy, Jim was his name, moved over to me and kind of stood there. I moved up to him and rubbed my nipples against his chest trying to get the ball from him.

I don’t know what it was doing for him but it was fun for me. As we moved closer I could feel the budge in his suit bump me in the stomach. As he passed the ball over to me, it slid down my chest like the last time. I saved it between my boobs before it fell. I leaned back even more giving him giving him an evil grin. He tried to get the ball with his neck. His face was right in my boobs. He brushed my left breast a couple of times trying to get the ball back to my neck. It kind of sent chills up my spine. Here I was on a public beach practically naked almost having sex with this guy.

After a couple more failed attempts I said, “Wait a minute. Just back up slowly. He did and I arched my back even more and balance the ball between my breasts. My beasts were acting as a shelf holding the ball. I turned around to look at the other guy, Fred I think his name was. With my back arched like that I was sure he was looking down the bottom of my suite because that’s were his eyes were. By then I didn’t care where he looked. He tried to pull the ball free from between my breasts but didn’t know exactly how to do it. I pretty much pushed the ball up his chest with my breasts until the ball made it to his neck.

As I did it my nipple rubbed along his chest. When it finally got there the budge in his suit bumped me right in the crotch. That definitely got him because he jumped back. He pulled back with the ball in his neck and just fell over. I think he came right there on the beach. That turned me on even more just knowing I had that kind of effect on someone. Lisa ran over saying “that was quite a display.” I said, “Yea I really need to cool off now.”

Barbara and Jane came over and commented as well. Saying. “Looks like you’re a little turned on there.” The next game was a kind of a tickling torture. It became free game on Carrie. The general idea was to tickle your counterpart until they couldn’t take it any longer. It was divided up so the winner of each set moved on until only one was left. I am generally not ticklish so I though I’d do pretty well but then again I was practically naked and already extremely turned on.

Everyone immediately went after my nipples. I started to break out in sweat and was breathing heavy when I had to pull out. I thought I was going have an orgasm right there on the beach. I didn’t win but oh my god what a trip. Eventually we played this game were everyone had this indecent exercise type thing to do. Each member of the team picked the thing they had to do from a hat. The team that accumulated the most points combined won. I ended up with this sit up like thing were you lie on you back and sit up picking a ball out of the waste band of you team mates trunks. It was as bad as it sounded.

I have great abs but this was more than just doing sit ups. I had a little time before I was up which was great because I needed to cool down. I tried to find my top but didn’t. By the time I gave up, it was near the end and I couldn’t avoid my part. We were only a couple points ahead so it came down to me against this guy who was doing the same with Barbara holding the ball. I complained saying she’s just holding the ball there so we got to do the same. A little better but it looked like this guy could do a lot more than me. We both took our spots and off we went. The guy went at it fast while I tried to pace myself a little. He soon passed our overall score but had slowed down a lot. I didn’t help that I had missed a bunch by dropping them.

He finally stopped after doing 105, which meant I had to do 88 to win. I was already hurting at 60. I didn’t think I was going to make it and was ready to quit at 70 but everyone kept cheering me on. My abs were really burning and literally shaking. I got to 80 and this guy started massaging my abs. It felt good but was turning me on again. The guys were fighting over helping me. One guy was working on my lower abs and I warned him not to get cute. I think they were getting more out of it than I was. It helped relax my abs and give me a boost and somehow I made it to 88 before collapsing. Two guys helped me up. I was spent and sore.

They had a couple more games planed but I was through. A couple of guys helped down to the water to cool off and rinse off. I had several invitations to dinner and one guy massaging my stomach the whole time asked me to marry him. At one point right there on the beach he slipped his hand down inside my bottom until I stopped him. Anymore stimulation and that would have been it. When the guys drifted off to the next game I pulled my bottom off and rinsed the sand out. I didn’t bother putting it back on as I walk up to where we threw our towel earlier, I just collapsed onto my stomach and rested. Lisa, Barbara and Jane came over as well. They were talking about my performance but I ignored them. I reached under and felt my abs.

Were they sore. I rolled over and massaged them a little and eventually fell asleep on the beach naked. I didn’t care who saw what at that point.

When Lisa woke me up it was time to head back. I slipped on my shorts and carried the rest up to the bus. It was then that I remembered that I still hadn’t found my top. I quickly ran around looking for it until everyone started yelling that it was time to go so I reluctantly walked back to the bus. While I was gone someone had taken my shirt and towel. Lisa loaned me her towel, which I wrapped around me for the trip back. We were all pretty drunk so it was a loud trip back. The organizer said we’d have the pictures up later tonight by the activity center. I said, “Pictures! I didn’t see anyone taking pictures.” Oh my god I was ruined for life I thought. All I could hear when we go back to the resort was, you should have seen this wild chick.

The four of us went around the side of the main building to the beach. This time avoiding the pool. Barbara had this great idea about playing tennis. She suggested her and Jane against Lisa and I. I reminded her that I didn’t have a top any more. “Not like you haven’t done it before. Bet we beat you,” she said. I guess it was those competitive juices again or the fact that I just didn’t care at that point. Lisa said, “What do you want to bet”? “How about dinner tonight.” We grabbed some rackets and walked over to the court. There wasn’t anyone there because it was so hot. Everyone threw their stuff on the table and started to warm up. I was still a little buzzed because I just dropped the towel down and walked out there in just my shorts. The attendant came over and told me that that wasn’t proper tennis attire.

No kidding I thought. I said, “Do you want the shorts to come off too”? Afraid I might do it, he backed off and let us play. My abs were still sore; I could really feel it when I stretched to serve. Running made my boobs bound pretty good so it wasn’t one of my better games. Not that I’m very good anyway. Another thing you shouldn’t do with out a bra. We stopped for a break and got a drink at the stand next to the court. I was dripping sweat it was so hot. A young couple walked in and started playing in the court next to us. I don’t think the girl appreciated me dressed like I was. We laid for about a half an hour more when the heat got the better of us. Barbara and Jane were hopelessly ahead so we owed them dinner. They reminded us of the bet. “Nothing fancy we have limits you know” Lisa said.

We gathered out stuff, turned in the rackets and walked down to the beach. I was too hot to cover up. I got a few funny looks. I guess you don’t see to many people topless in shorts. Topless in a bikini probably wouldn’t have drawn as much attention. Lisa marched us right down to the middle of the resort’s beaches. Surprisingly there were about a half a dozen women topless. Seeing some others topless made me feel more at home so I unzipped and pulled my shorts off. Forget the bottom I thought. We swam out and cooled off before coming back to our chases and lotioned up. I said, “I don’t think I’m up to that Rambo tour.” My abs were killing me. I started to nod off.

Lisa said “sleepy?”

“Yea must be the alcohol.”

Eventually we got up and gathered our stuff. I was tempted to walk back to the room completely naked and see if anyone stopped me but thought better of it and pulled my shorts on. I wrapped the towel around my top as well. We went back to the room and showered up and got ready to go out. We decided to go back to the beach club so I borrowed Barbara’s bikini top and put on my shorts for the night. Not exactly dressed up but it worked the other night.

We met Bob and Mike from the first night. They commented on my attire saying they loved it. I spent most of the night dancing again. All the dancing kind of worked off the alcohol because I didn’t even feel buzzed when we left. Bob said he had rented a boat and would take Lisa and I out diving if we wanted. It was getting near the end of the trip and we couldn’t dive on Saturday because we had to catch a flight on Sunday so we decided to go Friday after we got back from the Rambo tour. We invited them but since they weren’t staying at the resort they couldn’t go. They asked if we were entering the big bikini contest in Saturday.

I said I hadn’t planned to but all I heard was that I’d be a shoe in. Back at the resort we checked out about that Rambo tour again. The poster at the activities center said dress light, bring a bathing suit and good hiking shoes that you don’t mind getting wet and be prepared for some hiking. We discussed whether we really wanted to do it. Lisa and Jane were all for it and Barbara passed saying don’t wake me when you leave. I’m going to sleep in.

Sleeping in sounded like a good ideal but Lisa wouldn’t let me off...

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure Day 6**

We woke up late and had to rush to get ready. As soon as I moved to get up I could feel my abs were really sore from the day before. I slowly got out a bed and tried to massage my stomach muscles back to life. Lisa ran into the bathroom leaving me to suffer. I couldn’t decide on which bikini I wanted. Since I didn’t have a top for either it looked like I was going topless regardless. The thong stayed on better but I didn’t want it ridding up my ass while we hiked.

The other was hard to keep in place but felt better when waking. I grabbed the second one and stuffed it in my pocked. Then I thought, if we have a lot of walking to do I had better put something on under these shorts. Denim shorts are a little rough down there if you know what I mean so I slipped them off and pulled the bikini on. I then put the shorts back on and grabbed my T-top. I should have asked Barbara to borrow here Bikini top but I figured she’d be wearing it today.

We ran down and jumped on the bus right as it was ready to leave. We drove for at least an hour to get to this place. I didn’t think these islands were that big that you could drive for and hour in one direction. Then again with all the turns it may have only been 10 miles is so as the crow flies. When we got there everyone got out to stretch his or her legs. Our leader gave us the run down of the day. We were leaving the bus here and hiking up to this lake about a half-hour up the hill. Hill nothing; it looked like mountain. We would drop most of out stuff there and those that wanted to could hike up to the peak otherwise we could hang out at the lake.

After lunch we were going to hike up the gorge to the falls. We could hike up to the monument from there if we wanted to. There were about 25 people again in total, mostly guys and seven girls. There was Lisa, Jane and I, The two from the volleyball game (didn’t need to see them again) and two girls I hadn’t seen before. The leader said leave everything you don’t need here it’s a tough walk. Jane said to me “are you leaving your clothes?” A sharp “no” was my answer. Everyone slimed down to the essentials for the walk. For once I wasn’t the least dressed. It was a tough walk so we decided to conserve our energy. We were all starting to sweat so I was starting to show pretty good through my light top. The two new girls were right up at the front. There looked like the jock types in their shorts and one-piece suits. Lisa said she though they were lesbians. I said “no way.”

When we got to the lake everyone stripped down to their suits and jumped in to cool off. Being topless was no big deal now so I took off my shorts and top. Everyone stop to check me out as I walked down to the water. Boy was that water cold. It must have been spring fed. It was chilling but it felt good. Almost immediately 4 guys came over and tried to start up a conversation. Amazing how you attract guys when you’re topless. The leader yelled down that he was heading up to the peak and anyone that wanted to go could join him.

Everyone else could hang out here. Lisa and Jane wanted to go. I thought hanging out here sounded pretty good but I did want to see the view. I walked out of the water again to the stares of everyone there. It was kind of exciting so when we gathered up our stuff I decide to leave my top behind and just put on my shorts and shoes. The excitement of being topless kind of perked me up (those too) and gave me a little more energy. I did notice the two new girls checking me out though. Maybe they were lesbians after all. The two girls from the volley ball game and a couple of the guys stayed behind. I thought the girls were tougher than that. We stopped at a rest area and got a drink from the bottled water the leader had brought. Everyone was ringing wet by then from the heat.

We started up and the two new girls stayed to walk with us. From the tone of the conversation and the way they were looking at me I was staring to be convinced that they were lesbians. The one kept complementing me on my boobs saying mine bounced less unsupported than hers do in a bra. The other one kept talking about my beautiful tan and how great it looked without tan lines. Lisa elbowed me and said, “I told you.” Now I was used to the guys checking me out; I was kind of expected that but the girls were making me a little uncomfortable. It seemed like everyone there with the exception of Lisa and Jane had and interest in me and I wasn’t that sure about Jane after a couple of her remarks. After a while we made it to the top. My whole upper body was covered by sweat by the time we got there. Sweat was literally dripping off my breasts it was so hot. What a view though.

We walked around and you could see almost the whole island. Jane was off snapping pictures with the camera she had brought. She came over to Lisa and I and said lets get a picture of you two. I said I wasn’t really dressed for it but she took one anyway. I said, “remember, I want that film when you done.” Seeing that, some of the guys invited me into their picture. I said, “no way.” I did eventually pose for one though but I hid behind one of the guys so you couldn’t see my boobs. At least I hope they couldn’t see them.

We cooled down and had another drink before heading back down. It was just as hard going down as it was going up. You really had to watch you step so you didn’t fall. On the way down we ran into a family on their way up. I wanted to cover up but I almost slipped so I tried to be cool and just ignore them. As they left I heard their teenage daughter say. “Why can’t I go topless? She is.” I couldn’t hear the answer.

Back at the lake we went for another dip in the cold water before having lunch. After lunch we went for another swim to check out the lake. Everyone was getting ready for part two, the trip up the gorge. Our leader said you might want to wear a tee shirt for warmth. I didn’t have anything else with me so I just trailed along in bikini. Both Lisa and Jane threw on shirts so I was starting to regret my choice. A couple of people stayed behind, 2 guys had hurt themselves on the hike to the peak. The first part wasn’t bad at all. We walked along the path along side of the creek that fed the lake. It led up hill but was pretty flat compared to where we’d been. It started to get smaller and soon we had to wade through the water. With the rushing water I was afraid of getting knocked down. If I lost my bikini there, I’d never see it again. Again it was a constant job to keep that bikini on. I stopped by the side and tied the strings tighter.

We had come to our first waterfall. Everyone hurried up the falls except one of the new girls and me. You had to kind of swim and pull yourself up the oncoming water. I was concerned that the water would pull my suit off as I climbed up. There was a ledge about half way so I stopped to make adjustments. It was still on me thank god. I could see the other girl was having difficulty so I tried to give her a hand. I helped her up pulled her past me and as she did she slid her hand all the way down my front attempting to reach a rock. I almost slipped as her upper arm came to rest across my breasts. I couldn’t let go, else I would have slipped off the ledge. She had me pinned with my back against a rock and my front against her. I couldn’t move until she did. I don’t think anyone could see us but it must have been quite a site. I said something like “do you mind?” as she rubbed over me throwing her boobs right in my face. Afterwards Lisa said. “I told you.”

A little further up there was a calm spot with a rope swing hanging from a tree. Everyone took turns then a couple of people tried it together. The branch holding the rope didn’t break. It really looked like fun so I had to give it a try. The first time I did it I forgot to hang onto my bikini as I hit the water. Despite jumping, by the time I came up it was down around my ankles. It was a blast but each time I had to hold my bikini to keep it from falling off. I probably would have been better off just taking it off but was reluctant to do it with so many guys there. Eventually Lisa wanted to do it as a threesome. There were a couple of knots so one person could stand and the others just hang on. I jumped on and Lisa and Jane just jump on hanging on to me. We swung out and back a couple of times.

Lisa had her hands around my waist and Jane had her’s on my shoulders but as we swung out Jane’s slid down to my breasts. I don’t know if it was intended but she go two handfuls as we swung there. I was so taken back that I forgot to hold my bikini as we hit the water. I got a mouth full as I went in and came up gagging. One of the guys came to my rescue, groping me as he held me up. I don’t know if he realized it but all the time I was trying to hang onto my bikini as it hung by one foot underwater. I was trying to tell them I was all right as another guy came to my rescue. This guy bumped his leg into my exposed bush. He knew immediately what had happened. I still had the bikini around my one leg as they helped me into the shallower water. If I had lost it there it probably would have been washed away but the water. Once I could stand I bent down and pulled it back on.

We did it for about a half and hour more. The guys all wanted to go with me to cop a feel. One guy even had the nerve to pull one of the stings holding my bottom on as we swung out over the water. I let out a yell and fell off. Luckily I held onto the suit as we hit the water. It was pointless to try to stop the feels so after a bit I just asked them to be gentle and went with it. We headed back up stream and after a couple more small waterfalls came to a big waterfall that you could not climb. We sat under it out of the water and sipped from a bottle of wine that our guide had brought in his backpack. The wine was nice. I was so cold though I was shivering when we climbed out. Most people just hung out in the sun and warmed up but several of us including Jane, Lisa myself started heading up to the monument at the top.

Everyone kind of went their own way but I kind of drew a crowd of helpers. After just a couple of minutes I went from shivering to sweating. We came to a tricky spot that we didn’t think we could make it across. There was about a rope across about a 20-foot drop. There was just water at the bottom but still you had to use your arms and climb across like it was a jungle gym. Lisa didn’t think she could make it so she waited. Jane made it across with difficulty. I wasn’t going to do it with all the guys there watching so I told them I was going back. The guys all offered to help but I said go ahead. They waited anyway waiting to see if I changed my mind. After a couple of minutes they didn’t think we were coming so they left. Lisa and I and walked on. Lisa wasn’t coming, I called her a chicken, which usually gets her going, but she didn’t budge.

Jane was about to leave before the rest got too far ahead when I decided to give it a try. Without thinking about what I looked like, I made my way out onto the rope. I could really feel my abs in that position. It was really tough with all my weight hanging from my arms. I got about half way and Jane pulled out her camera and started taking pictures. I could feel the bikini slipping a but hanging there like that there wasn’t much I could do without letting go. Stretched out like that there wasn’t as much of me to hold it on. I could feel the perspiration running down my body. Finally I made it across and pulled my bikini back in place. After trying to convince Lisa to give it a try we decided to continue without her.

It was down to just Jane and I at that point. We came to a spot that was not very well traveled and I though we may have gone the wrong way. We could hear voices of the left and Jane led that way as we cut through a dense section. This was no place to be in just a bathing suit. I was taking my time trying not to get scraped by the branches. Being topless at the beach was one thing but it felt weird being out in the woods nearly naked. Talk about an adventure. I told Jane I thought she had gotten us lost but we could still hear some voices up ahead and to the left so Jane led us in that direction. It was extra slow since I was trying to minimize the branches that hit me. Then all at once Jane let out a scream and disappeared. She had fallen about 20 feed down an embankment. She wasn’t hurt but it was going to be hard for her to make it back up without help. I was afraid I was going to slide down as well so I help back hanging onto this tree by the edge.

This was turning into a real Rambo tour. I asked her if there was another way out and she didn’t think so without going further down. I didn’t want her getting lost so I told her to stay there while I figured something out. If we had a rope it would have been easier but we since we didn’t I had to get to a point where she could reach me. I carefully made my way down the embankment as far as I could without falling myself; getting a couple of good scrapes along the way. One nice one across my stomach and another up further. Hanging onto a tree, I gave Jane my arm. I was being extra careful since it was only my bare flesh between the tree and me. From there she grabbed my waist as we made our way back up to the top of the embankment. S he slipped off and almost ended up sliding down again since it was hard for her to hold onto my sweaty body like that. Eventually we made it to the top and cleaned the dirt and grim off.

When we found the others, one of the guys said, “What happened” referring to our dirt and scratches. It looked worse than it was thanks thank God.

My scratches didn’t really hurt but since my stomach already hurt it felt like we had been through more than we had. I climbed up on the monument to get a look at the view. I jumped down quickly as this guy pulled out his camera. We rested a bit before heading back to the river with the others. A guy showed us a way that didn’t take us back to that rope bridge thing. When we got back Lisa saw us and asked what happened. I said “Just Jane’s back country tour.” Lisa said “she thought one of the guys may have attacked us.” I didn’t think about it before but I guess it was a little risky being out in the woods dressed the way I was. Lisa had hurt her ankle on the way back to the group. We probably shouldn’t have left her by herself. If it was any more serious she could have been in real trouble and we would have been responsible. Another not so bright move.

Everyone started packing up and heading back down stream. I felt bad for Lisa so I offered to help. She joked, “Saying go rinse your sweaty body off before we do this.” Most of the people where off ahead of us. I was surprised no one was offering to help me even though I wasn’t the one that was hurt. We tried again and as she put her arm around me she grabbed my left breast and held on. I said, “I guess it doesn’t hurt that bad. Maybe you want to do this yourself.”

She let go. She said, “ If she were a guy she’d be all over me right now.

I said, “How much wine did you have while we were gone?” Between her, Jane and the guys I had been felt up by most of the people there. I told her what Jane and other girl had done as we got in the water. It was shallow so we half swam half walked for a bit. Lisa said, “What do you expect dressed the way you are? Your practically naked.” I said, “I would expect it from the guys but not the gals.

She was getting silly and we started to play around a little as we stumbled down the creek. I told her to just hold my shoulders and float along as I guided her. I was half swimming half floating sometimes walking through the shallower parts. At first she put her hands on my shoulders like I had asked. Then she moved them down and grabbed both my breast with her hands. I didn’t react. She seemed disappointed. She said I bet “I can turn you on?”

I said, “how much wine did you have again?” With that she started squeezing and playing with my nipples. I told her to stop before someone sees us. She said, “Not if you stay underwater.” She squeezed harder when I tried to lift up. I said, “This is too kinky, stop it.” She just started to work my nipple in her fingers. She continued all the way down until we caught up to the group in front. We made it back to the lake again and I helped Lisa out. We were both shivering by the time we got out.

After drying off, I put my clothes back on and we headed back. Two guys helped Lisa on this part since it was a little tougher. They offered to help me but I said I wasn’t the one that was hurt. We boarded the bus started the long trip back. Once back we went down to the beach to look for Barbara. We saw her where we had been set up the other day. We pulled up some chases and proceeded to strip down to out bathing suits. That is except for me. I was feeling spunky and took everything off including my bikini bottom. We put some lotion on and told Barbara about our adventure and Lisa told her about how she got hurt. She saw my scratches and said, “I guess it really was a Rambo tour.”

Everyone was tired so we just lay there and talked. I had just closed my eyes when Mike and Bob walked up. Mike said “Oh La La” when he saw me lying there completely naked. I said, “Feel free to join me?” They had brought their boat around and had it up on the beach about a hundred yards down the beach off to the side of the resort. Bob asked if we were ready to go diving while he stared at me. Lisa said she couldn’t since she had hurt her ankle, but said I could if I wanted. They asked if Barbara or Jane wanted to try snorkeling. They said there was a nice spot on the other side of the island where you could dive and snorkel in the same area. Jane said she was too tired and Barbara said she was fine right where she was.

Bob said, “It looks like its just you if you still want to go.” I was tired and a little sore but I still wanted to go since it was out last chance. I said I would, and ran over the activities hut to grab some gear, not bothering to put my bikini back on. I grabbed a set of fins and a mask and walked over towards the boat. Bob said, “aren’t you forgetting something,” referring to my bikini. I was ready to walk off completely naked. Lisa threw it to me. I joked with Bob saying, “I though you wouldn’t mind diving with me naked.” He said, that was fine with him but that I had to come back eventually. “Its not like it covers that much” I said. Barbara said there was a nightclub on a boat that she heard was really good and wanted to check out tonight. It left the dock at 7:00. Bob said, “We’d be back by then.”

Throwing all my stuff in the boat, we pushed it out and were off. It was about a half and hour to the dive site. They kept complementing me on my tan so I didn’t bother putting my bikini on to the delight of the guys. When we got there they both started pulled on their wet suits when I said this isn’t fair. You guys both have full wet suits and all I have is this, holding up my miniscule bikini. Bob said, “That’ll gives us something to look at if there aren’t any fish.” I was going to put it back on but with that comment decided I’d give them a show.

“If it scenery you want I wouldn’t want to disappoint you,” I said. Tossing the bikini aside, I got my gear on and rolled over the side. I could see both Mike and Bob duck their heads under to check me out. I don’t think I disappointed them from the smiles they had on under their mask as we went to the bottom. I thought this isn’t fair, they’re both completely covered and I’m completely un-covered. We looked around the reef but didn’t see that many fish. And that’s when I started thinking about Bob’s earlier comment. After a while I stated to get cold. We moved up to some shallower water but it was still pretty cold. They signaled, asking if I wanted to go back but I shuck my head no. I though I’d show them how tough I was. When we got to the surface I was so cold I couldn’t stop shivering. I climbed into the boat first not caring what they saw. The sun felt great as I dried off. I was still shivering wrapped in the towel. Bob said, “I know how we can warm you up.” I said no thanks.

We pulled anchor and headed back. Bob looked at his watch and it was already 6:00. I guess we were out longer than we had thought. He said we wouldn’t get back to the beach in time for me to hook up with my friends. At first I thought it was just part of their plan but then he handed me his cell phone and said why don’t you call them and ask them to pick you up at the marina where we keep the boat. I was thinking that this guy wasn’t that bad. I wished he didn’t live a thousand mile away from me. I called and got a hold of Jane in the room. Bob gave her directions and I got back on and said don’t forget to bring my stuff, telling her I could change at the marina. She said they would when I hear Barbara yell that they would have to leave by 6:45 with or without me.

As we pulled into the marina I looked at down at Bob’s watch and it was a little past 6:30. It was then that Bob said you had better cover up. I put my bottom on but was still topless. By the time we got to the slip it was 6:40 and everyone was there waiting. I ran down the dock giving a pretty good show to the folks on their boats. I asked if they had my stuff and Lisa held up the black dress from the other night. I said, “I can’t wear that. You remember the last time.” I grabbed it anyway since I didn’t have much of a choice and ran off to find the shower and change.

I couldn’t find them and ran back to ask someone when Barbara said were leaving in two minutes. Right there at the end of the dock was this outdoors shower for cleaning gear and stuff. I handed Barbara the dress and kept the soap and shampoo. I turned the water on and it worked. The water was freezing cold but I jump under it anyway and lathered up my hair. Then I pulled my bikini bottom off and tossed it to Lisa and finished up as quickly as I could. There I was completely naked taking shower right in the middle of the marina. Barbara said, “Time to go” and everyone started to get in the car. I took one last rinse, turned the water off and ran to the car.

As I got there Barbara pulled up a little acting like she was leaving me there. If they had taken off then I would have been completely screwed. I didn’t even have a towel. They stopped and Lisa through me a towel saying, “don’t get in here like that.” I quickly towed off and jumped in the front seat as Barbara pulled out. Lisa said, “you had better hurry up and get something on or your be running down the dock naked.” I didn’t have the luxury of a hair drier so I stuck my head out the window and let the wind dry my hair. Then I combed it as best I could looking in the mirror.

Considering the time I had it looked pretty good. Lisa handed me some deodorant over the seat as we pulled into the parking lot right at 7:00. You could hear the guy from the boat yelling, “hurry it up,” as Barbara parked the car. I asked Lisa for the dress and she handed it too me as I got out of the car still wrapped in the towel. I threw the towel back in the front seat and stood there completely naked in the parking lot pulling the dress over my head. I was blocked by the car from the boat, but not from the street.

I was still straightening the dress when Lisa slammed the door and limped off to the boat. I asked her for my knickers and she said they were on the back seat. I tried to open the door but it was locked. Barbara was halfway up the gangplank when I yelled to her. She didn’t hear and just continued onto the boat. Lisa said, “Its now or never” as the crew started yelling again. She kind of limped over to the boat which drew some attention away from me.

For those that missed the first part, I had borrowed this same dress from Barbara the first night. It was a really nice strapless black dress. The kind that needed your boobs to stay up. It was kind of loose on me and had already spilled down once before. It was really short on me since I’m about 4 inches taller than Barbara. All and all it probably didn’t cover as much as a good towel and didn’t stay up much better. Oh well. Back to the boat. Now what was I going to do? I thought I could catch up with Barbara and get the crew to wait so I ran over to Lisa holding the dress as I went.

I no sooner got on the boat than they started pulling in the gangplank. Now I had no choice. I asked Lisa if she had any money since all I had was the dress, literally. I said I needed a drink. By then I had started to calm down and told Lisa about the dive. Immediately two guys came up to us. The one complemented me on how nice I looked. If he only knew. What a come on I thought. It was just then that Chris and Barry came up and we excused ourselves from the first two leaches. It was really a nice boat.

They took us around to the other side of the island and past the some hotels. It was a beautiful night a little breezy though. The alcohol went right to my head since I hadn’t eaten since our picnic lunch. I was starving so I pigged out on what ever I could. Chris wanted to dance but I was reluctant. The dress was barely staying on as it was. We danced a little but not like the other nights. We danced a couple of slow dances and sat and talked a lot more this time. Thank God. I was just concentrating on not putting a show for everyone. I made it though the night with out the dress falling down and I don’t think anyone saw my ass or anything. Not that I was aware of anyway. After the boat tied up, Barbara and Barry wanted some time alone. Lisa and Jane were talking to these two guys that promised to take them back to the resort.

Chris seemed to want some time with me so I walked with him after he promised to drive me back. He was staying just around the corner from the marina so we walked with along the docks. Well to make a long story short I ended up in his room. He seemed like a really nice guy and after all the drinking I was felling pretty loose. They had a really nice room, a lot nicer than ours, kind of a suite. He opened a bottle of wine and put some music on.

After a couple of minute we got up and started slow dancing you know really close. He had is hands all over me. I think I scarred him off a bit when I took his hands off my ass and place then on my shoulder. I kept my hands on his so he couldn’t move then. He kind of moaned in discuss when I pushed him back a bit. Seeing his reaction I sucked in my breath and planted this monstrous face-sucking kiss on him as we dance. I mean tongue, everything.

We dance on for what seemed at least a minute when we disengaged lips. When we did I took my hands from his, he carefully placed his hand on the small of my back. He jumped a bit as they hit my bare flesh. The dress was gone. He looked surprised and just smiled as he ran his hand down my back to my ass. If he didn’t already know I wasn’t wearing knickers he did now. He stood back taking in all of me for a second and just smiled. That made me blush. I’ll stop right there and let your imagination fill in the details for a while. I’m not going into my sex life in this story. Sorry. Your imagination is probably better than my description anyway. Well anyway, when I got back to my room, Lisa and Jane were already there luckily. I kissed Chris good night and said, “Thanks for a wonderful night.”

Lisa just said ‘well?” With her I shared the details as we lay in bed. Then came a knock on the door. I asked Lisa to get it but she complained that her leg hurt too much. I grabbed the dress but just held it up to my chest and looked through the peephole. It was Barbara as I had thought. I opened the door but alongside the door was Barry. He wanted to invite himself in but I said it’s time to go home and he reluctantly left. We talked for about a half an hour (girl talk) and went to bed. What a day. I was exhausted.

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure Day 7**

Everyone was tired so we slept in today. Nothing lost since it was raining outside. Everyone was being lazy not wanting to get started. We just sat around the table and talked. Eventually I said, “This is boring we need to find something to do.” Everyone elected me to go down and check the weather out. I wrapped the towel around me and walked down to the elevator taking it downstairs to see what was going on. It wasn’t raining very hard so I walked down to the activities hut to ask if they knew how long the rain was going to last.

They said, “It was just a passing shower,” which turned out to be a lie. They said everything was still open and that the rain shouldn’t dampen my enthusiasms. Their enthusiasm perked up after they caught on that I was wasn’t wearing anything under the towel. As I walked back the rain picked up a little. By the time I got back to the lobby entrance I was pretty soaked. The lady at the towel desk offered me a fresh towel as I walked in. I handed her mine in exchange for a nice dry one. She did a double take when she realized I wasn’t wearing anything under it. I just walked on wrapping it around me as I walked.

I asked at the front desk to see if knew the forecast. They also said the rain should stop soon. While there I checked to make sure there was a shuttle to take us to the airport the next day. They asked where I was headed and told me there was a pretty good snowstorm back home. I was starting the think that I should have a little more on for the lobby so I headed to the elevator. I was met by Lisa as I went to get on the elevator. She was wearing a poncho thing to keep her dry and was twirling my bikini bottom around her finger saying, “I though you could use this.” I showed her my towel and told her that the rain has stopped. We walked though a couple of shops on our way to the beach when I got interested in this one necklace. When I tried it on I almost lost the towel.

I wasn’t exactly dressed for shopping so we continued down to the beach. I suggested windsurfing saying that we’d being getting wet anyway. Lisa said she didn’t have her suit on. I threw the towel on the table and said. “So, neither do I.” I though I had her but she ran off towards the hotel. I started to chase her but stopped when she ran inside. I put my bikini bottom on and walked down to ask the attendant if I could take out one of the windsurfers. The guy sighed and said why did you have to go and put on your bottoms. I said, “What’s the matter not enough showing this way.” He asked me if I knew how to windsurf and showed me a few things, in great detail I might add. It was kid of windy so I spent a lot of time in the water. Still it was a blast and I was glad I did it. After a while I started to get tired so I sailed it back to the beach. The guys at the hut quickly came to help me.

It was still raining when Lisa and Jane came down to see if I wanted to go shopping with them. I figured I could shop anytime I told them I wanted to stay at the beach. I never was much of a shopper anyway. I took out one of the Hobie cats. It was a blast. Eventually the rain stopped and the sun started to come out so everyone came back down to the beach. Jane wanted to take some pictures to finish up her roll of film so she gathered us all together for a group photo. I didn’t really want to get in the shot dressed the way I was so I tried to hide in the back. Chris said he had and idea and dragged me around in front of him lining me up like the other girls were. I started to cover my boobs with my hands but he said he had a better idea. He pulled my hands down to my sides and slid his hands over my boobs. He said, “See no problem you’re covered.”

I told him that that wasn’t what I had in mind. With that he slowly rubbed his hands up and down my front as sexily as he could asking it that was more like what I had in mind. He was even swirling his hand around the front and inside my bikini bottom. Lisa said, “Why don’t you guys get a room.” All the caressing got me excited and my nipples showed it. He then moved his hands back to my boobs pinching my nipples between his fingers as Jane took the picture. It was really starting to turn me on so I told Jane to hurry up and take the picture before Chris goes any further. From the poking I was getting in the back I’d say it was turning him on as well.

We hung out at the beach for the rest of the day thinking about the fact that it was our last full day on the island. Everyone was a little quieter that we had been. We wandered over to the beach bar where the guys bought us drinks. Eventually we had enough and headed back to the room to clean up for dinner. When I came out of the shower, Lisa handed me new bikini. When I asked where she got it, She said, “its for you, for the bikini contest tonight.”

I said I’d do it only if they joined me. Lisa said sure. I wasn’t sure I believed her as I started to look over the bikini. It was a really nice white string bikini like the one I bought the other day but it wasn’t quite a thong. And the top was a conventional type. Lisa said she bought it for me when she was out shopping this morning. When I was playing in the rain. I tried it on and it looked really nice especially with my tan. You could just make out my dark nipples through the top but wasn’t really that bad. By then I was really into showing off my tan. Before we even left Barbara and Jane had chickened out. Lisa was a sport and put on her favorite bikini.

The club had this deal where girls got in free if you wore a bikini. I convinced then to let us all in free, which was great since we didn’t have that much cash left by then. At first it felt strange walking around the place in nothing but a bikini. Not that my prior attire was that much different from the other nights where I wore the bikini top and shorts but the shorts gave me more of a sense of security than a skimpy string bikini did. Everyone was complementing me on my tan. At one point these guys came up and started talking to us about how they had seen me naked at the beach the other day. They kept saying how great a body I had and how great my tan was.

At first it made me uncomfortable being the subject of the conversation but then again I was starting to get into showing off my tan. After all, this was the best tan I had ever had. And the suit really complemented it nicely. We drank and danced, danced and danced. Every time I sat down someone else would ask me to dance. Eventually they started the contest. There were about a dozen girls in it and the winner got $200. That would come in handy right about then. All the girls looked really nice. I still though I had a good chance. There were three rounds and unfortunately Lisa got eliminated in the first. I don’t think she was that upset though she really wasn’t into it. She moved down front with Barbara and Jane and became my cheerleaders. I made it to the final round against this girl who was a real bitch. She was pretty and she knew it and she let everyone else know it especially me. She danced like a stripper or go-go dancer or something and really got the guys going. I was figuring I didn’t have a chance but my personal cheering section kept cheering me on.

Everyone kept everything on through the first two rounds but then someone started yelling skin to win and everyone picked up on it. I really had no intention of stripping in front of all those people but then the other girl took of her top. I decided, what the hell nobody knows me here except my friends and they had already seem me naked so right there on the stage I reached behind my back and untied my top. I held it against my chest for a couple of seconds before letting I it drop. Everybody went nuts. My friends were down front and started yelling too.

Lisa was yelling, “show that girl the rest of you tan.” Her boobs were really pale compared to the rest of her and mine were as tan as the rest of me. I was really getting turned on by then and my nipples were letting everyone else know. All the guys shouting my name and my friends yelling didn’t hurt. Then right there in front of all those people I untied the bottom real sexy like. I twirled it around as I dance and then threw it into the crowd. That was a mistake and I knew it as soon as I had done it. I though, oh shit, how do I get it back from these guys? Well the damage was already done and there was nothing I could do about it now. When everyone saw that I didn’t have any tan lines at all they start cheering even more for me. That really pissed the other girl off. I ended up winning and that made her really mad.

She started yelling at me and ended up pushing me backwards off the stage into the crowd. Not fun at all. I ended up with a scrape down my entire right side and some scratches on my breasts from the groping. For a minute I though I was in some real trouble since it seemed like every guy in the place was grabbing me. Someone even started fingering me and had two fingers in me before I got enough room to knee him in the balls. My judo and kickboxing came in handy. It could have been a bad scene but the bouncer calmed things down really quickly when people saw the size of him. He was big and mean looking thank God.

Things had calmed down considerably by the time my friends reached me. There I was completely naked in this crowded club with all these guys just wanting to get their hands on me. A couple of guys tried grabbing my arm tying to get me to dance with them. At least that way they said they wanted to do. I think they had something else in mind.

After a couple of minutes some girl was nice enough to loan me a windbreaker. It didn’t cover much but was a lot better than being naked. Anyway that was enough for me so we tried to squeeze through the crowd to leave. In the process a couple of more guys started to grab and grope me again. As we left I threw the windbreaker back to the girl back her ran for the car naked. I never even got my $200. I heard a couple of shouts as we ran across the parking lot but ignored then as we jumped into the car. In the car I slipped on my shorts and top. Lisa kept saying how big a thrill it was to see me up there on stage. Barbara wasn’t quite as pleased by the display but said I really had guts to do it.

It was only about 1 am and it was our last night so everyone wanted to go the hotel bar for a couple more drinks. I was still pretty wound up so we all went to the bar for about an hour. Eventually we all got tired and headed back to the room. I was felling pretty grubby from all the dancing not to mention all the hands all over me so I jumped in the shower for a quick rinse. When I came out everyone had settled in to finish the last of our beer. We talked about how sad it was to go while we finished the last of our beers before turned in.

**Carrie’s Vacation Adventure: The End**

Lisa and I woke up first since we had an 11:00 flight. We just lay in bed and talked for a while about how sad it was to be leaving. We talked about the bikini contest the night before and how neither of us would soon forget it. When I rolled out of bed I felt the bruise on my side from the fall off the stage. You really couldn’t see it because of my tan but I knew it was there. It hurt a bit but I’d live. I also had a couple of small scrapes on my boobs and arm from where the guys had groped me.

Lisa got up and was about to get in the shower when I asked her if she wanted to go down to the beach for one last swim. She complained of a little hangover and told me to go ahead. I decided to call the airline to make sure our flight was leaving on time and to find out what I needed to do to file a claim for my bag. I figured if they hadn’t found it by now, it was gone forever. After finding out that the flight was still on time I was connected to someone about how to make a claim for my bag. I then called our friend Sandy back home and reminded her that she had agreed to pick us up. She told us about all the snow. That really made me feel good about going home. I reminded her to bring our coats since we had left them with her when she dropped us off. I briefly told her about parts of the trip and my lost bags. All she kept saying was, “Oh my God and I don’t believe it.” We said we’d tell her all about it when we got there. She said she couldn’t wait.

While I was standing there naked, Barbara and Jane came out and started looking through the refrigerator for something to make breakfast. We didn’t have much left so we decided to go down to the cafe for a final island breakfast. I threw on my shorts and top and off we went to the cafe for breakfast. Everyone was sad that we had to go. After breakfast we had some time so we walked around the resort one last time. Everyone else needed to go back to the room and finish packing. I said I really didn’t have anything to pack so I told them to go ahead and that I was going to walk down the beach a bit.

I still wanted to go for one last swim but hadn’t brought my suit or towel down with me. After a bit I decided to take a dip anyway. After everything else taking my clothes off one last time wasn’t that big a deal. I placed my shirt and shorts on one of the chases and ran down to the water. There weren’t many people there yet so it wasn’t like the other times anyway. I swam for a bit but since I wasn’t exactly sure what time it was I thought I had better head back.

I didn’t want to get my clothes wet since I was probably going to have to wear them home so I just carried them as I walked back towards the resort. As I approached the resort I asked the towel lady for a towel. I wrapped it around me and made my way back to the room one last time. When I got there everyone was just about finished with their packing. Lisa told me I had better hurry up so I jumped in the shower to get cleaned up. When I came out of the shower I asked Lisa where my long sleeve shirt was. It was time to face the reality of going home. I looked around but couldn’t find it. Lisa thought she had packed it along with the bra I had worn down. She said we’d find them when we got home. I complained that the shorts and top were fine down here but I’d freeze when I got home. Everyone else had long sleeve shirts and jeans on and looked over dressed for the island. All I had was my T-top, which left my belly exposed, and my shorts that I had made from my jeans earlier; and my sneakers. I didn’t even have a bra or knickers on.

Talk about traveling light. Well I guess it was a fitting way to end this trip. Might as well enjoy it as long as I could. Lisa put her bags outside the door for the bell staff to pick up and we headed down to the lobby. The four of us just sat there waiting for the shuttle to take Lisa and I to the airport. When it was ready to go we said good-bye to Barbara and Jane telling them we’d call later tonight to make sure they made it back. It was sad to leave.

It was about a half hour ride to the airport and luckily the shuttle was air conditioned, unlike the cab we had arrived in. The gate agent at the airport kind of did a double take when he looked up at me. I guess I was showing through the top a little more than I thought. I asked about filing a claim for my luggage. I ended up talking to the same guy that I spoke with over the phone, the guy I could hardly understand. I filled out some more paperwork and he said I’d receive a check in about 2 weeks if my bag didn’t show up first. I complained that it had ruined my vacation and eventually he gave me a voucher for a future flight. That was pretty cool and kind of made up for the aggravation. Lisa asked me if she could get one so we could come back.

The flight to Miami was uneventful. We had a planned hour and a half layover so we just hung out and waited for our next flight. We weren’t in a hurry to get back to the snow anyway. The snow back home was causing a lot of problems and our flight ended up being delayed more like 4 hours. Now that we weren’t in the islands any more, I was a little more conscious of how I was dressed. I just sat there and talked to Lisa trying not to be seen. We were just hanging around by the gate when a couple of guys who had been staring at us for a while came over and started talking to us. They were younger than Lisa and I but we had nothing else to do so we sat and talked while we waited. They commented on my tan and I thought Lisa was going to blab about my antics on the trip but I stopped her and changed the subject. The only problem was that they kept starting at me.

Actually they were staring at my boobs. It’s a little uncomfortable when you’re trying to have a normal conversation and the person you’re talking to isn’t making eye contact. After a while it got stupid it was so obvious. I felt like just pulling the shirt over my head and saying does this help your view, but being in a public airport I thought better of it. I decided just teasing would be more fun. I pretended to be getting stiff stretched my arms out over my head which pulled the bottom of the shirt up to just below my boobs. The guy that was talking stuttered mid sentence and forgot what he was saying. That got a giggle out of Lisa. After a little while I was getting sick of them and suggested to Lisa that we get something to eat. Before I got up though I had to put my sneakers back on since I had taken them off to get more comfortable. As I bent over to tie them everyone stopped talking. I didn’t look up but was sure they were all looking down the front of my shirt. Bent over the way I was and without a bra I was certain they saw everything.

Lisa and I walked around and got something to eat before getting back on the plane. I got a couple of stares as I got on the plane since it was obvious I didn’t have a bra on. We settled into our seats and the next stop was home and the snow. When we arrived we felt the cold right away as we walked up the jet way. My nipples hardened up as soon as they hit the cold air. Now they really stood out in the thin top. As I walked down to the baggage claim I really felt like every eye was on me. Luckily Sandy was there waiting with our coats. I only wish I had remembered to tell here to bring me a pair of long pants. We waited for Lisa’s bag and started to tell Sandy about the trip. She couldn’t believe I went the whole week without buying more clothes.

We grabbed Lisa’s bag and headed to Sandy’s car and that’s when the cold air hit us. Oh my God was it cold. It was about 26 degrees and windy. The wind was blowing the snow around which made it even worse. I couldn’t believe I was out in that cold in a pair for shorts. I tried the old mind over mater and it worked to some extent but it was still freezing. Once we got back to the dorm we still had to walk about a block and a half from were we had parked. Back in the dorm Sandy and her roommate Nichole came over and we started to tell them about the trip. They couldn’t believe I actually went naked so Lisa told me to go ahead and show them my tan. So right there in the room, I took off my top and shorts and gave them a spin. They couldn’t believe it, not a tan line anywhere. I finished with the details as Sandy invited a couple of the other girls from the floor over so I stayed naked a little longer. Not that big a deal anymore after a week of it. Lisa said she couldn’t wait to see the expression on Sue’s face when we compared tans.

The next day I wore a really light colored outfit to class to show off my tan. I couldn’t believe the number of complements I got even from people I didn’t know that well. Lisa embarrassed me a couple of times by telling people to ask me about my tan lines. Before long people that weren’t even in the original conversation came up to me asking “what’s the story about your tan lines?” Each time forcing me to tell a little more about the trip.

Swim team practice was the most fun. Lisa wanted me to just walk out to the pool without my suite so no one would miss it but there was no way I was doing that around people I knew. I changed where no one could see me and walked out to the pool like normal. Everyone on the team noticed my tan right away. You could see the white stripes on Sue and the other girls. They just stared at me trying to get a glimpse of mine. For once Lisa kept her mouth shut and we kept them guessing. Again a couple of girls complemented me on my tan. I avoided any comments about tan lines though. I saved my surprise till after we finished and went to change. Sue’s jaw dropped when she saw me in the shower. I didn’t event bother with the towel as we walked back to our lockers and told everyone about the trip.

The end

Carrie’s Beach Adventure Day 1

Hi my name is Carrie. Some of you probably remember me from my vacation story about when the airlines lost my bags and I spent most of the week in a borrowed bikini and less sometimes. Well I’ve graduated college and am now a responsible member of the working. Wrong! Don’t get me wrong, I take my job very seriously and don’t want to get fired, especially the way the economy is going, but still a girl has to have some fun.

This story actually happened at the very beginning of the But I’m just finishing it now. It’s been a wild an crazy summer And now that it’s over I’ll try to tell you about some of my more memorable moments.

Here’s the first wild adventure...

The other weekend my old roommate from college, Lisa, and I went to visit a mutual friend from college. It reminded me so much of the vacation adventure that I had to write it down while it was fresh in my mind. As you remember from the vacation story, every time Lisa and I are together I end up with little or no clothes. It’s probably me but she really brings out my exhibitionist side. One of these days I’m going to get her back but for now I’m just enjoying the thrill of it all. For those who missed my earlier story, let me describe myself a bit. Since graduating I’ve taken up jogging in place of swimming to stay in shape. The change has caused me to loose a little size in my shoulders and back but has done wonders for my legs and butt. My current measurements are approximately 34c 22 33. I have shoulder length dirty blonde hair and weigh 125 pounds and I’m about 5’ 10” tall.

Ok, on with the story. As I said, the other weekend Lisa and I went to visit our friend Kim who lives on Long Island. After about $15 dollars in tolls, I thought NJ was bad, and about 2 hours, we finally made it. After catching up on what’s new with the job, guys, and general gossip, we decided to go to the beach. I changed into my thong bikini. Now this bikini’s really hot. It’s mostly just thin string and a couple of patches of cloth. The bottom of the suit is a string thong with nothing but a thin string in back and the top isn’t much better. I tightened it up real tight so it stayed in place better and Kim complemented me on how good I looked. Seems like those early morning jogs were paying off. Lisa put on her hot wet look bikini. It wasn’t nearly as daring as mine but looked really good on her.

Eventually I started telling them about some of the crazy dares I had done from the website. Kim said that if I wanted to I could go topless here in NY and no one would hassle me. That got me thinking that I couldn’t pass up an opportunity like this. We picked up Kim’s friend Beth and off we went. Kim told her I was thinking about going topless and Beth said she knew this quiet place that we could go. I guess it was a little stupid of me since there are no quiet beaches on Long Island on a nice weekend. We ended up at this place with what seemed like half of NY there. After a nice hike we finally made it to the beach. I asked them where the quiet beach was and why none of the women were going topless. We no sooner found a small unoccupied section of beach and set up camp when almost in three way stereo I heard “W E L L? “ I said give me a chance.

After all the things I’ve done you wouldn’t think I would be nervous but I was since I still hadn’t seen a single other women topless, I was. I wasn’t sure I could do it. Everyone else sat down and applied some hefty amounts of sun block while I debated what to do. Beth had on a nice strapless red tankini which left her mostly covered as compared to me. Just taking off my tee shirt and shorts was enough to get the attention of the people around us. Beth, on seeing my bikini said, “I don’t see why you’re worried. With that bikini being naked wouldn’t be that much of a difference.” She did seem envious of my figure as she checked me out. As I lay down on my stomach Kim made a comment about my thong. The back was not much more than string running up my butt. As I lay there the back kind of disappeared between my cheeks.

After about 15 minutes of comments from everyone, I reached around and untied the tie behind my back and neck and dropped it to my sides; and while lying on my stomach I pulled it out and handed it to Kim. She promptly stuffed it in her bag where I couldn’t easily get to it. At that point I was committed to something. I just wasn’t sure what at that point. The warmth of the sun on my back and the fact that I was out in public nearly naked gave me a warm and excited feeling all over.

After about 15 more minutes or so I got up the nerve to turn over and sit up. I didn’t attempt to cover up but had my knees to my chest so I still wasn’t showing much except to the sides. Beth seemed surprised but Kim and Lisa knew me better and just kept encouraging me on. I’d gone topless and even naked before on the beach but never with so many people around. Eventually I just sat back and lay there on my back with my eyes closed. My breasts just flattened out as they lay there unsupported. Every once and a while I’d glance through my sunglasses to see if anyone was looking. I could just feel every eye on the beach on me, which only served to turn me on. My heart was beating fast and my nipples were already probably about a half-inch long and hard. Lisa looked over and commented to the others that I get so tuned on by this and that my nipple always give me away just like guys with their hard-ons.

I guess that’s why I continue to do these crazy things. Some people get their thrills by bungee jumping or jumping out of planes. I get mine by stripping down to next to nothing and seeing how far I can push the envelope. It’s a thrill to see how long or far you can go before chickening out or someone stops me. Its kind of like that high you get from sex but without a partner and for a much longer period of time. I was certain someone was going to come over tell me to cover up but no one did. It’s amazing what you can get away with. Actually, I guess I wasn’t getting away with anything since it was legal there. But the fact that I was the only one was the exciting part.

Lisa reminded me to put some lotion by pouring it right on my breasts and running a trail down my stomach right to the top of my suit. With that I had no choice but to rub it in before it dripped down my sides and onto the towel. As soon as I started two guys that had been lying on a blanket to our side leaned over towards us and asked if I needed any help. That only served to get me more excited knowing that I had an audience as I rubbed the lotion on my breasts. There’s just no way to be discrete about rubbing suntan lotion on your bare breasts on a public beach. My heart started beating even faster with all the attention and with my very sensitive nipples, it just served to heighten the feeling.

I didn’t take long for them to come over and start a conversation. At least they offered us all a beer in the process. As I looked up to say something I felt the lotion that Lisa had poured on my stomach run down and into the bottom of my suit. I was about to spread it around but stopped short of reaching down my suit when I saw how intent the guys were staring. Again the guys offered their help. Amazing how helpful some guys can be. I think they just wanted just wanted a closer look but I have to admit they were pretty cute and the beer was really refreshing. After a bit I decided to see what I could do about the suntan lotion that ran down into my bikini bottom. I was honestly trying not to show any more than I already was since I was nearly naked as it was, but it was hard. It wouldn’t have been too hard for them to see what little was left hidden. The guys couldn’t get enough of it. What a couple of lushes. I swear if a girl was naked with the exception of a small patch on some insignificant part of the body they wouldn’t be satisfied until they saw what was under the patch. The guys were funny and seemed nice enough so Kim invited them over provided they brought their beer. We talked for a bit as they stared at me.

I think Lisa sensed that I was getting a little too comfortable with the situation so she had to step it up another level by suggested that we all go for a dip. Hearing that my heart started beating faster again. I wasn’t going to just walk down to the water like that so I asked Kim for my top back but she and the others had no intention of letting me cover up now. Everyone, especially the guys, was encouraging me which caused me to get a little embarrassed not to mention aroused again. I said I need another beer to work up to it. Saying that, I knew there was no way they were going to let me chicken out.

I really did want to see if I could do it but was really scared I’d get arrested or something. I really milked drinking that beer, which only served to give everyone more time to rag me. The more they talked, the more turned on I got. Everyone started to get organized to go for a dip when I said “isn’t the water still pretty cold”. Kim said “I thought you liked the water”. I said I do it’s just the walk from here to there that scares me.

Everyone else was already standing waiting to see if I was going to go through with it. Well there was no putting it off any longer. My heart felt like it was going to jump out of my chest when I finally took a deep breath and stood up. My nipples were so hard they were throbbing. I remember my dad use to tell me that when your nervous don’t let them know how you feel inside, look everyone right in the eye and don’t look down. I just don’t think he had this situation in mind. I just stood there and threw my sunglasses back on the blanket. Without the dark glasses there was nowhere to hide where my eyes were directed so as I turned around towards my friends I looked them in the eyes. As I did I saw that every eye from everyone nearby was stating at me, more accurately my bare chest. Several were actually pointing me out to others. I just smiled at my friends tugging my bikini bottom back in place to make sure what little clothing I did have on was covering what it needed to. As I did I casually asked them if they were finally ready. Lisa said, “ nice try but your nipples are giving you away”. She was right. I gave her my this-is-no-big-deal look, what a lie, and started walking towards the water.

As I made my way through the array of blankets and chairs I could feel my arousal growing even higher with each step. I looked back and asked the others if they were coming. The guys were just stating at my ass now. WOW! What a rush. I could feel my clit swell as the rushing blood just pushed harder against my bikini bottom. Since I had recently shaved, the outline of my clit must have been fairly clear through the thin suit. I could only imagine what it must have looked like since I continued to at least try to act calm, like it was no big deal as I walked through all the people. I smiled to a couple of people as I passed them. A couple of teenage girls turned to see what the commotion was. I saw their jaws drop as I mouthed hello in their direction.

Now I think I have some really firm breasts, no sag and hardly any bounce but I could feel them as I walked which on drew more attention. I tried to walk as smoothly as possible but they still bounced a bit. Then this young kid turned around and said look at the naked girl. With that a dozen other people turned to look. I thought I was going to lose it right there and run back to the blanket. My breathing was quickening with my building arousal. Small beads of sweat started to break out all over my body as I thought I was going to have an orgasm right there on the beach. It was so exciting but, oh my God. I just had to make it to the water since I was already more than half way. Almost there. By the time I did reach the water I was covered in a warm glow and it wasn’t from the heat. The guys ran into the water in front of us but I had to calm down a bit first. Beth came up and said “I can’t believe you just did that.” Lisa said, “I can.” I couldn’t believe I had just done that in such a public place.

The others had already started walking into the water complaining how cold it was with every step as I tried to calm down. I thought about just running and jumping in but thought better of it when I felt how cold the water was. There weren’t many waves, which was good since that bikini of mine wasn’t exactly made for the water. I walked out past were the guys were to where my boobs were just below the water. My nipples hardened up even more and only partially because of the cold. After a couple of minutes it didn’t feel that cold. Kim and Lisa had still only made it in up to their knees. I waded back in and practically drag them in. The guys were all too anxious to help. In the process someone managed a couple of cheep feels. At one point I got knocked down and thought I was going to loose my bikini bottom but it managed to stay on. Once we got them in the water I noticed that a crowd had gathered around us.

I had forgotten about the fact that I was topless and was starting to get into it when everyone started to get cold and wanted to head back to the blankets. That’s about when I realized I had to repeat my earlier walk. I still hadn’t seen a single other women topless so I was still a bit nervous that I was going to get in trouble. As I walked out of the water I pulled my bottom back in place acting like nothing was out of the ordinary. Again I could feel the eyes checking me out as I walked back to the blanket. I just smiled and acted like it was completely normal.

Back at the blanket I flopped down on my stomach waiting to dry off a little. One of the guys Bill asked if I wanted him to do my back. I had to tell him “how about a little patience. At least let me dry off a bit first”. We all had another beer and settled down. Before long Bill was back and ready to do my back. There’s nothing better than laying in the sun having a guy rubbing lotion on you back while enjoying a cold beer. He was enjoying it more than I was and I was really enjoying it. He was very thorough and sure didn’t miss anywhere, that’s for sure. He commented on how tight my butt was as he applied a generous amount of lotion to it. My back certainly wasn’t going to burn. I was so relaxed that I didn’t even notice him untying my bottom until I heard the others laughing. He had it untied on both sides and was about to pull it out from under me as I grabbed his hand. I yelled at him and asked him to retie it but all at once he stopped being so helpful. I reached around and retied it trying not to put on too much more of a show. I started kidded Bill saying “boy what a shame I was just going to ask you to do my front but I guess you’re not interested in helping me any more”. Not that I was serious about my offer but you should have seen the look on his face.

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After a while Kim asked if anyone was hungry since we had skipped lunch. I said, “if you’re going I’ll take a cheese burger and diet coke”. She said, “you’re not getting anything unless you come with me and help bring it back”. I said, “no problem just give me my top”. Lisa dared me to go as I was, saying she’d buy if I went and got it. I hesitated thinking it over for a second. I had already walked to the water and back and no one had told me to cover up so I figured I wasn’t going to get arrested or anything. I still hadn’t seen a single other women topless yet though. Lisa got up and said, “well what’s it going to be?” My heart was starting to beat faster just at the thought of it. The guys jumped up and said let’s all go. I thought, this was the kind of challenge I needed but still I wasn’t ready to flaunt my bare chest where most people would be putting on cover ups. The fact that would be walking up to the snack stand practically naked when other would be much more appropriately dressed was really getting me turned.

When everyone’s patience was about to run out and they were about to leave I rolled over and got up. As I stood up I realized that I hadn’t tied the bottom all that tight. With all eyes on me I wasn’t about to re-tie it right there with everyone watching so I just tugged it up and hoped it stayed reasonably in place. After walking to the water earlier I thought I’d be more used to it but I was wrong. Between the stares, the bouncing of my breasts and the fact that my bottom was barely hanging on, I was getting more excited by the step. Then I heard someone yell “Nice tits!” This time not only were my nipples reacting I could feel my bottom getting wet and pushing against the bottom of my bikini. By the time we made it to the snack stand I was as worked up as before and small beads of sweet started to form all over my body. I wanted to tighten up my bikini bottom but as we stood in line there was no question that I was the still the center of everyone’s attention. Even the women were staring. I heard a couple of women talking about me. I couldn’t hear exactly what they were saying but I know the conversation was about me. Beth commented on the perspiration and heavy breathing saying, “boy you do get off on this don’t you”. I said with a fake smile “that’s what makes it so exciting.”

When we got to the front of the line the young lady behind the desk did a bit of a double take and took her time checking me out from top to bottom. It was really embarrassing for me in front of the others. Bad enough when the guys check you out but when another women is checking you out that intently, that’s weird.

I thought we were going to take our food back to the blanket but Lisa wasn’t going to let me off that easy. She just sat down at one of the tables. It reminded me of that time on vacation but with more people around. Lisa stared teasing me saying that the girl behind the counter wanted me. I just brushed it off but Kim continued it. Beth asked what other crazy things I’ve done. I told her a little about the vacation and then about some of the dares I had done. I hurried through my meal but the others just seemed to want drag it out as long as they could and kept asking about the dares site on the Internet.

Before heading back, Lisa and I walked over to the bathroom together as women do. There were two other women inside as we walked in. They both checked me out before commenting on my bikini or lack of I should say. They asked me how it felt and said they’d die of embarrassment. I told them it’s exciting and that they should try it. It makes for a great tan. I used the opportunity to re tie my bottom. I didn’t think it would survive much more walking around tied like it was.

By the time we got back to the table everyone was finishing up and ready to head back to the beach. Here I go again through the crowd. As we walked back I was happy to see two other women had taken their tops off and were laying out topless. Now I know I was ok and started to get more comfortable with the situation. I was half expecting Lisa to come up with something new to see if I’d do it but she didn’t, at least not then. Again all eyes were on me but knowing I wasn’t alone made all the difference in the world. This time I never reached that near orgasmic level of excitement I had before. I was almost disappointed when we reached the blanket. We were applying our suntan lotion again when Kim and Beth noticed they were starting to burn. I wasn’t surprised since both were really fair skinned. Beth put on her tee shirt to cover up a little as the rest of us just applied more lotion. I noticed that a new group of guys had moved in directly behind us. They didn’t come over or say anything but kept looking our way. As I lay back I could see that they had a pretty good view down the bottom of my suit. I have a really flat stomach so it leaves about an inch gap between my lower abdomen and the top edge of my suit. I tried to pull the bottom up so less of me was visible through the gap but there just wasn’t enough material. I was going to flip over on my stomach but it was my front that needed the color so I just stayed there. I expected them to come up and tart talking to us they seemed content enough with the view.

After about a half an hour, the original guys said they had to leave for a party. They invited us but we declined. Bill, the one that got a little more than friendly when he was rubbing the suntan lotion on my back asked if he could give me a call sometime. When I hesitated he gave me his number and politely said he’d love to get together again. I took it from him and sat back on the towel contemplating it. Kim and Lisa said, “your not going to call him are you?” I said, “who knows he certainly seemed nice enough”. From there we got talking about guys and how no one was really happy with their current relationships. Lying back with my eyes closed I told then my boyfriend Jim was getting a little strange and our relationship was getting a little distant. It was then that I started to feel what I thought was rain but when I opened my eyes it was Lisa throwing M&Ms at me. I asked her what she thought she was doing as another one bounced off my stomach followed by another. She said she was seeing if she could get one down the front of my bikini bottom saying it was an inviting target. Lisa knew the guys behind us could hear her when she said, “why don’t you just take that off so I wouldn’t have a target”. I didn’t have to look back at the guys behind us but I could imagine their disappointment when I said no way.

It wasn’t long after that Lisa suggested a walk down the beach. Why wasn’t I surprised? This time before I even got a chance to think about it, Lisa was dragging me to my feet. I started to protest when Kim and Beth jumped up as well. Kim had grabbed her tee shirt as well, which only served to make me look more out of place. I said, “Wait a minute. Where are we going?” as I pulled my suit back in place a little better. We walk back through all the people towards the water. I was getting used to the stares but my nipples still betrayed my arousal. We walked off to the left where there weren’t as many people for a change. Before we left the guarded section I said what about a dip before we get going. With that I ran down into the water. My boobs must have really been bouncing as I dove through the first little wave. Wow did that water feel cold after sitting in the sun. It almost took my breath away along with my bikini bottom. I grabbed it just as I started to stand up. I immediately lay back down in the water when I realized the water wasn’t deep enough to hide my nudity. I struggled to get it back in place just as the next wave rolled me even closer to the beach. Thank God I didn’t loose what little clothes I did have on. A group of about 6 young guys that were maybe 16 or so came over to see if I was ok. They fell silent and their jaws dropped when I did finally sand up. After a long pause one of them said, “I don’t know if you know it lady but you lost your top”. I acted surprise but didn’t make any attempt to cover up or anything as they continued to stare at my chest. After another long pause I told them I hadn’t worn one. Another one said, “get a load of those tits. Have you ever seen a set of tits like those?” These guys weren’t trying to be crude or anything but they acted like it was the first time they’ve seen a set of breasts. I only hope they didn’t have parents looking on. Just then Lisa snapped me back to reality by yelling, “are you coming or what?” I started walking up the beach when I heard “check out that ass, she’s practically naked” I guess everyone on the beach, at least the guys, were thinking this but these guys weren’t even subtle yelling back and forth to each other.

Kim asked if I was cold since a nice cool see breeze had come in and I was still dripping wet. It was a bit chilly but between the walking and the excitement I was still comfortable. Since Beth and Kim had both put on tee shirts, I felt like I stood out even more. After the comments the boys had just made I was beginning to think more about what all the people on the beach must have been thinking of one nearly naked women casually walking along with three fairly normally dressed women. There was no doubt that every head turned to take notice. I saw a women elbow her boyfriend or husband when they swung around to look at me. The whole time not a single person had told me to cover up though. If that’s the case why weren’t more women taking advantage. I’d never wear a top at the beach and probably lots of other places if I didn’t have to.

Once we left the guarded area we got to a spot that was a less populated and there actually were a couple of topless women. I started trying to get Lisa to take off her top off but she wasn’t going for it. I was really going on the offensive with her telling her it shouldn’t be such a big deal since I had already been going topless for the last couple of hours and in a much more public area of the beach. Beth and Kim were looking at both of us like we were crazy. I called her a chicken saying all she had to do was what I had been doing all along. I said, “by now I’m probably a mile from my clothes; I couldn’t cover up now if I wanted to.” This went back and forth at least another 15 minutes until Lisa said maybe tomorrow. At that point I gave up and showed her my disgust. By then we had walked quite a distance and I asked if we had gone far enough. We turned around and headed back but now we were walking into the wind which cooled down considerably. They couldn’t believe I wasn’t cold. I guess I have a better tolerance for cold than they do.

The beach had thinned out considerably by the time we got back but those that were there still had their eyes on me. Once again all the attention help warm me up a bit. We started to gather our stuff up to leave since it was getting late. I was considering walking back to the car just as I was but had a touch of modesty and asked Kim for my top. She rummaged through her bag and said she couldn’t find it. I said don’t do that to me and looked myself. There it was under a magazine. I placed it up to my chest and tied the top around my neck and I asked Kim to tie the other strap. Normally I feel a little concerned about popping out of this top, probably since it had happened many times before, but after being topless all afternoon I somehow felt completely dressed. Luckily my breasts don’t need much support because between the size of the cups and the really thin straps they didn’t get any. I pulled on my shorts and grabbed my towel and off we went. Not nearly as exciting this time though. Once we got off the beach and out of the wind it warmed up considerably. Kim had already thrown our stuff in the trunk before I could retrieve my tee shirt so I jumped in the car as I was.

The ride home was no big deal until Kim decided to stop at a liquor store pick up some beer and wine. We all looked like we had just come off the beach but with my bikini top I was showing a little more than you normally see at your typical liquor store. I used to live in bikinis, going almost where in one so it wasn’t a big deal except this one wasn’t covering much at all. I had to pull the tiny top back in place a couple of times as we walked through the store, all to the amusement of my friends.

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We dropped Beth off at her place because she had to work tonight and went back to Kim’s to shower and change. As soon as we got there we opened up a bottle of win and filled our glasses as we discussed what to do. We sat talked and drank for a bit before Lisa decided to take a shower. I was really beat so I was in no rush. Lisa asked why I was so tired saying, “we usually run out of gas way before you”. I said “all that constant arousal kind of takes it out of you. It’s kind of like coming down off a high.

When Lisa came out, Kim insisted on a tan lines check. Lisa did her little twirl, which revealed a bit of a burn as well as some really nice stripes where the suit covered. Lisa insisted on checking out my tan so I took off my top. I said, “see no nasty line like you guys”. I then took off my shorts. Kim said, “can’t have much in the way of tan lines with that bottom either. She was right. I untied the one side and there was hardly any stripe left by the sting. I dropped the suit to the floor and the only white spot to speak of was a tiny patch in the front. Kim said not much at all covered up front since I had shaved the week Before. A little had grown back but not much. I had gotten some pretty good color. Lisa commented that it was not as good as when we came back form vacation but it’s a start. What do you mean a start? Kim was a little reluctant since most of her color was red but she finally did, revealing a pretty nice burn. She had small breasts but with their whiteness they really stood out against her sunburn. We told her to put something on it as she ran to the bathroom. Lisa started to dress as I looked around for a towel to put on. None was handy so I just went into the kitchen and refilled my glass along with Lisa’s.

By the time Kim came out of the shower it was already getting late. So they told me to hurry up. I showered quickly and came out wrapped in a towel. I quickly went through my bag and pulled out a nice light T-top and shorts. I dropped the towel and was about to put them on when Kim interrupted me. Between the wine and the fact that I had been nearly naked all afternoon it didn’t seem that bad going out without a bra so I skipped it. I guess I should have been more concerned but I hate it when your wearing a really hot top and your bra is hanging out all over. I probably should have put some knickers on though. It was just my top, my shorts, my sandals and nothing else.

The top was white but not see through or anything. I just had to be extra careful when I leaned over since it was fairly loose and cut pretty low. It kind of hid my boobs just out of view. It certainly was a good way to show off my tan. Kind of gave me a free and exciting feeling as well knowing I didn’t have anything on under my outer clothes. The bouncing of my breasts and constant rubbing of my nipples against my top kept reminding me of that fact.

We ate at this quiet seafood spot that Kim really likes. I guess it was the fact that we all had gotten some color because Kim and Lisa complained about how cold it was. I was by far the least dressed and I wasn’t really cold but the chill certainly made my nipples stand out. That only served to keep me excited through dinner as they rubbed against my top every time I moved. It wasn’t too hard to tell I didn’t have any thing on under the top the way my nipples were showing through. Oh well, nothing against that as far as I know. Our waiter certainly didn’t seem to mind. He seemed to make a couple of extra trips back to our table to make sure everything was ok. Lisa commented on him trying to look down my top each time. I guess I can’t blame him, it must have been a pretty tempting view from his angle. When he was taking Lisa’s orders I deliberately reached over to grab something from the other side of the table and I’m sure he could see everything down my top. I was waiting to see if he actually got Lisa’s order right with my distraction. Turned out he must have been because he forgot her side order completely.

We got to talking about me and how it felt going topless in front of all those people. I was glad we were kind of by ourselves because I didn’t want an audience listening in on us because it got pretty erotic. I told them it was really thrilling and a real turn on. Lisa said that I was an exhibitionist at heart. I said I’ve never given it much thought but she was probably right. I said its just exciting. I think I have a pretty nice body or so I’ve been told and I don’t see any harm. I said I suppose it’s sexual because of the way it makes me feel but mostly I just like challenging myself to see if I can do it without chickening out. It’s like an accomplishment that not too many people get to experience. Some times I just need a little push to get me started then God only knows what happens next. Kim asked if I ever panicked or chickened out. I said, “not once I started but there are a lot of things I wouldn’t do”. Lisa said, “I bet we can find something that causes you to freak.”

Kim’s said from the looks of your nipples and that sweat all over your body, you looked like you were ready to have and orgasm out there. I told her I was close. That would have been something.

Lisa started telling her about some of the college stunts and some of the dares I told her I did. I told them that between the beach and the pool I used to practically live in my bikini as a kid. Lisa chimed in “less sometimes”. Eventually I said, “people are much more accepting than they would think, with all the things I’ve done I’ve only have been asked to cover up on a couple of occasions. Lisa started saying, “we’ll have to see what you can get away with tomorrow”. I said, “I’d try anything provided they’d joined me”. That kind of quieted the whole conversation down a bit.

After dinner we wandered around checking out some stores before coming across this town fair that was set up in the local park. We were going to go out to a dance club but everyone was tired especially me so we headed back to Kim’s place.

When we got there we started discussing what we could do tomorrow as we sat back with another beer. We were all pretty giddy from all the drinks and Lisa and Kim kept coming up with crazy things for me to try like walking along the boardwalk topless or going shopping in just my shorts. Now that would be hot Lisa said. One of there better ones was to have me leave all my clothes here and going to the beach completely naked and seeing if anyone objected. All I said was “I’d give it a try if you join me”.

Kim said one of her neighbors in the next building had a boat and was always asking if she wanted to go out. She looked up their number and gave them a call. I don’t think they were going out but after she told them she had two hot girlfriends with her they apparently changed their minds. When she came back she said all we have to do is help them launch it and they’d take us out in the afternoon. Sounded like a plan to me. I’m always up for a boat ride.

I suggested we turn in since I was beat. Everyone complained it was still early but started to get ready anyway. Lisa had already thrown her stuff in the extra bedroom so I got the couch. I’d slept on worse so it wasn’t a big deal. Kim gave me a pillow and a light blanked for the couch and asked if everything was ok. I pulled my top over my head and wiggled out of my shorts and told her everything was fine. That left me naked since I hadn’t worn any underwear. I didn’t think twice about it since I’d gotten use to sleeping in the nude but Kim acted surprised at me stripping right there in the living room. I didn’t know why since she’d seem me topless all day at the beach. She said “I have a nightgown if you want”. I told her I was fine as I went into the bathroom to brush my teeth. Lisa said, “what are you kidding. In the last two years I’ve known Carrie, I’ve never seen Carrie wear anything to bed”. I said “ever since that Caribbean trip I figure why bother.”

When I came out Lisa was sitting on a chair in a long nightshirt and Kim had on a nice silk like pair of pajamas. They both had this devilish smile on their face like they had a surprise for me. They were still pretty loud which told me they weren’t ready for bed yet so I went to put my clothes back on when I noticed they weren’t where I put them. I looked back and Lisa and Kim just started laughing. I went onto the bedroom and my bag was gone too. In a bold statement for a woman who was totally naked, I stood in the doorway with both hands on my hips and asked for my clothes back. They said, “since you had so much fun this afternoon we figured you didn’t need any.” I told Lisa, “this is starting to feel like our Caribbean trip all over again.” “That’s the idea.” Lisa said. I said, “this had better not be part of that going to the beach naked idea you had for me earlier.

Seeing that they weren’t likely to be going to bed soon, I walked into the kitchen and helped my self to a soda. I walked back in and sat on the couch, I.E my bed, and just listened to the conversation. Eventually everyone ran out of gas and went to bed. And so ended my Saturday at Kim’s.

Carrie’s Beach Adventure Day 2

As you remember from day 1, when I found out that I could go topless in Long Island, NY, I couldn’t pass up the chance to give it a try. Despite being just about the only one topless and being extremely nervous, I managed to make it through most of the afternoon in just a thong bikini bottom. Looking back, it was probably the most exciting afternoon I had ever spent, only to be surpassed by Sunday. Kim and Lisa were determined to see me test my limits. I thought I’d be a little more conservative after Saturday but after Kim and Lisa conspired to hide my clothes I found myself involved in exciting adventure.

Oh well, on with the story. Over night a storm front must have passed through waking us with a monstrous thunderstorm and strong gusty winds. Eventually the rains subsided but the winds continued. When we woke up you could still hear the wind though the trees. I tossed the sheets back from my naked body and slid off the bed. The temperature had dropped considerably so I went around shutting the windows. At first I didn’t think it was going to be much of a beach day but since it was still early in the season and we all need to work on our tans, I knew we’d get down to the beach somehow. Besides there wasn’t a cloud in the sky and the sun was already warming things up.

Lisa and Kim walked into the living room in a night gown and robe respectively. Staring at my naked body, Lisa laughed and said, “Still haven’t found your clothes, huh.” Putting my hands on my hips, I said, “No, do you actually expect me to do go around all day like this?”

“Now that’s an idea. But you’d probably get arrested and then we’d have to bail you out and we’d miss too much beach time so we though we let you wear this,” as she tossed me the other bikini that I had brought. “Since you said you used to practically live in a bikini, Kim and I thought it would be interesting if you could make it through the entire day in nothing but a bikini.” “I have your clothes but I’m not giving them back until we get back to your place tonight. In the mean time, this is it.”

I grabbed the bikini as Lisa tossed it to me. It was one of my favorites. A dark blue string bikini. It wasn’t a thong like yesterday but this suit was really thin. It didn’t have any lining but still wasn’t quite see-through. You could make out my areola, nipples and everything through the top. The bottom was a Brazilian cut. It covered more than yesterday’s bikini but not much. The back was maybe 4 or 5 inches across leaving the majority of my ass exposed. The only problem with it was that you had to keep stretching it back into place other wise it would become a thong. The front was a little smaller and didn’t come up very high. It had a nice shape with the stings coming down off of one hip and gently curving across the bottom patch and then continuing up with nothing but string over the other hipbone. The top was a standard triangle top with back and neck ties. The triangles were about 3 inches across and about 4 high. They fit really nicely but barely gave any support due to the thinness of the material.

I took it and twirled the bottom around my index finger, not quite ready to take this challenge quite yet. I asked them what they had in mind. I said, “I could just hang around the pool here at the apartment until it’s time to leave.” Kim chimed in saying that wouldn’t be much fun.

I tossed the bikini on the end table and said, “We’ll see.” Lisa went in to take a shower as Kim and I made up the pull out couch. Kim in her robe and me completely naked. I guess I should have at least put the bikini on but I figured since they had created this game, I might as well have some fun, at least while in the safety of Kim’s apartment.

Kim showered next while Lisa got ready. I told Lisa it was a little cold out for a bikini, maybe we should try this another time. Lisa said, “What’s the matter chickening out? A little chill should make it that much more exciting and that’s what you wanted right?”

“What about roller blading? We can roller blade down to the beach and the exercise should keep you warm. Why don’t you run down and get them from the trunk” Lisa said. I wasn’t about to run down to the car naked so I let Lisa get them while I showered. While showering I got thinking about what I was getting into. It was one thing to be nearly naked at the beach but that bikini despite covering a little more than my thong really didn’t hide anything. It was so thin you wouldn’t think you were wearing a thing. I finished drying my hair and wrapped a towel around myself.

When I came out Kim had put on a tee shirt and a pair of shorts. Lisa had on her school shirt and walking shorts. In unison they asked if I was ready. “You’re really going to make me do this, huh.”

“Chickening out” Lisa said. “No. It’s just that it’s a little cold out there. I don’t want to catch a chill.” I said sheepishly. Lisa said she thought the excitement alone would keep me warm. Up until then I was doing a pretty good job of keeping my emotion in check. Was I serious going to do this? “Hey, what about breakfast?”

“Trying to stall a little bit.” Kim said we can grab something along the way. I said “They’re not going to let me in like this.” Kim said we’ll worry about that when we get there.

“Well, what’s it going to be?” I paused for one last thought, I took a deep breath and then threw the towel on the couch and picked up the bikini. Before putting on the bikini I asked Kim for a bottle of sun tan lotion. I grabbed a bottle of lotion and started on my arms and shoulders. It was still pretty early in the season and I was going to need the protection from the sun if I was going to be showing that much skin all day. Lisa helped with my back. I started kidding her about getting too much enjoyment out of it as she did my legs and butt. I told her I had better do the rest. At which she blushed a little for a change.

As Lisa and Kim looked on I pulled it up my legs and adjusted it as best I could. I tighten the tie on the bottom so it would hopefully stay in place. I though to myself that I should have trimmed my bush this morning since I knew this bottom, although wider didn’t come up as high. It barely came up two inches above my vagina. I then pulled the top over my head, resting it on my breasts while Lisa tied the back. A couple more adjustments to make sure my boobs were going to stayed covered and I was ready. Kim said, “Wow, that top really doesn’t hide much does it.” I walked over to the wall mirror and saw what she meant. I wasn’t like it was see-through but the thinness of the material made every contour of my breasts visible. It seemed even more revealing than I had remembered. The outlines of my areolas, not to mention my nipples, were clearly visible through the material. Just the thought of going out in public like that caused my nipples poke at the top as if tying to escape to freedom. I self-consciously adjusted it again even though it didn’t make a difference. I ran into the bedroom and asked Lisa to hold my id and some cash for me while I tucked my sunglasses and bottle of suntan lotion in my bikini. With that, my outfit was complete and I headed for the door.

The moment I opened the door I was reminded how much the temperature had dropped over night. Immediately my nipples hardened and for once it was the cold temperature, well at least for the most part. I would have thought I’d be colder but my building excitement was keeping me warm from within. The excitement may have been keeping me warm from within but every inch of exposed skin which was just about all of it was covered with goose bumps. Lisa noticed and made some silly comment about it looking sexy. Because the bottom ties sat across my hips and not above them, like most older suits, it cause me to constantly think it was falling down. You women know that feeling where you constantly feel like your suit is exposing more of you than it should only to find out that it is covering what it can. The problem is that there just isn’t enough of it.

As we sat on the curb and laced up our skates a couple of women walked by heading towards their car. When they saw Kim they came over to chat. When they saw me they stopped their conversation mid sentence. Kim caught her self and proceeded to introduce Lisa and I. They tied to act natural but I could tell it was me that was distracting them. Both of them swept my body from head to toe and back again and I started to blush from all the attention these women were giving me. Even worse being tall and standing on my skates put my breasts right about at the same level as their eyes which seemed to direct their attention right to my breasts.

Neither Kim nor Lisa said anything to explain why I was so under dressed and the girls were to shy to ask so I said, “ I guess your wondering I’m wearing a bikini?”

“The thought crossed my mind,” one of them said. So I went on to explain that they refused to give my cloths back until the end of the day. Lisa elaborated with some details about the prior days trip to the beach.

Eventually one of them asked if I was cold? I told them not if I didn’t think about it but I guess just the suggestion of being cold was enough to put me over the edge as a little shiver swept over me. We talked for a bit longer about why I was doing this and what it felt like. The frank conversation was starting to act on my emotions, stirring the butterflies in my stomach, reminding me that I was standing there in the parking lot in nothing but a tiny string bikini. During all this, my arousal was starting to grow. It was getting a little too intimate for me to handle so I suggested we get going, saying I was getting cold just standing there. We said our good-byes and head off.

A couple of steps behind the others I headed towards the street. A second later I was skating along on a public sidewalk in nothing but my bikini. Lisa glided along making it look easy as she sped ahead. Seeing Kim skate along with her knee pad and wrist pads made me think more about the contrast between her level of protection and mine. Except for her upper arms and a portion of her legs Kim’s body was completely protected if she fell. My body on the other hand was completely bare and exposed. It made me think about how vulnerable I was.

Wow. I was really doing this. The wind across my exposed skin was increasing the chill of the temperature even more but the warmth provided by the bright sun was a welcome contrast. Overall the feeling was extremely exhilarating and exciting. The rush of different emotions, fear of falling, embarrassment of being exposed like I was and the excitement of the wind across my exposed skin was really turning me on. After a block Lisa and Kim decided to stop and see how I was doing. Lisa noticing my heavy breathing and commented saying, “I thought you were in better shape than that.” Knowing the real cause, I jokingly said I thought I was to.

It was still early so we hadn’t seen many people yet and only a couple of cars but those that we did see certainly seemed to notice me. After a couple of cat calls and honked horns I did my best to ignore them but the attention was making it hard for me to keep my emotions in check. Luckily my bikini was dark blue so it helped hide my increasing wetness pretty well. It did little however hide my rock hard nipples and swelling clit. Lisa asked me if I was having fun. Kim said “looks like your all warmed up now, so to speak.” You wouldn’t know if from the goose bumps that threatened to show though my thin bikini.

Lisa said I had better calm down or I’ll never make it to breakfast. Before I even got a chance they were off again. We seemed to be heading down the main street of the Kim’s town which was a nice route however I had hoped for a little less well traveled route considering my state of dress. I didn’t ask but I suspected they were taking me on a route that would expose me to the most people possible. At least that’s the way it seemed as the number of people and cars increased.

We had to stop at a traffic light, which was a welcome relief until a car with four guys pulled up and started yelling over to me. They were really being rude. I tried to ignore them and turned away. Doing this only gave them a clearer view of my bikini-clad ass. I knew they must have been staring so I instinctively adjusted my bottom to cover what I could knowing all to well there wasn’t enough material to do any good. As I did one yelled out “Nice ass.” Another sarcastically offered his help with my suit adjustment. All this just reminded me how out of place and exposed I was. The light turned and they waited to follow so I started to cross the street and as they went to follow I turned around and headed down the side street. They had no way to turn around till the next intersection so I was safe for the moment. Kim and Lisa followed once they realized where I was going.

I probably should have been more concerned for my safety but felt like I could take care of myself since my dad had sent me though this karate self protection program for girls when I was in high school. I never made it to the black belt level but was pretty good at taking care of myself. It came in handy once when my date got a little carried away.

We circled down a couple of side streets and back to out to our original path and never saw the guys again. We took a break in a small park which finally gave me a change to come down from my high. Lisa asked me what I thought so far. I told her it certainly was exhilarating. I was a little embarrassed to admit it but I was really starting to enjoy it. The cool breeze all over your bare skin combined with the exercise really gives you a great felling. That combined with my nearly constant sexual arousal was unbelievable. All I need was my walkman tucked in my bikini bottom and I’d be in heaven.

We made our way though town and out the other side with nothing more than a bunch of cat calls. As we turned to head down the water however, we ran right into a crowd exiting Sunday mass. They were just letting out so the sidewalk was crowded. Up until then I didn’t see anything wrong in wearing just my bikini in public. It met the standards for decency if just barely. My nipple and private areas were covered despite their outline being fairly obvious though the thin material. It was the references conveyed by the presence of the church that made me blush heavily with embarrassment. I couldn’t help but overhear many of the comments. The one that effected me the most was when one woman that reminded me of my grandmother said “have you no decency” straight to my face. I would never dare wear this bikini in my grandmother’s presence yet here I was out in public in front of a church in it. Hearing that caused a rush of emotion which caused my throbbing nipples and moist lower lips to push hard against my suit. I was certain everyone knew how aroused I was as my breathing started to quicken, further exposing my arousal to anyone that was near. This escalating circle of emotions was pushing my limits. I had to fight the urge to turn around and run off and get through there.

I tried to avoid everyone as best I could as we hurried through the crowd but it was impossible. Each time someone brushed my bare skin it reminded me of how naked I really was which sent another wave through me. I was so excited I thought I was going to cum right there. I tied as hard as I could to concentrate on anything else but couldn’t. My mind kept flashing back to the intense passion that was growing inside of me. My nipples were throbbing, seemingly trying to cut a hole through the thin material of my top and my lower lips seemed to be pulsing threatening to an orgasm. Both Kim and Lisa asked if I was all right as we exited the crowd. I had to sit down before I came. I was in turmoil. Lisa, who normally eggs me on actually comforted me and helped me calm down to a more controllable level. Kim just shook her head. My breathing had barely settled down when Kim said, “There’s McDonalds just two blocks down, how about we head over. You’ll feel a lot better when you get some food in you.” I was still a little dazed and unsteady as we started off again.

I made it the remaining two blocks fighting to stay in control of my aroused state. The McDonalds was on a side street about a half block in from the bay. I sat on the curb trying to catch my breath and changed back into our street shoes, which I stuffed in Kim’s backpack. I had a pair of boating shoes which I added to my scant wardrobe. I hung my skates over my left shoulder and I briefly joked about how my feet were better covered than all the rest of me combined. My levity was short lived however as a I saw the sign on the door saying No shirt, No shoes, No Service. I told Lisa and Kim that I didn’t think they’d consider a bikini top a shirt. Lisa said “Well I guess we’ll find out.” Kim said, “They’re mostly guys. They’d be out of their minds if they didn’t let you in.” As we walked in I felt the cold blast of the air-conditioned air chill my exposed skin. I guess their thermostat didn’t realize how cool it was outside. Again goose bumps covered my entire body. The cool room just seemed to make my bikini seem even more inappropriate.

Everybody in the place turned to check me out as I walked in. A couple of guys on the other side of a partition even got up to get a better view. They weren’t even subtle about their stares. I tried to act like everything was normal but I still hadn’t completely calmed down, so my nipples were still really erect and noticeable and getting even more so under the watchful eyes. A couple of teenage girls sitting at a booth right near the door started whispering and pointing. I couldn’t hear what they were saying but I new I was the center of their conversation.

We had worked up quite an appetite from the exercise so we studied the menu as the people behind the counter studied me. I desperately tried to hide my feelings as I walked over to the front of the store. I accidentally reached up to point something on the menu out to Lisa when I realized just how much it must have exposed me. Since my bikini was so low cut, as I reached up it felt like it threatened to show my bush. I quickly lowered my arm and tried to act like I didn’t realize the show I was presenting to everyone. As we got in line to order a shiver over came my body. The manager came over and I was sure he was going to ask us to leave but all he did was ask me for my order. I guess he wanted to take my order personally. As I was giving him my order Lisa said, “Here, you’ll need this” and stuffed my money in the bottom of my bikini. I was in the middle of giving my order so I didn’t see it coming and jumped as she pulled my bikini away from my body to stuff the money in. She kind of folded it up and tucked it between my cheeks like a strange money clip. I don’t know how much was showing but I’m sure the people around us got a good look at my ass. I tuned back to give the rest of the order and noticed the manager staring at my pussy. As I finished giving him my order I reached behind me to retrieve the money, tempting him with a flash of the skin that the suit bottom covered. His eyes never left my bottom until I snapped him back to reality by handing him the money.

I picked up my tray and picked a spot in the back were I was out of site of most of the place. I had another chill overcome me as the cold from the seat registered on my nearly naked body. At last a chance to relax and calm down. I really needed it badly. From the time I walked out the door of Kim’s apartment I had been in this constant state of excitement with an increased level of adrenaline in my system. It felt great for the most part but each these special encounters seemed to step it up to the next level until I nearly lost control in front of the church.

I sat quietly and sipped my coffee to warm up. I really need a break since my emotions we starting to get the better of me. I usually enjoy the feeling but the constant stimulation was leaving me frustrated.

I felt a lot better after getting a little food in my stomach. It helped settle my butterflies and calm my emotions down to a more manageable level. I was starting to enjoy the adventure again and laughed about how overdressed Kim and Lisa were. My nipples had settled down and where now just barely noticeable through my bikini top. We sat there for a good half an hour past when we finished our meal just talking and laughing. All the time we had an audience from whoever happened to be in the place at the time. I noticed that not too many people had left since we had come in. Kim dared me to take my top off and go back and order another cup of coffee. I told her she was nuts and said enough is enough.

Before we left, Kim and I stopped in the ladies room to relieve our bladders and freshen up a bit. My bikini bottom as well as my bottom needed a little cleaning so I slipped it off my legs as I sat there. I finished up and walked out of the stall bottomless, holding my bikini in my hand. I quickly walked over to the sink hoping no one walked in before I finished. Kim didn’t look that surprised this time like before. I guess she was starting to get use to my unusual behavior. As I rinsed my bikini in the sink, Kim said she was really impressed that I had had made it this far. She said she would never have the nerve. I told her she should try it, she had a great body and I’m sure no one would mind seeing more of it.

I told her that it was really exhilarating but there was more than enough for two. She just shook her head as I pulled my bikini back on. I had it just pulled it up as the door opened and two teenagers walked in. A was still adjusting it so nothing showed. Since there was no margin for error I had to be extra careful. With a shy look they smiled and looked away as we headed out the door. Lisa asked what took us so long as we came out Outside we walked towards the water to find a place to put our skates back on again. As we walked I couldn’t help but notice the stares again. I just smiled and laughed under my breath. I was in sight of the water if it was only the bay, so let them look I figured. It had warmed up a little and the wind blowing across my nearly naked body felt exhilarating. Let them look. I had a great body and I felt great.

We found a bench and traded our shoes for our skates. I took the opportunity to apply another layer of sun block. I had to be careful since my nipples were already threatening to pop out. It wasn’t hot out but the sun was really strong so I wanted to be extra careful. It doesn’t take much to get a burn when you don’t have much of a tan. Lisa said, “it’s a shame you have to ruin that tan with tan lines.” I said there’s no way I’m skating topless unless you’re right there along side of me and I don’t think that’s going to happen so don’t even start.” I guess I was a little brash but I just wanted her to put her body where her mouth was so to speak. Don’t get me wrong. I really liked the fact that she pushed me to try new things but I just wish she’d join in once in a while.

We skated along the sidewalk and down to the little amusement park by the beach. It wasn’t opened yet but I couldn’t help thinking about riding the rides dressed as I was. I thought back to the time I had worn a way to small bikini to a water park. I spent half the day either retrieving it or pulling it back in place. I remembered thinking I was going to get thrown out of the place. It reminded me a lot of today.

We continued along the ocean on a kind of boardwalk. It was really a perfect day to get out and there were a lot of people taking advantage by walking and biking alone. We stopped at one point to get a drink from a water fountain and some young guys asked if they could take my picture. Wow. I felt like a celebrity. They were about 17 or 18 and really funny. I wasn’t trying to tease them or anything but they were being so silly that it was rubbing off on me. They wanted a scene showing what they had caught at the beach so the three of them wanted to hold me across then like a big fish. I told then no cheap feels or it no deal. They all nodded ok but I just knew they were lying. One guy had my shoulders and upper body, another had my waist and hip and the last guy had my lower hip and legs. It was awkward picking me up since I kind of sagged in the middle. This was where they were a little liberal with were they grabbed me. Before I even got a chance to complain they started to lift me up. There hands were everywhere. It wasn’t like they had and choice but to put their hand on bare skin. A matter a fact if their hands weren’t on bare skin they probably shouldn’t have been there. As they got me in position I could feel my breast just about ready to pop out of my top. My right areola was showing along the edge of my top and my nipple was just about ready to come into view. I struggled to get my left hand free as the boys struggled to get my lower body in a position were each of them had approximately equal amounts of my weight. I reached down to catch my top just as my nipple popped into view. Not only was it in plain view but it was noticeable erect making it even more noticeable. Everything stopped for a moment as I tucked myself back in. There was no mistaking that everyone saw it. My nipples were standing out hard against my top and in that position my lower body was in clear view. My bikini bottom, which barely hid my privates as it was, did nothing to hide the contour of my swollen vagina lips. By the time they were ready for the picture a small crowd had formed. It was really fun despite them being a little to enthusiastic with were they were holding me.

After a couple of more pictures they carefully put me down. I proceed to fall on my side since they seemed to forget that I sill had the roller blades on. The guys asked what we were up to and if we wanted to go to the beach with them but Kim explained that we already had plans. We waved good-bye as we skated off.

Eventually we came to a row of small stores and Kim wanted to stop in and look at some shoes. It was the boardwalk and you can get away with almost anything so we just skated in. I didn’t even feel out of place since two other girls had on bathing suits. Well at least bikini tops and shorts any way. There was a guy and a girl working there and immediately the guy asked us if we needed any help. Kim and I sat down and Lisa continued to look around. Kim was really interested and I was just resting but the guy kept coming back to me to ask if I wanted to try something on. I got up and started looking at some nice sandals. The guy was being extra helpful and directed me to sit down and offered to help me off with my skates. I pulled my bikini back into place and sat down. He sat down and started to untie my skates. From where he sat he had an unobstructed view into my pussy which seemed to be the center of his attention. I really wasn’t interested in the sandals certainly not as interested as he was in me but I thought what the hell might as well make his day. After he slipped the sandals on I got up and walked around the store to try them out. I tried on one other pair before deciding enough was enough. This guy was just too much and he wasn’t doing a thing for me. Kim didn’t buy anything either.

We walked down to the sand since we had already taken off our skates while in the store. There weren’t many people on the beach since it was still a little cool especially with the wind. I don’t get cold easily so it felt refreshing. We put our stuff down and walked to the waters edge. The waves were really high thanks to the wind and the only people in the water were a couple of surfers. I tried to get Kim and Lisa to lighten up a bit and take off some of their clothes by suggesting we go for a swim. Kim said, “Why don’t you go ahead. Maybe the cold water will cool you down a bit.”

I ran in up to my knees and froze in more ways than one. Boy was that water cold! It felt even cooler than yesterday. I stood there for a couple of seconds and then without thinking about it any more just ran in all at once. I just had to be careful I didn’t loose my bikini in one of the waves. I popped up and reached down to make sure everything was still there and luckily it was. I gave the bikini it’s mandatory adjustment just as another wave crashed into me almost knocking me down. Enough of this, it was just too cold to stay so I ran back out even faster than I ran in. It felt colder out of the water than in thanks to the wind. I immediately started to shiver. Now this bikini top of mine was really thin and since it was dark I really didn’t show through but the water just made it cling like a second skin. I could swear you could see the my goose bumps right through the suit. I told Lisa to grab my stuff and that I’d meet them back at the boardwalk. With that I started running across the beach. The run really helped me warm up but I had to be careful my breasts didn’t pop out of my top. My boobs are really firm which was good because that top didn’t provide my 34 c boobs any support at all. I’m sure I put on quite a show as I sprinted towards the boardwalk.

I was still dripping slightly as I walked up the steps. Some guy asked me how the water was as he checked me out. I turned away, blushing with embarrassment as I realized what I looked like in my wet bikini. As I walked away I could feel the eyes of everyone behind me on my practically naked ass. The people in front practically stopped in their tracks to stare. I was starting to get turned on again which actually warmed me up a bit and took my mind off how cold I was. As I walked away I heard these two girls whispering to each other about me. One said, “Check her out. You can see everything.” I was tempted to look down and see how bad it was but resisted the temptation. I could tell from the feel of my suit against my nipples that my renewed arousal was just serving further highlight my already bulging features. I waited out of the wind by the side of this one store for Lisa and Kim to catch up. When they did we found a bench and put our skates back on again.

Kim put on her backpack and we were off again. I was still a little wet and chilled so I had to concentrate to not shiver. I tried that mind over mater thing but it was tough. Eventually I started to warm up and was back to that exhilarating fell and not the cold feel. It was around 12:30 and we told the guys we’d meet them at the marina and help them put the boat in at 1:00 so we headed off to meet up with them.

The trip from the beach to the marina was rather an event in itself. We turned off the boardwalk and onto the street that took us over to the marina and ran right into the group of teenagers. I think there were 4 of 5 guys and 3 girls. As soon as they saw me I knew I was in trouble. We moved off to one side to avoid them but they just spread out so we had no choice but to brush past them as we passed. They kind of hassled Kim but left Lisa go almost unobstructed. When I came through one of them reached out and grabbed me. I figured I was quicker on skate so I took off however in the process of getting away one guy had grabbed the tie on the right side of my bikini bottom. As I skated off I felt the pull. By the time I realized what they had done it was untied on one side and slid off my hip. I grabbed it as it fell but not before every one in back got a clear view of my ass and everyone in front got a clear view of my nearly bare pussy. I slowed just enough to pull it back in place so at least I wasn’t skating down the street bottomless. The three of us raced off as fast as we dared, not wanting to let the gang catch us. I struggled to keep up as I held the right side of my bikini together by hand.

About two blocks away we slowed down and Lisa started to break out laughing. After a long pause I joined her in a little laugh as I looked down to survey what I looked like. There I was standing in the middle of the sidewalk holding my bikini on with my right hand. When I stopped, I attempted to tie it back together without putting on too much of a show for the small crowd that had stopped to take notice. I was moderately successful as I made some final adjustments to it so it hid what I needed it to. We sat on a nearby bench for a bit before heading off to meet the guys.

We sped into the marina passing several fishermen that were whistling at me. I tried to ignore them as I concentrated on not falling since there was a lot of water on the ground from the boats that had been pulled out. I certainly didn’t want to fall dressed as I was. Kim yelled out when she saw the guys removing the straps from the boat. I started to get excited and this time it wasn’t from my exposure. I loved the water and boating and hadn’t been out since last summer. I actually like sailboats more since I had sent most of my life racing with my dad and later with this friend of my dad on his Sabre 38. Lisa and I had borrowed the boat when it was in the Caribbean two years ago. That’s another story though.

Max’s boat was a bright white 24 foot Century with a small cabin up front. As I was checking out the boat the guys were checking us out. As we skated up their attention changed from the boat to me. Kim introduced us to guys, Jim and Max. It was Max’s boat. Max did his buttering up by telling Kim she hadn’t told them how beautiful her fiends were. He said he would have canceled his earlier plans if he had known, as he scanned my body from top to bottom and back, coming to a rest on my chest. I started to explain but Lisa jumped in and started to tell them that I was actually a nudist and only wore cloths when I had to. “What,” I yelled as I stopped her mid lie. I tried to explain the prank and why I had agreed to spend the day in just my bikini. I’m not sure they bought my explanation , wanting to believe Lisa’s more. Jim and Max climbed down from the boat, getting ready to launch it when I noticed the bulge in both their pants.

Jim asked Lisa if she remembered to buy the beer. “No. I didn’t know I was suppose to bring it.” Lisa said, “ not to worry, there was a liquor store right down the street.” We left the guys to launch the boat and the three of us skated back the way we had just come. We ordered a case of Cores and 2 bags of ice. I didn’t want to carry the cold ice against my bare skin so I left that to Kim and Lisa and grabbed the beer. The beer was heavier than I thought and before long I had to shift how I was holding it. I tried a couple of different ways but the only one that worked was holding it from underneath with it resting up against my chest. Every once and a while I’d have to hike it up a bit which left the cold outside of the box against my boobs. This caused my nipples to harden and stand out more noticeably against the front of my suit. This time we got even more cat calls and comments as we skated by the guys fishing. I can’t even mention most of them.

When we got back the boat was already in the water and the guys were waiting. We met Max and Jim at the top of the dock and handed then the beer and ice. They stowed it all away as we took off our skates. In a minute we were aboard and on our way out of the marina. Jim handed us all beers as we passed the breakwater.

Boy did it feel good. Back on a boat in a bikini on a beautiful sunny day, sunglasses on, a nice breeze blowing through my hair, and a beer in my hand. Wow. It doesn’t get much better than this I thought. When we first left the dock I felt a little out of place being the only one in a bathing suit, but feeling that breeze across my naked body made me feel like it was their loss. It was a little chilly as my nipples clearly indicated but nothing uncomfortable especially compare to when we first left Kim’s apartment.

As we left the protected marina we ran into some choppy water which kicked up some spay. It felt cold but exhilarating at the same time. Kim wasn’t that good at getting around on a moving boat so she stumbled around holding onto what ever was handy which included me a couple of times. She finally found a place on the passengers side seat where she stayed secure in that she wasn’t going to get knocked down.

Lisa loves the water almost as much as me so she felt at home. She almost lost her hat over board though, so she took it off and threw it below. She braced herself under the windshield in front of me. Occasionally she’d be thrown back into me bouncing off my boobs. Max was steering and Jim stood bracing himself between Max’s chair and myself. He acted like he was holding me from falling with his arm around my waist but I think he was just using it as an excuse to get a feel of what ever he could. Under other circumstances I probably would have stopped a man I had only just met from feeling me up like he was but I was having too much fun to let a little thing like that bring me down.

After a while Jim took the wheel and Max went below to grab the charts. After he found the charts he stood in the cabin looking out and spread the chart out on the floor right at my feet. When he stood up it put his face about a foot in front of my pussy. I went to step back but couldn’t move far and still reach the windshield which I was using as a brace. Being a little self conscious of the view I was giving him, I reached down to make sure I wasn’t showing him anymore than I had to. Just the thought sent a few tingles of excitement through me showing its results in a growing tightness down below. My nipples were already trying to cut a hole through my bikini top but now I could feel my lower lips swelling with the excitement as well. He had found our destination on the chart but continue to stay down below. I wonder why. I told him he was missing the great view, to which he commented that he had a pretty good view right where he was.

Max said there was a quiet beach in the bay side where we could pull up and swim and sunbathe. Jim, partially as a joke I think directed at me I’m sure, “There usually not many people there so you won’t have to wear your suit if you don’t want to.” I tried to correct his understanding of what Lisa said about me being a nudist but I don’t think it registered. He still had this image in his mind of me. After a while I realized I wasn’t changing his fantasy of me so I like heartedly said, “Who knows, A couple more beer and you never know what might happen.” That instantly nullified all the explaining I had tried. Now they almost expected it. Jim immediately handed me another beer.

About a half an hour we slowed down and motored into a small horseshoe shaped harbor. There were about 8 or 9 boats anchored up or pulled up on the beach. Max eased the boat onto the sandy beach. Everyone else slipped up over the bow so they wouldn’t get wet. I just slid over the side and ran up the beach. It was a nice beach a lot quieter than yesterday but not deserted. Max and Jim brought up the cooler while the rest of us spread out a blanket and a couple of towels. Jim immediately handed me another beer. I told him I could see where this was going. I was starting to feel it already. I was becoming a little giddy so I told him, “Is this what you do with all your dates? Get them drunk so you can get them out of their clothes.” He just laughed and said, “Is it working yet?”

**Carrie’s Beach Adventure Day 2b**

It was starting to work as we settled in on the semi deserted beach and everyone continued to encourage me to take off my bikini.

Lisa and Kim finally took off their shorts and T-shirts and started to spread sun block on their exposed skin. Lisa had on the same suite as yesterday. Kim had on a yellow bikini today but seemed to have almost as much covered as yesterday. She was sporting a little burn so I guess I couldn’t blame her. No lack of modesty on either of their parts. My bikini, which I had been in since leaving Kim’s apartment, was a mere scrap by comparison.

It wasn’t but a minute before the conversation about me taking off my bikini started. Everyone had a logical justification. Lisa didn’t want me to ruining my tan with tan lines. The guys didn’t want to limit my nudist activities. Even Kim said that there weren’t many people around so why not. I reiterated that I’d do anything anyone else was willing to do but there were no takers. That didn’t stop them though.

I had to admit that it was nice being away from the hoards of people. It really reminded me of the Caribbean trip Lisa and I had taken last year. It was even better in the sense that it wasn’t that hot so you could lay out without getting over heated. Kim reminded us all to put on plenty of sun block unless we wanted to end up like her. Jim volunteered to do my back so I tuned over onto my stomach. It was so relaxing that I didn’t even notice him untying the string to my top. I didn’t mind since I was about to do it myself but then he brushed my hair aside and untied the string around my neck leaving my bikini top totally unattached. Again, I should have said something but his hands on my back felt so good I didn’t want to disrupt the moment. He did my back followed by my legs. He certainly didn’t miss anything as he got a little liberal around my bikini bottom.

We were all just laying there enjoying the sun when Max suggested a dip. Now I had to make a decision. Do I retie my top or abandon it as I had yesterday. Every one was starting to make signs of getting up as I thought it over. On one hand I wouldn’t be showing any more than yesterday. On the other as always I was nervous about that first big step of showing my breasts. I thought that rollerblading around in a bikini down public streets and into a McDonald’s was probably more out of place than being topless on a beach, so I figured what the heck. My heart started beating faster at just the thought of going topless again. These guys were really going to think I was a nudist. I bet they’d expect the bottom to come off next. That would be more than I could handle so I hesitated. That’s when Jim reached down to grab my hand to help me up. I pulled away saying hold on a minute. I’m sure they thought I was waiting till I retied my top but I just laid there.

Everyone was getting a little impatient but I waited a bit longer trying to get my nerve up. I could feel my nipples tightening up already. Eventually I took a deep breath to calm my nerves a bit and rolled over. As I did, as calmly as I could muster, I said, “Hand me the lotion. First I need to do my front.” A little nervousness came across in my voice but I’m pretty sure the guys didn’t notice since their attention was riveted on my bare breasts and erect nipples. I didn’t think about what I just said but I guess it amounted to an announcement to come look at me apply suntan lotion to my bare chest.

Jim and Max both offered their help but between the bulge in their pants and my rising excitement it would have amounted to sex on the beach. I’m not sure I could have handled it in my excited state. I tried to ignore the stares Jim and Max were giving me but each time I crossed a hardened nipple another wave of excitement shot through my body. It took all of my control not to moan with excitement.

Now several of the people that were set up nearby turned to take note. It wasn’t nearly as bad as the day before but still it was hard not to be moved by people staring at you while your nearly naked in a public place.

To take my mind off my building arousal, I tried to get the others to go on without me and that I’d catch up but no one but Kim made any move to leave. Eventually I stood up to finish the job. Standing just seemed to make the extent of my exposed skin more obvious to everyone. A bikini seems to have the visual effect of covering more than it actually does when you have both top and bottom on. Take away the top and you realize just how little is really covered.

I do have to admit though that once I get over my initial nervousness I love going topless. I think the sexiest thing about being topless it that you’re showing something that is normally covered (at least in this country) but at the same time your heighten others need to see what’s left covered. I’ve really always hated wearing bras because of the feel but going topless has always made me a little nervous. I used to run around our dorm and my house in nothing but shorts or knickers but topless in public was a whole other thing. The nice cool wind blowing across especially my breasts and nipples really made for a great sensation and a little nervousness just made it that much more exhilarating.

When we got to the water everyone realized just how cold it was and nobody wanted to go in. Being as excited as I was I started egging them on calling them chicken as I wandered out a bit further. It was really cold but after starting this I wasn’t about to admit it. There weren’t any waves to speak of since we were in the bay. It was smooth as a lake except for a little chop produced by the wind. I dove in and swam underwater for couple of yards before coming up. After I adjusted my constantly slipping bikini bottom, I yelled back that the water was great, and that they were chicken but just as I did a shiver over took my body giving away the fact that it was really cold. The little shiver caused my breasts to wobble a little and only served to attract the guys attention to my breasts even more. My nipples were as hard as a rock now and extended out a good three-quarters of an inch from my breasts. Jim and Max came in briefly but Lisa and Kim stayed on the shore. We kind of played around a bit but without waves it was fairly boring. We swam out into the deeper water where some of the boats were anchored. The exercise helped a lot in keeping us warm. Jim started talking to a couple on one of the anchored boats as we treaded water. Having seem me enter the water the guy was extra friendly. His wife or girl friend was a bit cold though. I’m sure the guy wanted to invite us onboard but I’m equally sure his g/f would have had a cow.

By the time we swam back to the shore Lisa and Kim had already returned to the towel. When we came out of the water we were all shivering. I pulled my bottom back in place as best I could and ran up the beach to the towels. Now walking topless was one thing. My 34c breasts are really firm so they hardly bounce while walking. More like a wobble. Just enough to remind me that they were unrestrained. But running is another story. It never hurts but all the movement was really distracting.

When we got back to the towels Lisa and Kim were already sitting there waiting. Kim looked at my bottom and commented about it not hiding much when it was wet. The suit was really thin and the water just made it cling like a second skin. And without any pubic hair its only value was to provide an opaque covering to meet legal decency requirements. It did nothing to hide the contour of my mound.

The swim was exhilarating but now the wind made me feel cold. I wrapped a towel around me to the disappointment of the guys. I started teasing them saying I was sorry to ruin their show. After a couple of minutes I started to warm up and dropped the towel and laid back on it. That brought the smile back to their faces. Just to add to the light teasing, I stretched my arms back over my head as if yawning. I glanced down at what I looked like and brought my hands back to my side. Lisa caught it all and said “Why don’t you just strip completely while you’re at it”. You see with the cut of my bikini bottom and the flatness of my stomach, when I stretched like that you could see all the way to the top of my pussy. Without any hair to speak of there was no trouble seeing right down to the bottom of my bikini.

It was a nice thrill laying there almost naked but there seems like a big difference between almost naked and naked. The warm sun felt great after the chilly water and the light breeze certainly kept you from getting hot. All in all it was a perfect day for laying out. After a while I rolled over and this time Max did me (my back that is). His hands felt even better than Jim’s. I was in heaven. Max worked his way down my back to my bikini bottom and hesitated slightly before continuing, working carefully around my bikini. He then started on my legs. I would not have been human if I didn’t get aroused by the way Max was massaging me. He continued up my legs and the closer he got to my crotch the more aroused I got. He commented several times about the firmness of my butt and legs. By the time he had finished he could have taken me right there on the beach and I would have been powerless to stop him.

My breath was coming in short breaths as I could feel the wetness growing in my pussy. I almost wanted him to untie my bottom and finish my butt like Bill had tried yesterday. As Max moved over to do Kim’s back Jim yelled, “Ok you got to do the back so that means I get to do the front right.” As a joke I started to roll over onto my back and flashed Jim a big smile as I dropped back onto my stomach. “You’re killing me”, he said. I was so close to letting Jim do it but thought better of it with all the people around. That would have really been sex on the beach because I was already close to an orgasm.

I was just starting to fall asleep when Max suggested a walk. Lisa and Jim jumped up however Kim was starting to fall asleep as I was. Kim started to sit up but I just laid there for a couple more minutes. I know I had gone topless yesterday in front of many more people but I still wasn’t comfortable with the idea. Eventually I rolled over and in one of my bolder moves I enthusiastically jumped to my feet and asked “so which way”. I could have guessed before asking, but acting like it was no big deal was my crazy way of hiding my fears. My inner self was still scared to death, which probably is what makes this whole thing so exciting but by putting on this confident front kind of offsets it a little. I should go into acting I thought to myself. My nipples were already getting hard and I could feel the blood filling my nearly exposed lower lips. I pulled my bikini bottom in place a little better but pulling it up only served to make my excitement more evident. Jim handed me another beer for the walk. Like I needed another.

As I guessed, we started walking right towards were the bulk of the people were. There weren’t that many maybe 25 or 30 spread out along about a mile of beach but it was enough. I knew each and every one of them would be staring at me as I walked by. My breasts although mostly still, moved rhythmically to the beat of our walk. Kim seemed to be studying me or my breasts I should say. Carefully, in a voice of disgust she said, “I can’t believe it. Your boobs bounce less without a bra than mine do with one.” With that the guys and Lisa started paying even more attention to the movement of my breasts. I wouldn’t have thought that possible but it was. The guys started guessing my measurements and the length of my rock hard nipples as we walked. The conversation was getting a little too personal for me and we were approaching the first group of people on the beach. Lisa to add to the embarrassing critique of my body that was going on said, “your 36d 22 36, right?” as we approached the first group of strangers. Now Lisa knows my measurements so I knew she did this only to direct the attention of the folks we passed to my body. It seemed to work effectively as the group of 4 guys and 2 women stared as we passed. I corrected her with my correct 34c 22 34 measurements but her purpose had already be achieved.

My excitement level seemed to maintaining itself at a more manageable level today and with the cool breeze blowing across my bare skin it was the most exquisite walk I can remember. I can’t quite describe the exhilarating feeling but between that and the beer I was feeling quite fine. After we passed that first group I seemed to be over the embarrassment and figured let them look if they wanted to. I had a great body and if they were going to let me go topless I was going to take advantage of the opportunity. After all there aren’t many beaches near me where I could get away with this.

We walked all the way to the far point close to a mile from our stuff and my top. We stopped just long enough to look down the rest of the beach beyond the point before starting back. We walked back the same way we came, my rock hard nipple defiantly leading the group of three women and two guys like beacons past all people relaxing on the beach. It felt just as good with my back to the wind. On the way back Lisa started picking up some nice shells as we walked. I got into it a little further down. We were loading Jim and Max’s pockets since women’s bathing suite don’t afford them the luxury of pockets. Most especially mine which barely provided cloth for that matter.

It was truly a splendid walk. I never felt so free. I was so euphoric that as we approached out towels I started running ahead. Breasts bouncing in rhythm the whole way. When I got close I slowed up a little and attempted to do a cartwheel. Now I pretty athletic but I’m no gymnast so I proceeded to fall right on my side and rolled over onto my stomach. I didn’t get hurt or anything. Lisa was the first to my aid and helped me to my feet. Jim said, “Wow, Can we see that again. You almost made it.” The key word there was almost. I was covered with sand from my right hip around to my stomach and a little on each breast and up to my shoulder. My nipples did actually hurt a bit being in a rather sensitive state when they hit the abrasive sand.

Kim asked if I was ok as Lisa started to brush the sand from my side. Jim got into the act as well brushing the sand from my stomach. He pressed gently as if massaging my abs as he did it. He brushed my nipples a couple of times until I blocked him with my hand. Had it not been for the coarseness of the sand it probably would have been quite erotic. He was doing a very thorough job I have to admit but as I looked down I saw that half of the sand was going down the front of my bikini bottom. I thanked everyone for the help but thought it might be more effective if I just went for a dip.

I thought the others would have joined me but no one did at least not at first. The water was still cold but I was feeling so good I didn’t mind it. I swam out into the deeper water. Jim and Max finally approached the water but didn’t come in. I stood up and brushed the remaining sand off me and before Jim and Max decided to come in, I decided to get the remaining sand out of my bikini bottom by sliding it off. I normally wouldn’t do something so radical but between the beers and everything else I was in rare form. The water was just about up to my breasts so I figured no one could see anything anyway. I turned to face the guys and made sure they knew what I was doing since they were too far away to do anything. I slid it off my ankles and grabbed it in one hand and swung it around over my head to tease them. Mistake!

I saw Jim dive in and start swimming towards me fast. I figured I had better cut this off right there and get back into my suit right away. Not that it provided much in the way of coverage but it was something. Kind of. Well you women know it’s a lot easier to get those tiny nothing but string suits off than it is to get them on especially in the water. I saw Jim racing towards me and tried to step into it but it hung up on the toe of my right foot. I hurried to get it free just as Jim caught me from behind. I almost let go of the suit as he tackled me but managed to hang on to it. But there I was completely naked holding my bikini in my hand as I tried to wiggle free. It wasn’t like he was attacking me but still it wasn’t like there was anything at all between his roaming hands and me. And believe me he took advantage of the opportunity. His hands were all over me. I also felt his knee or hip or something rub past my bare pussy a couple of times. It would have been even more arousing had it not been for the fact that my mind was on getting my bikini back on. When Max got there he saw my suit still in my hand and immediately grabbed it out of my hand.

There I was completely naked with two guys about 100 feet off a public beach. Max started teasing me with my suit tempting me to reach for it. I did a couple of times before I realized they weren’t going to give it back that easily. I decided to go on the offensive and swam after Max. He didn’t realize I was that good of a swimmer since I caught him easily. However all he did was toss it to Jim. I started to walk/swim after Jim as he headed into the shallower water. I stopped realizing that I was dangerously close to showing everyone the only part of me that they hadn’t seen yet. I stopped and looked towards Lisa and Kim for help but they were to busy laughing. By then Jim had made it out of the water and was standing there admiring my little piece of modesty in his hand. I teased them saying. “A naked women over here and you guys run away”. They seemed to realize the foolishness of their action and threw my bikini down and started back towards me. I yelled for Lisa to retrieve my suit but she just left it there and she and Kim proceeded to follow Jim and Max into the water. As they all approached I backed off into the deeper water trying in vain to circle around them so I could get back to the beach and my bikini bottom which was just lying in the sand like a discarded piece of trash.

As they approached I suspected a conspiracy. I backed up into water that was over my head so I stared to tread water. I tried to hide my bare body from the onslaught of hands but Jim and Max were too much. Eventually Max grabbed me around the waist and wrestled me back to the shallows but not before I had him coughing up water.

There we were, five of us bobbing around. Four in fairly normal swim suits and one completely naked. It didn’t bother me though. The feeling of water on my uninterrupted skin was better than the feeling of the air earlier. Besides I didn’t have to bother keeping covered by one of those ridiculously small bikinis.

Lisa was finally starting to get into it like she normally does. I think she had a bit of a hangover even though she denied it. After about five minutes of general horseplay Lisa suggested a chicken fight. She and Max against Jim and me. Kim agreed to be the referee. I was a little less enthusiastic than the other because up until now I had managed to keep my bare bottom mostly hidden under that water. Playing chicken would surely give away my nakedness to everyone at this end of the beach, not to mention the unavoidable bumping of my bare body especially Jim who had been more than liberal with grabbing a feel when ever he could. The guys were elated with smiles from ear to ear. I figured nothing these guys hadn’t seen before.

I had figured I’d just hang on Jim’s back and give him a good feel of my bare breasts against his back but Lisa had already climbed up on Max’s shoulders. This way I’d be completely out of the water and my pussy would be right on the back of Jim’s neck. Jim suggested riding backwards but that was just too obvious. I told him he’d have to do better than that.

It’s bad enough in a bathing suit but climbing on someone’s back when there’s absolutely nothing between your most sensitive and private places and another person is a bit embarrassing. I climbed up on Jim’s back trying to keep my breast and pussy from brushing Jim but it was impossible. I tried to keep my legs together as got on Jim’s shoulders but everyone got a nice view of my slightly parted lips despite my best effort. As I lowered my weight down and the week old stubble of my bush made contact with Jim’s shoulder, he let out a yelp of delight. I said, “Calm down my faithful stallion”. Everyone laughed at that.

I managed to say on as Jim stood up holding onto my legs. My pussy was wedged hard against the back of his neck and my ass was just hanging out in the open for everyone to see. I started to feel really exposed which only served to get me excited again. Well at least there wasn’t anything for Lisa to grab hold of so I should be able to knock Lisa off easily; or so I thought.

Just then as I was getting my balance Max and Lisa charged at us. Jim and I were surprised by their quick attack. We ended up back peddling but not until after Lisa’s body slapped into mine. Lisa was a wild woman grabbing and slapping what ever she could which included my entire exposed upper body. I barely had time to react much less cover up. One motion caught me square across my chest reinforcing how exposed I really was. By the time I reacted she already had a good grip on my upper arm. She pulled me a little sideways and I started to tumble over towards Jim’s left shoulder. I fought to stay on but as I did Lisa grabbed my left leg. She now had my left arm and leg. She pulled and stretched me out pulling me around and off of Jim’s left shoulder. My right leg trailed behind dragging over Jims shoulder. This forced me into a bit of a split which I’m sure gave Jim an unobstructed view up my spread open pussy. I know I must have been opened up pretty good because I felt the cold water rush up my most sensitive insides as I fell into the water.

After we got untangled I came up in fighting mode. I was yelling that they caught us before we were ready. I yelled that Kim should be the one to say go. Before even thinking about it I was back up on top of Jim’s shoulders not caring what he or anyone else saw. I was in fighting mode now and I told Lisa that she was in trouble.

This time Jim and I were the ones that needed to be held back while Kim tried to bring some order to the amateur battle royal. I was fired up and ready. I have a real competitive spirit and since Lisa started with an early surprise attack I wanted to win all the more. As we waited I noticed two boats had moved in a little closer to get a better view. We must have been putting on quite a show for this quiet section of beach.

Kim organized us a little better this time. I guess my 120 pounds must have been a little tough on Jim because he kept trying to get me in a better position on his shoulders. He grabbed my thighs and tried bouncing me into a more comfortable position. I just kept saying steady my stallion, treating him like he was my trusted horse. After the second time I felt the hairs from his neck tickling the inside of my open lips. I had been on an emotional high all day and this just served to boost my adrenaline level even higher.

Lisa and Max were finally ready and Kim started to give us instruction like it was a WWF match. We cut her act short and told here to just give us a count of three. Again she started with her WWF act, saying “wrestlers approach the center of the ring”. Everyone was tired of waiting so when Jim and Max brought us together, we just started without Kim. Again Max and Lisa made the first move but this time I was wound up and ready so we countered faster and went on the offensive. I reached out trying to get an arm around her shoulder in order to pull her down but it was too difficult with her hands flying everywhere. It was a lot like wrestling because it definitely seemed like you needed to wrap your opponent up or at least grab an arm or something. The only problem was unlike wrestling we didn’t have any rules on what you couldn’t do with your hands, so as I tried to reach for Lisa’s arm she just worked inside with her hands like a boxer. It wasn’t very effective at knocking me off but was a bit painful leaving my bare breast and nipples exposed like that.

She got a couple of good licks, one square across my ultra sensitive nipples, which forceed a sharp yell from me. Lisa, realizing how hard my nipples were said, “Wow, I think I hurt my hand on those spikes.” Seeing my reaction, Lisa seemed to form her strategy around attacking bare chest. I was forced to retreat and cover up my sensitive and vulnerable nipples. Not the best situation to have your most sensitive nubs out on the front line taking the brunt of your opponents attack. It was hard for me to maintain an attack without subjecting my chest to Lisa’s brutal onslaught.

The other key to success seemed to be keeping yourself square to your opponent. We made the almost fatal mistake of letting Max and Lisa get to our right side almost behind us. As I used my arms to shield my exposed breasts from attack, Lisa grabbed my right arm below the shoulder and started to pull. She was pulling me over backwards as Jim tried to back up. Jim had a death grip on my legs, squeezing my legs against his head so I couldn’t fall off. I don’t know what is was like for him and I didn’t care since I was being stretched out in an awkward position. My legs were firmly wrapped around the back of his head and held there so I wasn’t going anywhere unless Jim fell but my abs were being put to the test. I do plenty of sit-ups and crunchers so my abs are really tight but this was stressing every muscle down my front from my neck to my groin and along my upper legs. I can only imagine what I must have looked like.

Jim tried to close the gap between us but was having trouble backing up so he tried to twist so he was more facing Max and Lisa. If I thought I was in a compromising position before I was really getting into one now. Lisa had me stretched out backwards almost horizontal to the water and Jim was trying to twist around to face our attackers. My abs were being stretched to their limit. It was like a tug of war and my bare body was the rope. I tried to pull up with all my might, letting out a pretty loud grunt in the process, but couldn’t with all of the strain on my stomach. Jim loosened his grip on my legs as he twisted around. He managed the maneuver without losing me and was now facing my gaping wet pussy. Oh my God what had I gotten myself into. Max and Lisa continued to back up but now Jim was able to move better and didn’t seem in danger of falling. My abs, all the way from the top of my mound to the bottom rib cage, were starting to quiver from the constant stress they were under. I didn’t think I could maintain this position much longer.

I tried to twist to the side to relieve the strain when all at once I felt something touch the inside of my pussy. Oh my God. Oh my God. I was more surprised than excited but the sensation sent a wave through me like a bolt of lightning. I pulled up with all my strength, more out of reaction to Jim’s tounge licking than out of pain. Jim gave me another lick right on my clit. Another incredible bolt of lightning shot through my helplessly stretched out body that was already at its breaking point both emotionally and physically. Between the muscle stain on my body and the sensation it was receiving, I was losing control. I felt the unmistakable signs of an approaching orgasm. No not here. Not now. I couldn’t.

One part of me wanted to jump off and stop this madness and the other part of me wanted him to continue with a passion. I’m not sure if I could have gotten off (of Jim that is) even if I wanted to with the grip he had on my legs. I yelled for him to stop but was powerless to do anything as a wicked moan escaped. I felt my body approaching that point of no return where no matter what the mind wants; the body is on its own. It was slow in coming, so slow that I thought I had a change at starving off my emotional rise. I made one more valiant attempt at getting free before my emotions overcame me but Lisa started slapping my side trying to pull me off Jim’s shoulders. In a confused and disoriented state I tried to grab Lisa. As I reached in from my very awkward position to grab her, I exposed my breasts to her renewed assault. Now my body’s two most sensitive receptors were being overloaded at the same time. Lisa on my throbbing nipples and Jim on my indecently exposed clit. Then one of Lisa’s swings caught my right nipple on its tip at the exact same instant that Jim gave my clit another tantalizing lick. The twin sensations were too much for my already overloaded body. Even as I continued to struggle to get free I had already lost my battle to suppress my body’s natural response. My body had passed that point where my mind had any control over it. Nothing in this world was stopping my body from having its way.

Usually I go off pretty fast but this incredibly strange situation and flood of conflicting senses caused my build up to take an incredibly long time. Kind of like a pot of water slowly being brought to a boil. Sufficient heat had already been applied so now it was only a mater of time. I knew it was inevitable now. I seemed to lose track of my surroundings as my body sent those unmistakable signs of the inevitable to my brain one at a time. My breath had already been racing from the excursion and now was racing for other reasons. A flush was building as my skin temperature started to rise. I slowly felt my toes curl and the long muscles of my legs tighten followed by all my other muscles. I think that was the first time Jim picked up on the fact that I was about to have and orgasm right there. I felt one more incredible lick as this incredible rush of adrenaline flooded my body all at once. I don’t know whether it was Lisa’s assault or my impending climax, but my nipples were literally throbbing as I felt the first contraction hit me. My abs tightened faster and harder than I would have though possible. Somehow my body rose up under the incredible pull of my abdominal muscles as several other contractions swept my body. By then I think everyone realized what was happening to me because all attacks seemed to stop. Somehow I managed my way back to a sitting position and slid first onto Jim’s left shoulder and then back. I had lost track of how many contractions I had had by then. Everything seemed to be operating in slow motion. I was a woman possessed as my orgasm continued. I reached for Lisa’s arm and pulled with all of my might as I let out a loud roar like gasp. Perhaps she was stunned by what was happening because she fell into the water with little resistance. My breath was still racing a mile a minute as I raised my arms in victory like Rocky. I sure however that his victory did not have the uncontrollable burst of sexual energy that mine had just had. Finally after what seemed like minutes my contractions subsided and I slowly settled down. It wasn’t until then that I fully realized what had happened.

Everyone looked on with a stunned expression not believing that I had just climaxed right there while battling Lisa. I wasn’t sure my mind believed it either but my body certainly knew what had happened. When I came back to reality I realized that a couple more boats had moved in for a closer look at the action and all were cheering.

Emotionally and physically exhausted I slid off Jim’s back and into the water. The water felt especially cold against my over heated body. I think I was the first to speak when I simply said “WOW”. Jim just said, “You were incredible. You’re unbelievable. I didn’t think you had the strength.”

“Well you had a lot to do with it”, I said. Lisa congratulated us and looked towards Kim saying, “isn’t there a rule against that sort of team work”? All I said was that I needed to rest. I slowly made my way into the shallower water, being careful not to lose my balance on my unsteady legs. Kim was shivering but I still felt incredibly warm and flushed as I slowly made my way up the beach not caring who was looking.

When I got to the blanket I just collapsed on my back in exhaustion. It didn’t even phase me that I was now completely naked on a public beach. I was too wiped to be concerned right now. Arrest me if you must. Everyone remained pretty quiet until Jim handed everyone another beer. Then the conversation picked back up again with silly discussions about what happens physically to a woman when an orgasm occurs. I was too exhausted participate in the conversation even though it was basically about me.

I was a little concerned about what the others thought of me but I wasn’t in complete control of the situation when Jim started licking me and Lisa started attacking my breasts. I guess I could have avoided the whole situation by not taking my top off and being a little more conservative, but then where would the fun have been.

Eventually I started to come around again and opened my eyes. Jim and Max were both staring at me. That was the first time I realized I had left my bikini bottom down the beach a ways. I looked down my body and noticed that my nipples had settled down to their normal flaccid state probably for the first time today. I could also see that my lower lips had returned to normal and my pussy wasn’t swollen and gaping open as it was earlier. Everything seemed perfectly normal. Three girls and two guys laying out in the sun only one was completely naked. I should have probably covered up now that I was out of the water but I wasn’t exactly sure were my bikini bottom was and I was a little too embarrassed walk around looking for it.

I felt a little embarrassed. It’s not everyday that you have an orgasm in public with your friends looking on. I didn’t know exactly what to say. I felt like I needed to explain something but didn’t know exactly what or how. I had been really close to having an orgasm yesterday and wasn’t embarrassed then but then no body new how close I really was. I sat there quietly listening, collecting my thoughts when I got to thinking that this was probably the most exciting thrilling thing I had ever done. That was the ultimate rush. Not just an exciting felling but a full-blown climax, and the way it had happened. Something about being turned on virtually the whole day and then climaxing while your body is in such conflict and under such physical strain made it even more rewarding. My body certainly knew it had been through something. Now probably 20 minutes later I was still emotionally and physically whipped.

I raised up on my elbows and looked over at everyone. All I managed to say was, “I never knew how much of an adrenaline rush you got from an orgasm.” I honestly told them that I was a little embarrassed but at the same time I thought it was one of the most thrilling experiences I had ever had. I told them, “Something about climaxing when your body is under such physical strain causes an extraordinary orgasm. I thought I was about to collapse when all at once, “Wow”. You could make a mint if you could bottle it or put it in a pill.” Jim said, “Now I know what to do to motivate you. What a team.” Max said, “I couldn’t believe your body had that kind of strength in it”. Lisa said, “yea but she’s just a flash in the pan. I want another round. She’s shot now”. Jim said, “I don’t know about that. I think I could get her going again”. To that I responded, “Pretty cocky aren’t you.”

Kim remained pretty quiet through out until she said. “It was best two out of three and we’re only tied. How about a tie breaker.” I was surprised to hear her encouraging another show. She then said, “We could probably sell tickets.”

“NO way”, I said. “I’m wiped.” Jim handed me another beer but I refused saying, “I would probably fall asleep if I had another”. Lisa reminded me to apply some lotion to my newly exposed patch. Which reminded me that I still didn’t have my bikini bottom. I asked if anyone had retrieved it. Max joked saying he saw some guy picking up and taking it with him. “No way” I said. “Just kidding” was his answer as he got up to look for it.

He retrieved it but refused to give it back. “Not right yet” he said with a big smile on his face as he stuffed it in his bag. “What is this today about my clothes”, I said. “This morning Kim and Lisa hide everything but my bikini and now you guys hide that leaving me naked. What about you guys? Feel free to join me anytime”. With that little outburst I said, “Maybe I will have that beer after all”. Lisa reminded me again to apply lotion before I burned.

I opened the bottle and started applying the lotion to my arms and face, then carefully worked my way down to my breasts and stomach. Everyone watched attentively as I worked my way down the front of my naked body. I skipped my newly exposed patch for now and worked on my legs. I debated on giving them a real show since they seemed so interested, even Lisa and Kim seemed to wait in anticipation. I was beginning to think I really was becoming a nudist because it didn’t do a thing for me to be watched as I rubbed lotion over my private mound. Either that or I was so emotionally and sexually drained that I had none left. I finished and laid back and enjoyed my beer in the sun, naked as the day I was born.

We laid there for a good long while before everyone started to get bored and suggested heading back. Lisa and Max carried some of the stuff down to the boat as Jim emptied our trash into one of the bins. I had no idea who or how they emptied them but there they were on this remote section of beach.

I got up for the first time since my exit from the water. I looked around to see if anyone else had taken my lead and stripped but I was still the only one. Some had even put on shirts since it was starting to cool off a bit. I must have been getting used to being naked because I didn’t even ask for my bikini back until we got down to the boat. I figured nothing could be more exposing that what had happened earlier. When I did all I heard was, “In due time.” I was beginning to wonder where this was going as we pushed off the beach. I needed to pee badly so I swam out a bit and dove in. My nipples hardened to their normal pucker once again and the cold water chased away any remaining signs of being tired. I swam back to the boat and off we went.

I was naked and shivering as we sped off. I told them, “You can’t expect me to just walk up the dock like this do you? I’ll end up in jail on indecent exposure charges.”

“In due time” was the response. Lisa and Kim had put on their shorts and shirts by now leaving me looking even more out of place as we sped across the bay. I found one of the towels that we had been using on the beach and wrapped it around me partially for warmth and partially to cover up if a boat passed to close. As we got closer to the marina we started passing more and more boats. I tried to act casual and natural as I struggled to keep the towel on in the wind. When we finally slowed down for the marina Jim came up from below holding my bikini bottom in his hand. Smiling widely he said, “looking for this?”

I wanted to grab it from his hand and cover my nakedness but he just kept teasing me. I didn’t want to pleasure him by begging but I was running out of time. With that Kim grabbed it out of his hand and handed it to me. Saying, “Stop teasing her”. Thank God. I quickly slid it up my legs under the towel. “Now what about my top?” I yelled. Jim and Lisa in unison said, “you don’t need it here. Immediately my nipples jumped to attention once again. Well I guess there was still some sexual energy left in me.

Lisa said “we want to see if you can make it back to the apartment without it”. Shocked. I said, “You must be kidding. You don’t expect me to roller blade all the way back topless do you? I can’t do that. That’s too much. I can’t” I was actually starting to shake fearing they were actually going to make me do this. Max said. “I’ll tell you what if you girls help me put the boat on the trailer and clean it up, I’ll give you a lift. I think he just wanted more time with us but I didn’t care. I wasn’t about to roller blade through town topless. I didn’t want to do anything more topless but I quickly agreed figuring we could get out of here rather quickly. All through out this little exchange my arousal rose showing in my quickening breathing and nervous voice. I still had the towel on so my nipples were hidden but I knew from the rubbing of the towel that they were reacting to my arousal.

As we approached the dock I contemplated my situation. That excited feeling was back and it felt great despite my nervousness. I was going back to work tomorrow and I didn’t know when I would get back to Long Island so this may be my last chance for a while. It was starting to cool of so the towel actually provided a little warmth if you can believe it. Lisa sensed that I was debating what to do and she knows so well how to get me going. She came over and said. “I dare you to lose the towel”. I turned to look at her and bit my lip. This was one hell of a day and my head was spinning with excitement again. We were approaching the dock when Max asked Jim and I to grab the dock lines and get the bumpers ready. There were two boats at the dock and a couple of people on boats in slips. No one was even in bathing suits much less topless. I figured if I was going to do this it would be better if I arrive topless and didn’t just drop the towel in front of everyone. That would be really obvious. There was one girl in a bikini top and shorts walking down to one of the boats. So that was it. I took a deep breath and shed the towel in one swift pull. I even pushed my chest out a little, possibly because I was still holding my breath, but it gave the impression of confidence as my nipples felt the cool wind for the first time in a while. Goose bumps covered my exposed skin. Jim yelled, “That’s more like it. We can say we caught a mermaid.” Max turned around caught a glimpse of my bare form and almost hit a piling as we entered the launch area. He yelled, “don’t do that to me when I’m trying to dock. I need to concentrate. With a nervous laugh I said “Shall I cover up then?”

“No, No.” was all I heard. Again I tried to stay calm but inside I was beginning to really simmer like before when I had my orgasm. I thought back to that and almost grabbed the towel but Lisa had already picked it up. I guess I was committed now.

I was really getting turned on as I jumped out onto the dock to tie the boat up. As I landed I felt my unsupported 34c’s bounce with the impact. That really reminded me of how exposed I was. It wasn’t like the tiny bikini bottom was hiding anything either. I think my goose bumps were visible through the thin material not to mention my engorged lips. I was thinking it’s a good thing this bikini bottom was dark blue because I could feel my pussy getting moist with excitement. Max jumped out and asked if I wanted to get the car with him. I tried to act cool like it was no big deal, when I said, “na go ahead I’ll just hang out with the girls.” When I finished I realized how appropriate the “hanging out” really was.

It took a lot longer than I expected for anyone to notice me, but once the boat tied up in front of us noticed, all heads seemed to turn at once to look at me. I tried to keep my head up as my dad had taught me (I think he had other situations in mind though) but Lisa started handing stuff up to me. As I did, my un-haltered breasts wobbled a bit telling everyone, even those a distance off, that they were indeed bare. Eventually I told her to hold on until the boats out of the water. She then jumped up onto the dock and joined Kim and I. What a contrast. Kim and Lisa in their shorts and tee shirts an me naked except for a tiny string bikini bottom. The contrast and the attention only served to heighten my excitement level even more. I was already breathing quickly as Lisa and Jim joked around. I tried to join in on their levity but my bodies heightened emotional state was driving my mind’s attention. My areolas had even unusually puffed up which only served to highlight my pronouncedly hard nipples. They stood atop my breasts like twin lighthouses attracting each watchful eye.

Lisa, knowing my arousal was beginning to build upon itself, upped the dare even more saying,” I’ll bet you a hundred bucks you can stay that way until we get back to Kim’s place. I told her, “I’d come this far what’s a few more minutes going to do.” Without thinking what that really entailed.

This was exciting enough but at least I was close to the water where it almost looked acceptable, but riding home nearly naked was more than I thought I could handle. I was about to recant my bet when Max pulled up with the truck. Kim and Lisa walked down the dock to give him a hand backing up before I got a chance. Jim had me pull the boat up a bit on the dock since I had been holding back as far away from the other boats as I could. With the others gone it was just me standing there holding the boat. I tied to ignore all the eyes on me but without any distraction all my mind could focus on was all the attention my bare body was getting from all the stares. My mind, without any thing to distract it, seemed to be focusing all of my emotion right on my already moist pussy like a lens. Thank God for my dark suit. When I thought I was going to boil over again I heard Jim yell to cast off. I was a little lost in my thoughts but managed to shack my head clear enough to jump in the boat without falling. Thank God now I had something even as trivial as tidying up the lines to take my mind’s attention. As we motored over to the trailer I managed to get my emotions under some semblance of control which seemed to stem my bodies race to another orgasm. Once secured to the trailer I was much better. I even laughed when Kim almost fell on the slippery ramp. Jim and I slid over the bow and onto the trailer. I was extra careful not to snag my bikini bottom on any of the bow cleats since it would have been no match.

Back on solid ground only seemed to highlight how out of place I looked. At least on a boat you expect to see a woman in a bikini. In the marina’s parking lot is another story. I managed to keep my excitement to a manageable level which allowed me to enjoy the situation a little more. We filled a bucket with some soap and proceeded to rinse the boat down. This was my chance to go on the offensive since it didn’t really matter how wet I got but the others seemed to want to keep their clothes dry for some reason. I got a hold of the hose and proceeded to spray Lisa as she hid around the other side of the truck. Max suggested I soap down the deck since I was most appropriately undressed for it as he said. So I climbed back on top. I had pretty much forgotten about all the people that were watching the show as I stretched to climb aboard. My breasts rubbed along the rail as I pulled myself up.

When I was done I made the mistake of letting the hose slide over the side because Jim picked it up and started squirting me. He got me soaked well before allowing me to come down. As I slid back down Lisa snuck up behind me. Before I could get completely down she grabbed my bikini bottom and wrung the soapy sponge out on my bare ass. I’m not sure how many people saw as I was more concerned with her tearing it right off me in the parking lot. I tried to grab the sponge from her but she ran off while I tried to recover my suit. A couple of tugs to recover my suit and I grabbed the hose. Lisa was safely inside the truck now so I decided to finish rinsing the boat. When I was done with the boat I decided I had better clean up a little myself and proceeded to give myself a little shower right there in the marina’s parking lot. I slowly ran the water over every inch of my bare body and I even managed to clean all of the soap out of my bikini bottom as I finished up. It was really sexy but also really cold as well.

By then Max and Jim had secured the boat so everyone joined Lisa in the car. They handed me a towel to dry off. I thought I could just wrap it around me for the ride home but Jim pulled it right off me as I bent over to put my shoes on leaving me with just my tiny bikini bottom once again.

I love the Brazilian cut suits but they leave an awful lot of you butt exposed even when they are in place.

I slid in the back seat followed by Kim. Max yelled for me to not get the seat wet and suggested I take my wet suit off but all I said was that there wasn’t enough of it to get anything wet anyway. Jim kept bending back to talk to us girls and stare at me and I know Max had a clear view in his rear view mirror. Lisa said she never would have thought I’d actually make it this far today and that she was impressed by my courage. My arousal had stabilized for now so I was able to enjoy the ride and conversation a bit better. I was still a bit nervous about being seen by passers by but the back windows were a little tinted so it was hard for anyone to see in. We were all laughing and having a good time.

My silliness ended abruptly when Jim asked if anyone was hungry. He said he knew this nice café just off the boardwalk that was right on the way. Lisa jumped on it saying she was starving. Max also said it sounded great. In a stunned response I said “no way! You can’t expect me to go into a restaurant like this.” Jim’s only response was why not. It’s casual. I said, Casual is one thing, naked is not casual.” My heart started pounding in my chest at the thought and my body started responding it in its natural way. I was barely thinking coherently when I started negotiating for something to cover up with. I could feel my excitement level causing me to react out of desperation and not rational thought. Without thinking I had agreed to have dinner in at an outdoor café dressed in nothing more than a skimpy bikini. Everyone said they were just joking around about going but now that you want to go lets give it a try.

As we pulled into the parking lot Kim rummaged through her backpack for my top. I struggled to get it on over my bare breasts as Lisa opened the door to get out. I quickly slid it over my neck and covered my breast as I got out. I held it in place hoping no one was looking as Kim tied the strap around my back. Luckily where we were seated was out of the wind because it was starting to get really cool. It couldn’t have been much over 70 degrees as we sat there. I could tell the waitress was a little uncomfortable since she asked me if I was cold a couple of times. I was starved from all of the exercise and excitement of the day so I pigged out. Kim and Lisa both commented on how I could eat so much and stay so thin. All I said was the excitement keeps my metabolism up and burns more calories. I had no idea what I was talking about but it certainly sounded plausible. We ate our dinner and laughed and checked out the people checking me out.

Eventually I started to get really cold so we finished up and headed back to Kim’s. The ride to Kim’s was uneventful. We dropped the boat off in front of Max’s place and said our good byes. Jim asked for my number. I told him I had a boyfriend which brought a frown of disappointment to him. I tried to cheer him up saying that I had a great time and who knows when things change.

After being topless or naked much of the day I was feeling pretty confident now. My breasts were bobbing around reminding me that they were exposed to the world and the dark blue bikini, although not hiding any of my curves, did at least meet the legal requirements for being decent even if just barely. I still felt a bit aroused as we walked but nothing like earlier. It actually felt pretty neat as we walked back to Kim’s smiling to several of Kim’s neighbors along the way. The temperature had cooled off to probably around 65 by then so a woman wearing a bikini looked a bit out of place; but it felt great and I didn’t mind a few goose bumps because the weekend was almost over and I was getting the most out of this weekend. Tomorrow I’d probably be dressed in slacks and a blouse once again.

When we got to Kim’s we sat and talked for a bit and were all a little sorry to see the day and weekend come to and end. Eventually we started talking about getting going since it was going to be a long trip back through New York. I asked for my stuff back so I could change when Lisa informed me that I didn’t get my clothes back until we got back to my place. I complained that this was enough but at the same time wasn’t that anxious to get dressed. All I said was that it was getting a little cold out for this.

I saw my bag come out with Lisa’s stuff so I at least knew my stuff wasn’t being left. At least if I had to I could always get to my clothes. I offered to help but Lisa was insisting on keeping me from my clothes until we got home. I gave Kim a big hug which only reminded me of how little I had on as her clothes brushed my nearly naked body. We were both talking about getting together later in the summer.

She walked out with us and again I was reminded of how cold it had become. We hugged again and talked a bit before a shiver finally overcame me. With that it was time to retreat to the shelter of my little Honda Prelude. I tugged my bikini bottom up once again before getting in and let out a little yelped as my bare skin made contact with the cool seat. It wasn’t until then that I realized I didn’t have my keys, drivers license, or anything besides the two scraps a cloth I call a bikini. Luckily I had an inside trunk latch because Lisa had already thrown our bags in the trunk. I got out and grabbed my purse and my shorts while I was at it. I was tempted to slide the shorts on when Lisa reminded me not until we get home. I threw them in the back seat so I could get to them in a hurry though. With that we were off. I turned the heat on so I didn’t freeze.

The ride home took forever thanks to the New York traffic but was fairly uneventful. It was about 10:30 when we got home so I asked Lisa if she wanted to stay over and head back in the morning. My housemates were still up and somehow weren’t surprised to see me walk in wearing just my bikini. All they said was “At it again?” I gave them a brief summary of what we did and Lisa’s challenge. With that they understood everything. We hung out and talked for about another hour before going to bed. Lisa settled in on the couch as I got ready for bed. Before settling in I stripped off the bikini and walked back to the living room and tossed my bikini to her saying, “Ha. See I made it.” She rolled over and said, “I figured you would’ but wait to the next time”.

The End

Carrie’s Towel Adventure

**Part 1**

How it got started:

This whole wild weekend got started when my boyfriend Jim cancelled our weekend plans because he had to work. It was a beautiful early fall weekend and I was complaining to my two friends that I share our house with, Karen and Sue, that I was bored. We got talking over breakfast about what we could do and somehow ended up talking about the beach story I posted on the Internet. I mentioned this one email I got from a reader. It was a dare to go out to a public place wearing just a towel and nothing else. I started telling them about how I did something similar in college where I ran from the dorm to the bell tower and back in just a towel. Everyone started laughing and said that I should give it a try again. I said I’d die but Karen and Sue kept going on saying they’d help.

Well, the exact dare was to wear the towel for a whole day and to as many public places as you could manage. I got to thinking about it and called my best friend Lisa to tell her about it and get some encouragement. It did sound exciting and I was so bored.

Lisa and I caught up on things and talked about going back up to her parents new vacation ski house. Lisa’s parents just bought this place in upstate New York and Lisa and I had just been up fixing it up in exchange for a place to stay when we went skiing. Should be interesting spending more time with Lisa come winter . God knows it was wild fixing the place up.

Anyway, I told her about the dare and she went nuts. She said I had to do it. She went on to explain that I would be less exposed than the time I went rollerblading in my bikini. I explained that she was right if it stayed on, but….

I really do get off on the challenge so one side of me wanted to say yes but the practical side of me said, You’ve got to be kidding. We continued back and forth and I was starting to get excited as we talked about it. Eventually I was so excited I agreed. Lisa said she wished she could be there to see it. I said, “I wish you were here to help me through it.” It wasn’t until I hung up that I realized what I had agreed to. I went back and told Karen and Sue and they said, “This should be fun.” Now the reality was starting to set in and the nervousness started to come through in my voice. Karen said, “what’s the matter I thought this is the kind of thing you get off on.” I said, “It’s just that in a towel if it slips you’re totally naked. I’m not sure I’m ready for that possibility.” Sue made some comment about how well the towel would stay on across my 34 C chest. I was surprised at her humble frankness when she mentioned how small she was compared to me. Sue is about 5’ 3” with light brown shoulder length hair. She weighs about 130 and has a modest 34A 25 36 figure. Karen is about the same height, maybe 5” 4” and weighs about 130. She has about a 32B, 26 34 figure. She is lot wilder than Sue but has never gone along with me on any of my dares. When we all started renting this place they both thought I was crazy but recently Karen has started to get into my craziness and actually help me despite not participating. Me. I’m about 5’9”, 34C, 22, 33. I have almost shoulder length blonde hair and weigh about 130. I stay in pretty good shape by working out almost every morning. I used to be on the swim team with Lisa and still have a competitive streak despite no longer playing competitive sports. Now it seems that I get my competitive excitement by challenging myself to pull off more and more daring adventures.

We continued breakfast and Karen and Sue started talking about places I could go and things I could do. Suddenly I lost my appetite as I heard some of their ideas. Karen suggested going shopping at the mall, while Sue came up with going to diner and dancing. As the ideas kept coming the butterflies in my stomach started building until I said. “There is no way I’m doing any of that stuff.” They said, “You can’t just sit around here. That would be nothing. And wouldn’t complete the dare.”

My butterflies kept building thinking about what I had gotten myself into. I guess I could still have backed out but then I’d never hear the end of it. I went into the bathroom a couple of times to see what the towel would look like on me. I pulled a nice white one out of the closet and held it up to my chest and looked in the mirror. I needed to see how bad this was going to be so I pulled my tee shirt and shorts off and wrapped it around me.

I didn’t have any underwear on so there I was in front of the mirror checking out the latest in towel wear. I held one towel up and it came from my boobs to just below my ass. I was covered but just barely. My top was covered but my chest forced the towel out leaving about a 4-inch gap down my side. Anyone one looking could see quite a bit of me through the gap. I looked through the closet for one of our beach towels figuring that would cover me better. I found one and tried it on. It covered me to my toes and was plenty wide enough. It was just then that the phone rang. It was Lisa seeing how I was doing. I made a big fuss about how I was modeling the latest in a new line of designer towels just debuting in the hippest of fashion circles. She was laughing hysterically as she gave me a few more ideas.

After I hung up I got dressed again and tried to relax. Karen came in showing me a towel she had found in the linen closet saying, “You’ll just love it when it comes off the first time.” My jaw dropped when I saw it. I stuttered before saying, “I can’t wear that I’m too tall for it. My ass will be showing.” She said “If that’s too small we have this one.” pulling out another towel. This one was a little bigger but not by much.

I was still looking over the second towel as she started talking about her ideas for me. She said, “we can start out by getting something to eat and drink at that restaurant I liked. Then after we loosened you up a bit we can … and …” She was going a mile a minute before I could slow her down. I said, “I’m not just going to waltz in in a towel. Isn’t that a bit obvious. How about this. We go to the gym and work out, I’ll go in to take a shower and when I come out I find that all of my clothes are gone.” Karen actually liked it, Saying, “Sounds good. That way you won’t be able to back out.” I wasn’t too sure I liked it when she said it that way.

We all left to get into our workout outfits. I took of my shorts and top off and threw them on the floor next to the bed. Karen ducked her head in saying, “Won’t be needing them for a while.” I turned around and gave here a sheepish smile. When she got a look at me she commented on my aroused state. “Excited already huh.

I started to pull out one of my usual pairs of shorts and a sport bra when my aroused mind started to come up with devilish ideas. I reached to the bottom of my draw and pulled out this one outfit that I hadn’t worn but a couple of times. You see it’s super tight and when stretched out it fits like a second skin. I’ve only worn it when I wanted to be extra charged up like now. I held it up and it looked like it was made for a little girl. Not a 23 year old with a 34 inch chest.

I stretched it out and pulled it over my hips not bothering with anything underneath. Wow was it tight. I was looking at the top as Karen reappeared in the doorway. Seeing the top I had chosen she said, “I have to see this. You’re never getting them into that little thing.” I took the top and stretched it as far as I could and pulled it over my head. I got it to my boobs in one pull but that was it. I sucked in my chest and stretched it one more time to pull it down over my breasts. It was a simple light gray sports bra. Just covering my breasts and not much more. It’s a good thing my breasts are pretty firm because they weren’t getting much support except from the tightness. I looked at myself in the mirror. You could make out my nipples through the tight top. Not only did my nipples poke through but the outline of my areolas was visible. My vulva was also clearly outlined as they pressed against my shorts. I was already clearly turned on and we hadn’t even started the dare. There certainly weren’t any secrets about my body hidden by this outfit.

Karen and Sue both had on their stylish stretch pants and sports tops. Sue stopped in her tracks when she saw me. Sue said, “nice top” while Karen said, “I wish I could look that good in something like that”. I looked in the hall mirror one last time and couldn’t believe how hot I looked. I hadn’t worn this outfit in a while and had forgotten how much showed. I guess the gym is a bit like the beach in that you tend to wear less than you would elsewhere.

We arrived at the gym just in time for aerobics. Karen was a member despite hardly ever coming so she walked right in leaving me to sign Sue in. There were three people behind the desk that I didn’t know since I usually come in the morning. Two guys and a girl. Both guys snapped to attention when they saw me. I showed my ID and signed Sue in when I noticed the girl checking me out even more than the guys. She said, directed straight at me, that her name was Terry and to ask for her if I need anything, absolutely anything. Boy was she being obvious or what. I thought I’d have to watch out for her more than the guys. We just put our stuff in the locker room when the real reason we were here hit me. This was just the first set up for the real adventure. Despite how revealing this outfit was I wouldn’t even have it when I walked out of here. That kind of put things in perspective and sent a wave of fear through my body. Wow. Was I really going to walk out of here today in nothing but a towel. I could feel my nipples pressing even harder at my tight top at just the thought.

Karen yelled back if I was coming or hiding in the locker room the whole time. Luckily there wasn’t anyone that I knew from the morning on the floor. The class was fast so I knew Sue would fade quickly and I didn’t think Karen would last long.

The instructor started us off slowly and then really got into it. I love aerobics because it combines dancing with exercise. I can really loose myself when a good tune comes along. Sue is a really good dancer but as expected faded fast and left for the machines. Karen was doing pretty well and was getting into it like I was. I was really into it since I was so wound up. After a bit Karen smiled and pointed back towards me. I had worked up quite a sweat and was really starting to show through my top now. In addition to my nipples, the dark of my areolas were clearly visible along with the outline of my breasts. I should have run back to the locker room right then but I was too into it to stop despite the show I was putting on. The combination of the exposure and the exercise was combining to really turn me on now. I could feel my mound pressing against my skin tight shorts as I moved.

Karen was starting to show signs of fading but I felt great despite the fact that the more I perspired the more I showed. Finally the instructor slowed things down for our cool down. By then my top was completely soaked with my breasts showing through quite clearly. When we finally stopped Karen asked if we were done yet. “Done? What’s the matter? Are you tired? I’m just getting warmed up.” Karen responded by saying, “It looks like your pretty warmed up from what I can see. And that’s quite a bit.” Sue was talking to some guys by the bikes. As we approached everyone stopped and checked me out. By then I was so turned on I didn’t care. I was felling good when Sue asked if I was ready to get started. We walked over to the water fountain to discuss the rest of the plan. Karen’s plan was for her and Sue to go to the locker room shower and change. I was to wait 20 minutes before coming in. I would then take off my clothes and go to the shower leaving all of my stuff on the bench. Then they would gather up all my clothes and leave, waiting for me in the car. Karen suggested that I not acknowledge them in the locker room so we wouldn’t raise suspicion that the thing was a set up. My arousal started to rise again as I thought about what was going to happen. My nipples, which by now were clearly visible through my top, started to started to throb with excitement making them even more pronounced. My libia was engorged beyond belief, pressed hard against the front of my shorts giving me the most wonder full sensation.Before leaving me, Karen and Sue asked me if I was sure I still wanted to go through with this. I only managed a tiny nod of acknowledgement as I knew my fate was sealed with my response. With that they turned and left me to contemplate my decision. My breath was coming quicker as I stood there. I had 20 minutes to think about it. I took a quick drink and slowly walked back to the equipment. I sat on the cruncher machine thinking about my situation before starting my cycle. It helped a little and I was starting to calm down as I noticed several young guys staring in my direction. I moved over to some less conspicuous machines but one of them followed and wanted to start a conversation. I know he was trying to pick me up but my mind was swimming in my own thoughts. After a couple of minutes I think he gave up on getting my number but continued to take in the view my wet workout suit was providing. I did part of my regular work out but couldn’t get over the fact that I was about to walk out of there completely naked with only a towel to cover me. If this guy thought he had a site now, he should stick around for a bit. I looked up at the clock and I think 20 minutes had passed although I wasn’t sure. I did one more set and walked over to the water fountain again. I just stood there thinking about this dare. In one way a towel was much larger than any of my bikinis and probably bigger than this workout outfit. But a towel just wasn’t made to be worn as clothes. If it stayed on it may not be that bad but if it didn’t… I took a deep breath to calm my nerves and hurried to the locker room before I changed my mind. As I walked over Terry from the front desk walked in with me asking if I had a good work out. She glanced down at my chest giving an approving smile at the site of my clearly visible breasts. I looked around for Karen and Sue as I walked in but didn’t see them. I figured they must be down one of the other rows. I sat down thinking that this was my last chance to bail. With my hand shaking I unlocked my locker and took my bag out. I then pulled the towel out of my bag staring at it for a second. I was still staring at the towel when Terry came up from behind me and startled me. She tried to start up a conversation just as I got ready to take my top off. Her timing gave her intent away. I hesitated hoping she would leave me alone. Had she only known what I was up to. A moment later she started talking to the women behind me. I was sure she was just stalling waiting for me to strip. I then saw Karen causally walk by give me a one of those what’s taking you so long looks. Time had come. I slowly kicked off my sneakers taking the first little step towards nudity. Again, I took a deep breath and forced my fingers under the bottom of my tight top. I almost expected Terry to ask if I needed any help. I heard her conversation with the women behind me stutter a bit as I pulled the skin-tight top over my breasts. I could feel them literally pop free as the top brushed my elongated nipples. As it did I couldn’t help but let out little sigh of excitement and the sensation sent a bolt of lightning through my nervous system. The conversation behind me literally stopped mid sentence. I slowly examined the red marks that the tight top had left trying to rub them out with my hands.

I carefully placed my top in my bag as I took some long deep breaths trying to calm my self down a bit. Terry came back and started talking to me again as she openly stared at my breasts. I was feeling more nervous undressing in front of her than in front of most guys. I was starting to think that she might take my clothes if Karen didn’t. I was so horny and knew that I needed to get on with this before I went nuts. I stood up barefoot and topless and looked right into Terry’s eyes and proceed to introduce myself. I tried to calm my voice as best I could but the nervous came through anyway. I tried to maintain eye contact, kind of challenging her to defy her desire to look at my chest. I then pushed my thumbs into the waist band of my shorts and pulled them down while trying to continue the conversation. I caught a couple of glances and then an obvious sigh from Terry as I struggled to get my skin tight lycra shorts over my hips.

Enough of this, I was losing it quickly myself. I quickly put my shorts in my bag and grabbed my towel saying good-bye to Terry figuring she wasn’t going to follow me into the shower. I took one last look at my bag as I left. The tiles felt cold against my bare feet. I’ve always been a little self-conscious of my feet since at 9 and a half they were pretty large.

As I entered the shower stall I hung my only remaining piece of clothing over the hook. I turned the water on and looked down at my seriously overloaded body as I waited for the water to warm up. I couldn’t believe what I looked like. I still had a faint sheen of perspiration covering my entire body and every muscle was pumped from my work out. My nipples were as hard as a rock and at least ½ of an inch long and mound was puffed out exposing my pink inner lips. My clit was clearly visible sticking out from under its protective hood. What a site I must have presented to this woman that probably would have jumped me quicker than my boyfriend Jim would.

I tried to relax under the soothing water but it was impossible. The more I tried to calm myself the more excited I became. I hardly ever masturbate but I needed to release some of this sexual tension if I was going to make it through this. I was thankful that the water was drowning out most of my excitement because I know I let out an auditable Oh God as I climaxed right there in the shower.

After my orgasm subsided a bit I began to feel a little better but still all I could think of was that all I had to cover myself when I walked out of this shower was a simple white towel. For a moment I started to have an anxiety attack and began to panic at what was about to happen. I quickly shut off the water, grabbed my towel and ran to the door to the locker room area but it was already too late. My bag was gone. I turned back into the shower area when I realized that this wasn’t the same towel I had when I went in. Oh My God, while I was in the throngs of passion Karen or Sue had snuck in and switched towels. This towel barely came down to my ass and left a wide gap exposing my entire side. They had tricked me. I ducked back in the shower to try to regain my composure as my arousal grew once again.

I finished washing my hair and tried to think thought through the rest of my plan. I rehearsed my act trying to concentrate on the plan through my still clouded mind. I had to act shocked and mad if I was wasn’t going to arouse suspicion.

I didn’t see Terry when I walked over the first time so I figured she went back to the front desk. I figured she would be the one I’d have to report this to. That would be interesting. I wasn’t sure if her obvious interest in me might mess up my plan. I wrapped the towel around my breasts. Oh My God! The towel was so small that there was just barely enough material to reach from my boobs to my ass. I tried to knot the top just to the side of my right breast but there was only enough material to make a small tuck. It wasn’t going to stay on long unless I held it. Worse yet. My breasts pushed the towel out from my mid section so far that the towel just seemed to hang down from my boobs not contacting the front of my body till it brushed the front of my hips and pussy. Each brush sent a rush of sensation direct to my core which was heating up once again. With my breasts pushing the towel way from my body about a 4 inch gap was left over my right hip. I turned around in front of the mirror to make sure my ass was covered. The bottom of my cheeks were just peaking out from under the towel. I tried pulling the back down a bit but was afraid that if I pulled too hard the top would pop off my boobs. A couple more careful adjustments and that was all I was going to be able to cover with the small amount of material available.

I tried to concentrate on my plan as I walked all the time trying to keep the towel in place. I was still in the locker room. What was I going to do when I had to walk to the to the front desk? I started to take a deep breath to calm my nerves but was afraid the towel would explode off my body so I just tried to concentrate on my first line as I opened the door separating the showers from the lockers. Luckily there was only one woman in the row where my locker was and she looked like she had just come in. I went to my locker and let out a fake cry, “Where is all my stuff?” The other woman immediately turned to see what the problem was. In my best academy award wining acting voice I explained what had happened. My version anyway. She sympathized with me but my plan was to just act mad and not accept any help. I passed back and forth a couple of times holding the towel and acting like I was looking around for my bag.

Two other women came over to see what my problem was. Each said they had just come in. I frantically walked around the locker room acting like I was looking for my stuff but actually trying to get up enough nerve to walk out the locker room door. After two more nervous passes I said to my self, here goes nothing and push the door open. The cool air came up through the gap in the towel reminding me of how exposed I was. Even in the coolness of the air conditioning I could felt beads of perspiration forming all over my body. A light sheen of sweat covered me making me look like I needed another shower.

I walked quickly over to the front desk, which was all the way in the front of the club opposite where the lockers were, desperately holding my towel in place. I heard a couple of gasps as I passed the bikes and treadmills. I didn’t think through my plan completely because the path from the locker room to the front desk placed the entire club on my right side which was the same side the that the gap in my towel was on. It was plainly obvious to everyone in the club that I didn’t have a stitch on under the towel and I suppose if you were in the right spot you had an even better view since the towel waved as I walked. The towel appeared as a mere decoration over my otherwise bare body. My bare feet squeaked as I walked across the tile floor which only attracted more attention. I fought the temptation to run back to the locker room as each step caused the bottom of the towel to rub against my now throbbing pussy. Immediately the two guys at the font desk and Terry turned to see what the commotion was about. As I approached I felt the tuck that was holding the top of my towel give way. Now I knew that the only thing holding it on was my trembling hand. I was already incredibly turned on but this just moved me to the next level. Trying to come up with a coherent though while clenching the towel and holding back an impending orgasm was almost impossible I desperately tried to explain what had happened as the three of them looked on. I managed to keep my wits just enough to stick with the plan. My excitement was coming through as I fidgeted around uncontrollably. As I did, I noticed all three of them glance at my hand holding the towel. I was acting like I wasn’t paying any attention to it as I explained what had happened when in reality I knew that one slip and it would be on the floor. As I did I noticed the bulge forming in the guys pants.

The original plan was to accidentally drop the towel but I chickened fearing a sure orgasm had I carried through with it. Terry said she could give me some stuff from the Lost and Found. I was starting to get rattled by the unforeseen possibilities. I knew I had to cut this short if I was going to continue. I simply said, “C\_ Can I uh J \_ Just Call my R\_ roommate to P\_ pick me uh up.” Terry offered to take me home which rattled me even further. I told her I lived close by and my roommate was home. Of course I didn’t come out that well as I struggled with each word.

Acting like I was listing to Terry, I retied the towel right there in front of the whole club. That provided a real show probably better than had I let it drop. I tried to act natural at least as natural as a naked women retying her towel in public could. I was losing it fast though and knew I had to get out of there.

My breath was racing and I could feel the perspiration dripping down between my breasts. Not thinking any longer I just reacted and I ran for the front door just wanting to get out of there. I don’t know what everyone thought and I didn’t care at that point. I just had to get out of there.

I frantically looked for Sue’s white Toyota, expecting them to be there waiting but they were nowhere to be seen. “Shit, Shit, Shit” was all that I was able to muster. They couldn’t have been that mean to have left me there with nothing. I panicked and ran to the back parking lot. I rounded the corner of the building and almost lost it. I almost fell as my legs got weak. I leaned back against a building trying to gather my composure and hold back my emotions. Still no sign of them anywhere. I was frantic and beginning to panic when I saw Sue’s car slowly pull into the lot breathing a sigh of relief as they pulled up. Karen opened the window and said, “Nice day for a walk isn’t it?” I jumped in yelling, “Where the hell did you guys get to!” Karen said they thought that I may have changed my mind and went to get a cup of coffee while they waited. I yelled back clutching the towel. “How could I change my mind. You had all of my clothes.” Sue said, “So how long have you been waiting?” I yelled back asking what she did with the other towel? You can’t expect me to wear this one. “You just did didn’t you.” was Karen’s response. I need the towel to sit on at least otherwise Sue’s going to have a mess to clean up back here. “Gross” was Karen’s response. Sue just yelled at her to give me the towel.

She reluctantly pulled the towel out and handed it to me. There in the back of Sue’s car I swapped one towel for another sitting on the first. All at once I wished we were in and SUV instead of a Toyota. Surviving the Gym, I was like a kid who had had too much sugar. I was still so wound up I don’t know if I was making any sense as I told them how exciting it was and how close I was to coming when I thought they had left me there. Sue shook her head in disbelief saying I was crazy. Karen just laughed and asked if I had dropped the towel. I told her that with the towel she had left me I didn’t have to. Not much of me was covered anyway. I told them I was hanging on the edge the whole time and then when they weren’t there, I almost lost it. I couldn’t believe what had just happened.

As we drove home I started to calm down a bit but riding in the back seat of a car wearing just a towel kept my emotions going the whole way. I tied to crouch down to keep out of site as best I could. I wasn’t to worried because from the outside it probably just looked like I was wearing a sleeveless top or something.

**Towel Dare Part II**

The following is the second part of my wild towel adventure story. It was the result of a dare I did one weekend when I got a little board. Please try to read the first part to get the full picture.

Surviving the Gym we headed home. Somewhere along the way Karen said she was hungry and I was afraid she was going to suggest stopping for something to eat along the way. I almost jumped out of my seat saying there was no way I was going into a restaurant dressed like this. She then suggested a cook out. Sue said she had some ground meat for burgers at home but didn’t think she had any rolls or soda. Karen suggested stopping at the Quick Check saying she needed some other things as well. I figured one of them would run in but when we pulled up Sue suggested we all go in. I said no way but at the same time felt the excitement fill my nipples once again as they pressed hard against the towel. I must have been getting braver because I didn’t fight them that much this time.

I looked around to see if anyone was looking and opened the door. Naturally the slit in the towel was facing the door so I carefully held it together as I slid out of the door. Ever so carefully I slid my legs out the door like a women with an extremely short mini skirt. I stood up and tightened the towel as tight as I could and looked at my reflection in the window. My bare feet felt funny against the rough pavement. This towel provided considerably more coverage than the other. It reached from my boobs to about 4 inches below my butt with hardly any gap unless I bent over. My heart was beating like a drum though as I tentatively looked around to see if anyone was staring. Again I took a deep breath and followed the others into the store. I thought they would give me a hard time for not having shoes on but everyone at the counter was to busy looking elsewhere. If I was lucky perhaps people would think we were on our way back from the beach and I simply had a towel over my bathing suit. I didn’t consider the extreme difference between what I was wearing and my fully dressed friends in coming to that conclusion however.

I tried not to fidget but it was impossible not to. I had to fight the thought that the towel was slipping and tighten the knot. I figured that if I didn’t move anymore than necessary perhaps the towel would stay in place until I got back to the car. Karen whispered in my ear to calm down and leave the knot alone and dared me not to touch it I got back in the car.

The whole idea of walking around a food store in nothing more than a towel was extremely arousing but nothing like back at the Gym where I was on the verge of an orgasm. We got all our stuff and headed back to the car. A couple more people had noticed me by now and were looking our way now. Karen said, “Why don’t you give them a flash.” As aroused as I was I didn’t need any more excitement but the idea was fun. I told her if the knot slips they’ll get their flash and more.

I knew the people looking must have been wondering if I had anything on under the towel so as we walked out I looked around to see who was looking. I waited till Sue had unlocked the door. I knew the knot was on the verge of letting go so all it took was a sharp inhale for it to pop. With the pressure off the knot, it came undone immediately. I acted surprised and grabbed it with my free hand as it hit the ground and got in the car. By then everyone was certain there was no bathing suit involved and that I had just walked through the store in nothing but the towel.

Again we were as giddy as school kids as we headed home. At home Sue and Karen got things ready while I got the grill out. Our yard is pretty well hidden from view for the most part but certainly not completely. There are a lot of bushes on one side and woods behind. The other side has some bushes but isn’t exactly as private as it should be especially when your walking around naked. Luckily the people on that side are a younger couple and have an open mind about my antics. We all helped ourselves to a beer and chips as we laughed about my adventure. Somewhere along the way Sue invited two of her friends Linda and Nicole over. I was surprised when they arrived since I wasn’t expecting it and was not looking forward to explaining why I was walking around wearing only a towel.

Karen and Sue cooked in exchange for me cleaning up. After being left alone with Linda and Nicole and explaining my dare I think I would have rather been cooking. Linda having a pretty nice body and thought the whole idea of getting that aroused was neat but Nicole seemed to turn up her nose at it. Linda kept asking what it was like and how I felt. She was genuinely interested and kept asking me more and more detailed questions. Karen told her about a couple of my other dares which I had to explain over dinner.

Karen started telling everyone about my vacation where the airlines had lost my bags and how that’s what got me started in all this. I was getting embarrassed that I actually did all these things but at the same time recounting them was getting me turned on as I answered all the questions. I explained that the constant light arousal was a great feeling and that after I get over my initial nervousness I have a great time. I told them that I always liked challenges and that this fills that need now that I don’t swim competitively anymore. We had some wine with dinner and after a bit Karen and Sue started talking about seeing how daring I really was. I’ve grown to expect this from my friend Lisa but now Karen and even Sue were getting into it. To make a long story short they bet me my share of this month’s rent that I couldn’t make it to Monday morning without putting anything else on. Since I had made it this far I figured it wouldn’t be that bad and besides with money on the line I agreed without really asking any details.

Nicole reconfirmed her displeasure with me saying the whole idea was stupid. I probably should have listen to her concerns but I was quickly developing a dislike for her.

Sue and Karen reminded me that I was in charge of cleaning up. I started clearing the table and carrying the dishes into the kitchen. Nicole made some other snide comment that got me thinking she was a real snotty bitch. I wanted to say something but held back as I came up with something that would probably get her even madder and hopefully get her to leave. I made a comment about the towel being a real pain and took it off throwing it on the back of one of the chairs. There was a slight sigh out of Linda as she admired my body making a comment about my almost perfect tan. Nicole on the other hand got up in a huff and went into the next room.

In the other room everyone was talking about going out to this club Karen and I had mentioned. That’s when it hit me that they weren’t going to let me just hang around the house until Monday morning. My arousal was continuing to rise as the conversation seemed to change to a critique of my naked body. It started by noticing my near absence of tan lines. My entire upper body was completely tan without a line anywhere. My only faint spot was a small spot around my bush and one in the center of my butt. Quite a challenge living where I do. Nicole made some disparaging comment that confirmed my feelings towards her. Linda surprised me when she said, “If I had a body like that I’d be showing it off every chance I got.” which came as a bit of a surprise since she looked pretty good herself.

Becoming a bit self-conscious I wrapped the towel around myself and grabbed another glass of wine. Somewhere around there I heard Sue talking about this other dare I told her I wanted to do sometime. I couldn’t believe my ears when she started telling everyone that I always wanted to try this tear away dress dare but never had the nerve to go through with it. Karen said, “This is the perfect opportunity” and ran to the bathroom. She came back with this black towel with gold trim around the edges. She said it looks a lot like a tube dress and that it could be rigged to come off if someone yanked on it. My heart was beating like a drum as the conversation continued.

Again I said no way as my nipples stiffened up at the thought. Karen insisted I try it on to see how it fit. It was more of a bath towel so it reached from my boobs down to my knees with no gap at the side at all. I said it covers pretty well but it not going to stay on. Karen yelled, “That’s the idea silly.” I said, “ It would be nice if it stayed on long enough to get in though.” After hemming and hawing about how it wouldn’t work I noticed Karen had changed without me noticing. She had on a mini skirt with a nice matching top. Nicole was disgusted that we were even talking about it much less planning the details of actually going though with it.

I told them that this was too much and that I couldn’t do it. Karen went on to tell me how exciting it would be. I told her that that was the problem. I had an almost had an orgasm when I thought they had left me at the Gym. I told her I didn’t think I could handle being stripped in a place full of people. She went on to explain how it could be made to look like a total accident. “No one would know that you were getting off on it.”

I think I had already had too much wine since I was actually considering it. What was I thinking?

We went through a dress rehearsal of the plan as Sue changed. Linda and Nicole left saying they would meet us there. We tried it out a couple of times with Karen acting like she tripped grabbing my dress/towel to break her fall. If I had it too tight it didn’t work. If I had it loose enough for her to tear it off, it felt like it wouldn’t stay on while I walked. Karen suggested a couple of pieces a thread strategically placed in order to hold it together while I walked but let it tear away when she pulled.

Eventually after a lot of convincing and another glass of wine I got up enough nerve to go along with it.

**Towel Dare Part III**

The following is the third part of my wild towel adventure story. This part of the story is were I got convinced to try an additional dare that I had previously mention I wanted to try. Mix a little wine with some encouraging friends and before I knew it we were planning the details of my most public exposure ever. I was so nervous going into it that I almost got sick and chickened out.

The end as you will see was unbelievable.

Please try to read the first part to get the full picture.

Before we left for the night club. Karen brought me a pair a high heals that match the dress/towel to complete my outfit. Great. If everything came off as planned I’d be left standing in the middle of the dance floor with my naked 5’ 9 body poised on top of 3-inch high heels. We got to the club early before it got busy and luckily it was pretty dark inside. I thought for sure someone would notice my strange dress and throw me out before I got in but as Karen pointed out that as dresses go mine covered more of me than her outfit. Again I reminded her that her outfit was designed to stay on a little better and that she had something on under it.

As I walked I was constantly reminded of how fragile my outfit was. The towel/dress felt like it would fall at any moment. The single stitch of light thread through the knot was the only thing keeping it from coming undone. The other stitch was placed down by my hip to keep the sides from opening up. I felt that if I took too big of a step I’d break that one so I walked very carefully.

I thought my heart was going to leap out of my chest and my breath was coming very fast as I walked through the club to a booth in a dark back corner. I prayed the whole time that that the threads held. I was a nervous wreck as we ordered our drinks. I could feel my wetness beginning to drip down my thigh.

We sat there while Sue and Karen planned the whole thing. I was so nervous I was making myself sick. I started to say I couldn’t do it but everyone kept encouraging me along telling me how exciting it would be. I didn’t need anymore excitement at that point for fear I’d cum right there at the table.

Everyone kept going over the plan which was for Sue and I to go to the dance floor first followed by Karen and Linda if she showed up. While I was dancing with Sue, Karen would slip and fall grabbing my dress/towel on the way down. I was to scream in shock and run to the ladies room completely bare to everyone. Karen suggested that I just keep dancing, reminding me that the girls on [www.nude-in-piblic.com](http://www.nude-in-piblic.com) had gotten away with it.

Sue suggested doing it right away but I was literally shaking as we talked about it. I said I couldn’t do it but they kept insisting. I told then that they weren’t the ones that were going to end up stripped naked. I was.

I looked around the place and saw that it was stating to fill up as I struggled to get up enough courage. Finally Linda came in by herself. Sue reminded me that this was my idea and that she thought I liked it. I was so turned on I wasn’t thinking straight when I said ok lets just get it over with. I got up with Sue who led me towards the dance floor. Usually you can’t keep me off the dance floor but this was different. I was shaking and my legs felt weak as I stopped short of the dance floor trying to calm myself down before proceeding. Sue is a great dancer and immediately went wild but came back to drag me out. Eventually I reluctantly followed. I was way too up tight to even notice the music. I was just happy that the towel was staying in place as I swayed to the music not wanting to move too much. I couldn’t believe that I was in the middle of the dance floor with nothing but a towel covering my shaking bare body. I don’t think I’ve ever been so excited in my life. I could feel my juices starting to run down the inside of my leg.

I could feel the towel slipping down my breasts a little as I moved which made me want to hike it back up but I was afraid any tugging would break the single thread holding the knot. If the knot came free I didn’t know if the thread alone was strong enough to hold the towel up. I thought that I might end up stripped before Karen had her chance.

My overloaded body was beginning to perspire despite a fairly cool room. I kept glancing around to see how much attention I was drawing as I noticed Karen and Linda get up.

My heart went wild and my breathing was rushed. I felt all tingly and almost panicked as I felt another surge of excitement overcome me. I thought I was going to lose it right there. I instinctively pulled the towel up anticipating what was going to happen. Luckily the stitch held and the knot stayed in place. They danced by and then moved to the other side of the dance floor as a new song started. Another couple of surges of excitement passed through my overheated body as if anticipating what never occurred. My emotions were out of control; I felt paralyzed. I should have run off but I just seemed to await my fate. A fate that would have me stripped naked in front of all these people. I would have almost preferred it happen right then since the suspense was almost enough to put me over the edge. I was right on the brink and knew I wouldn’t last much longer without boiling over. On the other side of the dance floor I saw Karen stumble faking a slip as she smiled back my way. This little ploy distracted me enough that I never noticed Sue. They had tricked me into thinking that it was Karen who was going to fall and grab my towel so I never saw Sue slip just to my right. As she did her left hand caught the open side of my towel and off it came in a flash. It happened so fast I didn’t realize what was happening until it was done. There I was in stunned shock in the middle of the dance floor in nothing but my high heels. There was collective gasp as everyone turned to look. It seemed like the music stopped as everyone looked on to see what had happened. That was it. I seemed frozen in time as every muscle in my body tightened and I let out a scream partially of fright and partially of ecstasy. The most intense orgasm of my life swept my body as everyone looked on almost causing me to fall. OMG! For what seemed like minute but was probalby one a couple of seconds I stood there paralyzed. I was no longer thinking. As a mass of convulsions swept over me I started to run not even certain were I was running.

I almost fell as my shaky legs just barely functioned. My bouncing breasts and gaping pussy where on display to everyone in front of me and my bobbing ass on display to everyone behind. I fended off hands trying to grab at my bare body as I ran.

With my mind in my fog of ecstasy and terror, rational though was impossible. I ran right past the ladies room finding myself at the front door. By the time I realized where I was there was no getting back to the ladies room without passing though the sea of roaming hands. I just ran out the door to towards the car. It had really cooled down by then and I felt the cold right away over my now sweaty body. Thankfully Karen and the others soon appeared but no one had my towel. Everyone was laughing their heads off as I yelled for them to hurry. I think I was still having some remaining contractions as I jumped in the back of the car.

I was still so excited I could hardly catch my breath. Karen said, “Now that was a dance to remember”. All I could manage was a gasping. “Oh my God. Oh My God. I can’t believe I just did that.” Karen said, “Was that an orgasm or what?” I gave her an shaky nod as I struggled to catch my breath. I yelled, “you guys tricked me. I thought you (meaning Karen) were the one. I was already right on the edge the whole time and when Sue surprised me I cam right there. Oh My God, I can’t believe I was naked and had an orgasm in front of all those people. Oh My God”. I was so excited I could hardly think. I still hadn’t realized that I was still naked as Sue said, “Want to try another club.” “No Way! Get me home” was my only reaction.

We continued to laugh and giggle like school girls as we pulled into the driveway. As soon as the car stopped I opened the car door and ran to the house not caring if any of the neighbors saw me. Inside we continued our drunken laughter with Karen bringing out beers for everyone. I had already had too much but eagerly took another. I should have put something on but after being naked in front of all those people being naked in front of Sue and Karen was no big deal anymore. I was so high I wasn’t thinking.

How I wished Jim was there right then. He’d probably be upset with my antics but would I have shown him a good time tonight. I was still so turned on my pussy and nipples were aching having been that way most of the day.

Eventually Sue and Karen wound down and started to get ready for bed. Despite being physically and emotionally exhausted I was still pretty wound up. Karen suggested a cold shower but I simply walked out the back door. The cold air seemed to do the trick and soon the exhaustion of the day caught up with me and I headed in to my room. I relieved the last of my sexual tension with my third orgasm of the day and passed out for the rest of the night.

**Luck of the Draw**

Ok, First a little background. I had received this absolutely impossible dare from this woman. I emailed back that I couldn’t possible do it so she tamed it down a bit. It was still a bit to much but finally she gave me one that I agreed to try. It basically had me going out to diner with Karen and Sue in my little black dress. It included me wearing red knickers and bra. Ok so you think it was boring. Oh but no. We brought along a deck of cards. The date I agreed to had me draw a card every 10 minutes. If I pulled a numbered cards no problem. If I drew a face card it got interesting. If I drew a jack I had to spread my legs till I drew the next card 10 minutes later. A queen had me lifting my skirt to my waist and leaving it that way till I drew the next card. The king was even worse. Karen had brought her vibrator and I had to put it in, on high, till I drew the next card. The aces were really interesting. Each ace represented a different article of cloths. If I drew the ace of spades I had to take off the dress. I was mentally prepared for every one but that one. I couldn’t image just sitting there at the table in just my bar and knickers. I was really nervous on the way to the restaurant even though I knew the odds were way in my favor with 9 out of 14 cards being perfectly safe. Karen and Sue were paying with the deck as we sat there threatening to stack the deck. Sue shuffled real well and then I cut the deck. My first card was and 8 and the second was a 4 so I didn’t have to do anything. I was starting to relax a bit and we ordered. 10 minutes later I drew my third cards and it was a king. Oh God. Karen pulled the vibe out of her purse and slipped it over to me trying not to let anyone see it. Here she was nervous about being seen with it and she wanted me to wear it in public. She wanted me to slip it in right there at the table but it wasn’t that simple. I told them I’d go to the ladies room and put it in there. They reminded me that it had to be set on high. I started to say something but Sue just said get going, your on the clock. I was a little removed from what I was about to do until then. You could see my nipples harden even through my dress and bra. Luckily when I got to the ladies room it was empty. I wasn’t taking any changes and ducked into the first staw for this. I pulled down my knickers and turned it on and quickly turned it off again. I shuddered at the thought. Only once before had I tired Karen’s vibe and only for a minute on high. It was unbelievable. Ten minutes and I’d be orgasming all over the place. Heres were I cheated a bit and it cost me later but that’s a different dare.

I turned it on and set it at about ¾ , or about medium high. I was already wet so it slipped in pretty easily. Oh My God, I didn’t even have it in and I was feeling its effect. I finished pushing it in place and pulling my knickers up when I felt this flush of warmth engulfed my whole body. All at once I felt warm all over. I was thankful I only set in on medium high because you could hear a light buzzing even at that setting.

I freshened up quickly in the mirror noticing the flush in my face. It really started to get to me as I walked back into the restaurant. I couldn’t believe how hot I was after only a minute. By the time I got back to the table my legs were shaking. I quickly sat down and tried to suppress the growing excitement inside me. I tried to act casual but it was impossible. I kept looking around thinking everyone in the place was looking at me. I was squirming all over the place when our diner came.

Perspiration was forming on my forehead and I was fighting an upcoming orgasm as the waiter served us. I could fell it starting as he finished.

Karen started ask him something just to extend his stay at our table. I was going nut fighting to delay my orgasm long enough for him to leave.

Karen said its time for your next cards right as my orgasm started. I did well to suppress my outward reactions even as a blush consumed my whole body.

I sat back as it passed hoping no one saw me. Karen and Sue were snickering as I told Karen I had to get this thing out of me but she reminded me that there were 3 other kings out there so see what comes up. I drew another card and luckily it was a 3. Thank God. I ran back to the ladies room to remove the artificial stimuli. This time there were two other women there so I didn’t want to take it out while they were there for fear they’d hear it. I couldn’t wait long though. I couldn’t stand it much longer. Luckily they left and I took it our before another orgasm hit me.

By the time I got back to the table my diner was getting cold. I munched it down and before finishing drew my last card. A 9. still safe. My last card was a Jack so I avoided the big bad cards but I still had to hold my legs wide open for the next 10 minutes.

All in all it a fairly tame dare except for one exciting exception. On the way home I confessed that I didn’t actually set the vibrator on high. Karen immediately jumped on me for cheating and said I’d have to redeem myself. After a couple of minutes she had another dare for me.

I’ll tell you about that one in a couple of days.

**Ski Trip Report**

Ok, Ok. Several of you have asked about my weekend ski trip with Lisa. Sorry to disappoint you but it never got warm enough to ski in my bikini. God it is February after all. Lisa tried though. She had me bring it along on Saturday just in case it got warm enough. As I’ve said before no trip with Lisa is uneventful. It started out with a problem which was probably not fault of Lisa’s. At least I don’t think she had anything to do with it.

It was a group trip and Lisa and I had signed up for a double room however the hotel for what ever reason didn’t have enough rooms. Four people that signed up for doubles had to combine. Lisa and I ended up sharing a hotel room with 2 guys from the club. We had met these guys on a trip last year and I don’t much care who we room with but 4 people in a small hotel room can be tight especially when everyone is rushing to get ready in the mornings. The good news is we get some money back.

Well back to the good stuff. The first problem was that I’ve sleep in the raw since back in college. I was going put something on but Lisa, as Lisa does, dared me not to. I was a little reluctant but was too tiered to worry about it. Everyone was already in bed talking about where they were skiing tomorrow when I came out of the bathroom still dressed. I tried to act causal about it but its not every day that I undress in front of near strangers. I pulled my top and pants off and jumped into bed as quick as I could but not before both guys noticed. Lisa was giggling as I tucked in under the sheets. I think they were a bit shocked at my boldness since no one said a thing until the next morning.

It was late and I slept like a rock until our alarm went off.

Jumping in bed was like a quick flash since it happened so fast but getting up entailed a little more exposure. I was going to get up first and get my shower first but Lisa jumped up first leaving me naked under the sheets. Don and Jeff got up and started to get organized as I hid under the sheets. I was going to asked them for something to put on but figured I had better get use to things like this since I had two more days of this. The guys certainly didn’t seem to mind my situation.

After a couple of minutes Don got up enough nerve to ask me how long I’ve been sleeping in the nude. As the conversation switched to me I started to feel the excitement of being naked in a room with two guys.

It was tough not to be with two pretty fit guys walking around in their underwear. They both put on warm-ups which didn’t do much to hide the budge in their pants.

Eventually Jeff finished, having already put on his long johns in the bathroom. It was my turn and everyone stopped what they were doing to watch me get out from under the sheets. I tried to act like it was no big deal but I think my erect nipples gave me a way. I hurried into the bathroom but had to come back for my stuff.

As I was showering Lisa finished her hair leaving the door open. I had the shower curtain closed but the idea that people were watching me kept my excitement level up. I was starting to enjoy the mild excitement and was loosing my nervousness as I finished up. I did wrap a towel around me as I did my hair though not wanting to be too obvious.

When I came out everyone was ready to go down to breakfast so I just pulled on my warm ups and joined them. On the way down Lisa whispered in my ear, “I knew that once you got started you’d have a blast”.

Over breakfast Lisa told the Guys how I was dieing to go skiing in my bikini. I reset their expectation back to reality but they were excited with the possibility. I have to admit I was getting excited myself at the possibility since the weather called for some pretty warm weather.

Back in the room I may have got a little carried away with my excitement. Since it was such a nice day I decided to try my skis instead of the snowboard. That way I could wear my lighter stretch pants. A girl has to have the look to good after all. I was so aroused but the attention I was getting from the guys I decided to forgo my long under wear and all other forms of underwear for that matter. The guys were falling all over themselves as I pulled up my skin-tight stretch pants. I kind of modeled them topless got a bit and thought they were going to cum in there pants. Those pants without the under wear looked and felt like a second skin. I pulled a sweater over my braless breasts as was ready to go. Looking at ourselves in the mirror, Lisa and I were two hot skier chicks. I was so turned on that you could see my nipples through the heavy sweater.

Lisa insisted I bring my bikini just in case it got warm enough so I stuffed the two small scraps of cloth in my jacket pocket. It was then it dawned on me what skiing in a bikini meant. The idea of going from skiing with pretty much 100% of my body covered to skiing with considerably less than 1% of my body covered.

Just walking was extremely stimulating with my sensitive nipples rubbing against the rough wool sweeter. Once last year I had gone skiing with nothing at all under my jacket but nipples against smooth nylon is nothing compared to nipples against rough wool. It was a little itchy too which only added to the stimulation. Lisa kidded me several times as I squirmed trying to reduce the irritation.

We took the bus to the slopes and got our act together after what seemed like for ever. I was pretty wound up so I wanted to get going right away.

I guess the excitement was making even more impatient than normal but again it seemed like forever before we got everyone together at the top of the lift. We took a couple of easy runs letting everyone get warmed up. I, on the other hand was plenty warmed up. I felt more ready for a good day of skiing than I have ever remembered. I know the constant stimulation of my bare nipples against my sweater was making me a very happy girl Just before lunch we ended up on this long steep mogul field. OMG.

What a run! My skies weren’t the only thing bouncing down that slope.

My nipples were picking up so much sensation that I was getting hot and I mean hot. I was breathing hard and only part of it was from the skiing. I could feel myself getting wet and was afraid I’d have a giant wet spot in the front of my ski pants. On the way up the lift I told Lisa that I couldn’t ski that run that often otherwise my nipples would be rubbed raw.

When I took off my jacket as we entered the lodge and couldn’t believe all the attention I was getting. My nipples were still so erect that they could easily be seen though the sweater.

The after noon went pretty much the same with my arousal settling in at a comfortable level except when we’d seek the bumps. I was amazed I had any energy I had all day. I felt like I could ski all day without getting tiered.

We had a beer at the lodge bar before heading back to the hotel. Most everyone headed down to the outdoor pool and hot tub after we got back.

Lisa wanted me to complete that one dare that had me walk down to the pool completely naked but I though that was too much around the ski club so I wore my bikini but that was it. Compared to the other women that mostly wore one-piece suite, I looked naked. It was freezing walking outside to the hot tub but boy did it feel good once I got there. We had fun about 15 people in this hot tub for maybe 8. It got a little wild as the beer started flowing. I did manage to stay in my bikini for the most part I think.

Eventually we headed back to the room to shower and change. Lisa got jealous when she came out of the shower and saw Jeff giving me a nice back massage. Actually it was a good thing she came out when she did.

We ate at the hotel and went out to this night club after. Sorry I didn’t bring that little black dress. These ski trips are pretty casual and that dress would be to much. Too dressy that is certainly not to much in the way of coverage. Had a lot of fun but nothing worth writing about.

Saturday night and Sunday were pretty much more of the same except a little less exciting since everyone was use to my sleeping attire by then. Just one big happy family.

I got back to the snowboard on Sunday. It was a little colder so I wore my snowboarding outfit. I hadn’t brought any bras with me so I was braless again but I had to wear a turtle neck under my sweater today.

My nipples couldn’t stand another day rubbing against that sweater.

Wow, I wrote more than I thought. All the time I have right now. That’s most of the highlights anyway.

On the way home Lisa invited me down to visit her. I don’t know. I should go visit her but I just know. Every time I’m around her something happens.

**Christmas Shopping**

There was this dare to go out in a public wearing just a warm-up suite with nothing under it. I had done something similar last year when I went skiing and only wore my jacket and stretch pants but that’s another story. I figured I’d perk up my Christmas shopping and give it a try.

I first went to the Gym to workout. I only brought my workout stuff under my warm-up suite. I had already made plans to meet my friends at the mall so I figured unless I wanted to wear my sweaty cloths shopping I had no choice but go though with the dare. I had a great workout and worked up quite a sweat. The workout alone got me pumped up for the dare. I showered and came back to my locker to get dressed. I got a couple of strange look as I pulled my warm-ups on without put anything else on.

It didn’t seem like that big of a dare but I did get a charge out of my nipples rubbing against my top as I walked from shop to shop. I didn’t tell my friends about the dare in advance but they noticed my unrestrained breast almost right away and asked me what was up. We walked off to a less traveled area and I told them about the dare and that all I had on was my zip up top, designer sweat pants and sneakers. They made me show them so I unzipped my top down to the point that it was obvious that I didn’t have a bra on. I them pulled my pants out from my body to prove I didn’t have any knickers on either. A couple walked by as I did this last part and gave us a strange look.

We grabbed something to eat at the food court and talked a bit about my dares and other wild things I’ve done while a couple of guys looked our way. I don’t think they could hear what we were saying. They seemed more intent on just looking.

I really did have some shopping to get done so I didn’t exactly go around flashing people but I did unzip my top to about the middle of my boobs. I was pretty much covered when I walked but when I bent over everything was on display. I did catch a couple of guys checking me out along the way. I stopped in a hobby store to pick up something for my boyfriend Jim and the young guy behind the counter was obviously distracted. I was just asking him some questions and he kept fidgeting and stuttering and all. He was trying to explain how to use this thing but stopped mid sentence a couple of times as I moved a bit. I guess he had a better view than I thought. I eventually I bought it figuring Jim can figure it out.

All the attention along with the constant rubbing of my nipples kept me a bit turned on as we shopped. The whole time we were giggling and being silly and all. After a while we drifted away from our gift shopping and started shopping for ourselves. We stopped in the Gap and checked out the cloths. I’ve always like those low cut Britney Spears style jeans and picked out a couple to try on.

The women’s changing room was a large room with 6 staws off to either sides with a mirror at the end of the wall in between. I took off my warm-ups and tried on the jeans. I walked out to the changing room mirror wearing only my ultra low jeans. If these things get much lower I’ll have to shave a bit more.

I modeled them for my friends Karen and Nicole prolonging my exposure until a couple of other women came in. I’m not sure if anyone saw me but when door was opened any one in the right position could see right in. I asked the one women what she thought and accidentally brushed her arm with my boobs as I turned. She apologies but didn’t seem to object. Her friend seemed a little miffed at why I was topless just to try on a pair of jeans. Having four women watching me even just in the changing room was getting me even more excited which should have been fairly obvious from my erect nipples.

Karen suggested walking out topless to pick out another pair but I passed. Maybe next time I told her. She said, “Promise”. I changed back and continued shopping for a bit after buying the jeans of course. All in all it was an exciting shopping experience even though it was a bit distracting.

**Revealing Dance Dare**

Here’s the dare as best I can explain it. My boyfriend and I were suppose to go to a night club separately and not let on that we knew each other.

For every guy that asked me to dance I had to unbutton a button on my blouse until it was completely unbuttoned. Then I had to do a shot each time after that. For each woman that asked him to dance I got to re-button a button . Well the odds were staked against me that was half of the fun.

I did it and what a time. I had the worse hangover since college on Saturday but this was probably the most fun I ever had doing a dare. I do it again but I need to modify that part about doing the shots.

Here’s what happened. First I made the mistake of showing my boyfriend your comments before going out. He agreed that it might be better received as a fashion statement if I did it braless. I told him that it would be impossible dance and keep my breasts covered at the same time. We got in a mild argument and almost didn’t go out. Then he then came up with this outlandish idea that I laughed at at first but eventually went alone with for some reason.

Since I was so concerned about my breasts showing, he suggested wearing that body jewelry he bought for Christmas me underneath. When he gave them to me I thought were earrings but you actually clip onto your erect nipples. Wow! They actually don’t hurt if they’re adjusted right but OMG what a teasing feeling. Unlike anything I’ve felt before. You ladies have to try them. They have three gems hanging from a round ring type thing with 3 chains between them. I only wore them once and OMG. We never got out of his apartment that night.

That part was actually a lot of fun since it kind of just added to the erotic feeling. It didn’t do anything to keep breasts covered when the shirt was unbuttoned though. The outrages part was his suggestion to safety pin the shirt to the chains. Talk about a delicate operation.

Well we tried it several ways and again we almost didn’t get out of his apartment. Only got stabbed once and I think it was on purpose. The amazing thing was it really kept the shirt from flying around. You probably think I’m making this up but its true. Still had to be careful since that come fairly easily.

My outfit consisted of a 6 button blue and white blouse, hip hugger jeans and my pair of low heals. The blouse didn’t quite reach the jeans so there was no way to tuck it in even if I wanted to. I fixed up my hair and makeup and we were off.

Jim picked the club which I later found out was one of his old pick up spots. We walked in separately. I was already horny as hell from just the walk. Almost immediately this guy bought me a drink. After a couple of pathetic pick up lines he asked me to dance. The first button was no problem. I didn’t even make it back to my drink before another guy asked me to dance. The second button also was no problem either but the next one was going to show the upper most chain and surely attract some attention.

The only problem was I was getting pretty turned on by the shirt toughing on my body jewelry. This guy offered to buy me a drink and I figure that as long as I was with one guy perhaps no one would ask me to dance. This actually worked for a while until a couple of his friends arrived and one of them asked me to dance. I saw Jim talking to this women and was hoping they go up and dance but they didn’t for the longest time. Another dance and another button. I used the “wow its warm in here line this time as I unbuttoned the third button right in front of the guy. He didn’t seem to mind and asked me about the chain right away.

My blouse was half way unbuttoned and Jim hadn’t dance with a single women yet. I made it a while before another guy asked me to dance. We had only been there about half hour and I was over half way unbuttoned. It was weird because with the chains exposed it really looked like the blouse was meant to be worn half un buttoned. Towards the end of that dance my right nipple ring popped off my nipple. I ran to the ladies room see if I could fix it and calm down a bit.

It was difficult to get things back together by myself and I wasn’t about to explain to someone why I had done this. When I came out I saw Jim dancing so I started to button up. I hadn’t even finished before someone asked me to dance so I never even got to finish.

It only took about another 15 minutes before the blouse was completely unbuttoned. The safety pins worked amazingly well but Oh My God what a felling each time the shirt tried to open. Two girls actually complement me on my outfit. A couple even asked me how the nipple jewelry felt. One compared my outfit to that dress Jennifer Lopez wore. I managed to get another girl to dance with Jim but that was it. After that I must have spent a good hour dancing and doing shorts. After a while I didn’t care to button up. Eventually Jim came up to me and asked me to dance a slow dance with him. It was a good thing because I think I was starting to get sick. I think I asked him if I get a button back or have to do another shot for this dance.

Between the liquor and over my over stimulation I was more than ready to leave with my last dance partner. The rest is a little fuzzy but I’m certain it was good.

This was probably the most fun I ever had doing a dare. Can’t wait to do it again but I’m going to modify the part with the shots. I can’t drink anymore like in college.

**Little Black Dress**

Well, I finally wore that little black cocktail dress that I bought over a month ago. I guess it’s not that big a deal compared to some of the other things I’ve done but I get a little excited just thinking about it.

First let me describe it. It’s made out of the silky nylon type material and has a halter top with tiny spaghetti strap holding it up. It isn’t really tight which means it just kind if hangs there by those tiny straps. If the knot came untied that would be it, which kind of added to the thrill. The neckline plunged to just below my breasts which made wearing a bra of any type impossible. That left my breasts pretty much on their own under the silky cloth with a fair amount of cleavage naturally exposed. Any sharp movement would threaten to expose the rest. Now as I said there wasn’t much to this dress. From the top of the halter to the bottom of the hem measured just about 24 inches which isn’t much on my 5’ 9” body. It came about ¾ the way up my thigh and about 4 “ below my bottom. There was even less in the back which meant that if I raised my arms too high my knickers came completely into view.

As I said I had been afraid to wear this dress since I knew a lot of me would surely show if I wasn’t extra careful but this weekend was Jim’s company’s Christmas party and I was getting a little more daring. At first I wasn’t so sure it was a good ideas but them Jim started describing some of the outfits from last year. He normally isn’t that supportive of my antics but was really encouraging me on this time. I literally didn’t make up my mind until the absolute last minute as you’ll see. Here’s what happened.

I started by taking my shower and shaved my legs. Walking around completely naked I then laid the dress on the bed and proceeded to do my hair and makeup and all that women stuff still not convinced I was going to wear it. I picked out a nice pair of heels to go with the dress to further convince me. They were only about 3 inches since with my height I didn’t need to appear any taller.

Then as though picking a matching accessory I went through my draw to pick out a pair of my best knickers figuring they’d make and appearance somewhere along the way. Now I know there are a bunch of dares out there to go without any but I certainly wasn’t ready for that. I did forgo stockings since I never like my legs being covered like that anyway. I first picked a pair of thong knickers but settled on a nice simple pair of white bikini knickers with tiny little threads as sides. Very dainty as knickers go.

Karen let Jim in saying I was still getting ready. Like most guys he complained how long it takes as he waited. I yelled out that I still couldn’t decide on what to wear. Eventually, I just grabbed the dress and slid it over my head and tied to single tie behind my head. I pulled the dress down to cover my knickers and looked at my self in the mirror. Wow did I look hot. I started getting excited and my nipples hardened at the thought as I ran out to see Jim.

Boy did he look handsome in his suite and tie. It’s not that often that we get that dressed up so it’s kind of a treat. He just looked on in stunned silence as I modeled my dress for him pulling my tit down self consciously. All he said was Wow, as a bulge started to form in his pants. We grabbed our coats and were off.

The hotel where the Christmas party was held was really nicely decorated and very eloquent. Jim helped me out of my coat like a real gentleman and handed it to the coat check girl. I was extra careful as Jim slid the it off not wanting to put on a show right up front. That was the first anyone really got to see my dress and I could tell from the looks that it was definitely an attention getter. Jim proceeded to introduce me as we mingled. I was a bit nervous, fearing that too much was showing and it came across in my voice. I was being extra careful as we made out way towards the bar. I was starting to get aroused from the movement of the dress against my bare skin and extra sensitive nipples which had risen to the occasion if you know what I mean.

What a contrast in attire. The men in their suites and ties, covered from head to toe and the women with their shoulders and legs bare. I was happy to see a lot of women in short dresses however I didn’t see any as short as mine. One women had on this totally backless dress that was really sharp. I’m not a big one for dressing up but I do like it for special occasions.

After a couple of drinks I started to relax and enjoy the party. Everyone was commenting on how nice I looked and how cute my dress was although I did hear a couple women comment on how short it was. A couple people were up dancing but I resisted despite loving to dance. Eventually we moved into the larger room for a dinner. I was extra careful as I sat down but let out a little yelp as I felt the cold of the seat against my thigh and butt. Luckily the table cloth covered my legs because I’m sure you would have been able to see up my dress as I twisted to hear the conversations over the music. It didn’t do anything for my nipples which I’m certain came into view as I stretch to listen. I noticed the occasional glance at my breasts by one of Jim’s friends as he struggled to tell me about one of the projects he was working on with Jim. I just kind of laughed once I figured out what was going on. I didn’t look down but figured he must have had quite a view.

After dinner and a couple glasses of wine the band came back and started to getpeople back on the dance floor. I resisted at first but as more and more people joined in decided what the heck. It’s not like I was naked or anything and an occasional flash seemed harmless enough.

The constant movement of the dress across my sensitive nipples as we danced reminded me of how daring the dress was. I actually think the fact that they were so hard may have been helping to keep the dress from slipping off of them since I don’t think they were popping out despite feeling like there were about to the whole time. I did see my areoles come into view on a number of occasions but managed to pull the top back together before the nipples came into view.

I tried to keep my hands at my sides as we danced since I knew my white knickers would come into view if I raised them too high. This wasn’t to hard until they started playing “Shout”. I wasn’t really into it like I normally am since I know my knickers had to be showing from under the dress each time I raised my arm.

We sat out the next couple of dances as I tried calmed down. Later we did a couple of slow dances for a bit which was really romantic. Jim was dancing real close and I could feel every movement in my nipples through the thin dress. That wasn’t the only thing I felt through the dress either. We both needed to calm down as we left the dance floor. Jim walked close behind me this time as we returned to our table. We dance for several hours and a couple more round of slow dances. On one occasion Jim started playing with my hair and eventually moved his hands to the knot holding up my dress. I said don’t you dare and suggested we perhaps should leave and continue at his place. He had some other ideas for my dress so we gathered out coats and headed out.

He had the dress off me by the time his front door shut. His cloths took a little more effort. The heat of the night caught up with us and we screwed like bunnies that night. We slept till noon the next day and picked up were we left off. He took me home about 4 the next day lending me a long tee shirt to wear under my coat as I carried my dress.

Jim called me today at work to tell me some of the stores. My dress certainly didn’t go unnoticed.

**My Exciting Walk**

Well here’s what I had to do for cheating on my last dare. The last one was the luck of the draw with the deck of cards . I had to insert a vibrator in me when I drew the king. I was supposed to set it on high but only set it at about ¾. Stupid me blabbed it to Karen on the way home so she chastised me and said I have to do another dare to make up for it.

Her dare for me was to wear my new custom cut shorts and light T top with her vibrator in me running full blast. I had to do this while walking home from a park on the other side of town. I originally said I couldn’t do it and tried to negotiate something a little easier.

She kept telling me how exciting it would be and bet me I couldn’t do it. I guess the challenge of the bet and the fact that Karen might do a dare with me over shadowed the magnitude of what I had to do to collect. Karen kept saying it wasn’t even as long as my morning jogs.

We did this this really hot and humid day last week. Ok, now part of the dare was to wear this pair of shorts I had custom made for myself. This guy emailed me this dare to buy a pair of these tiny stretch shorts he saw in the store. He said they were only 4 inches from top to bottom. I told him that they weren’t as big as those pants bikini bottoms. Actually the ones that just arrived from wicked weasel probably matched. At about the same time he emailed me the dare I saw a picture on the Internet of a girl in a pair of these ratty looking cut offs that weren’t much bigger. The belt loops were cut out so they sat really low on the hips like my low ride jeans. I took a pair of my old worn cut offs and cut them so there were no legs to them at all. They stopped right at the bottom of my butt. My cheeks weren’t showing but nothing more than my butt was covered that’s for sure. I then cut the top just below where the belt loops area is. I tried then on and realized they weren’t going to stay on that way so I sowed in a piece of elastic through the waist band. I then strategically beat them up with a hammer and washed them like about a hundred time so they looked just right. God do they look great. A couple of little tears hear and there and that faded look. Perfect! They ended up a little over 6 inches from top to bottom and sit a little higher than my bikini line leaving a hip bone gap when they slide down a bit. There so hot I can’t believe more women don’t wear them. I love them. Bikinis and shorts are my vice. The top was a really light making it was obvious I wasn’t wearing a bra. As it started to get close I started to get more and more nervous. I asked Karen if I could wear my bikini top in stead to hide my nipples but Karen insisted on the T top and later I think I figured out why.

Karen made a point of making sure I saw her put in a fresh set of batteries in it. Saying she didn’t want to ruin my fun with a weak set of batteries. I was really getting nervous and was thinking of chickening out when she gave me an alternative. She said if it became too much and I wanted to take the vibe out, all I had to do was strip and make it the rest of the way home naked. She also reminded me that if I cheated again I’d have to do an even more risky dare. She also gave me a penalty if I bailed out. She said I’d have to wash her car every week until fall. Like a fool I agreed after demanding she wash mine if I made it.

We headed to her car. I wasn’t about to put the vibe in until the last possible moment. Karen was teasing me as we drove which only got my competitive side going. Now I just had to make it just to prove her wrong.

It only took a minute to get there so I barley had a chance to change my mind in route. I stalled for a bit as I got my nerve up. Karen was starting to get impatient and offer to help. She took the vibrator from me and twisted the little dial all the way to high. I couldn’t believe how much noise it made in the car. I could have sworn a couple of people walking near by hear it and turned around to look. I waited till they were safely past to pull my shorts down and slide the vibe in. I was already wet so it went in easily. I felt the stimulation immediately. I was already pretty turned on and on high it felt twice as strong as the night at the restaurant. I took a deep breath and slide it in the rest of the way in. I tried to turn it down without Karen noticing as I slid it in but I needed two hands and Karen would have noticed. I pulled my shorts up just as two girls approached from behind us. I felt flush already as the waves a vibration swept though my vagina. I just sat there trying to get up the nerve to leave the safe confines of the car. I guess I should have been more concerned for my safety but our town is really safe and except for what was going on inside me I looked pretty normal.

With a lot of trepidation I opened the door and went to get out. My legs could barely support me when I went to stand. Karen reached over and handed me my cell phone that I left on the seat. Again she repeated, “Call me when you want me to come get you and don’t forget to count how many orgasms you have.” Again that hit a nerve and momentarily calmed my rising excitement. I took a couple of ginger step away from the car towards to picnic area in the park. The shortest distance was along the street that paralleled the park but that would have me waking along this row of shops. I opted for the slightly longer way through the park figuring I’d encounter less people. It took me thought the park on a jogging trail. I tried jogging for a bit to speed up the trip. I started jogging an almost lost it right away. Between the vibrator buzzing away in my pussy and my unrestrained nipples rubbing the front of my top I couldn’t believe the sexual stimuli. I hadn’t gone much more than a hundred yards when I felt and orgasm starting to build. Once it started I felt this adrenaline rush and actually think I picked up the pass for a bit.

All at once I stiffened up as it hit me. OMG. I collapsed on the grass along side of the jogging trail like a runner that pulled a mussel or something. I just laid there until it passed hopping no one would come along and ask how I was. Luckily there wasn’t many people at all out in the park because of the heat.

So far I had only gone perhaps a half a mile and already I’d had my first orgasm. Actually I had probably made it longer than the other night which gave me some encouragement. I got up and started much more slowly this time however. I could feel the perspiration all over me both from the brief run and from my orgasm. It was then that I realized why Karen had wanted me to wear that particular top. The more I sweat the more I showed through the top. You could already make out the darkness of my areolas. I also looked down to see how bad my shorts looked. I knew I was pretty wet and was expecting to see wet spot but didn’t. I tucked the phone in the waist band of my short so I didn’t risk dropping it. It looked kind of sexy tucked in like that which only server or stir my excitement level again.

As I rounded the bend I saw a couple of people walking in my direction. Two guys and two girls. I hoped they’d just think I was cooling down from a run or something because I looked pretty raged.

The closer they came the more excited I got. I thought about jogging again to get buy them faster but I remember the effect from the last time. We just smiled at each other as we passed. I don’t think they heard the vibrator buzzing away because of all of the background noise. My breath was racing but I figured they’d just think it was from my recent jog. I didn’t look back but I just sensed them checking me out from behind.

I continued along the path to the other exit to the park. As I walked on I felt my excitement level rising once again until I felt the signs of another orgasm started build. Just then that my cell phone started to ring. The surprise along was almost enough to put me over the edge. I pulled it out of the waist band of my short and responded with an nervous h e l l o. It was Karen. “So how you doing so far?” It took me a second to gasp enough air to respond. “O K” My breath was nothing but gasps at that point. Number two past the point of suppressing it at that point. Oh God I’m on the edge climaxing and talking on a cell phone. Karen could tell what was happening and just started to laugh. I let out and auditable Oh God as it hit. Luckily no one was around. Karen was mumbling something in the phone but I wasn’t paring any attention. I just rolled over in the grass and enjoyed the feeling for the second time in less than 10 minutes. As I recover I hear Karen say you can always give up or strip down and take the vibe out.

I was beginning to think that was her plan all along since she dare me to let her drop me off naked and find my way home without a stitch on.

My idea for that dare was to do it late at night not when it was still light out. I had done worse but there was a significant residential area between here and home. I slowly recovered and got to my feet and started waking towards the street. I tucked the phone in my shorts again and noticed the wet pot that had formed. My latest orgasm had really warmed me up and I was covered with perspiration now. My top was starting to cling making not only my nipples but my areolas and the entire outline of my breasts clearly visible through my thin top.

I started down the street and figured I was close to half way by now.

I was now inspired to make it. I decide to stand still for a bit to see if that helped but it didn’t. I tried in vain to think about non sexual thinks in the hope that I could calm down enough to continue.

By now however my swollen and sensitive vagina and clit not to mention my nipples were picking up their own stimuli from constant rubbing against the rough material of my shorts.

I started walking again and even though each step got me closer to home it also brought me closer to another orgasm. There was a small strip mall containing a few shows. I had been lucky so far not running into may people in the park but this was different now. I just hoped I didn’t run into any neighbor. I didn’t care that much about them seeing what I was wearing but I couldn’t bear one of them wanting to have a conversation. I’d die. Then the phone rang again.

Karen was keeping tabs on my progress. With all my hear and sole I tried to act like nothing was out of the ordinary but it was impossible. She just kept laughing at my difficulty in talking. It was right then that I saw this neighbor pulling into the parking lot.

I almost dropped the phone as I turned around and started walking in the opposite direction. Now I was headed away from home. I was going to duck into one of the stores but didn’t want anyone asking if I was alright. I waited a few seconds until he got out of his car and went into the store. I quickly turned around and all but ran past the store all the time fighting what was going on inside me.

I made it all the way to the side street along side the store before it hit me. I was now in front of a nice split level house so I tried not to show any sign of what was happening in side me. I just bent over as the spasms hit. I’m sure at least a couple of cars must have passed as this was happening but I was oblivious. I had to sit down on the curb for a couple of minutes to calm down and regain my composure. I couldn’t see my face but my whole body felt flushed and exhausted. I was so hot I was dripping now and I really looked disheveled. My shorts were almost completely soaked partially from my sweat but mostly from my juices which left that unmistakable aroma in the air. My top was equally soaked as though I had just finished jogging a marathon.

I just sat there for a minute and was ready to throw in the towel and take that vib out before another orgasm started but now I was in the middle of a residential area. After a couple of minutes I got up and started walking again. Again there were a couple of people on the corner. I tried my hardest to calm my raged breathing and calm my excitement. I was determined to just walk by them as if everything is normal. At that point I was so spaced out I didn’t even think about what I was showing. I just wanted to get home.

I decided to take a short cut at the next street and cut though a yard to the back of the park were I jog. Now I was getting close but that unmistakable feeling was starting to build again. All I had to do was make it about another quarter mile and I’d have made it. By now I was a woman possessed. I’m not exactly sure who I passed or who saw me in the park. All I know was I was close enough to make it one way or another. Just then my phone rang again. I figured it was Karen so I was pretty rude in answering it. The problem was it was my friend Jenny from work. I was so flustered I just said sorry and accidentally hung up. The shock of it not being Karen was all it took to get me started again. I was right around the corner from our house so I just ran. My orgasm started immediately but I was so out of control I just kept running unsupported breast bouncing the whole way.

Some how I made it to our house and just ran into the back yard and collapsed. Karen saw me coming up the driveway and ran out to congratulate me as I came down. When I realized I had made it I pulled my shorts off and the vib all but fell out by itself.

Oh my what an experience. Four orgasms in less than half an hour. I just laid there on the grass for about a half an hour before going in the house and cleaning up. At least I’ll have a clean car this some and Now Karen owes me a dare.

**Sun Dress Dare**

Ok, Ok, I have so much to catch you up on I don’t know where to start. It’s been a while since I posted something but its only because I’ve been outside enjoying the great weather we’ve been having and not sitting at the computer.

Everyone’s been daring me to wear a sundress in all sort of different situations from getting caught out in a rainstorm, to walking in front of some bright lights, to the progressive dare that Scott suggested where I had to complete a whole series of errands while cutting a button off every half hour. All while wearing nothing underneath of course. At first I wasn’t too crazy about this one but in the end like so many others it turned out to be a real blast. I even got my roommate Karen involved.

I’ve always had trouble taking the first step on these dares so I though I’d try one where I had little opportunity to back out so I thought I’d try the one where I’d accidental get caught out in the rain. The problem is it never rained were I was so. I’ll have to try that one again sometime.

Next, I got real daring and was going to try the progressive dare. It was Saturday morning and I had a bunch of errand to run before I could head off to the beach so I thought I’d kill two birds with one stone. I thought I’d get a little work done and complete a dare at the same time. I was a little concerned though because according to the dare I had to cut a button of the dress every half hour until I got back home. If I had no more buttons to cut off I had to remove the dress completely. I think I wasn’t suppose to hold the dress together or anything but that was a little much. I figured it was daring enough to be walking around with the buttons unbuttoned and nothing on under it.

The dress had 8 buttons so that gave me 4 hours to complete my work and I figured that would be plenty of time because I didn’t think I could take the dress off completely although I’m sure that was the objective of the dare.

First let me describe the dress. It was a light blue dress with a funky marble kind of pattern. I chose it because the pattern provided enough contrast to hid the fact that I didn’t have anything on under it. It had about inch wide shoulder straps with a squared off scoop top. The hem came to just above the knee which is long compared to some of my others dresses. The thing about the dress was that it was so light and thin it feels like it wasn’t even there. It feels so sexy just floating across my skin caressing it as it moves. If it wasn’t for the patterned you’d be see through.

It was Saturday morning and I got up showered. I was a little unsure about doing the dare but felt pretty confident. Besides if I got everything done as planed I’d have nothing to worry about. I dried off and pulled the dress out off the chair where I had left it from the night before. I pulled it over my head and looked at myself in the mirror. I twirled around and felt like I was still naked. The dress was so light and frilly that it made me fell so sexy. Now I was starting to fell exciting about doing the dare.

While easting breakfast I planned out my chores. The following was my list chores for the morning. I had to go to the bank to get some cash for some of the thinks I had to pick up along the way so I had to find an ATM first. I also had to mail some bills that were already late so I had to go to the post office. I had dry cleaning to pick up. I also had to pick up some stuff for my garden at the garden store and snacks for the beach. I debated a couple other things but was afraid that I didn’t have any control over the outcome so I didn’t want to include them. Karen and Sue both had other plans which left me to complete this dare on my own. This proved to be significant, as I’ll explain.

I walked around the house a bit getting my act together before heading out. It was then that I realized just how transparent my sun dress really was. I knew how light the dress was but since I hadn’t worn this particular dress but a couple of times before, I didn’t realize how see through it really was. The marble pattern hid my feature from view unless you looked carefully but it did nothing to hide my figure if I walked in front of a bright light. I looked at myself in the hallway mirror with outside light behind me and it looked like I didn’t have a dress on at all. My figure was completely visible. The look was really exciting. Under the right lighting it looked like I was naked but in reality I was completely clothed. I couldn’t believe it how hot it made me feel.

I went back to look at myself 2 or 3 times before getting up enough nerve to actually leave the house. I couldn’t believe how free I felt. The sun-dress was barely a wisp of cloth and seemed to float across my bare skin below caressing my sensitive nipples with each step. I was so excited by the time I got to the car I could feel my pussy getting moist. Even though my minis are shorter than the sun dress still required care when getting in and out of my car especially when you consider I had nothing on under the dress. I pulled the hem down and carefully slid into the car.

Off to the bank. I first thought about going into the lobby to the teller but was to nervous so I used the ATM instead. You see without someone pushing me along I fall back on the more rational Carrie and do the more practical thing.

Ok that part only took about 15 minutes so I was doing good so far. I headed to the post office next since it was close. This time I had to go inside since I didn’t have any stamps. I was rally nervous as I walked up but once inside I was out of the light so I tried relax I and calm my emotions. I noticed a few stared but nothing that you wouldn’t expect. The guy behind the desk seemed to notice something was out of the ordinary because he kept looking up as he took my money. It may have been the fact that I was braless or that the light from the window was providing him a better view than the others. Either way the attention was getting me turned on again. I could feel my nipples poking at the front of the dress as I stood there. I took the stamps and placed them on the envelops at the nearby table. I’m sure others had a pretty good view at that point since the table was by the window. I tried to ignore the temptation to see who was looking and just get my job done as quickly as possible.

I finished and headed out to the car. Back in the sunlight I knew everyone looking could see all of me through the thin dress. I looked at my watch and the first half an hour had just passed so I had to remove the first button. Once in the car I decided on removing the lower button since it seemed less conspicuous than the top ones. With the scope top any open buttons would risk showing my nipples if I move the wrong way. Just bending over without a bra would show them as it was, but with a button undone any movement would be risky.

I decided to head of to the garden center next to pick up a soaker hose for my garden. With the hot weather it was getting to be a pain to water it plant by plant. I was trying to optimize my travel so I though I’d stop at one close to home. The problem was the garden center close to home didn’t have what I wanted. So I had to go to another one. This is where the dare gets daring. I didn’t consider having too many problems along the way when I planed out my timing. I didn’t want to fumble around at different ones so I headed to Home Depot where I figured they would surely have one. I did stop along the way at one other garden center hoping they’d save me the trip but they didn’t have one either. I pulled into Home Depot and it was time to remove another button. Another one from the bottom would be risky so I removed one from the top this time. I had a little box cutter for the job. I just needed to remember to take it out of my purse before getting on any airplanes.

Taking the top one off did let the top fall open but not as bad as I though. I had worn plenty of tops that require more caution in wearing that this so I wasn’t going to worry about it. The next one would be interesting though. This left 6 of the eight buttons left.

As I walked into Home Depot I was starting to feel more exposed. The bottom of the sun-dress was starting to open as I walked as was the top. I found my hose and headed out resisting the impulse to pick up anything else I needed.

I now headed back to the dry cleaners as quickly as I could knowing each minute brought the potential of more exposure. I stopped for gas along the way which in itself didn’t take long but did take time. By the time I got to the dry cleaners it was just about time to loose another button. I decided on the top button since baring a little more chest seems so innocent compared to the alternative.

By now I had cut off two buttons from the top and one from the bottom leaving 5 out of the original 8. It didn’t seem all that bad sitting in the car but when I got up and bent over to reach for my purse. Oh my God. My whole chest down to my navel was exposed. From my vantage point I could see all the way down inside dress past my belly and bush to the ground below.

I had calmed down on the ride over but now I started to get excited all over again. I stood up and looked around to see if anyone was looking at me. A couple of people were looking in my direction but could only see me from the back. I’m not sure what they could see but I waited for them to pass before heading over to the dry cleaners. As I walked I realized there was another problem caused by the removal of the other button. I tried to stand tall with my shoulders back because first it kept a little tension on the front of the open dress and helped keep it from opening up as I walked and secondly it helped keep the shoulder straps from slipping down. As it was, I had to adjust them a couple of times to keep them from falling off my shoulders each time flashing my chest.. If they had slipped of my shoulders I was afraid the whole dress would have fallen off since it was fairly loose around my bare body beneath.

I passed a couple of people who obvious had a pretty good view since the light was behind me as I walked. They gave me a devilish smile as we passed. I nervously smiled back acknowledging what they already knew.

I entered the drycleaners and there were several people in front of me. I waited my turn patiently, all the time trying to keep my emotions from getting the better of me. As the first person in line turned to leave I recognized here as Jennifer from work. OMG, Here I was barely dressed and I run into someone I work with. Before I could hide she spotted me and shouted “Hi, Carrie”.

I have always tried to keep a semi professional attitude at work and had never tried any of my dare at work. I wouldn’t say I dress conservatively or anything but I certainly would never wear anything even close to this sun-dress. What could I do? I tried to act calm but I was blushing terrible as I said hello in a broken nervous voice.

I don’t think she noticed my flimsy dress when she first spotted me but certainly did after we exchanged greeting. I wanted to grab the dress to cover my exposed chest but thought it would be better if I acted like I didn’t notice that two of the buttons were missing. Now I didn’t exactly work with Jennifer. She works in customer support and I’m in the programming group but we each knew each other even though we rarely talk. We chit chatted for a bit until it was my turn at the front of the line. I picked up and paid for my stuff and was walking out as Jennifer suggested grabbing a cup of coffee at Starbucks next door. I so engrossed that I wasn’t thinking about the dare when I agreed.

Walking with an arm full of dry cleaning made it difficult to keep the top of my dress closed but it did provide quite a bit of coverage as we walked into the coffee shop. We ordered and sat down. As I leaned over to put my stuff on the chair next to us the front of my dress opened up and my whole chest came into view. I quickly recovered but not before Jennifer had a complete view of my exposed chest. Again I blushed with embarrassment as I pulled the dress closed. I felt like I had to explain so I said, “Thank God my dry cleaning was done this was the only clean think I had left.” We talked about the dress for a minute but I never told her the whole thing was part of a dare.

We talked about work for a bit and then other things. We got talking about gardening and she invited me over to see her place saying she had a couple of nice gardens and that they really looked nice this time of year. We ordered another coffee and before long I had forgotten all about the dare. An hour had passed before I we finished and got up to leave.

Ok Scott. I did bail out of the dare but it wasn’t exactly like I chickened out. I just didn’t finish it and beside as I found out later Jen has the most fantastic pool and backyard I’ve ever seen. You’ll appreciate me stopping and talking to her when you find out where it led. But for now let me finish writing this one up. Heaven knows it’s taken me long enough.

Ok, the progressive dare Part 2. After I mentioned that I didn’t finish the dare. Scott the author of the dare accused me of chickening out. I emailed him that I didn’t chicken out and that I promised to complete the dare.

I was taking to Karen and mentioned the dare and meeting Jennifer and Scott accusing me of chickening out. She naturally agreed with Scott and accused me of cheating. I said what about the dare you owe me for the exciting walk dare that I completed. We went back and forth until I got her to agree to a joint dare. We were going for a walk in the park. Karen in her smallest bikini and me in my sun dress. For every half hour that she walked with me I’d cut off a button. I chose where we went so she couldn’t just hide behind a tree or anything. I figured I could take her past the ball fields and past the stores along the park and she’d chicken out before I had to remove any more buttons. However, the longer she lasted the more I’d be exposed, and if she lasted. 2 and a half hours I’d be the looser. I figured I could outlast her and get her to break first since she is quite modest unlike me.

That day when we agreed to do the dare was quite a bit cooler than the other days so Karen said she wanted to postpone to a nicer day. I said no way if she didn’t do it today it was a forfeit. She reluctantly agreed and went to her room to change. At first she came out in this really conservative suite that I didn’t even know she had. It was barely a bikini. Again I told her no way and that I had outfits that covered less. A couple minutes later she came out in a pink and white bikini that really looked good on her. I knew she had smaller ones but since she looked so good in that one I figure I leave her wear it.

You wouldn’t believe how nervous she was. I thought I might win before we even left the house. I told her it would be fun and that I went roller-bladding all over Long Island in less than she had on. I kidded her about putting on some sun block unless she didn’t plan on being out that long. She decided to put some on and I did her back. I was joking with her about how hard her nipples were and that that might poke a hole through her top if she didn’t calm down. I was deliberately tying to get her going. I started to think I was only helping her relax so I stopped and told her to finish up because it time for her to meet her admirers. That ended any relaxation that may have set in.

The whole time it never dawned on me that I might be the one that ended up naked if she held out. That’s how confident I was that she’d chicken out first. This actually sounded like another dare that someone had propose. Karen was complaining the whole time we got ready when I finally said. “What’s your problem? At least you bikini covers all the essential parts. If I bend over or move the wrong way my boobs are hanging out. “

Finally after what seemed like forever, we seemed ready and I opened the door to leave. Karen immediately felt the chill and I watched as goose bumps formed all over her body. I told her about the rollerblading trip again and how wild it felt. She was so nervous she failed to see the humor in my story. For once I wasn’t the one that was under dressed on one of these dares. It felt a little strange actually and I wondered if I looked like Karen when I’m in the other position.

We walked down the driveway and I was hoping to run into one of the neighbors. They had gown use to seeing me in skimpy cloths but Karen although not conservative usually wore more normal outfits than me. A bikini in the front yard was definitely not her norm. We were walking down the sidewalk towards the park when the first car passed. I thought it was over right then when she raised her hands to cover her exposed front. I asked her why she can wear the same suite to the beach and not think twice about it yet here she reaching to cover up.

It was still pretty early so the park was mostly empty at our end which was a bit disappointing. I upped the ante for her and said if she took her top off I’d take my dress off right there. She said “what’s the matter with you are you crazy.” We walked slowly thought the park towards the ball fields. By the time we got there She said, “Isn’t it time for you to cut off another button.” I told her I had another 5 minutes.

Five minutes passed and I was forced to remove another button. I actually didn’t think it would go this far so I was starting to think she might actually pull this off. This time I remover another one from the bottom leaving only the four in the middle to keep my dress closed. I could feel the light breeze blowing though the ever increasing gap in my dress.

I was pretty excited myself but now I was really starting to feel turned on as we approached the ball fields. There were always a couple of games going on Saturday so I knew there’d be a bunch of guys there. I was wondering if we could stop their game as we waked by. Three of the six fields had teams on them and there were quite a few fans watching. I was teasing Karen saying that I bet we could both get dates out of this. That was it. She stopped dead in her tracks. I continued my teasing saying just point those babies, referring to her jutting nipple, this way and wiggle that ass of yours. But she just froze. Before I could even offer her a bet or anything she tuned and ran in the other direction, back towards the house. I was yelling chicken as I ran after her. As I did the dress spread and both my breasts and pussy was exposed to the cool breeze. It was quite erotic to be running through a public park with my dress only held together in the middle by a couple of buttons. My bouncing nipples were constantly darting under the open sun dress for a moment and then bouncing into the open again. Between wild bouncing of my breasts and the constant contact with the sundress I was getting more and more tuned on by the step. As I caught up to Karen I yelled at her that she had lost.

We just kept running across the open field like two giddy school girls. Then in an uncontrolled bust of insanity I pulled the dress over my head barely slowing down as I did. I tossed it to Karen and ran ahead yelling catch me if you can. What a nut. I don’t know what I was thinking, probably I wasn’t, since it was insane to be streaking across the park in broad daylight. There I was running at full speed naked as the day I was born across about a 300 yards of open field. As I neared the park entrance I realized I would half to run down the street the last block and a half to the house. I didn’t even slow up as I hit the street. When I saw the first car I was raging out of control. I was so turned on I probably could have had an orgasm right there had I slowed down at all. I just kept running. Before I knew it I was at our driveway and raced towards the door. I was oblivious to who may have seen me. I just opened the door and ran into the kitchen to catch my breath. I just couldn’t control my emotions any longer as I need to relive my overloaded body. I reached down and exploded as my hand found my clit. Every mussel stiffened up as the first spasm hit. My orgasm was just subsiding as Karen opened the door. I was still gasping trying to regain my composure as Karen walked in wearing my sun dress over her bikini. A thin sheen of perspiration covered me as my body cooled down from its physical and emotional workout. I had to sit down as my knees were still shaking from the experience.

I was still basking in the after glow of my orgasm when Karen came over to give me a congratulatory hug. I figured it was just her own overloaded emotions but she her hands did seem to linger before we parted. Don’t get any ideas nothing happened between us.

Ok so that’s my sun-dress story. Not exactly the dare as emailed to me but the end was one of the wildest things I’ve ever done. I fantasized for a bit about how it would feel to compete in the mini triathlon naked. Then I came back to reality.

**Early Morning Run**

It wasn’t exactly early morning. But for a summer cottage area like this, it was indeed before the time when most people had their breakfast. The only people out were the other joggers.

As I jogged along the now familiar path around the small lake, I felt great. The soft, still-moist ground dampened the sound of my footsteps except when I stepped on the occasional branch, which would make small snapping sounds as they broke under my foot. When that happened there was usually a frightened animal of some kind fleeing right before me. I imagined I was an Indian on the warpath trying to run as smoothly as possible.

There was still a faint mist above the still surface of the lake which was visible between the trees whenever there was an opening. I felt like taking a swim in the lake; I knew it would be cold, but that was what I needed now that I could feel the perspiration wetting my T-shirt, staining the front, making it cling to my body.

That morning I had slipped quietly out of my bed, not wanting Poul to go running with me. I enjoyed my morning runs, the quiet, early atmosphere in the woods and perhaps a swim in the lake. Poul had been breathing heavily as I got out of bed, not bothering with a dressing gown over my naked body. I could still see the indentation in the mattress where I had just lain, where we had spent a good part of the night making love and just generally playing with each other. I could still smell the faint odour of lovemaking, probably from the dried spots of Poul’s sperm still on the sheet and on my body.

I tiptoed around looking for my jogging outfit, but I could hear from Poul’s breathing that if I wasn’t careful he would wake, and I didn’t want that. I picked up my small, thin, beach shorts and Poul’s wrestling-style tank top, deciding that that I would have to make do with that for this morning’s run, even though the shirt was way too large for me: the arm-pits opening almost reaching down to my waist.

In the small yard outside it was already getting warmer. The tiles on the ground were not cold, and felt quite pleasant under my bare feet. A light morning breeze played with my hair and caressed my body, making me feel very naked. The stray cat that seemed to have attached itself to us when we arrived, was rubbing itself against my legs asking for the usual morning cup of milk, which was probably what had made it want to stay. But I didn’t want to make a noise in the kitchen just now.

I just slipped on the running clothes and with the memory of the feeling of the soft animal fur against my legs, I walked out through the gate, closing it with just a barely audible click as the latch closed behind me. The house was right at the edge of the woods, so within only a few strides I was deep between the trees, heading for the path around the lake to begin my run.

I had already been around the lake once. Normally I only did one circuit, but on the first one I had passed Jake, the waiter at the local pub. We had met just as we both turned a corner, almost running into each other. Maybe he had also imagined himself being an Indian on the warpath, because I certainly hadn’t heard him. I had been enjoying the way my shorts, which I don’t usually use for running, nicely stimulatingly had worked themselves all the way into my crotch.

Taking slightly longer strides and putting each step right in front of me, rather than a bit to the side, I had managed to get the seam to shift across my clit with each step.

We almost hit each other coming around the bend. I think I sensed him before I saw him, maybe it was his smell, which I certainly noticed when we stopped with no more than a metre between us. I think I gave a small yell of surprise.

“Oops,” he said.

“Sorry,” I said, blushing, feeling that my sexual excitement must be obvious to him. I followed the direction if his stare down my front. My excited nipples stood out prominently against the drenched tank top.

“No sweat,” he grinned, as his eyes locked with mine. There was electricity in the air as we stood like that for no more than perhaps a few seconds. It was as though the forest were dead and in black and white. I didn’t notice any sounds.

The only smell was of his body, sweaty, a bit of stale beer and smoke, reminding me of the atmosphere in the local pub. I recognised the look in his eyes. I had already seen it in the pub whenever he looked at me. The same way as now, looking down my front and then into my eyes as a provocation. Letting me know that he had looked and challenging me to object, or if I didn’t, to see where that would lead. But neither in the pub nor here was I going to let it lead anywhere. I side-stepped him carefully, knowing that if I moved my arms away from my body, he would be able to see my breasts through the wide gaps in the sides of my top,.

“You are so wrong,” I laughed, referring to his obviously totally incorrect statement and jogged on with long strides for a second, forgetting my special erotic jog. It was exciting enough to know that he was still standing there

looking after me. I knew my shorts would show a good portion of bum cheeks the way they had ridden up into my crotch, but that just added to my excitement. I felt a tingling in my legs and nipples as if in anticipation of an intimate touch. Then the sounds of the forest returned, the trees turning green again.

I turned and looked back. He was still there, caught in a ray of sunlight shining through the trees. I imagined him getting aroused. Was there any indication of a bulge in his jogging pants? I thought so, but I didn’t want to turn around again knowing that whenever I did it presented an all too clear view of my breasts. That was when I decided I needed the second circuit. I didn’t know if he usually ran twice around the lake, but it was worth a try. Just for the sake of letting him watch my wet and excited body again, and see if I had any effect on him.

It was a two-mile run round the lake. I pulled up the shorts making sure the seam was in the right position, adopting the same stride pattern as before. I guessed it would be at least a mile before we would meet again, if he had indeed run round for a second time as well. I was going to see how close to coming I could get before I met him next time. There would be something wonderfully daring about meeting again in such an excited state.

After about a mile my breathing had become heavy - and not only from running. I could clearly hear myself making more noise than usual as my concentration drifted away from placing my feet right. I wasn’t an Indian on the warpath, I was a sexually-stimulated, frustrated woman about to climax from the frustratingly-inadequate rubbing of my shorts. However, as I passed the mile marker and realised I was on the return half of the run round the lake, I slowed down. Obviously he hadn’t continued for a second run. I slowed to a quick walk, listening to the sounds of the forest. Could I detect any sound indicating he was somewhere ahead? I didn’t think so. I could hear the sound of running water from where the overspill of the lake ran into a small creek. I could hear birds up ahead which should have been scared away if he was anywhere near. As I passed they flew up with a noise, which would clearly indicate to him that I was coming

- in case he was on his way, perhaps he also having slowed down.

I gave up dreaming about meeting him again. Adopting the same stride pattern as before, I ran on hoping to be able to come before reaching the end of the run.

Finally, I gave up, and slowed down enough to slip my right hand into my shorts, making my fingers attempt to do what the seam hadn’t been able to. This worked much better. My other hand lifted the shirt enough for my fingers to find the exploding nipple of my right breast. I was still running at a slow and comfortable pace when I felt the orgasm approaching. I hadn’t done anything like this before when jogging, but for some reason I felt so aroused this morning.

As I felt the warmth hitting my stomach, it was as if my senses intensified. I could clearly feel the still-cool wind hitting my bare stomach and the bottom of my breast where I had raised the T-shirt. In a slow-motion sense I felt the strands of my long hairs moving and then cling to my sweaty cheeks only to be blown away by the next puff of wind. My legs turned wobbly, and my steps felt as though I was running on a mattress: the softness of the black mushy forest earth being exaggerated by my state of arousal. I was only about 100 yards from the path leading from the lake en route to the cottage, and my hand was working frantically at making me cum, before the path too came to an end.

Turning round the last bend I almost froze in my steps as I saw Jake sitting on a fallen trunk, staring at me, obviously waiting for my return. I yanked my hand out of my shorts and the other from under my T-shirt, only just managing to pull it down at the same time.

He must have seen my actions, and he would have to be very thick not to have had at least a suspicion of what I had been doing. I felt certain the mix of the smell of sweat and the telltale odour from my fingers, if nothing else, were bound to give me away. I continued to feel small ripples from the oncoming orgasm as I stopped completely out of breath.

“You are not used to running twice around the lake, are you?” he asked.

I could only shake my head. I knew I was blushing, but he might just take that as a sign of my exhausted state.

“I have watched you a couple of times down here, but I don’t think you noticed,” he said as his eyes clung to my heaving chest and exploding nipples. His voice was soft, masculine and a bit hoarse. Usually when I heard him speak at the pub, he had to speak louder to be heard over the noise. Hearing his voice like this seemed much more intimate, almost as if he was whispering to me, which of course, he wasn’t.

My god, I thought to myself, I had never seen him down here, but I sometimes had gone swimming naked in the lake, just some 100 yards from here. On warm days I would go naked, on other days I would swim in my jogging underwear. On which days had he seen me? Was that why he always looked at me so strangely in the pub? Having seen my naked breasts, was he trying to imagine them under my blouse when I was leaning over in the bar?

“No, I have never seen you down here before,” I said, as I slowly recovered.

“Yeah, well, you can easily miss each other with the thick vegetation around the lake. Are you going back up this way? If so, then I can accompany you some of the way as I live in that direction as well,” he said, as he got up. I could clearly see the outline of his dick under the thin, shiny fabric of his jogging trousers. He was obviously not wearing underwear under his trousers either. This time it was his turn to notice the direction of my stare. But I couldn’t help it. He was obviously semi-erect. Rather long and showing signs of stirring as he stood up. Again our eyes locked with the same electric atmosphere as before. You could almost detect the acrid smell of electricity as after a thunderstorm. I felt like a bitch in heat. I was still only coming down from my near-orgasm; I must been giving all the signs of sexual excitement. The evenings at the pub were going to be very strange in the future.

“No, you just go ahead. I am so hot and sweaty I am going to go for a swim in the lake,” I said without thinking. My god! What was I going to do if he said he was coming along?

But he didn’t. He just stared at me for another couple of seconds.

“Okay, take care then. See you later,” he said as he turned around and slowly walked away.

I was swearing to myself. I had practically invited him to come and watch me swimming naked in the lake. I turned and continued down the small path leading to the lake. Suddenly, I found myself wishing he were following. If he had watched me before, he must know where I usually went swimming.

I quickly reached the shore of the lake. This was where the path ended which many people used when they went for a walk by the lake, so here it was obviously not private enough for a nude swim. But I had scouted the area weeks ago, and like the good Indian I imagined myself to be, found that if I just stepped into the water, went around an overhanging branch, I could easily reach a small grassy inlet. The sun could reach into the little cove and heat up the ground so you could lie down and rest. The lake was rather deep at that point so you couldn’t walk too far out in the lake, and not being visible from the end of the path, and there being rather heavy vegetation shielding it, made it a suitably secluded spot. But on the other hand, if somebody wanted to watch you it wouldn’t be difficult, as the vegetation would also hide anybody approaching the spot.

As I walked out into the lake, bending under the huge branch, I managed to catch a glimpse back up the path. I couldn’t see Jake, but I saw the branches of a bush which you had to push aside to pass, move - a certain indication that there was someone moving up there.

I hesitated a bit as if resting, waiting to see if I could see if he would come forward. The water was cold, small waves lapping against the back of my knees, as I stood with my back to the lake. I saw a small green frog jump away right in front of me. I was looking for signs of movement, but either my Indian training was inadequate or, indeed, there was nobody up the path. However, as I moved on,

I again saw the branches move, as if they had been held back and were now being released, as somebody carefully passed. I was certain it was Jake, but I didn’t want to be seen standing there if he came out of the bushes.

I waded carefully through the water until I reached my little clearing. I sat down on the edge of the water, my toes playing in shallow water right at the edge. Here the water was already warm from the sun and it was a pleasant, cool feeling.

As I sat there I grew more and more excited again. I really needed that orgasm.

The feeling that Jake was probably watching just made it more exciting. I felt sure he wasn’t going to come out and reveal himself. He seemed to me to be just the voyeur type of person, which fits my exhibitionistic tendencies fine. I was already dreaming of which top I could wear the next time we went to the pub, one which would allow him to look down my breasts. If I intended to go for a swim it had to be now, before I got too carried away.

As I stood up and walked a few steps from the edge of the water I looked up at the forest and the vegetation. Where would he be if he were, indeed, watching?

There was only one, maybe, two places where the vegetation allowed you to pass through. I had found that out when I scouted the area. Getting to the clearing was definitely easiest from the water’s side, but there was a path through the forest which would take you down a small ravine, which would hide you nicely if you wanted to watch somebody. If he was there, I was sure that was where he was.

However, I could see no sign of him.

I decided to imagine he was there. At least that would give me the required excitement. If he was actually there then that was just an added benefit.

Facing in his direction, I pulled the tank top over my head, stopping for a second with my arms above my head, pulling my hair-bun loose at the same time.

When I lowered my arms and dropped the shirt on the ground, I shook my hair loose down over my shoulders, wriggling enough to allow my breasts a good wobble. I looked down at myself. The morning breeze, now a bit warmer, still managed to get my nipples to pop out. As a matter of fact, the whole area around the areolae had goose pimples, partly from the cool air and partly from the excitement of the exposure.

I shivered as I thought about what Jake would be thinking if he really was hiding in the bushes no more than 25 yards away. Was his dick jerking to life in his trousers? Did he already have a hand down his jogging trousers, caressing himself as he watched his regular bar guest exposing herself like this? Knowing what state I was in before, and what he thought I was probably doing as I approached him at the end of my run, he must now be aware how excited I would have become.

I half turned around, presenting my side view to him. I could still see out the corner of my eyes, watching for movement in the bushes. I slipped a hand down the front of my shorts, digging a finger inside me, almost coming from the sensation. Then I proceeded to pull down my shorts and stepped slowly out of them, making sure Jake would get a good side view of my full breasts dangling free as I bent over to remove them. I picked up the top and shorts and hung them over an old barren branch. I had to move a bit away from the lake to find a suitable place, all the time facing in the direction of Jake’s presumed hiding place.

I went to the edge of the water again and squatted down, this time with my back to the bushes. I looked out over the water. The surface was still, apart from some very small ripples made by insects landing on the mirror-smooth surface. I could see the bottom of the lake, here, just sandy, with a few old branches. If I focused on the surface I could see myself silhouetted against the blue sky framed by the overhanging branches. Leaning forward I could also see my hanging breasts. I touched one, pushed it a bit and could clearly see the motion in the water. It was time for a swim before I got started again. I could feel it coming.

I waded a few feet out into the water and let myself fall in with a loud splash.

A few strokes and I was out into deep water. I turned around taking a few backstrokes, looking towards the shore. This time there was definitely movement in the bushes where I had guessed Jake would be hiding. Could I also see his silver-coloured jogging suit? Definitely something of that colour at the rear of the bushes. I was floating on my back feeling almost weightless in the still water, my breasts pointing upwards towards the clear blue sky. A few big birds

were circling overhead. Maybe they were used to having the lake all to themselves. I made small movements with my legs in order to keep floating, wanting to present my bottom part in the direction of Jake, but I soon realised I was getting so far away that, being covered by water, he would hardly be able to see me very clearly any more.

I turned around and with a few powerful strokes reached the shallow water again.

I rested on my knees on the soft slippery bottom, the water reaching halfway up my thighs as my knees sank further into the muddy bed of the lake. I splashed water up my front, played a bit with my nipples, leaning my head back, obviously enjoying the sensation of the cool water trickling down my body, hitting my crotch, which, being hairless, had nothing to prevent the water from running all the way down, dripping off my lips. A tickling sensation, just driving me further towards my decision to bring myself off in front of Jake, hoping he would be out there enjoying the spectacle.

I slowly raised myself out of the water and walked to the grass-covered clearing, presenting a full frontal nude to Jake. I could feel the soft, muddy sand between my toes as I stepped out of the water. I wiped the mud off on the grass, shaking the last drops of water off my body, bending over letting my hair fall down in front of my eyes. Quickly standing up I flung my hair back, the best I could do to make my otherwise wet and tangled hair look decent.

I looked around, as if looking for the best place to sit and dry off. Almost in the middle of the clearing was an old wooden tree trunk, leaning away from where Jake might be hiding, providing a good back rest where I could sit facing the area where Jake might be. Also it was facing the sun, which would legitimise placing myself there, and at the same time, I would be facing Jake also. It was a bit far from where I had hung my clothes, but that would only be a problem if somebody else should come along.

The sun was now strong enough to start clearing the moisture in the air. That, on the other hand, gave a boggy smell emphasising the feeling of still air in the enclosed space. I took a deep breath then I walked over to the trunk and sat

myself down, back against it, legs bent, slightly spread, giving Jake a clear view of my shaved pussy, with lips still slightly raw from last night’s extended action. That only made my nakedness so much more apparent to me.

I could feel the still-moist long grass caressing the insides of my thighs. If I closed my eyes I could almost imagine it was the light touch of Jake’s beard.

The trunk was a bit hard, but in my excitement it didn’t bother me too much. As I sat, still pretending just to be a jogger who has had a swim and was now sunning herself and drying off - I tried to imagine what Jake must be thinking.

Was he dreaming he was between my legs? Was he playing with himself, imagining it was my touch on his hard dick? I wondered what it looked like? Was he stroking it with long, slow strokes, or was he pumping hard as he stared at me?

I could feel the moisture forming between my lips. It felt cold. The breeze blowing cold over my wet pussy lips: to me it was like Jake blowing on them before he kissed them.

I moved my left hand down between my legs as if it was just something I casually did. But I had to touch myself. I forced my lips apart, overcome by a hard shudder, which made my back rub hard against the trunk, hurting. I licked the fingers on my right hand, then placed them lightly over my clit. Stretching my legs as far apart as possible, arching my back leaning my neck against the trunk, I finally touched my clit lightly. I almost buckled over. I had to grab it harder. As my fingers found the right rhythm, the speed increased.

I forced my eyes open wanting to see if I could see Jake. Something was certainly moving between the bushes, several branches shaking lightly, just a bit more than the other branches. I guess he was jerking off while watching me.

The thought made me speed up. I wondered what it would be like at the pub tonight. In a way it would be fun. If he didn’t know that I was aware that he had been watching, I could just behave as usual. But I would know what he had been doing while watching me. I would know that every time he looked at me, he would think of me sitting so close to him, bringing myself off right in front of him. He would know the shape of my naked breasts shaking as the first small contractions hit me. The image in his mind of my naked breasts would be superimposed on my blouse when he looked at me at the bar, making him look at me as if I was naked right in front of him there.

At the same time I would know that he was getting a hard on behind his bar and I would enjoy sitting so he could see the outline of my breasts in the overhead bar-lights. Perhaps I would wear my loose blouse, the one without arms, where you could see my breasts clearly from the side if I leant forward. I would sit with my glass, making sure the shirt was open so he could stare at my nipples, getting hard the way he was watching them now. I would get so excited I would get Poul to make love to me in the woods on the way home. Maybe I would bring Poul down here in the moonlight and have him make love to me here, imagining that it was Jake.

As the climax approached I realised I was making small sounds. I wanted to call out how I felt, letting Jake know I was getting near so he could shoot his load at the same time. I hoped the volume was right, I wanted Jake to hear me come, but not loud enough to let other early joggers know what was going on. But as I came I couldn’t control myself. I let out a small howl as the shakes started to roll over me.

The contractions made me sit up, looking down myself. If possible my nipples stood out even harder - the usual reaction after an orgasm. I could see my stomach muscles ripple with the after-shocks, and the soft insides of my thighs, reddened and still moving as my knees kept shaking. I was sliding slowly down the trunk, scratching my back but oblivious to pain. Like a heroin addict engulfed in the rush and shutting out all other feelings. Finally I let out a long sigh until all air had left my lungs and the soft glow of relaxation was starting to spread through my body.

I could again feel the heat of the morning sun on my body; as the sun had been gathering strength it had started to bring out small beads of perspiration on my chest. The combination of the effort of the prolonged run, the orgasm and the hot sun almost made me want to go to sleep. I couldn’t hear any sound other than my own breathing, now more under control. But slowly my senses radiated outwards away from my own body and suddenly the sound of the birds, the sound of shaking leaves got my attention. I looked towards Jake’s observation point, and clearly saw a flash of a silver jogging suit disappearing between the bushes and more birds being scared away by the sudden movement. Oh, my god, I thought, as I almost blushed again. I could no longer pretend that there was any doubt. Now I knew he had been watching me. The feeling got me aroused again, as what should have been embarrassment, was instead a strong sense of excitement, which hit me right in solar plexus.

I got hold of myself, stood up and walked towards the bushes where I had seen him disappear. I wasn’t bothered going over there naked. I knew he would have gone for good now. I managed to force the branches apart, squeezing through and almost falling down into a small hollow in the ground. I turned round and looked in the direction of my tree trunk. What a perfect view he’d had. Almost level with the ground he must have been able to see my actions with a clear view. I could see the flattened grass where his feet had been, the bent blades of grass now slowly straightening, showing what a short time ago it was that he had left.

I looked at the leaves in front of where he had been, and it didn’t take me long to identify the first blob of telltale thick, whitish moisture dripping off a branch. I put out my hand and touched his sperm, feeling it between my fingers.

Still warm and soft. I smelt my fingers. The same smell as Poul’s old dried come on my body this morning. But this was the semen of a stranger, jerking off while watching me masturbating. I was the cause of the wet moisture between my fingers. I smeared a bit of it on my nipples and found some more to spread over the inside of my legs where Poul’s had been this morning. I was going to go back and fuck Poul, knowing I had another man’s come on my body. So naughty - so sexy.

I made it back to my clothes. They were now hot from the sun and felt strange on my naked body. But the water was still cold as I stepped around the leaning tree, the water reaching up above my knees. I was shaking when I was finally out on the path. Certainly, from the excitement of the last half-hour, but also from exhaustion.

I walked slowly back to the cottage giving myself plenty of time to ponder over the experiences of the morning. Poul was awake but still in bed, the room now getting warm and needing a good airing out. I opened a window to let in the refreshing morning air.

“Did you have a good run?” he asked.

“I sure did. It is quite an experience being down there in the morning,” not really thinking about the deeper meaning of my words. “It is so quiet, you feel so much at one with nature.”

I stood at end of the bed as I stripped off the jogging clothes using the same movements I had used when stripping in front of Jake. I was immediately aroused again as the wind from the open window hit me and reminded me of the feeling at the lake as the breeze hit my naked body. I watched Poul’s eyes following my every movement. I could hear his breathing getting heavier. I leant forward over the bed, giving him a good look at my hanging, full tits as I slowly pulled the cover off him. As it cleared his lower body his dick jumped up, hardening in small jerks until finally it pointed straight up in the air.

“Play with yourself a bit,” I begged. “I want to see you really excited just by looking at me.”

He hesitated a bit first. I knew he considered it a very private thing to play with himself, and he would only do it because he knew what it did for me. As he was stroking himself the way I had imagined Jake doing it to himself, I climbed onto the bed, slowly positioning myself over Poul’s dick. It hit my thighs as he tried to reach up and touch me, but I kept at a distance while he played some more with himself. As the pre-come oozed out, I grabbed his dick and smeared the slick juice all over my inner thighs where I had spread Jake’s sperm, mixing Poul’s wet juices with Jake’s dried semen. The thought drove me wild, and I finally lowered myself, allowing Poul to enter me. The feeling of finally being filled by a hard, throbbing dick was indescribable after the frustrating display of external only manipulation, which had been my only means of satisfying myself for the last couple of hours.

I lent over his head as I bounced up and down; mixed pictures of Poul and Jake played on the inside of my closed eyelids. My breasts were bouncing right over Poul’s face, making me think of the coming evening at the pub and how I was going to let Jake get a sneak glimpse down my shirt. The thought made me speed up, and when Poul caught one of my breasts and started kissing and sucking on the nipple which I had covered with Jake’s dried sperm, I just exploded. As good as it is to let people watch you exhibit yourself as you masturbate, orgasm as part of intercourse is just the ultimate. As usual my contractions brought off Poul as well, so just as I was coming off my high Poul exploded inside me. I wondered if there was any way to keep his sperm from being washed off when I showered. I wanted to keep some of it on my body, possibly rubbing some my nipples when we went the pub in the evening.

But for now I collapsed on top of Poul. His familiar smell was so welcome. The dream and excitement of strange encounters always increased the intensity of our lovemaking. I am sure he sometimes wondered where I got these sudden sparks of intense arousal from. But I knew he loved it and before I fell asleep on top of him I smiled and reminded myself how rewarding it was to go looking for inspirations.

**Workout**

This is a little story about a workout I had the other day. As I’ve told everyone I’ve been in training for this mini triathlon that my boyfriend Bob challenged me to enter. I complain all the time about the training but it really is tremendous exercise and for all of you that want to eat those fancy deserts and keep your figure boy is this the answer. I can’t believe how much I eat and I’ve actually still lost weight. My low ride jeans are getting even more dangerous to wear. My housemates want me to chip in more towards of food pole. This post isn’t really in response to a dare or anything. The idea for this got started when this guy asked me if he could use Lisa and I in a story he was writing. It really sounded interesting and after a few back and forth emails exchanging ideas he told me a little more about the story. He suggested that I take the same basic story line and write about it from my perspective. I told him I’d give it a try if I it was good. I’m still waiting for the rest of the story. To make it a little easier for me he is including some ideas that I could relate to like my triathlon training which he is making the central part of my characters part in the story. He has Lisa and I at this resort where my cloths mysteriously get locked in the trunk of the car. I end up training in my bikini and sometimes less. Well the other day while running in the god awful heat that we’ve been having, I started to fanaticize about myself in the scenes in the story. Probably hallucinating from the heat actually but I couldn’t get the story out of my mind. Ok, the next day in order to make my workout a little more interesting, I decided to try acting out something from the story. No. I didn’t go running naked. What I did was the next best thing. I did my whole workout in my bikini. I figured if the real athletes can run in those skimpy little two-piece outfits I could take it one step further. It was like 90 degrees so it actually seemed fairly appropriate to wear as little as possible so I decided to live out part of the story.

I waited for it too cool down a bit before starting. I stripped down in my room and picked one of my more modest bikini, not that any are very modest. I picked this one because it actually did provide some support and the bottom wouldn’t slide up my butt with each step. I tried it on and found that it was a little loose around the hip so I tried another one. This one was the one I wore last summer rollerblading. It was dark blue and fit really well and tended to stay on fairly well possible because it fit like a second skin since it didn’t have any lining. I got excited thinking about wearing it but got concerned about how much I’d showing through after I started to sweat a little. It looked fine right now but I knew that once it got wet you would be able to make out my dark areolas through the material not to mention my nipples. The bottom was a Brazilian cut with nice side ties to keep it from slipping. I was worried about how it would do while biking but by then I was really turned on by the whole thing and my practicality was fading fast.

I pulled on my sneakers, grabbed my helmet and headed for the door. I stopped to check myself out in the mirror as I headed out. I looked like one of those women from that show gladiator but with even less on. I found it ironic that my head and feet were better covered than the whole rest of my body. Lisa and Sue had often commented about my choice in work out outfits so I wondered what they would have thought about my current one.

I usually do the swimming part either at the Y or at this friend’s pool but today I though I ride my bike down to the ocean and swim there. I could do the running along the boardwalk and street and then bike back. I hadn’t done that route before so I didn’t know exactly how long it was but I was really out for the workout and not the time. I walked outside and I pulled my bike out. The heat was unbelievable even at 6:00 at night. I could feel the sun against my bare skin and thought about putting on some sun block but figured the sun was low enough in the sky that I didn’t need any. I jumped on the bike and did the mandatory bikini adjustment trying my best to stretch the tiny bit of material as best I could to provide some measure of coverage. I looked at myself propped up on the bike in my tiny bikini and was wondering if this was such a good idea. I hadn’t ridden a bike in my bikini since I was in high school and then I didn’t have as much to hide and was probably wearing a bikini that covered more of me than the one I currently had on. When I leaned over to grab the handle bars my breasts practically fell out of my top. The old gravity test was providing my neck ties with a significant challenge to keep my breasts contained. I wasn’t sure how successful they’d be if I hit a bump in this position. I straighten up and it felt like I was sitting naked on the bike seat. The bikini didn’t provide much covering back there not to mention not providing any padding like my bike shorts did. I peddled around in a couple of circles in my driveway before getting up the nerve to head out to the street. I stopped at he end of the driveway to check if anyone was around as if to think they would be the only ones I’d encounter. No one was out probably because of the heat so I toughed my suite in place once again and headed off to the bike trail enjoying the warm air flowing over my bare skin. The sun was still warm enough that it made a difference between the shade and sun. I was already felling hot as I entered the bike trail. I was a little concerned about dehydration since the air was simple evaporating any perspiration before it formed on my body.

I was speeding along the bike path when I came across the first people to see me. I was getting excited again as I approached them from behind. They were only leisurely peddling along so they did see me approach until I had passed. I never looked back but could imagine their expressions as this bikini clad biker speed past. I wasn’t sure how much of my butt was hanging out but I imagined there must have been a quite a bit I got some other odd looks from people coming the other way. I looked down before they got too close to make sure my nipples were still covered.

I was thinking how wild it was to be biking alone almost naked but I was still legal. Just then I looked down the flank of my body and noticed my nipples trying to escape my top. I struggled to adjust my top while not crashing my bike off the path. Looking further down I notice that my bottom had nearly disappeared from view. I stopped briefly to readjust my bottom so it covered as much as possible before exiting the bike path for the road.

I biked along the road paralleling the ocean until I got to this section that never got many people because there is no where to park. I stopped and parked my bike in this spot where it would be safe and caught my breath for a second. All in all the bike ride was uneventful except for some a bunch of odd looks and cat calls from some of the guys. I had only stopped a second when my entire body was covered with sweet. The wind had kept me cool relatively speaking while riding but now that I had stopped my overheated body did its best at compensating for the heat. My suite note being lined was starting to show my feature pretty clearly despite its dark color.

I slowly walk towards the beach were I was going to do my swimming segment. With all the sweating you could make out everything through my suite. Luckily there was no one at all on the beach. Again I’ll blame it on the heat because that’s when I got my next crazy idea. In the story they had me swimming naked so I though I’d give it a try. I’ve always love the feeling so I though I’d give it a try. Maybe it would improve my time even though I didn’t exactly know the distance. I double checked that there was no one in site and decided to go for it. I untied the back tie on my top and slipped it over my head. My breasts popped free seemingly relieved to be given the chance to breath. I looked around again and decided to go all the way and slid my bikini bottom off as well. I didn’t want to just stand there naked on a public beach so I quickly hid my bikini amongst one of the big rocks that make up this long jetty and ran towards the water. The water felt really cold compare hot air so it took my breath away as I dove in. My nipples hardened up right away like little eraser. I swam out past the rough surf but not too far out. I was a really strong swimmer but I didn’t want to be too far away from shore in case I got a cramp or something. I don’t know about you guys but for women swimming naked without worrying if your suite is slipping off is one of the best feelings around. That the one think I don’t like about bikinis. I swam like I was a different person. The feeling was tremendous and it kind of inspired me on to swim even faster. As I came back to reality, I started to think through what I was doing. Here I was about 100 feet of shore, swimming along a public beach, completely naked. I’ve swum naked in pools and at the nude beach and in the Caribbean but never along a public beach. And each stoke took me further away from my only covering. I knew there was no one in site when I went in but I didn’t know who would come along or who might be there when I came out. I slowed up to take a look around and still didn’t see anyone so I calmed down a bit. After a bit I tuned around and headed back to where I started. As I tuned I noticed someone walking around back were I went in. All sort of things rushed through my head. I thought, what if he saw where I hid my bikini and took it? What happened if he was waiting for me to come out? Why had I done such a stupid thing? If he took my suite I be stuck there completely naked miles from home. Oh Shit. I stopped and looked around to collect myself and see how much trouble I has gotten my self into. It was hard to tell but it looked like the guy was just walking along the beach. I couldn’t tell whether he had passed were my stuff was hidden or still approaching it. Even if he didn’t take my bikini, he was walking in my direction and we would pass at some point. I tried to concentrate on my swimming as we closed. I looked up again and was sure he had passed were I came in. But had he already found and taken my suite. I guess I wouldn’t know until I got there. The next thing was would he notice that I was swimming naked or would he just think I had on an incredible small bikini. I though about stopping and just wading in the water but decided to keep swimming. The sooner I got back to my suite the better I’d be. I swam extra hard as I passed the guy walking on sure. Once I passed him and he didn’t turn to follow I figured I was out of the woods so long as my suite was still hidden there in the rocks.

I stopped were I though I came and looked around to make sure no one was in site. There was a couple of people off to my right but they were pretty much out of site. At least the wouldn’t be able to make out that I was naked from where they were. I waded in through the surf and all but ran up the beach to were my suite was hidden. At first I didn’t see it an I almost panicked. But then I realized I was looking in the wrong place. I was at the wrong jetty. I though about running back to the water but was afraid the people down the beach would decide to walk down in my direction to investigate before I recovered my suite. I figured even I was better of just running across the beach and recovering my bikini in the quickest possible time. So that’s what I did. It was only about a hundred yards but it felt like a mile. Luckily when I reached the jetty my bikini was where I left it. I pulled it on as quickly as I could still tugging the bottom into place as I headed back to where my bike was. Once I had my bikini back I felt like I was fully dressed by comparison so my confidence returned and I felt like I was ready for anything.

I decided to leave my bike were it was and start my run from there. I sat on the curb and pulled my socks and sneakers back on. After a long drink from my bottle I stood up and pulled my bikini back in place as best I could before heading off. I carried my water bottle as I went knowing I would need a lot of liquids as I ran in the heat. There I was running along the sidewalk in nothing but my sneakers and bikini. Again my top really struggled to keep my breasts contained as they bounced but at least they were staying in. I had to double-check them every couple of seconds because there wasn’t much margin for error. My bottom actually stayed in place fairly well despite not being made for such strenuous activity. Several cars honked and a couple of guys yelled wise cracks as they passed but that was about it. I only had a short run before coming up on the boardwalk. It wasn’t much of a boardwalk but there were quite a few people out walking, rollerblading and biking despite the heat. I was sweating pretty good by that point so I was quite a site.

I stopped at a public fountain and filled my bottle again. I gave my top a big tug and I think I gave this group of guys that were hanging out on one of the benches a pretty good show without even trying because the immediately came over and started to chat. They asked me why I was working out when it was so hot out. I was starting to tell them about my triathlon training when I noticed the budges in their pants. Apparently my sweat soaked body and matted down hair wasn’t detracting to much from their interest. I guess I wasn’t exactly leaving much to their imagination dressed the way I was. One complemented me on being in such good shape. I thanked him and excused myself before it went any further.

I made it to my tuning point and headed back. It probably wasn’t as far as I had been running because I still felt pretty good. Normally I’m really dragging by now and the last part of the run is hell. On the way back I started to fantasize about the story again and how it would feel to be running along here completely naked like the scene in the story. It may have been the heat but I actually thought about just pulling the strings on my back and hips and running down the boardwalk stark naked. It would be so quick and easy and then it would be done. I was getting really excited by the thought and started to run even faster despite being exhausted and hot. I had streaked a couple of time in college and even the last two block home the other week and never got in trouble so I was actually thinking about giving it a try but just then someone on a bike came out from behind a bathhouse and bumped me. It wasn’t much of a bump but it snapped me out of my fantasy. I decided to stop and refill my water bottle. The guy on the bike was more stunned than I was and apologies profusely. All I know was if he hadn’t seen me before he was making up for it now. He continued to apologies while scanning me up and down several times. I kept telling him I was alright and eventually I just left him and ran off. A couple dozen bikini adjustments later I made it back to my bike. I jumped on it and headed off toward the bike path again. I remember thinking if this was all I wore the transitions during the triathlon would be really quick but I’d probably loose more time trying to keep it on.

The bike back was much like the trip out except I was more tied and significantly over heated. My normally tan skin was looking more sun burnt than tan. I wanted to stop for a drink at the snack stand but didn’t have any money. I probably could have gotten someone to buy me something but didn’t want to get into a conversation or anything right then.

I finally made it home and ran to the refrigerator and got a cold drink I then stripped of my soaked bikini grabbed a towel to lay on and stretched out on a chair. I don’t know how long it was but I just laid there until Sue walked in.

I told her what I did and again she told me how crazy I was. All in all it really livened up my workout but the heat took the edge off the normal excitement of doing something like that. Now after telling someone of this outing they dared me to wear my bikini to the gym for a workout. They even want me to do aerobics with a set of Ben Wa Balls inside me. I told him I wasn’t ready for something like that but what I did do was bring my bikini with me to the gym and after my workout I changed into it to wear home but that’s another story.

**Triathlon Run**

Ok, Summer is coming to a close so I guess I can start catching everyone up on my summer adventures. One of the biggest has to be Bob’s challenge for me to compete with him in a mini triathlon. Now this challenge was different from most of the other dares I’ve been given in that it took a lot of time and training and I actually got to keep my cloths on. Well at least most of them. I know a couple of you wanted me to do it naked but that would be impossible were I live.

I did at least manage to keep it a little interesting especially after the race ended. For those that haven’t already, I suggest reading my bikini workout story. That was one of my attempts to make my workouts a little more interesting. I got many other suggestion, some of which I actually tried. My swimming workouts were actually fairly easy thanks to my years on the swim team. This time however since I didn’t have any coaches yelling at me I decided it would be more interesting if I tried it in my bikini. I actually did it once before in high school but that another story. I was fortunate when I found out that one of my friends had this terrific pool for working out in. Didn’t even need a bikini for working out there.

The biking and running was just plain grueling. Bob and I did find some secluded places to run which made for some interesting workouts but still it was tough. Once at a rarely used park Bob dared me to take my top off for a short distance. It was really fun but no one was around so it wasn’t really that daring. Another time up at Lisa’s parents place, Bob and I went jogging on one of the trails. This time I was a little bolder when both Bob and I left out shirts at home for our run. All I had on was my shorts and sneakers. It was so wild. Neither of us had shirt so I had no way to cover up if we ran into someone. It was so exciting that I didn’t even mind realize how far we had run.

The workouts seemed to go on forever and even though it was great exercise and I never felt better, it was still tough. When the race finally came I just wanted to get it over with. I still wanted to do good but I was sick and tired of the workouts.

People had suggested wearing some outrageous outfits. From nothing at all, to a painted on outfit that would dissolve as I ran. Someone even wanted me to run with Ben-Wa balls bouncing around inside me for the whole race. Unfortunately of fortunate I decided on something more practical. I wanted to keep it interesting though. I had a side bet that I’d come in within 5 minutes of Bob’s time so I wanted to distract him a bit. I decided to wear the only one-piece suite that I owned. It was so unlike me to wear a one piece but this was one of my college swim team suites. Now don’t be too disappointed. This suite was plenty sexy. It was a mixture of light blue and white and like so many competition suite was so thin it was practically see through when wet. It brought back memories of wearing it a meets in college. Looking back on it I can’t believe the school let us wear those suite.

I was a little intimidated by some of the women. They were really build and made me look like a wimp by comparison. I certainly didn’t want to mess with some of them.

The swim was 500 meters and I did great. There was only about a dozen women in front of me when I came out of the water and I was ahead of Bob. He wasn’t a strong swimmer and I figured I’d have to be quite a bit ahead of him to even have a chance of beating him since he was a real strong biker and runner.

When we came out of the water some of the people just pull bike shorts up over their suites to save time in transition to the biking. I didn’t want to wear a wet suite but I also didn’t want to waist any time changing in the little changing area so when I saw that Bob wasn’t that far behind I got a little crazy. When I reached my bike I briefly looked around and without really thinking just slipped my arms out from the straps and pealed the suite off right there next to my bike. I didn’t even look up as I wiggled into my bike shorts. I decided to wear this old sports bra that I hadn’t worn since the towel dare. You see this sports bra was really small and tight and everything show through. I pulled it over my head and down my arms but when I went to tuck my breasts in I found it must have shrunk or something because I couldn’t get it over my breast. I struggle with it as a couple of people started to notice me. I pulled real hard and finally stretch it over my breasts. I then pulled on my socks and sneakers before grabbing my bike. I’m not sure how much it saved me but I was the sixth women onto the biking segment. I was really psyched but it didn’t last.

The bike portion was 20 kilometers and was probable the toughest for me since I didn’t practice for it that much. It was a really hot day so it wasn’t long before I was beginning to perspire. Not having brought anything else to wear I knew I was going to be putting on quite a show as I ran and after.

It wasn’t long before Bob passed me along with god knows how many other people. As more passed, I couldn’t wait to get to the end.

The running was 5 kilometers and circled back to the park where we started. By the time I started the run I was certain that I had started out too fast because I was hurting after the first mile. It was really hot so I was soaked to my skin which left my top practically see through. My nipples, areolas and entire breasts were clearly visible through the light gray material. The top which seemed so tight when I struggled to pull it on also seemed to loosen up as it got wet. My breasts bounced pretty good threatening to pop free of their inadequate covering which gave everyone a pretty good show as I ran.

I though I was going to die when I heard Karen and Sue calling out my name. It gave me enough encouragement to make it to the finish.

Bob greeted me at the finish with a huge hug which also serve to keep me from collapsing. By the time I had recovered enough to stand, Karen and Sue had caught up and were congratulating me as well. Bob and I secured our stuff and waited to see how we did.

I was a little embarrassed when we ran into a bunch of people from work that I didn’t know were coming. I guess I should come to expect a couple of stares when I wear such outrageous outfits but all the attention my chest was getting was causing some embarrassment that I wasn’t prepared for. Between the skin tight bike shorts and the practically see though top, I wasn’t leaving my co workers much to their imaginations. The sheer thrill of finishing however took over all other emotions and after a couple of minutes It didn’t matter what people saw. I was thrilled that I had finished and was going to enjoy it.

I ended up finishing 31 out of 78 women and my times were just over 1 hour.

Bob dropped me off back home to get showered up before he came back over to take me to the party. I was fully recovered and all pumped up from the run. All those endorphins floating around in me were giving me the sweetest natural high. Anyone who works out knows what I mean and you other of you should give it a try.

I turned on the stereo and cranked up my Flash Dance CD as I danced around the house stripping as I went. If only Bob was there I would have jump him right there. Since he wasn’t I decide I’d give him a little surprise when he did arrived. I showered up and put on some of my favorite perfume that Bob loved but nothing else.

When I heard his car pull up I ran to the door and jumped into his arms naked.. Well let’s say we did a little celebrating before going to the party. Another quick shower together and it was time to get going. Bob was all dressed and stood in the doorway with a beer in hand as I did my hair and make up. From the bulge in his paints it didn’t look like he minded the wait, at least not at first. Of course I had to tease him a couple more times as I decided what to wear.

I was still bouncing around and was felling really devilish as I chose this sheer black top and my lowest hip hugger jeans. Bob kind of gave me a little puzzled as I sat down to pull the jeans up my legs without putting on and knickers. I gave him this dirty little smile and told him I wanted him to be constantly reminded that I wasn’t wearing any underwear. He looked back at the top I had laid on the bed and raised an eyebrows as if he didn’t believe me.

Now these jeans are the sexiest ones I own. They have no belt loops and the zip is only about 3-4 inches. They barely cover the top of my ass when standing and leave a little hip bone gap in the front. I love the way I look in them and the way they make me feel. Its always exciting wondering how far they’ve slipped down.

Again I kind of teased Bob as I buried my bare boobs into his chests and kissed him. I could tell he was getting tuned by my teasing because he started to back away dragging me into the living room. I was being really bad and just kept kissing him as he said we had better get going. I could feel his hard on practically ripping a whole in his pants. We were already in the kitchen when he pried my arms off him and said. Lets get going. Man, like there are worse things in life than having your girlfriend kissing you.

This time he was serious though, so I ran back into the bedroom and grabbed my top and sandals. I barely had it on as I ran out the door. I was sill buttoning it up as I jumped in the car. Had I looked at myself in the mirror before leaving I probably would never have left in that top without a bra. Bob kept saying he can’t believe I was going out in public in that outfit. I gave him a nervous laugh as I joked about it.

This top wasn’t exactly sheer but there was certainly no guess about whether I was wearing a bra under it or not. It was a black silky like material that buttoned up the front and came to about 3 inches above my belly button.

We got back to the park and the party was will underway. As I got out of the car a gust of cool air hit me. I couldn’t believe how light my top felt felt. Without the bra wrapped around my chest it really felt like I was topless. The cool air really got my nipples attention too. My half inch nipples were clearly visible through the top. Between the jeans that were barely hanging on my hips and being party practically naked from the waist up, maybe a little more considering those jeans, I was looking really hot and was getting pretty aroused. I felt like I could walk right out of my cloths if I kept walking.

I could feel my excitement building even more as we walked arm in arm towards the door. We didn’t even make it in the door when the mood for the night was set. This guy that was hanging out outside was none to shy about commenting on my breasts. I’ve grown use to the guys checking me out, kind of comes with the territory, but tonight even more girls than normal were giving me really dirt looks. Several really turned up their noses and gave me the evil eye. I though I heard on telling her friend that they weren’t real. They were already walking away but I just wanted to smack her. There were these other two that had other ideas on their mind I think. They started coming on to me and caught me by surprise with some frank comments about my breasts. I got a little embarrassed tried to change the topic. That kind of attention I could do without.

The party was at a VFW wall so it wasn’t exactly fancy but there was a really loud band playing on this makeshift stage. Before we even made it to the food table we were up dancing up a storm.

We ran into some friends that ran in the race and discussed war stories. Bob told them all about my technique in the transition between the swim and the bike. I tried to explain how gross it was wear wet cloths on the bike and how much time it saved but before I knew it I was back up dancing with one of the guys. It was a great dance band and it seemed like I was never off the dance floor for more than enough time to fill up my beer. Again I was getting a lot of comments on my outfit. This one guy who was pretty drunk was getting a little too friendly though. He had his hands all over me. The first time he bumped my boobs I thought it was an accident but after the third time I had to straighten him out. He was also pretty liberal with his hand all over my ass as we left he dance floor. Bob’s pretty cool about me dancing with others guys but he knows when to step in. He’s a big guy so most guys back off when pressed. No big deal actually.

It was after midnight when we left and I was really exhausted. We got back to Bob’s place and I was ready to crash but it was payback time for my earlier teasing. Bob was till awake and wanted to start our own private celebration. I was really not in the mode but Bob certainly was. We were still in his car when he had my top unbuttoned and it wasn’t like I had anything on under it so he was really getting frisky. I guess my earlier teasing while getting dressed did have its effect on him after all. I had to calm him down just to get into his apartment before he stripped me. I was so tied by then that all I wanted to do was collapse but then he started working on my jeans. He had me naked before the door even shut. His foreplay was starting work and before long I found myself in his bed room screw like bunnies till god know when in the morning.

We slept in the next morning and basically recovered. We didn’t get moving until around 11:00 and then headed out to breakfast. I borrowed one of Bob’s shirts for this one. It was so big on me I could have worn it as a dress. It was weird wearing such low pants over such a long shit. I probably could have gone without the pants at all. Maybe another time.

Overall I was pleased. I had hoped to come on a lot closer to Bob’s time but he had a really good race and I was happy with my finish if not the time. I love how alive the training had made me feel so I’ve kept up some of the workout just to keep in shape.

I don’t have any plans for future triathlons but Bob has already dared me to come along with him on this crazy survival adventure he heard about. I already told him that my idea of vacation was more along the lines of laying around a beach sipping fruity drinks. He keeps bringing it up so who knows. The things you do for love.

**New Years Get Away**

I had a pretty interesting New Years get away at Lisa’s and I finally got around to capturing it for you.

As I’ve told you Lisa’s parents bought this little place in upstate New York, and we’ve helped them fix it up over the summer (between playing around) in exchange for a place to stay during ski season. This year, Lisa and I drove up for New Years. Her parents had been there since the day after Christmas. I hadn’t been up there since the early fall, so I hadn’t seen all the changes.

Well you know how Lisa always gets me in trouble and this was no exception. She was a little tamer than usual, but she’s still Lisa.

We got there late and were talking with Lisa’s Mom and Dad when her mom said, “You have to see our new hot tub.” I just looked at Lisa and said, “You didn’t tell me anything about a hot tub”. I didn’t know they had a hot tub so I hadn’t bothered to pack a suit.

I leaned over and quietly mentioned it when her mom said, “Not like you wear anything anyway,” probably referring to my topless sunbathing on their dock over the summer. Lisa just smiled and said, “We’ll work something out.”

Tuesday, New Year’s Eve, it was off to the slopes. It was cold but the sun started to warm things up so it wasn’t terrible. I don’t know if you remember me telling you, but last year Lisa dared me to try snowboarding and I fell in love to the extent that I bought a board and all the gear, including the outfits. (You know you have to at least look good while falling all over the place.) It was my first time out for the year, so I was a little rusty. However, I got back into it after a couple of pretty good falls. Having survived our first day out, we headed back to Lisa’s place a little early since it was New Years Eve.

Lisa’s mom and dad were already in the hot tub with a bottle of wine when we arrived. They told us to grab some glasses and join them. I told them I could really use it after snowboarding but reminded them that I didn’t have a suit to wear. Now it’s not like I’ve never been in a hot tub naked before, but I wasn’t about to jump in with my best friend’s parents present. I thought Lisa had purposely not told me about the hot tub, but I couldn’t believe she wanted me to go naked in front of her dad. I think she just wanted to see what I was going to do. She suggested a tee shirt and knickers.

As we changed we compared bruises. I had a couple of nice ones on my back and arm. When I got the one on my back, I thought I had separated my shoulder.

We walked back out onto the deck with me wearing a light blue tee shirt and a pair of bikini knickers. The tee shirt didn’t quite make it down to my bikini line so my knickers were in plain view. It was much more than I ever wear to the beach but I knew that once this outfit got wet it would be pretty see through. I was a little concerned at what Lisa’s parents might think, but I wasn’t going to pass up the hot tub, that was for sure. I slipped into the hot water enjoying the swirling bubbles over my bruised body. As I got up to get my glass of wine, I realized how see through the tee shirt really was. Lisa’s mom and dad just laughed as Lisa described one of my better wipeouts snowboarding. I don’t know whether it was the water or the wine, but after a few minutes I was totally relaxed and it didn’t even phase me that I was practically naked. It didn’t seem to bother Lisa’s parents either since the conversation about the snowboarding just kept going with her mom making jokes about out style.

Lisa’s mom finally brought up the fact that my tee shirt was pretty much useless. Her dad said it looks fine to him. I said I felt naked. Lisa’s mom surprised me by saying, “I’ve seen some of your bikinis and there isn’t that much difference between them and being naked.” She was right but they do usually hide the essentials. Eventually, Lisa’s mom and dad got out and changed for dinner leaving Lisa and I in the hot tub. There is nothing better than après ski in a hot tub with a bottle of wine.

Eventually Lisa pulled my wet shirt over my head and started massaging my sore shoulder. I was so relaxed I didn’t see Lisa’s parents come in to tell us where they were going. I blushed at being caught topless by my best friends parents but the feeling of Lisa’s hands on my sore muscles was just so overwhelming I didn’t care. We stayed in a bit longer while we decided where to go for New Years Eve.

Before leaving I got out and took a role in the snow cool down. Lisa passed which was a mistake since she was wiped out for most of the rest of the night. We went to this so-called local hot spot. We were two hot chicks. Lisa had on this cute mini and tank top while I had this nice red mini dress. Not the shortest I own, but plenty short enough to show my thong knickers if I wasn’t careful. We were probably a little over dressed for the casual crowd, but it certainly attracted the guys. Lisa was pretty tired and I was pretty sore, so we were pretty calm compared to some of our previous outings. We danced a lot more than we should have and as much as our tired and sore bodies would allow. Whenever I complained about being tired and sore from skiing, a guy would start massaging my bare shoulders. This one guy started giving me the world’s best neck and back massage. He slipped the straps of my dress off my shoulders so I literally had to hold the front against my boobs to keep it up. It felt so good and we were both getting into it, perhaps a little too much when I felt his hands working their way around the front under my dress. It did feel good but I had to cool him down before I lost all sense of where we were. We both got more than our share of kisses when midnight came. I think Lisa and I broke a couple of hearts when we said we had to leave.

The next day I decided to try snowboarding again, having gotten some confidence at the end of the prior day. I did a little better but still fell like a hundred times. We ran into this bunch of young snowboarder dudes (kind of like a gang on snow). It was funny when they kept calling me a snowboarder chick, but I kind of liked it. It made me feel like part of the gang even though I was by far the worst one of the group and probably the oldest. They gave me a bunch of pointers, and by the end of the day, I was starting to get the hang of it. My body, however, said otherwise. They invited us back to their condo and offered to give me a massage, which sounded pretty good, but we decided to pass and headed back to Lisa’s parents place.

When we got back, Lisa’s parents were already in the hot tub again. Today I had a wicked bruise on me right hip and was limping a little. Lisa’s mom said I’d feel better once I got in the water. I looked over and saw my tee shirt from the night before frozen on the deck. Lisa’s mom must have already had quite a bit of wine when she said, “Come on just jump in that tee shirt doesn’t hide anything anyway.” Back at the room I stripped down and wrapped myself in a towel. I asked Lisa if she thought it was ok. She told me that if it was a problem, she was sure they would have said something last night. I tried to get her to join me but she said, “My dad hasn’t seen me naked in years. I’m not going to start now.” I felt weird but that hot tub was calling my name, and if they were cool with it, I’d get over my sudden found modesty. I hesitated getting in but figured I’d be covered by the water. So I just threw the towel on the chair and stepped in completely naked. I don’t know what Lisa’s dad thought but he certainly didn’t complain.

OMG did that water feel good. After a minute it didn’t even dawn on me that I was naked. Lisa’s dad poured us some wine, and we were in ecstasy. Lisa’s mom made some mention that seeing me in the hot tub must have brought out the passionate side of Tom (Lisa’s Father). Now it was my turn to sink down in the water from embarrassment. However, my embarrassment seemed to diminish almost in proportion to the amount of wine I drank. One by one, everyone would sit up in the water or on the side to cool off. I was half cooked when Lisa suggested a role in the snow like the night before. I wasn’t quite as enthusiastic tonight about getting out of the hot tub naked in front of everyone, but when I couldn’t take the heat anymore I jumped up and took my role in the snow once again.

The snow was so cold that it hurt, but did it ever cool me down. I got up half covered in snow and ran back to the hot tub. While getting dressed I told Lisa how cool her parents were and that mine would have freaked. That night Lisa’s dad took us out to dinner in celebration of New Years.

Lisa’s parents headed back the next day because a pretty good storm was predicted the next day, so we had the place to ourselves for the rest of the weekend. That’s when I wished Bob were there, since it was so romantic out in the woods with a big snowstorm coming. We skied for a bit that morning before the snow started and then headed back to the cabin, but not before making sure we had enough provisions to get us through the storm. (i.e., beer, wine and junk food) By late afternoon the snow was coming down hard. We brought in a couple of logs and started a fire in the fireplace. Still being sore from my misadventures snowboarding, I suggested a dip in the hot tub.

Being just the two of us, I just took my clothes off in the room and didn’t even bother bringing a towel. I thought Lisa might do the same but she came out in her suit and robe. After a bit I got her to loosen up and take her suit off. The hot tub is under an overhang over the deck, so it is partially sheltered from the snow. But as the wind picked up more and more, the snow started accumulating on the deck. This time I dared Lisa to role in the snow. So once we reached the melting point we both dove off the deck into accumulating snow. Just as quick, we ran back to the hot tub. This time after we heated up again Lisa dared me to run down to the lake and back. It wasn’t that far, only about four or five-hundred feet but there was no path or anything and the snow was coming down like a blizzard.

After I couldn’t stand the heat anymore, I jumped out and quickly pulled on my snow sneakers and ran down the small hill towards the lake through the raging snowstorm. It was snowing so hard that you couldn’t even see the lake from the deck. It was such a contrast to walking along the beach of St Thomas barely more than a month earlier. My body had absorbed so much heat from the hot tub that I barely felt the snow as it melted on my already wet skin. It didn’t take long for that to change however. As I reached the lake I realized just how exposed I was to the elements. I paused slightly searching around for the edge of the frozen lake before heading back up the hill.

Just as I started back I saw Lisa about halfway down the hill in her boots and gloves with her robe wrapped around her. I ran back up the hill towards her as she tried to make a snowball. The snow was too dry for snowballs but that didn’t stop her from scooping up a handful of snow and throwing it at me. I turned to avoid it but wasn’t quick enough as a handful of snow slid down my bare back. I tried to throw some back at her, but she was too fast and hit me in the face with another hand full. There we were, one barely dressed woman and a completely naked one trying to throw snow at each other in the middle of a snowstorm. I don’t know what got into me because the heat of the hot tub had long passed, but I raced towards Lisa and tackled her knocking the both of us to the ground. I then tried to shovel snow in her face as she pushed me down the hill. Being completely exposed put me at a definite disadvantage when it came to continuing. We both had had enough and decided to retreat to the warmth of the hot tub as well.

When I got in my body had cooled off to the point that the water hurt and I had to gradually lower myself into the water. I eventually turned bright red from the cold. Even redder than the worst sunburn I had ever had. Lisa was already settled in as I splashed water all over my half frozen body. Finally, I was getting some warmth back into my skin. Before I had even settled in, Lisa handed me an over flowing glass of wine. As I relaxed and sipped Lisa started massaging my sore shoulder. It felt so good after our romp in the snow that I couldn’t help but close my eyes and enjoy the moment. I had known Lisa from sophomore year in college and had always been close but her hands on my back felt just as good as any man’s. I was lost in the moment as I left out a soft moan. We consumed a half a bottle of wine before heading in and finishing it in front of the fireplace.

The snow had stopped by morning but not before dropping over a foot of fresh snow. Lisa and I decided to be lazy and hang out at the house since her car was pretty much buried. We stirred up the fire, threw on another log, and popped a few aspirin for our hang over. After enough laying around, I coaxed Lisa into going out and looking around. We were amazed at how warm it was as we worked up a sweat digging her car out. The little road leading up to the house was still unplowed. We knew we weren’t going anywhere soon, so we proceeded to explore a little. There we were, all bundled up in the sun where as the night before I was completely bare in a raging snow storm. This was about when Lisa got the idea of completing my skiing in my bikini dare.

She said she it was one of the only ones left on my site and that she had some cross-country skies in the basement. She admitted that it wouldn’t be quite as goods as doing it downhill skiing but it would a lot easier. We laughed about the suggestion until I pointed out that since she hadn’t told me about the hot tub, I didn’t bother to bring a bikini. This just made her laugh more saying, “Oh well, I guess you’ll just have to go bare.” Even though it was in the 40’s and sunny it was still way to cold to bare that much skin. Besides, I told her there are cabins around and people would surely seem me. I told her skiing sounded fun though so we trudged back into the house and dug out the skies.

I had only cross-country skied a couple of times before so I was a little concerned since I was nowhere near as good as I am on down hill. But it was such a nice day that I just had to give it a try. Skiing that is. I was excited since it seemed like it would be a lot of fun, but not excited enough to try it naked though. Lisa kept trying though, suggesting that I try it topless at least. We went back into our room and changed into something lighter, since we had been more than warm enough when digging the car out. I pulled my stretch pants off the hanger and wiggled into them leaving my knickers off as I have often done. Lisa gave me an “ata girl” approving of my choice to not wear anything under them. I don’t know if I mentioned it before, but these stretch pants fit like a second skin. They’re black with a little red towards the bottom of the legs. I love wearing them when its warmer out since they really show off my legs and butt. Lisa kept suggesting going topless and was beginning to think I was going to do it. She kept saying the exertion would keep me warm. I had already taken my coat and sweater off and since I didn’t bother with a bra this morning, it left me with only my stretch pants and socks. I had her going and thought I’d tease her a bit more by not covering up. I had to admit the thought excited me a bit but it was just too cold out.

I must have been a little aroused by the thought because cool air of the basement gave me the most exhilarating feeling as we hunted through the basement for the skis. My nipples, which were already hard as a rock, tightened up into little erasers. My whole upper body was covered with goose bumps. It was chilly, but not cold. Again, I thought about just going out as I was, but I figured I would freeze to death before getting to the end of the driveway. I ended up doing something I had done previously. I wore my nylon ski jacket with nothing at all under it. I slipped it on and immediately felt the exhilaration of the cool nylon felt against my bare skin. A shiver went up my spine as my nipples brushed the cool fabric if the jacket causing them to harden up even more if that was possible. The jacket was fairly short but covered the fact that I didn’t have a shirt on unless I raised my arms. I gathered my hat and gloves and headed out the door. It reminded me a little about the time I went rollerblading in my bikini with Lisa and Jane because I was pretty excited even before getting going except in this case it looked like I was perfectly normally dressed.

I got my skis on and was immediately reminded of how long it had been since I had been cross-country skiing. I fell even before I reached the end of the property. I ended up covered with snow with some finding its way under the jacket. God was that cold. After a bit, I started to get used to it again and really got into it. The constant motion of my unrestrained breasts under the jacket didn’t hurt either. With each step my nipples would brush against the inside of my jacket sending waves of sensation throughout my body. I don’t know whether it was the exertion of skiing or my growing arousal but I was getting pretty warm as we skied along. My breathing was pretty fast and only part of it was from the exercise.

We were touring around and enjoying the romance of the setting when Lisa once again suggested skiing topless. By then we had skied to the other side of the lake along the access road to the cabins. We hadn’t seen a single person along the way probably because it was still unplowed. It was up and down little hills, so after about a half and hour, we stopped and rested. We were both sitting on a fallen log when Lisa dared me to ski back home topless. I told her about the time Karen had dropped me off on the way back for clubbing. I had to find my way back to the house naked. She told me how it was just like that to which I reminded her that it was 20 degrees warmer then and at night. Lisa said, “I just know you want to do it”. I admitted to her that the thought excited me which was probably a mistake since once Lisa senses willingness she doesn’t let up and I’m a sucker for her encouragement. There was a lot more but I’ll spare you the boring details. The next think I know I’m agreeing and unzipping my jacket.

The chill of the cold air sent a world of sensations through me. My nipples jumped to attention and goose bumps broke out on every inch of my exposed body. I thought I’d just wrap the coat around my waist and bring it with me but Lisa had other ideas. She grabbed it from my arm and took off with it leaving me completely bare to the elements from the waist up. I couldn’t believe the feeling as I chased after her. The strange thing was that I barely felt the cold. Instead the excitement of the moment warmed me all over despite the 40-degree temperature. She raced off ahead and the fear of being left in the woods topless was almost too much. I was a mass of conflicting feelings. My breasts didn’t bounce as they would from running but simply swayed back and forth in a rhythmic motion, which was a new sensation for me. Between the chill and the excitement, my nipples were as hard as they could possible get. If there was ever any truth to the phrase about nipples being hard enough to cut glass it was then. This contracted state only served to increase their ability to transmit sensations. My vagina was already felling the effect and was already swollen which only increased as it rubbed my skin tight ski pants. Not wearing knickers always increases the sensation but it had barely been noticeable when downhill skiing. Cross-country skiing however was a whole other world with your legs in constant motion.

It didn’t take much time to catch up with Lisa but by the time I did my emotions were all but out of control. We stopped by the side of the access road to catch our breath and I too out of it to even reacted when Lisa dropped my coat by the side of the road saying we could come back for it with the car. From there we headed off down a side trail at a more leisurely pace. The sun felt great as it shined on my bare skin and it, along with the exercise, nicely countered the chill of the air. I couldn’t believe I didn’t feel colder since it was barely 40 degrees outside. It wasn’t like I was laying out on the beach or anything. I was in the middle of the woods with absolutely nothing covering me from the waist up. Lisa reminded me that it was perfectly legal to go topless here in NY so not to worry. Not to worry I though as I told her it may be legal, but being topless in 40 degree temperature is still ridiculous.

The trail got a little smaller as we went and the trees, even without the leaves, were blocking a bit of the sun. So I was starting to regret leaving the jacket behind, especially after Lisa bumped a branch knocking a pile of snow on me. I screamed as it hit me. After recovering from my initial shock, I brushed it off with my glove. What a contrast a gloved hand brushing snow of a bare breast. Not exactly a normal situation.

The trail got smaller and smaller as we made our way back to the access road on the other side of the lake which only resulted in more snow falling as we went. By the time we were back on the road I was really starting to feel the cold. I wasn’t shivering or anything but the exhilaration of earlier was wearing off fast. Lisa kept saying that it wasn’t that much further so I was pretty sure I could make it like I had a choice. Then we heard the snow plow coming up the road. Lisa wanted to just ski on past it but I headed off a little side trail towards the lake. I wasn’t sure if we were out of site when it passed but it kept on going. My heart was beating like a drum because this trail took us right along the lake besides some of the houses. I wasn’t sure if any were occupied but if they were they would have had a birds I view of me. My newfound fear and excitement seemed to ward off the cold at least for the moment. We cut across a section of the frozen lake, which only added to my fear of being seen. From there we had to go up and over a long slow hill to get back. This seemed to do the trick because I felt a little warmer after that despite the setting sun.

The whole time I pictured a car coming around the next bend as we continued down the freshly plowed road. It was a little easier going here so my mind drifted back to the sway of my breast and the sensation that my half frozen nipples were picking up. My body’s effort to keep my nipples from freezing seemed to have increased their sensitivity, and every sensation seemed to be being passed directly to my sex. By the time we got back to the cabin, I was about to explode again. Once inside Lisa put some hot chocolate on and I wrapped myself in a robe. We threw another log on the fire and settled down in front of the fire to relax. We later ended up back in the hot tub and replaced our hot chocolate with a bottle of wine. The next day was pretty boring by comparison. After picking up my jacket, which had been left out all night, we went back to the mountain. Lisa wanted me to repeat the prior days adventure but snowboarding topless was a little more than I was capable of. All in all, it was a great New Years get away and proves that you can still have a hell of a lot of fun in the middle of the winter.

Hope you enjoyed my little winter adventure. Let me know what you think along with your ideas for other adventures.

Bikini Skiing

Finally! I’ve been wanting to give this a try for three years now but it’s never been warm enough to give it a try until now. Wow, talk about exhilarating. I was scared at first but then really got into it at least until the sun went in an I started to get cold.

Ok, here what happened. Bob isn’t much of a skier, so it was just Lisa and I. We had planned to go for one last ski weekend and you know something always happens when Lisa’s around. This was no different. We almost canceled when we heard the forecast, but went anyway figuring we’d find something to do and boy did we.

Lisa drove up to my place on Thursday night and we headed up to her parents cabin on Friday morning. It was just the two of us so we had the place to ourselves. We didn’t do much on Friday except catch up on things.

We planned to go skiing on Saturday and when we got up it was unbelievably warm even at 8:00 in the morning. I had originally planned on going snowboarding, but Lisa started suggesting skiing in my bikini. The idea excited me, but despite it feeling warm outside, the thermometer read only 52 degrees. She kept it up and the more I thought about it the more tempting the idea became. I had always wanted to try it and have had that dare on my web site forever.

Luckily after New Years when she surprised me with their new hot tub, I decided to bring a suit with me even though I didn’t exactly plan on wearing it in the hot tub.

After breakfast, I checked the temperature again and it had risen to 54, so I went back and dug my bikini out of my bag. I stripped off my jeans and top and put my suit on. I then walked back into the kitchen to model it for Lisa. It wasn’t the smallest of my bikinis by a long shot, but considering I was planning on skiing in it, it was plenty small enough. It wasn’t a thong but left plenty of my butt exposed. It was a side-tie bikini, which was going to be interesting, but it did a pretty good job of covering my breasts and bottom.

I slipped on a pair of cut offs and was about to grab a T-shirt, when I decided to just wear a windbreaker over my bikini top. I felt like I was going to the beach instead of skiing. Even Lisa decided to wear shorts and a T-shirt.

When we got to the mountain, it felt even warmer. There weren’t that many people there, but the ones that were there dressed really lightly. Lots of people were in jeans and T-shirts, several guys were in shorts, so I didn’t feel that bad in my shorts even though it felt weird walking around carrying skis and wearing shorts.

We got our lift ticket and were getting ready when Lisa suggested leaving my windbreaker in the locker. Now it was warm but it still hadn’t reached sixty degrees. I told her it was still a little chilly to be skiing without my jacket the way I was dressed, so I did the first couple of runs in my windbreaker and shorts.

Both Lisa and I got a lot of looks as we put our skis on and stood in line for the lift. I let out a little yelp as I sat my bare legs down on the cold seat of the chair. The ride up was a little chilly on our bare legs, but not that bad. I almost fell getting off the lift, and it felt a little weird being back on skis. I had been snowboarding most of the year, so it took a couple of cautious turns before I got back in the rhythm again.

I must be weird but I thought it was really exciting and exhilarating. Usually when I’m skiing, I’m bundled up from head to toe but now I was so free that it felt great.

We did a couple more cautious runs when the sun came back out. When we got to the bottom, Lisa suggested losing the jacket. It felt pretty good with the sun out, so I agreed with a little nervousness in my voice. I hadn’t fallen yet and it was pretty warm, so I thought it seemed alright. I looked around and thought about it for a second or two and then jabbed my skis poles in the snow and pulled my jacket over my head. I adjusted my top to make sure my boobs were completely covered. The top provided adequate coverage, but there was still plenty of breast exposure. As usual, my nipples seemed poised to make an appearance. There I was in a pair of short denim shorts and a tiny bikini top in the middle of the ski slope. With my cap and sunglasses on, I was dressed more for the beach than the ski slope, but there I was and it felt great. There was no wind and the sun was strong again, so I just went for it. Lisa suggested taking the shorts off also, but I wasn’t quite ready for that.

I immediately heard a couple of catcalls from some guys coming down the slope. Lisa suggested putting on some sun block before I got burnt, so we both applied a little more protection. Of course, it took me a lot longer than her.

I gave Lisa my jacket to stuff in her backpack, and we skied down the rest of the way to the bottom. The cool breeze across all that bare skin was something I had never experienced before. It was kind of chilly but really exciting at the same time. You can guess what it did to my nipples. We stopped at the bottom and once again Lisa suggested taking off the shorts, but I still wasn’t quite ready. I was covered with goose bumps, but wasn’t shivering or anything, so I decided leave the jacket off and tried going up the lift.

I instantly became the center of attention as we skied over to the lift line. One girl dressed in bibs and gloves said, “Aren’t you freezing?” I told her that it was a little chilly but not that bad in the sun. We continued talking as we waited which helped distract me from all the attention I was getting. It was wild standing there with so many eyes on me. This guy in line ahead of us kept looking back and making comments about me. They were trying to keep it down, but I could tell they were talking about me. That’s when I started to get a little aroused, which only made my nipple poke harder at my bikini top. There was no guessing where my nipples were under my top.

Thank God the line wasn’t that long. The lift attendant paid extra close attention as Lisa and I approached.

Once on the lift Lisa and I just started laughing. She said, “I can’t believe you’re doing this. It’s great.” I told her I couldn’t believe it either. I love skiing and here I was riding the lift all but naked, relatively speaking. I was really excited and it showed. I was bouncing around on the chair like a schoolgirl and we giggled the whole way up. I was really starting to feel the cold though as we got closer to the top. The wind picked up a bit and it took all my might not to shiver. I wanted my jacket back, but the excitement was too much so I held off asking Lisa for it. Besides I figured she’d give me a hard time and probably not give it back anyway.

I got a couple of double takes from people as I got off, but didn’t stay around long enough for anything interesting to happen. Lisa and I just skied off taking an easy run down. I let out a little yell as we skied off. I was going faster than I should have been considering a fall on that coarse ice snow would have been very painful, but I wasn’t thinking of that. Now that I was moving, the wind was even more intense but my excitement was keeping me from feeling it too much. Soon enough, we were down and out of the wind, so we decided to stop. It felt a lot better, almost warm for a change. It was amazing how much the temperature was different from place to place. There were warm and cool patches all over and you could really feel them as you skied, especially dressed as I was.

I couldn’t believe how exhilarating it was. The chilly feel of the wind and the gentle swaying of my chest was getting me really turned on. We skied the rest of the way down and right into the lift line. It seemed like it had warmed up even more because this time I barely felt chilly. I even noticed a couple more people skiing in shorts. We did a couple more runs with out falling and decided to take a break when the sun went in again.

It felt weird stomping around in heavy ski boots when the rest of your body is barely covered. The boots were probably covering half as much as everything else I was wearing, well almost. You should have seen the scene when I walked in the lodge. A couple of parent seemed a little put off by seeing that much skin at the ski slope but the guys couldn’t get enough. We had a following as we grabbed our cups of hot chocolate at the cafeteria. We sat down to drink our chocolate when four guys came over and start chatting with us. They were young and acting stupid, so after humoring them for a bit, we got up to head back to the slopes. The hot chocolate had really warmed me up to the point that I was actually feeling a little warm for a change. The sun was back to so it felt really nice despite the thermometer at the lodge saying it was only 63 degrees out. Once again Lisa suggested, this time a little more strongly, that I take the shorts off and do this right. I was feeling kind of loose and crazy, so I teased her a bit by unsnapping them like I was going to take them off. This caught the eye of a couple of guys that had been watching and they started yelling, “Take it off, Take it off.” I got all embarrassed and blushed since I didn’t see them and didn’t realize I was putting on a show. Well sorry to say I got shy, believe it or not, and didn’t take them off. The guys let out a big sigh and started booing as I pull them back in place and snapped the snap. I yelled over, “Sorry, your loss.”

We grabbed our skis and hiked up to the slope and put them on. I stood up just in time to see two guys struggling to get a look down at my boobs. Lisa and I just giggled as we skied off.

We did another couple of runs getting a little more daring each time. Lisa fell twice and once in the lift line, but managed not to get scraped up. You have to be super careful because the spring snow gets really rough and if you fall you slide across it you can get a nasty burn and even cut. We had quite a following as we skied. Several guys tried picking us up. It was wild.

Eventually we started to get hungry and decided to grab a burger at this little out door grill near the bottom. Again, we drew quite a bit of attention as we waited for our burger. While we were waiting, Lisa pointed out a two other ladies that were laying out working on their tans. Both of them had a one-piece suit on. One had taken her shorts off and was laying back facing the sun with her eyes closed. We found a table way off to the side out of the main traffic flaw and worked on our burgers. We finished up and turned our chair around to face the sun. It felt so nice and relaxing that I decided that it was time. Normally I wouldn’t think twice but after all it was a ski slope and we were surrounded by snow not sand.

I stood up and unzipped my shorts. Lisa said, “Well that’s more like it.” I told her I felt like I was stripping naked not just down to a bikini. I pulled my shorts down my hips being extra careful not to take my bikini bottom with them. I then sat down realizing I couldn’t get them off over my ski boots so I stood up and pulled them up again. I didn’t bother to zip them up though. That when I realized that if I take them off I wouldn’t be able to put them on without a major undertaking. Lisa commented on how sexy I looked like that. She suggested I walk around like that for a while to see how many people notice. I had to admit it looked hot and I actually thought about it. She then said, “but you have to take the shorts off so it really looks daring. My nipples had hardened up once again as my arousal rose. I just sat there for a minute or two thinking about what I was doing. It had been quite a while since I had felt that sexy high from doing dares. I hadn’t done many over the winter perhaps because most of them require warmer weather but here I was surrounded by snow and turned on as ever. I was actually feeling quite warm as the excitement washed over me. I looked around once again to see how many people were watching which was probably a mistake because it only made me more nervous. My heart was pounding as I bent down to unbuckle my ski boots as Lisa shouted, “Alright.”

Wet icy slush was everywhere so I had to be extra careful to not get my socks wet. I pulled one foot out of my boot and balanced on the other as I slid my shorts off my hips and down my legs, being extra careful not to fall in the process. Once my one leg was out I sat down and put my foot back in my boot and then did it all over again with the other leg. There I was standing in the middle of a snow-beach wearing a tiny bikini and a pair of clunky ski boots. Wow, what a contrast. It wasn’t like I was naked but I sure felt like I was.

I adjusted my bottom to make sure I was covered and sat back in the chair. My heart was still pounding and I could feel my pussy swelling and pushing against the thin material of my bottom as I closed my eyes to what was going on around me. All Lisa said was “Damn, do you look hot.” We sat there for a couple of minutes before Lisa reminded me to put some lotion on before I burnt. I reapplied the lotion and looked around for the first time. Apparently we were out of the way so not too many people could see me. That helped me calm down as I sat back and took in the sun.

The warmth of the sun helped me relax and before long, my pulse and breathing returned to normal. Wow, there I was laying out working on my tan in a bikini on the ski slope. I had never done that before. We had been sitting there for at least a half and hour when Lisa got up and suggested going skiing again. I was so relaxed that I just laid there and told her that I was perfectly fine right there and that she should go ahead. I was still laying there slumped back in the chair enjoying the sun when I got showered with some ice and water that Lisa had tossed at me. Holy shit, did that ever shake me from my dream. I jumped to my feet and scooped a handful of slush that lodged between my breasts. Damn was that cold!

My shouting only attracted the attention of every eye in the place that hadn’t already noticed me laying there. I was going to pick up some ice and throw it at Lisa when I realized I was a little under-dressed for a snowball fight.

After I got all the snow off of me Lisa said, “So are you ready to get back on the slopes?” I hadn’t really planned to ski like that in just a bikini, but Lisa had already picked up my shorts and stuffed them in her backpack. I wasn’t quite ready, but before I really got a chance to think, Lisa started walking off with all my stuff in her backpack leaving me standing there in just my bikini and ski boots. She shouted back, “Are you coming or not?” Not really having time to think this through, I headed off after her. Oh my, there I was trudging after her in less clothing than it would take to make a decent knit hat. I wasn’t sure I was ready for this, but I was doing it anyway. I felt completely naked out there despite having everything covered that needed to be covered. I tried to tug my bikini bottom up as if it would provide more coverage but it was already covering as much as the material would allow and somehow it felt terrible inadequate for what I was about to do. My nipples had already stiffened up again and were once again trying to burst through my top. My pussy was also swollen and my pulling on the bottom made that much more apparent..

I couldn’t believe I was going skiing like that but at the same time felt terribly excited at the idea. I carefully put my skis on and tightened my boots when I realized that my lift ticket was on my shorts. Lisa said that no red-blooded male was going to turn me away looking like that. I thought it felt weird earlier skiing in so little, but now I felt totally naked as we skied over to the lift. It was as if it was just me and my skis. My bikini didn’t even feel like clothes it was so light. When we got to the lift line, I really felt like I was standing there naked. My keys, my money, my tissues, even my insurance card were all in my shorts. All that I had was a couple of flimsy pieces a cloth and my ski equipment.

If I though I drew some attention before, it was nothing compared to now. Every eye was on me. Thank god the lift line was short because I didn’t think I could take much more of the attention. Just as we went to make the last turn I slipped and got one of my skis on the wrong side of one of the poles marking the lift lines. I almost did the splits as my momentum carried me forward. I was bent at an awkward angle with one leg behind me wrapped around the poll and the other on top of Lisa’s skis. Oh my God, what a site. Now the human body wasn’t meant to be contorted like that and it hurt. Worst yet was the site I was presenting to everyone around us. I’m not sure what I was showing but it must have been bad. I tried to stretch back and finally got myself untangled. The people in front just stopped and stared along with the lift attendants as several chairs went up empty. I finally got my act together and regained some level of composure as Lisa leaned back to give me a hand. By the time it was done, I was flushed red and looking for a place to hide. There just wasn’t any time as the line started to move and we were third back to get on the chair lift. I was still trying to pull my bikini out of my butt as I maneuvered in line to get on the chair. The lift attendant said something but I was too out of it for it to register.

Wow. If I thought the chair was cold to sit on before, that was nothing compared to now. Lisa just laughed as I tried to calm down a bit as we road up. I couldn’t believe I was riding a ski lift wearing just a bikini. As we got to the top, Lisa read the sign that said watch for loose clothing as you exit the lift. She laughed even harder saying could you see one of my ties gets caught in the lift and me end up stripped as you suit heads down the mountain caught in the chair. That just made me make sure the ties to my bottom were clear of anything they may catch on. I got off the chair cautiously thinking for sure I was going to end up splat in my face in front of everyone. I made it though and started to regain my composure as a couple of guys shouted over at us from the chair. We decided to get going before they got off since they were rather loud and shouting catcalls at me.

If I felt like I was naked before, there was no comparison to now. The wind seemed to touch every piece of me as I skied. I could even feel the cool air racing past and into my pussy, which was only shielded by a thin piece of cloth. My hips and upper legs, which were protected by my shorts earlier, were now feeling the cool breeze just like the rest of my exposed skin. It was so exhilarating and exciting that I was oblivious to the cold.

We skied half way down before we stopped long enough to catch our breath. My heart felt like it was going to bust from my chest as I tried to settle down. Just as we stopped, this group of four guys and two girls stopped to check us out. The guys were all but drooling as they checked me out. Lisa was chatting away as I calmed down. The two girls were the same two we say at the bottom working on their tans. I didn’t feel that out of place with them since they were still wearing their one piece suits under their shorts. They at least had the shorts though. Several other people, mostly guys, stopped and before long we had attracted quite a crowd. Several people had moved back behind me, I guess to get a better view.

Several guys offered to buy me a beer at the bar when we got done. Soon two guys from the ski patrol came by to see what the commotion was about. I think at first they thought someone was hurt but then they saw me standing there and realized why the crowd had formed. They gently asked people to move on because they were starting to block the trail. Then they came over to me, partially to get a better look, but also to tell me to be careful and that I could get scraped if I fell. They really were suggesting that I cover up but didn’t come out and say it. We must have been standing there for 15 minutes before we could pull ourselves away and ski again. The four guys and two girls that were the first to stop skied along with us. They were cool and besides the girls kind of took away some of the attention from me. Once again the chilly air caressed my body and got me going again. It was truly wild. We got to the bottom and lined up to do it again. Now my bikini was staying in place pretty well, but as you girls know, you always feel like you need to make an adjustment in order to feel like your covered. People often make adjustments to their ski equipment as they stand in line but its not often you see a girl adjusting her bikini, so you can guess that it drew a lot of attention.

We continued to talk to the guys and girls that we had just met as we stood waiting our turn. The conversation actually helped take my mind off the fact that I was standing in the middle of the lift line practically naked. Before we knew it we were next in line and off we went. This time I couldn’t help but hear the lift attendant shout, “Nice ass” as I sat down on the chair. That seemed to stir up some others as a couple of guys yelled “Show us you tits.” Lisa suggested flashing them and further up the lift she suggested I take my top off and ski topless. I told her she was crazy.

We had been skiing the same couple of runs all morning and the guys we were with now suggested a different area. This time feeling a lot more confident, I said I’m game as long as it isn’t a black diamond. We headed over to this other area that didn’t have as many people which was fine with me.

I was speeding along, trying to keep up, which really increased the wind across my bare skin. I wanted to slow down and stop, but everyone was continuing on and I didn’t want to get left. It was right then that I hit a couple of bumps in the trail and almost fell. Hitting those bumps sent my chest in motion. I could feel my barely supported breasts bouncing as I struggled to regain control. Someone saw what happened and stopped letting me catch up.

That made me think twice about skiing so fast where I didn’t know what to expect. We only stopped a minute before continuing down to the lift line. There really wasn’t a line since this was a quad chair and easily moving people up the mountain. I was sure that this meant that Lisa and I would be sharing the lift with a couple of guys. Lisa made sure I was in the middle while the guys all but fell over each other as they fought to be on the same chair.

Finally we got on after the lift attendant restored order. There I was riding a chair lift in a bikini that wasn’t much bigger than a napkin wedged in between Lisa in on my right and two over anxious guys on my left. The guys certainly weren’t giving me any extra room either. It was impossible to not feel a little under dressed as I sat there. The guy next to me put his arm around behind me and I let a little scream as his cold have made contact with me bar shoulder. His friend in the chair behind us yelled, “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do?” He along with his friend appeared to be sporting a pretty good hard on as we softly chatted and laughed. When we got to the top I kind of scooted over towards Lisa and made sure no one was sitting on the ties to my bikini bottom. With each run, I became a little more at ease and was starting to get into it. We skied the same run down to the same lift. It seemed the guys really enjoyed this particular lift and I think I knew why. It started to cloud up more and more as the day went on. I was fine when the sun was out, but I was getting chilly when the sun would disappear for any amount of time especially when going up the chair lift. The next time up the lift Lisa pulled a fast one on me. Right as I we were getting positioned to get on the lift, she switched out with one of the guys leaving me in the middle with four guys. And these guys were more than happy to help me stay warm. At one point one guy had a hand around my shoulder and the other guy’s hand was around my waist. I don’t know whether it was the sharing of body heat or my own excitement but I did stay a little warmer that ride up.

Each ride on the lift was as much of an adventure as the runs. At one point they had me laughing so hard we almost forgot to open the bar when we reached the top. Another time just before getting on the chair someone took a hand full of snow and shoved to down the back of my bikini bottom. God was that cold as I wiggled around trying to get it out. These guys got to see just about everything as I fished snow out. I yelled back to the culprit that I’d get him back as I rode up with a wet butt. By then the sun was behind the clouds more than it was out, and I was thinking about calling it a day but the guys insisted on one more run. I almost fell again on the way down but managed to recover. The next time on the way up, the guy who shoved the ice down my bikini was again on the chair behind me with Lisa. Now here’s where I probably stepped over the line, but there was no one ahead of us on the lift for about 4 or 5 chairs, and it seemed like so much fun I couldn’t resist. Somehow one of the guys got talking about the TV show survivor and how the girls took their clothes off for one of the immunity challenges. The guys behind us heard the conversation and started suggesting that I streak the mountain for my last run. I wasn’t about to do that, but I whispered to the three guys on the chair with me what I was going to do. They just started hooting and hollering. I hesitated for a moment and the guys behind us started asking what’s going on. Then I reached behind my back and untied the tied to my bikini top. The guys behind me started to get into it and even the people form the third chair back with the girls when they noticed what was going on. I then grabbed the top with both hands and pulled it over my head. Well the guys on the chair with me just went nuts. My nipples were so hard, they must have been sticking as far as they physically could. You probably could have hung my ski polls from them at that point.

The guys on the chair behind us, especially the guy who put the ice down my back, started shouting, “Turn around, Turn around, and Give us a chance.” I just waved my top over my head and looked straight ahead. Then I tuned my head slightly and yelled back, “ I told you I’d get you back”. You should have heard the moans and sighs from those guys. The other guys behind me started yelling, “That’s not fair we didn’t do anything.” They were begging me to turn around and I could hear Lisa laughing her head off.

I just kept looking ahead having my hands full with three guys on the chair with me. They were pretty civil at first but them one motioned to grab one of my boobs and I yelled “don’t you dare.” Things were getting a little too wild by then. It wasn’t like I had anywhere to go if they got out of control. It wasn’t the best thought out plan, so I quickly pulled my top over my head. The guys said, “I though you were going to ski down topless”. I told then, I may be crazy but not that crazy. I held my top to my boobs as I asked the one guy to tie my suite for me. He seemed disappointed but eventually did it anyway.

I had both arms wrapped around me as we waited for the others. One of the guys was rubbing both his hands up and down my bare back which felt wonderfully good but was still not enough to warm me up. As the other guys got off, all they were talking about was my little show. I asked Lisa for my jacket when she got off, but she just took off down the hill. I rushed off after her not wanting to be left. Of course, the others followed leaving the people on the third chair to catch up. The sun had long since disappeared and it was cooling down fast and I was cold. I wanted to stop so badly but also wanted to catch up to Lisa. About half way down, she stopped and reluctantly pulled my jacket out of her backpack. The guys offered to keep me warm but they were getting a little over friendly if you know what I mean. It was probably my own doing after that stunt on the way up, so I thought I better calm things down.

I wanted to put my shorts I didn’t want to take my boots off besides I wasn’t about to sit my butt down in the snow to do it, so I settled on my jacket which I quickly pulled over my head. I then handed my shorts back to Lisa. The jacket was cold at first against my bare skin, but it did trap my body heat from escaping so it helped a lot. Lisa also took the opportunity to put on her jacket while we waited. The jacket came down to about the middle of my butt so you could plainly see my bikini sticking out under it. I actually looked like I was skiing in my underwear. The guys were all disappointed and giving me a hard time and I was too in a way because it was really exciting to be doing something so athletic barely dressed. It was the closest I had probably ever come to my naked sports fantasy.

I felt a lot better with the jacket on and someone suggested one more run. I wanted to call it a day, but before I knew it everyone was taking off again.

I was a lot warmer, but as I lifted my arms to push off, my jacket would lift up a couple of inches exposing my bikini bottom. Now with the cool air rushing past, it felt like I was skiing bottomless. Now I really wanted my shorts back.

We made one more run and everyone was starting to get cold. My legs were freezing. A couple of the guys started rubbing my legs to warm them up and it felt so good. I mistakenly said something like maybe we should take this inside and they all lit up like they were going to get lucky tonight. That’s when I realized I was leading these guys on a little too much and asked them to stop. At least till we got on the lift and then it didn’t seem like such a bad idea to have two guys keeping my legs warm. Everyone had enough by then, so we headed towards the lodge. There weren’t that many people there and those that were seemed to have packed it in when the clouds rolled in. I wanted to head out, but the guys insisted they buy as a beer at the bar.

I took my skis off swung them over my shoulder to carry them up to the lodge when I realize that it pulled my jacket up completely exposing my bikini bottom and a couple of inches of skin above it. I decided to carry them differently and preserve a little modesty as we walked up. Inside, I asked Lisa for my shorts and headed to the ladies room to pee and finish getting dressed. It felt nice to be inside.

We ended up having a couple of beers with the guys before breaking away and heading out. All in all, it was an unbelievable experience that I won’t soon forget. What at first seemed terrible difficult was actually heaps of fun as a friend of mine would say. Despite so looking forward to summer I actually want to try it again. Lisa said if I do it again I have to do at least one run topless. That may slow me down from doing it a bit Anyway, I hope you enjoyed it as much as me. And by the way, this is how crazy this weather is. It started raining as we drove back to Lisa’s and the next day it tuned to snow just in time for us to drive home.

**Carrie Goes Dancing**

Ok before I get started I need to tell you guys something. I was a little hesitant to make the rest of this story public because I know Jim my boyfriend now ex boyfriend reads these stories. He isn’t a strong supporter and well this kind of put him over the edge when I told him about it. Don’t worry. It wasn’t like things were that great before and what the hell there plenty of great guys out there.

Ok on with the story. Where was I? Oh yea, I was visiting Lisa and she was helping me complete my dare to wear my little black dress without panties. We were at this dance club and these twin brothers Don and Jeff had just asked us to dance.

Normally you can’t keep me off the dance floor but this was different. I had calmed down as we talked to the guys but as soon as the guys mentioned dancing I blushed and started to get nervous again. I hesitated until the Don grabbed my arm and started to lead me through the people. Lisa and Jeff followed. Both the guys noticed my dress and commented on it. They new I didn’t have a bra on, that was obvious but I don’t think they realized I didn’t have any panties on either.

My nipples were poking hard against the front of the thin dress and were quite noticeable as we made our way to the dance floor. I could tell my vagina lips were swollen but without panties I couldn’t feel the normal pressure of them pressing against anything. Walking through the crowd in just a light flowing covering increased the felling of my nakedness and arousal.

I stopped short of the dance floor thinking of a reason for not dancing but Lisa came up behind me and kind of just ushered me onto the dance floor. I was in a bit of a fog as everyone around me swayed to the music. I don’t even remember hearing the music. Don and everyone else was really into the music and I was kind of in my own world. Don asked me if I was alright, and I gave him a nervous acknowledgement. I wasn’t exactly myself knowing that any significant movement would mean showing either my nipples, my ass of my pussy. I think I survived the first song without any significant exposure but I saw a lot of anticipating eyes following me. I could see eyes straining to look for my panties to make and appearance.

The second song was one of my favorites. I was starting to get into it a little more but struggled to not let the hem of my dress expose my bare ass. I was so concerned about showing my ass that I didn’t even notice my right breast all but falling out of my flimsy top. I looked down and saw my areola clearly visible along the edge of my dress. I don’t know if my nipple was visible but it was ever so close. I tugged the top back in place and slowed my movements a little to preserve some semblances of modesty. Lisa danced close and started encouraging me on to try to get me into the music.

When the song ended I asked Don to sit out the next one and we left the dance floor. With all good intentions he led me through the crowd with his arm around my waist. As he did it compress the dress into the small of my back and caused it to ride up my ass. I wasn’t sure how much it exposed but I expect that my ass cheeks must have been showing. I bet some watchful eyes must have though I must have been wearing a very small thong.

We had another drink which helped me calm down again but it was no time before Don and Jeff suggested dancing again. Again my arousal rose as was evident by my hard nipples. This time I was more conscious of how noticeable my nipple were. They poked through the dress like twin antennas drawing every eye in the place towards my exposed cleavage. The twin bumps clearly visible in the front of my dress showed everyone who looked how close my nipples were to making an appearance. When your nipples are hidden from view its hard to tell exactly how much breast is expose or how close your nipples are to popping out but in my case everyone could till I was only about and inch from popping out. Again my excitement level rose to an unbelievable high. This time however I had consumed a little more liquid courage and my nervousness seemed a little less. Looking back despite the calming effect the liquid courage brings it is a bad idea to have more than a little to drink when doing these dares.

I was starting to fell the buzz on top of my arousal and the combination was helping me loose my inhibition and I didn’t have a lot to loose. I was starting to get into the rhythm of the music and I’m sure my ass was making and appearance. Don kind of spun me around and his jaw dropped as he realized that I didn’t have anything at all on under the tiny dress. He kind of froze and smiled as he we re-connected. I shot him a sheepish little smile as I realized my secret was out. We dance one more fast dance and then a slow one came on. I wanted to leave but Don convinced me to dance with him. He put both arms around me and pulled me tight. So tight that I felt my hard nipples rubbing against his shirt as we danced. I also felt his hands roaming all over my back and butt. I was afraid that his motion was exposing my butt to everyone behind us but it was so romantic that I didn’t really care. I felt myself getting wet as we danced. Now I was afraid of my juices running down my leg for everyone to see. I survived the dance and left for our table. When Lisa came back we left the guys to go to the bathroom as girls always do. As we walked Lisa started talking about Jeff and how nice he were. I agreed that they were nice but my concern was on my dress and how much was on display. On the way to the ladies room two other guys asked us to dance. We passed and continued to the ladies room. In the ladies room Lisa suggested I take the dress off so I could clean up but there were several women already there. I ducked into the last staw and pulled the dress over my head. I hung it up on the hook on the back of the door as I sat down to relieve my bladder. I was tempted to relieve myself of some other pressure but didn’t want to get off in a crummy bathroom staw. I was cleaning myself up when I looked up and saw my dress being pulled over the top of the door. Lisa had reached over the top and was pulling it over the top from the outside. I grab it just in time. I pulled it back and put it on as quick as I could. God only knows what might have happened if Lisa got a hold of that dress. On the way back to the guys we were asked to dance twice and had several offer for drinks. I’d been hit on before but this was unbelievable. Staying with the twins was actually making the adventure more relaxing than had we been by ourselves. They seemed like really nice guys so it seemed like a double date. We sat and talked for a bit which is when I explained my attire and the dare. We sat for quite while and ended up talking about the Caribbean trip and the Beach adventure. I was feeling kind of embarrassed that I had done all these things. I seemed like such a slut but I couldn’t help but think about how much fun it was. I know people were listening in which only served to turn me on even more.

I was already at the boiling point when the guys asked us to dance again. I was so excited that I wasn’t even thinking about how much I was showing. I had long since broken out in a sweat and now looked like that girl in that movie Break Dance. Eventually we left for the table again. This time Don squeezed right up against me and backed me right into the corner of our booth. We picked up were we left off with the dare stories. Only this time Don was getting extra friendly with me. He had his right hand up under my skirt and was massaging my leg as told them about the towel dare. As I went on about the way Karen had switch towel when I was in the shower. It was right about then that I left out a little yelp as I felt Don’s fingers brush my vagina lips. I told him to stop and he did, for a bit at least. Jeff was dieing to hear the rest of the story. I think Don had other things on his mind though. I started up again when I felt his hand on me again. This time he worked his finger inside me. I left out a moan as it entered. Lisa asked what’s the matter. I couldn’t believe she didn’t realize what was going on. I told her I’m getting finger fucked right her in the restaurant. That’s what’s going on.

One part of me wanted him to continue and finish the job but the rational part said this couldn’t be happening. Jeff who was getting just about as friendly with Lisa suggested going back to their place. Lisa and I conference and she really wanted to go with the Jeff. I was so delirious with lust that I wasn’t thinking straight when I agreed. Well the rest is another story but it surfices to say we had a fucking good time!

Like I said I did a third dare that I didn’t even plan. Actually, it wasn’t even on my proposed list but I remembered it from the truth or dare site. I think the author actually wanted it done in another setting but this kind of happened on the spare of the moment.

The next morning she when we got up Lisa said she never picked up the mail yesterday and dared me to run down and get it naked. I know Lisa gets off on watching me sweat so figured I’d see if I could turned it around a little. I had nothing to loose since no one knew me down her and if one of Lisa’s neighbors saw me walking out naked it would be her that would have to explain it long term and not me. I was thinking she was bluffing but inside I knew better. I was still a little excited from the prior nights activities. I put on my game face despite what I felt like in side and said, “Sure no problem. What box is it?” I saw that the boxes were inside the front door from when I arrive and it wasn’t like I had to walk outside or anything. I just had to make it down and back up 3 flights of steps. Lisa seemed genuinely disappointed that I hadn’t put up more resistance or shown any signs of trepidation.

I simply through my towel over the back of the couch and headed out the door naked as the day I was born. As the door shut all signs of confidence went out the door along with me. I wondered if she had something in mind like locking me out. My nipples jumped to attention and I could feel the tingle between my legs. I just couldn’t let her see. I tied to causally walk down the steps but the whole time I was trembling at the thought of running into someone. I made it all the way down to the mail boxes when I realized that I need a key to get into it. Ah. I started to run up the first set of steps. I slowed up as I got Lisa’s level. She was smiling at the door twirling the key around her finger. “Forget something, like your cloths, oh, the keys.”, she said as she smiled at me. I tried to act causal but the mask was breaking down. I grabbed the key and headed back down the steps again. Just as I opened the box someone came in the front door. It was a woman. She stopped in her track as the site of me. I smiled and told her I was Lisa’s friend. I couldn’t believe I was standing there completely naked in the hallway and making small talk. At least trying to. The woman hurried by into her apartment on the first floor. I turned and rushed up the step. Lisa was laughing as I handed her the mail. Once inside it hit me and I ran to the bathroom. The rest of the visit was fairly calm but after the events of the last 48 hours anything would have been. Lisa suggested we start planning our vacation. I told her I didn’t think I could survive a week with her. I’d told her I’d be arrested for sure. She suggested going to Europe where it would be ok to show some skin. We talked about a couple of ideas but we didn’t make any plans or anything.

**Buttons Dare**

When I saw this dare I thought of this old blouse that I haven’t worn in ages because the buttons just don’t stay closed that well anymore. I used to wear it tied at the bottom because it’s such a fuss. Not a top to be worn without a bra.

I really like it but it’s just not very practical.

I pulled it out my drawer and wore it around the house without while I cooked dinner. It has four buttons and it only took about 2 minutes for the top button to come loose and after about 20 all the buttons had open up. My housemates got a kick out of it, saying I should wear it to work. I don’t know about that but I did give it a try when I went shopping the next day.

The next day I went food shopping in my hot little button up shirt. I wore it with my cut offs and no bra so it would be really exciting to see what happened. It was pretty hot out so it felt good not having much on. It was cool because if someone complained I could always act like it was an accident.

Well as soon as I got out of the car the top two buttons came loose. And my beasts were all but exposed. I re-button them and headed into the store. I walked around the store and again the top button came loose again. This time I didn’t bother buttoning it. There were still three other buttons but it left a lot of my breasts showing. When I bent over to get something from a lower shelf the bottom two button popped leaving just one in the middle. I continued to browse the selves acting like nothing was out of place. I did notice another woman looking my way. She never did say anything but I’m sure she noticed. After a couple of minutes I buttoned back up. The top button just wouldn’t stay buttoned no matter what so I left it that way.

I walked around the store that way for a while letting things fall where they may. My nipples were as hard as a rock and exposed every time I leaned over. I decided to undo the lowest button and see if I could accidentally flash someone. It wasn’t hard at all. The next time I reached for something off an upper self the last two buttons came loose exposing entire front to the whole isle. I couldn’t just drop the bottle I had so I waited till after I put it in the shopping cart to button back up. I acted surprise the whole time. There were several guys in this isle and they weren’t shy about staring.

There was a young guy at the check out so I couldn’t resist another flash. As I unloaded the cart, one by one the buttons came loose. The guy tried to act cool but I knew where his eyes were. When I finished acted surprised again and I buttoned back up and checked out.

It was really exciting not having much control over what my cloths did. The best part was that you can always act as if it was an accident. Can’t wait to try it again.

**Painted on Jogging Suite Dare**

Several have asked for more detail on my painted on jogging suit dare. I forget exactly how this started but I remember doing a lot of research and talking to several people about latex body paint. I had figured that it would be impossible to get off so I needed some explanation as to what to expect. I’ve had the paint for several months but couldn’t bring myself to go through with it.

One weekend early last summer my housemates and I were board after just hanging around the house all day when the sun finally came out. When I first brought up the dare they thought I was crazy but ended up encouraging me though it when I started to get cold feet. All in all it took about two hours to get ready. The plan was to paint on a jogging suite and go out for my normal jog and see if anyone noticed. I don’t know whether I convinced my housemates Karen and Sue to jogging with me or they just wanted to watch but either way it made for some peace of mind knowing I had some other people I could trust with me.

Karen’s the artistic one. She got the paint ready while I showered and shaved. I mean I shaved everything. First time I’ve been that completely bare since I was a kid. That was an experience in itself. After that I showered off I rubbed baby oil all over where the paint was going. I was told it makes getting the paint off easier and they were right except as I found out it makes it a little too easy for it to come off. Well the first embarrassing part was standing there naked in the middle of the room with my two fully clothed housemates looking on while getting painted. And they went out of their way to let me remind me of it with their comments.

When it was time, Karen outlined the extent of top with black paint. I had to tell her twice to make it bigger. At first I thought she was painting a bikini top instead of a sports bra. After a bit we got the outline right and started filling in the rest. Karen blended in some blue and gray to provide some contrast to make a bit of a pattern. The pattern server to hide my nipples which were really erect after Karen teased them with the brush.

Sue wanted to get in on the act as we started working on my bottom. She was getting a thrill out of seeing how turned on she could get me. Eventually she filled out the rest of the outfit. Then Karen came back and worked on the details. We put a second and third coat of paint on my breasts and crotch to help hide my, well you know. I walked around to see how it felt and looked while we let it dry a bit more. It looked real from a distance and it felt just as good. Then the real test. That’s when I started to get second thoughts. I was ready to chicken out when Sue and Karen came out in their jogging outfits. They weren’t about to let me back now.

Now don’t let me give you the impression that they were regular joggers.

This was the first time either of then had ever gone out jogging with me.

I wasn’t sure I could do it but Karen and Sue grabbed me by the arm and dragged me right out our side door. They locked the door behind us so I wasn’t getting back in. After a bit of hesitation I took a deep breath ran down the driveway. Wow, What a feeling. I hesitated at the end of the driveway to see if any cars were coming while Karen and Sue just kept on going. You see we live about a block and a half from the park where I jog. There usually isn’t much traffic and nothing in site so off we went towards the park. I don’t know what I would have done if there was a car. A couple of doors down there was someone working in their yard. He must have seen us but didn’t seem to notice or at least didn’t give any reactions. My heart was pounding and not from the jogging. By the time we had reached the park Karen and Sue had already started to slow down. I could see some people off in the distance. I was sure they must have noticed my boobs bouncing but no one seemed to pay any particular attention. I thought jogging topless would be really tough on my breasts but I never noticed since my mind was on other thinks. I couldn’t believe I was out in the park in broad day like and was completely naked and no one seemed to notice. That was the wildest part.

When I stopped to let Karen and Sue rest, I started to sweat since it was still pretty warm out. I didn’t think much about it until we started jogging again. The paint felt a little looser than before. Then they really put me to the test when that ran right past a group playing softball and then a jogger coming in opposite direction. The jogger did a double take and turned around to look. I’m sure they noticed something but we just kept running. As we continued a couple of cracks started to form in the outfit. The ones in the bottom didn’t bother me but the top was starting to feel real loose. Karen and Sue started to run out of gas and wanted to head back which was fine with me. I was getting a little cocky and started to kid then about being out of shape but as we approached the street Karen and Sue slowed to a walk. I just kept running since I didn’t want to let anyone get a better look at my jogging suite. Again there were no cars on the street. By the time they met me back at the house my top was starting to peel away. Thank God we started back when we did. I had thought it would be hard to get the paint of but except for a couple of areas it just about fell off.

I can’t believe I did it and more unbelievable is with the exception of that one jogger I don’t think anyone even knew I was only wearing paint.

The actual jogging was really exciting but the preparation took too long.

**Visit to Lisa’s**

I should have learned what to expect when I’m around Lisa by now but I keep coming back for more. She is such a deer but oh God does she ever bring out the exhibitionist in me; and you guys with the email me. Oh My God! I should have learned not to share them with her but a couple of weeks ago on the ski trip I told her about some of the ideas you folks had come up with for me. She went wild when she heard them. Some sounded like they’d be fun but others, let me say are a bit more challenging.

I was really loosing ground on my list of proposed dares. Some of you guys were putting on the pressure to do some and the little black dress without knickers seemed to be the favorite.

I liked the one with the low ride pants but everyone seemed to want me to wear my little black dress without the knickers. I was never brave enough to pull it off back home so I brought it along to Lisa’s. Someone suggested I leave all my underwear at home so I would have no choice. I almost chickened out but with lots of second thoughts I carefully packed my tiny dress and an absolute minimum of other things. No underwear at all. I actually paused several times before heading out.

Before I get to the dress dare let me tell you about the way down. Its pretty good by itself. I took the train down. What a rip off. Over $200 round trip. I probably should have driven but them it wouldn’t have been as much fun. I wore those new ultra low ride pants that I just bought along with a fairly short top. Not a crop top or anything but short enough especially with the pants. That was it along with sneakers.

The pants probably weren’t the most practical thing to wear but made for some excitement along the way. The best was when I first got on the train and put my bag in the overhead. I took my coat off and immediately saw two guys bend onto to get a better view. Now you see these pants are the lowest things I’ve ever seen and have no belt loops. They solely rely on their tight fit and the elastic in the waist-band to stay on. The combination of the short shirt and low pants left my entire midriff bare from just below my ribs to just above pubes. I paused a second realizing I had never actually seem what happens when I reach my hands over my head like I would have to to put my bag in the overhead rack. I thought about asking someone for help but was getting excited at the possibility of what might happen. Beside I had an audience waiting as well. I didn’t think they’d slip off since they’re pretty tight but it isn’t like there is any margin for slippage before something is showing.

I though someone would offer to help but I think the guys to intent on the show. The shirt was short but wasn’t the type that you could easily see up but my nipples were very noticeable poking hard against the material. I guess it was obvious that I didn’t have a bra on. There was no one in the set of seats next to me otherwise they would have had a real close up. As I wrestled my bag in place I could feel my exposure being stretch to the limit. I tried to act intent on getting my bag in place but couldn’t help but get excited by the though of what people could see. I glanced down and a lot was showing. Any kind of pull and I think they would have slid off completely. You see these pants sit so low on my hips that they only covered my slit but about 2 inches. My pubes were just barely covered and a couple a stray hairs were starting to peek out as I stretched.

I had no one sitting next to me but that soon changed at the next stop. I sat and read for the most part until I had to get up and use the bathroom. I was so devilish that I just had to get my makeup kit out of my bag which entailed another little stretch. This time I had a guy in the outside seat. I didn’t even intend for it to be this bad but I swear his head couldn’t have been more than a couple of inches from my crotch. I don’t know what he could see from his vantage point but it got me a little turned on. After I got back we talked for a bit. He was actually a nice guy. I did notice the budge in his pants when he left me back in my seat. One more time to get my bag down when I got there and that was it for the train excitement. Lisa picked me up at the train station. She comment on my pants right away and asked how they stay on.

We went out to this local place by her apartment to talk and catch up. About the only exciting thing about this stop was that the place was a little crowded when we got there and we had sit at the bar for a while until a booth opened up. Well propped up on a bar stool in those pants gave people passing by a pretty good view down my ass. It was perfectly obvious to anyone passing I didn’t have and knickers either.

I told her about all the email and ideas every one had. She got really excited and started coming up with even more. She wanted a reenactment of the towel dare since she had missed it. I told her it was a bit to cold for that now. She said “But it’s suppose to get warm this weekend.” She got really excited about the progressive dare and the strip racket ball ones. We got talking about the Caribbean vacation and the time I played tennis in just my shorts. I told here about the lady at the health club that I started hinting to about the dare. I told Lisa that I thought she was a lesbian and was afraid I’d be sending the wrong message if I told here about the dare.. We stayed there for a while and then headed back to Lisa apartment.

When we got to her place she said. “Lets put those pants to the test. Lets see how well those pants hold up.” We took our stuff inside she said, “Wasn’t the dare to not touch your pants for a certain amount of time and see if they stayed up.” She said, “We’re going to walk over to the 7 11 store and back and see how well they do. Just like that towel dare in college, If they come off they stay off until we get back.” It looked to be a bout a 10 minute walk or so as best I could figure. I though I had a pretty good chance and was feeling a bit sassy so I thought I’d make it interesting. Lisa’s always making a wager with me that I can’t do something so I said. “I’ll do it and if they stay up you do a dare of my choosing.” She wasn’t to keen on that but came back with, “Ok but if they don’t, you do that dress dare tomorrow night for sure.” I wanted to do the dare anyway so it didn’t seem that bad but I had no ideas what she had in mind. I was felling pretty confident so I agreed.

She had me leave my coat at her place which left me with nothing to cover up with if they did fall. I knew they’d slip down some which kind of got me excited in itself. Beside all that it was pretty darn chilly and it would be obvious I had no bra.

I gave them on bug pull pulling the rough material right into my crack which was already swollen with excitement. I kind of left out a yelp in the process. With that we headed out and of course Lisa took the longest possible route. The pants were tight so they stayed on pretty well but the movement of my hips as I walked just naturally made for some slippage. By the time we got to the store I know I was in trouble. I had to fight the urge to pull them up as we walked in this brightly lit store. I figured I had walked through a supermarket in a tiny bikini and a convenience store in nothing but a towel so I should be able to do this.

There were at least two people in the store plus the man behind the counter. I looked down as we approached the door. My pubes were about to make and appearance and there was more than enough blond hairs poking for anyone to know I was a true blond.. My but was making an appearance as well. I walked very very carefully though the store not wanting to increase my exposure.

Lisa picked up some milk and coffee and headed to the checkout. I bet the guy behind the counter had seen a lot of crazy thinks working and I’m sure that this was added to his list of memorable nights from the budge in his pants.

We walked out the door and I immediately felt a cold draft down my pants and across the top of my pussy. The pants were just barely hanging on and at that point my mound was in plain site and my slit was about to make and appearance. Also half my ass was hanging out as well. I walked extremely carefully as Lisa started to talk about how much fun the dress dare was going to be. At that point they were all but off. It was probably just the tightness of the pant legs against my thighs that was keeping them from sliding down my legs. They started to slide faster now they were past the widest part of my hips. We were maybe half way back when Lisa said, “Your mine now. Wait to tomorrow.” It had to admit defeat as my but was and pussy was totally exposed. Thank God no one was in site. Not thinking I tried to wiggle them back up as I ran towards Lisa’s place. She started yelling at me to stop but since she had the groceries she couldn’t keep up.

When we got back inside she said, “Ok now lets see that dress” I carefully pulled it out showed her. She said, “This is going to be more fun that I thought.”

Eventually we settled down and Lisa pulled out the sofa bed for me. I wiggled out of my pants and shirt got ready for bed. Lisa made some comment which sounded like a come on. I brazenly put my hands on my hip and asked her what she had in mind. Sorry guys nothing happened. We just went to bed (separately)

Ok the next day was fairly boring for all accounts until the evening. We whet to the Air and Space museum and a couple of other places before heading back. Nothing worth writing about.

That evening Lisa suggested we change and go out for dinner and then to this dance club she goes to a lot. Dinner was ok but I was nervous about the dance club. I guess it’s not that big a deal compared to some of the other things I’ve done and I know women do it all the time but there just isn’t that much to this dress. Any significant movement and something is showing.

First let me describe it. It’s made out of this silky type material and has a halter top with tiny spaghetti strap that tie behind my neck. It isn’t really tight which means it just kind if hangs there by those tiny straps. If the knot came untied that would be it, which kind of added to the thrill of wearing it. Once when Jim and I were out dancing when we were slow dancing, He untied it and just held it in his hands. Talk about close dancing. I was pressed up against him fearing he was going to let go.

Also the neckline plunged to just below my breasts which made wearing a bra of any type impossible. That leaves my breasts pretty much on their own under the silky cloth with a fair amount of cleavage naturally exposed. Any sharp movement would threaten to expose the rest. Now as I said there wasn’t much to this dress. From the top of the halter to the bottom of the hem measured just about 26 inches which isn’t much on my 5’ 9” body. It came about ¾ the way up my thigh or about 4 “ below my bottom. If I raised my arms too high my bottom would come into view. That’s how short it was. When every I wore it before my knickers were a key fashion accessory. Now without knickers made my private parts the fashion accessory.

I put it over my head and modeled it for Lisa. She just smiled and said we’re going to have some fun tonight. I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn’t believe I was going to wear that dress with nothing else. I remembered it took me a long time to wear it the first time and that was with the knickers. I was getting turned on as I moved around to see how much showed. Oh My God. All I had to do was reach for something over my head and my entire bottom was visible. I retied the top so the dress sat a little lower but them by breasts were more exposed. It was like wearing a bikini there just wasn’t enough material to do the job no matter what you did. I just had to be ultra careful. I wasn’t sure how I was going to dance in this thing.

I was getting my coat when Lisa suggested it would ruin the look She said its plenty warm enough out. I probable shouldn’t have but I was felling extra turned on a and decided to just go for it. So I left my coat behind. It had cooled of but wasn’t that bad. It was cool enough though to make that silk dress fell so divine against my bare skin. The silk in the cool air made it feel like I was naked which just made me more excited. I felt like that woman in the old Virginia Slims cigarette commercial as I walked to the Lisa’s car in a tiny cocktail dress and heels. It was wild I wasn’t even nervous like I normally get.

There was no one around when I slid into Lisa’s car so the show went un-noticed. I couldn’t help but feel the draft across my bare pussy though. I did let out a bit of a cry as my bare but hit the cool seat. It wasn’t until we got to the restaurant that I realized how exposed I was. I carefully got out of the care and pulled the dress back in place as best I could. We got a couple of looks as we walked in but no big deal. I never mentioned, Lisa looked pretty hot herself on a black mini with a slit half way up to her hip. She had a nice T-top which left just a tiny bit of her belly showing. Together we looked hot. It did look like she had about twice as much on for some reason though.

All though dinner I kept thinking someone could see up my dress though. I wanted to cross my legs but I couldn’t under the table because there wasn’t enough room. I was afraid someone could look up my dress even with my tightly legs together. I noticed that the waiter was giving us more than our share of attention. Lisa suggested giving him a bit of distraction as he took our order. All I had to do was lean forward a bit and my left nipple would show. I just stayed that way, continuing our conversation, when he returned . He seemed cool but I could tell he noticed. It kind of tuned me on a bit which caused my nipple rise as we ordered. I don’t know if he noticed my blush. I imagine he was distracted though.

Dinner went off fairly easily and Lisa must have figured that out as well so she suggested going to a dance club. I started to get nervous again but realistically I knew it wasn’t going to be as easy as just sitting at the table for dinner.

This was the real test. Sitting in a restaurant was nothing compared to going to a night club and dancing. We drove over and I went through the normal careful movement to get out of the car. I’ve worn my share of short skirts but when your not wearing anything under it it puts a whole other level of emphasis on moving carefully.

The dance club was darker than the restaurant but there was still plenty light to make out that I had no bra on and that almost all of my legs were exposed below the dress. We no sooner got inside than these guys bought us drinks. I didn’t mind since it actually calmed me down a bit. Turns out they were twin brothers, Don and Jeff.

I was just getting into it when they asked us to dance. That’s when it hit me. I was fine sitting at dinner and even standing there at the bar but dancing was going to be a whole other matter. Any significant movement and I was sure to be showing something; and its not exactly like you stand still when you dance. My arousal started to build immediately. I saw Don’s eyes move to my chess and I was certain he noticed my nipples poking at the front of dress. Once again I blushed at the thought of how turned on I was getting and how noticeable it must have been with them just barely covered by that thin dress. I was certain they pop free if we danced and that wasn’t even the worst part. If I raised me arms too far or bent over or anything my butt cheeks would be visible as well, and my pussy wouldn’t be far behind.

How ironic I thought. Yesterday in my hip hugger jeans, my entire mid section was exposed but my top and legs were completely covered. Today my mid section was completely covered yet my top and legs were completely bare. Between the two outfits I had bared almost my entire body in public. Now don’t get any ideas. It still illegal to go nude in public here in the US and I don’t want to be any legal pioneer.

**The Jacket Dare**

A woman gave me this dare. I did the first part one weekend and reported back and then she uped the anti. The first part was to wear a nice dress suite out to a public place but with no blouse or bra or anything under the jacket. After telling her how it went and how many times I had to tuck back in she dare me to go without touching the jacket once I started. The penalty for trying to fix the jacket was loosing a button. I also had to wear the same two button jacket so didn’t have much margin for error.

I had originally planned to wear a nice dress suite with a really dressy mid calf skirt but I ended up scraping up my leg and switch to a pant suite. This left me a little more exposed but I don’t have that many suites that would have worked. I work in a business casual environment and don’t have that many suites.

Here’s how the first time went.

First let me describe the jacket. It had two buttons with the top about an inch inches below my breasts. It left about half of my breasts were exposed and talk about a draft. It was a little breezy out and I felt it all coming in through the top of the jacket. My belly was covered unless I moved too fast but it was obvious that I had nothing on under the jacket. Karen convinced me to go without an overcoat since it was so warm. That was a big mistake. At the last minute Sue my other house-mate decided she would join us. We were just going to have dinner at this local restaurant. I wasn’t looking for a big adventure like Lisa would drag me on so I drove.

I had to adjust the jacket just right in order to not be flashing a boob. I was bit nervous as we got out of the car but between the cool draft down my chess and the rubbing of my nipples against the jacket I was getting plenty turned on. It actually felt pretty good since my arousal and my nervousness were both reasonable under control which is a really exhilarating feeling.

The women that showed us to out table kept looking back at me I think trying to figure out if my outfit was suppose to look like that or not. When I bent over to slide into the booth, the jacket opened up and my whole chess was exposed. Sue said she saw all the way down to my belly button. Karen dropped the napkin on the floor on purpose and asked me to pick it up. I did but held my hand over the opening in my jacket. The waiter came over to take our order. I’m sure from the budge in his pants he could see my nipples. I certainly know they were hard the whole time through dinner. The whole time they were kidding me about it being so hot which it was and that I should take my jacket off. I was on the inside of the booth so you couldn’t see me that well but there were a couple of tables that had a pretty good view. Karen and Sue both wanted to go out after dinner but I was driving so I had some control of the situation. We ended up walking along, window shopping for a bit. It felt really sex with my nipples rubbing back and forth across the course fabric of my jacket. With each step I could feel my nipples getting harder and harder and more sensitive to the friction to the point the throbbed with each step The constant input of sexual stimulus kept my barely dressed state constantly in the forefront of my thoughts. Karen and Sue both noticed my increased breathing. Eventually we headed back to the car and home but not before I was on the verge of cuming.

All in all it was a fun time and I just enjoyed whole experience.

**Part 2.**

Ok after that, the anti was raised and the dare was to not touch the jacket the whole time I was out. The penalty was to cut off a button. I didn’t want to ruin my jacket but Karen graciously offered to sow them back on if I lost any. Well to make a long story short. We went out to diner again. And I did pretty well. I slipped up once and Karen caught me. I decided on cutting off the bottom button since it wouldn’t expose me as much. It really had no effect as long as I was sitting. Karen mentioned that if I lost both and touched the jacket again I had to take it off. I just tilted my head and laughed. As we got up to leave I did it again and got caught. I waited till we got out side before pulling the remaining button off. This left me with nothing holding the two halves of my jacket together. I was walking very carefully when Karen suggested we pick up a couple of things at the grocer store that was behind the restaurant. I had no intention of taking the jacket off so I cheated a little and held the jacket together as we walked in. I flashed a couple of guys along the way before heading out.

Again it was a lot of fun and a complete turn on the whole time. I don’t know about the cutting off of the buttons part but I like the first part a lot.

**Carries Day at the Water Park**

Hi everyone, Its cool and rainy up here where I live so I decided catch up on my postings. A while back in one of my other posts I mention going to a water park last year with some friends and the wild mishaps that occurred. And ever since everyone has been daring me to repeat the adventure. Last year when I did this it was with three of my girlfriends. We were all suppose to wear our skimpiest bikinis and ride as many rides as we could. You girls know what can happen when a bikini meets up with the on slot of water from those rides. It was amazing we didn’t get kick out that day.

Well I finally did it again late this summer after my triathlon adventure. I had been away on business and had missed out on a couple of the best weekends of the summer and was a little bummed out about it when Karen suggested doing something wild. She reminded me the water park dare someone had given me and thought it would be a great time to give it a try since it was predicted to go up into the high 90’s for the next couple of days. Karen, Sue and I all thought it was a fantastic idea but thought it might be a bit crowded on the weekend so we decided to take a day off during the week when the crowds wouldn’t be quite as bad.

The night before we planned to go we were all sitting around watching TV when Karen said she knew just the bikini that I should wear. I told her, “I’m not wearing my wicked weasel suite so don’t even suggest it.” She said, “No. They wouldn’t let you in in that suite. I was thinking about that hot little yellow bikini that you just bought.” I thought back to the last time back in college when I had gone to the water park wearing a tiny too small bikini and all the trouble I had keeping it on so I said, No way.

We let it ride for a bit as we went back to watching TV when she brought it back up again, this time daring me to wear it as part of dare on my site. I resisted again but not as strongly this time as I mulled over the possibilities.

You see, it isn’t the smallest bikini I own by a long shot but its certainly isn’t made for a water park ride. It’s a Brazilian cut bottom that ends up looking like a thong if your not constantly adjusting it. Its about 5 inches across the back when its in place and about 3 inches in the front. It looks really hot since it comes straight up my butt in a narrow strip exposing both sides completely. When everything is in place your covered, kind of, but it isn’t easy to stay that way and the bottom is the new lower cut suites where the side ties run across my hip bone. It doesn’t stay up as well as the older high cut bottoms and leaves quite a gap on the front when I lay on my back or stretch. The top provides reasonable coverage but doesn’t provide much if anything in the way of support. It fits like a second skin and tends to slide around a lot so I have to constantly pay attention to what’s showing. Its not see through but you can make out my nipples and areolas underneath because its so thin. It’s not the smallest bikini in the world but its really is just a bunch of tiny triangles of cloth held together by tiny 1/8 inch strings. It feels so daring because you can hardly feel the straps or see them for that mater. The problem is that they also don’t provide much elasticity due to their size.

Karen kept it up encouraging me to give it a try saying how exciting it would be and how she thought I’d get off on it. Eventually I gave in and agreed telling them that if I get thrown out they were all leaving with me. I couldn’t help but think about it the whole rest of the night.

Later before going to bed I stripped and tried it on. I looked at myself in the mirror and had to admit that I looked really hot in. The though of riding one of those water slides or wave pools was getting me excited so I decided to take it off. And get ready for bed. The next morning just as we were waking up, Sue’s friend Linda was knocking on the door. Sue was in the shower so I wrapped a towel around myself and invited her in. I put some coffee on as we chatted. She was wearing a bright orange and red one-piece suite under her shorts. I started kidding her about it being boring. She asked me if I was going to just wear the towel. I told her no but wouldn’t it be cool ride the slides naked. Just then Karen walked and said, “With that bikini of yours you might just be doing that”. I chuckled nervously and left to get ready.

After showering I returned wearing my yellow bikini. Linda gasp when she saw what I was planning to wearing, saying “You have to be kidding.”

I smiled nervously and told her about the dare and she started laughing saying that it certainly would be interesting wearing that suite and that they probably through me out. I said, “Maybe, but it will be exciting while it lasts, besides it’s amazing what they let you get away with.

We finished breakfast and headed out. I wore a pair of short cut off over my bikini bottom, Linda had her one piece and shorts. Sue had a fairly modest bikini on under her shorts and T shirt. Karen was getting into the spirit and wore a sexy little suite. It was small but looked pretty sturdy looking compared to mine. She had shorts and T shirt on over it also.

I don’t want to sound like I’m full of myself but I have to admit I thought I looked pretty hot in my denim cut offs and bikini top. The top was more revealing than covering and the shorts were really hot. They were really low on my hips and you still couldn’t see my bikini bottom. Working out for the triathlon had really gotten me in great shape and my tan really set of my yellow suite. It brought back memories of when my friend Stacy and I went shopping at this mall in our bikini tops and shorts. I was surprised we got away with it but we spent a couple of hours going from store to store and no one stopped us. The place we went is a ski mountain by winter and a water park by summer. I’ve gone there numerous times skiing but only a once to the water park. Usually I’m bundled up and dragging a lot of equipment around so it felt strange walking around dressed as I was. I thought about how I had wanted to try skiing in a bikini but never could because it never got close to warm enough.

Today was a different story. It was already well up in the 80 and a light breeze was blowing when we got our tickets. We got in without a problem which had concerned me since the place has a policy against thongs and provocative swim wear. They couldn’t see my bottom which is why I wore the shorts but I really thought they give me a hard time after seeing that the top was barely held in place by the tiny straps. It was a Monday and still pretty early so there weren’t that many people around. We walked around a bit and looked at some of the rides. It was really sexy walking around in just my bikini and shorts. I had my shades on which made me that much more mysterious and a bottle of sun block tucked in the waistband of my shorts to make my look. The look was awesome and it was getting me excited even with nothing in particular happening. My nipples were already quite noticeable pushing hard against my thin top which only added to the look. That tune “She’s got the Look” kept running through my head.

It was really fun until we saw the big water slide. It was really tall with closed tubes and a couple of open slides. It looked really fast and I started to get nervous when walking past the pool where people come down. OMG. People were coming down so fast it was unbelievable. Linda said, “I can’t wait to see you come down this slide. Better bring a towel because there is no way that bikini is going to survive.” It bought back memories of the last time I was at a water park when I had lost my bikini several times. A nervous excitement swept over me. All I could get out was a nervous “Oh My.”

We continued past the slide to the locker room. Everyone quickly took off their cloths and stuffed then in a single locker. I pulled the bottle of sun block out of the waistband of my shorts and carefully placed it on one of the benches. I was experiencing a lot of different emotions from nervousness to excitement. I love the excitement but it’s always difficult to take that first step.

Karen was raring to go and told me to hurry up. I unzipped my shorts and tucked my thumbs in the waistband to pushed my shorts down my hips. I had to be extra careful not to pull my bikini bottom off with it. As it was it ended up halfway down my hips so I had to pull it back in place. Sue turned to me and said, “This should be interesting.” Linda took the key and pinned it to her suit saying that there wasn’t anyplace to pin it on me that wouldn’t really hurt.

We all applied a generous amount of sun block. I decide to just take my bikini off to apply mine. Linda commented on my lack of tan lines. After finishing I pulled it back in place deciding to tie the sides a bit tighter to help it stay up better. Linda help with my top. I made a couple of final adjustment to cover as much as possible, took a deep breath and followed the others out the door. I couldn’t believe the difference taking off my short made. It was like going from wearing an outfit that was just sexy to being completely naked. Now I’ve seen smaller suite but there weren’t any here. Even the smaller bikinis like Karen’s were considerably sturdier than mine. We walked over towards one of the small to medium size tube slides figuring we’d work up to the bigger rides. It wasn’t that crowded but I could still fell every eye on me as we walked along. It wasn’t like that suite of mine really hid anything. Anyone that happened to look could make out the size of my areolas and nipples and the outline of my lower lips were clearly visible through the tight material. We got in line and my nervousness started to show as I started to fidget with my suite more and more as we got closer to the top. The worse thing was that you could see the landing pool from as we walked up. The closer we got to the top the more nervous I got. I knew how flimsy this bikini was and I was about to subject it to this on slot of water. The attendant at the top was a cute guy that did a double take when he first saw me. Karen went down first followed by Linda and then me. I think Sue wanted to make sure I didn’t chicken out. The attendant asked if I was ready since I hesitated. I looked back as the attendant handed me a mat to sit on for the ride down. I adjust my top one last time by putting my fingers behind the tiny triangles and pulling up. The process often ended up exposing my nipples briefly as I slid the cups into place. Some how I didn’t think adjusting it was going to matter but it seemed like the thing to do under the circumstances. The attendant gave me the instruction and before I had a chance to think, I was off. Oh My God. I fell on my back and bounced off the walls a couple of time before hitting the wash out pool. I went under and came up screaming with excitement. Karen was already out of the pool and laughing her head off as I came up. It was such a wild ride I didn’t even realized both my breasts had popped out of the flimsy top somewhere along the way. I acted all surprised as I pulled it back over my fully exposed boobs. My bottom was in disarray as well. It had slid about half way down my ass but was still on. I pulled it back in place as best I could in the rushing water and made my way to the pool exit. I climbed out and started laughing my head off as I continued to get everything back in place. Wow what a ride. I hadn’t lost my bikini completely so I considered it a success. I didn’t think about it before but being yellow, it would be rather difficult to find in the rushing water so I was extra glad I didn’t loose it completely. I don’t know what I’d do if it came off completely and I had to search around for it.

Everyone was really excited after the ride and we were laughing like school girls. Karen said she almost lost her top. After that everyone started commenting about my mishap. Even before I finished getting my suite back in place Karen was off to the next ride. Karen wanted to ride the Kamikaze ride which quieted my humor. I suggested we work up to that one perhaps. She agreed but insisted I go on it before we left. Just the thought kind of scared me. I don’t scare easily but riding that ride in this suite was not a good combination. We agreed on this enclosed tube ride that looked really awesome. It wasn’t the kamikaze but look pretty damn wild just the same. There were only a couple of people in line so we hurried up before I had even gotten to say anything. I had seen this ride from the ski slope when I had been here before but had never ridden it. It basically consisted of a big enclosed tube with a loop in it. It wasn’t that long but look absolutely wild from what we could see. I could tell this was going to be a hell of a day because everyone was really up for the rides and not scared at all except maybe me. The other time I was here a couple of my friends were to chicken so we didn’t do all of them. Somehow I got them feeling today was going to be different.

As we climb my excitement grew and I could tell by the increased pressure of my top pressing against my erect nipples. My suite was wet now so they were even more visible than before and you could see how they were pressing hard against the damp material. My bottom wasn’t quite as bad but I could feel definitely feel the increased pressure. The suite was pulled as tight as I could get it and with the thin wet material every contour of my body was visible. This excitement was different from other times. It was a combination of sexual arousal from being nearly naked and the natural excitement of riding a wild ride. This one was enclosed whereas the other was open to the air at lease. I’m not claustrophobic or anything but the thought of getting trapped in the bottom of the tube and drowning crossed my mind.

The attendant at the top of this ride was a young guy who checked me out extra good as my time came closer. Again Karen led the way and I went next. My nervousness came through again as fidgeted with my bottom. It didn’t even dawn on me until Sue told me I had better be careful because I was giving everyone around us a pretty good show. I jumped in the tube and again was off before I even had a change to react. I swished back and forth a couple of times and then started to accelerate as the pitch increased. I felt my bottom starting to give me a wedgie just as I hit the bottom and then I started going up. Oh My God. I got a mouthful of water and lost my bearings as I started going up basically out of control. Somewhere along the way I spun around and ended up on my stomach. With that I felt my top slide off my breasts again. It stayed on but was wrapped up around my neck as my breasts slid along the slide catching ever seam in the tube with my nipples until I exited the darkness out into the washout pool. Once I came up I pulled my top back over my breasts which was becoming standards operating procedure on every ride. I tried to do it quickly but caught each tiny triangle on my protruding nipples forcing me to readjust them into place. Sue was right behind me almost hitting me as I reassembled myself. My bottom might as well have been a thong since it was wedge entirely up by butt. I climbed out of pool while still working on my bottom. I must have pulled a little too hard on the back of my bikini bottom a tiny bit of my blonde pubic hair was showing in front. In my haste I grabbed the tiny bit of cloth in front and pulled it up and up which probably gave everyone nearby a pretty good view of what it was trying to hide. I had to run my fingers along the sides in order to stretch it out over my now swollen lips. As I did I could feel how swollen and hard they had become.

Everyone was yelling about how exiting it was in the dark and we all ran back to do it again. There was hardly anyone in line so before I even had a chance to catch my breath I was getting ready to do it again. Karen asked if she could do it head first but the attendant told her no.

This time I cross my arms over my chest literally holding my top to my breasts. This worked for a bit but I couldn’t maintain that through the whole ride and ended up with my top around my neck once again. After that we decided to take a break and grab something to eat. It was getting really hot so out suites dried quickly. Linda ran back to the locker and grabbed some money. We sat outside and ate watching the people come down one of the raft rides which was our choice after eating.

For this one you have to take a ski lift up to the top of the mountain. There were a couple of people in line so we waited our turn. As our turn approached the lift attended started talking to us asking if we where having fun. As I got on the lift chair he comment on my tan. As I sat down it felt weird sitting on a ski lift wearing only a tiny bikini. Every other time I had been covered from head to toe. Karen and I road together followed by Linda and Sue. I was thinking to myself how exciting this would be if it were for skiing. Can you imagine skiing in just a couple of straps of cloth with the chilly air racing over your body. That is still one of my ultimate challenges. I just need to find the right day.

At the top we got in line for the trip down. It wasn’t nearly as fast as the other two rides but was fun just the same and I actually managed to keep my top on despite being flushed through what they call the toilet at the bottom. From there we headed over to the rope swings. These was a fairly simple ride where you swing out on these large rope and drop off into the pool below. It was a lot of fun I just needed to be careful because as I reached up and hung on the rope my breasts wanted to pop out of my top. As long as I was careful I seemed to be ok. The landing was another story. The impact of the landing took my top of every time. I wasn’t really in danger of loosing either my top or my bottom on this one it was more just a pain. I kind of wished I could just take it off to avoid the hassle but that was impossible so I just kept pulling it back on before coming out of the water. We did this a bounce of times. We wanted to see if we could knock each other off and goof around but they wouldn’t let us. Not being able to do that Karen decided to be a little mischievous. I should have known something was up when She hung back behind me. Just as I stepped off I felt a tug on my back. It was Karen untying the strip across my back. As I swung out I felt the side of my top go slack. The only thing holding it on was the neck strap. I let out a scream and let go. I tried to hold it on as I hit the water but the force of impact took my hands over my head and my bikini top with it. I came up with a scream. This time it had come completely off and was floating around in the pool somewhere. I dove down and was able to find it right away luckily or it would have been interesting coming out of the water. Even so I couldn’t tie it while treading water so I hung it around my neck and climbed out holding to my breasts with my hand. Once out I set about tying it back on without putting to much of a show on for the small crowd that had gathered to watch us fool around. As it turned out the lifeguard has seem what had happened and yelled at Karen for untying my top.

After that we did a couple of milder rides before heading over to the wave pool. We decided to lay out and work on our tans for a bit before going in. Linda again ran back to the locker and brought us our suntan lotion and a couple of towels. Linda and Sue seemed fine with just hanging out. Actually it sounded pretty good to me also but Karen wanted to try out the wave pool so I went with her. The waves weren’t huge but they were a lot more than my bikini was made for that’s for sure. I was constantly adjusting it to avoid anything popping out. We weren’t there but a minute before these four young guys came over and started talking to us. They were pretty cute and really funny so we chatted with them. They asked me what rides I’d been in and commented about how wild that must have been in the suite I had on. I told them it was certainly exciting.

We ended up spending the rest of the day with them. It was funny watching them try to outdo each other for us. It wasn’t a macho thing. They were just being silly. There was this one ride raft ride where a bunch of people rode down the rapids together. The attendants wanted us to go down in two rafts but we all ended up together in the same one. It was a bit over crowded like too many people in a hot tub. Everyone was moving around and one of the guys grabbed me around the waist and before I knew it I was no longer holding onto the outside raft instead he was holding onto me and I was in the center of the raft. It was a little hard to keep my suite in place as the water bounce me all around.

The ride was actually mild compared to most of the others rides but I could sense each of the guys bending to try to get a better view down my top. We went over one drop and water went everywhere I was floating one way bumping into the people all around me while Joel, the guy who was holding me was, was trying to maintain he grip. Once I went up as he was going down and his hands slid down over my hips. I was afraid he might pull my bottom off trying to hang on and every time I’d go down his hands would come up and over my breast. I didn’t appear that he was trying to cop a feel although he probably was. In between I’d try to get my suite back in place. This happened a couple of times until we hit this big drop off and he lost he grip. I bounced off a couple of people before finally landing in Mark’s lap. He immediately wrapped his hands around me and pulled me back towards him. It was kind of wild in the swirling water. Everyone was bouncing around and it was grab what you could. Being practically naked made it even more interesting. As we went tough a calm I settled down on his lap and felt his hard on poking me in the bottom. There was no doubt he was enjoying the ride. I couldn’t wait to see him walk off the ride at the bottom. One more big drop and we were at the bottom. As we got off I put myself back together again asking Mark if he enjoyed the ride. We all started laughing almost at the same time as everyone picked up on what I meant. We did a couple more rides before coming to this one ride that has six parallel slides. It wasn’t that long before someone got the idea to race. The first run was pretty funny with all of us hitting the water about the same time. It seemed like the girls had the advantage because we seemed to beat the guys almost all the time. We did it a bunch of times and my top just wouldn’t stay in place no matter what after a couple of runs I all but gave up, at least until one of the lifeguards came up to me and said I’d have to keep covered up or leave. It kind of put a damper on the fun so we left to get something to eat. While we eat our snacks we got to know the guys a little better. It wasn’t long before the subject of my bikini came up so I told them about the dare. Karen brought up some of the other wild things I’ve done so I had to explain. After a bit it started to get a bit uncomfortable when Karen suggested getting back on the rides. I was a bit surprised because she seems to like to see me get embarrassed and squirm at all intimate questions but then she suggested going on the Kamikaze. This ride was unbelievable. I was having enough trouble keeping covered as it was. I told them I couldn’t do it in this suite but that just made them want it even more. Even Sue and Linda were getting on me now. I was convinced they wanted me stripped naked by one of the rides before we left. We had had a good day and it was getting late so if they threw me out it wouldn’t be that bad and what a rush it would be. The ride itself was more excitement than I needed but to add to that the probability that I’d end up loosing my suit completely was really getting me aroused and I think everyone could tell. As we got closer I go more and more excited. We looked up to the ride an started to get scared. The guys weren’t about to let any of us chicken out and started dragging us up the steps. There was a bit of a line on this one so we ended up having to wait. All I could think of is loosing my suite at the bottom. There was a lot of twisting and turning as you accelerated down the tube and then right at the bottom you literally dropped off into the pool at the bottom. Again I started fidgeting with my suite as we got closer to the top. First I tugged the top up a little tighter and then the bottom. I continued to try to get just a little more coverage out of the tiny bit of material. My heart was really pounding as we got in position to go down. This time Sue went first followed by Linda. I went to get in position and then jumped up towards the stairs down. Karen and Joel both grabbed me and ushered me back in place. The lifeguard at the top was getting his kicks out of our antics. I was almost beside myself as Karen helped me into the tube. I was still fighting the keep from going down when I lost my grip and was off and going. I let out a scream as I disappeared over the first drop off.

It was unbelievable. I just kept bouncing off the wall. I really did’t know exactly what was happening. I just remember flipping over a couple of time. The rush of water was unbelievable. Before I knew it I dropped off the end into the pool. and came up with a nose full of water and tried to collect myself. That’s when I realized I couldn’t feel my bikini bottom. I mean completely gone. My top was around my neck. Karen was right behind me and came up gulping water also. Karen’s top was around her neck also. I started laughing at her then thought about my own problem. I got my top back in place and then started looking around for my suite The lifeguard wanted us to get out when I told him I had lost my suite. His eye widened as he looked on. I couldn’t just get out and stand there bottomless so I hid along the side. Karen and the others were laughing there heads off at my expanse. After a couple of minutes the lifeguard ran over and handed me towel. It was interesting just trying to get out of the water and wrap the towel around me without giving everyone a show. I started to wrap the towel around my breasts but then realized I did have a top on so I wrapped it around my waist opting for a little better coverage. By then a number of people had gathered around to see what was so funny. I was blushing from head to toe as I held the towel tight around my waist. After what seemed like and hour but probably was only a minute or two Mark, One of the guy we were hanging out with, yelled, “Anybody looking for this?” from the bottom of the slide. He had my bikini bottom hanging from his index finger as he waded out of the pool. It looked even tinier than it really was hanging from his finger like that. I went to grab it from him but he pulled back teasing me with it. I scurried after him and almost lost the towel in the process. He continued teasing me, asking me what it’s worth to me. I didn’t want to beg for it but probably was as I felt even more naked wrapped in the towel than in the tiny bikini. When the other guys joined in I told them fine. I’ll just go back to the locker and get my shorts and leave. Sensing that I was getting pissed they backed off and handed over my bikini bottom. Now the trick was to put it on without loosing the towel. I was going to try just pulling it up under the towel but opted to run in the ladies room instead.

Having survived the kamikaze, I thought I had had enough. The guys wanted to go on it again, saying the line had disappeared but I needed a brake. Joel suggested a drink and I agreed having had enough excitement for one day. I didn’t exactly come prepare to go out after or anything having only brought a pair of shorts with me. Joel said there was a place right there at the park where we could get a beer and they also had a DJ. Sue and Linda offered to go back to the locker and get our stuff while Karen and I went with the guys. It seemed like forever before Sue and Linda showed up wearing their T shirts and shorts. They had apparently showered and dried their hair and everything. Meanwhile Karen and I were still in our bikinis and I looked practically naked. We asked where our stuff was and they said they’d dropped it off at the car. We both asked why they didn’t bring it for us to change into, saying, “We could have at least put it on over our suites.” The guys had gotten their stuff as well while Karen and I sat at the table in our bikini. Karen seemed a bit uncomfortable but being the exhibitionist that I am I though it actually felt pretty cool sitting around barely covered.

At first about half of the people were still in their suites but as time went on more an more people changed and the mix changed but also did our moods. After my second beer it didn’t seem to matter. Eventually Joel asked me if I wanted to dance. At first it felt a little weird dancing in my bikini but soon the music took over and it didn’t mater any more. It was still pretty hot and soon we all began to sweat. Karen wasn’t quite as into it but after a couple of beers she loosened up a bit as well.

We stayed there with the guys for a couple of hours before finally deciding to leave. Joel kept asking for my number but I kept telling him I already had a boyfriends and didn’t want to upset him. He was quite the sweat talker because I finally gave in figuring if Bob would have come I wouldn’t be tempted like this. He gave me a big hug and a kiss on the lips when we got back to our car. When we got back to the car my shorts were nowhere to be found. I rarely wear more than my short and bikini top back from the beach and often not even that so it was just like returning from the beach. I spread my towel out on the seat and slid in. It was about and hour drive home and there was no beach around so it was a little different but no big deal until we had to stop to pee. The beer was running through us and we just had to stop. Luckily we found a fairly decent gas station but still it felt kind of strange wearing just a bikini, especially when they insisted I go in and ask for the key. I was still kind of buzzed so I figured why not give them a show. Probable make the attendants day.

The casher did a double take as I walked in and asked for the key. I gave him a big smile and a little extra wiggle as I turned to leave. I was so bad I couldn’t believe it.

As we got closer to home everyone was getting hungry and Linda suggested grabbing something to eat. Now I had gone to restaurants in my bikini before but it had always been at places on or near the beach, once topless at a beach café in the islands. Karen nixed that idea suggesting a barbeque at home. Sue mentions that we didn’t have anything to eat at home so I offered to run out once we got home but Karen suggested stopping at the FoodTown along the way. Again, I’ve had ducked into a continence stores in my bikini before but this was going to be a major shopping trip from what it sounded like. I again offered to go out after we got home but both Karen and Sue brought up the dare from my web site to go shopping in just my bikini and that this seemed like a pretty good opportunity.

I think the alcohol was still providing some liquid courage because I agreed with out my normal level of trepidation. I was still a little nervous but not as nervous as I normally get. I put on my sneakers figuring I’d be kicked out for sure if I was bare foot. I wasn’t so sure if they have a problem with no shirt but Karen was in the same boat so I figured we’d both get in or get kicked out together. I took a deep breath and opened the door. It was still really hot so I didn’t feel that terrible out of place or stupid even though I was practically naked in a grocery store parking lot. The exhilarating part was feeling the wind across my body. With almost all of it exposed I felt every little draft which just raised the sensitivity of my skin. My nipples perked up immediately and were poking at my tiny top. I could also feel my lower lips swell with excitement and fill my already tight bottom.

I pulled everything in place as best I could and tried to act like I was dressed normally but there was no way I could ignore the looks I was getting as I walked away from the car. We hadn’t even reached the door and already I was attracting more attention than I needed. We were all giggling like kids as were walked towards the entrance. When we opened the door the cool air conditioned air hit me and my nipples stiffened up even more which made them ever so noticeable through my bikini top. They poked at my top like twin points trying to punch a hole through the thin material. If they had been a little sharper they may have done just that. That’s how hard they were. If I wasn’t attract enough attention just wearing a bikini I certainly was now. I fidgeted with my bottom having my fingers tucked through the tiny side ties when Karen told me to settle down. She said I had better be careful since those stings is was playing with were the only thinks holding that bottom on and that I was showing more than I probably wanted as I fidgeted. I tried to calm down but I was pretty wound up I just hoped I didn’t run into anyone that asked me what I was doing. Sue grabbed a cart and we started down the first isle. So far no one from the store had asked me to leave and I was fairly certain someone had seen us as we walked in so I thought I might be alright. On the second isle a couple of young women just stood there and gave me the evil eye. I tried to keep my head high but I don’t think I did as I was sure I was blushing from head to toe. One made a comment as I passed but I couldn’t make it out.

Karen and Linda made sure that I was the one that get everything off the top and bottom shelves. When I reached over my head I could feel my bikini bottom slip just a little which I feared exposed my pubes so each time I instinctively reached down and pulled it up. This just pulled it tighter across my sex which made my engorged lips more prominent. When I leaned down to pick up something off the lower shelves I had different problems. If I just bent over at the waist my breasts would threaten to pop out of my top and if I stooped down by bending my knees, my butt crack would start to show above my bottom. Either way I had to be ultra careful. Once I stood up and my left nipple was ever so close to popping out from under the edge of my top. The only thing that prevented it from popping out completely was the fact that my nipple was so stiff and pressing so hard against the thin material of the cup that it hung up on the more ridged seam around the edge of the cup. As it was the darker skin of my areola was clearly visible outside of my top. I adjusted my top back in place by pulling it way from my chest as I slid my fingers down the straps. I noticed her eyes widen as she noticed both of my rock hard nipples flashed into view momentarily from under my top. All she said was, “My god are you hard”. We walked down the frozen food isle and I got goose bumps as we passed the freezers. We made Karen reach in for the food and watched her nipples rise to the occasion. I always get turned on buy the exhilaration of cool air over my bare skin so it was especially exciting walking down this isle. We ran into a couple of women on this isle and one was bold enough to ask what was going on. Sue said, “just out shopping”. She asked if I always go shopping in a bikini. I hesitated at first and then told her that it was so hot out that I didn’t feel like wearing anything more. She made some comment to her friend like if I had a body like yours I suspect I would do the same, which brought a smile to my face.

There were only a couple of guys in the store but after a while we noticed that they were everywhere we went. Karen suggested flashing them but I passed not wanting to create any more of a scene than I needed. The attention I was already getting was really having enough of an effect. I wanted to finish up and get out of there but everyone else was taking their time.

The guys that had been following us were probable in their late teens. I had never been shy about showing off but walking up practically naked to a bunch of drooling guys in a grocery store was more than I was ready for. I tried to ignore them but it was impossible. Finally after about 15 minutes of waking around the store practically naked we got in the checkout line. Standing in line only gave everyone a chance to stair and there was nothing much I could do but let them. I was getting so excited that my breathing was starting to quicken. I just wanted to get out of there before my arousal became even more noticeable. I couldn’t help fidget with my suite which was probable only attracting more attention.

The cashier was a women of about thirties or so and her look was of obvious disapproval as she noticed me. She made a non descript comment as we started to unload the cart but her body language was of obvious distain for my attire. I tried to ignore her but she kept looking at me as if I was her daughter and that I should be punished or something. I was getting upset and wanted to tell her off but I resisted. My anger seemed to off set my nervousness and a good bit of my arousal. I felt more defiant than excited at that point. I was mad and Karen could tell so she helped me lighten up as we loaded out stuff into the car. I got a couple of cat calls from a car that passed by and that along with some of the giggling from Linda seemed to lighten the mode. We all piled into the car and headed home.

When we got home we grabbed a couple of wine cooler from the fridge and started to unloaded the car. I called Bob and told him all about what he missed and that he should have blow off work. I had called from the phone in the kitchen so everyone was listening in and making loud comments in the background. He could hear all the laughing and some of the comments which were pretty interesting if not completely accurate and by the end he was really regretting not coming. I told him to get his butt over her because I needed him which of course got some dirty comments from the peanut gallery. It was a horribly jumbled phone conversation with all of the silliness and background comments. I had been pretty turned on all day and was thrilled that Bob was coming over because I was going to need some relief before the night was over.

Everyone was horsing around acting silly as we put things away in the refrigerator. The wine coolers were starting to have their effect on us as Linda was getting a little wild. She started teasing me by rubbing a bag of froze corn across my chest. I let out a yelp when I first felt the cold and then teased her about getting fresh with me. I told her I prefer waiting for Bob to do things right which lead right back to the rest of them teasing me. I quickly became the target of most of the abuse.

Before I know it Bob walked in and I all but jumped him wrapping my legs around his wait and stuffing my boobs into his face. Every one started teasing me and telling Bob about all the wild things that happened, stretching most of the facts well beyond what actually happened. As this was settling down someone came up behind me and pulled on the ties on my top. I stated to fight back and then decided to just tease Bob with my boobs. Then I suggested leaving them to their silliness and retiring to my bedroom were we made a little noise of our own.

**Carrie's Sailing Adventure**

**Day 1 and 2**

**Introduction**

Hi my name is Carrie and this is a story about a trip I took a little while back now with my boyfriend Bob and best friend Lisa and her boyfriend Brad.  It was a fantastically wild and refreshing week sailing around the Virgin Islands in the Caribbean.  I was down there a couple of years ago with a bunch of friends from college, but it was a little different this time with my boyfriend along.

Let me give you a little background before jumping into the exciting parts.  This friend of the family has a sailboat that he now keeps in the Caribbean.  I used to help him sail it from race to race.  He felt comfortable with me at the helm enough that he offers to let me use it in exchange for looking in on it and fixing things up.  Now that’s the kind of friend to have.

The trip consisted of my boyfriend Bob who is a powerboater, so he likes boats just not sailboats.  He always says there’s too much work to go slow.  I’ve tried to convert him and he is coming along, however he is still a motor boater at heart.  He’s about 6’2” and weighs about 230.  He’s really athletic and drags me along with him on all his crazy activities.  My best friend Lisa, who was my roommate in college, was also along with her boyfriend.  Lisa and I are still really close despite living in separate states now.  She’s always getting me in trouble doing crazy things that I probably shouldn’t, but I still love her dearly.  She is about 5’5”with long dark hair.  She weighs about 135 with a 32-24-34 figure.  This became a couples trip when she when her boyfriend Brad joined us.  He is about 6 foot and probably weighs around 200 or so.

In case you haven’t read any of my other adventures, I’m 24 with blonde hair, which I now have cut back a bit and permed into this sassy look so I don’t have to worry about it.  It really looks cool and I don’t have to fuss with it much, which was great.  I’m on the tall side at 5’9” and weigh 128 with a 34C-22-32 figure.

In case you don’t already know, I guess I’m a bit of an exhibitionist even though I never would have thought so just a couple of years ago.  I get really excited and love that aroused feeling I get when doing something sexy and daring.  I used to get so nervous that I’d almost get sick, but lately I’ve found that I don’t get near as nervous.  The problem is I also don’t get as much excitement, so lately I’ve been doing things that I never would have considered before.

Ok enough babble, on to the trip. . .

**Carrie’s Sailing Adventure - Getting there**

Lisa and Brad drove up the day before and Lisa helped me pack.  Lisa remembered our trip to the Caribbean where the airlines lost my luggage.  Having almost nothing to wear all of that week was the beginning of my exhibitionist experiences.  Ever since, Lisa has been daring and challenging me to do more and more daring things.

A couple of weeks prior, we had been talking about this email a friend of mine named Faith had sent about a trip she took to Mexico.  She didn’t bring a single bikini top or bra.  Every time she went to the beach or hotel pool, she was topless or completely naked.  In the back of my head, I wanted to do the same but I remembered being told that it isn’t exactly permitted in the Virgin Islands even though it wasn’t enforced very often.

Also, the last time Bob and I had gone away he gave me a hard time about how much I brought, so this time I was determined to show him up by packing extremely light.

Lisa convinced me that I didn’t need much more than my bikinis except for some going out clothes, so that was just about all I packed.  I packed 3 of my tiniest bikini, a couple of hot tee shirts and tank tops, a couple of sexy shorts including one I purchased from Wicked Weasel, and a short dress incase we went someplace fancy.  I didn’t pack a single piece of underwear.  No bras or knickers what so ever, which was going to make wearing my little party dress interesting.  We packed a couple of other goodies that I’ll get into later. My entire week’s contents fit in my small GYM bag that I planed to carry onto the plane.

None of us slept very well that night and woke up early anxious to get on with our trip.  Lisa was already up and showered as I rolled out of bed. She suggested that we dress for the islands even through it was 50 degrees outside.  I pulled on this pair comfy denim shorts.  I like them because they’re really soft and comfortable for denim.  They’re not the lowest hip hugger shorts in the world, but they are pretty small so there isn’t exactly a lot to them.  They were pretty loose so I was a little concerned that you could see up the leg opening since I wasn’t wearing knickers but figured why not.

I must be really getting daring because for a top, I picked this half-shirt top that barely reached the bottom of my boobs.  A year ago I would have never dared walk through an airport dressed like that.  The top was really sexy because it just hung draped over my breasts leaving a huge gap between my ribs and the shirt.  I don’t know why I rarely wore the shirt, because it felt cool like I was hardly wearing a top.  Without a bra my breasts just floated around under the soft top.

I was already excited about going on vacation and the additional sensation of my nipples rubbing against the top was starting to show.  The combination of the stimuli and the overall excitement of going on vacation were getting me quite aroused.

It wasn’t long before Bob arrived and it was apparent that neither he nor Brad seemed to mind my outfit.  We all jumped in Bob’s Explorer and were off to the airport.  We left our coats in the care and hoped it wasn’t to cold when we got back.

At the airport I was getting more attention than I had anticipated or really wanted as heads turned to check out my outfit.  The motion of my breasts not to mention my nipple poking at my brief top made it obvious to everyone that looked that I had nothing on under it.  Going through the security check point was kind of interesting.  As I put my bag on the x-ray machine Bob whispered over that he hoped I didn’t get strip-searched.  To which Lisa giggled and said, “It wouldn’t take long that’s for sure.”  I took all the metal out of my pockets but somehow just knew I was going to get stopped.   And sure enough with a great smile, the guard asked me to step to the side.

One guard went through my carry which caused me to start blushing from embarrassment as he went through my sexy clothes. The other asked me to spread my legs and stretch my arms to the side.  It seemed rather silly to wand my legs and arms since they were bare, but he did it anyway.  Must be some stupid regulation.   I could see the others laughing as my embarrassment grew.  I had to be careful as I raised my arms so as not to expose my breasts under the short top.  It was kind of funny being searched when there was virtually no place to actually hide anything.  I tried not to laugh knowing the whole time that my breasts were threatening to make and appearance.  Finally they were satisfied that I didn’t have any concealed weapons and we headed to the gate together.

The whole time we sat at the gate, Bob and the others made jokes about me being stopped.  Lisa said I should have simple pulled the top and shorts off and save them all the trouble of searching for concealed weapons.  Lisa suggested that I use a French accent once I got to the X-ray machine, take all my clothes off, and send them through the X-ray machine.  I laughed at that one.

When we boarded the plane, I almost forgot what I was wearing when I went to put my bag in the overhead.  I caught myself just in time and asked Bob to put my bag away.  After we settled in, Bob and I had a little fun on the flight down, with him grabbing my breasts under my top whenever no one was looking.  I think the people in front of us were getting a little annoyed, but it didn’t seem to stop Bob.

After a switch in Puerto Rico we arrived in St Thomas. We grabbed all our gear, all of which made it this time, sorry.  Bob rented a car since we knew we were going to be in St Thomas for at least a couple of days.

Once we got to the boat we looked around and tried to figure out the sleeping arrangements.  Lisa and Brad grabbed up the forward birth saying they’d leave us the rest of the boat.  Bob and I decided to try squeezing into the aft bunk, which really was only designed for one person.  We just threw our stuff down and proceeded to check out our home for the next week.  Later, we went out to dinner and to this small club for a while.

We had more than enough to drink at diner so we were getting pretty silly.  We were headed back to the boat when I suggested a walk on the beach.  Lisa and Brad were running out of gas and headed back to the boat, but Bob and I went down to the small beach at the end of the marina.  We walked along until the water came up to the hillside and you couldn’t go any further.

It was so beautiful and romantic that we sat down on the grass by the waters edge.  It wasn’t long before we were kissing and making out.  Bob already had his hands under my top and was working my boobs pretty good, so I decided to help him put and slipped my top over my head.  We kissed and made out for at least a half an hour before deciding to head back to the boat.

Bob thought he’d make it a little more interesting for me by grabbing my top and walking off with it.   When I caught up, he just put his arm around me and started playing with my nipples holding my shirt in his other hand.  I complained that someone was going to see me but that didn’t seem to have any effect on him.  However, the feeling of his finger caressing my breast certainly was having an effect on me.

He didn’t give me my top until we were just at the entrance to the marina.

We expected Lisa and Brad to be fast asleep or at lease taking advantage of our absence, but they were in the cabin in each others arms having another beer.  Bob and I also grabbed a beer and we all talked for a while before deciding to call it a night at half past 2 in the morning.

Lisa and Brad retired up forward and Bob and I got ready to squeeze into our little nest back aft.  I let Bob slip in first and then pulled my top over my head and wiggled out of my shorts leaving me completely naked to slide in next to Bob.  I slid in over him practically poking him in the eyes with my hardened nipples.   I can be such a tease sometimes, but Bob didn’t seem to mind from what I could tell.  I slid down his bare chest and felt his penis poking me through his boxers as I slid over him to the other side of the bunk. I was still really horny so we fooled around for a bit.  I was lost in the passion of one of Bob’s kisses when I felt his hand rub my now very swollen labia.  I let out a noticeable moan as he worked his magic.  I told Bob to stop, not wanting to let Lisa and Brad know we were messing around only a few feet from them, but Bob continued getting back at me for my teasing of him.  After a couple of increasingly weak pleadings for Bob to stop, I simply rolled over.  After that, I was lost in my own emotions.  At first I tried to be quiet but by now I didn’t care who heard me as I felt my inevitable orgasm starting.  Every muscle tightened as my orgasm hit.  As my body settled down, I collapsed into Bob’s arms and we both fell asleep.

**Carrie’s Sailing Adventure Day 2 - Getting Things Ship Shape.**

The next day we woke to a light rain falling.  Bob and I were still in our little nest behind the navigation console when Lisa and Brad made their appearance.  Since we didn’t bother with a blanket or sheet or anything because of the heat, it wasn’t really possible for me to hide my naked body from their view.  I guess I was having a rare touch of modesty, but there was little I could do at the moment.  I half expected some comment about how much noise we had been making the night before, so I quickly suggested a trip to the marina shower to see if Lisa was mad as me for being naked in front of her boyfriend.

Lisa didn’t seem upset at our antics when she suggested just stepping out and showering in the rain.  I didn’t wait for Bob to get up and slid back across him rubbing almost the whole length of my body against his face as I did.  I then quickly picked up a nearby towel and wrapped my bare body in it, tucking it in tight around my breasts.  I then picked up my bag and headed for the ladies room.

Lisa was fine with everything and even dared me to walk back from the shower to the boat naked since it was raining even harder when we finished up and I hadn’t brought any rain gear from the boat.  I told her maybe sometime but for now so I put on my white bikini.

We walked back to the boat with me in my bikini, which was in stark contract to Lisa in her rain jacket.  I don’t know what it is, but I really get off on the exhilaration from the coolness of a light breeze blowing across my bare skin.  I did pull on a pair of shorts for our trip to breakfast but that was it, figuring I would dry out faster than my clothes would.  The rest of the day was spent getting the boat ready.  We had to made several trips to the local marine store trying to fix a problem with the lights on the boat.  We did take a break in the afternoon to go for a swim when the rain ended.

That night at dinner, I wore a sexy tank top with a pair of shorts. This top while reaching almost to my navel, left half of my breasts exposed over the top of the material.  Without a bra anyone looking would have a clear view down my chest if I bent over at all. It was no wonder the waiter paid particular attention to our table.   It didn’t seem long after we sat down that the subject of dares came up.  Lisa brought up this Luck of the Draw dare that I had told her about and she brought up that I was going to try to repeat it this week.  The dare basically had me drawing 10 cards, one every 10 minutes.  The numbered cards were no problem but the face cards all involved me doing something.  Lucky we weren’t prepared to do it them.

Lisa kept talking about various dares I had done.  Bob had heard most of them before but Brad seemed to be getting into it and kept asking what else I’ve done.  The whole time I was getting more and more embarrassed.  The place wasn’t that crowded but I know people around us were listening in.  By the time we left I’m sure they thought I was some kind of nut.

That night back at the boat was pretty uneventful except for me teasing Bob again as I slipped in along side him naked.  We fooled around again before falling asleep.

**Carrie's Sailing Adventure Day 3 Getting Underway**

Ok finally. Today was a beautifully sunny day with a perfect sailing wind blowing.  We were all tired of working and excited about getting going, so we quickly showered and ate breakfast at the local café.  Bob returned the rental car as we picked up some last minute essentials like more beer and a couple of bottles of wine.

 Before getting underway I stripped off my T-shirt and shorts in the cabin and put a generous amount of sun block all over my body.  Lisa asked if I was going to bother with my bikini or just go naked.  I just laughed and reminded her that nude sunbathing really wasn’t allowed but sure sounded like fun.  Instead, however, I pulled this absolutely hot thong bikini out of my bag.  This bikini, like most of mine, really isn’t worth the effort, but it does meet the minimum required by law.  At least when it stays in place.

It’s hard for the bottom to be out of place since there is no back at all.  It’s more like a G-string than a thong.  All there is to it is a couple of tiny stings holding a small strip in place over my vagina.  The strings, after emerging from between my cheeks, split into an arc across the upper portion of my ass really highlighting it.  That’s probably the part I like best.  It probably would help it slide around if I had a bit more of a butt.  As it was, it had to be tied really tight to keep it from sliding down because there wasn’t much margin for error. I had already shaved my pubic hair pretty much off leaving only a tiny vertical strip extending only about an inch above my slit.  Even with that, it took a fair amount of attention to keep it covered.  The bottoms weren’t see-through, but you don’t need much of an imagination at all to make out what was behind the thin material.

The top didn’t provide any support at all since it just sits on top of my beasts and really doesn’t cup them like you need.  A portion of the lower side of my breasts was visible below the material and I didn’t dare pull it down any further.  It wasn’t see-through either but also wasn’t lined.  The outline of my nipples and areolas were noticeable through the material.  It was really only made for laying out and working on your tan, not any kind of physical activity.  Not that I had planned to be playing volley ball or anything, but just walking around the boat getting things ready made it almost impossible to keep covered. It was that small.

Finally Bob got back and we got underway.  It had been a while since I had handled the boat, so I was extra careful leaving the dock.  I looked so cool at the helm in my bikini. All I needed was a pirates buff, (yes I’ve watched survivor) and a bit more of a tan and I’d really be hot.  We cleared the harbor and got the sails up as soon as we could.  It wasn’t long after that that Bob started busting on me, saying,  “Is this the fastest this thing goes?”  You see he is a motor boater and this was payback for the my busting him about his power boat.

So here I am steering the boat and trying to concentrate on what I’m doing, and he’s busting on me and teasing me.  Lisa and Brad were all back with us and just encouraging Bob on at my expense.  Bob moved behind me and started getting all cutesy with me while I’m trying to steer a straight course.  It didn’t take long before he’s kissing my neck and rubbing my arms.  After that he grabbed me around the waist and began rubbing his hard-on into my butt an moved to rubbing his hands up my stomach and in general getting fresh with me in front of Lisa and Brad.  He’s all over me while I’m trying to look out for other boats.  Then his hands started slowly inching upwards until his hands are rubbing my breast through the tiny top.  By then I’m starting to get pretty aroused.  I was still however trying to steer when I felt him untie the strap on the back of my suit.  I half-heartedly protested as he all but stripped off my top in front of my friends.  From there he started cupping my breast under my loosened top and squeezing my already hardened nipples between his fingers.

The whole time Bob is all but making out with me, I’m steering the boat and Lisa and Brad are looking on enjoying me squirming and lame protests.  I couldn’t help but let out a sign as my arousal was getting the better of me.  That seemed to be Bob’s sign to take my top off completely as he untied the remaining tie around me neck.  My top fell to the deck as I leaned my head back onto Bob’s shoulders.  He continued to work my breasts as I continued to get aroused.  I glanced up just as another sailboat crossed in front of us.  It wasn’t really that close, but probably close enough for them to figure out what was going on.

Lisa threw Bob a bottle of sun block telling him he had better lube up those babies before they burn. As I continued to steer, he continued to rub lotion all over my body until it couldn’t absorb any more.  As he did my abs, he accidentally (or on purpose) ran his fingers down the front of my bikini bottom sliding his finger down the gap between me and the front of the suite.  When I couldn’t take it any more, I asked Lisa and Brad to take over at the helm.  Having my hands finally free, I gave Bob a little of his own medicine.

So there I was not even on the boat an hour and all I had on was a tiny g-string bikini. I might as well have been naked for all it covered.  Boats passing by probably though I was completely naked.  Clothing somehow seemed out of place in a place like that, so I stayed that way for the rest of the day and then some.

After I calmed down from Bob’s attention, I made sure everyone knew how steer and pick up someone if someone like me fell overboard.  It felt weird but kind of fun running a mini sailing course while all but naked.  I just had to be a little careful when I’d brush up against something.  Once while I reached for a line mast my bare breasts brushed against the mast and some rigging.  I got a 2-inch scratch from a loose bolt across my right breasts almost across the nipple.  It didn’t draw blood but hurt like hell for a while.  Bob later called it my badge of honor worm proudly upon my bosom.  All I knew was it hurt.  Of course he helped with that also until long after the pain went away.

After everyone got used to steering, I settled in and laid out and worked on my tan for a bit.  By then I was so relaxed, I didn’t care if anyone saw me topless.

We were headed over to this little anchorage over on St Johns where we heard it was really quite.  When we got there, I was disappointed to find three other boats there.  We dropped sail and motored over to this spot that was furthest away from the other boats, yet close enough to shore that we could easily swim ashore.

Having anchored up we broke out the food and beer.  Lisa and I cooked while the guys set up the table in the cockpit and drank beer.  It was funny cooking since there was barely enough space for one person much less two.  Every time I had to get by Lisa, my breast ended up brushing against her or the cabinets or something. Lisa was kidding me about my chest getting in the way, so I kind of brushed them in her face once when squeezing by.

I kidded Lisa about her telling me this morning to put on sun block since she was sporting a pretty good burn from too much time on the sun.

Finally, the food was ready and we sat back on deck and enjoyed our first dinner afloat.  It certainly wasn’t as eloquent as dining out but was really romantic and sexy since I still only wore only my tiny G-string bikini bottom.  It felt so nice eating dinner under the open sky with a light breeze blowing while being nearly naked.  Two other boats had pulled in and anchored close, but not close enough to make me put something on.  I figured everyone wanted their privacy as much as possible which was fine with me.

We were so lazy after stuffing ourselves that we just sat there talking and telling stories.  We talked about a lot of things, but it wasn’t long before the subject of my dares came up.  Lisa proceeds to tell Brad and Bob half of my life story.  Bob had heard most of it before, but it was still a little embarrassing especially in front of Brad since he only knew me through Lisa and what he heard the other night at dinner.

To relive my vacation adventure and my visit with Jane on the Long Island was embarrassing but exciting at the same time.  Lisa started to describe my towel story, but I had to finish it.  She wasn’t even there so she was making it sound even wilder than it really was.

The whole time this was going on Bob had his hands all over me.  I tried to get him to stop since the conversation was enough to get me going.  Besides, this was no place to be getting it on.  Eventually I elbowed Bob in the ribs to try to get him to stop, because I was starting to feel its effects.  Bob said, “What do you expect with you being so available like that.”  I suggested going below and putting something on, but both he and Brad stepped in.  I noticed Brad and Lisa getting pretty friendly as well. I guess my attire was having its effect on Brad.

Eventually we left my dare adventures topic but only ended up on a worse one.  I’m not sure how we got on this topic, but I guess I had it coming. We ended up talking about women’s breasts.  Bob was making it even more embarrassed and arousing by telling Brad quite frankly how much he liked my breast and describing them quite vividly as he went.  He said, “I wish Carrie would go topless all the time.”  I told him, “I don’t know about all the time because women’s breasts are a little too sensitive to be exposed”  referring to my nice scratch from this morning, “but it would be nice if I could take my top off at the beach or when it was really hot out.”  I think that’s when the scratch that I got earlier on my right breast got named my badge of honor.

We ended up on that subject for quite a while with Bob mentioning how sensitive my nipples were.   He said he could get me off by only massaging my nipples.  I kind of kidded him, saying, “in you dreams”, which turned out to be a big mistake.  Somehow from there he bet me that he could bring me to orgasm by only massaging me above the waist.  The bet was that if he won I’d have to go topless for the rest of the time we were on the boat.   I told him that he would he wouldn’t be able to control himself if I went topless.  I didn’t want it to be me denying him access because I’d lose on that one as well, so we just settled on him stripping for me tomorrow on the beach if I held out.

Brad and Lisa were getting pretty into it as well by then as we all kind of made out and shared casual conversation.  I tried to ignore Bob’s sensual caresses as we slowly got buzzed.

I was trying so hard to ignore Bob’s hands on my skin, but it was impossible.  Looking at Lisa and Brad arm in arm didn’t help.  Romance was in the air and my body was starting to respond despite my efforts to control my emotions.  I tried to talk about things that would take my mind off the sensations that my body was taking in, but it wasn’t working.  Bob’s one hand was working my right nipple while his other hand was caressing my abs.  After a while, Lisa asked me how I could stand it.  I tried to act like Bob’s efforts were failing but was only marginally convincing.

I continued to talk as I sipped my wine but my participation in the conversation was slowly diminishing.  Lisa asked me something about doing a dare again, I think, but I had to ask her to repeat the question, which gave away that Bob’s efforts were paying off.  As I answered he went to town on me and moved his hands lower down my stomach.  As I tried to collect my thoughts for a response, he slid his fingers right along the top of my bikini line.  I let out a little sigh acknowledging his touch as I answered.  I tried to protest that he was cheating but again, I wasn’t to convincing.

I tried even harder to suppress the feelings that were slowly building inside me, but was slowly loosing my battle.  After a couple of more minutes I could feel my skin breaking out in little beads of perspiration saying something like, “Its getting pretty hot out now that the wind has stopped.”  Everybody laughed except me as the conversation continued without me.

All I could think of was I just couldn’t lose it her in front of everyone so I conceded defeat before I lost all ability to say stop.  Everyone broke out laughing as I asked if anyone wanted to go in for a dip.  Lisa said,  “Does someone need a cold shower?”

I stood up, walked over to the rail and dove in nearly losing my bottom in the process.  The water felt good and was just what my overloaded body needed to calm down.  After a couple of refreshing minutes, I climbed out with Bob lending an overly helpful hand.  I shook my hair off at him and left me alone for a bit at least until I dried off a little.

After considering my fate to being topless, I sat back and sipped my half finished glass of wine.  That wasn’t such a bad deal since I kind of wanted to go topless anyway.  This just took away my option to put my top on.

A couple of hours and a couple of glasses of wine later we finally decided to turn in.  Lisa and Brad went up front and Bob and I were in our little cubbyhole in the back.  Bob slid in as I was slipping out of my bikini bottom real slow and sexy like in order to get back at him for earlier.  After that I slid in next to him making sure my boobs were right in his face.  We kissed and made out again for a while and worked up a pretty good sweat thanks to the lack of wind and poor ventilation.  Eventually we decided to move on deck were it was a little cooler.

We sacked out on the flipped over rubber dingy.  Bob was all over me and after a couple of minutes my concerns of being seen melted away along with any last little bit of inhibitions, not that I had much to start with.  Before I knew it, Bob had pulled down his boxers and we were screwing like bunnies right there on deck.  It wasn’t like we were on a city street or anything but it was definitely the most public place I had ever had sex.  We were both dripping with perspiration as we collapsed back on our open-air bunk wrapped in each others arms.  I don’t think I ever slept so peacefully in my life.

**Carrie's Sailing Adventure Day 4 Off We Go**

I slept so well I was still asleep on the dingy well after the sun had come up.  Now anyone with a pair of binoculars or good eyesight could see that I was lying there completely naked.  Neither Bob nor I stirred until Lisa stuck her head up through the hatch and woke us.  She asked if I was trying to get a head start on my tan today.  I just rolled over on my stomach and told her to get me something to put on.  Eventually I went below and pulled on my bikini bottom from the other day.  Lisa reminded me of my lost bet and that I had to go topless while on the boat.

We ate and decided to sail over to another part of the island.  Bob wanted to go to this park that had all sort of hiking trails.  He told us we were all getting soft from sitting around and we had to get some exercise.   Both Lisa and I gave him a hard time and told him he was welcome to swim some laps if he wanted some exercise.  We told him we were quite happy laying around and being lazy after all we were on vacation.

After breakfast we pulled anchor and set sail for our second harbor home.  Once we secured the boat we got organized for our little hike.  We decided to pack a lunch and bring a bottle of wine for a little picnic.  I went below to change, or rather put something on, to the disappointment of Bob and Brad.  I pulled on a pair of cut offs and was searching though my bag for a top when Bob suggested I just stay topless.  Brad and then Lisa jumped in as well.  I told them that going topless on the boat was one thing but going ashore and hiking in the park was a whole other story and then foolishly told him that he wouldn’t be able to keep his hands off me if I went topless.  This went back and forth a couple of times with me teasing him and him daring me.  With all the back and forth my concerns kind of faded and my brazen side came out. Well eventually I agreed not actually thinking that there would probably be other people out there since there were already a couple of other boats anchored in the cove.

With backpack in hand and little else all four of us piled into our tiny dingy and headed for shore.  I was still teasing Bob as we headed to shore.  My smug confidence faded quickly as we neared shore.  I didn’t dare let on though and I tried to continue my outward appearance despite an inner feelings.  Once on shore Bob tried to figure out where the trail started.  He had a little trail map but it showed several trail and wasn’t too clear on where they started.  The longer this took the more nervous I got and it was starting to show.

My attire consisted of a pair of shorts, sneakers, baseball cap, and sunglasses.  The shorts were fairly short and road kind of low on my hips and had little cuffs at the bottom.  They were loose which was part of why they road low but the thing I really had to be careful of was when I sat down.  The legs were also loose and since I had nothing on under them people sitting in the right place had a pretty nice view.  Not that sitting was in our itinerary with Bob around.

I’ve gone topless enough but topless in a bikini seemed so much more normal that topless in a pair of shorts.  I’ve often wanted to just strip off my top to just even out the double standard between men and women but just wasn’t feeling much like a trailblazer right then. I just kept adjusting my hat and sunglasses as I passed back and forth.  I was probably talking more than normal also since it seemed I often do that when I’m nervous.  Finally Bob turned around and said, “The trail should start over there if this map is right.”

Lisa walked along as well in her tan hiking shorts and a black sports bra.  Both Bob and Brad were shirtless as well so I guess that from the back I must have looked like another guy with my baseball cap except my shorts were about a third the size of theirs and my figure was shaped a little differently.

I knew that this was going to be an interesting day right away since every step I took translated movement in my chess.  Now my breasts are pretty firm and don’t bounce that much but they had that little rhythmic wobbling movement no matter how carefully I stepped.  That rhythmic movement immediately got Bob’s attention also.  Every time he looked over at me to say something his eyes dropped down to my chest.  Brad’s as well.

It was more in my head than anything but being pretty much normally dressed except for not having a shirt on seemed to be getting everyone’s attention even more than when I was practically naked in a tiny bikini bottom.  I tried my best to ignore the guys’ attention but the whole seen was having its effect on me and raising my arousal level.  My nipples, which had previously been pretty relaxed, were now fully erect and sticking straight out from breasts like little fingers pointing the way.

The map seemed to be correct and we headed into the trees following a path worn down by previous hikers.  We had only gone a little bit before Lisa asked if we had all put on our sunblock.  We took our first break and I was feeling a little calmer, so I decided to tease Bob once again by asking him to do my back.  I did my face while he made absolutely positive my back wasn’t going to burn.  I sarcastically said, “Sure you didn’t miss anything,” knowing full well that he had covered every inch of my back several times.  That’s when I noticed the bulge in his shorts.  Obviously he was enjoying my dress so I turned around and thrust my chest out saying, “Care to finish the job?” He hesitated for a second realizing I was just trying to get him even more turned on. That’s when Lisa said, “You’re not going to pass up that offer are you?”

With that as a challenge to his male pride he grabbed the bottle and poured a stream of sun block across my boobs.  He then started rubbing it in in an intoxicatingly sexy way that felt so good I was getting excited again.  Once again he made absolutely sure he didn’t miss a single spot from my neck to the top of my shorts.  After a bit I just rolled my head back and lost myself in the moment.  Here I was trying to turn Bob on to the point he’d say uncle and give in on our bet and he was doing the same to me; and he seemed to be winning at the moment.

Eventually this mutual seduction ended and I opened my eyes to see both Lisa and Brad looking on.  I was so out of it while this was going on that anyone could have walked up and I wouldn’t have noticed.  I tried to collect myself and act like I was in control but I think everybody knew the reality of the matter.

We were both silent as he handed me back my bottle of sunblock. I was still trying to calm down as Brad asked if we were finally ready.  I would have had a comeback but my mind was still a little foggy so I just managed a week, “y e a h,  sure.”  I just held the bottle in my hand as I struggled to regain my composure and followed behind.  After a minute or two I stopped to tuck it back in the waistband of my shorts.

The next section was up a pretty good hill and the increased effort was showing its effect.  Lisa commented on how hard this was before long.  I started giving her a hard time about being out of shape.  It had been 2 months since the triathlon so I was still in pretty good shape so it wasn’t that bad.  I was getting pretty hot though.  Between the heat and the humidity, it was darn hot going.  By the time we made our first stop, my body was shining from a layer for perspiration.  As we broke out our first bottle of water, I wiped the sweat from my forehead.  Beads of perspiration were starting to run down my chest only to consolidate between my breasts forming a river as it ran down my belly flooding my navel.  Pretty gross.

We started up again and had hiked for about a half and hour when I started to hear voices coming up the trail from behind us.  This was the first people we had come across since I had started my topless hike so I didn’t know what to expect.  The voices were in the distance so I wasn’t sure who or how many they were.  I just knew they’d be in for a surprise when they caught up to us. I just hoped it wasn’t a park ranger giving a guided tour to a bunch of kids or something.

They were still a ways off but I knew they were back there.  My concern came out when I mentioned to the others that it looks like we have some company.  Lisa said.  “Don’t worry you look like just like one of the guys from the back.” To which Bob replied,  “She doesn’t look like any guy I’ve ever seen.”

I tried to put it out of my mind but as the voices got closer I was getting more and more nervous.  None of us had shirts anyway so there was nothing I could do anyway.

My nipples were getting harder as they closed the gap. Before long they were going to see me.  Perhaps they’d think I was wearing a bikini top with a really thin tie across my back, but soon enough they’d know that I was truly topless.  It seemed like Lisa was trying to slow us down but I think she was probably just getting tired.  I kept giving her a hard time about being out of shape thinking it would take my mind of our visitors that were quickly approaching.

I was in front so I was the last one they saw.  They greeted us with the usually hello’s and then there was a pause as they realized I didn’t have a top on.  I turned to see who they were and immediately caught their eyes. There was an awkward silence while we all stopped on the trail and the four new hikers checked me out from head to toe. And such a sweaty sight I must have been.  It must have been a minute before the guys’ eyes lifted off my chest.  They were two coupled in their late twenties or early thirties and after the initial shock of seeing a bare-chested woman in the middle of the woods they seemed to adjust.  This helped me relax and settle my breathing down as well.

We stood there for another couple of minutes introducing ourselves before getting going again.  The guys were in no hurry to rush ahead so we continued up the trail as a larger group of eight.  I calmed down quite a bit after we got going again and was starting to get into it again.

The one woman was a little standoffish but the other was quite friendly commenting on my tan.  By the time we had reached a good resting place I was feeling quite comfortable and actually enjoying myself again.

We all deicide to take a brake with Lisa’s urging and we found a nice flat area to have our picnic lunch.  I expected the other group to continue on but they decide to take a break with us as well.  It felt good to cool down and rest.

After a short break, the folks we just met took off leaving the four of us to finish our make shift picnic.  We cracked open the bottle of wine we brought along and kicked back.  Bob was getting extra comfortable and started massaging my bare back.  We both laid back on the grass and started making out.  Bob was really getting into it massaging my breasts and stomach.  It wasn’t long before he started fingering the waistband of my shorts.  I have to admit he was getting me pretty turned on so I had to stop this before we reached that point where neither of could stop.  I took his hand that was already down my shorts and reminded him that he wouldn’t be able to keeps his hands off me.  That got him to back off, but the bulge in his pants gave away his true feelings.

After calming down a bit, we got our act together and got ready to move on.  That’s when Lisa and Brad decided to head back down.  It actually didn’t sound like a bad idea but since I had been giving her a hard time about being out of shape I had to continue up.

Bob and I headed up the trail.  After a couple of minutes, I suggested we stop and reapplied our sun block before we get all sweaty again.  I did my face and legs and asked Bob in a real suggestive way to finish me.  He again eagerly took me up on my offer even more enthusiastically than before and once again worked his hand down into my shorts after spending a length time on my breasts and abs. Again I had to fight the yearning for him to continue and reminded him of what I had told him earlier about not being able to keep his hands off me.  This time I ran off ahead with my breasts bouncing as I ran.

We slowed down to a more reasonable pace and continued up the trail talking as we went.  At some point along the way I asked Bob if it hurt walking with the hard on he was sporting.  He just shunned me off but I kept up the teasing.  I knew it was really mean of me but I couldn’t help driving him crazy.  I expected to run into the other group coming down but figured they must have goon off on a different trail or something.

Eventually we got to the end of the trail, which was good because I was getting tired and I could tell Bob was getting more and more pissed at me as we went.  I guess successfully reaching the top was too much for Bob’s built up frustration because as I stretched to see what I could see over the bushes, he grabbed me around the waist from behind and picked me up.  I started swinging my arms and eventually got loose only to have him spin me around grabbing my shorts.  He unsnapped them and pulled then down knocking me over as he pulled them over my feet.  The whole time I was laughing and telling him “I told you so.  I told you so.”  Once he had my shorts off he tossed them to the side and went to unzip he shorts.  As he did I scrambled to my feet and took off into the woods running completely naked now except for my sneakers.  If it had been anybody but my boyfriend chasing me it would have been another manner but I couldn’t help but yell out “Rape, Rape” as he chased after me.  I was running as fast I could but then had to slow up after taking getting hit by a couple of branches.  Naked and running through the woods was not a good combination.

After that Bob tackled me and flipped me on my back and did my right there in the woods.  It was such and animal response that I couldn’t help but be excited myself.  Bob let go almost immediately which left me a little disappointed but probably deserved it after teasing Bob for so long.  I was so caught up in the moment that it didn’t phase me that my bare back and butt were sitting on some small stones and branches.  I cleared my resting place of some of the stones and stuff and was fooling around with Bob when it finally hit me that I was completely naked just off a public hiking trail and my clothes, not that I had many, were now where to be seen.

I jumped up and looked around to see where my shorts had gone.  I had last seen them when Bob had grabbed me and all but tore them off me.  My concerns doubled when they weren’t back on the trail were that had happened.  I almost panicked when Bob suggested walking back as I was.  All I remember saying was something like “you’ve got to be kidding” Bob was getting a kick out of my frantic search.

Finally after what seemed like forever I found them off to the side of the trail in a bush.  I was very relieved to have found them but before I could even get them on Bob was daring me to walk back down naked.  I told him he was crazy and started to wiggle back into them.  He then suggested walking at least to where we had lunch before putting my shorts on.  I couldn’t believe I was even considering it because I had no idea if anyone would be coming up the trail.  By then I already had them on.  On the way down he asked a couple more times but I tried to ignore him.  I kept telling him hiking topless was all he was going to see for now.

We headed down the trail and only passed one slightly startled couple along the way.  We just said hello and kept walking.

When we got to the beach we saw that Lisa and Brad had been out to the boat and had changed into their bathing suits.  They had brought back towels and were set up on the beach right in front of the boat.  Before I even sat down Lisa asked, “What happened to you back?”  I had felt a little sour back there when walking down but hadn’t thought much of it, I guess in our love making at the top of the trail, my back got a couple of scrapes from some twigs to add to the scratch I got the other day.  I said, “Maybe I should put something on since I’m getting pretty beat up.”  Lisa said, “Just sit your ass down here” as she reached for a wine cool from the cooler.  Bob said that he was going for a dip first to cool down and asked if anyone wanted to join him.

Bob’s short served just as well as a swimsuit but I didn’t want to get mine wet and I told him that.  Of course, he just suggested taking them off.  I had already be naked once today so the idea didn’t sound that crazy.  After all I had been walking around topless since the night before.  I looked up and down the beach and the only people besides us were way down at the other end of the beach.  There were a couple of boats anchored out but I wasn’t that concerned about them.  Everyone got up to go in and was encouraging me to just go skinny-dipping.  I know I’ve stripped naked at the beach before but I must be getting a lot braver because a year ago it would have taken a lot more encouragement and I’d been a lot more nervous.  This time I simple stood up unbuttoned my short and slid them down my legs and threw them on the towel that Lisa had brought.  All eyes were on me as I calmly walked down to the water.  I had to admit the water felt absolutely fantastic after the hot hike.  I started teasing the others about being over dressed and believe it or not, I actually got these guys out of their suits and are you sitting down, even Lisa.  Lisa took some convincing and was like scared silly considering there wasn’t anyone around.  Bob and Brad seemed a little nervous but got into it quick enough.

We played around as a group for a while, joking, and teasing each other.  Then I told the guys about the time I had played chicken naked so naturally the guys wanted to do it again.  That’s when Lisa chickened out and ran to the shore and grabbed her suit.  Brad followed and I laughed at his white butt as he ran up the beach to where his bathing suit was.

Bob and I were still having a lot of fun as we floated around.  I was teasing him about him poking me with his penis as we bounced around.  We had drifted a little ways up the beach away from Brad and Lisa so we could have a little more privacy.  I decided to wrap my arms around Bob and started teasing him even more.  It wasn’t long before he was inside me and we were kissing and making out as we floated in the water.  It was so beautiful and relaxing, words can’t describe it.  The kind of thing you can only imagine in your dreams.  Ok, I getting a little mushy but hey I’m a girl, I’m allowed.  You guys will have to use your imagination.

After we finished our romantic interlude, we waded back towards our stuff where Lisa and Brad were laying.  Bob’s usually pretty cool but was all funny as he raised up to grab his suit.  I just laughed at him and yelled, “how about laying out naked with me.”  He snickered shook his head no as he pointed at the boats anchored in the lagoon.  I guess he had a point since our private little paradise was now getting a little less private.

I must have been really relaxed because I had totally forgotten that I really didn’t have anything to put on when I got out of the water.  Mine was back on the boat and all I had was my shorts.  I paddled around for a bit in the semi shallow water thinking about it and then everyone was hollering me.  I saw Bob pick up my shorts and stuff them in his backpack.

Now I was kind of stuck unless I wanted to swim back to the boat.  I started to act like I was going to swim out to the boat then turned around and just walked up the beach.  It was a beautiful day in a beautiful setting and there weren’t that many people that could see me so I figured why waist some good tanning time.

Lisa said, “Going for that perfect tan again.”  I said,  “why not you don’t get that many opportunities so I might as well make the most of the ones I do get.  I grabbed a wine cooler out of the cooler and sat back enjoying the sun; it felt so good sitting there I was actually glad I didn’t have a suit.

After I dried off a bit Bob spread the sun block on me and I mean all over me as only he can do.  As much as I tried not to show it, my emotions got the better of me and I was floating in la la land once again.  The sun felt so good and I was so relaxed, maybe relaxed isn’t the exact right term, but at that point it didn’t matter who saw me there naked on the beach.

After Bob stopped and I settled down I think I fell asleep because the next thing I remember being awoken by Bob as he told me to say hello to these people that were standing over me.  I had no idea anyone was there or how long they had been standing there staring at me.

It was a couple in their late fifties from Maryland.  They were retired, had been sailing making their way down threw the islands for two months.  I was still waking up when the wife complemented me on my tan and told me what a fabulous figure I had.  It felt really weird hearing that from someone that was as old as my mom.  They seemed ok with me lying there without a thing on beside all I had was my shorts and they were packed away.  I sat up and kind of got in a position where I wasn’t quite as much on display and listed to their conversation.

They were telling us all about their adventure and all the places they had been.  They told us about this crazy place they had been to on Tortola called the Bumba shack.  The place is right on the water and looks like a falling down shack.  They told us that all the locals from all over go there for these crazy full moon parties.  The husband was real animated as he described the place but every time his wife spoke up he’d look back over in my direction and scan me as if checking me out.

After about a half hour, they invited us over to their boat but we declined saying we were heading out tonight.  After they left Bob leaned over and said, “I can’t believe you just sat there naked the whole time.”  I told him, "It wasn’t like I had anything to put on since you had my shorts packed up.”  He went on about how he would have given to me if I had asked.

By then we all were pretty hot, so everyone decided to go for a dip to cool off.  I guess I had pretty much gotten use to not having any clothes on by now because I wasn’t a bit nervous as I got up and ran down to the water and dove in.  As a matter of fact, it felt great not having to worry about my suit slipping or sliding out of place.  Now don’t get me wrong, even though I a bit of an exhibitionist, I’m no nudist.  I’m as much a slave to fashion as any woman but the beach and the bedroom are two places where clothing seems out of place.

I came back to life after jumping in the water.  There’s nothing that invigorates me like the feeling of water rushing past those intimate places.  I was splashing around like a child.  I tried to get the others to strip down but no on one would join me.  I think Bob would have after our last intimate encounter but he got a little modest with Brad and Lisa around.  We splashed and played until I suggested going snorkeling.

There was a huge reef that we had to sail around as we sail in and it looked like there was a lot of nice coral and fish to be seen.  It was quite a swim from were the boat was but being a swimmer I was ready for it.  I don’t think Brad was that good a swimmer because he seem concerned about how rough it was out there.  I think Lisa would have done it but they decided to leave us crazy people try it saying they’d rescue us if we got in trouble.

Probably swimming after having two wine coolers probably wasn’t the smartest thing to do, but Bob was ready and I know I was up for it so we told Lisa and Brad we’d swim out to the boat and leave then the dingy.

It was about 200 yards to the boat from where we were so Bob decided to race me.  With four years of college swimming behind me I wasn’t about to let him beat me, but he is a pretty strong swimmer so it was quite a race.  I narrowly escaped defeat when he faded in the last couple hundred feet.  As it was we were both completely out of breath when we got to the boat.  We treaded water while we caught out breath and figured out how we were going to get back on the boat without a ladder.  We had taken the dingy when we went in so we never through the ladder over the side so we could get back in from the water.

I had done this before without a ladder but always with the help of someone on board.  After a bit of thinking and a lot of help from Bob I was able to pull myself aboard.  I’m not sure if anyone saw us but seeing a naked woman pull herself up the side of a 38-foot sailboat must have been quite a site.  Once on board I dug out the ladder and threw it in so Bob could get out.

We found our masks and fins and got ready for our trek to the reef.  I still feeling pretty good so I didn’t even bother with my bikini.  I dove back in naked followed by Bob close behind.  Now on the beach, I didn’t have much choice since I didn’t have a top and Bob took my shorts before I could put them on but her I did and it felt so devilishly sexy swimming further away from the boat and my cloths.

It was a good long swim to the reef and it felt great not having to worry about my bikini.  But once we got there it dawn on me I was a long way from my cloths.

The reef was great with lots of fish and sea urchins.  It was really rough though especially on the ocean side of the reef.  It felt like you were swimming in the high seas, so it took a lot of energy to maneuver around.  When we found a sandy spot, we decided to rest for a bit.  I took advantage of the situation and wrapped my arms and legs around him and floated around with him.  I didn’t think he’d mind my bare naked body handing on him especially when my breasts were hitting him in the face on just about every wave.  I asked him if he wanted to mess around saying we wouldn’t even do anything in these waves.  He laughed and told me we’d probably both drown.

We looked around for a bit more when we noticed Lisa and Brad coming out in the Dingy.  I was amazed the propeller didn’t chop us up when Brad all but ran over us in the high sea.  That wouldn’t have been good and we told him to be more careful when people are in the water.

We threw our stuff in and struggled to get in ourselves.  Bob made it in fairly gracefully but I don’t think there was a graceful way for me to get in the boat without Brad seeing some parts of me that he probably shouldn’t have been seeing.  With the help of several hands in various inappropriate places, I managed to get in without sinking the boat completely.  I think we were all quite amazed and thankful when we got back to our floating home that we didn’t sink on the way in.

Back on the boat we sat back and enjoyed the last of our beer and wine while we debated what to do.  I felt pretty salty so I when to jump in the luxurious shower to get cleaning up a bit.  Bob had a touch of romance in him suggested saving water by doubling up in the shower.  Well I don’t know how many of you have been in a sailboats shower but it is really only boats bathroom (head) that double as the shower stall.  There is barely room for on much less two people in it especially when on is 6’ 2’ and 220 lbs.

Well somehow we fit in with my butt on the sink and his against the door.  I wasn’t feeling too romantic sitting on the sink but when Bob started bathing me I got in the mood.  To be honest it wasn’t exactly bathing it was really Bob massaging my breasts to my pussy.  I think the rest of me got neglected but after a couple of minutes I didn’t care.  It was really fun until the little hot water were had ran out.  So much for a romantic shower on a boat.  After that I was feeling pretty good so I decide to not put anything on.

 We were all pretty tired so we decides to stay there and anchor out one more night since it was already getting late and I didn’t want to be caught out after dark.  Everyone had especially me had that nice tired felling that comes from knowing you did something.  I also had the nice feeling of the light breeze blowing across my bare skin as I nodded off in Bob’s arms and I think Lisa did the same in Brads.

Eventually everyone decided to turn in with Bob and I sleeping on deck once again.  We were both to tired to do anything, so we just fell asleep in each others arms under the stars.  How cool is that.  Ok enough of the mushy stuff I know

**Day 5**

It cooled down over night and we both woke up just before dawn to move down below to stay warm until Lisa and Brad woke up.  We didn’t exactly go back to sleep though.  Bob had another one of his romantic moments and started to get me all worked up as only he can do.  Before long, I felt an orgasm building and was lost in bliss.  Not a bad start to the morning at all.  Bob said, “See what you miss when you sleep in.”

I don’t know whether our messing around woke Lisa and Brad up, but I was still enjoying my morning bliss when Lisa and Brad got up.  There certainly isn’t any privacy on a boat that’s for sure.

For some reason I was feeling terribly under dressed all at once laying there naked, so I got up and wrapped myself in a towel while we got organized and got breakfast.  We decided that we had to find a marina tonight since we were running out of supplies.  Actually the only thing we were totally out of was beer, but that was probably the most critical item to the guys.

I wasn’t planning on staying naked, but the gang insisted I stay that way until we reached the marina or at least until we ran into more people.  So I stayed naked while we pulled anchor and got underway.  I had sailed many times before in my bikini, but this was the first time I had ever sailed completely naked.  God, if the old crew could see me now.

The rest of the morning and early afternoon was pretty un-eventful.  I got things going then let Bob and Brad take charge as Lisa and I laid out up front.  I guess a couple boats passed close enough to get an eye full, but overall we didn’t see many boats until we passed close to Tortola.

I should have probably gone below and put on my bikini, but I just rolled over onto my stomach.  Unless they passed right along side, they probably would have thought that I just had on a skimpy bikini.

When we did get close, Bob asked me where we were supposed to turn in and asked me for some help.  I don’t know whether he planned it that way or not, but he waited till a couple of boats were sailing nearby heading into West End Harbor.  I didn’t want Bob to run us aground or anything, but I also didn’t want to everyone to see that I was naked.  Figuring the consequence of running aground was worse than being seen naked, I quietly got up and made my way back.  On the way, I ducked into the cabin and grabbed my towel.

I confirmed where we were with Bob telling him, “I guess it’s finally time to get dressed.”  There was a big boo from both guys as I ducked below to look for my bikini that I had not worn in almost two days. That was the longest period I had ever gone without putting something on.

When I came back up on deck Lisa said, “Bummer.  You’re going to ruin that perfect tan.”

I said, “oh well, I guess if the guys didn’t need their beer so badly I could have continued.”

Well to jump ahead, we found the marina and tied up without incident and after a short wait at customs, the guys went about getting some supplies, i.e., more Carib beer and munchies.  Lisa and I were stuck cleaning the boat.  We did have a little fun hosing things off as we got into a pretty good water fight with the hose.  I was on the receiving end until I wrestled the hose away from her and pushed her over the side.  When I finally helped her out we looked around and found we had an audience watching from other boats.

Sorry guy, no clothes were torn off.

When the boys got back, we had a couple of beers still in our bikinis while we figured out what we were doing.  Eventually we got hungry and decided to get showered up and dressed to go out.

Lisa and I grabbed our bags and headed of to the marina shower.  We had already had a couple of beers on an empty stomach, so we were already kind of buzzed.  I couldn’t decide what to wear so Lisa made some suggestions of course.  We all felt like getting out and having some fun after being on the boat for 2 straight days, but were all so relaxed that we didn’t feel like going to far.

It was still pretty hot so I wanted to dress light.  Lisa suggested wearing just my bikini, but I felt like I need a little more than that.  I picked out my white wicked weasel shorts that I had only worn a couple of times in the past.

Talk about hot.  These shorts are the ultimate in sexy.  There short, thin and tight.  They certainly weren’t your average pair of shorts.  I pulled them up my legs and literally stretched them over my hip. After that I reached my fingers under the edges and stretched the tight material out as best I could.  They sit a lot higher on my hips than a lot of the short I have but they probably are the shortest.  I don’t have much in the way of butt cheeks, but I felt like half my ass was hanging out no mater what I did.   The front has the sexiest V cut which shows off my stomach really well, and below that my labia is clearly outlined by the tight material.

I did a little spin for Lisa who couldn’t get over how good they looked on me especially with my tan that was really starting to come in.  She said “You look really hot especially if that’s all your wearing?”

I laughed and said, “Don’t be silly” as I searched my bag for just the right top. I decided on this loose fitting tank top to balance out my tight shorts.  It also showed off a generous amount of flesh perhaps a little too much since I didn’t have a bra to wear under it.

We finished our hair and makeup and headed back to the boat to pick up the guys.  Bob gave me a whistle as I came aboard.

We ended up at this quiet restaurant right near the marina, so we didn’t have that far to walk.  The waiter did a double take as we came in smiling as he checked out my outfit.  He couldn’t help but stare down my top as he took our drink orders. That’s when Lisa got up and went over say something the bar tender.  I didn’t think anything of it at the time but found out the next day that she had asked to bartender to mix mine extra strong since it was my birthday, which it wasn’t.

We had several more drinks as we ate, thanks to the waiter’s attentive service.  I wonder why.  Soon we found that the place had pretty much emptied out except for a couple of tables and some people at the bar. About a half hour later, the waiter comes out with a birthday cake and everyone starts singing happy birthday to me.  Now I’m trying to explain that it isn’t my birthday, but no one is listening.  Then the bartender comes over with a round of shot glasses.  We all downed our shots like I really needed anything else to drink.

I can usually keep up with the best of them, but by then I was pretty drunk.  We were all pretty silly and loud and I was feeling no pain.  Bob had been stroking my thigh for quite a while and I was getting pretty mushy and tuned on which was evident by the way my nipples were poking against my thin top.

Lisa interrupted our making out when she pulled out a deck of cards and dared me to play that luck of the draw game that I had told her about.  This woman had dared me to play this card game where depending on the card I drew I had to do certain things.  The original dare had me draw a card every 10 minutes.  If I pulled a numbered card, no problem, but if I drew a face card it got interesting.  The jack and queen had to do with wearing a skirt so Lisa suggested an alternative around going topless at the beach for the Jack and naked for the Queen.  Considering the fact that I was drunk and it was at the beach I agreed.

The king was even worse.  Lisa had brought Karen’s vibrator along and I was to put it in, on high under my shorts, till I drew the next card.  The aces were really interesting cards.  Each ace originally represented a different article of clothes, but since I only had two articles of clothing on, we came up with some alternate rules.  For both the ace of clubs and diamonds I had to take off my top right there at the table. For the Ace of hearts I had to take off my shorts.  For the ace of spades, I had to strip completely.

I told them I couldn’t just strip in the middle of the restaurant, but they had all ganged up on me.  By then I was pretty turned on from Bobs attention not to mention from being drunk from the booze, so I stupidly agreed not really thinking through what could happen not that I could really think clearly any more.

Lisa pulled the vibrator out from her purse and made sure it worked which raised the curiosity of the guys.  That kind of sobered me up, but not to the point that I stopped the game.

By then some others that had been hanging around got interested and came over which only added to our silliness.  Lisa put the deck down and I stared at it for a second as I worked up the nerve to turn over the first cards.  I told them I was only drawing 5 cards.

The first was a seven of clubs so I was safe.  We all looked at each other and someone said go ahead and pick another.  I complained that I still had 10 minutes but they convinced me to get it over with.  Well 10 minutes had probably passed by the time we stopped arguing, so I begrudgingly picked the next card.

I turned over the next cards and it was a two of clubs.  Again I breathed a sigh of relief.

I had been lucky so far, but the odds went up as I drew more cards.  And that’s exactly what happened as I drew the jack of spades.  But even that wasn’t that bad since I didn’t affect me immediately and I would probably gone topless anyway.  My 4th card was the dreaded king of hearts.

My head slumped onto the table as I told everyone I couldn’t do it.  Lisa complained saying that I had done it when I was with Karen and Sue, so why not now.  I was bombarded with comments, but the one that ticked me off was when they called me chicken and started making fun of me.

I think a couple of them expected me to just pull down my shorts and slide it in right there at the table, but I wasn’t about to do that.  Eventually after I couldn’t take it anymore, I grabbed the vibrator from Lisa and got up to got to the ladies room.  She immediately got up to come with me.  I think to make sure I didn’t cheat even though she said it was to make sure I was alright.

 In the bathroom I started to plead with Lisa, but then I got pissed and just figured I’d show her.    I pulled my shorts down my legs and she handed me the vibrator already running on high.  I stuck it under the sink to warm it up and lubricate it and started to slide it up my vagina.  I let out a noticeable moan it touch my pussy.  I was already pretty wet so it slid in easily but Oh My God   What a sensation!

 I had to wait a second to get use to it before pulling my shorts back in place. I had only just put it in and already it was having its effect.  I was pretty tipsy and my inhibitions, what few I had, were pretty much gone but this was a whole new sensation.  I stood there trying to collect myself but found that the long I stood still the worse it got.

 Lisa leaned over and held my arm asking, “Are you alright?”  I just looked her and whispered, “Oh my God, I can’t think straight.”  Lisa said, “I don’t thing the idea is for you to just hang out her in the bathroom for the entire 10 minutes.”

 I was succeeding at maintaining a level of control over my emotions, so I agreed to go back to the table.   As I took those first couple of steps I realized that the process of walking was actually helping take mind off the sensation in my sex, despite the weird feeling of the vibrator moving around inside of me.

 I was already feeling all warm and clammy as I go back to the table.  I looked over at Bob and told him, “You’d had better be ready tonight.”  To which he responded, “Ok well I guess its time to go everyone, See you back at the boat.”  No one laughed at Bob’s attempt at humor.

 I sat down and immediately felt the vibrator move inside me.  Everyone one was laughing and talking as I tried to maintain control.  Bob put his arm around me as I sat there.  It was obvious by my glazed eyes and rock hard nipples that I was aroused.  Everyone was waiting to see what happened next.

I was determined to maintain control.   I tried to think of everything but sex but everything came back to that.  It’s funny how the mid plays tricks on you.  Beads of perspiration were forming on my forehead as I waited for my 10 minutes to be over.

As time came, I went to get up and remove my source of torment, but someone suggested picking the next card in case it was another King.  I picked up the next card immediately wanting to get this over as quick as possible.  It was another Jack so I got up and all but ran to the bathroom.  As I did I relaxed a bit and immediately felt the unmistakable feelings of and upcoming orgasm building quickly.

I ran inside the ladies room and braced myself up against the sink.  Luckily there was no one there because there was no controlling my body release.  I was just coming down when the door opened.  I turned to see Lisa, asking if I was alright.   I nodded my head unable to speak.

Once I stopped climaxing, I ducked in one of the stalls and gently remove the vibrator from my wet pussy.  I cleaned myself up as best I could but the smell of sex was impossible to miss.

I splashed water in my face and looked at myself in the mirror as my face returned to its normal color.  Actually the release was exactly what my body needed because after I felt like a new woman.  More relaxed and even more sober. I freshened up a little more before returning to the table.

The group surrounding out table had grown even more or perhaps I just didn’t notice them previously. I had barely sat down when someone handed me another shot class and suggested strip poker next.  I raised my glass to a toast to my success and firmly said I was done with dares for the night.

Bob once again got real romantic until I told him that he had missed his chance.  I told him, “who needs a man when she has a vibe.”  That kind of surprised him and knocked the wind out of his sails.  I couldn’t be that mean, so I reached over and gave him big wet kiss on the lips right there in front of everyone looking on.  I was starting to get into it when I felt his hand grab my breast under my shirt.

I had enough to drink and the crowd slowly started to disperse when they realized the show was over.  We paid our bill which was enough to shock us back into sobriety and we all staggered back to the boat.  I was staggering pretty good but no worse than Lisa.  I barely remember anything after we left the restaurant.  The next thing I remember was waking up naked in Bob’s arms in our little nest behind the nav station.

Day 6 Going Diving

I was hurting pretty good when I woke up but at least I was awake. No one else on the boat was up including Bob. I nudged him a couple of times before he started to stir. I slid over him and out since I had to go to the head, bathroom for you landlubbers. After spending a good part of the day before naked, it didn’t seem that important to get dressed, so didn’t bother at the moment. I put some desperately need coffee on and sat down on the cushion across from Bob as we both assessed the damages from the night before. I had a pretty good hang over and a bit of an upset stomach but was ok considering the amount of alcohol I had consumed. I was finishing my first cup of coffee when Bob decided to get up. Soon after, Brad and Lisa first started showing signs of life. Both Lisa and Brad seem to be suffering just about as bad as they stumbled out to the table. Eventually we got our act together and decided to head down and get a shower hoping we would feel better after. Lisa grabbed her stuff and headed out the hatch to the dock. I was half way out the hatch when Bob yelled, “Aren’t you forgetting something?” “Oh my God.” I said aghast that I was so out of it that I was just about to walk right out of the cabin completely naked forgetting my towel. I jumped back down and quickly wrapped the towel around me hoping no one outside had noticed me. The shower certainly did help, but I still had a small headache, as did everyone else. Everyone but Bob that is. Today I decided to wear my white thong bikini. It was more like a G string since there was absolutely no back to it whatsoever and barely a front for that matter. I pulled on my original pair of shorts that I wore down and the corresponding bikini top. The suit was the smallest I brought and one of the smallest that I own and I have some tiny ones. The top was no different. The triangles were barely two inches and barely contained my breasts. It didn’t have any lining, so it was clear how close my areolas were to popping into view. This was truly a sunbathing suit since the straps were barely noticeable. I figured I’d be taking it off at the beach anyway so it didn’t matter that much. I adjusted it as best I could and finished my hair. I didn’t bother with a shirt figuring we probably weren’t going anywhere for breakfast. Nobody seemed like they had the stomach to eat. Back at the boat to my surprise Bob and Brad were feeling much better and were complaining about being hungry. I should have figured Bob would be hungry since he is a bottomless pit when it comes to food. So in search of breakfast we went. I probably should have worn a shirt but didn’t and was starting to regret as every step threatened to expose my breasts. They were officially covered but probably just technically. You could make out everything that was covered and there was precious little of that. I had to make several adjustments along the way to cover up my areolas which were either in view or threatening to pop into view at any moment as my breast swayed with little or no real support. As we ate everyone discussed what they wanted to do today. We didn’t really have any plans and I just assumed that we’d find a nice beach and relax. That sounded great to everyone except Bob. I guess his 230 pounds handled the alcohol a little better than the rest of us especially my 130 pounds. Lisa wanted to do nothing more than lie on the beach or go into town and go shopping which sounded fine to me. Bob was his normal maniac self and wanted to go scuba diving while we had the opportunity. “Scuba diving.” I said. As much as I like diving I was not in the mood for it right then the way I felt. I knew that I’d feel better once in the water but I feared getting sick on the way out. He kept going on and to make a long story short, I reluctantly agreed to go.

None of us ate much after all but it felt good to get some more coffee in our bodies. After we finished, I made the critical mistake of depending on Bob to get my stuff from the boat. Lisa, Brad, and I went walking around and looking at the shops while Bob ran back to the boat and got my dive gear and stuff. Part of the stuff included my other bikini since this one was just not made for diving in, not that many of mine were, but this one barely stayed in place while walking around. We met Bob at the dive boat and got on our way as Lisa and Brad headed off for a relaxing day at the beach. The dive captain and mate were more than happy to see Bob and especially me, and it wasn’t because they were having a slow day either. There I was in cut off and a virtually sheer white bikini top. Let me say I had a lot of help getting onboard and storing my gear. It was just Bob and I so we had the boat to ourselves and could go any were we wanted. We decided on this one reef which was in about 60 feet of water as we headed out of the harbor. I had intended on switching bikini but when I finally opened my bag I saw that all he brought for me was my gear and a towel. I asked him what happened to my clothes but by then it was already too late. I complained to him saying, “I can’t go diving in this, it’ll never stay on under water.” It’s not like you get a lot of wave action under water but you’re suit kind of floats and moves around as you swim and with that top there was absolutely no margin for movement. Bob just started whispering in my ear that I didn’t need a suit out here. It was just us. He was all romantic and was rubbing my side just below my right breasts trying to get me turned on and all so I wouldn’t care. By then we had cleared the harbor and the water got rougher so we had to sit down and brace ourselves. That’s when the partying the night before started to show its effect. I had never gotten sea sick in my life but I was feeling the effect of the boats movement. That along with a little nervousness about bikini I had chosen to wear were making me a little sick, but not enough to make me sick. The mate brought me a cup of water and started telling us about the reef. At first I though he was just being nice but then I noticed that he was just doing it so he could check me out better. By the time we got to the dive spot, I really wasn’t feeling like diving but Bob told me that I’d feel better in the water which was actually correct. The water was really warm so you could get away without wearing a wet suit even though it would have been nice at the moment. The mate set the anchor and Bob and I started to get ready. I fumbled around with my gear deciding how I was going to do this. Just bending down to get my gear organized caused both breasts to pop out of the flimsy top. I quickly tucked my boobs back in place as Bob laughed at my situation. He smiled and said, “Why don’t you just take it off and get comfortable no one’s going to mind.” Somehow I thing that was Bob’s plan all along and reason for him not bringing my clothes but he was right. As I struggled to keep covered Bob walked up to talk to the captain. I only picked up part of the conversation but I could clearly hear him say, “My girlfriend would like to know if she could take her top off.” There was more to it, but that was the part that caught my ear. I didn’t hear the answer but there was some broad smiles and laughing going on so I could guess that the answer was yes. Now I hadn’t exactly planned to put on a show for these lusting natives but that seemed to be happening anyway. Bob came back to me filled me in saying, “Go ahead and take it off. The captain said it was ok.” Normally I wouldn’t need even that much encouragement but between my queasy stomach and general nervousness I was a bit reluctant. I got my mask fins and weight belt ready to go while I thought about it. By then the captain and mate had come back to give us some instructions. They gave us our bearings and got our tanks ready. It appeared that we were on our own which made my decision easy. With that I turned my back to the guys and pulled my shorts down almost taking my tiny G-string bottom off with it. As careful as I was, it was impossible to do it without pulling my suit half way off. I straightened up and pulled the tiny string around my hips up which only forced the third further into my butt crack. The tiny side strings just barely looped over the top curve of my butt cheeks before coming together and disappearing in my butt. Then before turning around I tucked my finger tips into the front triangle and adjusted it so my labia and pubic hair was covered. My pussy was covered but there was no hiding the outline of my now swollen lower lips. I then threw my shorts, hat and sunglasses in my bag and justified my next move by saying to myself, “It probably wouldn’t stay on anyway.” With that I reached behind my now all but naked back and untied the string holding the two top patches of cloth in place leaving my back now completely bare. When I slipped it over my head my front all but joined my back in the amount of skin exposed. I took a deep breath and causally tossed it in my bag as well. I then turned around and face my drooling admirers. My nipples which were already showing signs of excitement perked up even more as all eyes were riveted to my chess. You would have though these guys hand never seem breasts before. I had to clear my throat a couple of times to break their attention away. There was a moment of silence before Bob suggested putting some more sun block on. I started to do my arms and then handed the bottle to Bob and said here go ahead. There in front of the two local he made sure I wasn’t going to burn. I know Bob was enjoying it because his hard-on was poking me in the back as he worked the lotion in. Both the captain and mate were also sporting huge bulges in their pants. There I was one scrap of cloth short of being naked in front of these guys. After thinking about it, it was probably sexier than had I been completely naked. As Bob rubbed in the lotion my nervous stomach was giving way to an aroused feeling of excitement. Perhaps sex is a cure for a hangover. More likely it just shifts you brain away from one thought and towards a much more pleasant one. Bob knew I was getting excited by his attention and turned me around away from the crew and did my front. Oh God was I getting turned on. By then I had my hangover replaced by this wonderful sensual feeling. Bob worked his way from my breasts to my stomach and lower. I had to grab his arm as it slid his hand to the only place that he didn’t have free access to. My breathing was already quickened as I fought the temptation and told him, “Not here.” I tried to calm myself down before heading back to the crew. They apparently were also caught up in the moment as they stared on. Somewhat awkwardly, we all got our act together and got ready to get in the water. The mate was more than happy to help me into my tank and vest. He was paying extra attention, making sure my straps were tightened just right. The vest seemed a little small because instead of covering my breasts as most do this one only served to push them together as would a wonder bra, creating even more cleavage than I deserved and leaving them exposed and vulnerable. In making the adjustments, the rough straps brushed across my breasts and nipples several times sending waves of sensations through me. My nipples have always been extremely sensitive when aroused and being exposed like that just made them a magnet for every inadvertent contact. I guess there’s a reason they are normally kept protected. Next came the weight belt which he carefully adjusted around my waist taking every opportunity to feel me up in the process. I smiled at him to let him know I knew what he was up to. Once my arousal had settled down to a comfortable level it became a bit of a game so I told him I didn’t think he gave me enough weight. So he unbuckled it and took it off letting his hand slide down my stomach as he took it off. When he replaced it, he knelt down to fasten the buckle. In doing so, he had and incredible close up view of the only piece of me hidden from his view. The movement of getting my tank on had caused it to slip ever so slightly on my hips which gave him a pretty nice view down my bikini. With a couple of stray hairs escaping I was quite certain he could make out the top of my slit barely an inch below the top of my tightly trimmed pubic hair. With that complete he urged me to sit so he could put on my fins. My, what service I was getting. Meanwhile Bob had to fend for himself. Finally we were suited up so to speak and ready to get wet. I made my last minute checks and did a big scissor kick entry off the back of the boat. Wow, the water was colder than I had thought. It actually felt quite exhilarating floating in the water, my sea sickness long since forgotten. Once Bob got in, we headed to the bottom and checked out the reef. The fish were amazing as were the warm and cold spots we passed through. Of course Bob wanted to see as much as he could so he bolted off away from the boat only stopping to check out under some large pieces of coral. Under one he found a giant lobster. Had we only brought along our grab bag we would have been able to have him for dinner. It didn’t take long for me to feel the cold. The water at that depth was much cooler than on the surface. On one of our few breaks Bob made this sign with holding his hands out from his chess with his two index fingers extended. I couldn’t figure out what he meant until he told me after. He was mimicking my nipples which were puckered up from the cold as apposed to being aroused. Eventually the cold got to both of us so we headed back to the boat. I unstrapped my weight belt and tank and handed it up to the mate anxiously waiting my return. I then took my fins off, and holding them in one hand, headed up the ladder. I’m sure Bob was enjoying the view from below as my bare ass climbed the ladder. I know the captain and mate did as an ear to ear smile crossed both their faces. As I got on deck I quickly adjusted my bikini bottom which had slid down exposing my trimmed bush and a portion of my pussy. We stowed our stuff and Bob proceeded to warm me up, as the crew got ready to get underway. I was feeling pretty good after our nice little swim so I never bothered to put my top back on. After we warmed up Bob suggested lying out on the fore deck and getting some sun. At first I lid on my stomach but after a bit rolled over onto my back. That could have been a mistake because I think the captain was spending more time looking at me than where he was going. Bob whispered in my ear that I should take off the bottom and see if he can steer in a straight line. I told him he was crazy and that I didn’t want us to get killed out her. We pulled into our second dive spot and went through the same routine getting ready. There were hardly any fish on this dive but that didn’t stop Bob from racing this way and that way to try to find them. I didn’t see the point since the more we raced around the more air we consume and the quicker we had to come up. Bob hadn’t stopped until I had sucked down about half of my tank. He seemed to be signing that he was bored since we hadn’t seen but a couple of fish. He started off again when I had an idea. He swam a ways ahead ignoring me. When he stopped to check under a big block of coral, I swam directly over him and deliberately rubbed my bare breasts over his head. He looked up a little startled as if a fish had brushed him. He then turned around and almost lost his mouth piece as he saw me. While he had swum off, I had slipped off my bikini bottom and had tucked it into a pocket on my vest leaving me completely naked. There just something about skinny-dipping that just gets my blood flowing. Bathing suits certainly have their place but somehow they seem terribly out of place in the water. I took my own mouth piece out and silently mouthed, “Hey sexy,” to him. He took his mouthpiece out, but before he had a chance to say anything, I planted a kiss on him. I wrapped my legs tight around him there in 50 feet of water. It was incredible sexy but unfortunately only lasted a couple of seconds before I had to grab my mouthpiece for a breath of air.

I know it would have been wickedly wild to try having sex under water but I guess between Bob’s chilly penis and my fear of drowning we never did. Even so it was incredible exciting having my bare body wrapped around Bob under water. After a couple of minutes, I unwrapped, and by then, Bob didn’t seem to mind that he hadn’t seen any fish. We swam around for a while long this time with Bob seemingly much more satisfied to stay with me and even follow. Eventually, we headed back towards the boat. I guess there is a way to get a man to follow. We got back to the boat and I was hanging on the ladder handing my tank up when I realized I hadn’t taken my suit out of the vest pocket. At first I felt embarrassed but then didn’t care. Either way I was committed. The captain and mate had surely expected to see me come out topless but their jaw dropped as I ascended the ladder completely stark naked. No mysteries left with me. All of me was there for the looking. My nipples were sticking out like bullets as they had after the first dive but this time my swollen lower lips available as well. I had distracted them to the point that they all but ignored Bob, leaving him to lug his tank up the ladder himself. I actually went back and helped take Bob’s gear, as it was probably my fault that he was being ignored. I felt especially exposed yet terribly excited as I stretched to help Bob off with his tank. It was not surprising that after this dive I barely felt cold. It was a wonderfully fulfilling feeling between the exertion and sexual arousal. After feeling barely alive this morning I felt invigorated and excited now. Nothing like being naked in front of 3 attentive male eyes to get your blood flowing We stored our gear and everyone else seemed more than happy for me to remain naked for the ride back. So I did. I whispered in Bob’s eye that I was a horny as hell and it was shame these guys were around because I was ready for a post dive workout of our own. All he said was save that thought. Bob wanted to spread out up front again but I didn’t want these guys to run the boat up on the rocks or something on the way in so we all hung out in the cabin. Bob dared me to stay naked until the boat reached the dock but I wasn’t so sure about that. I said we’ll see how many boats we see on the way in. We didn’t see any boats until came around the point and then there were two sailboats motoring in. One looked to have a family onboard with some small kids so I started to get nervous. Eventually as we got closer I dug my G string bottom out of the vest pocked of one of the BCs and slid it up my legs just as we came along side. I’m pretty sure they figured out what was going on as we sped past. I was still topless as we passed the sailboat which certainly drew some stares. Still felling a bit turned on, I did stay that way as we motored into the harbor. I wasn’t sure if I’d get in trouble but it sure was nice. I just couldn’t get enough of that cool refreshing breeze blowing across my bare skin. I asked the captain if I should put my top back on and he said in his rough accent, “Ok with me. Ok with me.” I was feeling particularly wound up so I stayed topless or in my case darn near naked all the way into the dock. It wasn’t until we had docked and started gathering our gear that I dug my bikini top out of my bag. Bob wanted me to stay topless, but that was a bit much. As it was I left my shorts in my bag which left me in a tiny G string bottom (that left my ass bare) and a top that barely covered my nipples. I had more attention than I need as we walked down the dock and back to our boat. There was no sign of Brad or Lisa, so Bob reminded me of what I said back on boat. So we jumped in the cabin and Bob helped me relieve some of my built up stress, so to speak. Bob all but ripped my bikini off of me as I came down the hatch way. Oh man did that feel good! After I came down from my blissful feeling, Bob suggested heading down to the beach to look for Lisa and Brad. I was pretty comfortable right there and could have fallen asleep but Bob wasn’t through yet today. There was a little beach area just off the entrances to the harbor so we gathered towels and headed off. This time I pulled on my shorts because you had to kind of walk out of the marina and along the street to get there. I secured my top as best I could and off we went. We found them almost immediately asleep on the beach. I spread my towel, took off my shorts, and settled in to work on my tan when Lisa piped up and said, “Wasn’t that the Jack of clubs you pulled last night?” Bob and Brad jumped on the bandwagon as well. “That means no top at the beach right. Isn’t that what you agreed to?” I was too tired to argue so I just reached behind my back and untied the string across my back. I then pulled the top over my head and flopped down on my stomach. There I was, for all intents and purposes, naked except for a couple of tiny stings cupping my ass. I said, “At least put some lotion on my back so I don’t burn.” Bob worked his magic touch with the lotion as he proceeded to tell Lisa and Brad about my naked scuba diving. Lisa started kidding saying, “That Carrie just can’t keep her suit on can she.” I laughed and said, “Not with friends like you guys around. That’s for sure.” The beach was completely empty so I didn’t feel nervous at all when flipped over onto my back and worked on my front. Again Bob did his usually through job spreading the lotion on my front. Making sure my breasts were extra, extra well protected. I was just about to doze off when Lisa wanted to go for a walk down the beach. We hadn’t spent much time together just Lisa and me so I agreed. I must have been really into the island thing by now because I didn’t even think twice about leaving my top behind. The beach looked to be deserted as far as you could see but you never know who could be coming around the next bend. We headed down the beach just the two of us leaving the boys to trade stories themselves. Lisa and I walked along and talk about all sort of girl stuff which is usually about the guys. She said that Brad was a great guy but she missed the times we use to share when it was just the girls. I told her that I missed that too but the sex was great when you bring your man with you. She agreed but seemed disappointed that her and Brad weren’t hitting it off like Bob and I were. She had only known Brad for about a month now so they were still getting to know each other. There was definitely a sign of concern in her conversation. We walked a ways and I had gotten caught up in the conversation and hadn’t realized we had walked in front of some houses set back on the hill. We turned back and ran into the water to cool off once we were out of site of the houses. We played around for a bit and Lisa seemed to lighten up a bit. On the way back she complemented me on the tan I was getting and asked if I was going to try for that perfect tan again. Ninety nine percent of my body was an even golden tan but I still had a couple of strips from wearing my bottom. She naturally suggested taking it off as also to avoid stripping. As we walked back I noticed that a couple of people were now on the beach and that I’d have to walk right by them all but completely naked. My nipples were the first thing to show my concern followed by my swollen pussy. I tried to act completely normal as we walked past them but then boy yell out. “Look that girl doesn’t have any clothes on.” I was instantly blushed as I waited to hear what the parent would say but to my surprise they simply told the kid to come back to them. When we got back to our towels, we noticed that both Bob and Brad were fast asleep. Lisa and I both ran in the water for a bit and came back to the guys and did the shaggy dog thing to wake them with our dripping water. Lisa’s hair is a lot longer so she did a better job on Brad than I on Bob but they both woke wondering what was going on. I was tired from our walk and lack of sleep the night before so I plopped down and started to settle in as just as Bob was waking up. He was hot and wanted to go for a dip so he naturally dragged me along. Of course now that he’s awake we need to jump into action. I should have left him sleeping. That’s the one thing I don’t like about Bob. We never get to just sit back and relax. Bob was nice and refreshed so naturally he was rearing to go. We swam around for a bit and then floated arm in arm as we had the other day. We had our suits on today, or at least part of mine, so it wasn’t quite the same but still fun. Brad and Lisa joined us as well so it was a nice time. It wasn’t long though before a bunch of people settled in on the beach, so that was about as far as the romance went. I was a little concerned about just walking up the beach topless or in my case just a little shy of completely naked but Lisa kept telling me it was no big deal for me. It wasn’t like I had much choice in the matter unless someone brought my top down to me and that wasn’t likely. So as calmly as I could, I walked into the shallower water and stood up. Well I hadn’t even reached the shore when two of the guys noticed me. Their eyes were practically bursting out of their sockets not to mention the bulges in their pants that were already noticeable. Oh man did they ever notice. The one yelled over, “nice tan.” They weren’t being subtle in the least which caused me to get a little embarrassed. By the time I had reached our stuff they had already come over to ask us where we were from or more likely get a better view. The whole time we were talking they were looking at me. I was getting a little aroused by the staring and my nipples reacted, as you would have expected. There were four guys and two women and all were in their late twenties or about. They were from Chicago and were down for the fishing and golf. They were only over at Tortola for a day trip and liked what they saw. They didn’t exactly say what they meant by that but were looking over at me as they said it. They weren’t dressed for the beach, but were all in shorts and T shirts which was a stark contrast to me in a tiny bikini bottom. I started to reach for my top, but as I did I noticed Lisa shoving it in her bag. I wanted to protest but I figured she was just up to her old tricks. They seemed friendly enough and even the women didn’t seem upset with me standing in front of their boyfriends all but naked. I sat down on my towel and tried to relax but it was difficult under the circumstances. We talked for about a half and hour before someone suggested offered to buy a round of drinks at the café in the marina while they waited for their ferry. For that I wanted my top. I wasn’t going to walk back to the marina topless, so I demanded my top back. Lisa hesitated, but eventually gave it to me. The bikini top didn’t do much except camouflage my nipples, but at least I was covered as far as the law was concerned. Lisa pulled on her shorts but the guys stayed bare chested, so I didn’t feel quite as naked as we walked. The cafe had a little out door seating area just off the dock so we sat and watched a couple boats come in. I might as well have been naked for all that was covered. I guess I met the legal requirements but I felt like I was sitting there in my birthday suit. One of the guys we met bought us all beers while we chatted.

They were really friendly and funny so it hardly seemed like we had sat down before they had to leave. By then we were feeling pretty relaxed so we just stayed there and ordered another round of drinks and then some food. As time went on a few more people stopped in and I felt a little more out of place. When I got up to go to the ladies room, everyone in the place looked at me. It was like I had just come off the beach and was walking through a restaurant in my beach wear, which was pretty much exactly what I was doing except my bikini barely constituted a swim suit. I’ve always worn pretty skimpy bikinis but this one was extra small and certainly not made for walking around in public in. It wasn’t that different than if I was walking through the place naked. After eating, we were heading back to the boat. It was then that I seemed to get a second wind and suggested we go for a little dip before heading back. Everyone was pretty out of it but I did manage to convince Bob to walk down to the beach with me. Bob and I walked arm in arm along the water. It was romantic. Eventually I decided to go in for a dip. Since I was still in my bikini it wasn’t any big deal. Bob however didn’t want to go in quite as much as me so he stopped at the edge of the water. I kept bugging but he refused to come in until I came in and stood up putting both hands on my hips and saying. You’d rather stay dry than get a piece of this. Hearing that, he ran after me, tackling me before I could get away. I started rubbing my boobs against his chest until he couldn’t take it any more and reach behind me and untied my top. I slid out of my bottom and we had a repeat of the prior day’s romantic interlude right there in the shallow water. We made out for a while just enjoying the moment. After a while, we decided to head back. I thought Bob was being a gentleman and bringing me my bikini which had been tossed up on the beach but instead simply picked it up and started walking back towards the boat with it. I hurried after him hoping he’d give it back before we got to the marina but he kept walking my suit in his hand. I was half wrestling with him when I realized I wasn’t getting it back and so instead of alerting half the marina to my situation I simple hid alongside Bob as we walked. There I was walking naked through a small but very public marina. It wasn’t even that late. It was barely dark and there were people walking on the adjacent street. My nipples were already hard from the cold water and the light breeze blowing across their sensitive surfaces. I was getting me more and more aroused with each step. I was trying to be quite and not alert the marina to my nearly naked state as we boarded. Lisa and Brad were on board chatting. I ended up wrapping myself in a towel as we sat around the table deciding what to do. Lisa and Brad said that someone earlier had told them about this place on the other side of the island called the Bumba Shack and that since tonight was full moon, they had this wild party that people from all over came to. I was really beat so I was willing to have a quiet night on the boat. Brad and Lisa had slept on the beach and even Bob caught a little nap so they were ready to go out. Everyone seemed hell bent on going to this place. We all showered and came back to the boat. I still hadn’t picked out anything to wear. I didn’t exactly have much to choose from so I decided on my tight fitting white Wicked Weasel shorts and a light T shirt that left a good bit of my belly bare and that was it. I didn’t have any bras or knickers to wear so I was showing through a little up top and the bottom fit so sight that it liked like my shorts were painted on. We grabbed a cab and the driver immediately riveted his attention on my outfit. I don’t know how he managed to get us there in once piece especially considering the mountain we had to cross to get to the other side of the island. The Bumba Shack is just that, a shack, and that is not an exaggeration. I wasn’t expecting a fancy night club but this place looked like someone put it together from junk that washed up on the beach. It was a happening place though. There were people all over the place inside and outside. There were even people trying to sell you magic mushrooms as you walked up. The place was more of a happening than a club. I felt terribly out of place through. This place was about 75 percent locals and they were certainly checking me out dressed the way I was. We made our way in which wasn’t much different from being outside since it had no floor. It was basically sand. The walls were interesting too since they were lined with bras and some other ladies undergarments. We all commented on that as we grabbed ourselves a round of Carib beers. There were a lot of people everywhere just swaying to the island music. It wasn’t long before one of the locals came up to Lisa and I and started talking to us and started explaining the tradition behind all the bras on the wall. He was basically trying to convince Lisa and me to make a contribution. We laughed and told him no way. I made the mistake of pointing out the obvious and telling him I wasn’t wearing a bra and therefore had nothing to contribute. That didn’t stop him as he pointed out that some women have contributed their knickers instead. He was very convincing and went on and on buttering us up and telling how beautiful we were. Then I learned how they get most of there contribution. He started offering us some magic mushrooms and when we didn’t take them he whispered something to the guy behind the makeshift bar and before we knew it Lisa and I had another beer in our hands. This went on and on again in a friendly kind of way until Bob and Brad rescued Lisa and I by asking us to dance. Dancing was interesting on a sand dance floor but by now we were all into the island thing so it didn’t matter. We just swayed to the music and bumped into everyone else that we were sharing the sand with. We danced for quite a while and I was really starting to perspire which was causing my nipples and areolas to show through even more, a fact that wasn’t missed by anyone. By the time we finally left the dance floor, if you could call it that, I was dripping. We all went outside to cool off but not before the bartender handed Lisa and I another beer. Outside was better and we started too cool off. Again this guy offered us magic mushrooms telling us how great we’d feel. He also went on and on too. I do plenty of crazy things without the influence of drugs. Can you imagine me stoned? Eventually we went back inside just in time to witness one of the women making a contribution at the insistence of the same guy who was trying to convince Lisa and me. Having succeeded with those women he came back to Lisa and I. Again we went back to dancing to avoid him. We avoided him for quite a while dancing and drinking the night away. Of course it wasn’t long before my top was completely soaked and nearly see through. Well to make a long story short. Somewhere along the way, after consuming I don’t know how many beers, this same guy came back to us. By then we had a whole group of people cheering us to make a contribution. Eventually Lisa buckled and slipped a hand inside her top and started slipping her bra straps down her arms before pulling her bra free to the cheers of everyone in the bar. Then he starts a bugging me about contributing my knickers. I’m practically shouting over the background noise gesturing to him with upturned palms that I’m not wearing any knickers and therefore can’t take them off. He leans over and whispers in my ear, which was actually, saying, “Well contribute something else.” I shouted back, “How about my sandals?” He just stepped back and shook his head back and forth no. I laughed and tried to tell him I didn’t have anything else which only prolonged his persistence. You had to see us communicating back and for half in sign language while where shouting to be heard. I’m shouting and gesturing, “What do you want me to do, take of my top?” He must have understood because he starts shaking his head in approval as a big smile comes over his face. I went back to Bob and suggested we go and dance but he’s now was siding with the crowd that had gathered around us. I’m shaking my head no way and people start chanting take it off, take it off. I had had several drinks but not enough to be taking my cloths off in public. Eventually we went back to dancing. Thinking I had finally dodged this I got into the dancing. When we finished dancing another beer was waiting for me but the guy who was trying to get me out of my clothes had left. Some time later he came back. By now I was pretty drunk and my resistance to his charm was greatly reduced. I tried telling him that I couldn’t just take my top off and go topless to which he cheerfully said, “Why not this is the islands man, and you can do anything you want, man." Every sentence seemed to end in “man” By then Lisa, Brad and Bob were getting into it as well. Bob said, “Why don’t you? Its not like that top is hiding anything anyway.” Lisa was equally persistent telling me in her pretty slurred words, “Go ahead baby, show them what you have. It’s not like you haven’t done it before.” This went on and on. Some women had on pretty provocative outfits but no one was topless. Finally, as if to give me some courage, I chugged the remains of my half filled beer and reached my hands for the bottom of my wet T shirt. Not really thinking any longer, I grabbed the bottom with both hands and in one motion pulled it over my head and tossed it to Bob. A loud cheer was heard, as every eye seemed riveted on me, or more accurately on my bare chest. I just stood there with a nervous laugh barely aware of the fact that I was standing topless in the middle of a crowded room full half dunk and stoned people. Somewhere along the way I was handed another beer. As I took the bottle, I felt the cold effects of someone else pouring a half full bottle all over my breasts. I jumped back have from shock and half in defense as several hands reached out offering to help me clean up. Of course by then my nipples were standing at full attention which only drew more attention. I heard someone, I think a woman commenting on them. By then my adrenalin was pumping and I was getting really excited standing in the middle of the place in nothing more than a 6 inch skin tight white shorts and a pair of sandals. Bob grabbed my arm and dragged me through the crowd to the areas where everyone was dancing. I was grabbed and groped several times as we made our way. By then everyone in the place was checking me out. The dance floor was a sea of people bumping into each other and especially me. I was so excited that it seemed like I was in a different world. They played a faster rock song and I really got into it forgetting for the moment that I was dancing practically naked. I don’t know how long we danced since I had long since lost track of time and reality. I was in another dimension. How my body kept going after the late night last night and the long day of diving was beyond me. Adrenalin and sexual excitement was keeping me going at that point. I honestly don’t remember all of the detail of everything I did from that point on. All I remember is when we finally went to leave I asked Bob for my shirt and it was nowhere to be found. I didn’t see it but Lisa said it was already nailed up to one of the walls. I was dripping wet when we finally went outside to leave which made for quite a site as everyone stared. I asked Bob for his shirt but he insisted I looked fine. All I remember was being thankful that a cab was waiting and we had a fast way of getting out of there. There I was sitting in the back seat of this cap with no shirt on. I was really turned on and needed a good fucking because I was more than aggressive with Bob even with Brad, Lisa and the driver right there. Bob didn’t seem to mind as we sucked face and he rubbed my boobs the whole way back. As a result I was even more wound up by the time we got back to the marina. I didn’t matter who saw me at that point as we stumbled back to the boat. I couldn’t wait to get Bob out of his clothes and take care of my needs. I think Lisa and Brad made out up front but I’m not real sure however, as I all but attacked Bob as soon as we got to the boat. I’m not sure who saw or heard us. All I remember was cuming long and hard. After that I must have collapsed because that was all I remember of that night.

**Sundress in the Rain**

I did this dare for friend in New Zealand in exchange for him getting back to work on a story he had started some time ago.  The dare which sounded easy enough at the time actual involved another dare that I had not indented on doing at the time.

The dare was to wear a light sundress to the mall to buy some shoes.  Of course I wasn’t allowed to wear any underwear under the dress, and I wasn’t suppose to make any special attempt to hold it in place or fix it should I be showing too much.  That was the main part of the dare.  You’ll have to read on to see how the other dare played into it to make for an extra exciting evening.

I told my friend Jen about it and I drove over to her place right after work wearing the dress, a pair of sandals and nothing else.   The dress was light blue with faint a white pattern running through it.   It was sleeveless with a loose neckline that just showed the top of my breasts.  I wasn’t that bad but I was in trouble if I bent over.  It had buttons all the way down.  The bottom was fairly loose but didn’t flare out or anything.  It covered my ass but I had to be extra careful and certainly couldn’t reach for anything above my head without exposing my entire bottom.   The material was very thin but the pattern kind hid the fact that I didn’t have anything on under it.  Well sort of I thought.  Jen couldn’t believe I was going to wear it in public and she’s pretty liberal herself.   She and I sunbath topless at her pool all the time.

Jen drove so I was kind of at her mercy.  We first went to the mall and then planned to get something to eat and then see a movie.  It was fairly windy when we arrived at the mall so I was a little nervous about exposing my secret before we even got going.  It was hot and humid and kind of drizzling rain but nothing to worry about. At least not then.  With the wind blowing up and through the thin dress it felt like I walking naked which kind of got me excited especially as we approached the people at the entrance.  I felt a couple of wind gusts swirl around as we approached a group of people walking out the entrance but I don’t think they saw anything but I could feel their eyes checking me out as we walked past.

I don’t know weather it was the cool air or the fact that a whole group of people may have just seen my naked bottom but my nipples were now quite hard and noticeable under the thin material.  Their slight wobble as I walked only added to the sensation and drew even more attention to the fact I didn’t have a bra on.

Now I’m pretty ok with flashing my boobs.  That’s seems fairly normal and even  unavoidable in some outfits but its different when it comes to my bottom.  I was really nervous when we walked into the shoe store and looked around.  Jen picked out a pair heels and pointed to a sales man that was kneeling waiting on another customer.

As tall as I am I was fearful that he could see right up my dress from where he was kneeling so I instinctively press my legs together as I asked him if he had these in size 8.  The women he was working with looked over and gave me a dirty look she stared at my legs only about 3 feet away.  I wanted to back up but didn’t want to give him a free peak before I even sat down.  He just knelt there for a couple of seconds staring at my legs that literally were completely available to his view.

He finally looked away long just long enough to finish with the first woman.  I took the opportunity to back up a couple of steps and waited for him to finish.

He helped the other lady check out glancing back at me a couple of times. Once he left I quickly sat down and crossed my legs. I could feel the cool vinyl seat under my butt but fought the desire to pull the dress under me.     The salesman was a little older than me perhaps in late twenties or early thirties.  He came back and proceeded to kneel right in front of me.  My heart jumped as he did.  The dress was pretty light so it fell across my legs preventing him from seeing up but he must have been wondering why he hadn’t  a glimmer of panty with so much leg showing.  There was this awkward nervousness in both our actions as I stretch my leg for him to measure.

He took the measurement of my one foot and I assured him that both feet were the same.  There was absolutely no way to uncross my legs without revealing myself to him.  I really didn’t want to flash him but was coming to the reality that it was inevitable.  He had to know already that I was braless from the twin points poking through my top not to mention the dark out line of my areolas.

I un-crossed and re-crossed my legs a couple of times while he was gone in nervous anticipation.  When he came back I had my legs crossed the other way as he knelt once again directly in front of me.  He proceeded to slip the shoe on my right foot which was held off the floor but my left.  I was nervous but I could tell he was too as he tried to hide his glimpses up my dress.  I was nervous myself as he finished since he would naturally want to do my left foot next.  I almost wanted to stand up and try just the one shoe but that alone would be enough to give way my secret.

I paused a second as I looked at the shoe before finally uncrossing my legs and sitting them flat on the floor.  Oh My God!  I though the guys eyes were going to pop out as he obviously caught a glimpse of my bare pussy.  I have to admit that the reaction sent more than a couple of waves of excitement through me.  I didn’t say a thing nor did he as I tried to act natural as I presented my other foot.  The shocked look didn’t escape Jen’s attention either as she continued to look at shoes as she watch what was going on with me.

He was double nervous as he did my left foot but did manage to get through it.  Not a words was said.  I think he was in shock.  Well he finally finished and I walked around a little before telling him I’d take them.  You see by then my sex was quite swollen and was getting wet from my excitement.  Any more arousal and I’d be leaving a spot on the seat as well as my dress.  I decided to take the shoes off myself, feeling a little embarrassment for the guy as he tried to act natural despite the tent in his pants.

I paid for the shoes and all but ran out of the store. Once I calmed down it seemed rather funny and we laughed about it as we left to get something to eat.

We walked over to this Fridays, which was across the parking lot from the mall after dropping our stuff at the car.   I had just calmed myself down when the feeling of the wind playing with my dress started to get me excited all over again.

By the time we got to the restaurant I was all worked up all over again.  Luckily there wasn’t a wait because didn’t need any more attention form any guys hanging around the bar.  The hostess directed us to a booth which was just fine with me.  I certainly didn’t want to be at a table in the middle of the floor.  We had a class of wine and a nice dinner.  Nothing exciting happened until we were ready to leave.

As we finished up I noticed that it was getting extra dark like a storm was coming in.  We tried hurry up and beat the rain and get to the theater before the rain moved in.  We paid and walked to the exit just as it started to blow up.  Now the wind was more that just caressing me through the dress.  It was blowing it all over the place and if anyone had been looking I’m sure they would have had quite a view.

The theater was back at the mall just across from us so Jen thought we could make it before the rain hit.  It was about 3 or 4 hundred yards (don’t know what that is in metric) which seemed like quite a bit right now. Right then I was thinking we should have just stayed at the mall and eaten at the food court or something.  Before I knew it Jen was off.  I followed and must admit I was holding the dress down as we hurried along.    About halfway there the rain started and I began to run.  God were my breasts bouncing around but that wasn’t the real problem.  As we ran the sky loose.  This is where the second dare came in.  I had been dared on several occasions to wear a light dress or T shirt and get caught out in the rain.  Well it finally happened and quite unintentionally.

It didn’t take but a couple of seconds before I was completely soaked and my dress turned virtually transparent.   I was so intent on running that I didn’t have a chance to look down until I reached the entrance to the theater.  That’s when I noticed.  Oh my God.  I was all but naked and about to run into a theater filled with people.   I stopped short and that’s when I saw two security guards and a police officer standing behind the glass doors.  I all but panicked and ran to my left to the entrance to the mall.

I intercepted Jen and we both ran to the side entrance to the mall while she was asking what’s going on.  Luckily there wasn’t anybody at the entrance so we ducked in out of the rain.  That’s when she saw my dress.  It was completely soaked and sticking to me like a second skin.  Only this skin wasn’t hiding a thing.   My breasts were clearly showing and a blind man could make out my nipples.  The middle of the dress clung to my stomach with my belly button highlighting my abs.   Below that the narrow strip that made up my pubic hair was slightly visible below the soaked material.  In the back the dress clung to my ass as though I was wearing a thong.

We stood there watching the rain come pouring down in front of us as we caught our breath.  No one was coming in but it wasn’t long before people started to come to the door to leave.  But because of the heavy rain everyone stopped and no one left.  It didn’t take long before a small crowd had formed and it didn’t take them but a moment to spot me off to the side.

By then I was starting to get excited all over again.  I was looking away and they couldn’t see my naked front but from the back and side it had to look as though I was standing there naked.  I could have perhaps gotten away with a severe case of embarrassment except how was I to explain why I had no underwear under the thin dress.

The longer Jen and I stood there the more people collected. And I could hear the murmur of comments floating around directed at what I was wearing.  My nipples were has hard as little sticks by them and my lower lips were quite swollen as a warm feeling descended all over me despite the coolness of my rain soaked outfit and the rain showed no sign of letting up.  Finally some more brazen teenagers came over to get a closer look.  I was literally hiding from them as best I could trying to ignore their rude comments.  Finally I heard an older lady commenting, saying something to the extent.  “oh my” or  “well I’ve never.”

The rate of comments where increasing and I was beginning to loose it.   I told Jen I had to get out of there, but she wasn’t moving until the rain let up.  I told her I couldn’t take it and needed to get out of there.

The rain seemed to lighten up for a moment and a couple of people started to make a run for it.  I turned to Jen to get her moving putting my hand up to cover my breasts as I presented more of a frontal view to the people gathered.   I felt like I was standing there naked with all eyes riveted on me.  I told her again that I had to get out of there and asked her for her keys, telling her I’d bring the car around and pick her up.

Initially she hesitated but eventually handed me her keys.  I was so excited that I barely hear Jen yelling to me not to get her car all wet as I opened to door and ran into the down pour.  Just as I started my run a tremendous bolt of lightning lit up the sky followed by an equally impressive rumble of thunder.  The combination of my overloaded senses and the sudden shock almost put my bodies senses over the top.  I almost panicked as my bodies internal responses fought with my mind’s desire to maintain control.  I raced towards the car hoping to hold off anything else from happening.

In a full out sprint I reached the car and clicked on the opener.  I was so excited that my heart was about to exploded out of my chess and I felt like I had run a marathon.  I then opened the door and in a single spontaneous action whipped the dress over my head and tossed it into the car.  For a moment I stood completely naked in the middle of the mall parking before I jumped in behind the wheel. I was still deliriously exited as I tried to wring some of the water off my dripping body.  It was less than effective so I stopped quickly as the action only further excited my body as my mind fought to regain control in the safety of the car.  I waited what seemed like seconds but was probably more than a minute before starting the car.  By then I had calmed myself enough to act coherently.

There I was completely naked and dripping wet driving Jens BMW through the parking lot of a major mall.  Between the darkness and the pouring down rain it was virtually impossible to see in the window.   I hadn’t done anything like this in several years.

I made my way around to the entrance where Jen was hold up and beeped the horn for her but still she stayed under cover.  I expected this would be something quick since I didn’t want to just sit there naked parked in front of the entrance any longer than I had to. Eventually she opened the down and ran for it.

She ran around to my the driver side and opened the door.  Her jaw dropped as she saw me seeing there naked. I had expected her to just jump in the passenger side since it was closer but I guess she wanted to drive.  I scooted across the console as she al but jumped on top of me.  Once in she we both stared laughing hysterically.

She said,  “What are you doing?”   to which I said,  “You told me not to get your car wet.”

It was still pouring down rain as we made our way out of the parking lot and back to Jen’s laughing the whole way.  Once back in the privacy of Jen’s driveway we both jumped out and ran around in the rain for a couple of minutes before heading in and drying off.

Boat Ride

Wrap Shirt at the Mall

Ok here’s a quickie bonus story. While surfing the Internet for my Halloween costumes I found several places where you can buy sexy outfits that you just can’t find in the malls. Some were a little scary but I found a couple that I ended up buying. One was this hot little dress that is simple a front and back held together with leather sting. You can’t possible wear anything under it and everyone can tell. Can’t wait to try it out. The other thing I bought was this wrap shirt. It is made of this light silky material that has this bright orange and red flower pattern to it. The pattern is needed because otherwise it would totally see through it is so light. The wildest thing is that it has no buttons what so ever. It simply tucks into your pants. If you overlap the side a lot it looks fairly normal but if you tuck it in like a normal shirt you had better walk very carefully. Either way you can’t bend over at all without giving everyone a show. I got it just the other day and had to try it on right away. I wore it with this pair of low ride jeans which added an additional challenge as I later found out. You see as you walk not only do your jeans feel like their sliding down but the shirt tail loosen up and slip out and the whole shirt opens up if you not careful. I was feeling particularly excited when it arrived so I had to try it out. It was wild from the start. I put it on and it felt like I wasn’t wearing a thing. I walked around the house and felt so excited. I looked at myself in the mirror tried to see how much showed from different angles. All I had to do was move too fast to the side or bend at the waist and my whole chest would show. I looked close and you could see the outline of my areola and nipples under the material and if I walked in front of a light it you could see the outline of my figure as if I wasn’t even wearing a shirt. It was a little chilly out so I put on a jacket and headed for my car. I got to the mall and just sat there for a bit getting up my nerve. I set a goal of walking from end to end in the mall and buying at least one thing. It didn’t matter what it was, I just had to buy one thing.

I got out of the car, took a deep breath and through my jacket on the seat. I pulled the shirt together since the wind was already having its effect. My nipples which were already tight hardened even more as the cool air blew across them. Well at least that’s what I told myself. I started walking towards the mall entrance I realized how unrestrained my breasts were under the light material. Talk about hanging free. I also felt just how thin this top was and talk about draft. The wind blew right in the open front and over my chess. I hadn’t even gotten to the entrance when I realize wearing the low ride jeans was going to add to the sensation. They always add that felling that there going to fall down at any moment but this time as they slid down the shirt would slip and loosen up threatening to pop out of my pants. I was thankful that I hadn’t also challenged myself not to touch the shirt as I walked because it needed to be re positioned and tucked in before I even got to the mall entrance. I finished rearranging myself and reached to open the door with my right hand. As I did my entire right breast nipple and all popped into view. As I lowered my arm the front settled to cover it once again. I thought to myself that I had better be more careful how I moved. The mall was pretty deserted since it was week day and I was thankful as I walked. I had a little purse over my shoulder and I had to be careful with it as well. I was beginning to think bringing it was a bad idea as it threatened to pull the material off my shoulder as it moved. Any significant movement and I’d be exposing myself completely. As it was my chess was exposed most of the way down to my waist and half of each breast was showing. I had to stop to make another adjustment before walking into the more populated part of the mall. Just as I finished a couple of teenage girls walked by and gave me a look. I continued my walk and found that most people were intent on window shopping and really didn’t take that much notice of me since I passed fairly quickly. I made it to the middle of the mall before someone really noticed. It was a man coming out to a store. He didn’t say anything but he definitely noticed me. I kind of snickered but I’m sure he never saw it. His eye were elsewhere. The attention got me even more excited and I felt my vagina swelling with pleasure. I was naturally excited and walking pretty fast so I started to notice some additional friction in the front of my jeans as I walked. I also felt my sensitive nipples brushing against the material of my top every time I took a step. I wanted to slow down but continued like a woman in a mission. Yea a mission to get from one end of the mall to the other and back. I slowed up just long enough to re adjust my shirt and tuck it in again. I briefly though about pulling it out and tying it under my boobs but that would have been cheating. I made it to the other end and started back up stairs. I was quite aroused by then and my breathing was exhilarated and not from the walk. I started back and was starting to relax a bit as I remembered I had to buy something along the way. I was right in front of a book store so I headed in to grab a magazine. A couple of people noticed my top and began to stare. I just smiled as I grab a magazine again flashing a breast and headed to the checkout. I felt the shirt slipping from my pants but didn’t want to adjust it right there. I’m pretty sure the young man behind the desk got a pretty good eye full as I reached into my purse. I paid and all but ran for the door. In rushing though the shirt all but came out of my pants. Again I’m sure I flashed the couple that was walking in from their reaction. I was back in the middle of the mall and had to tuck the shirt back in. This time as I did the magazine slipped from under my arm and I ended up flashing a couple of other folks. I quickly fixed myself up and headed back to the area where I came in. I had to pass the food court now. There were a lot of young people hanging out there and it seemed like a number saw me. I quickened my paise and noticed a couple of teenage boy following me. I was really excited by then and felt like I could have an orgasm if this continued. I went down the escalator and headed for the exit I came in at. As I reached for the inside door the shirt pulled out of my jeans and provided a full boob flash to the couple coming in. I quickened my paise and all but ran to the car an in doing so both side pulled out of my jeans and all but streamed behind me. The wind felt good and exhilarating as my breast bounced every which way. Between that motion and my pant threatening to fall down I was surprised I didn’t have and orgasm right there. I searched for my keys and jumped in my car just as a car came down the isle. I just sat there taking deep breathe until I calmed down enough to drive. I so wanted to head over Bob’s and relieve some of this tension but I though he was out with his friend so I headed home. Oh God that was the most excitement I’ve had had in a while. When I got home I called Bob and to my surprise he was home. Damn, I could have gone over. I’m sure he wouldn’t have minded a little workout. I told him all about my little shopping adventure and he said he had to see this shirt. He wanted to take me out to dinner and go dancing and see this thing in action. I blushed at the though of going dancing in it and told him we were already booked this weekend with Halloween parties. Anyway, Just a quickie story. Lol.

**Carrie's Version of Phone Sex**

Ok. I wasn’t going to write this one but it is so close to something someone actually dared me to do that I have to share it. It wasn’t a dare that I put on my list and it’s not something that I usually include in my little stories but I’ve gotten a number of request so what the hell. Heaven knows I’ve shared everything else. Well over time I’ve gotten a number of dares to do things like have sex in public or something like that. Calm down. Take a deep breath. It’s not that crazy and I’m probable not going to supply enough dirty details for some of you. The dare I'm talking about was to have sex while holding a conversation on the phone with one of my parents and trying to keep it a secret. Well it wasn’t my parents but close enough. The other night Bob came over after work to pick me up for a date. We had planned to go out to dinner and maybe a movie or something but before we left he came in and we started talking. Karen and Sue were both home and then the phone rang. It was a friend who I was meeting on Saturday and I took it in the bedroom. I was probable only on the phone for 15 minutes or so but Bob must have been getting restless. I hung up and went back into the living room. I no sooner got there than the phone rang again and it was for me again. It was Lisa this time. Figures she be involved in this. Well again I took it in my bedroom. I lost track of time but it didn’t seem like I was on the phone that long before Bob came in. I was laying on my bed as I was talking and Bob came and sat down beside me. He must have been kind of horny from the start because it didn’t take him long before he started making out with me, or trying to. I kept putting my hand over the mouth piece and telling him to cut it out but he continued each time. Lisa still hasn’t figured out that he is in the room. Well it didn’t take long before Bob starts unbuttoning my top. From there he unclasps my bra, Yes I do wear them from time to time. The next thing I know he’s caressing my chess and sides. Again I cover the mouth piece of the phone and tell him, It’s not working. I lied because it did feel wonderful, but I wasn’t going to let him know. Somewhere along the way he gets my shirt and bra completely off and there I am laying on the bed talking on the phone topless while he working me over. He is rubbing my sides and tummy and kind of teasing my breasts. By now my nipples are fully hard and he knows he having an effect on me which just motivates him on. It’s somewhere around here that my attention started to drift and Lisa started to get suspicious. I ended up telling her that Bob just walked in and he wants to go out to eat hoping to end the call. I don’t know if I’ve told you this before but Lisa can be quite the talker sometimes. She asks me what I’m doing for Halloween and I knew I was in trouble. This wasn’t going to be a short answer. I told her about the parties I was going to and she starts asking me what I was wearing. I told her about this suggestion someone gave me to go as Eve. I told her that this women told me she saw a women go to a Halloween party wearing a live snake around her neck and holding an apple and that was it. Well she gets really excited and is trying to convince me to go as Eve. The idea and the conversation was arousing enough not to mention Bob slowly caressing me to a new level of excitement. Well Lisa is on a roll so she doesn’t seem to miss me drifting out of the conversation. Up until then I’ve been doing a pretty good job at hiding my level of arousal from both Bob and Lisa but I was beginning to loose it and Bob knew it. Lisa was still clueless as to what was going on. I’m trying to concentrate on what Lisa was saying and cut the conversation short when Bob un snaps my shorts. I told him to stop that and Lisa heard it. She got suspicious and asked what’s going on. I paused as if to come up with good idea but I just blurted out that Bob was teasing me here. She had now idea to what extent. Bob smiled as he slipped my shoes off. Again I put my hand over the mouth piece as I’m all but yelling at him to stop it. Then Sue and Karen ask what’s going on in there from the other room. The next thing I know he’s slipping my shorts and knickers off in one pass. I tried to stop him but it was useless. Now I’m naked on the bed listening to Lisa go on and on. Yelling at Bob to stop actually brought me back a bit but it didn’t last for long. Bob is now giving me the full frontal body massage, and doing a superb job not missing a spot. I try to squirm away from him and flip over on my side but then he sits on my legs preventing me. Then he starts to concentrate on my vagina which was quite swollen by now. By now I’m really squirming around and giggling a bit. Lisa slows up long enough to ask me what’s going on again and I lie and tell her “oh, nothing.” Having given up on me going as Eve she asks me what I’m going as to all these parties. I’m trying to calm down and tell her I’m going as a Harem Girl to the one and go on to describe what it looks like. I’m just starting to recover and start describing my second costume which is this Sexy Executive costume when I look up and see Bob un zipping he pants and pulling his fully erect penis out of his pants. Again I cover the mouse piece and tell him to stop but there is no stopping him now. He’s at least as turned on as I am if not more. Luckily Lisa picked up the conversation when I stopped to tell Bob to stop. He continues to tease me before he penetrates me. I couldn’t control myself as I let out a moan loud enough for Lisa to hear me despite having the mouth piece partially covered. Now Lisa knew something serious was going on but just not to what extent. I all but dropped the phone as Bob ever so slowly slid his penis into me. I leaned over and told Lisa I had to go and hung up the phone to devote my attention to what my body was reacting to. I had barely hung up the phone when it started ringing. I didn’t answer this time but someone in the other room did. All at once Karen yells out, “It’s Lisa she needs to talk to you” I gasp and try to yell back something like, “Tell ah, her I’ll ah, call her back” Not exactly sure what I said and to tell the truth not exactly caring at the time. “She says she really needs to ask you something.” Karen yells back with a sound of suspicion in her voice. “Like the fool that I sometimes can be I pick up the phone like I could actually get a sane word out. By then Bob is going to town on me and I’m starting to feel and orgasm building. I don’t think I said anything as Lisa starts asking what’s going on again. By then you could probably hear the bed going over the phone. Now my moaning is quite noticeable as I’m trying to catch my breath to say something but it was too late. I started to cum just as Lisa said, “Are you guys fucking up there?” I couldn’t get a word out as I kind of lost track of things. I’m not exactly a screamer when I climax but there was no keeping this a secret. I just dropped the phone as Bob and I cam almost simultaneously. After I collected myself I picked up the phone and still gasping a little asked Lisa if she was still there. She was and again asked in a sheepish voice if that was what she though that was. I confirmed it and told her I’d call her back when I can talk again. Well I guess I didn’t keep it a secret very well but who could blame me. Bob cleaned himself up and was ready to go out but I need a bit to recover. After getting a shower and dressing again we finally headed out to dinner a bit later than planned. On the way out Karen says. “Well was it good?”, as she gives me a wink.

**Halloween One**

Ok, I know I promised to report back on my Halloween adventure and now it’s almost Christmas. Ok it's Christmas now. Well better late than never.

As I told you I love Halloween and this year I had three parties lined up.  One with some of my boyfriend Bob’s friends, one with some people I work with and a final one that I was a little reluctant to go to because the woman giving it Terry had been kind of hitting me if you know what I mean.

This a quick summary of the first party I went to with Bob.  I was originally going to go as a football player with Bob as a cheerleader but a friend loaned me this fancy white tuxedo jacket that she had worn a couple of years back.  It had really wide lapels which came together in front and trailed off behind with long tails that extended down to almost my knees in the back.  The front was truly a jacket which was fairly open leaving a lot of chess and belly show.  Also, I might add that it had but a single button holding it together.  Along with the jacket there where a pair of fancy white gloves. 5 inch white heels that was about it.  The only other thing that went with it was a pair of white knickers that I had to supply.   It really was an eloquent outfit what there was of it and it did make you feel really like high society if not really daring.

Here’s the thing.  I thought I was going to save some money by wearing this outfit but to complete the outfit I went out and had my hair all done up to make it look like I was really decked out.  In the end it that cost me more than the other two outfits combined.

You should have seen me back at the house.  I came home from the hair dressers with my hair all pined up looking like I should have been going out to a formal party and all I was doing was going to a Halloween party.  Karen and Sue were home and were saying how great I looked and neither of them could believe I was just going to a Halloween party either.

About 8:00 I started to get ready so I took off my cloths and did my makeup and laid out the outfit. I still hadn’t decided on a bottom to this outfit.  I had a white bikini bottom I was planning to wear but the color didn’t exactly match the rest of the outfit. I also had a pair of white shorts that I could wear that would have looked good. I also had a pair of real knickers that I wasn’t too thrilled about wearing because with this outfit they would be an integral part of the outfit.

Karen and Sue came in and tried to help me decide.  Just then the doorbell rang.  It was Bob and he was early.  I asked Karen to get the door and then Sue.  They both said go ahead and greet him like that and he’ll think you changed your mind about going as Eve.  Someone had dare me to go as Eve wearing nothing but a snake and carrying an apple.  They said they had seen a woman do it at a private party a couple of years back.

Karen said,  “Go ahead,  He’ll cream his pants when he see you done up like that with your hair up”

I said, “I don’t think Eve ever had her hair like this.”

I hesitated, then the bell rang again.  Sue made some comment about it not being the first time he’s seen me naked.   So I said, What the heck and walked out of my bedroom and to the front door.  I knew he was getting impatient so I didn’t even look through the peep hole to see who was there.  I just figured it was Bob since it was just about the right time.

I swung the door open and almost had a heart attack when not only was Bob at the door but also his friend Bill. I wasn’t expecting anyone else so I just turned and ran back towards my bedroom seeing both Karen and Sue doubled over in laughter.

I couldn’t believe I had just given Bill a full frontal of me.  Bill was also with us on the boat ride over the summer when I did my nude sun bathing so he had probably seem me more often without cloths on that with now.

It probably wouldn’t have been that bad, after all he had seen me naked before, except I wasn’t expecting it.  All I heard was laughing coming from the other room as Bob opened the door and walked in.  He hugged me and told me how beautiful I looked and helped calm me down.  I think he actually wanted to through me down on the bed and fuck me but he had his football costume minus the helmet on and didn’t want to take it off.

He joked about me going as Eve as Karen and Sue had said and then asked I’d be ready by now if I was going as Eve.  I challenged him about him really wanting me to go naked to a party full of his friends.  He said he didn’t mind so long as I came home with him.  So I gave him a jab in the ribs and told him I hadn’t decided on a bottom to this outfit.

Before I know it he’s rummaging through my underwear draw and pulls out a pair of simple white thong knickers saying they look just like a bikini bottom and no one would know the difference. Well he tried to convince me but I ended up going back to the thong bikini bottom.

From there it was quick as I pulled on my long white gloves and high heels.  With the heel on I was just about as tall as Bob at just over 6’.  I slipped the jacket on and my outfit was complete.  I couldn’t believe I was about to go to a party wearing so little down below.  I really felt like I was bottomless.

The thong bikini bottom was a little on the small side too so my pussy was nicely outlined leading to a tiny thread that ran up my ass.  I was a little worried about what they’d look like if I got aroused.  Bob could tell I was a little concerned and tried calming me by joking with me that it would be easy for me to get out of my outfit to go pee.

I was actually doing pretty good there in the bedroom with Bob.  It wasn’t until I modeled it in the living room that my real concerns grew.   Bob sense my trepidations as everyone looked on so he was anxious to get me out of there before I changed my mind.  We left so fast that I had forgotten to bring anything to change into should I later regret my choice of costumes.

The party was a quick half hour drive that went even fast to me. Luckily it was warm out. When we go there we had to park down the street and walk through the parking lot to the apartments club room get to the party.  Even before we go to the door my nipples were pressing hard against the inside of the jacket which wasn’t lined and my lower lips were fully engorged with my excitement.

I drew a number of stairs as we walked in.  I was nervous and aroused but it was wild seeing all the wild costumes.  Everyone had really done a great job on their costumes and after a while I started to calm down.  The class of wine that I all but guzzled didn’t hurt either.

There were the standards witches and clowns and all.  A lot of the costumes were really good.  Soon I started to get more into the party atmosphere and started acting more the eloquent socialite role.  I got a lot of complements from the men and almost as many from the women.  A few were a little standoffish but after a while I didn’t care.

The tails ran down to almost my knees but really only discussed my ass which was all but bare.  The jacket didn’t do a whole lot better at covering my boobs either.  I learned quickly that if I turned too far to either side lit to talk to someone my nipples would slip out from under my jacket.  I always knew when that happened by the absents of rubbing that they got from the back of the jacket.  The rubbing was probably the most distracting thing since it kept my nipples constantly hard.

They had a DJ at the party and Bob kept asking me to dance.  I kept saying no which was strange for me since I love to dance.  Bob didn’t seem to mind that much because he was having a blast BSing with his friends and showing me off.  The problem was that every time I finished my drink someone was filling it up again.   I had really had a lot to drink and the night was still fairly early.

Finally around midnight they had a costume contest.  They had a couple of different categories and some gag gifts for the winners.  They had some great outfits and  I though I was a shoe in for the sexiest but when all the contestants lined up I had some stiff competition from a women dressed a sexy devil and one woman dressed in a thong  with bottle caps covering her nipples.  She must have just slipped it on or maybe out of another costume because I hadn’t seen her earlier.  She ended up wining, just barely beating me out.

This time with all the excitement of the contest, when the DJ cranked up the tunes I couldn’t help by get up and dance.  The dancing was almost too much though.  All the movement was really causing my nipples to brush against the jacket.  Bob also lifted my tails and grabbing my ass which wasn’t helping either.

The dancing and rubbing was really warming me up from the outside as well as the inside.   After a couple of dances I my thong was pretty wet. And it wasn’t from the exertion either.  I probably should have been concerned but between the alcohol and the music I no longer cared.

I told Bob that my nipples were being rubbed raw and his suggestion was to just take the jacket off.  A little more stimuli and I probably would have but I ended up keeping it on.  Sorry guys.

Bob was feeling no pain as was I and we danced until Bob all but collapsed.  He had had even more to drink than I.  We decided to take a breather and that was the end of Bob.  I ended up dancing with a couple of other guys until things started to wind down.  One of the guys was getting a little too friendly and I had to get rid of him before things got out of hand.

We ended up walking back to the apartment of one of Bob’s friends with a couple of others that had been over served to sleep it off.  It was a good thing to because Bob was totally out of it and I wasn’t in any condition to drive.  Someone wanted to go out for a bite to eat but I just wanted to fall asleep.  Some how we made it back to this guys apartment and ended up on his couch with a blanked over us because the next thing I remember I’m waking up naked in Bob’ arms.

Since I didn’t bring a change of cloths I ended wrapped in a towel until I convinced our host to lone me something to wear.

Basketball Game

Carrie and Daisy play basketball

Carrie: She can’t blame me. I don’t know why she came over dressed like that. I swear I did not know all she had for underwear was a thong and a little bra. It never would have happened if she had been dressed differently. OK maybe I am to blame for part of it, but if she had been wearing proper knickers, it never would have gone as far as it did. Who would have thought that with that t-shirt and skirt she would not be wearing something more sensible underneath. Daisy: AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGHHHHH! Carrie, its all Carrie’s fault. ‘I’m going to go play basketball’, says she. ‘You can play or watch if you like’ says she. I just wanted to go out and get a beer and something to eat. I didn’t come prepared to play basketball. ‘No, you don’t have to change” she says. Bloody Carrie, easy for her to say she’s not the one playing in a skirt and heels. Not that it mattered since I didn’t bring anything to change into. Carrie: I didn’t mind going out, I just wanted to get some exercise first. I knew Daisy had no sports clothes with her, so I asked if she minded me going to play basketball, suggesting she could watch if she liked. I changed into some little black Lycra shorts, a sports bra top and some Nike’s, and t-shirt as a covered up. I also brought a pair of my favourite low ride pants and a crop top in a bag to change into after the game. I told Daisy I knew this great outdoor court where some cute guys hang out. I didn’t tell her but I knew with Daisy was interested finding a guy since she had just recently broken up with her boyfriend. I was going to need my best aerobics outfit to get any attention the way she was dressed. Daisy: It was hot so I had a short semi tight t-shirt and a little flirty skirt on, as well as a pair of heels – my standard summer outfit, lots of leg and a little flash of bare stomach. I had no athletic clothes with me and did not fancy basketball just now anyway but the prospect of meeting some cute guys interested me. While I think about it I might mention underneath all I had on was a thong and a little bra just to stop my nipples showing through my t-shirt, but not covering much more. I know the skirt was a little to short for a thong – but then I wasn’t planning any athletic activity when I chose it. Carrie: Daisy always looked so hot in her little short skirt and heels, that ultra short dark hair and green eyes are bad enough, but it’s the long bare legs and hint of exposed stomach that had every guy at the court panting – and not from the heat. We are both tall at 5’10 but she looks even taller than me because of her heels and seems to be all legs. Daisy: I was surprised that the court was outdoors and that there were so few people about. Still I guessed Carrie knew what she was up to. The sun was beating down on the court which made it seem even hotter that it was and it was plenty hot. Two of the guys were leaving which left the four that were left discussing a game of two on two. Carrie just walked right up to them. Being a natural athlete she fits right in. If I had been getting the leers she was getting, I would have been all flustered and unable to talk. Carrie: The guys at the court wanted to play two on two, and there was no way that I could get a game. I was all resigned to sit out and waiting for someone else to come by when one of the guys nodded at Daisy and said we could make two teams of three. I didn’t hold out much hope – Daisy is pretty athletic like me, but just was not dressed to play that’s for sure. I told the guys that I didn’t think she would play but then said I’d give it a try. Daisy: I’m not sure how Carrie persuaded me to join in the game. I think she said we were just going to shoot around until someone else came along, and that everyone knew I was not dressed right to play, or just maybe it was the pathetic way she looked when she said she could not get a game without me, but before I knew what I had agreed to I had kicked off my heels, and was barefoot on the court (If you have ever tried moving at more than a slow glide in heels you will know why I was barefoot). Carrie: I was actually surprised when she took off her heels and came out to play. I noticed straight away that she was going to have a problem. I was behind Daisy as she took her first shot in practice, one of the guys noticed just after, and before we started the game everyone had discovered that Daisy’s short skirt flipped up and exposed her bottom every time she took a shot. On top of that all she had underneath was a thong. A thong just doesn’t cover anything from behind. It was quite a site to see the guys struggling to get a look at her bare behind. I whispered to one of the guys to start a game up, before she noticed and decides not to play. Daisy: I thought we were just messing around until someone turned up, but one of the guys came over and said I was good enough to play a game. I was a bit flushed as I kept exposing part of my bottom when I jumped and my nipples had hardened so they might be visible through my bra and t-shirt, but also I was starting to feel a bit ‘hot’, if you know what I mean, with the male attention. We split into two teams, Carrie on one and me on the other. Carrie: Before we started I slipped my T-shirt over my head and threw it to the sideline saying our team would go skins. It was partly to get two guys shirtless and partly because I knew Daisy would not strip to her bra, and besides she was already getting way to much attention from the guys already for my liking. You know, I think she knew she was flashing her bottom. Daisy: Carrie looked fantastic, all tall and tan. Her blonde hair is really sexy and off set her tan well – not like all the short dark spikes I have that will not take any style. She practically has a six-pack too (like me) but hers was there for the viewing in her tiny top and shorts. And she has just the right size boobs (not like my 36a acorns). We are both tall and slim, but Carrie has a far better all over tan. I just can never sunbathe naked – or even topless if anyone is around, but Carrie loves her tiny bikinis, and leaving them off whenever she can. Carrie: At last I was getting some attention, I don’t know many guys who can resist a girl in tight shorts, and this pair is one of my hottest, very short shorts – any lower on my stomach and I would have to shave even more. I’d pull them up more but as it was the cheeks of my buttocks were showing below at the back. I love wearing this outfit because it hugged me in all the right ways without being overly tight. It felt like I wasn’t wearing a thing and bared as much skin as I dared while doing something athletic. Daisy: Carrie’s shorts were short let me tell you – but her top was something else. It was light grey and showed her chest to perfection – giving her a brilliant cleavage, and doing all that lifting and presenting that no top can give me. Not to mention exposing her fantastic flat stomach. I felt a bit overdressed and completely un-athletic looking at her run – while my bare feet minced around the court and my skirt flashed my behind at anyone who cared to look Carrie None of the guys had time to watch Daisy’s legs or her bare bum because we were playing. With one exception I was a better player than all but one of the guys and as he was on my team, we were really looked good. Daisy floundered around mid-court, barefoot and looking a little lost. It wasn’t her fault though. She is as good as me – when dressed properly, but being barefoot and in a skirt, it just was not working for her. Daisy: Suddenly everything was a mad whirl around me, I think I managed about three good passes – to ten bad ones - and only 2 shots before we were beaten 21 – 6. Although it was warm I had barely moved enough to break a sweat. Carrie was wearing little more than I swim in and it looked like she had just gotten out of the pool. The effect was that her top was starting to become see though. I could easily make out her nipples and areola underneath the thin top Carrie: God was it hot. Hotter than I had expected and my outfit was soaked. I had worn this outfit before but I never noticed how shear the top became when wet. And the bottom which was snug before now seemed loose. Everyone rested catching their breath when I said to the other guy who was good to sort out some fairer teams while I went and got a drink. Daisy: Mike – who I thought was the best player – came over to me as Carrie went to get a drink. He was in just a pair of shorts, and had a great body. I was all flustered and he asked me to join him on his team, swapping with Carrie. While part of me knew he was making fairer teams, I felt really special the way he asked me. Carrie: I could not believe what I was seeing when I got back with my bottle of water. Daisy was standing in the little skirt and her very tiny bra. She looked really cute but what was she thinking. Daisy: Then Mike had said, “We might as well stay skins – you OK”. I just nodded, looking at his bare chest. He looked at me and said “we will be skins”, I just dumbly looked at him, then I realised what he meant. I stammered a little eek noise. I just walked away from him. Facing away from the 4 guys I pulled my t-shirt off and threw it to the side. The guys were not watching, and I was a little disappointed when I turned round, that none of them were looking – I couldn’t believe I was being so brave. “Can I get the ball?” I said and they all looked around as Mike passed it to me. I caught it and bounced it. Mike said something like he had not realised I didn’t have a sports bra, but all of them were watching my chest. Neither did anyone tell me to put my top on. Carrie: Mike – the good player – just said they swapped Daisy and me, and it should be fare. That meant Daisy had joined the skins team. Daisy looked quite calm, much calmer than I though she’d be that’s for sure. We have know each other for years and she use to wear quite the outfits but lately she had become much more conservative, always saying that she didn’t have the figure she use to which was ridiculous and that she was more mature now and all, which was all rubbish also. I knew she was probably more wild than me when it came down to it. Once years ago she was sitting in a café wearing nothing but a beach cover up when she stood up and stripped it off, threw it at her boyfriend and calmly walked through the crowd stark naked to the ladies room. She was so calm and brave while I was in shock. Daisy: I go quite bare at times, I used to be quite daring at college in the way I dressed, but not so much any longer. Even then however my nipples and ‘fur triangle’ were usually covered. I have been out in two bottle tops and a thong on a college dare, but it’s Carrie that’s a bit of an exhibitionist. Carrie: Though Daisy shows a quite bit of skin at times, she is really quite self conscious about her chest. She quite often wears very little but it normally takes more than this to get her to strip down. But god was she beautiful in her tiny outfit. The tiny bra and that little skirt – coupled with her flat stomach, bare feet and long legs made her look just perfect. Daisy: Even though Carrie was no longer on the skins team she didn’t bother putting her shirt back on. She looked so good in her athletic gear, the blonde hair and pushed up breasts, her tanned legs and flat stomach had the guys drooling before but now they were looking at me. I could not believe I was doing this, playing in a little skirt and almost see through bra. I actually got a lot of the ball, which slowed the game down, a lot. At first the guys were really careful not to touch me anywhere my bare skin was exposed - even by accident. But the third time I tried to go past one guy by putting skin between him and the ball, he brushed against my bra. It was totally accidental despite my little yelp of shock. Carrie: Daisy was really used her bare skin to her advantage. I tried to get our guys to concentrate on the game but all that bare skin was really distracting my team mates. They seemed hesitant to touch her at first but once one of them did they were less timid, and we managed to pull back into the game, but Daisy’s antics at the beginning and Mike’s great play had them far ahead. Mike had me well marked, Every time I got the ball he move to block me from going to the basket causing me to get more frustrated as the game went on. The harder I tried the more frustrated I got. I had to do something but what. Daisy: Carrie was really getting frustrated by how tight she was being cover. She also seemed to be having trouble with her short slipping down. It seemed they must not have been as tight as they looked and as they got wet they seemed to loosen up. After a long run down the court she’d have to tug them back up. It made her cute little butt look all the more sexy as a little butt cleavage would appear. One time they slipped so low I thought I saw a couple blond pubic hairs about the waist band. Carrie: Mike’s coverage was bad enough but these shorts were getting to be a pain. They were soaked as was the rest of me and now they were sliding down even lower than before. At first it felt sexy but with Daisy getting all the attention and wining the game it was just a pain. Daisy: I had enjoyed the attention my accidental buttock flashes had caused, until Carrie took off her t-shirt That’s when I became all but invisible, but now it was great, my nearly bare chest and hard nipples (which clearly showed through the thin material of my bra) were the only thing any of the guys focussed on. I perfected a wicked shimmy to get around a guy by faking with my (admittedly tiny) breasts one way and then moving the other. Even the slight rubbing against strange men was turning me on, and we won the game 21-19 despite fading in the end a bit. Carrie seemed really rattled the whole game. The guys were covering her like a blanket while I was all but running free. Carrie: We stopped for a quick drink and I told Daisy she could put her top back on if she wanted – we had time for one more and none of the guys were leaving yet, we were keeping the same teams. She seemed oddly reluctant to cover up. Daisy: Carrie wanted me to get dressed again. I think she hates loosing more than she wanted me to cover up actually. I told her I was OK and was actually quite turned on. My little cotton thong was damp from more than sweat – though I did not tell her that. I was really into it that last game and too turned on to stop now. Carrie: I told Daisy that if she was turned on now imagine playing naked. I must admit that that had always been a fantasy of mine and with all the men sweaty and shirtless I was getting turned on myself and from the looks of the men’s trousers they looked to be plenty turned on as well. For some reason I couldn’t get the idea of playing naked or at least playing a little more bare out of my mind. I had a big smile on my face when I asked Daisy, “want to give it a try?” Daisy: Carrie mentioned playing naked – I thought she must have be joking – I just laughed and said could you imagine their faces if I asked if it would be OK to take my bra and skirt off because I want to play naked! “No way; you play naked if you want.” She got a little glint in her eye at that suggestion. She really is an exhibitionist and has played tennis naked before – but basketball might be a bit too much a contact sport for her. Carrie: Daisy went all shy again as we got ready for the next game. I wanted to win so bad and thought our team was at a disadvantage with Daisy being such a distraction. The only thing I could think of was to even the distractions. I couldn’t believe it but I was actually thinking about taking my top off. I had no bra under my sports bra so I’d be completely topless. I’d been topless many times before and even naked at the pool and beach but never at a park playing basketball. Then again, the more, I thought about it I didn’t think anyone would object if I took a little more off. Daisy: Carrie and I approached the four guys for a third game. Carrie walk right up to the rest of us and calmly said she thought my bra was too much of a distraction for any one team, so could thought she’d even things up. Carrie: I actually though someone would have said something but every one just look on puzzled at what I had in mind. No one said a word for what seemed like an eternity to me. As calm as I appeared on the outside, heart was beating like a drum as I contemplated what I was about to do. Then before I could chicken out I reached for the bottom of my sports bra and pulled over my head and stood there facing Daisy and the four male strangers with my breasts bared and my nipples hard as rocks. Now I know I was as tuned on as Daisy, as my lower lips swelled with excitement, and everyone else probably swelled as well. Daisy: I realised Carrie was trying to bate me into more - There is no way her bare breasts evened anything up, every eye was riveted on them. Carries’ 34C chest was perfect. Despite their size they were firm and her nipples were still slightly up turned; and her tan didn’t stop at her breasts. Her breasts were every bit as dark as the surrounding skin. I objected, but the guys (of course) agreed with Carrie that this was a little more fair, and she should play on topless if she wanted to. Carrie: Despite my nervousness it was great to feel the air on my bare chest and it never hurt to see that kind of reaction from the guys. After a long pause one of the Jim suggested we get started. He was the one that seemed more interested in his buddies than me. I was more than happy to start the game since all the staring at my chest was only serving to get me even more excited. I figures once we got moving my mind will shift back to the game. At least I hoped. Daisy: I couldn’t believe Carrie. She has done some wild things but I couldn’t believe she was actually going to play basketball topless. As soon as we started to play I could see that her tactic was going to be quite effective. After the jump ball the guys were all still staring at Carries boobs as she quickly raced to grab the ball. I have to admit that I was a bit distracted myself as I couldn’t help but watch. I would have expected her chest to bounce wildly but her breasts simply wobbled gently in rhythm with her legs. The movement was quite captivating for the guys as they simply stood flat footed leaving Carrie race by for and easy basket. Carrie: I was breathing like I had run a mile even though it was only half the length of the court. I thought my mind would return to the game but it seemed to be riveted to the new found movement of my chest. I had gone braless may a time but the movement of my chest was a feeling I had never gotten use to. My unbridled breast moved with every step sending a whole new set of sensation to my mind. Daisy: Carrie looked like every guys wet dream as she slowly walked back up court waited for my team to put the ball back in play. The glistening sunlight that reflected off her all but bare body only made her look that much more alluring. I found my self riveted on the soft movement of her chest as she approached. Carrie: Wow, that was more exciting that I thought it would be. Daisy looked like she was mad at me though so I told her she should just take her skirt off if she wanted to even things up since everyone had already seen her bum, - but she was not going to take any more off herself at least not by herself. She probably wanted to but was scared. So I offered to help her. Daisy: Before I could say anything – like NO - to Carrie’s offer of help, the ball was back in play. I don’t know what got into me because suddenly a brave feeling came over me. The ones I hate. Without really thinking though what I was doing, I unzipped my skirt without anyone noticing. The next time I caught the ball, and again without anyone noticing I flipped the button on my skirt, and took half a step, and my skirt fell to the floor. There I was in my bra and thong with the basketball in my hand. Carrie: I thought Daisy was getting braver but I didn’t quite expect that. I never touched her skirt. I assumed she did it herself so she could even up the distractions, and it certainly was working with that cure little ass of hers. All the guys stopped and looked. I picked the skirt up and threw it to the sideline and shouted something like play on, I think it’s broken. Daisy ran straight through the staring guys and scored! There she stood panting in just her thong and tiny bra which were both white, small and wet (the thong from more than sweat) and for the most part see through. – her hard dark nipples were clearly visible! Daisy: Danny said I could stop if I wanted to, which I did. My brave moment had passed, but Carrie said that if was not too distracting for them she could play on. She said as they had already seen my ass, and my thong and bra covered as much as my bikini, (she lied!) so I would be OK and we could finish the game. I could not believe it! Carrie was choosing to run around topless with only her tiny shorts for cover and I was in just a thong and bra. I am dark haired ‘down there’ too and you could see the hair, at least in outline, through the wet white cotton. Carrie: Most of the guys were erect – though Jim seemed more interested in the other guy’s shorts than Daisy in her thong (you just never can tell!). Daisy got touched a lot more during this game, just little pats on her bottom, or the accidental brushing of her chest, but the guys were getting more aggressive. Then one of guys pulled at the elastic waist band on her thong, over her bum, and her bra strap as they went past, releasing it to hit her skin and causing her to jump. Pretty soon they were all doing it. Daisy was quite red and flustered. Daisy: It seemed like Carrie’s bare breasts were still getting most of the attention except for when the guys would tweak my bra or thong strap so I did not feel that bad running round in my underwear. Besides with her shorts constantly threatening to show her bottom she was showing a lot more than me. Carrie: I couldn’t believe Daisy continued to play in just her tiny underwear and letting all the guys snap her straps. It was fun to watch as the guys seemed more interested in watching us that planning the game. I still wanted to win especially after the last game but it was fun just playing topless. I felt so free. I still couldn’t get the felling of my bouncing chest out of my mind even worst the sweat was making my little shorts slide down my hips threatening to show what was left. Daisy: Carries seemed to be getting into this game of topless basketball. She was using her bare breasts not only as a visual distraction, but also to her advantage when she would go inside on her drives to the basket and fight for the offensive rebounds. The guys seemed a little reluctant to risk contact with Carries bare breasts so she took advantage of it. She had no fear as she would all but push people aside with her chest leading the way. It must have hurt because once when I accidentally hit her right breast she shrieked in pain. I wasn’t exactly reserved either especially when fighting for a rebound. Carrie: The guys didn’t seem to know how to play us now and were really reluctant to block me so I took advantage of it and score several easy baskets. It was a little tougher on the rebounds as there was a lot of contact sometimes in some places that weren’t meant for it if you know what I mean. Once while fighting for a ball, Daisy hit my right breast in an attempt to get the ball, leaving a pretty nice scrap right across the areola on my right breast. It hurt and I screamed in pain as she grabbed the ball from me. I swear she did it on purpose. Daisy: I’m pretty sure the pats on my bottom were accidental at first – but they distracted the opposition so I could shoot. Like Carrie, I was trying to use my chest as a distraction, so it could have been accidental but when the players started snapping my waistband onto my skin I was going to quit – till Carrie did it to me. At 11 each, I figured she just wanted to win bit it hurt none the less. Carrie kept having to stop to hitch up her shorts which were bothering her quite a bit. I couldn’t believe how sexy she looked when she was starched out going up for a jump shot, all tan and damp and covered by nothing more than little damp shorts. Between Carrie, me and the shirtless guys it was quite a sight to see. Carrie: My shorts were quite a pain. They kept slipping down although distracting the guys it was slowing me down as well. I was not (yet) prepared to play naked myself, but I suspected I would if Daisy would, but I knew she was unlikely to go any further without my assistance. Daisy: I knew Carrie was up to something; her ploy of playing topless had not given her team too big an advantage because I had stripped to my bra and knickers. We took a small break mid game for a breather. Carrie: We were all very hot and sweaty. It was quite a hot day. The guys were just as hot as us and look really sexy playing without their shirts. And Daisy was all but naked in her little, wet white underwear. How cool would it be to get her naked. I reminded Daisy that we only had one towel so I told her - “Winner get to use the one towel first.” Daisy I looked at bare breasted Carrie, and then at the state of my bra which was failing to cover anything – I noticed one nipple was actually not covered at all as my bra had slid off my almost not there right breast and the other poked through the wet material. So with a grin I removed my bra and threw it to the side. OK winner gets the towel. Carrie: Wow, Daisy was really getting brave, now she was going to play in just her little white thong. I was not much better (though at least I had my trainers on still and was not barefoot). My shorts were small and now they were damp rode low on my hips, and I constantly had to pull them up to retain some modesty - at least to cover my ass. Pulling them up however caused them to outline my lower lips in a perfect camel toe. Daisy: I couldn’t believe I was actually paying in just my tiny thong. My breasts really didn’t need to support but still I really only took my top of for tanning these days and here I was playing basketball. And the thong, it may have been as small as some of Carrie’s bikini bottoms but not mine. And it was white and non of my hair is pale enough to be hidden by thin damp white cotton Carrie, I had to admit Daisy looked hot playing in just her tiny thong. Every muscle could be seen as she moved and stretch for the ball. It was quite a site to see her play. The guys were going nuts. They seemed to have difficulty playing with their erections while Daisy and I seemed to score most of the baskets. Daisy: My freshly revealed breasts didn’t have the size or movement of Carrie’s but they gave us an advantage for the next 3 baskets. But then Carrie’s team started to catch up again. There was nothing else I was about to reveal – I wanted to retain what little modesty the little wet white thong provided me with, not a lot as my dark bush showed clearly through the increasingly wet fabric. Carrie: Daisy really seemed like the attention and I knew in her heart she wanted to play naked but there was no way she was taking anything else off. I was so proud of how brave she had become but I didn’t think she’d dare go any further without help. I was sure she was trying to work out how to convincingly take off the thong – I was sure she really wanted to play naked after all she had all but taken off all her clothes herself. Daisy: Carrie was behind me as I tried to move under the basket, I could feel her bare breasts on my back and her breath in my ear as I felt her pull back the elastic of my thong just like the guys had been doing, when I caught the ball. I started to move away from her, when she said ‘here it goes then’. I felt my thong grow tight but I wanted to score so I carried on moving. Carrie: I was really excited myself and was starting to get into seeing Daisy play naked so rather than just snap the elastic against her skin I snapped the flimsy waistband all together – then for good measure the other side of the T junction. It was so thin that it fell away cleanly as she was in mid shot. I could not believe it when she scored still not realizing she was completely bare. It wasn’t until she saw her thong on the floor that she realized what I had done. Daisy: I scored a basket despite Carrie being all over me, and jumped for joy as I turned to face her and everyone else. Then to my shock I saw a piece of cotton on the floor and realised it was my thong. I was shocked and instantly totally shy, despite playing in very little, and getting used to it, this was so different. With one hand I covered my pussy while the other I put across my chest despite being exposed for the past half game! I just stood there frozen in shock. I had only two hands so I had to uncover my chest to pick up my thong. But I kept my right hand firmly over my mound. Carrie: I could not believe Daisy was so shocked. She stooped to pick up her broken underwear, and said how could I that I did that, and that she was finished with the game. She looked quite upset. I had thought she would be excited by but she looked more mad than excited. She was either truly mad or a really good actress. Daisy: Carrie said ‘oops, sorry’, and that it was an accident (but she winked at me as she said it). Let’s finish the game quickly then we can go. My thong was completely un-wearable. How was I going to go on? Carrie: I told her she should play on and finish the game but Daisy said she was not playing naked! I said she should not spoil everyone’s fun. I thought she wanted to pretend to be convinced but now I wasn’t so sure. Daisy: She really thought I would just play on – naked! I was very turned on and did not want to show how wet I was. I knew without the thong my aroused state would be nearly as obvious as the men in their shorts. I told Carrie that this had gone too far. Carrie: As I argued with her about playing on, one of Daisy’s little idiosyncrasies came to light. She cannot talk without using her arms. Daisy: I had been arguing with Carrie for a couple of minutes when I realised my hands weren’t exactly where I wanted them to be. In fact I had my legs apart and my hands on my hips momentarily forgetting what I was showing. I was really mad at Carrie and was oblivious to everyone looking at my bare naked pussy! Carrie: Daisy calmed down enough to realize what she was showing the guys and told me that it was an accidental. She still didn’t want to play naked but was at least she was calm enough now to talk about it as she covered up again. Daisy: I did really want to end the game and even enjoyed playing in my underwear, but this was too much. I said told Carrie I would play on if she lent me her shorts, she could play in her knickers. Carrie: I couldn’t just give Daisy my shorts as I had nothing under them – so I told her this. I said everyone had seen her now so what’s the problem playing naked. Daisy: I said if it was alright for me to play bare, why could not Carrie play naked and I would wear her shorts. All the guys were watching us (me) and the game was almost forgotten. Carrie: I don’t know what I was thinking because I actually though about lending her my shorts. It had been so much fun playing topless and watching the guy’s drool at us that I was actually considering playing completely naked. What was I thinking? This isn’t the beach I thought. I couldn’t just strip down and play bare-assed in the middle of a public park. The more I thought about it he more excited I got. My nipples which had momentarily calmed down were not standing at attention again. Daisy: Realising everyone had seen everything I had, I wanted revenge. I was not as upset as I pretended to be but Carrie did not know that. In fact I wanted to play naked – but not alone. Carrie stood looking at me with the guys in a semi circle behind her. She seemed so preoccupied by my situation that she hadn’t bothered to pull her slipping shorts back in place. They had ridden down so low that a few wisps of her blonde pubic hair were showing as well as the tops of her lovely butt cheeks. I threw my broken thong to the sidelines and decided to have some fun with Carrie as I walked towards her. Carrie: Daisy just looked at me – god she as beautiful naked. Her feeble attempt to cover up just made her look that much sexier as she walked up to me, then behind me. I must have been distracted by my exotic thoughts and heightened arousal because I didn’t realize what she was up to until it was too late. All at once I felt her hands at my hips as she quickly tugged my shorts down. I yelled no, but it was too late. She grabbed my shorts and pulled them down and past my trainers almost tripping me in the process. She honestly seemed surprised that I was bare beneath them while I gasped with shocked as I struggled to keep from falling. I still had my back to everyone so no one could see anything except my naked back and ass as she walked around me looking back over her shoulder. For the moment only Daisy could see my pussy – though the guys had a great view of my ass. Somehow I knew this was not going to last. Daisy: I walked – well stalked - to my skirt, to see if it was possible to use it to cover up. I never thought Carrie would play in the nude, I just wanted to strip her like she stripped me. Then something black flew past me. I bent to pick it up – giving what must have been a great view without realising it. It was her shorts. Carrie: I wondered if I could stop her, I actually wanted to play naked now but not alone, so I kicked – rather threw my shorts at her. I thought she might be convinced to play on if I did as well. She picked them up – Oh God, what a view as she bent her knees, to pick them up! Daisy: As I stood, still not daring to turn around, what must have been her shorts flew past me. I dropped my skirt and turned. Carrie was still nude in the middle of the guys – facing me - they could only see her bare bottom. For a moment I thought she might mean for me to put the shorts on but she said I’ll play nude if you do. Carrie: What a rush, naked with all eyes on me as I looked at a naked Daisy, knowing the guys were about to see all of me. Daisy: It was weird being nude and looking at another nude woman. Although the same height, Carrie, darker and with her bigger bare chest and pink nipples could not look any more different to what I see in the mirror, let alone her gorgeous blonde hair and those big blue eyes. Carrie: Daisy had a look of fear on her face. Her dark pubic hair looked much more obvious against the incredibly white, never exposed skin normally covered by her bikini bottoms. Her small breasts were the same colour as her sun tanned skin around them, with her hard nipples deep pink circles in the middle. Her bum and private patch was also tan but the outline of a bikini could be made out. Daisy: Carrie had an unbelievably perfect tan. Her skin was the same even colour from head to toe and every where in between. It was as if a bikini had never seen her body in the sunlight. Her pubic hair was fair and trimmed into a slim strip running down the honey coloured skin normally not on show. Carrie: For a moment Daisy and I just looked at each other in mutual admiration; oblivious to the guys standing behind me – looking lecherously at my pert ass and her bare breasts and pussy. I had worked hard on my all over tan - a fact I was now glad of now that my body was completely on show. Daisy: I was strangely glad that I had sunbathed and had a great tan but for the extra pale triangle around my trim little dark pussy and bum – but an even tan everywhere else. Few things look worse, to my mind, than a girl with four shades of pink skin with obvious tan lines. Carrie’s tan was darker and without interruption, – most beautifully – with no lines at all – she is rightly so proud of her perfect all over tan. She looked stunningly beautiful. Carrie: I could not believe we were both nude, even though I had yet not showed my front to anyone but Daisy; we seemed unable to move, even to grab our clothes or cover ourselves. I could not believe I was seeing the white triangle of her most intimate skin, and the damp dark pubic hair it surrounded, or that she was looking at me. Daisy: One guy behind her took a step forward so he could see Carrie from the side – her bare breasts, upturned nipples and flat stomach must look great in profile. Carrie: I know I have a great ass, but knowing four guys were looking at it naked was making me blush and knowing they were about to see my front made me wanted to run and grab my shorts and pull them on, then my top! – But still I did not / could not move. Daisy: I wanted to put Carrie through more – so I pointed out I was barefoot, and picked up her shorts. If she had shoes I could have her shorts. She walked towards me and took the shorts from me. I thought she was going to pull them back on but she turned and faced the guys, for the first time, pausing to give them a good look at her nakedness. Carrie: I knew I was going to have to acknowledge the rest of me soon, so I turned to face the guys and dropped the shorts that I had rescued from Daisy. I gave a little pose – flaring my hands out at my sides and dropping a little curtsey. Knowing that four strangers were looking at my bare breasts and hard nipples, my all over tan, my barely there blond pussy hair not to mention the moist pink lips nestled within. Looking at them and trying to catch each pair of male eyes in turn, before I sat on the bench. Daisy: There was at least one freshly sticky pair of man shorts even before she sat on the bench to remove her trainers. Then, as no woman could do this, naked, without exposing an awful lot of gynaecology, even more embarrassment was going on amongst the guys. They had only seen me standing naked, and but for my outer lips I was still hidden – Carrie showed everything! Even I could see that Carrie was wet between her legs. I guessed from more than sweat – I know was. Carrie: I could not believe I was doing this. I never go naked near home. I was so turned on, and embarrassed all at the same time. I suggested all the men joined us – but they pointed out the chances of their arrest in there excited state if any one saw – and unless we wanted some sort of other game – they should be covered. While one or two were OK I definitely did not want a gangbang. Mike suggested we abandon our game and play four on two– Daisy and I to 5 baskets the 4 guys to 20. I agreed if they all removed their t-shirts! Daisy: Carrie was a tiger once she was naked. Without he shorts to worry about she played without any distractions, at least clothing distraction. She was playing with renewed energy as everyone else was showing signs of tiring. Having the two of us on the same side and getting the men to strip to just shorts was great. We were outmatched but the guys didn’t know what to do. It was so much fun I almost forgot how embarrassed I was. I was so embarrassed and turned on all at the same time! Carrie: Once we got started it turned out to be a blast, two on four is almost impossible but it was fun to see the guys struggling to pay attention to the game. They seemed like they didn’t know what to do when we got up close and then loved it if we went up for a shot even if it meant we might score. It must have been quite a site seeing us all stretched out with our breasts at eye level when we when up for a shot. I had my way at first but didn’t manage but a couple of baskets as someone always seemed to come in at the last moment and blocked my shot. After a couple of baskets the guys seem figure things out and hands were everywhere. My sides, back, breasts, bottom everywhere. I did manage to distract them made a couple of steals by simply touching my nipples to the guy’s backs. Wow, what a game. Daisy: Seeing the guys trying to play the game with their erections was quite interesting. It looked like it must hurt but I didn’t hear anyone complaining, and Carrie’s toned body glistening in the sunlight as she ran with no inhibitions stretching full length to take a shot was sight to be seen. She didn’t seem to hesitate at throwing her nude body into the sea of reaching hands to grab a rebound either. I was a little more cautious and settled for more shots from the outside Carrie: My nipples were so hard I could feel them pulsing with every beat of my heart and every time a hand touch them I felt a rush of sexual excitement flood my veins. Between the guys playing half naked and the site of a Daisy’s nude, toned, long legs racing up the court, I was on fire. Hands were grabbing me everywhere but at the same time I was so pumped with adrenaline that there was no stopping me. Daisy: Carrie looks fantastic, though the same height as me, that’s wear the similarities end. She is really pretty and athletic too; her nude body with firm breasts bouncing; running past half naked men was something to behold especially when she stretched to let go of the ball. I was more than a little excited when I backed my naked bottom into an obviously erect male in a pair of shorts, and felt his hands on my sides. The first time this happened, his hands went down and cupped my ass cheeks, spreading them slightly before I moved away. The second time the hands crept up and cupped my breasts, as they had been doing to Carrie. I think the guy who grabbed Carrie’s got the best deal, but no one complained. Carrie: Daisy looked in heaven as a pair of hands held her small but well formed breasts from behind, and thumbed her nipples. She is a bit shy of her smaller chest, even though I thought it was perfectly shaped. I’m 34c and wearing a bra can be a real pain. Sometimes I wish I was more like Daisy who only needs to wear one to give her cleavage or stop her nipples showing through a light t-shirt. Daisy: I called a foul when I went up for a shot, arms above my head, and the guy defending me ignored my chest and touched my pussy, his finger on the front edge of my lips and his palm on my fur. I bounced the ball off his head and said in my best teachers’ voice NO. I had ignored all the other grouping that was going on as just part of the game but this was too much. Carrie: Daisy can be so assertive at times. She put the guy in his place in no uncertain terms and he never tried it again. We threatened to leave if they were not a little more respectful, and no man wants a naked woman to leave so they agreed. Daisy: I had started to get used to the not so accidental brushing of my bottom and breasts. My nipples were hard and afire and I was grateful for the sweat that was hopefully masking the other fluid around the tops of my thighs. Carrie: I was glad Daisy had put them in their place because I don’t think I could handle a touch down there. My lips were swollen and wet with excitement. I didn’t look but I was sure my clit was making an appearance as well. However respectful they were at not touching our most intimate parts, the touching and grouping everywhere else continued. I was so wound up though that I was practically oblivious to their hands except of course when they touch my hyper-sensitive nipples. Daisy: While the basketball was never entirely forgotten – it certainly seemed secondary as the guys seemed to take advantage of every opportunity to feel us up. Carrie and I struggled to score and the guys could score at will. The fact that there were more of them seemed to out weigh our obvious distraction, I was so turned on that I just wanted to take the cute boy Danny off behind the rest rooms and have him take care of my needs. Carrie: I don’t know if it was Daisy or me who first got her nipples suckled in some guys mouth, but before long when I held the ball above me, to the side or behind me some guy would always touch, caress, lick or nibble at my hard throbbing nipples. Often while another tried to get the ball – or just fondled my butt! Each time I felt the increasing signs of and orgasm building within me. I was almost at the limit of what my body could handle. Daisy: I knew Carrie was tuned on as her clit peaked out from behind her swollen pussy lips – I was not staring just admiring her perfect form when I noticed. I don’t know how she went on. I was too near climax to concentrate on the game, I knew any little thing now could push me over the edge. Carrie: My heart was beating like a drum and I could hardly catch my breath and it wasn’t from the running either. I wanted to beat these guys so badly but I was so close to climax that it was hard to concentrate. I fought the feelings that were swelling in my sex as the adrenalin rush kept keeping me going. Daisy, I was loosing it as I missed an easy shot from right under the basket. I don’t know how Carrie was doing it since she seemed out of breath from covering both end of the court as best she could. Carrie: The next time down the court Daisy passed me the ball under our net, with a guy suckling on each breast and third guy was holding my ass, I quickly passed it back – I have just enough for a single guy each side. Fortunately Daisy took advantage of their preoccupation and scored. I couldn’t help but let out a slight sigh myself from all the attention. I don’t know why my body didn’t just climax right there. Daisy: Three of the guys were on Carrie under the net, and I mean on her. They seemed more interested in getting a cheep feel in than playing the game so I had a clear lane to land my jump shot. I yelled great play but I don’t think she heard as they were still mauling her under the basket. Carrie: Daisy yelled something as her basket dropped but I was too delirious to hear it. Finally the guys let go of me while Daisy and I dropped back on defence. Daisy was amazing at blocking shots and grabbing rebounds. I don’t know how she hung in there with all the contact. Daisy: As Danny ‘accidentally’ ran his hand across my right breast for the third time, tweaking my hard nipple in the process, I actually climaxed right there on the court, and so hard I had to sit before my legs gave way. I couldn’t believe I had just cum in public and in front of all these guys. I think the guys knew what happened but they were playing it pretty cool as we called a timeout. The short break felt great and with my frustrations released I was able to think straight once again. That’s when it hit me how crazy it was to be out here playing naked. All I wanted to do was cover up and get out of there. Carrie: Finally we stopped for a breather which gave Daisy and I a chance to catch our breath or more honestly calm our overloaded bodies. All I could do was lean over with my hands on my knees and look at Daisy’s nude body. That didn’t seem to be helping though. She was beautiful and I couldn’t take my eyes off her – I wanted to reach out and touch her toned stomach – or those lips that peaked from amidst her damp curls. Daisy, Carried leaned over facing me with her hands on her thighs and legs slightly spread trying to catch her breath. I don’t think she realized it but with her legs slightly opened and as excited as she obviously was she was giving me an unbelievable view of her open pussy with her exposed clit. I was probably imaging it but I swear I could see her clit pulsating with excitement as I stared. It looked so beautiful I could not take my eyes off it – I wanted to reach out and touch – or better yet taste it. Carrie: I had not even come close to recovering when I head the guys say Ok girls, enough break. In fact with the staring Daisy and I were doing, and knowing the guys were looking at us I felt even closer to climax than I had before - I could not remember a longer period of arousal without the release of climax. Daisy, By that point I had enough of this nude basketball game. I had been grabbed in every conceivable place and had even had an orgasm right here in front of everyone. Enough was enough. But it was too late. The guys had put the ball in paly and were coming down court towards Carrie and I. Carrie: The Break was great but nowhere near long enough when the guy through the ball in. Mike took a long outside shot and missed with the ball going right to Daisy who brought it back up court as I went to the basket waiting her pass. Once again I had hands on my ass and breasts and everywhere in between. Daisy: I don’t know if she was doing it on purpose or what but Carrie seemed fearless in going inside despite the hands on her bare flesh. This time a hand ran full length down her front crushing her breasts as it passed and continuing down her flank. The assault on Carrie once again left me wide open to land another outside jumper. Carrie: We were coming back – but only because they stopped at 18 and were prolonging our show, for their enjoyment. By now Daisy and I had to practically smuggled the ball between us to the basket. The rules seem to go by the wayside as hands were everywhere. Daisy: Our last play was truly amazing. I fought off 2 guys under our basket to grab the rebound from Mike. It was made easier by the fact that his hands were more on me than the ball. I passed it off to Carrie who passed it back to me as I broke free. I took the ball up court and fought my way past Danny who seemed more interested in grabbing my ass than defending. Carrie brook straight up the middle once again between both Mike and Jim as they each reached out to block. I’m sure it was a foul as each had his hand on Carrie’s breasts as she passed. I passed her the ball just as she leaped for the basket. Carrie: Daisy was unbelievable, fighting off two guys to get the ball. We passed it back and forth until Danny picked her up at the left post. I was reacting on instinct as I felt like I might loose it at any moment. I raced down the lane but not before Mike and Jim picked me up. Just as I jumped to pick up Daisy’s pass I felt hands both my breasts. I had the momentum on them and their hands slipped off catching each of my nipples as I jumped. That was all my overloaded body could take as my body passed the point of no return. Somehow I caught Daisy’s perfect pass and simply redirected it into the basket as my orgasm hit like nothing I had ever experienced. I came down under the basket with a scream as my orgasm swept my body. Daisy: We won. We won. I ran over to Carrie to give her a big hug not realizing her screams were more than celebration of our win. I was in the middle of giving her a big, bare, bear hug when I felt every muscle in her body was pulled tight. That’s when I realized she was in the middle of an orgasm. Our eyes locked for a second and I just held tight to her, keeping her from falling; I thought she might to pass out as her eyes rolled back in her head. I think the shear excitement of feeling her release cause me to have another mini orgasm. Carrie: I couldn’t believe it. I had never felt such an intense orgasm and it happened right there in the middle of the court in front of every body. I felt faint and was so thankful to Daisy for keeping me from falling. The intensity and length of my orgasm was probably increased the contact of our bare bodies which were lubricated by our own sweat and other things. Being the same height our breasts squashed against each others and I could feel her hard nipples against my hard nipples Daisy: What a game. The guys looked on in stunned silence. I think less about their loss than the site in front of them – the two of us naked holding each other tight – toe to toe, thigh to thigh, hard nipple to hard nipple, almost lip to lip. If they had any doubt about my orgasm – I wish - there was no doubt as to Carrie’s. Carrie: I was flushed and totally wiped after my orgasm. I could barely walk and was thankful to Daisy for helping me to the sidelines where we both flopped back onto the benches at the side of the court – oblivious to the four guys who were getting an awesome view as our legs were not completely together. Daisy: I was so exhausted I could barely see as I grabbed a bottle of water and took a drink, then pulled the bottle away from my face, and squeezed the bottle to spray the water over my face, the cold felt great as it ran down my chin and between my too small breasts. It was not until the still cold water hit my open, hot, wet lower lips that I realised with a yelp what a show I was giving. I saw all four guys ogling Carrie and I - well actually three of the four, the Jim was watching his friends! Carrie still had her eyes shut and looked worn-out, not to mention oblivious to the show she was giving, with her knees at least a foot apart. I could not resist what I did next. Carrie: I was so hot and sweaty that I just lay on the side lines my eyes closed much to the delight of the guys I’m sure. I was still too out of it to realize the show I was giving them. At least not until the cold water Daisy sprayed me down hitting me right between my legs. My legs must have been open because I felt the shock right up and inside me - The shock causing a mini climax to judder through my still recovering body. The sensation instantly brought me back to where I was, and what I was – or rather was not wearing, and what I was showing. I struggled for a moment before gathering my wits. Slowly I stood up so I wasn’t showing quite as much if that is possible for a person with out a stitch of clothing on. Daisy: I ran/scurried over to our little pile of clothes and grabbed our stuff and headed back to where Carrie was standing. We both used Carrie’s t-shirt to wipe the sweat from our bodies down; quite a show in front of three very interested guys. Carrie: I was still flushed as I struggled to sort out our stuff. I handed Daisy’s skirt and top back to her to the disappointment of the guys. They had all seen enough of us. I did slip my shorts back on, inside out the first time, forcing me to drop them down again to straighten them out. I didn’t care as must about my chest so I waited a little till I cooled down a bit; but I did want my bottom covered since my pussy was still open and exposed. The felling of the rough cloth against my still engorged lower lips bought me close once again. Daisy: Mike yelled, “What about a rematch?” “Are you kidding? No way” was our response. I know I had had enough of this nude basketball and it didn’t look like Carrie had anything left. Carrie: Unbelievable. These guys hadn’t had enough of mauling us. Daisy: I examined my skirt – the button and the zipper were open but unbroken as I pulled it on, Carrie had made up the fact hat it was broken as I suspected. I was so relieved to be covered once my t-shirt was back on (even though knicker-less, still throbbing below and hard at the nipple) I teased Carrie by throwing her top to Mike so she had to go and ask him for it. Carrie: I was still recovering when I had to all but wrestle my top from Mike. Once recovered, I tried to neaten up a bit. Daisy’s hair looks good sweat covered – and now it was almost dry. I looked like I had been half drowned. Apart from my hair I looked OK except for a couple of small scrapes here and there. The one that I notice most was the one across my right breast which crossed the areola. Between that and the state of my nipple (hard and sensitive) I, should have perhaps waited before pulling my sports bra over them. Pulling it over my sensitive nipples sent a renewed wave of excitement straight to my sex. Daisy: There is no elegant way to pull on an athletic bra – it squishes the breasts out of shape, then they need rearranging, which Carrie did. She was still pretty damp so it became a little see though and her nipples were still hard and obvious beneath. I slipped into my heels though Carrie did not bother to put on her trainers. Carrie: The guys invited us out for drinks but I told them we needed to shower first. We agreed to get together at the local café at 7:00 before heading off in different directions. We walked off slowly to get cleaned up. I carried my t-shirt, while Daisy carried my bag and her bra. We left the court to wolf whistles – which I am sure were for Daisy’s wiggling bottom in that too short skirt!

End of the game. To be continued with the post game activities

The weather this week has been just fantastic and I decided to break from my semi hibernation and take in a taste of summer even though it is only early March. I got a flurry of email this one day encouraging me to get out of work and enjoy the weather so that’s exactly what I did.I finished up my work by early afternoon and told everyone I need to get some vitamins. Referring to getting some vitamin D from the sun or is it E.Whichever.

My car thermometer read 71 degrees so I knew I had to get some rays. It was so fantastic being able to walk around without a coat for a change. I guess I got caught up in the moment and took it a little too far like I have been known to do every once in a while because as soon as I got home I went to my room and took of all my cloths.Not that I hadn’t done it before but since I had the house to myself I decided to stay that way for a while and enjoy the feeling of being able to walk around with nothing on and not freezing to death. After a while I couldn’t resist ducking my head out into the back yard and enjoying the cool breeze blowing over my bare skin.The wind made it a little chilling and my nipple hardened up almost as fast as the goose bumps formed but it felt great especially in the sun.I didn’t walk that far before deciding on working on my tan. I went back in and grabbed a couple of thinks before headed back out.I guess I should have brought some thing to cover up with in case someone came especially after my roommates Karen and Lisa locked me out one time last year but I wasn’t thinking about that right then. The sun was pretty low in the sky this time of year so I had to drag my chair further out in the yard than I normally would and with no leaves on the trees yet I felt pretty exposed but that just added to the excitement.I’m sure my neighbors on the right could see me but I didn’t think they were home so I continued. I rubbed some sun block all over my pail white skin and stretched out to read my Time magazine.Not that exciting but it was so relaxing laying there soaking up the sun after so many months of freezing cold.So relaxing in fact that after a while I found myself dozing off. I was so relaxed that I just laid back, closed my eyes and fell asleep, oblivious to Karen when she arrived home.The next thing I know I’m shocked awake by her dumping a full class of ice water on my bare chest and stomach, ice and all. I was instantly awake and gasping for breath as she stood there laughing her head off at me.It was then that I recalled last year when she and Sue had locked me out. Karen then took off running toward the back door but wasn’t quite quick enough for me this time as I all but tackled her.She tried to get free but I was a bit stronger and pumped full of adrenalin after being doused with ice water so she was no match for me.Our little play cat fight must have been quite a site especially with me being naked to start with.She screamed and yelled and started swinging her arms at me catching my breasts a couple of time in the process.It didn’t really hurt but spurred me on to get her good.All at once she just broke out laughing and I took advantage of it and grabbed the hose that was lying nearby.I let her have it and she let out a scream and ran. It was an absolute riot as I chased after her soaking her with the hose. We were both laughing our heads off.She would leave out a loud scream every time I’d hit her with the hose. I was so caught up in the hysterics of the moment that I had forgotten I was naked when I chased her around the side of the house.It wasn’t until I ran out of hose that I realized I probably shouldn’t be there since I was really exposed.Karen realizing it and just stood just out of the range of my hose taunting me on. There I was standing in the middle of our driveway between the houses buck naked and dripping wet.I so wanted to run after her but realized I couldn’t just run down the street naked in broad daylight so I ran back to our back yard and into the house.I wanted to lock her out like she has me but she was too quick and ran in the front door. We were still laughing hysterically as we grabbed towels out of the bathroom and dried ourselves off.I told her she looked pretty wet and that she should get out of those wet cloths before she catches a cold. She said, “I see you don’t have that problem”, as wrapped a towel around herself . We laughed and talked about it all night. It was a riot.

**The Crop Top Outfit**

I told you just wait till the weather warms up and I’ll get back in the spirit.Well your patience is starting to pay off. We’ve had close to a week of extraordinary warm weather for this time of the year so I’ve been taking advantage of it before it goes back to winter. Yesterday,I got my first little taste of laying out in the sun and today after work Karen and I decided to get out and take a walk in the park down the street from us.I was still basking in the excitement of the little water fight Karen and I hadthe prior day so I decided to get a little daring.I had glanced at my web site earlier and after getting over the shock of how long it’s been since I posted anything,I checked out my proposed dares to see if there was anything I could try. I found one that read ‘wear a really short crop top.’That seemed easy enough so I ran to my room, stripped off all my cloths and started searching for the perfect outfit for a walk in the park. I found my pair of my favorite faded cut-offs that I hadn’t worn in months and slipped them on.I was feeling particularly naughty today so I went commando and skipped the knickers.I then went searching through my drawers for this one particular top that I hadn’t worn in a long time, probably since college.I couldn’t find it anywhere and went to look in my closet when Karen walked in and asked if I was going topless. “Wouldn’t that be cool, but no.I’m looking for this one top that I haven’t seen in ages.” I was interrupted by the phone.Karen picked it up saying it was Bob, my boyfriend.He said he was concerned that I was sick or something because he had called me at work and they said I had left early. I kidded him about how cute it was that he was concerned that I was sick. Then I told him what I was doing and he got all excited. He wanted to come but he was still at work so he then asked if I wanted to go out and get something to eat later.I agreed and decided to meet him at his place at 6:30 which gave me 2 hours to play.I went back to my search and finally found it in some boxes that I hadn’t unpacked.I held it up to my chest and couldn’t believe how small it was.It barely covered my boobs it was so short. I pulled it over my head and wow.It was even shorter than it looked. I figured I must have shrunk it or something along the way.I pulled it tight and it still barely reached the bottom of my boobs and hung out maybe two inches from my ribcage.On top of that it was made of this really light cottony material so my nipples were poking through and quite noticeable, maybe a couple of inches above the bottom. Between the light cottony material and the fact my breasts were total unrestrained beneath it, it felt like I wasn’t wearing a top at all. That got me a little excited and only caused my nipples to poke through even more.Now there was no mistaking were they were under the shirt.I walked back into the kitchen and showed Karen. “Well what do you think? “Holy Shit.” was her only response. She has seen me in some wild outfits and been part of a number of my dares so I was a little surprised by her reaction. “Damn, I hope that they stay in.” she added as she reached over and tried to tug the bottom of my shirt down a little further with no luck. Karen looked pretty hot too, but was a little more sensibly dressed than I.All I had was the light half top, shorts, boat shoes and a pair of shades.I may have been jumping the gun a little,but I was dressed for summer. “Ready?” I asked. We headed out the back and I immediately noticed that it wasn’t quite as warm as the day before when I laid out in the sun.I felt the cool blow across my bare mid section and up under my shirt. I had forgotten that these loose crop tops can be a little drafty with half the bottom open.The cool air rushed under my shirt and I felt my nipples become erect almost immediately. “A little chilly?” Karen asked as we walk around the front to the walk. I knew what she meant and looked down to see how bad it was.It was bad. My nipples were plainly visible and barely covered and seeing it just made them harder.The top had ridden up a little as I walked which was causing the underside of my breasts to show,not to mention threatening to expose my nipples.I grabbed the bottom and tugged it down but that only helped momentarily before it started slipping up once again.I thought to myself that I certainly do have a tendency to wear high maintenance cloths but it still felt so wonderful to be out and not wearing a coat or long pants once again. We had about a block and a half walk to get to the park and I was constantly looking for neighbors that might be out and cars. I was a little concerned about what some of them might think since I usually try to do some of my more provocative things a little further away from home.We only saw one person outside since most people were probably still at work but several cars passed.No one yelled or whistled so I got a little more confident as we continued. As we walked I couldn’t help but be reminded of my breasts as they moved freely under my light top.Now I think I have really firm breasts considering they are C cups, but with nothing at all constraining them they couldn’t help but move as we walked.I was also a little concerned that a little too much bounce and the whole darn top might ride right up and expose them completely. The whole thing was keeping me nicely aroused and making for a lovely little walk. When we got to the park we noticed that there were a fair number of people out enjoying the weather like we were. I got a little nervous because I wasn’t exactly expecting this many people.I wanted to walk around the jogging course but Karen took me right past the playing fields where the guys were playing ball. Well the game stopped momentarily and the comments flew as we passed.We both kind of giggled to each other and tried to ignore them. As we got further away, Karen whispers in my ear, “Why don’t you flash them.” “No way.”I said and then added without really thinking. “Well, maybe on the way back.” We finally made it to the jogging trail and saw a lot of people slow down and turn around as they passed.The whole thing was getting me quite turned on.On the way back Karen suggested jogging for a bit. “No way, I can’t jog in this outfit.” I yelled as she took off. Well I ran after her a bit until my top popped completely over my boobs.I stopped immediately and tucked back in as quick as I could. Not sure how many people saw it but Karen did and broke out laughing. She was doubled over with her hands on her knees she was laughing so hard.Needless to say that was it for trying to jog. On the way back Karen took me past the game again and reminded me of what I had said earlier.We were kind of laughing and joking as we passed them and then just as we were leaving I turned around and pulled up my top as I was walking backwards. I only had to lift my shirt a couple of inches to give them a view of everything.It was so wild.It only lasted a second but was long enough for a couple to notice and you should have heard them.After I pulled my top down we turned around and ran with my boobs popping out once again.I tried to pull it down as I ran but it was hard because we were running and laughing and my boobs were bouncing everywhere. Finally I had to stop to tuck everything away properly.By then I was really excited and my nipples were as hard as rocks and extended a good half an inch or more. It wasn’t as much pulling my shirt over them as I was resting it on top of them as they jutted out from the top of my breasts.The way the top was cut you kind of drape it over them because it didn’t fit tight underneath. It was almost like the shirt was being held out from my breasts by my protruding nipples. Finally we made it back to the street and Karen wanted me to take it off completely and run all the way back to the house topless.I was so wound up that I was almost tempted to do it but it was broad day light and this was my neighborhood so I passed and we walked the rest of the way. I was so excited when I got home I actually tucked my hand under my top and started playing with my right nipple right there in the kitchen.It wasn’t like I was reaching up under a long shirt or anything or had to take it off.I couldn’t believe I could get that excited just from a walk in the park.I actually wished Bob was meeting me at our place because I needed a release and now. Karen looks over at me as I was unconsciously rubbing my nipple and said, “It looks like you need a cold shower there before you explode or something.” That’s when I realized what I was doing and stopped.It wasn’t like I was hot or sweaty but she was right,I needed a good cold shower to cool me off on the inside. “That’s one hell of a sexy top you have there”. She added. Hearing that, I stopped and pulled it over my head in one fluid motion and threw it at her, hitting her right in the face. She threw it back before finishing pouring out glasses of ice tea. As she walked over to hand me mine she took it and rubbed it up against my nipples making a ‘Siiiis sound like putting out a fire or something.She almost spilled it on me as I jumped back to get away. We laughed and joked as I sipped my drink and calmed down to a reasonable level. I was just about to get up and take my shower when Sue walked in an asked what we were laughing about. She didn’t even ask why I was standing there without a shirt on. Karen goes on to explain everything including my flashing the guys playing baseball. “Well I see spring is here,just can’t keep cloths on you once it warms up a little.” She said while shaking her head in amazement. With that I got up and head towards the bathroom but not before I kicked off my shorts in the direction of Karen and took off running. I ran into the bathroom and locked the door before she could do anything. I thought about masturbating in the shower but had calmed down enough that that wasn’t as necessary as it had been a couple of minutes ago. I finished up and carefully opened the door half expecting to get ambushed by Karen before I got to my room.After her dumping the ice water on me and I squirting the hose at her,I was almost expecting some sort of retaliation. I made it to my room without anything happening so I set about getting ready for my date with Bob.I was still kind of turned on so I thought I would dress kind of sexy, besides I wanted some sex before the night was over.Boy if I had only known.I found one of my favorite pairs of low ride jeans, the ones with no pockets and the raged cut off look up top and pulled them on.Once again I skipped the knickers figuring it made me feel sexier knowing there was nothing between me and my jeans.Besides Bob always likes me that way saying he didn’t have as much to take off.You guys are probably thinking I never wear any underwear but I really do. Anyway I was debating over what top to wear when a really devilish thought crossed my mind. I pulled on my shoes and went back in search of my crop top and found Karen fixing something to eat.“God isn’t that being a little bit obvious?” She said referring to me being topless and a comment I had made earlier about needing sex from Bob. “I’m just looking for my top that you threw at me.” Oh my God.You’re wearing that on a date.She said. “Here, you’d better take this because I don’t think your getting out the bedroom if you’re wearing that.” She added as she handed me a roll. I laughed as I reached for my shirt under the table.I pulled it over my head and grabbed my purse and headed out the back door. It had cooled off by now since the sun had set and I probably should have gone back for a coat or sweater but that would only have ruined the effect.As soon as my nipples felt the cool air rush under my top they jumped to attention and pushed the light material out. That and the bounce of my breast gave me that wonderful glow as I headed to my car.Of course because I was the first one home I had to run back in and get Sue to move her car, but that didn’t dampen my excitement. I calmed down and warmed up a bit as I drove over but that quickly ended when I got out of the car at Bob’s place.I tugged my top down as far as I could but that only seemed to camouflage my breasts,not actually hide them. It also forced the top down over my once again hard nip which sent a shiver of excitement through my sex.I wanted to run over to Bob’s place before anyone saw me but I knew running was impossible in that top. By the time I got to Bob’s door I was once again really turned on.I rang his bell and as if I wasn’t tantalizing enough I leaned up against the frame, bent my one knee back so my foot was on the frame and tilted my head back.When Bob opened the door and saw me his jaw dropped and that doesn’t happen to him much even with some of the outfits I wear. I think tilting my head back was what did it because in addition to looking really sexy it lifted my short top up exposing the bottom of my boobs about half way to the nipple. By then I think my nipples were poking out so far that they were holding the material of my top away from my breast to the point that it was just hanging from them not even touching my breast from there down.If not, it certainly felt that way by the sensation in my nipples. When I turned my head I noticed he already had a bulge in his pants. Then he moved forward and planted a full mouth kiss on me, tongue and all - all the while grabbing my right breast under the top.In doing so, the other side slid up exposing the left one as well.He rolled my nipple in between his fingers as we kissed. I let out a muffled moan as he continued.I was still standing in his in his doorway as this was going on so anyone in the parking lot or nearby apartment could have seen us.Not that it really mattered I don’t think either of us could have stopped even if the police had been there. Eventually we separated and he pulled me inside and shut the door all the while still massaging my breast. All I remember him saying was, “Damn you look hot.” as he slipped my top over my head. “God,I don’t know why I even wore it.You’ve barely seen it and you’re tearing it off me” “I’ve seen it enough.” was all he said as he started kissing me again.

This time, as we kissed he was working on getting me out of my pants. Well needless to say I got my sexual tension relieve in short order. After about a half an hour we had calmed ourselves down enough to get up and get cleaned up.I pulled on my jeans but left my top off for a while longer.I still was pretty horny and was having so much fun teasing Bob that I couldn’t resist. “You had better put that top on or we’ll never get to dinner.Even with it on we may not make it.” He added. Eventually we were ready and I pulled my top on just before I headed out the door. We went to this small place that was pretty quick so we could catch a movie.Luckily it was fairly dark but that didn’t stop everyone in the place from turning and staring when we walked back to our table. Needless to say all the attention kept my nipples hard throughout the entire meal and I was concerned how wet the front of my pants were getting too. Dinner went pretty fast and was pretty un-eventful except for all the looks I got. I did hear this one older lady say something like, ‘would you look a that’ as I walked out. I guess she was offended. We caught the 9:00 showing of Miracle, the hockey movie about the 1980 US Olympic hockey team.Bob’s choice, not mine. The good thing was that the movie had been out for quite a while and the theater was just about empty so we could mess around while we watched. We picked an empty row and moved off to the side.As I twisted to sit down in those goofy seats my left boob popped right out.I quickly tucked it back in and got comfortable. Well they were still on one of the opening scenes where the coach is telling his wife that he didn’t think he got the job and I feel Bob’s hand on me left breast. He leans over and whispers in my ear, “I love these easy access shirts.” I just leaned back and smiled.I was still pretty turned on so I just sunk down in my seat and enjoyed. It wasn’t long before he had my top pulled up exposing both breasts.Now realize a lot of this movie was shot in an ice rink so there weren’t that many really dark scenes. So if anyone was to walk down the isle they could have seen me.But Bob was working his magic running his finger all up and down my chest and stomach right down to the top of my jeans so I didn’t really care. At one point he said “Why don’t you just take it off so I can do your shoulders.” I had made-out lots of times before in movie theaters with Bob and other boyfriends but I had never taken anything besides a bra off before and Bob seemed to be doing just fine accessing all the good spots anyway so I kept it on. Bob was doing his best to torment me though.I was surprised he was able to concentrate as well as he did on the movie considering all the attention he was giving me. There was one scene where one of the players got hurt in the exhibition game against the Russians and it looked like he was not going be able to play in the Olympics. I guess it brought out the emotions in me because Bob’s gentle caressing was starting to get to me.I made the mistake of pulling his hand away from me which only told him that he was starting to get to me.He immediately came back and went to town on my nipples.He was varying what he was doing from rolling them between his fingers to circling the nipple on my areola to running a finger gently around my breast.He knew that always turned me on and sometimes led to an orgasm. First one breast then the other. I tried my hardest to act like it was not having an effect even through it was. I tried to concentrate on the movie which at this point was back to a game.It must have been the Olympics by now but I was so out of it I couldn’t say for sure.All at once I started feeling real warm and I started to squirm a little and by then Bob knew he had me. Then all at once he stopped.I looked over and said with a slight sigh, “Ok, you’ve got me,just get it over with then.” “Not yet” he said in a devilish voice. I let out a real sigh then. Just when I was starting to get things under control again he started again “You devil.” I whispered. Just as I was getting close again he stopped. “Oh god will you just finish this. You’re torturing me. I said a little louder, not really caring if people heard me this time. Then he leans over and says, “not until you take off your shirt and give it to me.” I just looked over at him with my eyes as large as saucers. “Oh God no.” “Ok, no shirt, no relief.” I’m tempted to just finish it myself but I have never masturbated in front of someone else not even a boyfriend. Ok we go back and forth a couple more times and then he starts up again.I couldn’t take another round so I peek around me to see who was near by,all the time he’s working on my nipples. Everyone that I can see looked to be intent on the movie that I thought I was ok.So I bend down in the seat and somehow muster enough courage to pull my top over my head and all but threw it at him.Just as I do it the move switches scenes.You know outdoors, day time in the winter, snow.The whole theater lights up.I almost cum right there. Luckily it didn’t last that long and a dark scene follows. Bob goes back to work and I just lean back in the middle of a theater with no top on and try to get this over with. Of course Bob is still teasing me. I lean to the side and say, “I hate you. Now all he is doing is rubbing my stomach and keeping me suspended. Just as I’m about to complain again, I feel him unsnap my jeans and pull the zipper down. All I can think is he is going to strip me naked before this is over.Then, Oh My God. I feel him slide his finger in my pussy.He didn’t even touch my clit and I feel my body turn the corner. Perspiration was breaking out all over me and I feel the first twitch.Then I think oh my God, I can’t let everyone in the theater know I’m having an orgasm.I’m not a screamer but I’m not exactly quiet when I cum and this is sure to be one hell of a climax.Then there’s another twitch and another. Too late to think about that now. Then all at once I arched my back in the seat and every muscle in my body tightened.I was just about to reach up to put my hand over my mouth when I felt Bob put my shirt over it.Then it hit.I tried my hardest to keep from hollering out but I still hear a couple of muffled sounds. After that I don’t know what happened. Oh my God.I couldn’t believe I just had an orgasm in the middle of a movie theater.Another first in my life.I was still pretty out of it basking in the afterglow of one of my best orgasm when I hear Bob say,“The movies over. You and better get straightened up quick.” Just as he says it I open my eyes and see the closing credits come up on the screen.I almost had another orgasm right then as I grabbed my top out of Bob’s hand and pulled it over my head.I think a couple of people must have seen that especially the ones in the middle behind us. I was still straightening my top as people started walking by us.I was just starting to get up when Bob says, “you’d had better fix your jeans too before they fall off.” There I am pulling up the zipper on my jeans as people are starting to walk by us looking at us like what’s going on over there.I guess it was pretty obvious what we were doing during the movie because I was a disheveled wreck. Somehow I got put back together and found my way out of the theater. We were walking to the car when I noticed how cold it had gotten.It had really gotten cold now and my skimpy top was really not cutting it.Not that it really was before but this time really felt the cold air under the bottom rushing over my over exposed breasts and the once again the evidence was in my nipples. I was still pretty horny when I got back to Bobs and I guess he was to so I went in and made love once again before I finally left a little after midnight. I tried to sneak in my place without waking Karen or Sue but just as I’m about to walk in my room, I hear Karen, “Well, did you two get out of the bedroom?” I just let out a little snicker and closed my door. Wow what an afternoon and evening.I was still horny and had trouble getting to sleep thinking about my evening. Hope you like it.I have to admit that this was one of my favorite ones in a long time.

**Carrie’s Late Fall Bike Ride**

I know this is a fairly modest story compared to my other but its my lame attempt at having a little fun and keeping summer alive a little longer

This past Saturday,December 1, the temperature where I live reached 70 degrees and despite Christmas being only 25 days away I had a little summer left in me.

You see my boyfriend and I were anxious to take advantage of the exceptional weather but couldn’t agree on what to do.I suggested going down to the beach but Jim wanted to go on a bike ride.He suggested combining the two and for me to go biking in my bikini.I use to practically live in my bikini in the summer so the idea was kind of exciting but still it was December. I decided on bike shorts with my bikini top.It seemed like a silly ideas but I couldn’t pass on one last chance to wear my bikini and work on my tan.

Jim ran off to get his bike and I pulled my bike out of the basement. When he returned, I walked out in my bike shorts, bikini top, sneakers and that was it. It was not one of my most daring tops since I didn’t want to worry about popping out as we rode but plenty small enough to keep Jim’s attention as we got ready. I couldn’t believe it was December 1 and warm enough to go out like this. It probably wasn’t but I was doing it anyway. The thermometer read 68 degrees which was a bit chilly but the sun was out bright so it felt warmer.It reminded me of the chilly day earlier this summer when I went rollerblading in just my bikini.

Jim reminded me to put on some sun block since my tan was all but gone.We went back inside and he proceeded to make sure I was completely protected, taking my top off to make sure he didn’t miss anything.He finally broke off when I told him that if he didn’t stop we’d never get out it there.

I was going to bring a tee shirt to cover up if I got cold but after Jim made a snide comment about my high beans showing, I though that it would be more exciting without. I told him he’d just have to warm me up if I got cold.

We headed out along our street towards the park before picking up the bike route that took us all the way to the down to the beach.The combination of chill and sun felt really exhilarating but the wind was more than I expected. Thank God the sun was out.I got more than my share of looks as we passed a number of other bikers and joggers.Once I got warmed up I was fine even though I must have looked terribly cold to everyone else. We stopped at a light and a woman asked me if I was cold.I real wasn’t and told her it felt great.

We made our way all the way to the beach before stopping for a break.When we stopped could feel the effect of the colder ocean air.My nipples were really standing out now and I was covered with goose bumps.Now I’m not one that feels the cold real easily but it was definitely no longer bikini weather.We walked into a small café to rest and warmed up. Jim asked me if I wanted some ice cream but I had a soda instead.The guy behind the counter said that he had never seem someone down here in a bathing suite this late in the year and asked if I was cold.Jim started to tell him I was in the polar bear club before I stopped him. We explained that we had been biking and that the exercise and sun was keeping me plenty warm.

I didn’t think we had been there that long but when we got up to leave it felt a lot cooler.I figured it was probably because we had been sitting inside but I told Jim that we had better start heading back.It was starting to cloud up also so I didn’t have the benefit of the sun any longer.I wasn’t shivering thanks to the exertions but it was really starting to fell the cold wind across my bare body.60 was the temperature on a bank thermometer we passed.

Jim decided to take a break at this playground we passed.Actually the break in the wind passing over my bare skin made me feel warmer. At least for the moment. Jim thought it would be fun to try the equipment out so there we were acting silly like kids.The cold metal against my bare skin reminded me how cold it was and how inappropriately I was dressed.Eventually a group of girls came over to ride the swings asking me if I was freezing.A reasonable question since they were all in jeans and jacket or sweat shirts and I was in short bike shorts and a small bikini top.I told them I wasn’t which was barely the truth at that point.I was really concentrating on not shiving as I quickly ended our conversation and we got back on our way.

It was another half an hour before we made it home and the sun had long since given way to clouds.We raced the last couple mile with me wining in the end. The extra energy seemed to be countered by the cold wind passing over my exposed body leaving me completely covered with goose bumps and with nipples trying to poke holes in my top.

When I checked the temperature at home it was 56.The exhilaration and excitement managed to keep me warm despite the temperature but I still told Jim I needed some warming up.Jim kept to his promise quite nicely untying my top off as we entered the door.

All in all it was a thrilling afternoon giving me another release for my exhibitionist behavior.Maybe it will help me get acclimated for that skiing in my bikini dare that I never got to do last winter.

**Christmas Shopping By Carrie**

There was this dare to go out in a public wearing just a warm-up suite with nothing under it. I had done something similar last year when I went skiing and only wore my jacket and stretch pants but that’s another story.I figured I’d perk up my Christmas shopping and give it a try.

I first went to the Gym to workout.I only brought my workout stuff under my warm-up suite.I had already made plans to meet my friends at the mall so I figured unless I wanted to wear my sweaty cloths shopping I had no choice but go though with the dare.I had a great workout and worked up quite a sweat. The workout alone got me pumped up for the dare.I showered and came back to my locker to get dressed.I got a couple of strange look as I pulled my warm-ups on without put anything else on.

It didn’t seem like that big of a dare but I did get a charge out of my nipples rubbing against my top as I walked from shop to shop.I didn’t tell my friends about the dare in advance but they noticed my unrestrained breast almost right away and asked me what was up.We walked off to a less traveled area and I told them about the dare and that all I had on was my zip up top, designer sweat pants and sneakers.They made me show them so I unzipped my top down to the point that it was obvious that I didn’t have a bra on. I them pulled my pants out from my body to prove I didn’t have any knickers on either.A couple walked by as I did this last part and gave us a strange look.

We grabbed something to eat at the food court and talked a bit about my dares and other wild things I’ve done while a couple of guys looked our way.I don’t think they could hear what we were saying. They seemed more intent on just looking.

I really did have some shopping to get done so I didn’t exactly go around flashing people but I did unzip my top to about the middle of my boobs.I was pretty much covered when I walked but when I bent over everything was on display. I did catch a couple of guys checking me out along the way. I stopped in a hobby store to pick up something for my boyfriend Jim and the young guy behind the counter was obviously distracted.I was just asking him some questions and he kept fidgeting and stuttering and all.He was trying to explain how to use this thing but stopped mid sentence a couple of times as I moved a bit.I guess he had a better view than I thought.I eventually I bought it figuring Jim can figure it out.

All the attention along with the constant rubbing of my nipples kept me a bit turned on as we shopped.The whole time we were giggling and being silly and all. After a while we drifted away from our gift shopping and started shopping for ourselves.We stopped in the Gap and checked out the cloths.I’ve always like those low cutBritney Spears style jeans and picked out a couple to try on.

The women’s changing room was a large room with 6 staws off to either sides with a mirror at the end of the wall in between.I took off my warm-ups and tried on the jeans. I walked out to the changing room mirror wearing only my ultra low jeans. If these things get much lower I’ll have to shave a bit more.

I modeled them for my friends Karen and Nicole prolonging my exposure until a couple of other women came in. I’m not sure if anyone saw me but when door was opened any one in the right position could see right in.I asked the one women what she thought and accidentally brushed her arm with my boobs as I turned. She apologies but didn’t seem to object. Her friend seemed a little miffed at why I was topless just to try on a pair of jeans.Having four women watching me even just in the changing room was getting me even more excited which should have been fairly obvious from my erect nipples.

Karen suggested walking out topless to pick out another pair but I passed. Maybe next time I told her.She said, “Promise”.I changed back and continued shopping for a bit after buying the jeans of course.All in all it was an exciting shopping experience even though it was a bit distracting.

**Revealing Dance Dare**

Here's the dare as best I can explain it.My boyfriend and I were suppose to go to a night club separately and not let on that we knew each other. For every guy that asked me to dance I had to unbutton a button on my blouse until it was completely unbuttoned.Then I had to do a shot each time after that.For each woman that asked him to dance I got to re-button a button .Well the odds were staked against me that was half of the fun. I did it and what a time.I had the worse hangover since college on Saturday but this was probably the most fun I ever had doing a dare.I do it again but I need to modify that part about doing the shots. Here’s what happened.First I made the mistake of showing my boyfriend your comments before going out.He agreed that it might be better received as a fashion statement if I did it braless.I told him that it would be impossible dance and keep my breasts covered at the same time. We got in a mild argument and almost didn’t go out.Then he then came up with this outlandish idea that I laughed at at first but eventually went alone with for some reason. Since I was so concerned about my breasts showing, he suggested wearing that body jewelry he bought for Christmas me underneath.When he gave them to me I thought were earrings but you actually clip onto your erect nipples.Wow!They actually don’t hurt if they’re adjusted right but OMG what a teasing feeling. Unlike anything I’ve felt before.You ladies have to try them.They have three gems hanging from a round ring type thing with 3 chains between them.I only wore them once and OMG.We never got out of his apartment that night. That part was actually a lot of fun since it kind of just added to the erotic feeling.It didn’t do anything to keep breasts covered when the shirt was unbuttoned though.The outrages part was his suggestion to safety pin the shirt to the chains.Talk about a delicate operation. Well we tried it several ways and again we almost didn’t get out of his apartment.Only got stabbed once and I think it was on purpose.The amazing thing was it really kept the shirt from flying around.You probably think I’m making this up but its true.Still had to be careful since that come fairly easily. My outfit consisted of a 6 button blue and white blouse, hip hugger jeans and my pair of low heals.The blouse didn’t quite reach the jeans so there was no way to tuck it in even if I wanted to.I fixed up my hair and makeup and we were off. Jim picked the club which I later found out was one of his old pick up spots.We walked in separately.I was already horny as hell from just the walk.Almost immediately this guy bought me a drink.After a couple of pathetic pick up lines he asked me to dance.The first button was no problem.I didn’t even make it back to my drink before another guy asked me to dance. The second button also was no problem either but the next one was going to show the upper most chain and surely attract some attention. The only problem was I was getting pretty turned on by the shirt toughing on my body jewelry.This guy offered to buy me a drink and I figure that as long as I was with one guy perhaps no one would ask me to dance.This actually worked for a while until a couple of his friends arrived and one of them asked me to dance. I saw Jim talking to this women and was hoping they go up and dance but they didn’t for the longest time.Another dance and another button.I used the “wow its warm in here line this time as I unbuttoned the third button right in front of the guy.He didn’t seem to mind and asked me about the chain right away. My blouse was half way unbuttoned and Jim hadn’t dance with a single women yet.I made it a while before another guy asked me to dance. We had only been there about half hour and I was over half way unbuttoned.It was weird because with the chains exposed it really looked like the blouse was meant to be worn half un buttoned. Towards the end of that dance my right nipple ring popped off my nipple.I ran to the ladies room see if I could fix it and calm down a bit. It was difficult to get things back together by myself and I wasn’t about to explain to someone why I had done this.When I came out I saw Jim dancing so I started to button up.I hadn’t even finished before someone asked me to dance so I never even got to finish. It only took about another 15 minutes before the blouse was completely unbuttoned.The safety pins worked amazingly well but Oh My God what a felling each time the shirt tried to open.Two girls actually complement me on my outfit.A couple even asked me how the nipple jewelry felt. One compared my outfit to that dress Jennifer Lopez wore.I managed to get another girl to dance with Jim but that was it.After that I must have spent a good hour dancing and doing shorts.After a while I didn’t care to button up.Eventually Jim came up to me and asked me to dance a slow dance with him.It was a good thing because I think I was starting to get sick.I think I asked him if I get a button back or have to do another shot for this dance. Between the liquor and over my over stimulation I was more than ready to leave with my last dance partner. The rest is a little fuzzy but I’m certain it was good. This was probably the most fun I ever had doing a dare. Can’t wait to do it again but I’m going to modify the part with the shots. I can’t drink anymore like in college.

**Carrie Goes Dancing**

Ok before I get started I need to tell you guys something.I was a little hesitant to make the rest of this story public because I know Jim my boyfriend now ex boyfriend reads these stories.He isn’t a strong supporter and well this kind of put him over the edge when I told him about it.Don’t worry.It wasn’t like things were that great before and what the hell there plenty of great guys out there. Ok on with the story. Where was I?Oh yea, I was visiting Lisa and she was helping me complete my dare to wear my little black dress without knickers.We were at this dance club and these twin brothers Don and Jeff had just asked us to dance. Normally you can’t keep me off the dance floor but this was different. I had calmed down as we talked to the guys but as soon as the guys mentioned dancing I blushed and started to get nervous again.I hesitated until the Don grabbed my arm and started to lead me through the people.Lisa and Jeff followed.Both the guys noticed my dress and commented on it.They new I didn’t have a bra on, that was obvious but I don’t think they realized I didn’t have any knickers on either. My nipples were poking hard against the front of the thin dress and were quite noticeable as we made our way to the dance floor. I could tell my vagina lips were swollen but without knickers I couldn’t feel the normal pressure of them pressing against anything. Walking through the crowd in just a light flowing covering increased the felling of my nakedness and arousal. I stopped short of the dance floor thinking of a reason for not dancing but Lisa came up behind me and kind of just ushered me onto the dance floor.I was in a bit of a fog as everyone around me swayed to the music.I don’t even remember hearing the music.Don and everyone else was really into the music and I was kind of in my own world.Don asked me if I was alright, and I gave him a nervous acknowledgement.I wasn’t exactly myself knowing that any significant movement would mean showing either my nipples, my ass of my pussy.I think I survived the first song without any significant exposure but I saw a lot of anticipating eyes following me.I could see eyes straining to look for my knickers to make and appearance. The second song was one of my favorites.I was starting to get into it a little more but struggled to not let the hem of my dress expose my bare ass. I was so concerned about showing my ass that I didn’t even notice my right breast all but falling out of my flimsy top.I looked down and saw my areola clearly visible along the edge of my dress.I don’t know if my nipple was visible but it was ever so close.I tugged the top back in place and slowed my movements a little to preserve some semblances of modesty.Lisa danced close and started encouraging me on to try to get me into the music. When the song ended I asked Don to sit out the next one and we left the dance floor. With all good intentions he led me through the crowd with his arm around my waist. As he did it compress the dress into the small of my back and caused it to ride up my ass.I wasn’t sure how much it exposed but I expect that my ass cheeks must have been showing.I bet some watchful eyes must have though I must have been wearing a very small thong. We had another drink which helped me calm down again but it was no time before Don and Jeff suggested dancing again.Again my arousal rose as was evident by my hard nipples.This time I was more conscious of how noticeable my nipple were.They poked through the dress like twin antennas drawing every eye in the place towards my exposed cleavage. The twin bumps clearly visible in the front of my dress showed everyone who looked how close my nipples were to making an appearance.When your nipples are hidden from view its hard to tell exactly how much breast is expose or how close your nipples are to popping out but in my case everyone could till I was only about and inch from popping out. Again my excitement level rose to an unbelievable high.This time however I had consumed a little more liquid courage and my nervousness seemed a little less. Looking back despite the calming effect the liquid courage brings it is a bad idea to have more than a little to drink when doing these dares. I was starting to fell the buzz on top of my arousal and the combination was helping me loose my inhibition and I didn’t have a lot to loose.I was starting to get into the rhythm of the music and I’m sure my ass was making and appearance.Don kind of spun me around and his jaw dropped as he realized that I didn’t have anything at all on under the tiny dress. He kind of froze and smiled as he we re-connected.I shot him a sheepish little smile as I realized my secret was out.We dance one more fast dance and then a slow one came on.I wanted to leave but Don convinced me to dance with him. He put both arms around me and pulled me tight.So tight that I felt my hard nipples rubbing against his shirt as we danced.I also felt his hands roaming all over my back and butt. I was afraid that his motion was exposing my butt to everyone behind us but it was so romantic that I didn’t really care. I felt myself getting wet as we danced.Now I was afraid of my juices running down my leg for everyone to see.I survived the dance and left for our table. When Lisa came back we left the guys to go to the bathroom as girls always do.As we walked Lisa started talking about Jeff and how nice he were. I agreed that they were nice but my concern was on my dress and how much was on display.On the way to the ladies room two other guys asked us to dance.We passed and continued to the ladies room. In the ladies room Lisa suggested I take the dress off so I could clean up but there were several women already there. I ducked into the last staw and pulled the dress over my head.I hung it up on the hook on the back of the door as I sat down to relieve my bladder. I was tempted to relieve myself of some other pressure but didn’t want to get off in a crummy bathroom staw.I was cleaning myself up when I looked up and saw my dress being pulled over the top of the door. Lisa had reached over the top and was pulling it over the top from the outside.I grab it just in time.I pulled it back and put it on as quick as I could.God only knows what might have happened if Lisa got a hold of that dress. On the way back to the guys we were asked to dance twice and had several offer for drinks.I’d been hit on before but this was unbelievable. Staying with the twins was actually making the adventure more relaxing than had we been by ourselves. They seemed like really nice guys so it seemed like a double date.We sat and talked for a bit which is when I explained my attire and the dare.We sat for quite while and ended up talking about the Caribbean trip and the Beach adventure. I was feeling kind of embarrassed that I had done all these things.I seemed like such a slut but I couldn’t help but think about how much fun it was. I know people were listening in which only served to turn me on even more. I was already at the boiling point when the guys asked us to dance again.I was so excited that I wasn’t even thinking about how much I was showing.I had long since broken out in a sweat and now looked like that girl in that movie Break Dance.Eventually we left for the table again.This time Don squeezed right up against me and backed me right into the corner of our booth.We picked up were we left off with the dare stories.Only this time Don was getting extra friendly with me. He had his right hand up under my skirt and was massaging my leg as told them about the towel dare.As I went on about the way Karen had switch towel when I was in the shower.It was right about then that I left out a little yelp as I felt Don’s fingers brush my vagina lips.I told him to stop and he did, for a bit at least.Jeff was dieing to hear the rest of the story.I think Don had other things on his mind though. I started up again when I felt his hand on me again.This time he worked his finger inside me.I left out a moan as it entered.Lisa asked what’s the matter.I couldn’t believe she didn’t realize what was going on.I told her I’m getting finger fucked right her in the restaurant. That’s what’s going on. One part of me wanted him to continue and finish the job but the rational part said this couldn’t be happening.Jeff who was getting just about as friendly with Lisa suggested going back to their place. Lisa and I conference and she really wanted to go with the Jeff.I was so delirious with lust that I wasn’t thinking straight when I agreed. Well the rest is another story but it surfices to say we had a fucking good time!

Like I said I did a third dare that I didn’t even plan. Actually, it wasn’t even on my proposed list but I remembered it from the truth or dare site. I think the author actually wanted it done in another setting but this kind of happened on the spare of the moment.

The next morning she when we got up Lisa said she never picked up the mail yesterday and dared me to run down and get it naked. I know Lisa gets off on watching me sweat so figured I’d see if I could turned it around a little. I had nothing to loose since no one knew me down her and if one of Lisa’s neighbors saw me walking outnaked it would be her that would have to explain it long term and not me. I was thinking she was bluffing but inside I knew better.I was still a little excited from the prior nights activities. I put on my game face despite what I felt like in side and said,“Sure no problem. What box is it?”I saw that the boxes were inside the front door from when I arrive and it wasn’t like I had to walk outside or anything.I just had to make it down and back up 3 flights of steps. Lisa seemed genuinely disappointed that I hadn’t put up more resistance or shown any signs of trepidation. I simply through my towel over the back of the couch and headed out the door naked as the day I was born.As the door shut all signs of confidence went out the door along with me. I wondered if she had something in mind like locking me out. My nipples jumped to attention and I could feel the tingle between my legs.I just couldn’t let her see.I tied to causally walk down the steps but the whole time I was trembling at the thought of running into someone. I made it all the way down to the mail boxes when I realized that I need a key to get into it. Ah.I started to run up the first set of steps.I slowed up as I got Lisa’s level.She was smiling at the door twirling the key around her finger.“Forget something, like your cloths, oh, the keys.”, she said as she smiled at me.I tried to act causal but the mask was breaking down.I grabbed the key and headed back down the steps again. Just as I opened the box someone came in the front door. It was a woman. She stopped in her track as the site of me.I smiled and told her I was Lisa’s friend.I couldn’t believe I was standing there completely naked in the hallway and making small talk.At least trying to.The woman hurried by into her apartment on the first floor.I turned and rushed up the step.Lisa was laughing as I handed her the mail.Once inside it hit me and I ran to the bathroom. The rest of the visit was fairly calm but after the events of the last 48 hours anything would have been.Lisa suggested we start planning our vacation.I told her I didn’t think I could survive a week with her. I’d told her I’d be arrested for sure.She suggested going to Europe where it would be ok to show some skin. We talked about a couple of ideas but we didn’t make any plans or anything.

**Painted on Jogging Suite Dare**

Several have asked for more detail on my painted on jogging suit dare. I forget exactly how this started but I remember doing a lot of research and talking to several people about latex body paint.I had figured that it would be impossible to get off so I needed some explanation as to what to expect.I’ve had the paint for several months but couldn’t bring myself to go through with it. One weekend early last summer my housemates and I were board after just hanging around the house all day when the sun finally came out. When I first brought up the dare theythought I was crazy but ended up encouraging me though it when I started to get cold feet. All in all it took about two hours to get ready.The plan was to paint on a jogging suite and go out for my normal jog and see if anyone noticed.I don’t know whether I convinced my housemates Karen and Sue to jogging with me or they just wanted to watch but either way it made for some peace of mind knowing I had some other people I could trust with me. Karen’s the artistic one. She got the paint ready while I showered and shaved. I mean I shaved everything. First time I’ve been that completely bare since I was a kid. That was an experience in itself.After that I showered offI rubbed baby oil all over where the paint was going.I was told it makes getting the paint off easier and they were right except as I found out it makes it a little too easy for it to come off. Well the first embarrassing part was standing there naked in the middle of the room with my two fully clothed housemates looking on while getting painted.And they went out of their way to let me remind me of it with their comments. When it was time, Karen outlined the extent of top with black paint.I had to tell her twice to make it bigger.At first I thought she was painting a bikini top instead of a sports bra. After a bit we got the outline right and started filling in the rest. Karen blended in some blue and gray to provide some contrast to make a bit of a pattern.The pattern server to hide my nipples which were really erect after Karen teased them with the brush. Sue wanted to get in on the act as we started working on my bottom.She was getting a thrill out ofseeing how turned on she could get me. Eventually she filled out the rest of the outfit. Then Karen came back and worked on the details. We put a second and third coat of paint on my breasts and crotch to help hide my, well you know. I walked around to see how it felt and looked while we let it dry a bit more. It looked real from a distance and it felt just as good.Then the real test.That’s when I started to get second thoughts.I was ready to chicken out when Sue and Karen came out in their jogging outfits. They weren’t about to let me back now. Now don’t let me give you the impression that they were regular joggers. This was the first time either of then had ever gone out jogging with me. I wasn’t sure I could do it but Karen and Sue grabbed me by the arm and dragged me right out our side door.They locked the door behind us so I wasn’t getting back in.After a bit of hesitation I took a deep breath ran down the driveway.Wow, What a feeling.I hesitated at the end of the driveway to see if any cars were coming while Karen and Sue just kept on going.You see we live about a block and a half from the park where I jog. There usually isn’t much traffic and nothing in site so off we went towards the park.I don’t know what I would have done if there was a car.A couple of doors down there was someone working in their yard.He must have seen us but didn’t seem to notice or at least didn’t give any reactions.My heart was pounding and not from the jogging. By the time we had reached the park Karen and Sue had already started to slow down.I could see some people off in the distance. I was sure they must have noticed my boobs bouncing but no one seemed to pay any particular attention.I thought jogging topless would be really tough on my breasts but I never noticed since my mind was on other thinks.I couldn’t believe I was out in the park in broad day like and was completely naked and no one seemed to notice.That was the wildest part. When I stopped to let Karen and Sue rest, I started to sweat since it was still pretty warm out. I didn’t think much about it until we started jogging again.The paint felt a little looser than before. Then they really put me to the test when that ran right past a group playing softball and then a jogger coming in opposite direction. The jogger did a double take and turned around to look.I’m sure they noticed something but we just kept running. As we continued a couple of cracks started to form in the outfit.The ones in the bottom didn’t bother me but the top was starting to feel real loose.Karen and Sue started to run out of gas and wanted to head back which was fine with me.I was getting a little cocky and started to kid then about being out of shape but as we approached the street Karen and Sue slowed to a walk.I just kept running since I didn’t want to let anyone get a better look at my jogging suite. Again there were no cars on the street.By the time they met me back at the house my top was starting to peel away. Thank God we started back when we did.I had thought it would be hard to get the paint of but except for a couple of areas it just about fell off. I can’t believe I did it and more unbelievable is with the exception of that one jogger I don’t think anyone even knew I was only wearing paint. The actual jogging was really exciting but the preparation took too long.

**Christmas Shopping**

There was this dare to go out in a public wearing just a warm-up suite with nothing under it. I had done something similar last year when I went skiing and only wore my jacket and stretch pants but that’s another story.I figured I’d perk up my Christmas shopping and give it a try.

I first went to the Gym to workout.I only brought my workout stuff under my warm-up suite.I had already made plans to meet my friends at the mall so I figured unless I wanted to wear my sweaty cloths shopping I had no choice but go though with the dare.I had a great workout and worked up quite a sweat. The workout alone got me pumped up for the dare.I showered and came back to my locker to get dressed.I got a couple of strange look as I pulled my warm-ups on without put anything else on.

It didn’t seem like that big of a dare but I did get a charge out of my nipples rubbing against my top as I walked from shop to shop.I didn’t tell my friends about the dare in advance but they noticed my unrestrained breast almost right away and asked me what was up.We walked off to a less traveled area and I told them about the dare and that all I had on was my zip up top, designer sweat pants and sneakers.They made me show them so I unzipped my top down to the point that it was obvious that I didn’t have a bra on. I them pulled my pants out from my body to prove I didn’t have any knickers on either.A couple walked by as I did this last part and gave us a strange look.

We grabbed something to eat at the food court and talked a bit about my dares and other wild things I’ve done while a couple of guys looked our way.I don’t think they could hear what we were saying. They seemed more intent on just looking.

I really did have some shopping to get done so I didn’t exactly go around flashing people but I did unzip my top to about the middle of my boobs.I was pretty much covered when I walked but when I bent over everything was on display. I did catch a couple of guys checking me out along the way. I stopped in a hobby store to pick up something for my boyfriend Jim and the young guy behind the counter was obviously distracted.I was just asking him some questions and he kept fidgeting and stuttering and all.He was trying to explain how to use this thing but stopped mid sentence a couple of times as I moved a bit.I guess he had a better view than I thought.I eventually I bought it figuring Jim can figure it out.

All the attention along with the constant rubbing of my nipples kept me a bit turned on as we shopped.The whole time we were giggling and being silly and all. After a while we drifted away from our gift shopping and started shopping for ourselves.We stopped in the Gap and checked out the cloths.I’ve always like those low cutBritney Spears style jeans and picked out a couple to try on.

The women’s changing room was a large room with 6 staws off to either sides with a mirror at the end of the wall in between.I took off my warm-ups and tried on the jeans. I walked out to the changing room mirror wearing only my ultra low jeans. If these things get much lower I’ll have to shave a bit more.

I modeled them for my friends Karen and Nicole prolonging my exposure until a couple of other women came in. I’m not sure if anyone saw me but when door was opened any one in the right position could see right in.I asked the one women what she thought and accidentally brushed her arm with my boobs as I turned. She apologies but didn’t seem to object. Her friend seemed a little miffed at why I was topless just to try on a pair of jeans.Having four women watching me even just in the changing room was getting me even more excited which should have been fairly obvious from my erect nipples.

Karen suggested walking out topless to pick out another pair but I passed. Maybe next time I told her.She said, “Promise”.I changed back and continued shopping for a bit after buying the jeans of course.All in all it was an exciting shopping experience even though it was a bit distracting.

**Revealing Dance Dare**

Here's the dare as best I can explain it.My boyfriend and I were suppose to go to a night club separately and not let on that we knew each other. For every guy that asked me to dance I had to unbutton a button on my blouse until it was completely unbuttoned.Then I had to do a shot each time after that.For each woman that asked him to dance I got to re-button a button .Well the odds were staked against me that was half of the fun. I did it and what a time.I had the worse hangover since college on Saturday but this was probably the most fun I ever had doing a dare.I do it again but I need to modify that part about doing the shots. Here’s what happened.First I made the mistake of showing my boyfriend your comments before going out.He agreed that it might be better received as a fashion statement if I did it braless.I told him that it would be impossible dance and keep my breasts covered at the same time. We got in a mild argument and almost didn’t go out.Then he then came up with this outlandish idea that I laughed at at first but eventually went alone with for some reason. Since I was so concerned about my breasts showing, he suggested wearing that body jewelry he bought for Christmas me underneath.When he gave them to me I thought were earrings but you actually clip onto your erect nipples.Wow!They actually don’t hurt if they’re adjusted right but OMG what a teasing feeling. Unlike anything I’ve felt before.You ladies have to try them.They have three gems hanging from a round ring type thing with 3 chains between them.I only wore them once and OMG.We never got out of his apartment that night. That part was actually a lot of fun since it kind of just added to the erotic feeling.It didn’t do anything to keep breasts covered when the shirt was unbuttoned though.The outrages part was his suggestion to safety pin the shirt to the chains.Talk about a delicate operation. Well we tried it several ways and again we almost didn’t get out of his apartment.Only got stabbed once and I think it was on purpose.The amazing thing was it really kept the shirt from flying around.You probably think I’m making this up but its true.Still had to be careful since that come fairly easily. My outfit consisted of a 6 button blue and white blouse, hip hugger jeans and my pair of low heals.The blouse didn’t quite reach the jeans so there was no way to tuck it in even if I wanted to.I fixed up my hair and makeup and we were off. Jim picked the club which I later found out was one of his old pick up spots.We walked in separately.I was already horny as hell from just the walk.Almost immediately this guy bought me a drink.After a couple of pathetic pick up lines he asked me to dance.The first button was no problem.I didn’t even make it back to my drink before another guy asked me to dance. The second button also was no problem either but the next one was going to show the upper most chain and surely attract some attention. The only problem was I was getting pretty turned on by the shirt toughing on my body jewelry.This guy offered to buy me a drink and I figure that as long as I was with one guy perhaps no one would ask me to dance.This actually worked for a while until a couple of his friends arrived and one of them asked me to dance. I saw Jim talking to this women and was hoping they go up and dance but they didn’t for the longest time.Another dance and another button.I used the “wow its warm in here line this time as I unbuttoned the third button right in front of the guy.He didn’t seem to mind and asked me about the chain right away. My blouse was half way unbuttoned and Jim hadn’t dance with a single women yet.I made it a while before another guy asked me to dance. We had only been there about half hour and I was over half way unbuttoned.It was weird because with the chains exposed it really looked like the blouse was meant to be worn half un buttoned. Towards the end of that dance my right nipple ring popped off my nipple.I ran to the ladies room see if I could fix it and calm down a bit. It was difficult to get things back together by myself and I wasn’t about to explain to someone why I had done this.When I came out I saw Jim dancing so I started to button up.I hadn’t even finished before someone asked me to dance so I never even got to finish. It only took about another 15 minutes before the blouse was completely unbuttoned.The safety pins worked amazingly well but Oh My God what a felling each time the shirt tried to open.Two girls actually complement me on my outfit.A couple even asked me how the nipple jewelry felt. One compared my outfit to that dress Jennifer Lopez wore.I managed to get another girl to dance with Jim but that was it.After that I must have spent a good hour dancing and doing shorts.After a while I didn’t care to button up.Eventually Jim came up to me and asked me to dance a slow dance with him.It was a good thing because I think I was starting to get sick.I think I asked him if I get a button back or have to do another shot for this dance. Between the liquor and over my over stimulation I was more than ready to leave with my last dance partner.The rest is a little fuzzy but I’m certain it was good. This was probably the most fun I ever had doing a dare.Can’t wait to do it again but I’m going to modify the part with the shots. I can’t drink anymore like in college.

**Luck of the Draw**

Ok, First a little background.I had received this absolutely impossible dare from this woman. I emailed back that I couldn’t possible do it so she tamed it down a bit.It was still a bit to much but finally she gave me one that I agreed to try.It basically had me going out to diner with Karen and Sue in my little black dress.It included me wearing red knickers and bra. Ok so you think it was boring.Oh but no.We brought along a deck of cards.The date I agreed to had me draw a card every 10 minutes.If I pulled a numbered cards no problem.If I drew a face card it got interesting.If I drew a jack I had to spread my legs till I drew the next card 10 minutes later.A queen had me lifting my skirt to my waist and leaving it that way till I drew the next card.The king was even worse.Karen had brought her vibrator and I had to put it in, on high, till I drew the next card.The acess were really interesting.Each ace represented a different article of cloths. If I dresw the ace of spades I had to take of the dress. I was mentally prepared for every one but that one.I couldn’t image just sitting there at the table in just my bar and knickers. I was really nervous on the way to the restaurant even though I knew the odds were way in my favor with 9 out of14 cards being perfectly save.Karen and Sue were paying with the deck as we sat there threatening to stack the deck. Sue shuffled real well and then I cut the deck.My first card was and 8 and the second was a 4 so I didn’t have to do anything.I was starting to relax a bit and we ordered.10 minutes later I drew my third cards and it was a king.Oh God. Karen pulled the vib out of her purse and slipped it over to me trying not to let anyone see it. Here she was nervous about being seen with it and she wanted me to wear it in public. She wanted me to slip it in right there at the table but it wasn’t that simple.I told them I’d go to the ladies room and put it in there.They reminded me that it had to be set on high.I started to say something but Sue just said get going, your on the clock.I was a little removed from what I was about to do until then.You could see my nipples harden even through my dress and bra. Luckily when I got to the ladies room it was empty.I wasn’t taking any changes and ducked into the first staw for this.I pulled down my knickers and turned it on and quickly turned it off again.I shuddered at the thought.Only once before had I tired Karen’s vib and only for a minute on high. It was unbelievable.Ten minutes and I’d be orgasming all over the place.Heres were I cheated a bit and it cost me later but that’s a different dare. I turned it on and set it at about ¾ , or about medium high. I was already wet so it slipped in pretty easily. Oh My God, I didn’t even have it in and I was feeling its effect.I finished pushing it in place and pulling my knickers up when I felt this flush of warmth engulfed my whole body.All at once I felt warm all over.I was thankful I only set in on medium high because you could hear a light buzzing even at that setting. I freshened up quickly in the mirror noticing the flush in my face. It really started to get to me as I walked back into the restaurant.I couldn’t believe how hot I was after only a minute. By the time I got back to the table my legs were shaking.I quickly sat down and tried to suppress the growing excitement inside me.I tried to act casual but it was impossible. I kept looking around thinking everyone in the place was looking at me. I was squirming all over the place when our diner came. Perspiration was forming on my forehead and I was fighting an upcoming orgasm as the waiter served us. I could fell it starting as he finished. Karen started ask him something just to extend his stay at our table. I was going nut fighting to delay my orgasm long enough for him to leave. Karen said its time for your next cards right as my orgasm started.I did well to suppress my outward reactions even as a blush consumed my whole body. I sat back as it passed hoping no one saw me. Karen and Sue were snickering as I told Karen I had to get this thing out of me but she reminded me that there were 3 other kings out there so see what comes up.I drew another card and luckily it was a 3.Thank God.I ran back to the ladies room to remove the artificial stimuli.This time there were two other women there so I didn’t want to take it out while they were there for fear they’d hear it.I couldn’t wait long though. I couldn’t stand it much longer.Luckily they left and I took it our before another orgasm hit me. By the time I got back to the table my diner was getting cold.I munched it down and before finishing drew my last card.A 9. still safe.My last card was a Jack so I avoided the big bad cards but I still had to hold my legs wide open for the next 10 minutes. All in all it a fairly tame dare except for one exciting exception.On the way home I confessed that I didn’t actually set the vibrator on high.Karen immediately jumped on me for cheating and said I’d have to redeem myself. After a couple of minutes she had another dare for me. I’ll tell you about that one in a couple of days.