**Consequences of What Not to Wear**

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Things went about as I had expected up to the third night during Spring Break of my junior year of college in Cancun, Mexico staying at an all inclusive resort. We spent the days sleeping off hangovers on the beach under the tropical sun and spent the nights drinking too much. I had gone with my roommate, Andrea, and a couple of other friends of mine from school. We ended up not venturing out of the resort very much since it was crawling with college students and we got as much social interaction as we could handle.  
  
After dinner on the third night of our 7-day trip we were hanging at the outdoor bar that overlooked the beach. It was where we had spent pretty much every night since we had arrived, and many people there were starting to look familiar. We would basically drink a lot, flirt a lot and make fools of ourselves, but have good time while we were doing all of it.  
  
Usually after everyone had at least one too many drinks the MC would stop the music, introduce the DJ, and then have a game where you would win a prize if you did some required task. However, if you were a volunteer you didn't really have much of a choice since the slogan of the game was "You do it or it will get done to you." The tasks weren't that crazy but the prizes weren't that great either. You might get a free drink or t-shirt for clothes swapping, eating a chili pepper, drinking a shot of tequila, kissing strangers, etc. Nothing that crazy went on until I was chosen to be a volunteer on that third night. I still have a hard time believing that it happened. It all started when I was trying to figure what to wear earlier that evening.  
  
I looked myself in the mirror feeling slightly disappointed. We had gone shopping that afternoon and I bought a $75 black rayon dress that came down to just above my knees and hugged the contours of my body. It was slightly padded in the bust with a built-in bra, which I liked since my breasts are on the small side, but my hips looked big in it. What I couldn't live with, however, was that I had visible panty line showing through the dress around my hips even though I was wearing a tiny thong.  
  
I've never felt that attractive in my body. I have short legs and a long body with small breasts and wide hips. I don't think I'm completely hideous or anything but I'm not one for showing off my body. I'm self-conscious in anything remotely revealing. Emotionally, it had been taking its toll on me the past few days having to wear swimsuit most of the time. On top of that everyone in Mexico seemed to suntan topless. Since my three girlfriends had also gone topless, I had felt compelled to do the same so as not too draw attention to myself. At least I had a nice tan which made me look better.  
  
"You're going to have to lose the panties," I heard Andrea say.  
  
"I don't know," I answered horrified at the thought. I had never gone out anywhere without panties on  
  
"Just try it in here," Andrea said. "If you're still uncomfortable, then you'll have to suffer the panty lines. It can't be any worse than taking off your top at the beach."   
  
Andrea knew me too well. I'm the shy quiet type and neurotically self-conscious. I don't like to draw attention to myself and tend to get anxiety ridden when I do things that aren't "proper." I grew up in a small town in the Bible belt and it had been literally beaten into me that good girls did not commit any sort of impropriety. Andrea had hit on my inner conflict either committing a fashion faux pas or an impropriety. She knew I would fret over all my options making such an important decision. For some reason, which I couldn't figure out, this seemed to be a much tougher decision than taking off my top at the beach had been.  
  
I reached up under my dress and slipped off my panties careful not to show too much skin to the other girls in the room.  
  
"I think it makes your hips look smaller," Andrea said.  
  
"You think?" I said hoping she was right. I was surprised to see that the dress did look better on me without the panties, and I didn't think that anyone could really tell that I wasn't wearing any underwear at all.  
  
"Yeah, I do. Now let's go before we're last in line at the buffet again." And before I change my mind, she was probably thinking  
  
And off we went. Often I've wished I was more like Andrea. Once she made a decision she didn't think about it anymore and just went with it. It would sometimes get her in trouble but it had to be better than way I was always staying awake at night agonizing over one thing or another.   
  
I knew if it wasn't for Andrea that I wouldn't be walking down the stairway just outside our room feeling the wind ride along my thighs then brushing up against the moistening area between my legs. I had recently been waxed, which completely removed my pubic hair, and I wondered if this was the cause of the heightened sensations as the humid tropical air brushed up against my most sensitive region. This was yet another thing I wouldn't have done without Andrea's influence. It was supposedly so that we wouldn't look unseemly in our bikinis. It had made me feel sluttish and I wanted my hair to grow back. However, even it heightened my sense of shame, I couldn't ignore that it was also heightening the feelings of arousal between my legs. I started to toy with the idea of running back up to our room and slipping on my panties but I was hungry so I didn't.  
  
Other than parading around the restaurant without underwear, which I was sure everyone somehow knew, dinner was the usual uneventful fair. Again I was disappointed. I had hoped for some good authentic Mexican food but had ended with the resort's mediocre version of American food.  
  
Right after dinner we headed around the corner to the now familiar outdoor bar and ordered marguerites. During the day the area was covered in lounge chairs with people on them soaking up the sun. In the evening it was made into sort of outdoor night club with a DJ and dancing. Later into the evening the place started to get crowded and I had more than a few marguerites. I became more relaxed from the not so small quantity of alcohol running through me. This seemed to coincide with my increased comfort with my nakedness underneath my dress. By the time the dancing had started I had forgotten about the whole thing and concentrated on having a good time.   
  
Andrea and I were dancing near each other with a pair of guys from Chicago when all the sudden the music stopped and the MC started talking. This guy was different from the guy we had the previous nights. I couldn't really understand what he was saying until I heard the words, "You do it or it will be done to you," and that was only because the crowd yelled out with him. The feeling of the crowd was different that night, the atmosphere was electric.  
  
All of the sudden I felt a commotion nearby and everyone was raising their hands trying to get picked for the dare. I was surprised when I saw Andrea start moving to the front of the crowd. When I realized that she had gotten picked for the dare I was giddy with anticipation. I knew she would relish the attention and I was excited for her.  
  
"Are you ready to do it?" the MC said.  
  
"Yes," she said reaching into a box and pulling out a piece of paper that had her dare on it. "Oh my God," I heard her say after she read it.  
  
The MC took the paper from her and announced, "Are you ready to do it or have it done to you?" She shook her head yes. I was dieing to know what it was. Then he spoke into the microphone, "You must perform oral sex on this banana for the length of one song." I wasn't quite sure how that would be "done" to her, but it didn't matter because there was no doubt she would do it.  
  
Andrea took the banana from his hand and started seductively peeling it. Andrea is tall, gorgeous, and is the epitome of sexy. She's about 5'10" with straight light brown hair cut that just touches her shoulders. She has long shapely legs with elegant arms and hands, and a beautiful figure. She has a light olive complexion and nice full lips that are just plain appealing. She never has trouble getting the attention from the guys and she definitely had their interest at this moment.  
  
After taking the banana into her mouth the song started. She was putting on good show and gave me visions of what a porno must be like. By the time the song ended the crowd was in a frenzy and everyone was going nuts cheering for her. I gave her a big hug when she was finished after she had walked over to me. I couldn't imagine what the next two dares would be. There had always been three and they had always gotten more provocative as they went on.  
  
The next volunteer chosen was a guy. He had to moon the audience on the DJ's stage. Everyone cheered when he did it but I got the sense that the audience had wanted something more after Andrea's tantalizing show.   
  
I was wondering who would be picked next when all of the sudden I felt myself being pushed out in front of the crowd.  
  
"We have our next volunteer," I heard the MC say as he grabbed my hand. I was mortified and tried to protest that I hadn't volunteered but I was answered with, "Are you ready to do it or have it done to you?"  
  
I didn't answer and I doubt that I could have uttered coherent word even if I'd tried. Everything was happening so fast and before I knew it I saw my hand reaching into the box fishing out the piece of paper. I was surprised that there was only one piece but I pulled it out. I didn't think to read it like Andrea had done and just handed it to the MC.  
  
"Oh my," I heard him say under his breath. I had a very bad feeling. "Are you ready to do it or have it done to you?" I was still too mortified to speak and couldn't answer. He just kind of shrugged. "For the remainder of the evening you must remove one article of clothing, but it cannot be your shoes or any jewelry."  
  
"What?" I uttered not believing the words I had just heard.  
  
"You must remove one piece of clothing but not your shoes or any jewelry."  
  
My first thought was 'they'll see my underwear,' and then it hit that I wasn't wearing any. I stood there my mind frantically thinking of what else I could take off.....I had nothing but my dress and I was naked underneath.  
  
"I'm not wearing anything underneath my dress. I can't do the dare," I quietly whispered into the MC's ear.  
  
"What's that you say?" he announced playing on the audience's sense of anticipation. "You're not wearing anything underneath your dress?"   
  
Everyone started going ballistic. I heard someone say "We'll see her naked." I looked to Andrea for some help but I couldn't find her. I felt like I was about to cry and continued to protest that this was beyond a reasonable dare.  
  
"Do it or it will be done to you," I heard someone yell out. Then the audience started to chant it.  
  
I looked to the MC for help. For a second it looked like he felt sorry me. "Do it sweetheart, and do it proud," he whispered to me.  
  
The frenzy of the crowd was starting to get to me and all I wanted to do was run away but that was impossible. I gathered myself realizing I would be embarrassed but not hurt. I probably wouldn't see any of these people again anyway. I kept telling myself that it would be just like when I was topless on the beach but I couldn't get around that it felt so much different. The crowd wanted to see some skin and if I didn't give it to them, then they would take it. That scared me more than anything.  
  
It was the absolutely most difficult thing I ever had to do in my life. My hands shook as I reached up and started to pull the straps down off my shoulders. The crowd's chanting turned into a cheer and instantly the sinister feeling I had felt from the crowd was gone. I could hear my heart pounding in my in my chest and felt the sweat dripping down my back. The faces around me became a blur.  
  
I gradually pulled the dress down to my waist while keeping my breasts covered with one arm. I don't know why I had felt compelled to do this even though I knew I had a long way to go. I hesitated and then revealed my breasts eliciting a loud cheer. Interestingly enough I noticed that my hands had stopped shaking and that everyone's faces were coming back into focus. My stomach was still tangled in knots but I felt like my mind was starting to work normally again.  
  
Although I was starting to feel a bit better, I wasn't ready for the next step. I must have hesitated too long because I started to hear lots of booing. Eventually I managed to slip the dress over my hips and then stepped out of it without letting touch the ground. For some reason it was very important to me that I didn't get the dress dirty. I held the dress close to me covering as much of my body as I could.  
  
Then I felt it suddenly yanked from my hands and I heard the crowd roar. The MC had grabbed it and held it over his head. Then, to my horror, he threw it out to the crowd. It seemed absurd to me that my first thought was that my dress would get dirty. The dress disappeared in the crowd.  
  
There I stood naked, except for a pair of high heels and a necklace I was wearing, for everyone's enjoyment. I felt so vulnerable. I stood there trying to cover my big bald vagina. Oh, how I wished I hadn't gotten that wax. I was surprised to find how wet I had gotten between my legs. I couldn't believe it with over sixty people staring at my horrible body. I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there unable to look at the crowd.  
  
"Come on," I someone say. "Let's get you a drink." It was Katie, one of my friends.   
  
"I want to go to the room," I said.  
  
"Andrea has the key and I think she left."  
  
"Andrea left?" I said unbelievingly. How could my best friend abandon me like this?  
  
"I think I saw her leave with a guy," Katie said. "Her banana performance made her very popular."  
  
"Come on, let's go," Katie said smiling. "You might as well be drunk while you're naked out here."  
  
I followed her to the bar looking around to see if anyone had my dress. I didn't see it but I did notice everyone looking at me.  
  
I sat on a stool at the end of the bar trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. Everyone at the bar was really nice. People complimented me saying I had a nice body and that I had a lot of courage for doing what I did. I didn't feel courageous but everyone's nice words felt good. Besides they bought me lots of tequila shots.  
  
After a few too many tequila shots I started to relax and started to act as though it was normal to be out and about completely nude. I was even starting to forget I was naked. At one point I was sitting on the stool talking to some guy, not realizing that my legs were spread, showing him my every asset. No one tried to grope me or do anything rude for which I was grateful.  
  
At around midnight the bar area closed and Katie and I still hadn't found Andrea. Some people who were renting a big suite invited a bunch of us up to their room to continue the party under the condition that I stay naked. At that point I didn't care and accepted.   
  
The party wasn't that eventful. There was about twenty of us and we just sat around talking and drinking beer in the main room of the suite. Around four in the morning I was surprisingly sober not being a big beer drinker. Most everyone else was really drunk and some people were dancing in the middle of the room to some music that played on the television.  
  
I ended up dancing with a guy named Tyler. He was a tall, well-muscled guy from California. He fit the blonde haired surfer stereotype and was very cute. A slow song came on and he held me close placing his hands on the small of my back. It was the first time anyone had touched me all night. As the song progressed his hands slowly moved lower and he eventually was holding my buttocks as we danced. I felt myself get wet and was curiously aroused by the public display of sexuality.  
  
He reached up and removed his shirt and then pressed his chest up against mine. His warm body felt nice against my own and I rested my head on his shoulder. During the following song he turned me around and pressed his chest against my back then put his hands on my stomach. His hands started to wander. I knew I should have stopped him but I didn't. We were in the middle of a group of people and I noticed that we were starting get some attention. Everyone was staring as he placed his hands on my breasts. After a few light squeezes followed by a gentle pinching of my nipples, which elicited an audible moan from me, his hands followed the contours of my body down to my hips. Everyone's eyes were on us and it turned me on. I lost myself in my arousal actually wanting to people to watch.   
  
I felt a warmth building inside me. One of his hands gradually reached lower until one finger slipped between my legs. I was a wet as a river. I almost fainted as I felt his fingers move gently along the entrance of my sex. I started to breathe heavily and moan softly as he continued to touch me. With his other hand he was removed his shorts and before long I could feel his penis between my buttocks.  
  
His manhood was huge and he was obviously proud of it by the way he was showing it off. It made me a little anxious thinking it might be painful if he penetrated me. He turned me around so that I faced him. Then he kissed me passionately as he rubbed his cock up against my sex. Everyone was still watching but I wasn't paying as much attention to it.  
  
Suddenly he picked me up off of my feet and laid me down on my back against the floor. He parted my legs and kneeled between them just staring at me for a few moments. Gradually he moved closer holding his erection in one hand. I felt him rub the tip up and down my wet slit. Then in one swift motion he penetrated me.  
  
It felt like a telephone pole had impaled me. It was slightly painful but it felt good. Tyler fucked me right there on the floor, bringing me to orgasm in front with twenty people or so cheering him on, including one of my good friends.  
  
He turned me over still keeping himself inside me and I was suddenly on my hands and knees. He continued to fuck me hard doggy style. I was waking up the hotel with my screams as I climaxed for the second time. After that he withdrew and pushed his cock into my face. I happily accepted it and sucked on him until he came. He covered my face and chest with cum as everyone cheered.   
  
Right afterward Katie helped me up and took me in to the bathroom and helped me clean up. The whole time she was going on hot it was watching me and joked that I should be a porn actress. I suddenly felt the need to be covered and wrapped a towel around myself before exiting the bathroom. Almost everyone had left, including Tyler. I suppose it was because the show was over. Katie and I left and headed back to our room. We knocked on the door and luckily Andrea opened. She was still dressed but looked disheveled. She had gone off with some guy and had just gotten back. She told us all about it and then I shocked her with my story.  
  
What a night for me. When it started I felt so naughty for just not wearing any underwear. I could have never imagined spending ten hours totally naked in front of seventy people and then having sex in front of about twenty. I never did see Tyler again. It was a totally surreal experience and sometimes I still can't quite believe it actually happened when I think about it.