**Dares**

**Dare - Wear a swimsuit that is transparent when wet. No cheating - no liners**.

I just got back from a trip to Trinidad & Tobago. And while there are hundreds of tales to mentioned from a trip with hubby, I'll keep this story to this dare.

I'm often surprised by what my husband packs for me on our vacations. I get to pick the location, and he gets to pick my outfits. This time, I thought he was going easy on me. Afterall, it isn't often I get to wear both the top and bottom to my bikinis. But once I saw the bikinis, it explained everything. Hubby had ordered on-line a few bikinis. Not a one had a lining. Not a one had a backside either - all thongs, or more accurately, all g-strings. The tops covered hardly anything more. I found it impossible to keep the top covering all of my areolas. The material stretched into place, but it didn't take much for it to slip out of place either.

The suits were all very transparent when wet. According to hubby, the yellow bikini was so transparent when wet that he said it looked like I was wearing just a few strings. I had trimmed my pubic hair before the trip, but the small patch I left could be seen hair-by-hair!

My nipples looked as if they were completely exposed. So it didn't take me long to go topless on any beach that allowed it. And I even went topless on one that wasn't so liberal.

It was on that beach we met another vacationing couple. They were from England. And they appeared to be just a couple of years younger than hubby and me. Once I ran from the ocean in my barely there suit, they became very friendly. We immediately hit it off together. The fact that she went topless in front of hubby probably helped hubby accept the intrusion. She had rather large breasts which may have also explained hubby's friendliness.

Even though my next-to-nothing bikini barely covered a thing. Anytime my bikini was dry, one of the three would pull me to my feet and drag me into the water.

We did a few of the tourist things with this couple, too. On a snorkel boat ride to the reefs, I was the only woman wearing a tiny bikini. Our friend had a one piece like the other women. And after our swim, all eyes were on me. Even the boat captain and crew were staring. I might as well have been nude. Another couple of the boat, Germans, I think, snapped several photos of me on the boat.

I decided to stand up and let the breeze dry my bikini. It worked. Although, I found myself struggling to keep the top in place with the strong wind.

For whatever reason, I found wearing such a revealing bikini even more exciting than the many nude swims I've had on other vacations at hubby's request.

Dare - Remove your panties in a public place.

As I've mentioned before, when we vacation, I let hubby select all my outfits. So, after a few days on the beach in a mirco-bikini, we accepted an invite from another couple to explore some of the island on moto-scooters.

Hubby asked me if I would wear a skirt. I mentioned how riding a moto-scooter would be nearly impossible to keep the skirt down. Even though he got an evil grin, and I would have worn it had he asked, he didn't ask. Instead, hubby selected a pair of very baggy shorts for me to wear. He also allowed me to wear some white lacy panties. He explained that the lacy part was just in case some one got a peek. Hubby also asked for me to wear a chemise as my top.

The other woman was wearing a long skirt and tank top that left her midriff exposed. It was clear neither of us were wearing a bra. That seem to delight the husbands and the moto-scooter attendant.

We spent most of the morning zipping up and down the winding roads along the sea shore. The island is breath-taking. When I suggested we stop for lunch and drinks, the other couple suggested a little bar off the beaten path.

The bar was more like an over-sized hut. A few scooters and rusty trucks were parked outside. That is if the place really had a difference between inside and outside. From the bright sunlight, it took my eyes a few seconds to adjust to the dark shadows under the roof.

But once my eyes adjusted, I could hardly believe the bar decorations. They had panties hanging from every post and beam in the place. Some of the panties were ordinary white cottons; some were highly risque' thongs; and there were even some really large boomers. So I just had to ask, "Why are all these panties hanging here?"

My new friends explained, "The bartender will give a free drink to any lady who offers her panties in exchange." I just laughed at the thought, but my friend demonstrated! She hiked her skirt high enough to slip off her panties. When she laid them on the bar, the small crowd cheered. As the bartender mixed her drink another bartender nailed her flowered panties to a post near the bar.

Then it was like everyone in the place started to stare at me! Of course I knew I would do it, but I looked around for a place to slip off my shorts. There wasn't one. And when I asked, the bartender explained, "You must remove the panties in the bar." My friends said that some tourist have been known to wear two pairs of panties. That was definitely against the rules.

I feigned shyness. I asked if I could remove them from behind the bar. A few of the patrons objected, but the bartenders agreed. As I walked behind the bar, they added another rule. I had to finish my drink before I could reclaim my shorts. That brought the sulking crowd alive.

I slipped off my shorts, then my panties. And then the bartenders made me fix my own drink. They had me walking around bottomless to the delight of the other patrons. I even was serving others as I drank my rum. I finally noticed that one of the bartenders was refilling my drink everytime I served someone else. I had a bottomless glass to go with my bottomless outfit.

I did manage to finish the drink eventually. And that was when I discovered someone had tossed my shorts over one of the beams. I had to stand on the bar to retrieve my shorts as no one, including hubby, would get my shorts down for me. I had a little too much rum to care. And according to hubby, I even danced a little while I was standing on the bar.

The ride back to the hotel was a little more breezy, and we went just a few miles per hour. None of us were feeling much pain. Luckily, we didn't have any accidents or arrests on the way back to the hotel. And much of the afternoon and evening is just a blur to me.

**Dare - Wear a bikini in Public where bikinis aren't normally seen.**

I usually don't do things like this near my home. But something just snapped the other day. I couldn't wait for the weekend, and when I explained all to hubby, he grabbed the car keys and said, "Let's go!"

When hubby got home from work, he found me dressed my tiny yellow bikini - sheer when wet. I asked if he wanted to go out for drinks. He questioned whether I really wanted to go out dressed in a bikini in the winter (we recently got some more snow). I told him I was willing to go out in my bikini if he could find a bar far enough out of town that no one would recognize us. "Let's go!"

I grabbed my long coat - afterall it is still winter! But once the car warmed up, I kept flashing him my tiny bikini. I even teased him all the way by asking questioned like, "Can you see my pussy when I adjust this?" Of course he could. My fear was the bikini would be drenched and therefore sheer before we arrived at a bar. So the only thing I could do was pull the bikini to the side and allow myself to air dry. It does not work. I'm terrible I know. I probably should not have been teasing hubby so much. The roads were fairly slick. (So was I!)

I have no idea how hubby found the bar. A few highways off of the main interstate, and there it was a little place in the middle of nowhere. Hubby asked me what I was going to say when they asked why I was wearing a bikini in winter. I had no idea, so we sat in the car discussing stories. We didn't sit long, I took the first plausible one.

When we strolled inside, I knew this place was going to be fun. Country music was playing, but not too loud. A few old timers were seated at the bar. A couple was dancing, and another couple was talking in a booth. The bartender was as old as anyone else in the place, but the waitress looked barely old enough to be in a bar herself.

We sat down in a booth and placed our beer order. I wanted one to keep my nerve. The juke box stopped, and the dancing couple sat down to their drinks. I asked hubby for some quarters.

As I stood, I let my coat fall into the bench. By the time I reached the juke box, the place fell silent. Without looking, I knew everyone was looking. I concentrated on picking a couple of songs I liked. Then I walked back to hubby and my booth. Everyone was staring.

The waitress came over to ask, "Why are you wearing a bikini?"

I'm a terrible actress, "Oh you mean there isn't a bikini contest tonight?" She didn't believe a word of it, but she told the bartender and the older men at the bar my story.

The bartender yelled out, "We'll have a bikini contest tonight if she wants one!" The men cheered and raised their mugs to toast me.

When hubby finished his beer, he encouraged me to walk up to the bar for another. I 'squeezed' inbetween the men on the stools to ask for another beer. And the bartender asked me, "Just how to you expect to pay for the drink, pretty lady?" It was clear I didn't have have any money hidden a pocket. I joked that I thought I had won the bikini contest by default since no one else entered. One of the men offered to buy me the drink, but his buddy suggested I had to compete in 'the' bikini contest to win.

They wanted to watch me dance to one song for the beer. I agreed, and they even gave me the quarters. Now, this was strange dancing by myself in the middle of the bar, but everyone was cheering for me. Afterwards, I drank half of the beer I 'won' for my husband. Hubby didn't mind at all.

I was still quite thirsty, so I made my way back to the bar. As I waited for the beer, one of the men pointed out my clearly erect nipples. He was amazed by how sheer my bikini was. I mentioned it would get very sheer when wet. To that one of the guys yelled, "Ice water for everyone!"

This time for payment for the beer, they wanted to pour the water on my suit. I can't explain the feeling I had, I wanted to do this so much, but I was also worried about things getting out of control. So I delayed the drenching by trying to bargain with them.

Then my white knight entered the bar. Actually a blue knight - a state trooper. He must have been a regular as the men all knew him. They explained how a lady came into the place wearing a bikini to enter a contest. He laughed and made some sort of call on his radio. He sat at the bar drinking a coffee.

The men started back on the 'sheer when wet' theme. I knew the trooper would keep things from getting too out of hand. I even asked him if it would be a problem. The bartender handed him a pitcher of water, and the trooper was grinning from ear to ear.

I started at the far end of the bar letting each man pour his glass of water on me. Some took their time, and some others simply dumped the glass on my breasts. When the waitress saw the puddle of water, she demanded I move off the wood floor over to tile. The trooper still had his pitcher, and he slowly poured it. He gave me little instructions when and how to turn. He made certain no square inch of material was dry. By the way, this bikini only has a few square inches of material, too.

When I went to retrieve my beer, one of the old timers said, "Sheer my ass! It looks like the thing dissolved!"

Another suggested I just go ahead and remove it to let it dry faster, but the trooper put a end to that thought.

Anyhow, I was starting to feel the cold. I thanked everybody for a fun evening, and they all welcomed me to return anytime. The trooper checked to see that hubby hadn't drank too much to drive. And then we headed home.

This was a blast. Hubby kept asking me, "If the trooper hadn't been there to stop you, would you have stripped?" I didn't answer. I just smiled.

**Dare - Wear Just a Towel in Public. For the daring: if it falls, you ought not reclaim it.**

Hubby and I went to Hawaii on some of his business frequent flyer miles. And per our agreement, Hubby packs my bags. And for this vacation, he packed really light. We made a long weekend of it, so we didn't need much, but I thought he could have brought along a little more clothing for me. Once we checked into our hotel room, Hubby finally explained his packing, "You only need a few things since we'll be spending most of the time on the nude beach."

Well, the first day Hubby gave me a tiny thong bikini to wear to the beach. It didn't have a lining, and it was a bright green. A thong for my butt, and thongs for my feet. The thin bikini top wasn't cover much either. Everyone in the hotel lobby noticed me. And everyone in front of the hotel noticed me too as we waited for the rental jeep. Hubby held the beach bag with our towel, lotion, and books.

Along the road, we passed several tourist shops. I mentioned I could use a wide brimmed hat, and Hubby pulled over at the next hut. It was a weird feeling walking around the place in my abbreviated outfit. Had I just come from the beach - no problem. But it just seemed strange to me at the time. I ended up finding a nice grass hat and a new pair of sunglasses, too. I darn near lost the hat on the remaining portion of the drive to the beach.

There wasn't a parking lot- just several cars lining the road, and there wasn't any indication that a proper beach was anywhere near by either. Hubby double checked his little nudist book and decided we were in the right place.

The walk to the beach was an adventure, too. It was more or less a hike through the jungle. Then we came upon the hard part. We had to walk carefully along some rocks through the ocean spray. Then we were there - a nude beach. And boy were they nude, too!

Hubby was vastly disappointed. Just a few females. I guess I was disappointed, too. The dozen unattached guys seemed a little gay to me. A few had nice bodies and nice penises, too.

We set up our little beach place further away from the single guys, but not too close to the other couples. I knew Hubby wanted me to strip for him, so I did so without him even saying a word. It was a first, but I got him nude, too. We really enjoyed keeping each other oiled with sun screen. Every time I applied lotion to Hubby's penis, he got erect and had to roll over. I loved teasing him about it, too. I think that was how he figured to get back at me.

In the heat of the day, Hubby mentioned there was a waterfall near by according to his book. He said he didn't want to lug our stuff to the waterfall, and he didn't want to left it unattended either. So I thought he was being nice to offer to run it back to the jeep.

By the time I realized he had taken everything except the beach towel, he was gone. Fortunately, I was left alone while Hubby was gone. He returned wearing just his swim trunks and jogging shoes.

I "allowed" Hubby to carry the towel for a little while as we headed back towards the waterfall. When we started to hear voices, Hubby suggested I cover up in case some family was coming along. We didn't see a family, but two gay men fully erect were coming from up the trail. I asked how much further the waterfall was, and they stopped to chat for a minute. I know Hubby was ready to keep moving, but I thought it was fun to stand there wrapped in just a towel with two completely nude men. It may have been me, but by the time we left them, their erections were gone. Hubby was glad on both counts.

The waterfall was beautiful. We stood right next to the stream feeding the fall. A huge pool of water was about thirty feet below us. Three couples were swimming in the pool, and at least one couple was nude. When they spotted us standing on the cliff watching them, they called for us to join them. I yelled down if the water was deep enough, and they all waved for me to jump.

I tossed Hubby my towel, and I jumped. When I surfaced, the other couples were cheering. I turned to see Hubby jumping still wearing his trunks.

Skinny dipping is the best way to swim, and the water was cool but felt great after the long uphill hike to the waterfall.

The other couples were really nice, but unfortunately, they slowly left. When the last couple decided it was time for them, too, to leave, I asked, "So where's the trail back to the top?" The couple laughed. There was no direct trail back to the top. They told us we had two choices, walk through the vegetation on sharp lava or to follow the water to the beach and walk around to the nude beach's trail.

I stared at Hubby as the couple headed off to the beach. Neither of us wore our shoes when we jumped. Hubby had just his swim trunks. I was wearing just my wedding ring!

After about thirty seconds on the lava rocks, I declared the jungle impassable. Hubby gave me the option to wait at the pool until he ran around got our stuff and ran back or I could walk with him. I didn't think much of sitting in the jungle alone and nude, so the only real choice was to walk with him.

This time all I could do when we passed a family was to hide behind Hubby and cover myself. Only one woman gave me grief about being nude so far away from the nude beach. I didn't stay for her lecture, but she continued it as we kept walking.

On the regular beach, a nude woman attracts attention. We tried to stay in the bushes, but the leaves were too sharp. I finally told Hubby we would make better time if I just walked in the open and hurried along. So that was what I did.

The nude beach was separated from this beach by another outcropping of rocks with ocean spraying. This walk would have been tricky with hiking boots. It was nearly impossible in bare feet and with some teenage boys following us. Hubby finally chased them off (he removed his swim trunks once we were near the nude side of the beach).

The couples were long gone. Just a few gay men remained. I was exhausted from the walking, but I knew I still had plenty more to go. Fortunately, halfway back up to the waterfall, the two gays we met before (now dressed) had realized our plight. They were returning from the waterfall with our stuff.

Hubby donned his shoes, and I slipped my thongs on my feet. It was weird, but I felt no need to cover myself with the towel in front of these complete strangers. By the time we returned to the nude beach, even Hubby was getting over them being gay. Fortunately, the guys declined Hubby's invite to dinner.

When I saw our beach bag sitting in the back of the jeep, I wondered why Hubby could not have left the bag unattended on the beach if he left it unattended in the jeep. His simple reply was, "This way I knew you wouldn't have anything to wear at the waterfall." I decided to just wear the towel on the drive back to the hotel. I read the Nude Beach book about this place. It had a section warning about the accessibility of the waterfall. Hubby pretended he never read the warning. I still wonder.

I wore just the towel straight through the lobby, up the elevator, and down our hallway. I must say, I felt more covered than I was wearing just the tiny bikini that morning.

We were exhausted, so we skipped the luau we had planned for that night. A quiet dinner and we went right to sleep. The next morning, we woke and made up for an early bedtime the previous night.

I decided we should just hang around the hotel pool and drink some of the fruity punches. I wore the little green thong again through the hotel. I discovered something about this bright green fabric too. It was sheer when wet. And I do mean very sheer! A few people around the pool snapped a few pictures of my climbing out of the pool dripping wet. I wonder if anyone had taken pictures on the regular beach the day before, and Hubby said, if those teenagers had, I'll be all over the internet by the time we got home.

On the way back to the room, I had a towel around me. But on the elevator, we were by ourselves, so I slipped off my bikini while still wearing the towel. As our floor approached, Hubby dared me to walk back nude. I remembered a dare from here, so I told him if the towel fell ON IT OWN I would not try to retrieve it.

Well, it did fall, and I wasn't even out of the elevator yet! Hubby certainly took his time walking to our room and getting the pass key out.

Later I went for ice wearing just a clean towel. It too fell, but Hubby made me walk back to get it so we wouldn't have to pay for it. Another couple caught me in the hallway and just smiled. That was fun!

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OR the other trip...

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Hubby and I went to Hawaii using some of his business frequent flyer miles. And per our agreement, Hubby packs my bags. And for this vacation, he packed really light. We made a weekend of it, so we didn't need much, but I thought he could have brought along a little more clothing for me. Besides the sundress I wore on the airplane, he packed a couple of my lingerie nighties. Absolutely nothing to wear otherwise. Okay , fine I thought. He's done this before, and we go shopping for some fun clothing - right? Wrong.

We got in late at night, so nothing much besides sleeping that first night. By the time I woke, Hubby was already dressed in his swim trunks and a tee shirt. He already signed us up for a snorkeling cruise. And that was when he sprang his news on me, "I was hoping you'd agree to go on the cruise wearing just a towel. Will you, please?"

Now, I've let him dressed me in way too revealing clothing before, and I've let him get me into situations where others have seen me completely nude. But I've never been totally nude in a place I have no where to run and hide. So his plan was for me to stroll down the pier in just a towel, go on a boat cruise to a ocean reef, and skinny dip with who knows how many people. While I could find a thousand things wrong with his plan, I found one thing I can never resist - he asked.

Fortunately, the boat pier is very near the hotel, so I knew I didn't have to walk too far in public in a towel. I debated wearing my shoes, and decided if I got them wet, they'd be wet on the flight home the next day, too. So barefoot and nothing but my wedding ring and a towel, I decided to go along with Hubby's desires.

And wouldn't you know it. Just as I thought we made it out of the hotel lobby without someone spotting me, a hotel worker sees us heading towards the pier. He said that I couldn't take my room's bath towel to the beach. He had a beach towel to trade me. I was standing RIGHT in front of the restaurant windows. So, I took his towel but made a quick retreat back into the side door. In maybe two-tenths of a second, I made the switch before anyone had a chance to see me. Even Hubby was too slow. I handed the hotel worker my room towel as Hubby signed something for the towel switch.

Well, as luck would have it, we were late on the pier. We were told to hurry down the pier for our boat. I was simply walking fast holding the towel in place, but when we saw them toss the rope lines, Hubby dashed on ahead. I quickened my steps, but once Hubby made it to the boat, everyone else onboard yelled for me to run. I tried, but I wasn't running any faster than I could keep my towel in place.

Stepping into the boat, I KNOW one couple saw my little secret. I suppose, everyone else thought I was wearing a bikini under the towel.

Quick introductions were made all around the boat. There were five couples, counting us, and there were three crew members. I immediately realized how lucky I was. We hadn't even considered that families might be onboard. Fortunately, the youngest couple were maybe 20 years old or so. They were on their last day of their honeymoon, too.

The bride was wearing a bikini, but nothing too revealing. Another woman was wearing a tankini. The other two were wearing thongs and tops a bit too small for them. I also noticed that each woman had a wide brimmed hat, sunglasses, and a sarong. Most of the sarongs were extremely sheer. Hubby later mentioned that one of the thonged women was "pure eye candy, too." He was right.

The guys, and I mean every single guy, were wearing baggy surfer trunks. The funny part was that each had a very similar floral design. Not exactly the same, but same colors and look. A couple of the guys were really fit, especially the newlywed - ribbed stomach and defined muscle groups - he wasn't a large man, just really fit.

Well, I have no idea where we cruised. It took a couple of hours. And the crew refused to tell us where we were. "A trade secret." They had located a reef off another island (and if I had any sense of direction I could guess, but I was completely lost).

We were told to pair up with another couple. The woman in the tankini was the one I had to step over when I boarded, and she immediately asked us to join them. Well, when the newlyweds didn't join the other group, Hubby invited them to join us. The other group look relieved. It seems those two couples knew each other and didn't want anyone tagging along.

We let the other group go first. And it took them a while, as the captain made them listen to his instructions again. We needed to keep an eye on the boat. If he calls us back (with the horn), we had to come back immediately. The first group asked which way we intended to snorkel, and Hubby pointed in one direction, and their group headed the opposite way.

So, it was the moment of truth. I delayed for a minute or two longer as I slipped on my mask. When it seemed we were ready to go, I dropped my towel on the bench. The other two woman smiled (thank goodness), and the guys were grinning ear-to-ear. Hubby's smile was the best. Then the captain made me stand there nude as he repeated all the instructions again! And putting on swimming fins while nude is NOT a private matter.

We all jumped into the water together. Amazingly, no one even said a word about me skinny dipping with them. While we were snorkeling with two other couples, we all gave each other plenty of room. [I don't think you want to hear much about the reef and coral life, but let me say, if you cannot scuba dive, go snorkeling in Hawaii. It's fantastic! And that would be true whether or not you wear your swim suit.]

Again, I have no idea how long we were swimming, but the captain sounded the horn, and we had to return to the boat.

I made the mistake of being the first to the boat - Hubby right behind me. The captain called me out of the water first. Okay, now I was on full display for the others and the crew. My whole swimming group joined in Hubby's applause as I stood on the landing of the boat.

One of the crew members handed me a garden hose and suggested I rinse the saltwater from my hair. More time in front of everyone nude. No problem, the fresh water felt great. Then Hubby climbed out and asked me to rinse him down. Well, to make this part short - everyone waited in line for ME to rinse THEM off.

The other group was really slow in returning to the boat, and I saw why. The guys had the girls' tops, and they were playing keep away. Once the guys spotted me though, they made a beeline to the ladder. I had just finished rinsing the last guy from my group. And the other guys wanted the same treatment. The other ladies were cool about me being nude and watering their men down. In fact, one climbed out of the water topless to retrieve the other's top for her. After tossing the top to her friend, she pulled her guy's trunks open in the front and asked me to cool his erection. And I did get a pretty good look at it too!

Once the last woman had regain her top, she climbed onboard. I figured why not, and started to rinse her down as well. That's when I finally noticed how sheer her bikini really was. She might as well have been as nude as I was. But for some reason, she felt she needed to keep covered - even sheer when wet covered. Her friend remained topless, though she started to fumble with her top as I finally dried myself with the towel. But when I realized I needed to dry the towel before recovering myself, the lady tossed her top into her beach bag.

As we headed back to the pier (whichever way that was), the captain opened a bottle of champagne. He also had some fruit cut into chunks for us to snack on as we headed home.

Well, I was starving. I hadn't had a thing to eat since the airplane dinner in flight. And that wasn't too tasty. I crowded my way to the fruit tray, and I realized I was bumping into everyone as the waves tossed the boat around for a bit. No one seemed to mind either.

It was probably the champagne, but when someone broke out their video camera, I didn't run to hide. I actually stood there nude enjoying the fruit and wine and chatting with everyone. Then one of the ladies dug out her camera and wanted her husband to pose with me. I did it. Well, the cameras were coming out right and left. It seemed everyone except Hubby and I had a camera. And that includes the crew!

Getting sun screen applied to all parts of my body was strange as the cameras kept clicking. The previously topless woman became the instant director for her man. I was laughing too hard to care.

Well, it was definitively the champagne making me bold. The captain asked if I wanted to drive the boat (he never asked anyone else). I accepted. He gave me the "grand" tour of the top deck: a wheel, a couple of throttles, and some gauges. The radio had a dozen knobs and dials on it alone. And the captain had to reach around me several times to use the radio. It was quite a view from up top. And when I turned around to wave to Hubby, I realized the rest of the boat had quite a view too! Four cameras snapping away and one camcorder rolling!

Every time, I suggested to the captain he take control of the wheel again, he said, "No, you're doing fine." I finally insisted when we got so close to the pier that other boats were blowing their horns as they past by. I was still trying to cover myself in the towel as we pulled along side the pier.

Everyone was sad the tour ended, and when someone requested a group shot by the boat, we all stood in a "chorus" line for the crew to trade cameras and take the pictures with each camera. Halfway through the picture taking, I felt my towel slipping. Since my arms were around Hubby's shoulder and another guy's shoulder, I hoped for the best. I'm not saying whether my hope can true, but the towel did drop on just before the last picture was taken. ;-)

As we walked up the pier, Hubby and I were invited to a luau with another couple. I knew I had NOTHING to wear, but Hubby still accepted. But that's another topic if anyone is still interested.