**Bare As You Dare**

by[EmiTsuruta](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=80688&page=submissions)©

I guess I'd been going out with my boyfriend Ryosuke for a couple of years by this point. I was still studying at Oceanview U. in California, but Ryosuke had graduated, and was now working full time in the sushi bar in town. He worked evenings quite a bit, but one night he had off, he took me to this pub called Hernando's. There is a big neon palm tree sign out front. It's kind of dark inside with red brick walls, but there is a stage where they sometimes have live bands.

At first, I wasn't quite sure what we were doing here, but I invited my friend Fujiko, the buff tennis instructor, and she brought her frat house mates, Winston, the tall Chinese swimmer, and Gus. Ryosuke knew a couple of people too - the East Indian pick up artist, Margas, and Sven, a big blonde guy, whom I kind of knew from the Halloween party. I don't think Sven is actually Swedish, but he just dyes his hair blonde trying to look as if he is. Sven is pretty friendly I guess. He seemed really glad to see me, and lifted me up over his shoulder spinning me around. It was kind of embarrassing, but that's just the way he is.

Anyway, we settled in at our table, ordered some drinks, and took a look around. Ryosuke pointed out a poster on the wall: 'Skin Thursdays. Go bare as you dare. Show the most skin to win $$$.' At first, I didn't know what it was, but later in the evening, they called women up on stage, and the judges chose who was the most daring, and gave her a prize.

"You should enter," Ryosuke suggested, nudging my shoulder. I wasn't really dressed for it that day. I was just wearing ripped white jeans and a white t-shirt.

"Maybe some day," I told him.

Anyway, the next week, Ryosuke wanted to go to Hernando's again. This time I dressed up, going in my black faux leather dress with the lace up sides, vaguely toying with the idea of entering the contest. Sven and them cheered me on, saying I should go for it, but I felt shy about putting myself out there like that. I did work on my dance moves, imitating some girl dancers I'd seen in a K-pop video, shaking my 'booty,' just to get a rise out of the guys. They seemed to like it.

One week, I finally decided to just go for it. I still wanted to keep up my good girl image though, so I got out this frilly white mini-dress that I'd picked up recently. It was an interesting design actually. It had two spaghetti straps that tie in bows on each shoulder. It was kind of open at the sides just under my arms, and the bottom part was a billowing flirt skirt, a bit higher at the back than the front. I also put on a pair of colorful open toe platform sandals just to keep with the summery theme. I didn't wear a bra, but I did pull on some white cotton panties I'd bought in Japan. Oh and for the trip there, I wore a jacket, just to keep my outfit a surprise. I guess this contest wasn't that important, but if I was going to enter, I did want to look my best.

I met Ryosuke at the bus station, and he smirked when he saw how short my dress was. I knew he wanted me to enter in the contest, and I was glad he liked my outfit.

We took a bus to the club, and got in line. The bouncer didn't say anything about my outfit, but I think some of the guys in line were kind of checking me out. Once we got inside, I checked my jacket, and looked around only then realizing that Daniel Francis was there. Daniel is the handsome son in the mansion where Ryosuke is staying. I'd had a few run-ins with Daniel before, nights I'd slept over in Ryosuke's room. I suddenly began to worry about how indecent I looked. Because I wasn't wearing a bra, you could kind of see the sides of my breasts, not to mention my panties from the back. I fretted that Daniel might tell his parents, making it harder for me to visit Ryosuke at their house.

To hide while I thought this through, I went straight to the back of the club, and sat down at a table in the corner. Sven and them saw me, and came over. It looked like Sven was going to pick me up again, but I motioned for him to behave, worried about Daniel. The waitress came, and I ordered an apple cider. Margas was kind of staring at me, peering through the side holes at my breasts. I covered up as best I could, but I felt terribly exposed. I kept hoping that Daniel would leave, but he and his friends seemed to have settled in for the night.

Ryosuke eventually came over to see what I was up to.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" he asked. I pointed over at Daniel. "Oh, don't worry about him. He's an okay guy once you get to know him." Ryosuke had been living with the Francis family for quite a while, so I guess he knew Daniel pretty well. I'd only met Daniel the times I'd gone over to their house. I'd kept this a secret from Ryosuke, but I kind of thought Daniel was cute. He has a swirl of brown hair that falls over his intense eyes, and kind of bad boy lips. I didn't know if I wanted Daniel to see me like this, all dressed up like a tart.

"You're making a big deal over nothing," Ryosuke insisted. "Why don't you just scoot over to the judges' table, and see what they make of your outfit?"

I just sat there looking at Ryosuke for a while, but eventually I stood up, trying to get up my nerve. I finally went over to the judges' table to ask about the contest. There were a whole bunch of girls there that night, bleached blonde beach bunnies in all kinds of get ups. They flocked around the judges making it hard for me to get close. I didn't want to intrude, so I just asked the clerk when the deadline was for applying. He said I still had time. Giving up on the judges, I trudged back to Ryosuke. He could see I looked dejected, so he pulled me down onto his lap.

"What'd they say?"

"I didn't get talking to the judges. There were too many girls there," I moped. Ryosuke peered over at these girls, scrunching up his nose to show he thought I was cuter than them.

"You could win this, you know," he said.

"How?"

"Just take off your panties," he smiled, patting me on my rear end.

"Yeah, right," I laughed, thinking he was joking. He kept nodding though, and ran his finger down the crack of my rear making me squeal. I stood up to get away from him, but it was kind of an intriguing idea. The club was dark, but there were an awful lot of people around. That might get the judges' attention, though. I pinched Ryosuke's cheek to punish him for goosing me, and then stalked off.

"Where are you going?" he called after me.

"Nowhere. I'm just going to get some air."

I headed over to the entrance showing the bouncer the stamp on my hand, and stepped out onto the patio in front. There were still a few people sitting at the outdoor tables, but it was a lot quieter out here. I was still shivering a bit from Ryosuke's goosing. I have to admit I was a bit excited by then, parading around in this skimpy white dress in front of all these people. Daniel being here was a point against, but maybe Ryosuke is right that he'd be cool with whatever. If I am going to give this contest a try, maybe I should just go for it. If I keep putting it off, I'll never do it.

I glanced back and forth to make sure no one was coming, and then hid off to the side in the entranceway. I reached up inside my skirt, slid my thumbs into the waistband of my panties, got up my nerve, and finally yanked them down. It felt so weird stripping out here right in the middle of the entranceway. I was so nervous that my panties got tangled around my ankles. I frantically tried to shake them loose before someone came. I finally got my panties off, and tucked them away in my purse, just as a few new partiers arrived. Phew! That was close!

I tried to act like nothing was wrong, but some of the guys outside were kind of gawking in at me, all excited about something. I wondered if they could see through the thin white material of my dress, but I think it was more the breeze was making my skirt billow up, giving them a peek at my bare backside. I could definitely feel the air on my pussy, getting me all excited. Oh god. Maybe this isn't such a good idea after all.

Anyway, I bit my lip, showed my stamp to the bouncer, and scurried back inside. I made a beeline for the judges' table, intending to just nip in, flirt with them a bit, and then go pull my panties back on.

Before I could make it to the judges though, I ran into Daniel, who'd come over to say hi. He was looking straight at me. My heart started beating a mile a minute, my hello kitty was tingling like crazy.

"Hey, Emi! What are you doing here?" he smiled. I turned to look to Ryosuke for support, but Sven and them were all squinting over at me, clearly noticing that something was different. I felt for the hem of my skirt, and it had floated up at the back, exposing my bare bottom. I tried to push it back down, but I think that Sven and Margas had already figured out that I was pantiless. My face was getting all hot from the embarrassment.

Ryosuke finally noticed me, and came over - to rescue me I was hoping. Instead he just shook Daniel's hand, and started talking with him. Here I was out in the middle of the dance floor surrounded by all these guys looking on. I moved a hand around trying to hide my butt crack at least, but even Daniel was looking at me suspiciously now.

"Who are you here with?" Daniel asked. I turned to point to Sven and them, but when I did, Daniel's eyes darted down checking out my behind. I was kind of shocked. Ryosuke was standing right here, but I guess Daniel was maybe a bit drunk. I turned back towards him, but he kept on asking.

"Which one is Margas?"

"That one," I pointed, turning away again.

"And which one is Gus?"

Was he doing this on purpose, getting me to turn away, so he could ogle my bottom? I tried to smooth my skirt down at the back, but the hem was apparently too short. From the way Daniel was grinning, you could tell he had figured out my secret.

"That tall one is Gus," I pointed. Daniel was too fascinated by my body to even pretend to look where I was pointing. I was kind of surprised actually. He'd never shown that much interest in me before. Maybe he likes me!

Suddenly, we heard a burst of laughter from the judges' table. At first, I thought they might be laughing about me, but it seemed to be about something else.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Were you on your way somewhere?" Daniel asked, noting my interest in the judges.

"Oh I... uh...," I stammered. "I heard there is a contest going on..."

"Oh, the bare as you dare contest. That is quite the outfit you have on," he smiled nodding towards my bare ass. I blushed at the compliment. He motioned for me to do a little pirouette, and show him. I felt embarrassed enough standing here. I made a vain effort to fluff down my skirt, and then twirled around. The skirt wouldn't stay though, and spinning around just made it worse.

"You look... Wow! You look great!" Daniel gushed. I felt embarrassed of course, but I was glad that he seemed so impressed. "Are you wearing a thong?" he asked point blank. I pulled my skirt back down over my behind, but quite a few guys had turned to look at me now. There were plenty of women there that night, but it felt like everyone was looking at me.

"Something like that. Anyway, I'd better go over, and ask about this contest thing. Talk to you later?"

Daniel nodded. I squeezed Ryosuke's hand, trying to signal him to cover for me, but he seemed as shocked as anyone that I'd actually taken off my panties. I guess he didn't think I'd actually do it. I certainly hadn't planned to.

As I walked away, both Daniel and Ryosuke stared down at my ass. I felt so embarrassed, but what could I do? I'll just try to get this over with as quickly as possible.

Anyway, I sashayed up to the judges' table, feeling more and more nervous.

"My name is Emi, Emi Tsuruta," I told the clerk. "Can I still register?"

The clerk seemed pretty blasé. I guess he saw these contests every week. For me though, this was all completely new. I wasn't really used to parading around in front of so many people with no panties on.

I smiled at each judge, and shook their hands. They looked surprised for some reason, impressed by my bubbliness or more likely my outfit. Well, anyway, it's good that they like me.

"Yeah, sure. Fill out this form," the clerk said. I needed a flat surface to write on, but he motioned for me to use the table they were sitting at. I tried to move to the side to get away from the crowd, but when I squatted down, the hem of my skirt rode up, leaving my delicate buns feeling quite breezy. I was hoping to hide in the darkness, but one of the judges jumped up to help me with the questionnaire. I peered up at him, wondering if he could see my behind. He was helping to shield me from the crowd.

Another judge peered under the table, apparently trying to get a peek at my pussy. I shielded it with my thigh, but in such a short skirt, it was hard to keep everything covered.

When I stood up, the hem got caught on the curve of my behind, leaving my buns exposed. I should have fixed it, but I was beginning to freak out, too horny to think even. The judge standing next to me kept shaking his head, clearly amazed by my brazen lack of modesty.

"Where are you from? Do you live around here? Do you come here often?"

I giggled at the sudden barrage of questions. Pretty well all the judges were staring at me now. The clerk though didn't look so amused. He took the form from me, instructing me to,

"Go back to your seat, and we'll call you if you get selected."

I finally pulled my skirt down over my bottom, wondering if I'd gone too far. I wended my way back to Ryosuke and them, trying to ignore the people who were staring at me. Sven got up to ask me how it went.

"It was fine," I told them calmly, pushing through to my own table. Ryosuke took my hand, thanking me I guess for being so daring. I felt so horny it wasn't even funny. Margas stared down at my bare thighs. I just sat there quietly, trying to hide behind Ryosuke, praying that the hubbub would die down.

Finally, the emcee got up on stage to announce the finalists. He called up three blondes, the beach bunnies from before, but then just when I'd almost given up hope, he called my name.

"Emi Tsuruta! Come on up!"

Wow! They picked me!

I had originally been planning to pull my panties back on, but what with all the excitement, I missed my chance! I tried to pull my skirt down, as I stood up, but I could still feel the breeze on my pussy, getting me all excited.

I nervously wended my way through the crowd over to the stage, doing my best to smile, while Ryosuke, Sven and them all clapped and cheered me on. The other 3 girls were all quite tall. I was wearing my platform sandals, but I wanted to look taller, so I stretched my back, dragging my hem up even higher. Everyone was watching me now, so I probably shouldn't fiddle with my skirt. I could barely see for the blinding spotlights, but everyone's eyes were on me. The tingling in my pussy simply would not stop. Soon though, the emcee came to ask me some questions.

"What's your name?"

"Emi."

"And what kind of outfit is this you're wearing today?"

I stared out at the crowd almost in shock.

"This is just stuff I bought here in Oceanview," I mumbled. "Body Glove, Rip Curl... or actually, I don't think this dress is a brand at all."

"It is lovely. Here, can you turn around, and model it for us?"

I heard his question, but I didn't really want to show everyone the back. Lord knows how I must look. I pretended like I hadn't heard him, and babbled on,

"Here, did you check out my sandals? There's a little chain hanging from the buckle almost like a bracelet." I tapped my toe making the chain jangle. The audience laughed at this, but the emcee went back to his question.

"That's great, but could you turn around? Everyone wants to see your full ensemble."

I felt at the back for my dress, but standing up tall the way I was had pulled the hem way up exposing practically my whole bottom. The bartender and guys at the bar could see, and they were already nudging each other, and winking. Running my finger along the hem to the front, I slowly realized that the guys sitting nearest might even be able to see my pussy. I'd gone for a bikini wax not long before, but I hadn't really expected to show my bush to anyone. Oh oh. Am I in trouble here?

I scanned the audience looking for Daniel, but thankfully, he was sitting a bit further back. I was completely freaking out though. I was so excited.

"I... uh... I... uh.." I definitely didn't want to turn around, but the emcee was still looking at me, waiting. "Um, there's a problem with my skirt," I explained, blushing like crazy. He backed up inspecting my behind himself. I tried to cover it with my hands, but it was no use. I was out of my head with excitement. Oh no. I think I feel an orgasm coming on.

"That's okay, cutie," he assured me. "It's a bare as you dare contest... and you obviously took that to heart." The audience broke out laughing again.

"Turn around," some guy in the audience yelled, and then a few of them started chanting. I stared out into the crowd looking at Ryosuke, but he just shrugged. It was kind of late to turn shy all of a sudden.

Nervous and teetering a bit on my high platform sandals, I slowly turned around. A lull fell over the crowd, and then soon they all started cheering, clapping, wolf-whistling. I felt so weird, showing my bare ass to all these strangers. I got so nervous that I almost lost my balance. I spread my legs to steady myself, but people just hooted louder. I peered back at the audience, a bit awed by their reaction. Sven and Margas were both giving me the thumbs up, and Daniel was sharing some joke with his friends. Oh god. Please let this be over soon.

"And what were you saying about the chain?" the emcee asked.

"Oh, just on the buckle of my sandal," I told him. Balancing on one foot, I lifted up my foot to show him. "I have a matching chain on my necklace which jangles if I shake it," I explained turning back around to face them. The audience seemed a little disappointed when I turned, but that was good in a way. Maybe they can't see my pussy after all.

"Here, show us. Shake the chain," he instructed. I tugged on it, but for some reason it wouldn't jangle.

"Jump!" he suggested.

"What?"

"Jump up and down!"

I opened my mouth feigning shock at his suggestion. He was of course trying to get me to flash my pussy at the audience. No one said I had to do that!

Suddenly, though, the DJ started playing this gangster rap song called 'Jump Around.' The audience all laughed, and the other girls started dancing to the music. Trying to deflect attention away from my pussy, I took the emcee's hand, and tried to get him to dance with me, which got an even bigger laugh. Soon though, they were all singing "Jump! Jump! Jump!" to the song, obviously aimed at me.

It was clear that they weren't going to just let this go. I vaguely started dancing, but embarrassed, I turned my back to the audience again. They'd already seen my bare booty once, so maybe that wouldn't be so bad. Facing away from them, I started hopping and jumping almost as if I were skipping rope in time to the music.

"Can you hear it? It's jangling!" I cried out as if anyone cared about my necklace. The crowd was going absolutely wild, shouting, banging on the tables. Every time I jumped, the hem of my dress would flip way up, showing them all my cute little bare bottom.

All this dancing was making the cider go to my head. My inhibitions, not so strong at the best of times, were starting to fall. I went into my booty shake routine, twerking, and a roar went up from the crowd, even louder than before. The judges stood up trying to get a better look at what I was doing.

Unfortunately, all this jumping had another effect that I didn't notice at first. The spaghetti straps of my dress had slipped off my shoulders, and the bows were coming loose. I probably wasn't making things any better by flinging my skirt around like a flamenco dancer. I was kind of caught up in the moment, basking in all this applause. I was almost about to turn around, and show everyone my pussy, when I suddenly realized that my nipples had popped out of my dress. I clutched my arms against my chest, grabbing my dress before it fell.

The music stopped, and a hush fell over the crowd. The guys at the bar could see my breasts, my pink nipples all erect from the excitement, but everyone else was probably wondering why I had stopped dancing. I kept my back to the audience fumbling to get a hold of my dress, and pull it back up. I looked over forlornly at the emcee, begging him to stop the show. He looked kind of dazzled, clearly excited himself, but he finally took pity on me, and cued for the lighting guy to dim the spotlights.

"Now we'll take a short break," he told the audience. I scooted over to the far side of the stage, away from the judges at least, but near to the bartender who seemed a bit more sympathetic to my plight. I felt horribly exposed, clutching my skimpy dress which was hanging from my rib cage. The guys sitting at the bar were staring, so I tried to hide my breasts with one arm. The emcee came over, shielding me from the people out front at least.

"Here, let me help you with that," he offered. I was kind of hoping that Ryosuke would come rescue me, but I couldn't see him, so I nodded for the emcee to hold my dress while I tried to fish out the spaghetti straps.

"Has anything like this happened before?" I asked, quivering.

"Um. No, I don't think so," he smiled. I managed to find the two right ties, but the people at the bar were all staring at my crotch. The emcee had pulled my dress up so high they could all now see my pussy. I quickly spun around to hide, but the emcee had this crazy look in his eyes, overheating from touching me.

"Hey, careful!" I squealed, upset at him for sabotaging my efforts to cover up. Not sure quite how to help, he eventually let go of my dress, leaving me to straighten it.

"Is this over yet? Can I go sit down?" I asked as I finally got the straps tied back on.

"Uh, you might want to go over, and show your family jewels to the judges," he stammered.

"What?" I gasped, stunned at his directness.

"Your necklace, I mean, your necklace and the chain on your shoes. Show them," he rushed to clarify. A bit startled, I stalked over to the judges table wondering if he really meant I should show them my pussy. What kind of contest is this anyway?

The judges were still in a huddle, talking over what had happened, but they broke it up, and turned to face me as I came up.

"Well, Ms. Tsuruta, that was quite some show you put on up there," the leader smiled.

"Yeah, sorry. I'm not really used to this kind of thing," I muttered, looking down at the floor.

"No, no. I meant that in a good way. You were great. You're gorgeous," he let slip.

"Um, thank you, I guess." I wasn't really sure what they wanted me to say.

"You have a great body. Do you work out?" another asked.

"I swim a little, and play beach volleyball."

"If you don't mind my asking, what gave you the idea to come in that outfit?" he said probably referring to my lack of underwear.

"Oh this was just kind of a spur of the moment thing," I blushed, my body still all aglow.

"Would you be willing to do a little victory dance for us?"

"Have I won?" I lit up. He didn't answer, but it was kind of obvious by then.

"I don't think we've ever had a young lady as cute and daring as you."

I thanked the leader, shaking his hand, so glad I'd won. They signaled for the emcee to go back up on stage, and passed him an envelope. He ran through the runners-up, and then announced,

"And the winner is... Ms. Emi Tsuruta. A big round of applause for lovely Miss Emi."

I climbed back up onto the stage, surprised at all the applause. Sven and them were all cheering like crazy. It did feel good to win. They gave me this big fake check as my prize. It wasn't for that much money, but I could use it to buy some new clothes or something like that.

The DJ did play some music, and the emcee tried to get me to dance, but I was a bit shyer this time, dancing really slowly. When my victory song ended, I thanked them all, and clomped back over to my group. Ryosuke got up, and came to give me a kiss, taking the check from me. When I turned to Sven, he grabbed me by the waist, and lifted me up flinging me over his shoulder again. At first, I was like 'here we go again,' but suddenly, I realized he was showing everyone my bare bottom!

I beat on his back with my fists, trying to get him to let me down, but he was so drunk he barely noticed. I tried to reach down, and pulled my skirt over my bottom, but Sven was twirling me this way and that, making my skirt flare way out.

"Wow! Nice pussy!" some guy cooed.

I grabbed my skirt at the front trying to keep my pussy hidden at least, but it was hard to keep my balance. It was kind of mortifying to be exposed like this, but exciting too.

I felt someone's hand hit my thigh. I think it was Margas trying to spank me. I kicked up even more of a fuss, letting go of my skirt, so I could pound on Sven's back. The crowd was going crazy. I could feel the air everywhere down there, so I doubt my skirt was covering much.

"Where's Ryosuke?" I asked. On hearing this, Sven finally took pity, and set me back down. The guys who'd gathered round all looked awestruck, amazed at my indecent outfit. I felt so embarrassed. A bit dizzy, I stumbled over to Ryosuke, and whispered,

"Here. We'd better get out of here, before things get out of hand."

He put his arms up, and told the crowd,

"Show's over, everyone. Move along."

Sven and Gus and them gathered up our stuff to go. On the way out, Ryosuke and Sven formed a human shield to escort me through the crowd. Margas was right behind me, but I think he was still trying to flip up my skirt, and get another peek.

Luckily, Gus had brought his car, so we headed straight for it, and bundled in with a few stragglers from the club still following us. There wasn't really enough room for the five of us, so I sat on Ryosuke's lap. I could feel his erection poking at me. I was feeling pretty horny myself. Ryosuke slid his hand up my skirt, and was fingering me. I wanted so much to moan, but Margas was sitting next to us watching. Eventually, Ryosuke relented, leaving me still very horny.

Gus dropped me off at my place first. Ryosuke got out of the car with me, and handed me the check. I wanted to invite him inside, but the lights were still on, so that meant my host mom Loretta was probably still up. I gave him a kiss, and promised to meet up soon. He patted me on the backside as I scurried away towards the front door. I waved goodbye to all of them. They looked so sad to see me go.

I opened the door as quietly as I could, but as I feared, Loretta was still up. She looked so surprised to see me carrying this huge check.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Oh. I won this contest. It's nothing," I told her, not wanting to get into the details. "It's just this thing at the club we go to. I got lucky," I explained, and then headed up for bed. I'm pretty sure Loretta is still suspicious about that night, but anyway, all-in-all, it was quite the experience.