**First Time Naked Bike Riders!**

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After slogging our way through a snow-filled winter and an unusually rainy spring, my wife Robin and I had endured our fill and more of bad weather. By June we decided we were overdue for a vacation. We were looking for some sunny beach time, with pretty scenery, not too crowded and preferably without spending a fortune. Thinking back to a trip I had taken to the Oregon Coast before we were married, I proposed a two week trip there, mostly staying at B&B's along the coast with some nights at State parks right on the beach.  
  
Robin was dubious about staying at the parks, telling me: "Joe, you know I'm not into camping. If I'm on vacation I at least want a floor, mattress, and ceiling."  
  
When I went online and showed her the yurts available at many parks, she agreed to try them; the cost was reasonable and being able to walk straight from our spot in the park a few hundred feet to the beach was very appealing. While not luxurious, the yurts were clean, dry, furnished with beds, a table, and chairs. They also had electricity, so we wouldn't exactly be roughing it.  
  
Once we settled on our schedule I reserved our flights and a hotel room near the airport in Portland for our first night, while Robin took care of our accommodations between the start and end of the trip and our rental car. Dividing the planning let us have everything arranged less than 24 hours from the time we made the decision about where and when to go. We were all set to fly out on June 23rd and return on July 6th. Robin had arranged 1 night stays at several beach town B&B's with a 4 night stay at Beachside state park in the middle of our stay.  
  
Before telling you all about the highlights of our trip, let me tell you a little about us. Robin and I are both 27 years old, married 3 years, no kids yet. We're both pretty fit, going to the gym in bad weather and riding our bikes fairly long distances whenever the weather is halfway decent; I'm not bad looking, but anyone seeing us together would say I married up as far as looks are concerned. My wife is drop-dead gorgeous; 5'-9" with natural strawberry blonde hair, slim but with a classic hourglass figure. She never dresses too provocatively, but still gets admiring looks wherever we go.  
  
Our travel west went without a hitch and we spent our first night relaxing in Portland, getting over jet lag and checking the local papers for anything interesting we might want to do during our trip. The next morning we made our way to a bike shop Robin had found during her research which rented folding bikes, perfect for doing some light sightseeing by bike along the coast. She'd rented a large SUV to be sure we could fit the bikes along with the rest of our luggage, so everything fit in nicely.  
  
The first three days and nights were a leisurely cruise to and down the coast, stopping frequently to have a relaxed meal or just enjoy the spectacular scenery. Everything about the trip was great, with one glaring exception. The B&B's we stayed in provided very little privacy; the sound of other guests talking or just moving around in their rooms was enough to kill any chance that we'd be doing anything remotely sexual. I hoped the stay in the yurt might prove to be more favorable in that regard.  
  
Another bit more background information about Robin and I. We have a pretty active sex life most of the time. Nothing too exotic, but we've had some adventurous moments and locations; on the roof of my office building, in a Wal Mart parking lot, in our next door neighbor's back yard to name a few. We're both a bit more willing to get naked than the average person for things like skinny dipping or hanging out in a hot tub; Robin is less bold than I am this way, but this makes me appreciate the occasions when she does let down her guard all the more.  
  
On June 27th we worked our way sightseeing down the coast to Beachside state park and our yurt reservation. We had dawdled over dinner and didn't arrive until after 8 PM. By the time we found our yurt and unpacked the SUV, it was getting close to sunset, so we grabbed beach towels and a couple beers from our cooler and headed for the beach. Robin was thrilled that the route was so short; no more than two minute's walk and we were enjoying the sight of the sun setting into the sea. We set our towels down and watched as the sky turned several different colors before finally going dark.  
  
Once the sky was black, Robin surprised me, asking: "Would you like to have a quick swim?"  
  
No way was I about to turn down any activity which involved my wife getting her clothes off; I quickly answered, "Yes!"  
  
I could barely see her but from the sounds I was hearing I could tell she was wasting no time getting undressed so I did likewise and we jogged down to the waterline hand in hand. The water could have been warmer, but it felt good to splash around and bob up and down with the waves. We split apart for a few minutes, each only knowing where the other was by the sounds of our voices. I lost track of Robin's location when she went silent for a minute, then was startled as she jumped on my back. Once she slid off me I gave her a playful slap on her butt, which she answered by putting both her hands on my ass and pulling me towards her. We carefully worked out where each others mouth was and joined in a long slow kiss. My hands found her breasts while one of hers surrounded my dick.  
  
"Back to the towels?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, yeah!" she answered.  
  
We found our way back to our towels and she told me to lie down. Knowing what she had in mind I wasn't about to argue; as I expected she had my dick in her mouth in no time, expertly licking, stroking and sucking. Between the pent up desire, the unique setting and the almost complete lack of visibility adding a slightly kinky feel, I felt myself getting close to coming much sooner than usual.  
  
"Gonna come soon!" I managed to warn Robin, thinking she would back off or maybe mount me for as long as I lasted. She fooled me by taking me even deeper into her mouth, clearly not objecting to me blowing my load in her mouth. Once I realized what her intention was it was only another minute or two before I came. She surprised me again by swallowing it all and giving my flagging erection a thorough cleaning with her tongue! Apparently the setting was having an effect on her too.  
  
We lay together a long while, eventually able to see each other fully lit by the rising moon. She explained: "I only passed up the option of fucking because I'm pretty tired, but I'm glad I was able to show you a good time!"  
  
We actually fell asleep for a little while, still naked, before a noise some distance down the beach jolted us awake. She gave me yet another fun surprise by not bothering to get dressed, just gathering her clothes and our beer bottles up with her towel and setting off in the nude back up the path to our yurt. This wasn't too outrageous along the dark path, but the yurt had a motion sensor light above the door! She looked incredible standing at the door; I have to admit to taking my own sweet time getting to the door and unlocking it for her. Fortunately for us, our neighbors in the other three yurts in this little cul de sac seemed to all be down for the night.  
  
I always sleep like a rock if I can hear the sound of waves breaking, and the first night in our yurt was no exception. I finally woke from a good night's sleep around 10 AM to see Robin already dressed and reading a Portland newspaper we'd picked up the day before.  
  
"Time for breakfast, sleepyhead." she said.  
  
"Good idea," I replied, "how about trying that diner we passed a few miles back on our way here last night?"  
  
"Ready when you are."  
  
Minutes later we were settled into a booth and had ordered breakfast.  
  
"Last night was fun." I said.  
  
"You think any time I get naked is fun." she replied, smiling: "You're fairly predictable that way."  
  
"Guilty as charged." I said, "Someday we've got to try the National Nude Day thing."  
  
"You mean that challenge to be nude for a whole day? Doesn't sound too hard if it's not a work day."  
  
"Yeah, but people apparently try to increase the degree of difficulty by not just staying home with the curtains drawn."  
  
Our food arrived and we began to eat our eggs and French toast.  
  
After a few minutes, Robin asked, "When is it?"  
  
"When is what?" I asked.  
  
"National Nude Day."  
  
"I'm not sure, sometime in the middle of July, I think."  
  
"Too bad, the newspaper we got has a story about an event in Portland this weekend which would fit right in with National Nude Day."  
  
"What kind of event?" I asked, intrigued by the interest she seemed to be developing in being naked.  
  
"It's a naked bike ride. Apparently, thousands of people do it every year and it's actually sanctioned by the city and the police. Riders start gathering in the morning, but the ride itself happens in the early evening."  
  
"And the riders are actually nude?  
  
"Some are and some aren't." she replied, "Their slogan is Bare as You Dare; the point is complete nudity is allowed, even encouraged. If we wanted to we could be nude in Portland most of a day, celebrating National Nude Day a little early!"  
  
"We? You'd be willing to do this?"  
  
"I'm not sure why I said We just then, it just slipped out." Robin continued, "But you know how I like a challenge. Being naked for a full 24 hours, at least partly in public in a big city...I admit to being a little curious."  
  
I was beginning to get hard just hearing her talk about this idea. If I'd read about this event before her I most likely wouldn't have even mentioned it to her, filing it away as interesting but not something she'd ever do.  
  
"When does this happen, exactly?" I asked, not wanting to sound too eager.  
  
"This Saturday, which is tomorrow. Not much time to work out the logistics."  
  
"It sounds like being nude at the event wouldn't be too hard if we could get to it in the first place. Getting into our SUV without scandalizing the people in the other three yurts might be tricky, but the ride itself and the pre and post ride festivities sound like they would be doable. Getting all the way from our parking space in front of the yurt to the starting point for the ride and back after the event is over seem like the tricky parts." I said, amazed we were even discussing the details of a multiple hour naked road trip!  
  
Just then a soft rain started to fall. Robin looked out the window and said: "Perfect weather for a planning session."  
  
I protested, "Perfect weather for other activities, too!"  
  
"I'm sure we have time for both." she said with a laugh.  
  
This being primarily an account of our National Nude Day adventure I won't bother going into detail about the first half of our rainy afternoon; we were naked, we had sex, a good time was had by all, use your imagination.  
  
Afterward, Robin suggested we think about whether 24 straight hours of nudity in combination with the naked bike ride could even be possible given where we were starting from. We considered our itinerary and all the possible problems we could encounter; the list of potential land mines was long, but we worked out most of them fairly quickly:  
  
Getting into our SUV unseen? Park extra close to the door.  
  
Several hundred miles of travel? Gas up tonight.  
  
Meals? Breakfast in the yurt, vendors available at the ride's start.  
  
Bathroom break? Lots of forests and quiet side roads if need be.  
  
Emergency bailout kit? Buy a backpack, bring necessities.  
  
One leg of the trip kept us on edge. The websites about the ride all recommended NOT trying to park close to the starting point, so how were we supposed to get our already naked selves from a remote parking spot out in the clothed world to the area where our nudity would be acceptable? We looked at the light rail network, which seemed promising with its Park and Ride lots, but couldn't see ourselves standing around waiting for a train in our birthday suits and couldn't be sure the train-riding public would be too pleased to see us either.  
  
Robin came up with the solution; arrange an Uber ride from a location likely to be quiet on the weekend and not so likely to have kids nearby. Between a transit authority website and Google maps, we found a likely spot, a large parking lot serving a couple of office buildings and some warehouses. The area might not be deserted, but we could park pretty far from any building and wait for our Uber to take us to the vicinity of the pre-ride gathering at Laurelhurst Park. We just had to make sure to send the driver a note explaining our plan to be sure we didn't freak them out!  
  
With the last (we hoped) logistical barrier overcome and the plan looking more and more feasible, Robin started to get nervous.  
  
"Do you REALLY want to do this?" she asked several times.  
  
I pointed out that while I brought up doing National Nude Day someday, SHE had been the one to suggest doing the naked bike ride this week.  
  
I told her, "I think it will be weird fun, and definitely not something we'd ever be able to do back home. If going nude freaks you out you could always wear underwear, or anything really; Bare as You Dare could mean being fully covered."  
  
"I think I either do it right or don't bother," she said, "but I'll bring a basic outfit along to cover up with in case I just can't handle it."  
  
We consulted Google maps one more time to find a place to pick up some essentials, finding a Wal Mart a half hour back up the coast near Newport. We set out for dinner and some shopping.  
  
Three hours later we were back at our yurt loading items into our brand new luggage. Not wanting to carry any more than needed we had bought matching kid-sized backpacks. I kept my bag as light as possible, only putting in my cell phone, driver's license, $60 in cash, car keys, a credit card, sunscreen, a few granola bars and a pair of shorts. Robin packed pretty much the same essentials, skipping the sunscreen and cash since we could share and packing just a bikini top and some Daisy Dukes for clothing.  
  
We wrapped up our planning by carefully studying our route, downloading all the maps and directions we would need and filling the water bottles on our bikes. We made contact with an Uber driver named Sam via the app, promising a generous tip.  
  
Sam texted back right away: "I'll be going to that area anyway, my girlfriend is going to be riding tomorrow, so your nudity won't be a problem for me!"  
  
We agreed on a time to pick us up which would leave us plenty of time to get to the pickup point. Checking our list one more time reminded us to move the SUV closer to the yurt door; between its new location and its bulky shape, we were pretty confident we'd be able to get into it unseen the next morning.  
  
Our preparations finally complete, I noticed the time was 11:35 and asked Robin, "How about a short visit to the beach while we could still go wearing clothes?"  
  
She laughed and replied: "Okay, but just a walk and hanging out, I'm getting nervous about tomorrow already."  
  
We took our towels and a couple beers on the short walk to the beach and discussed the coming day's plan. Whether it was our conversation, the ocean by moonlight or just the beer, Robin relaxed a bit.  
  
She said, "Nervousness aside, I'm looking forward to our adventure. I'm still a little unsure about being nude in public, but weirdly enough I'm a little bit excited by the idea too."  
  
Just then my phone buzzed; I had set an alarm for 11:58.  
  
"Almost midnight, time to get naked!" I told Robin.  
  
"You planned this little bonus nudity, didn't you?" She said.  
  
"Just a little practice," I replied, standing up to get undressed.  
  
"Good idea." she replied as she took off her sundress, the only thing she had on.  
  
We sat a while longer and finished our beer before gathering everything up and walking back to the yurt.  
  
Waking up Saturday way earlier than we needed to, we both agreed it felt odd not getting dressed right away.  
  
"Only 16 hours to go!" I said, noticing Robin quiver a little in response.  
  
We had a light breakfast, checked our backpacks one last time and opened the yurt door! We hunched over to stay out of sight for the ten-foot journey between yurt and SUV. One minute into our adventure our first overlooked detail became apparent; as the SUV made a loud double chirp when I unlocked it with the key fob! If anyone was awake in our little yurt neighborhood they were probably now looking at our vehicle, and maybe us. We clambered into the SUV, started it up and drove off. Robin giggled, looking back as we rolled away.  
  
She said, "I didn't see anyone out back there, but I hope we've thought the rest of this jaunt through a little more carefully." adding, "Holy crap, we're actually doing this!" as I turned out onto highway 101.  
  
The drive to Portland turned out to be fairly uneventful. The height of our SUV meant I wasn't in danger of having my nakedness noticed by 99% of the vehicles we crossed paths with and Robin kept her arms crossed over her chest most of the time. She did slip up a few times, most memorably when I pulled up next to a tractor-trailer at a red light. We had to have been there a full minute before she noticed the driver looking down at her and giving her a thumbs up sign!  
  
She turned beet red but laughed it off, saying, "Congratulations trucker, you got to be the first of a few thousand people to see my goodies today!"  
  
We made pretty good time headed to the Portland area, noticing several cars with decorated bikes on racks and wondered if we'd be seeing them later.  
  
"Maybe they'll be seeing us later!" I said, causing Robin to have another small shudder.  
  
After the obligatory wrong turn or two, we arrived at our planned parking area. It looked to be almost empty, giving us hope that we could pull off our transfer to Sam's car unobserved. After 20 minutes of hanging out at the edge of the parking lot, we saw a car matching the description Sam had given us of his car.  
  
"Looks like our ride's here!" I told Robin, "Time to get our bikes and backpacks out and go."  
  
I waited until the Red Camry pulled up right next to us to roll down my window, wanting to be sure this was really our ride before we stepped out in the open. Sam got out and waved. Tall with short blonde hair, wearing a 2016 World Naked Bike Ride T-shirt and jean shorts, she was...female.  
  
Robin chuckled, saying, "Now we're even, the trucker for me and Sam for you!"  
  
"I think pretty soon we'll have to stop trying to keep count." I replied.  
  
Sam popped the trunk; our backpacks and folding bikes fit easily. We were on our way to Laurelhurst Park in a couple of minutes. Sam told us a little about the history of the event and gave us a few tips.  
  
"I rode in it four years in a row, but now that I'm doing the Uber thing I couldn't pass up all the fares to be had today. Do you folks need a ride back later?" she said.  
  
"That would be great, should we use the app or contact you directly?"  
  
"Text me directly," she said, "handing me a card with her info. Fifteen minutes after picking us up we reached a spot the police had designated as a drop off zone. It felt REALLY strange to be stepping out of Sam's car completely nude with police officers all around, but they were just focused on keeping cars and people moving safely. I noticed the time, 2:45 PM; we had several hours to kill here at the park.  
  
After we settled our bill with Sam we put on our backpacks and unfolded our bikes, walking them into the park.  
  
"Okay, this is truly weird," said Robin, "I'm naked in the middle of a city and nobody even seems to notice. Weird but nice, it feels good. Maybe I won't need the clothes I brought after all!"  
  
"Things were going so smoothly I decided to do without my backup," I replied, adding, "I left my shorts in the back of the SUV!"  
  
We strolled around, checking out the crazy outfits and decorated bikes.

We found some food trucks parked at the edge of the park and had lunch.  
  
We reapplied sunscreen, which took longer than normal.  
  
We found a place to sit and took in the weirdness all around us, eventually realizing we were now part of the weirdness ourselves.  
  
"Hey, I know what we need to do to fit in!" said Robin excitedly, "BODY PAINT!"  
  
"Okaaay..." I responded cautiously, "what do you have in mind?"  
  
" A couple of things, actually. I was thinking some kind of face paint to help disguise me if our pictures end up on the internet, and I've seen some women walking around with brightly colored handprints all over their body."  
  
"Practical and fun too. Can I be the one to make the handprints?" I asked hopefully.  
  
"I won't get handprints if you can't do them!" she replied, blushing.  
  
We found a booth offering what Robin was looking for, She chose a cat face, which took a while but really came out well; she probably couldn't be easily identified in photos with the new camouflage. The vendor offered me several trays of paint with different colors. I dipped both hands in the red paint and began adding handprints on Robin's back, legs and arms. Once I got the hang of it I moved on to her breasts and ass.  
  
"My turn!" she said," dipping her hands in blue paint and motioning for me to turn around. She left her handprints on my shoulders and ass, along with the words First Timer.  
  
The vendor told us to let the paint dry for at least a half an hour before putting our backpacks on to avoid messing up the paint. We had a little more than an hour to go before the start of the ride, so we found a spot to sit and wait, our painted skin making us feel more like we belonged in the bizarre scene.  
  
The music stopped and a voice came over the speakers urging riders to get into position on the street. We were finally about to get riding! We put our backpacks on and took up a spot near the center of the pack. We made an impressive sight, thousands of nude, partially nude or scantily clad cyclists as far as we could see!  
  
Robin smiled broadly, clearly enjoying the experience so far. We heard cheering up ahead and the pack started to move; we rode slowly side by side. As many people as there were clustered together, it looked like it would be a slow cruise all the way, but that gave us more time to soak up the sights.  
  
It was too noisy to talk but for a long time we stayed fairly close together. Robin drifted over to the side of the road, apparently not minding being seen up close by the thousands of cheering people on the sidewalk. I slid over too, but it took some time to work my way through the traffic to get over to the side. I could still see her up ahead, waving to the onlookers!  
  
Every once in a while the police interrupted the flow of cyclists to let backed up car traffic get through. I got caught on the wrong side of one of these interruptions, completely losing sight of Robin as she continued beyond the cross street! We had never made a plan for how to reconnect if we became separated. I was worried but knew we'd be ending up in the park at the end of the ride, so I tried to enjoy the experience. We were in a business district now, with taller buildings and a wider road. And brighter streetlights, noticeable since the sun was just about to set.  
  
I noticed a few riders headed in the opposite direction on the left side of the street.  
  
"I must be nearing the halfway point, maybe I can connect with Robin as she heads back." I thought.  
  
I stopped at the side of the road, feeling pretty self-conscious about standing nude just a few feet away from dozens of cheering spectators and almost as many cameras. I tried to ignore the crowd on the sidewalk and reached inside the front pocket of my backpack, but my phone wasn't where I thought I'd left it. Still hoping to reach Robin before she passed me on the way back, I moved on to the main compartment. I found the phone, but it was tangled up in...a bikini top?  
  
"What's Robin's clothing doing in my backpack?" I thought before it dawned on me that I had HER backpack, which meant she must have mine. The one with no clothing at all, and my ID and phone. We pretty much never use each other's phones, and when we do it's usually been handed to us by the owner. I couldn't remember her lock screen password and was pretty sure she didn't know mine.  
  
So we were now separated in Portland, neither of us with any wearable clothing and no way to contact each other OR our ride back to our rental SUV. I did a mental inventory of what we each had in our possession; besides her locked phone, I had Robin's ID, a bikini top and a pair of jean shorts for all the good they would do me. She had my ID, a card with Sam's contact info, around $8 left over from our food and body painting purchases, sunscreen and a credit card she probably didn't have the pin for.  
  
Not an ideal situation.  
  
Without any better idea about what to do, I resumed riding, slowly, in case Robin was pausing to look for me, thinking she would be back at the park before too long.  
  
At this point in our tale, I'll turn over the narration to Robin to fill in the story of her time on her own.  
  
Everything Joe has written so far is as I remember it, though I'm going to have to have a word with him about including so much detail about our first trip to the beach!  
  
When I saw that he had been blocked by the police giving cars the right of way at a cross street I stopped to wait for him, but found that the spectators took that as an invitation to photograph me. A lot. I couldn't wait in the middle of the road without risking being the girl who caused a hundred-rider pileup and had no interest in a lengthy nude modeling session, so I pedaled on, slowly, thinking Joe would catch up eventually.  
  
When I reached the park where we had started I began to get a little worried, wondering if he'd had an accident or mechanical problem. The traffic coming into the park was too heavy for me to stay by the entrance, so I moved a short distance into the park and decided to try calling him. Finding nothing very useful in what obviously was NOT my backpack, I said the first thing that came to mind, to no one in particular..."FUCK!"  
  
I waited around 30 minutes without catching a glimpse of Joe and started to debate whether my odds of finding him were better if I roamed around the park or if I stayed put? I thought my chances were about the same either way, but opted for roaming, figuring I might as well see what my fellow riders were getting up to. There were a lot of naked dancers and a lot of semi-nude people watching the dancers. My theory was that the semi-nude folk were trying to work up the nerve to go all the way and join the nude tribe. I did see a few people do just that while I was watching. I thought that if I wasn't worried about where Joe was and how we were going to find each other I might have joined in!  
  
I have no explanation for why it took as long as it did for me to figure out how to call Joe, maybe some sort of nakedness induced brain fog. It finally came to me...BORROW SOME KIND STRANGER'S PHONE! It turned out my pitiful story convinced the first guy I asked to hand over his phone; it's possible my nudity helped. I entered my number, waited to a full 9 rings before hearing Joe yell, "HELLO!"  
  
The kindness of strangers had reunited us, and not a moment too soon as the police were beginning to clear the park! We agreed on a spot to meet and a few minutes later we were hugging each other about as chastely as two naked people can.  
  
Joe texted Sam but got no reply, we guessed she was probably at one of the various post-ride parties. Having working phones again, we looked up the lot we'd parked the SUV in; thank God Joe had bookmarked it!  
  
Seeing it was less than 4 miles away we decided to just keep on riding. After a mostly quiet ride, we reached our rental and loaded our bikes in the back.  
  
As we pulled out of the parking lot, Joe said: "It's 10:30 and our ride to the yurt will take at least 2 ½ hours, if we don't have any more complications we'll blow past our 24-hour goal."  
  
"Congratulations," I said, "but next time we do this we'll have to make some changes in our planning."  
  
We finally had a stretch of time without anything going awry, and reached our yurt by 1:20. Our National Nude day adventure was over, except for a moonlit visit to the beach to wash off our body paint.