**Going Commando Dare**

by racqelhunter

 I met a stranger going commando and learned from her the art of losing one's inhibitions

 It was a Saturday night, almost 1 am. I was sitting on the subway after meeting a friend for a movie in the city. The cabin was empty except for a guy sitting on the bench next to me, a girl on her own sitting on the bench opposite me and another couple of girls sitting next to her.

 The girl on her own was dressed in the full clubbing attire. She wore a short, short black cotton dress, which showed off her long tanned, toned legs and thighs. She never had any stockings on but wore black strappy stiletto high heels with red painted toenails. I looked up at her legs, admiring to myself the slim yet toned shins and then her bronzed thighs, tight with no flab or stretch marks. Her dress, made out of the stretchy spandex fabric, hugged her hips and body tightly and was cut low on the front, showing plenty of cleavage. On the side, her black bra strap was visible, protruding beyond the cut of the dress. She boasted a nice pair of voluptuous C-sized breasts.

 I realised that I was staring at her and quickly took my eyes off her and returned them to the subway map. I then noticed the guy sitting next to me perving at this girl. His eyes were glued to her body. She was aware of this and responded with a smile as she crossed her legs over each other, the dress riding even higher up her thighs. I looked at the guy. He had dark hair, was quite good looking and was probably in his mid-twenties. I looked again at the girl's figure. I wished I had such long legs.

 The girl's cell phone rang and she answered it. The signal went dead as she put it away in her little handbag. The guy continued to stare at her, I suppose, as any guy would do with a body like that in view.

 The show then began. It looked like I was absorbed in my magazine, but I was noticing everything happening around me. The girl uncrossed her legs and then opened them a little, parting her knees and sitting back. Her dress was hiked up to her waist to allow a view right up her crotch. She was not wearing any underwear.

 I looked on in shock, as did the guy. Her pubic hair was short and black and trimmed in a neat rectangle above her pussy. She stayed like this for about half a minute as I looked on at her folds. I am not sure why I stared, but I did. She just continued reading her book oblivious to the reaction she was causing across the aisle.

 I looked at the guy, who was quite obviously and rapidly getting hot and stuffy. He was shifting around but still fixated on the skirt as if he was looking through the window of a candy shop at one big colorful lollipop.

 The girls next to her got up and left the train at the next station. The guy followed after them.

 The attention seeker crossed her legs again and for the first time in ages looked up. She suddenly realized that her bag was gone.

 "Hey, excuse me, did you see anyone take my bag?" she panicked.

 "I saw those girls sitting next to you get off at the last station, but I didn't see what they were carrying," I replied.

 "Shit! What am I going to do? My phone, my wallet, my keys are all in that bag."

 The train stopped at the last station, and I got out next to the girl.

 She ran ahead to look for the security officer, but the subway was about to close and nobody was around. I felt sorry for the girl.

 "Do you want to come back to my place? You can phone the police or whoever from there," I offered the rather desperate and tearful girl, who now looked no more than eighteen.

 "I only live a ten-minute walk from the station," I continued.

 "You sure? Thank you! You are a g-d send!" she answered appreciatively, as she walked next to me.

 "By the way, my name is Cindy," she introduced herself.

 "I am Rachel," I responded.

 Cindy gave up struggling with the walking and knelt down and took off her stiletto shoes.

 "I cannot walk in these," she said.

 I didn't say anything to her about her little exhibitionism on the train. She came up to my apartment, where I showed her to the phone. She phoned the twenty-four-hour call centre for her bank and suspended her credit cards and then tried to call some friends. All the friends had their voicemail on. It was 1:30am and she had no luck in contacting anyone.

 "You can sleep over and worry about all this tomorrow," I suggested.

 I went to my bedroom robe and fetched a summer night dress for her. It was black satin with a lacy border and quite short, but it was the only clean one I had. It fitted my petite figure well, but a size 8 was probably two or three sizes too small for Cindy, who was a bigger boned, taller girl, probably a size 12.

 "Here is something for you to wear." I handed her the dress.

 "Oh, thank you. You are so kind," she responded taking the nightdress from me.

 While I stood there, with not the least shyness, she lifted her black dress up over her hips and pulled it up and over her shoulders. She unzipped her bra and then put my nightdress on. It was far too short for her. It was short on me being 5-foot, and with her 6-foot, it just reached below her pubic area and half covered her butt.

 "Sorry it's a bit short! I can look for something else," I suggested.

 "I would just sleep in my undies, but I am not wearing any tonight," she said with a naughty laugh.

 "I noticed, with your show on the train," I replied.

 "You saw that?" she asked amazed.

 "Well yes, it was so obvious. You do that often?" I asked.

 "Actually never done it before. I usually wear undies, but tonight I was at a dance practice, which I went to in my tights and I forgot to take panties with me. We are not allowed to wear panties under our dance tights as the panty line is considered ugly for a performance," she explained.

 "I have heard of that, but opening your legs wide to show off in public is something I have not seen before," I commented.

 "We are young, you got to have some fun before you die. You should try it. It's something to see the big impact it has on guys and I even felt the tingles down there from doing it.

 "Please don't tell me you are one of those prudes or conservative chicks!"

 "I am not!" I responded, agitated.

 The truth is I was totally shy and self-conscious and would even feel uncomfortable wearing a dress as short as hers.

 We got talking and really got along. We discovered we were the same age, and although we were totally different, we both like sports and travel.

 I poured us each a glass of red wine and we downed it, toasting life and taking chances. After a few more glasses were finished and we were now both quite drunk, we played truth or dare.

 Cindy started.

 "Have you ever slept with a woman?" she asked.

 "No," I replied.

 "Have you ever wanted to?" she asked next.

 "No, not really," I lied to her.

 "I can see from your eyes. You are lying. As punishment, you must do what I did on the train, tomorrow," she instructed.

 It was my chance to ask a question.

 "Have you ever put your finger up your butt when masturbating?" I asked.

 "Yes, I have," she answered.

 It was 3am and we were too tired to play on, but I did dare her to repeat her little show for my boyfriend when he came past in the morning.

 Cindy slept on my couch while I went to bed.

 The next morning I awoke to Steven, my boyfriend knocking at the door.

 Steven walked in and I introduced him to Cindy, who was just awakening, still under the blanket on the couch.

 He sat down on the couch opposite where Cindy was as she got herself upright. Steven sat there hearing Cindy's story about her bag being stolen on the train.

 I was brewing coffee for everyone when I looked over at the lounge and saw Cindy getting up to go to the toilet. As she stood up, I noticed my short nightdress ride up her hips. Her pussy was in full view. I looked over at Steven, who nearly fell off his seat. As I took the coffees over to them, Cindy got up to go to the bathroom. Steven was ogling at her naked butt, which the nighty hardly covered.

 "You like what you see?" I teased him.

 "Which guy wouldn't!" he answered defensively.

 Steven was in his running shorts and was sporting an obvious hard-on, pushing the material outwards like a tent.

 "I bet you want me to dress like this too." I let him know that I was aware of his erection as I brushed my palm against it on the outside of his pants, rubbing up against it a few times.

 Cindy appeared at the end of the passage.

 "Remember our game last night. I am not letting you off the hook. I will make my calls and then we will see to it that you get your business done," Cindy said as she walked back to the lounge.

 She was trying hard to pull the nighty to at least cover her front.

 "Rachel, do you mind if I take a quick shower, and if you have any clothes you think may fit me that I can borrow? I will wash them and have them back to you in a day," Cindy asked.

 Cindy turned around and went back to the bathroom for a shower, as I went through my bedroom robe looking for something that would fit a body size 12.

 "Give her something stretchy," Steven suggested.

 I took out a pair of short bike shorts and a spandex stretchy halter top and dropped it off in the bathroom.

 Having Steven right next to me still aroused, got my juices flowing.

 I heard the shower go on and I quickly knelt down on all fours, pulled Steven's shorts down, and I started to suck his cock. I went up and down on him for a few minutes as I massaged his balls in the cup of my hand. He had his hands all over my breasts, caressing my hard and aroused nipples. The tap noise stopped. I couldn't leave Steven midway, so I continued giving him the blow job. I adjusted my pace and even hardened my gums to add friction as I slid up and down the ridge at the head of his penis. I felt the jump and was about to lift my head up, but I was a bit late and I felt the warm cum spurt into my mouth. I felt agitated and frustrated as I too needed some sexual relief but would not be getting anything.

 Steven pulled his shorts up, and when we went back to the lounge Cindy was wearing the clothes I gave her. The bike shorts were skin-tight on her butt, which actually was quite sexy. She great peach-shaped butt cheeks which stood out and were round with a prominent deep crack between the cheeks, sucking in my spandex shorts. When she turned around I noticed how the material wedged its way into her pussy showing off a camel-toe. This was expected, as the shorts were a few sizes too small for her. Her voluptuous breasts were bursting at the seams of my halter. All in all, she looked like a real slut. I would never go out dressed like this.

 "How do I look?" she asked playfully.

 "Steven, don't answer, as I know what a guy would say," I interrupted.

 Steven had to go home to get dressed for work, and Cindy was on the phone trying to get hold of the train company to see if the bag was found and then a locksmith to break open the lock to her flat.

 I got dressed in a pair of jeans and t-shirt.

 "I am all organised. My keys have been found but I cannot collect them until midday," Cindy announced as I walked back into the lounge.

 "I hope you have not forgotten about your dare - those jeans are not the best thing to wear for that," Cindy reminded me.

 "I am not sure about doing it. It’s one thing when the train is empty and midnight, but in the daylight with a cabin full of people - I don't think so," I responded assertively.

 "Okay. I will change the dare, but you need to see it through," Cindy replied.

 "Come with me to my place. I will give you back your clothes and give you a new dare," Cindy suggested.

 We collected the keys at the train station. They were found in the bag, but the wallet was taken. It was some adventure trailing around with Cindy. She got stares from every guy. She really did like the attention.

 We then went to Cindy's place. As I sat down in her lounge, she disappeared down the hallway to change out of my clothes. She returned wearing a blue and white striped body-hugging shirt and a white skirt. She handed me my bike pants and halter.

 "I can wash these and get them back to you later," Cindy offered.

 "No, not necessary, I can do it too," I replied taking the clothes.

 "I must confess something," Cindy went on.

 "I came into your bedroom this morning to show you how I looked in your clothes, when I saw you going down on your boyfriend. I stood there watching as you gave him the BJ. You are good and you had me so turned on," Cindy continued.

 "You really don't know where the limits are, do you?" I responded angrily.

 "You don't need to be so angry. I didn't know you were busy when I came in," Cindy explained.

 "You do need to relax a bit. You are far too stressed!" Cindy continued. "I got the best thing for you. There's a hot tub and sauna by the pool in my apartment block. It will be good for you. Come, let’s go.

 "In fact, my dare is that you go nude. There is never anyone there anyway, so it’s an easy one. I will go nude too so you don't feel alone."

 We went down the lift to the pool level. Cindy used her key to get us in. She pushed the 'on' button for the spa jets. Cindy then stripped out of her skirt and top and undid her bra and pulled her white thong panties off her long legs and climbed into the tub.

 I followed suit. I stripped out of all my clothes but just couldn't pull my panties off, so I hopped into the water still wearing my sheer white satin bikini briefs.

 "Okay. I have achieved my dare!" I said proudly.

 "Well, it’s not really a dare when there is nobody around, besides, you are still not nude," Cindy replied.

 "I want you to wait for at least one guy to come into the hot tub and then you have to get out nude and walk across to your towel."

 Nobody came in, but I did enjoy the bubbles and the jets massaging me.

 "You should sit on your knees facing the side and let the jets massage your clit. It's sensational!" Cindy burst out with another one of her surprise comments as she went on to demonstrate for me.

 It was surreal. I was sitting nude in a hot tub as a strange girl sat across from me masturbating. She was getting quickly aroused. I only saw her butt, but I noticed her lifting her hands to touch and caress her breasts.

 She began to gyrate her pelvis into the stream of water gushing out of the jet fitted to the wall of the tub. I saw the water splashing against her torso, and as she lifted herself a bit higher I saw her clit flickering in the stream.

 I couldn't believe I was even accompanying such a strange person. She was the exact opposite of me. I was a natural prude or maybe better described as very shy and introverted, and here I was befriending a loud, extroverted, exhibitionistic sex maniac.

 The truth was that I was feeling way too frustrated sexually; probably the events of the morning were not assisting me. I just wanted to creep deep into my shell, find a very private little toilet cubicle and, as I always do in the way I like, to use my finger to relieve my tension quietly.

 I moved my butt to the side, and a strong water jet was aimed through my butt cheeks. I rotated my hips slightly and the jet stream was focussed on the back of my pussy. It was quite strong and after a few seconds, I felt very aroused. Just then the door opened to the indoor pool and in walked a guy. He had short brown hair, was quite athletic and dressed in a speedo to do laps up and down the pool.

 I quickly dropped lower into the hot tub to hide my naked breasts under the bubbles.

 Cindy just turned around with her big breasts showing, not a care in the world, and greeted the guy.

 "Okay, Rachel, the time for your dare is coming up soon. You need to take a walk across to the towels."

 I looked towards the bench where our towels lay. It was at the other side of the pool, probably thirty metres away. I looked at the pool and the guy was swimming laps.

 He wouldn't even notice me, I thought to myself as I gathered my wits and courage and stepped out of the pool.

 The guy continued his laps. I am not sure he even noticed me. As I felt the cold air brush against my body, the feeling of butterflies inside me was quite intense. I was so nervous. It felt as if I could feel my skin tingling. I looked down at the wet brown curls of my pussy showing through my now totally transparent white panties, and then at my feet as they walked tile by tile. It felt like the other end of the pool was a mile away. I was so self-absorbed in my own created fear that I couldn't really feel much else. Eventually, I got to the bench and I grabbed my white towel and pulled it across my breasts and hips, covering myself quickly.

 The feeling of parading nude caused an immense flood of hormones to course through my body. I now felt hot and sweaty and turned on like a jet engine humming at the runway threshold just waiting to take off. My nipples were hard and stood out erect.

 Cindy clapped from the hot tub. She then climbed out of the hot tub to come and join me. As she did the nude walk, the guy had finished his laps and just watched from the pool ogling every bit of her body. I stood there watching him watching her. I felt jealous. I cannot explain why. It was not rational. I suppose deep inside me there was some strange desire to be watched, to be looked over, to be desired by a stranger, or maybe it was just the satisfaction that I had let go of my barriers, done something so unnatural to me, or just enjoyed the experience of being dirty and slutty for once, without a care and worry.

 However much I now wanted the attention I missed out on, at the time I was scared of getting it. I don't know. I cannot explain the deep psychology of it all.

 He got out of the pool. He was wearing a black speedo and he took his towel and went to the sauna.

 We both followed after him into the sauna. I felt I still had a job undone. As we sat down with our towels around us, covering our breasts like a boob tube and our bodies like a skirt, the swimmer sat on the opposite bench. I could not hold in my intention anymore. This was my one and only time I could pull it off so I stood up, pulled my towel off me, laid it on the timber sauna bench and I sat down on it. I then pulled off my soaking wet panties and I sat cross-legged and straightened my spine. I was totally naked and I knew my pussy was in full view this way, but I just did it.

 The guy looked straight down at my pussy. I felt my whole body respond. I was so horny and wet. I even felt some trickles of wetness run along down my inner thighs. I looked down at myself, still not believing I was actually doing this. My clit was swollen and stood out like a long pink fleshy pole. It was almost like I was having an erection. It so yearned to be touched. I resisted my natural instinct to cover up or pull my legs to hide my jewels. I just let my knees hang low and I let my pelvis sit rotated up. This time, it was going to be in full view. I was going to be on show. My sexuality was open for business and I would not hide away as usual.

 The guy was in shock. He looked on at me. It was clear I was aroused and I stopped trying to hide it. My nipples had the hardest erection I have ever felt. They stood out at least half an inch. They too wanted so badly to be touched and stroked and caressed. It was a struggle to keep my fingers on my knees and not let them be drawn by the magnetic force pulling at them towards my aching groin.

 Cindy too was now looking at me. She was still in her towel, probably a bit shell shocked by my brave and sudden move.

 The sauna was getting hot and sweat beads were running down my breasts and down my stomach.

 The guy had closed his knees tightly. I noticed that he had a hard-on poking out at the top of his speedo, like a rocket ready for launch.

 Suddenly the all-too-quiet Cindy came back to life.

 "Hey Mister, you can't just sit here enjoying the view without participating!" she shouted at him.

 He was no older than us. He never said a word.

 Cindy then stood up from the bench, her towel falling to the side and she stood in front of him and pulled his knees apart.

 "Let us see if we have made you excited?" she said.

 He had a raging hard-on and it stretched out his swimsuit. It was sexy to see the spandex material encase his long pole. Before he could answer, Cindy started shouting out instructions to him. I think he was afraid of her.

 "Get up and turn around. I want to show you what happens to naughty boys!" she went on.

 He stood up but was moving towards the sauna door to leave us madwomen.

 As he stood facing the door, Cindy grabbed the back of his speedo and pulled it down his butt and pulled him back in. She then pushed him down on the bench with his naked butt facing us.

 "Don't resist, as I am a girl that always gets my way," she said to him.

 The guy was way too shy to open his mouth, but it looked like he was going to stay for the game.

 "Hey, Rachel. Let's show this boy what happens when you perv at a young lady!"

 Cindy pulled his speedo down his butt and off his legs. I sat there looking over this. He had a gorgeous round hard butt with light hair all over it, getting bushier through his crack. He was lying down with his chest forward on the bench and his butt sticking out at us as if he was about to be whipped. Cindy touched his butt and spanked it a few times gently with her outstretched flat palm.

 "Rachel, get up and help me. Grab hold of his cock, let's see if he is a man or a wimp."

 I obeyed her instruction and stood up. I put my hand in between his now open legs from behind and I reached under his butt, brushing against his big hairy balls and grabbed his hard penis in my hand, and I rubbed it firmly up and down a few times. At the head of his penis, it was wet with pre-cum spit, which went all over my hand.

 I felt it throb in my hand as I held on to it. I fantasised about it being rammed in and out of my soaking wet pussy.

 Cindy then traced her fingers up and down his butt, squeezing his butt cheeks tightly with her hands.

 "Turn over!" she instructed him. I let go of his penis, and he turned around and sat with his legs hanging over the bench.

 "Lift your legs up on the bench and open them!" she instructed him

 She sat with her knees on the lower bench and put herself between his parted legs as she faced him and bent down into his crotch and started to lick his balls. He put his hands on her big breasts and caressed them and squeezed them. I was standing on the side and my nipples too wanted to be touched. I too needed some urgent sexual attention. Cindy was licking away now on his hard-on and then suddenly out of nowhere just stood upright.

 "Rachel, it is your chance now," Cindy said as she stood up. I didn't think twice. I positioned myself between his legs and I put his cock into my mouth and started to go up and down. My eyes were closed.

 I felt hands brush against my breasts, teasing them, slowly gliding across my nipples, again and again, sending shudders of electrical impulses through my body. I was like a live wire. I could not help letting out an audible deep moan from the intense sensation. I was breathing deeply, my heart racing like mad. I then realised that it was Cindy's fingers caressing my breasts from behind. I then felt a really hot and wet spot on my butt. She was gyrating her pussy against me. I stood up to catch my breath.

 Cindy pulled me to lie on the bench facing upwards. She parted my legs and she lay on top of me in the 69 position. She started to suck up and down the length of my engorged clit, but she did it gently and sensually. Her butt cheeks were just above my face. I put my hands over them and clenched them as I pulled them in closer to my face until her pussy was just above my mouth. I licked it along its length and pushed my tongue in to taste her salty juices. It tasted like a mix between salty sweat and bittery sweet musky something. I had never done this before, and the smell was unfamiliar, as was the sensation of my lips and tongue against soft folds.

 I was turned on more than any other time in my life and I just wanted it to keep on going. She was gyrating and moaning loudly enjoying my advances. I so wanted a good old fuck in my cunt, deep and hard. I was in need of penetration, to be filled by a hard-hot cock. Where was that guy?

 Cindy put a finger into my pussy and I felt another wave of orgasm. I turned my face to the side, and the guy was furiously wanking himself.

 I had to take my tongue out of her wetness as I couldn't focus on her as she slowly sent me into a world of floaty new sensations of delight wave by wave. I just let it go and moaned with each new peak. I held the guy's balls and massaged them tightly with my one hand as he was pulling his hand up and down his cock furiously. Cindy had three fingers going in and out of my pussy at one hell of a speed, touching my inner g-spot, pressing all my buttons of pleasure and sending me into another world. You could hear the sounds of my squishy juices as her fingers probed in and out of my pussy.

 With my other hand, I massaged her nipples between my fingers as I succumbed to the final sensations of relief.

 I then felt his cock jump again and again and it shot his cum up into the air and landed on my neck and in my hair. I smelt it as I was melting away in my fourth or fifth orgasm. The guy quickly exited the sauna and Cindy stepped down and hugged me in a tight embrace, our sweaty bodies pressed against each other.

 Cindy and I are still friends today and have had more adventures together.

 I would love to hear from other girls who have gone commando and their experience of doing so. I do it often now, not only when wearing my gym tights to avoid those panties pulling up, but even on purpose in a short mini.