**Lisa - Bare-Assed in Bodypaint!**

Another short fantasy dedicated to one of my favourite ladies on OCC...

It was mid-July, and Lisa and Steve were enjoying their first summer break together at their remote timber lodge deep in the English countryside. The winter snows had long disappeared and the warm weather was ideal for their outdoor leisure activities.

Lisa loved to walk along the narrow road from their house to the nearest village, then back home again, a routine that helped to keep her fit and trim.

She daydreamed as she walked, smiling to herself as she recalled that it was on this very same road last winter that she and Steve had played out one of their most daring challenges in which she had been left stranded at the roadside, naked, and gagged with her hands tied behind her back and forced to find her own way back home through the snow.

She recognised the bushes where she had been forced to squat uncomfortably in a snowdrift order to hide from an oncoming motorist...

She rounded the final bend and crossed the bridge, the very same narrow bridge that had created problems for her on that freezing challenge, forcing her to take an unplanned detour across the icy stream.

Striding the final few hundred metres up the track to the house, she met Steve, relaxing on a lounger on the front patio.

‘I’ve been thinking about our trip next week’ he said.

‘I think I’ve got a challenge that you might like, and I reckon that that the city will be an ideal location to try it’.

‘Sounds good!’ answered Lisa, excited at the prospect of doing something daring in a new place.

‘Can’t wait to hear about it, but let me get showered first.’

Steve lay drowsily in his lounger, his mind drifting over the details of his plan for Lisa, and he looked forward to telling her about it.

Ten minutes later, she reappeared with a towel wrapped around her.

‘So what’s the deal?’ she asked.

‘Well, you know how we’re always taking risks in public places, and one or both of us is always in a state of serious undress?’

‘Yes...’

‘I wondered how you would feel about walking completely nude along a crowded street, your only disguise being a coat of body paint that makes you look like you’re wearing clothes.’

Lisa’s jaw dropped and her eyes widened in astonishment at the idea. She slowly broke into a huge grin and said:
‘Well, nothing ventured, nothing gained. It sounds incredibly risky, but I’ve never failed a challenge yet! How on earth did you come up with this one..?’

‘Well, I’ve seen some pics of bodypainted women on the internet’ said Steve ‘but as far as I can see, very few of them appear to have the courage to actually take a stroll.’

‘I don’t blame them...’ thought Lisa, her mind working overtime, trying to visualise herself in the situation of parading stark naked amongst fully dressed holidaymakers!

They discussed the idea excitedly and resolved to order the paints and other materials they needed the next day. They also decided that it would be safer to have a ‘practice run’ first at a nearby beach just to make sure that Steve’s’ artistry passed the test. He was going to be the lucky guy who applied the paint...(An ‘undress rehearsal’ Lisa called it...).

A few days later, the materials arrived and they set to work preparing their plan. The weather forecast for the following day was sunny, so they resolved to go to the nearest beach and test the bodypaint. Steve was eagerly looking forward to applying paint on Lisa’s naked body for the first time and the erotic imagery in his imagination excited him.

The next morning, everything was packed and prepared ready for their day trip to the beach. Lisa appeared completely nude, ready for painting. They had decided to paint a simple bikini design using dark blue paint. They felt that dark colours would be safest, as paler shades would tend to show Lisa’s nipples and vaginal lips more prominently. Her pubic region would also have to be shaved clean as a whistle to ensure smooth lines as far as possible.

Rick started on the bra, taking extreme care to get the straps perfectly straight across her back and shoulders. If the straps did not look right, they would immediately arouse suspicion! He also took great care to fashion a painted knot at the back with two loose ends hanging down.

The breasts however, were a big problem. *Wrong shape*...! Small, firm breasts were the ideal size and shape for this adventure, but Lisa’s breasts were quite large and they jiggled as she moved. Lovely as they were, they could not be disguised with a mere coat of paint. They would need to think of some other strategy as far as her top was concerned.

Next however came the most interesting bit - the bikini briefs!

Steve was really looking forward to this. He had Lisa stand with her legs wide apart as he carefully painted the waistband outline across her belly and lower back. He then moved around to her front and painted the front ‘V’, tracing the natural creases where her lower pubis met the tops of her thigh, bringing the line upwards and around the sides of her hips.

He now had to continue this line around her hips, stopping as he reached the crease of her buttocks.

Next came the sexiest part.... Lisa had to squat on her hands and knees with her head down on the floor, ass in the air, and her knees stretched wide apart. This had the effect of pulling her buttocks wide apart, exposing every inch of her charms to Steve’s gaze. He found it difficult to concentrate, but they both giggled as he started to paint the area between her legs. Unsurprisingly, Lisa was also feeling turned on as Steve’s paintbrush caressed and tickled the most secret parts of her body. He placed his brush on the end of the lines on her buttocks and proceeded to extend them along the outer edges of her labia until they joined with his lines at the front. Now all he needed to do was put colour in the space he had outlined using a larger brush.

Lisa squirmed as the soft bristles tickled her labia and clitoris. Her neat, pink anus looked like a suggestive bulls-eye and Steve couldn’t resist dabbing blobs of paint directly on to the dark, crinkly target before reluctantly moving the brush onwards. Every square inch had to be painted and left to dry for about 20 minutes. Lisa presented the most erotic sight, lying immovable with her naked backside thrust up in the air and her thighs stretched wide apart.
Soon it was time to leave and they set off with Lisa choosing to wrap herself strategically in a large towel rather than risk staining any clothes.

They soon arrived at their local beach resort. It was very busy, the high temperatures bringing out masses of day trippers and weekend visitors.

Topless and nude sunbathing were strictly prohibited, and the local authorities had erected warning signs indicating that these practices were offences under local bye-laws.

‘Oliver Cromwell is still alive and well’ thought Lisa.

They found a spot about 100 metres away from the most densely packed area and settled down on their beach towels. Steve checked to make sure that paint had not rubbed off Lisa’s skin on the car journey, although he had brought an emergency supply of paint if required.

As for the problematic breasts, the couple decided that there was no alternative but to cover them up with a tight white halter top.

Lisa spread a towel on the sand and stretched out on her back, keeping her legs together. Many people walked by and took no particular notice of the couple. So far, so good. She experimented by opening her thighs slightly whenever anyone came close, but no one seemed to notice anything untoward.

‘If I’m to walk around the city in bodypaint, I’ll need to walk around here first without being noticed – or should that be ‘exposed’? said Lisa. Steve grinned and agreed with her. He decided that he would join her, carrying a towel in case she suddenly needed cover.

They stood up, and for the first time, Lisa felt a surge of adrenalin as the reality of what she was doing began to hit her. She felt completely exposed and she wondered how long it would take for anyone to notice that she was only wearing a top and sunglasses!

The couple set off along the sand, strolling leisurely, trying to look as relaxed as possible. Lisa however couldn’t resist looking round every few steps to see if anyone was taking a second look and inwardly, she felt quite excited.
Nobody was batting an eyelid, although she sensed that some of the younger women were staring at her a bit longer than normal. Did they suspect something?

They passed several couples and groups of young people who stared momentarily.

‘I think we’re getting away with it’ said Lisa gleefully, and she couldn’t resist a little giggle.

The experiment was proving to be a success, and they resolved to repeat it during their forthcoming trip to the city.

The big day arrived. It was warm and sunny, and they had decided that for her stroll around the city centre, Lisa would wear only a tight white short-sleeved top and a pair of strappy shoes. The rest of her would be bare-ass naked, her lower body painted matt black from the waist down to her ankles to look as though she was wearing lycra leggings. A shoulder bag would complete the image of normality.

Steve carefully painted Lisa’s lower body, and with everything in place, they left their hotel room and walked along the lobby to the main door, shuffling past several guests who glanced at her but did not stare.

Lisa was nervous as she stepped outside into the bright sunlight, the breeze on her skin making her feel completely exposed! They walked steadily, mingling with the bustling throngs of tourists that seemed to be milling around everywhere. They noticed that many of the young girls were wearing a variety of similar leggings and tight jeans, and Lisa felt relieved that she appeared to be inconspicuous in the crowd.

Her first real test would be going up an escalator in a crowded department store. Steve had insisted...just to see if anyone standing below her would notice anything unusual.

Lisa stepped on to the busy escalator and kept her legs tight together. A young guy was standing immediately below her, his face almost level with her ass, and he had all the time in world to stare into her ass-crack as the escalator ascended. He didn’t quite know what to make of what he was seeing... Surely she must be wearing leggings...? But my God, they’re *tight*, he thought!

Lisa sensed that he was there, and the excitement of the situation was beginning to get to her. She decided to give him a show...

She raised one leg up on to the next escalator step and bent forward from the knees, pretending to adjust her shoe strap. This had the effect of thrusting her ass backwards and drawing the cheeks apart. The young guy below her now had Lisa’s black-painted ass and pussy lips inches from his eyes and he could only stare in wonderment!
In case he had thoughts about following her, she quickly moved away at the top of the escalator and wandered around the store, browsing. Meeting up with Steve, they then decided to go for a stroll around some of the city’s attractions. Nobody noticed a thing out of place!

They had lunch in a quiet restaurant, but a shock awaited Lisa as they emerged from the building. Torrential rain was teeming down! They had been so engrossed in their lunch at the far end of the building that they had not noticed the change in the weather. The beautiful sunshine had given way to a downpour, and the road gutters were almost overflowing, barely able to cope with the sudden deluge. People were scurrying everywhere with umbrellas and poor Lisa suddenly realised that she was caught wearing nothing but a skimpy top and a coat of paint! And not just ordinary paint – it was *water-washable* bodypaint...

They instinctively dashed quickly from doorway to doorway without thinking, when they could quite easily have returned to the relative safety of the restaurant. It then dawned on them, too late, that the rain was so heavy that Lisa was in danger of literally losing her cover.

‘Over there’ Steve shouted anxiously, pointing to a pub about 50 metres away ‘We can at least sit it out in there until the rain goes off.’

But it was indeed too late - a car suddenly sped past them, its wheels hitting a flooded dip in the roadway causing the pair to be completely drenched! The black paint on Lisa’s lower body immediately started to run in rivulets down her legs. Streaks of bare flesh quickly appeared everywhere and as they ran, the spray from other cars hit them and started to accelerate the paint removal.

Lisa’s bare backside was now clearly visible to surprised onlookers who stopped in their tracks to watch as the couple sprinted to reach the shelter of the pub. Lisa’s naked, wet ass cheeks jiggled and bounced as she ran, her entire lower half now almost completely exposed! She tried to cover her bare pubis with her hand as she ran and onlookers must have thought she was desperate to get to a loo..! A group of young lads whistled and cheered as she jogged past them, and one of them bravely landed a hefty smack on her arse with his hand. The couple couldn’t stop to remonstrate with them – Lisa was marooned virtually naked in a rainstorm in the city with no obvious means of reaching the safety of their hotel.

They arrived at last at the pub and burst in through the doorway.

A massive cheer went up! The pub was packed with guys waiting for the arrival of the ‘exotic dancer’ who was scheduled to perform that lunchtime, and everyone turned to stare at Lisa thinking that she was the performer..!

‘Oh *fuck...!*’ said Steve. ‘We have to get the hell out of here, quick’

But before they could make a run for it, the bar manager rushed up to them. Steve explained the situation whilst Lisa did her best to squeeze past the crowd of delighted men to reach the safety of the Ladies toilet. She tried to keep calm, but inwardly, she was now feeling scared.

‘I’ll tell you what’ said the manager ‘I’ll find some covering for your wife and I’ll get you a taxi, but I’ll need your help. You see, the dancer hasn’t appeared yet - she was due half an hour ago - and this lot are getting very restless. I don’t want any trouble, so just ask your lovely wife to do some poses or something of the sort, and that should keep everyone happy. What do you think? You help me and I’ll help you. Do we have a deal?’

Steve explained the deal to Lisa who initially refused to go along with the idea, but she eventually decided, with some reluctance, to go along with it on Steve’s insistence. After all, she had been flashing herself on the escalator earlier, and in any event, this would all be over quite quickly.

She cleaned herself up and dried off as best she could although traces of black paint were still trapped in many crevices in her skin. Then, escorted by Steve, she marched out across the floor of the pub towards the small raised stage where she would perform. Her heart was thudding, and sweat was already starting to appear on her face as the realisation of what she was about to do began to sink in...This was to be a striptease with a difference, where she would start off completely naked in front of about 150 men, all of whom would be lusting to touch her and fuck her..!

A spotlight suddenly snapped on, brightly highlighting her nude body as she stood facing the audience. The guys could hardly believe their luck...!

The music started up. It was a solid, heavy beat and Lisa began to slowly gyrate rhythmically and sensually in time to the thudding bass notes. Gradually she relaxed and started to become more daring. She placed her hands behind her head and gradually spread her legs wider, thrusting her pelvis towards the audience in time to the music. She bent her knees and squatted then straightened up, repeating this several times. The guys at the front had a clear view all the way up between her widespread thighs and watched in amazement as Lisa’s labia opened and closed with each squat!

She then did a series of splits, moving around the small stage to give everyone a generous viewing angle on her pussy. She went down on all fours, her head to the floor and her ass towards the audience and slowly spread her knees achingly wide apart. Everything was now on display under the spotlight... her glistening labia, her little clit peeking out of its hood, and her dark, puckered asshole! Being completely shaved, she looked even *more* naked than normal! She waggled her ass, then still crouching on the stage, she brought her knees up to her chest so that the cheeks of her ass were drawn hard apart and the skin on her backside was tight as a drumskin.

The entire audience was spellbound. What would she do next?

Lisa stayed in this position for what seemed like ages, allowing everyone to have a complete view, then to finish, she performed some simple exercises: jumping on the spot which made her tits bounce wildly; ‘X’ jumps with her arms and legs spread wide in mid-air; more squats, but this time with her back to the audience so that they could watch her ass-cheeks open and close, and finally lying on her back and bringing her knees up to her chest. What a sight she made!

The music ended and the pub erupted in applause, shouts and whistles. The regulars had never seen anything quite like it, and probably would never see it here again. They wanted more, but Lisa had done her bit and it was time to make a quick exit. She was a heroine!

She staggered, breathless and sweating from the stage into Steve’s arms.

‘You were fabulous’ he said ‘and I think you’ve made my day! Just wait till I get you home...’

Lisa giggled and kissed him deeply, her tongue working its way into his mouth. She was turned on by what she’d just done and she now wanted to get home as quickly as possible and feel Steve’s hard cock inside her, urging her to an intense climax...

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They eventually arrived home late that evening, weary but still exhilarated from the day’s events. Lisa stripped off and went straight into the hot tub to scrub every last remaining streak of black paint and sweat from her body.

Steve joined her in the tub, his penis already erect with anticipation. He adored looking at his wife’s naked body and never got tired of seeing her in a state of undress. This time, he was not so much interested in looking at her, rather he wanted to give her the fuck of her life!

Both Lisa and he were in a state of high arousal and they embraced and kissed fiercely. Steve’s fingers roamed over Lisa’s body touching her everywhere – above, below, between...She gripped his stiff penis and began tugging it hard whilst his fingers massaged her erect clit.

They quickly climbed out of the tub, still locked in a tight, soapy embrace, and collapsed on the thick, soft rug, naked and wet.

Steve penetrated her.

‘Ohhh...that’s.. it.......’ breathed Lisa hoarsely. ‘Harder....’

Steve pounded her steadily, their wet bellies rubbing together, her gleaming breasts crushed against his chest.

She wriggled and squirmed under him...

His arms gripped her tightly around her shoulders...

Her breathing became faster and deeper, and Steve then reached down behind her to grip her buttocks tightly, a cheek in each hand, prying them apart...

Lisa started to moan softly, and she clutched at him...

He felt the familiar deep ticklish sensation start to build up in his groin, and pressed a fingertip gently against her anus, sensing her contractions as she started to climax....

He gasped as he came in a puddle of sheer pleasure...

A perfect ending to another challenging day for Lisa.