**Mel's Last Minute Gift**

by RSW

As she watched Carla pull another strapless sun dress off the rack and hold it against her body, she could no longer keep her curiosity in check.

“Are you an exhibitionist?” Melanie asked.

That was more blunt than she had intended. The two were good friends, but they had only met five months ago. Upon moving to the area, Carla posted a personal ad on Craigslist looking for a friend, and Melanie, who was in a similar situation, answered it. They hit it off fast and were lucky enough that even their husbands had a lot in common. Still, Mel knew the relationship was still developing and wanted to be careful not offend.

“What do you mean?”

Melanie couldn’t help but notice that everything her friend wore was either low cut, short, or both. Even her sweatpants drew attention because of the words printed across her backside. On the other hand, comments made here and there seemed to indicate that she had a rather puritanical view about nudity.

“I’m confused. When you told me the story about Ted’s coworker getting hurt in an, um, indelicate place because he was walking around his house naked, you seemed so scandalized. On the other hand, your clothing choices are much less conservative than mine.”

“There’s nothing to be confused about. My clothes cover all the important parts. What’s the big deal?” Carla said.

“But what you wear draws attention to your body. Do you enjoy it when people to look?”

Carla blushed a little.

“I guess I don’t mind when guys check me out.”

“What about nudity? Do you sleep nude? Do you let Ted photograph you naked or undress you in public?”

“Oh, no. I wear a full nightgown to bed, and I only undress to shower and to actually have sex.”

“See,” Melanie said, “That’s what I don’t understand. You seem so confident about showing off your body with skimpy clothes, but you don’t like being naked.”

“It’s not that I don’t like being naked; it’s that it turns me on. Ted knows that, if he sees me without clothes, I want him in bed.”

“What about other people? How would you feel if other guys saw you naked?”
Carla thought for a moment before answering.

“To be honest, it would probably turn me on.”

“And how would Ted feel about it?”

“He’s pretty easy going. I don’t think that it would upset him.”

“But would he get turned on by it?”

“I don’t know, but he’s never asked me to do anything like that.”

“You and I are in completely opposite situations as far as this goes. You like showing off, but your husband doesn’t care. In my case, Jim wants me to wear more revealing clothes, and I simply can’t.”

“Why not?”

“I don’t mind Jim looking at me, but I can’t stand the thought of others staring at my body.”

“Well, I guess you should keep dressing how you like, then,” Carla said.

“Yeah, but…”

“But what?”

“It’s just that our sex life has gotten to be so mundane. We make love once every weekend, usually on either Saturday or Sunday morning. There’s no spontaneity, and he never loses control. He always makes sure that I’m satisfied. Then he finishes.”

“That doesn’t sound so bad to me.”

“Think of it this way: what if you gave Ted the equivalent of socks and underwear for Christmas, and he went out and got you those diamond earrings that you’ve been wanting at Zales? How would you feel?”

“Like I’m not holding up my end of the bargain.”

“Exactly. I want to make him as happy as he makes me.”

“What makes him happy?”

“That’s part of what frustrates me so much. He won’t tell me. I have to go by hints and how he’s reacted to things in the past.”

“What have you been able to figure out so far?”

“When we first got married, he’d make jokes about me taking my clothes off in public. At first, I thought that he was kidding around. I mean, wouldn’t a guy get jealous if his girl were naked in front of other guys? Turns out, I’m pretty sure I was wrong.”

“I thought you didn’t want anyone looking at your body! You’ve taken off your clothes where other people could see you?”

“No. Not exactly. But I have done things where it was at least possible that someone could have seen me, and he seemed to enjoy it. The problem is that I don’t know how far he really wants me to go or how far I’m willing to go.”

“Why don’t the two of you discuss it?”

“Whenever I ask him anything straight out about anything having to do with sex, he gets all embarrassed and shuts down. It doesn’t work.”

Carla picked up a red evening dress.

“I have an idea. Buy this, and make him take you someplace where you can wear it. It’s a great place to start.”

Melanie looked at the garment. The V-neck would show off most of her boobs, and it didn’t look like it would come down much past her behind.

“That’s part of the problem. I think he would love it, but I couldn’t wear that!”

“Try it on, at least.”

After much hounding, Carla was able to talk her into putting it on. Melanie had to completely remove her bra because most of the front would have been visible.

“See, that’s not so bad,” Carla said.

“Not so bad! You can see half my breasts, and there’s no way that I can go braless.”

“We can find you an appropriate bra. Now turn around.”

“I’m not wearing this thing.”

“Think of making him lose control. Come on, I dare you.”

“But…”

“This is no worse than what I wear almost everyday. Do you see people stopping to stare at me?”

Melanie knew that guys often did do a double take to check Carla out and that this dress was a lot more revealing than her everyday attire. She did feel sexy in it, though.

‘Maybe it wouldn’t be that bad…’

To her own surprise, Mel found herself accepting the challenge.

End Prologue

Part 1

Jim wasn’t terribly surprised when Melanie announced that she had bought a new dress and that she wanted him to take her out somewhere nice. In general, he tended not to volunteer for such things, but he did cater to his wife’s wishes when she was in the mood for an evening on the town. Thus he found himself booking tickets for a sunset dinner cruise.

He was surprised, however, on the night of the occasion when her first saw the dress. Jim had dressed in a dark suit with, at Mel’s request, a red holiday tie and had left the bedroom while she was still getting ready. Now that he saw her descending the stairs, his eyes nearly bulged out of his head.

Mel had naturally large breasts, and the weight the she put on after college only served to make them bigger. He knew that they were inconvenient for her, as she complained often that their weight caused her back and neck problems. He realized that she would eventually follow through on her plans to have them reduced, but, in the meantime, there was no question what part of her body was his favorite. If only she didn’t always keep them completely under wraps when they were in public.

He had noticed that she started wearing slightly tighter shirts since meeting Carla, which he encouraged as covertly as possible, but she still didn’t show much cleavage. One time, she did wear a rather low cut swimsuit to the beach, but she seemed embarrassed the whole time. He hadn’t seen the suit again after that day.

This dress, though! Wow! It was so low cut that it literally reached to right above the point where the two bra cups presumably joined, and it revealed the entire inner and upper parts of her breasts to the very edge of her areole. Only thin straps crossing her shoulders interrupted the vast expanse of bare skin above the rest of the bright red material. Jim knew exactly where the eyes of every straight male that they passed tonight would be drawn.

As hard as it was to move past the incredible amount of cleavage being shown, he was interested in the rest of her dress as well. She didn’t wear tight clothing because she felt that it didn’t flatter her body, so he wasn’t shocked to see that the fabric floated about her with only a slight cinch at the waist. He couldn’t believe, however, how short it was. The hem ended several inches above her knee, and it bounced as she walked. From his angle sitting on the couch, he could see that she was wearing panties that matched the rest of her outfit. Mel would have to be very careful, or the people around her were going to be seeing an awful lot of her tonight!

Black leather boots that came most of the way up her calf completed the ensemble. He couldn’t remember the last time that she had worn them. Was it that the temperature had dropped low enough to make them bearable or was it that she was completely catering her wardrobe to him tonight? Nothing made an outfit sexier than the addition of the boots!

“So?” she asked as she entered the living room.

Jim realized that he had been gawking silently.

“Absolutely incredible. You look so beautiful.”

He took her in his arms and gave her a tight hug and long kiss.

“Are you ready to go?” Jim asked.

He didn’t know what he had done to deserve his wife dressing this way, but he wanted to get her out of the house before she came to her senses.

“Sure…”

He grabbed her hand and tried to lead her to the door.

“Jim, you don’t think that this outfit is too revealing, do you?”

“No, baby. It’s absolutely perfect, and we need to leave now.”

“I thought that we had plenty of time.”

“It is an hour and a half until the ship boards, but I’m worried about traffic. It’s a long way to downtown, and, if an accident snarls up the interstate, it’ll take forever to get there.”

Jim knew that Mel had a phobia about being late. The mere suggestion of it made her focus more on the time than on her attire, and he was able to rush her out of the house.

As he pulled out of their neighborhood, he absently stroked the bare portion of her leg between the bottom of the skirt and the top of the boots and reflected upon the fact that Melanie leaving her legs constantly bare in shorts and skirts was probably his favorite part of living on Oahu. That and the fact that it was still warm enough in mid December for her to dress the way she did tonight.

He desperately wanted to ask how embarrassed she was about her clothing but was too afraid that such a comment would ruin the whole thing. Until the boat left the dock, she could always chicken out. Instead, he turned the conversation toward their holiday schedule. Nothing occupied her mind better than planning.

“Have we figured out what we’re going to do about Christmas yet?”

“Since we’re not flying home and Ted and Carla are in the same situation, we’re going to spend the day together.”

At the time they both had to put in for vacation at work, the price of flights to the mainland were outrageous. As much as it had pained them to not be with their families for Christmas, they had reluctantly decided that it wasn’t feasible from a financial standpoint.

“Sounds good. Are we going to their place, or are they coming to our house?”

“Carla wanted to do it there, but I convinced her that ours made a lot more sense. It’s bigger and has a much nicer kitchen.”

“Are they coming over the morning of, then?”

“Actually, I think that it’s going to be better if they spend the night Christmas Eve. She’s going to make the ham, which will need to be started no later than 9:30 or so if we’re going to have an early lunch. Factoring in food prep time, driving from her house, and loading the car, they’d need to get up by 7, and you know how she likes to sleep late.”

“Sounds like you and she have it all arranged. Works for me.”

He kept her occupied with light conversation until they arrived at the dock. Even though he had driven relatively slowly, they still were a full half hour early, and Jim tried to figure out the best way to play the situation. If went ahead and got in line, would his wife become more accustomed to her state of dress or would it make her more self conscious? He didn’t want to risk her deciding to back out. He could always play the money card – the nonrefundable tickets had cost over $100 each – but he would prefer not to do that.

He decided that staying in the car until the last minute was the best bet, so he pointed out that standing in line for a long time would make Mel’s feet hurt because of the boots. It wasn’t hard to convince her.

They ended up waiting until the line had almost completely dissipated before exiting the vehicle. He could tell that she was self conscious about her attire; she walked slowly with one of her hands holding her skirt, and she kept glancing down, presumably to make sure that she was still contained. Regardless of how she might have been feeling, though, she was a trooper and didn’t verbalize any fears or complaints.

Jim noticed that the gentleman taking their tickets stole a few quick glances at his wife’s cleavage. Who could blame him? From an objective point of view, her clothing wasn’t completely out of the ordinary considering the styles of the day. If you spent the day people watching in Waikiki, you’d certainly see girls with shorter skirts and blouses that were at least as low cut. Just like Mel tonight, though, those girls all drew quite a bit of attention. Besides, her breasts were so big that half of them being exposed equaled more skin than if most girls bared themselves fully.

Was it only his imagination that every male eye in the restaurant focused on her as he and Mel followed the hostess to the table?

He held her chair out for her and noted how carefully she sat down. With one hand, she made sure the skirt folded under her behind, and she placed the other one at her neck to guard against views down her front.

Because of the angle and being focused on driving, Jim hadn’t realized how the material covering his wife’s nipples adjusted when she was seated, and he bet that she had never modeled the dress in the mirror in that pose either. While it completely covered her while she stood, the fabric bowed outward when she was in a sitting position. Whenever she leaned even slightly forward, both her entire nipples came into view! He couldn’t help but wonder about exactly what kind of bra was she wearing.

He debated telling her how much she was showing but decided against it. As long as she didn’t discover it on her own, what she didn’t know couldn’t hurt her. The young waiter who took their drink orders certainly took notice, though. All his comments to Mel were directed directly to her chest.

He was dying to know what Melanie was thinking and feeling. Was she turned on? Was she embarrassed?

Her attitude about showing off had him perplexed. When they started dating, she told him that he wouldn’t see her naked until their wedding night. That prohibition lasted less than a week, and he had begun to think that maybe she’d be amenable to trying out some of the things he read about online involving dares and such.

It embarrassed him too much to ask outright if she was interested, but, after getting married, he hinted about the things that he enjoyed. He even got her to do some interesting things like take a naked midnight stroll in the park. He still loved the pictures that he took of her on the swing set and on the picnic table.

He had convinced her to do it by getting her an awesome anniversary present and suggesting that she give him a very personal IOU instead of buying something for him. It had been hard, but he had made himself tell her what he wanted. She had dutifully gone through with it, but he didn’t get the sense that she enjoyed it, which sucked most of the fun out of the experience for him. It wasn’t that she didn’t get aroused when doing those kind of things, but she got aroused so easily anyway that the games probably weren’t worth it for her.

He had needed some kind of encouragement from her that it was all right to continue trying such things. Instead, that night had been one of their last forays into outside nudity. He assumed that she wasn’t into it, so he had pretty much given up hope of any future escapades. Then she walked downstairs tonight wearing a dress that looked like it would give Carla pause ready to go out where who knows how many people would see her. What gives?

“I don’t mean to question my good fortune,” he said, “but you’re dressed a little more risqué than normal. What prompted this treat?”

She smiled at him.

“It’s been a while since we’ve done anything fun. Remember the time that you took me to that midnight showing of… What movie was that?”

“I don’t remember which film it was either. My recollection of you wearing those boots, a long coat, and nothing else is still quite vivid, however.”

“No one else was in the theater, and the coat spent the entire time on the seat next to me if I recall correctly. It was a good night.”

It had been a good night. His hands had been all over her. He had known that she was terrified that someone would walk in, but she had done it. Later in their apartment, the sex had been fantastic.

“How about the game that we used to play when we lived in Missouri? We haven’t done that in a while either.”

Their house had been located on the outskirts of the suburbs, and they had a relatively private drive home for the last several miles. On the way back from a particularly long road trip, he had started teasing her by rubbing her thighs under her skirt. By the time they reached the city where they lived, they had both been horny and anxious to get to their place. Each stop sign and traffic light became agony. On a whim, he told her to remove a piece of clothing while they were stopped at one, and she took off her socks without complaint, her shoes having come off as soon as they got in the car.

He soon came to another stop and asked her for another article. She leaned her seat all the way back. Now out of sight of surrounding cars, she reached under her shirt and took off her bra. At the next stop, she didn’t have to be asked; Mel slid her hands under her skirt and pulled her panties down. Two more times before they reached their house, Jim pulled the car to a complete halt, and, when he drove into their attached garage, his hands were roaming all over her naked body.

They played this little game many more times before they moved; it was perfect for both of them because to Jim it felt like she was exhibiting herself in public and because to Melanie it felt safe. She always removed her top last, so no part of her was completely uncovered until the last stop sign. From that point, their destination was less than a mile away in a sparsely populated area.

“Don’t I know it. I didn’t think that you’d go for doing that anymore. The areas we’ve lived since then are so much more densely populated.”

“Well, maybe not that,” she said, “but something maybe. Anyway, I was shopping with Carla the other day, and she pointed this dress out to me. I thought that you would like it.”

“Woohoo! Go Carla. She’s a great influence. Remind me to thank her.”

“You really don’t think that it’s too much?”

“Absolutely not. It’s perfect.”

Jim knew he needed to change the subject.

“So,” he asked, “what kind of game did you have in mind?”

“I don’t know. I thought that going out dressed like this was the game. Do you have an idea?”

Jim had an idea, alright.

“You probably never saw the movie, Sliver, did you?”

“Doesn’t sound familiar.”

“It wasn’t that great a movie, but it did have one of the most sexy scenes that I’ve ever watched.”

Jim couldn’t bring himself to use the word “erotic.”

“The male lead,” he said, “and Sharon Stone were sitting at a table in a restaurant flirting with each other. He then asked her to give him her panties right there at the table. I would love it if you’d give me yours right now.”

He had almost amended that statement to ask her to give him her red panties. The only way that he could have know the color, though, would have been if he had seen them. He didn’t think it prudent given the nature of his request to remind her about the short length of her skirt.

Melanie nearly choked on her drink.

“Here? Now?”

Jim nodded his head.

“I don’t know…”

Jim didn’t say anything. He knew from experience that his best bet was to let her work it out for herself. She was obviously feeling playful and wanted to please him. If there was anyway she could figure out how to do it, she would. If she couldn’t, nothing that he could say would change the fact, and pushing it would ruin the mood.

Their table was against a wall instead of in front of one of the big windows looking out over the water, and the white tablecloth draped over it fell all the way to Melanie’s lap. She scooted her chair as far as possible under the cover it provided and discreetly looked around the room. He was sure that she noticed, as he had, that most of the people dining were concentrating on each other, on the food, or on the wonderful view of Diamondhead in the late afternoon sun.

He watched as she fidgeted in her chair, wondering what she was doing. Then he figured it out; she was adjusting herself so that she wasn’t sitting on her skirt. She apparently accomplished her goal, because she stopped moving around and took a few bites of her meal.

‘That’s smart,’ he thought. ‘If the movement attracted anyone’s attention, she’s giving them time to be distracted by something else before continuing.’

He tried to imagine the perspective of the diners sitting near them. Mel was sitting against the wall with her legs and bottom of her skirt hidden underneath the table. The only part of her visible below the waist visible was a small section of the left side of her dress.

Overall, she was fairly well protected from sight, but just that small section being in the open meant that she had to be extremely careful not to raise up that side of her skirt.

After a rather large sip of wine, she removed both of her hands from the top of the table. As Jim watched her arms move, he fantasized about what she must be feeling as she removed her most intimate garment in such a public setting. Was she frightened, embarrassed, aroused? He decided she was probably feeling a mixture of the three.

He saw her waist rise up the tiniest bit off the chair and noticed that her arms made several rapid movements before returning to the waiting eating utensils. She calmly took another several bites and yet another large gulp of wine before dropping her right hand down to her lap.

‘She must have gotten them to what, her thighs, with that move,’ he thought.

He marveled at how she could manage to serenely consume her meal while in the midst of taking off her underwear in a crowded restaurant.

This time, her arm movements were much less perceptible, and it wasn’t until she bent over, pretending to scratch her leg, that he realized she was now picking up her discarded panties off the floor.

She grinned at him as she held out her closed right fist to him. He reached out to her, and she dropped the tiny ball of material into his hand. He discretely placed it in his jacket pocket.

She had done it!

By the time that they finished their meal, dessert, and a cup of coffee each, the sun was setting over Honolulu.

“Would you like to go out to the observation deck?” he asked.

“Sure. Which one?”

The ship had open decks in the front and the rear as well as on the roof.

“The roof?”

He figured that there would be a lot of stairs to climb, and the wind would be stronger up there. He wanted to see how far she was willing to go.

“Okay.”

He stood and pulled her chair back for her. She must have felt even more self conscious after having surrendered panties than when she first walked in. Did she feel like everyone knew her secret? Like everyone was looking at her, trying to see up her skirt? He certainly did, and he had never wanted her more.

When they reached the stairs, he attempted to go up first, but her hand pulled him back.

“I don’t think so,” she said.

‘Oops. Is she going to balk about going to the roof?’ he thought.

“You’re going up behind me, and you’re going to stay close,” she continued.

He was relieved. She wasn’t going to give free shows, but she would humor him otherwise.

Anyone who wanted to see the otherwise unobstructed view of her pussy would have to have been able to see through him for their trek up each of the flights. The final ascension to the top was via a fireman’s ladder, but he was able to shield her from sight on it as well.

He stepped off it right behind her and onto the roof decking. Handrails lined a somewhat narrow section that ran the entire length of the ship. The area offered panoramic views with, since the vessel had completed its turn, the sun setting over Honolulu on the starboard side and the vast expanse of ocean off the port side.

All things considered, it surprised Jim how few people were were up there. Besides them, there were only half a dozen couples. Perhaps the relatively strong wind kept others away.

“Do you want to stay here?” he asked.

“Let’s get some pictures of the flags at the back.”

Her death grip with both hands on the sides of her skirt was the only sign of her concern about her attire as they walked.

“Look at how pretty it is,” she said. “Take some pictures.”

Jim pulled the digital camera from his pocket and began snapping shots of the scenery.

“Let me get a couple of you. Put your hands on the railing and look at downtown,” he said as he framed the shot.

She tentatively let go of her skirt, keeping her hands nearby while she tested how it would behave in the wind. It whipped around a bit, but it didn’t rise up enough to show anything. She allowed him to take several pictures and gradually seemed to become more comfortable.

Jim wanted to ask her to flash him, but there was never a time when they were alone. He didn’t want to press his luck by asking. He did, however, hold the camera at the ready in case mother nature decided to help him out. The wind, though strong, didn’t vary much in direction and played with the hemline without moving it up.

They enjoyed the view from the roof so much that they decided to remain there until the boat docked, which turned out to be a fortuitous choice for Jim. As they entered the canal, the buildings on both sides altered the flow of the wind. Melanie apparently didn’t notice, but her skirt was now lifting enough for him to catch views of the bottom of her backside.

He knew that he should tell her what was happening. Instead, he took pictures. His favorite turned out to be the one with half of her butt showing and the male half of a couple in the background looking on in approval. Jim made a mental note to download the images and copy that one and a few others to his private directory before she got a chance to see them.

It was dark by the time that they got back in the car.

“I can’t tell you how much I enjoyed tonight. Thank you so much for wearing that dress. Anywhere else you want to go? Symphony? A play?”

She laughed.

“Maybe…” was all he could get out of her.

Traffic was much lighter on the way back than it had been on the way into town, but Jim used his time wisely, taking advantage of his wife’s lack of panties to tease her mercilessly with his hands. By the time they exited the H-1, she had climaxed once.

Their earlier conversation about games weighed on Jim’s mind. Not counting the boots, Mel was only wearing a dress and a bra. He knew that she wouldn’t take either of those off before bypassing the guard shack at the entrance to their subdivision. After that, though, there were two stop signs…

He didn’t make the suggestion until they had been waived through the security check point.

“Any interest in playing the stop game tonight? Shoes don’t count though.”

He could see that she was running the idea through her mind. She knew as well as him that agreeing would mean that she ended up naked. She couldn’t be afraid of anyone seeing inside the car, but their townhouse didn’t have a garage.

“Okay.”

If his heart was pounding this rapidly he stopped his car the first time, what must she feel like?

Without a word, she pulled off her dress and threw it in the back seat. Her stripping revealed the mystery bra. He had never seen her wear anything like it. It consisted of a thin band of material that wrapped around her torso immediately below her breasts. Each cup consisted of a wire-reinforced mesh that pushed each of her globes up from beneath. It appeared to provide a degree of support and boost without covering her at all.

He used his hand to caress her stomach before moving lower. She was revved up pretty hot and heavy when they reached the second stop sign.

He didn’t stop his attention to her nether regions until after she had removed her bra. He knew that she was about to cum, but how could he resist that beautiful breasts? Tenderly, he stroked and squeezed them and lightly pinched her bare, hard nipples before returning to finish her off.

“Can I have my clothes back until we get inside the house?” she asked once they had parked.

“If you really want them, of course. It’s only a short walk, though, less than twenty steps. No one’s outside, and it’s extremely unlikely that anyone will be looking out their windows.”

He didn’t quite plead, but he knew that she could tell how much that he wanted her to do the walk naked.

“Go open the door.”

Before she had a chance to change her mind, he grabbed her dress and bra out of the back seat and practically ran to the front of the townhouse. He unlocked the door and turned to watch her.

There was a long pause where nothing happened.

‘She must be looking around to make sure that no one can see her.’

Finally, the car door opened, and she got out.

It was glorious. The car’s interior light illuminated his wife’s body, completely nude except for a pair of boots. Her huge breasts out in the open for anyone who cared to glance out of their house. Her bare butt, bush, and tummy were equally as assessable to view. The thought of the possibility of their neighbors seeing her excited him.

She apparently decided that avoiding making noise was preferable to moving fast because she closed the car door slowly and softly. At first, he thought that she was trembling with nervousness because she looked wobbly as she approached him. He realized, though, that her legs must still be shaky from her two recent orgasms.

He wished that the walk could have lasted all night, but, all to soon, she was inside. He grabbed her in a full body embrace and kissed her deeply before nudging her in the direction of the stairs. He stopped her, though, on the first step and had her bend over while he shucked his pants and underwear.

She had her third climax of the night right there, and he coaxed two more out of her in their bedroom prior to finishing himself.

End Part 1

Interlude

“So, how did it go?” Carla asked when Melanie called her the next morning.

“We definitely had sex, but he still didn’t lose control.”

“He liked it, though, right?”

“That’s an understatement. I think he’s still grinning.”

Melanie told Carla about the events of the evening, including her nude walk.

“I tell you, it pushed my limits to the edge, and I still didn’t achieve what I was after.”

“Was it that bad for you?”

“I don’t know. I felt like everyone was looking at me. I hate that feeling.”

“Was there anything positive?”

“It was fun playing games with him again. We hadn’t done that in so long. I wish he’d tell me what he wants.”

“You’re going to have to keep experimenting,” Carla said. “Any ideas as to what you can do?”

“I actually did think of something that might send him over the edge, but I’m not sure that I can pull it off.”

“Why not?”

“It involves you.”

“Me?”

“Well,” Melanie said, “I was thinking that, since I did a dare, you should have to too.”

“What did you have in mind?”

After hearing the proposal, Carla said, “No way. That’s not anyway comparable to you wearing a nice dress out on the town.”

“Come on. You practically admitted the other day that you’d like it, and who knows, maybe Ted will like it too.”

“What about you? You’d be taking the same risk.”

“I have confidence in Jim. He’ll win.”

“What if he doesn’t?”

“Then I guess I’ll have to do the forfeit.”

There was silence on the line.

“If it means so much to you that you’re willing to do it, I guess that I’ll agree.”

It took some negotiation, but the two hashed out the final details.

End Interlude

Start Part 2

Since everyone worked half days on the 24th, Carla and Ted arrived at their host’s residence in the late afternoon. By 7 o’clock, the group had eaten supper and cleaned up. As they sat around the dining room table chatting, Mel surprised Jim with a question.

“Honey, I told Carla that you would crush Ted if y’all played chess. Am I right?”

Jim knew that she didn’t usually talk trash and the comment immediately aroused his curiosity. He decided to play it safe with a diplomatic answer.

“Well, I guess I’m a pretty fair player, but I have no idea his skill level.”

They had played a lot of board games together, from Agricola to Power Grid, and Jim normally won. The two of them, however, had never gotten around to testing their respective skills at chess.

“But you would probably beat him, right?”

Jim had been a member of his college chess club and, while a bit rusty and definitely not master level, knew that anyone who hadn’t spent a serious amount of time studying the game wasn’t likely to defeat him. Melanie obviously wanted him to answer truthfully.

“Probably.”

“Good, cause Carla thinks otherwise, and we made a little bet regarding the subject.”

“Really? That sounds interesting. What did you bet?”

“The girl whose husband loses has to strip naked.”

Jim’s eyes went wide as he looked around the room. Their group hadn’t done, or even talked about, any thing like this, and he had never seen Carla wearing less than a swimsuit. Ted looked as shocked as he was, and he imagined that Ted, like him, was expecting the girls to announce that it was all a joke at any second. That announcement never came, however. Both of them looked serious, if a bit apprehensive.

Jim stood and motioned for Ted to join him.

“I guess we should get the chess set then.”

He waited until they were standing in front of the closet that held his board games, safely out of the girls earshot, before he spoke.

“I think they mean it. Are you cool with this? I mean, what if you lose, and I see Carla naked?”

“I’m not the jealous type. As long as it’s a look but don’t touch kind of thing, I don’t have a problem with it. What about you, though? What if it’s Melanie that has to strip?”

Jim smiled.

“Truthfully, I’m not sure whether I’m hoping that I win or that I lose.”

As they retrieved the game pieces and headed downstairs, he wrestled with the question as to whether or not he should throw the game. He’d like to see his friend’s wife naked, of course, but his ultimate fantasy involved exposing his own wife. As much as the prospect of seeing his shy wife taking off her clothes in front of anyone besides him thrilled him, though, he felt strongly about gaming ethics. He had no respect for someone who didn’t try his best to win and couldn’t think of a situation, including this one, where it was okay to throw a game.

It didn’t take long to get the board set up, but there was a little negotiating involved with establishing the conditions for the game. Jim wanted to use his clock with a 30 minute limit so that the game didn’t take forever. He also knew that, by its very presence, the device would give him an advantage once his opponent admitted to never using one. Ted, balked at the suggestion, though.

‘It’s unlikely that he’s a serious player if he’s never participated in a timed game. That means no tournaments or formal play,’ Jim thought.

“Okay. No clock. I can’t justifiably say that I’ve ever seen you take an undeservedly large amount of time to make decisions anyway.”

Ted grabbed a pawn of each color, moved his hands behind his back, and held out two closed fists.

“Choose,” he said.

Jim pointed to the right one, and Ted opened it to reveal the white playing piece.

Sitting at the kitchen table with both women looking on with interest, Jim made his first move, and his friend quickly responded. The game stayed even through the opening as both players developed pieces, castled, and exchanged center pawns.

‘No mistakes so far,’ Jim thought. ‘He obviously not incompetent.’

Knowing a few simple principles will get you through the opening solidly without you having to memorize a lot of specific plays and counters. It’s in the mid game where the player with the better ability to see ahead begins to establish an advantage. After another five moves, Jim wondered if Ted even knew that he was starting to get into trouble.

Though the piece count was even, Jim’s position clearly dominated the board. Both his rooks commanded open files, his bishops and knights controlled the center, and all his pieces were positioned to attack the opposing king. In contrast, Ted’s queen side rook still lay trapped by his unmoved knight and one of his bishops sat on a practically useless square.

The game effectively ended a short while later when Jim used his positional advantage to trap Ted’s queen, taking it at the cost of only a knight. His opponent fought valiantly from that point but had no real hope short of a stalemate. Since Jim was consummately skilled in the art of end game play, it quickly became apparent that even that faint ambition held no chance, and Ted tipped his king over.

“Sorry, Pumpkin,” Ted said to Carla.

To her credit, Carla didn’t try to equivocate or back out. Wearing a short strapless dress that wrapped around her chest under her arms and stopped above her knee, she stood. Jim had always wondered what she wore underneath her typical attire, and now he was about to find out.

Without much hesitation, she pushed the garment down. Since elastic was the only thing holding it up, it fell to the floor without much effort leaving her in a pair of green, bikini cut panties and a brown wrap around her chest.

‘That’s odd,’ Jim thought. ‘I’ve never seen anything like that. It’s some form of stretchy material. The tension must keep her boobs from bouncing around too much. Why would she wear that instead of a normal strapless bra?’

Not for the first time in his life, he realized that he well and truly was a geek.

Regardless of why she wore that particular type of top, she didn’t keep it on much longer. She pushed it down much like her dress, and seconds later she stepped out of it as well. Then she paused.

Jim didn’t know if she was nervous about removing her lone remaining piece of clothing or if she simply wanted to give them a few moments to take in the view of her breasts before distracting them with the rest of her body.

He decided that the view was well worth the attention. Obviously, Carla’s much thinner frame didn’t support nearly the cup size of Melanie, but her pert tits stood out proudly. Jim especially liked her tiny areole and short, rock hard nipples. He continued staring at them until she began to move her hands once again.

‘Is she actually going to do this?’ he thought. ‘Get totally naked in front of us?’

Apparently, the answer was “yes” because she stuck her thumbs in the waistband of the green material and pushed down, revealing trimmed soft brown curls that contrasted with the auburn hair on her head. She dutifully stepped out of the panties and stood before them naked with her hands on her hips.

Jim looked her up and down before realizing that he was checking out his friend’s naked wife with both his own wife and the husband of the object of his lusty stare right there in the room. He guiltily looked around hoping that he wasn’t in too much hot water.

Ted was smiling and didn’t seem all that concerned about Carla’s state of undress. Carla herself seemed maybe a little anxious but certainly not traumatized. Now that he had finally removed his gaze from her more interesting parts, she didn’t have trouble meeting his eyes.

‘Good, it doesn’t seem like there will be too much awkwardness created by this.’

His big concern, however, was Mel. Would she be angry at him? I mean, she set this up. It wouldn’t be entirely logical for her to arrange her friend to strip in front of him and then get mad because he looked, would it? Then again, when had he ever considered women to be logical?

When he forced himself to look at Melanie to gauge her reaction, however, she seemed to be more amused than irritated. Once she saw him look at her, she smiled and made a circular motion with her hand. The level of sexual tension in the room addled his thinking a bit, so it took him a second to figure out the she was motioning for Carla to turn around.

He turned his head back to ogle Carla.

He couldn’t believe it, but she meekly followed Melanie’s unspoken command, turning to show off her bare backside. Jim had now seen as much of her as anyone except probably her husband and her gynecologist.

She stayed with her back facing them until Melanie spoke.

“Who’s up for a movie?”

Carla immediately spun around and glared at her.

‘What’s the deal? The bet was just to strip, right? Can’t she get dressed now?’

That didn’t appear to be the case. Instead, she marched, still nude, into the living room as the rest of the crew watched her retreating butt jiggle.

“If it has to be a Christmas movie, I vote Die Hard or Gremlins,” Ted said.

“I was thinking either Elf of the Santa Clause,” Mel said.

“How about A Miracle on 34th Street or It’s a Wonderful Life?” Jim suggested.

After a brief discussion while walking through the kitchen, they gave in to Melanie’s choice and picked Elf. Meanwhile, Carla had settled into the middle position of the three person couch. Jim couldn’t help but notice that, while she wasn’t trying to cover herself, her legs were held tightly together and she was sitting on a dishtowel that she had apparently grabbed on her way into the room.

Jim felt himself blush when he figured out why it was necessary.

Melanie and Ted sat on either side of her, and Jim took a seat in the oversized chair, propping up his feet on the ottoman. He was sorely tempted to spend the whole movie staring at the naked girl but decided that would be too impolite. Obviously, though, he took advantage of any excuse to look in her direction.

By the end of the movie, her smell permeated the room, and he noticed that her nipples were still incredibly hard.

‘Not surprising,’ he thought. ‘I’m in the same situation. Ted’s going to be getting lucky tonight, and I better be, too.’

With the start of the closing credits, Carla finally found her voice.

“Okay. It’s over. We’re going to bed now.”

She stood, grabbed Ted’s hand, and drug him up the stairs.

Jim took the remote control and turned off the DVD player and TV while Mel got the lights.

“Shall we?” he said, pointing upstairs.

He barely let her get the door closed before he started undressing her. His hands roamed all over her, and he had her naked in moments. He moved behind her and kissed her neck while groping her breasts and fingering her clit.

As soon as he felt that she was wet, he let her go so that he could remove his own clothes. She laid down on her back on the bed, spreading her legs in anticipation. He entered her urgently. He had barely begun, however, before he finished.

That had never happened before. Usually, he took his time and made sure that she was completely sated before letting himself finish.

“I’m sorry,’ he said, removing himself from inside her and reaching for the paper towels on the dresser.

“It’s okay.”

He handed her one and cleaned himself up before turning back to her. She lay on her back, panting. He snuggled up next to her and began massaging her stomach.

“You look like you want to say something,” he said.

“Were you thinking about her when you…” she asked.

How was he to answer that? He hated talking about this kind of stuff. Instead of answering, he laid his head on her shoulder.

After a moment, she turned his back to him.

After nearly six years of marriage, Jim could easily differentiate between her turning over so that they could spoon and her turning over in order to give him the cold shoulder. This time, he could feel the temperature drop from the chill.

Apparently, this one was important to her.

‘This is silly,’ he thought. ‘She’s never given me cause to regret it when I’ve opened up to her. Why can’t I just trust her?’

“I was thinking about you,” he said. “I was imagining what would have happened if I lost.”

Quickly, she turned to him and kissed him. They fell asleep wrapped in each other’s arms.

End Part 2

Part 3

Knowing how much Carla liked to sleep as late as possible, they took their time waking up, and it was after 8 before they finished showering and dressing. Jim woke their guests up with a knock while Mel headed downstairs to start food preparation for the big holiday meal.

It turned out that the other couple had showered the night before after completing their intimate relations. Ted and Jim grabbed bowls of cereal which they ate while watching TV in the living room while the girls snacked on muffins while working on getting all the necessary dishes started. The guys heard the stifled sounds of conversation coming from the kitchen but didn’t pay much attention or try to hear what they were discussing.

After eating, Jim collected his and Ted’s bowls and carried them into the kitchen.

“Ready to open presents?” he asked.

“We’re almost done in here, and then I have to go upstairs to finish up a last minute gift. Then we can open presents,” Mel said.

Jim made a pouty face.

“Trust me,” Mel said. “The present will be worth it.”

She then turned to Carla.

“Men, they’re as bad a children at Christmas.”

Jim was now intrigued. Something she had to finish up that would be well worth it? What could it be?

Jim returned to the living room but tried to pay much more attention to what the ladies were up to. They didn’t discuss anything of importance, however, as they completed the meal prep. Soon they headed upstairs, and, a several minutes later, Jim heard the printer warm up. When they entered the living room, Mel held a sealed envelope like the ones that came with their Christmas cards.

She threw it to Jim.

“Open this one last.”

That was unusual. It was their tradition to save the best present for the end. The year that he had bought her the diamond earrings, he had tucked them in the bottom of her stocking and told her to open her other gifts first. Since then, they each went out of the way to arrange the order in which the packages should be opened. For her to instruct him so meant that it must be something special indeed.

They exchanged gifts between couples first. After the appropriate oohing and ahing, each couple went to a separate area to open each others’ gifts. Jim was delighted to see both Shogun and Race for the Galaxy, the two board games he most wanted, and the DVDs for Iron Man, the Dark Knight, and Hancock in his growing pile of goodies. Mel seemed equally happy with her gold honu (Hawaiian for sea turtle) pendant and earring set and scrapbooking equipment.

Finally, all presents had been unwrapped except for the card that Mel had given him. He ripped it open to find a card inside. Mel and Carla must have had fun playing with Publisher, because it had printed on it a red and green border and a wording in a fancy font. It read:

Merry Christmas!

The bearer of this coupon is entitled to one NAKED day.

\*Offer expires 12/24/09
\*\*Offer good for 2 for 1 bonus on 12/25/08

Coupons were another one of their traditions. He often gave her coupons for massages and homemade cheesecakes for Valentine’s day. A naked day coupon meant that, on a day of his choosing, Mel would spend the entire day sans clothes from the time he told her he was cashing it in. Of course, it was understood that it would only be used when no one was at their house and did not apply outside their doors. If they went out for dinner, she would dress and then strip when they got back.

Jim liked the coupon of course, but it hardly seemed good enough to qualify for last present to open status. He was intrigued by the 2 for 1 offer. He knew that Carla and Ted would be taking off relatively soon in the afternoon and figured that Mel wanted him to use it for when they left. The bonus must mean that he got another naked day if he used it today. That was a good deal, if not necessarily fantastic.

He handed his wife the card.

“I’d like the bonus offer, please.”

“Okay,” she said, and walked away.

While he and Ted put the abandoned packaged and discarded tinsel in trash bags and generally straightened up the suddenly cluttered room, the girls disappeared into the kitchen. After they had finished cleaning up, the girls appeared once again.

Jim looked at them and noticed that something was off. They had both put on aprons that covered them from neck to knees, and he couldn’t figure out what looked wrong to him. Then it hit him. Both girls had been wearing t-shirts with sleeves that came down to almost their elbows. Now their shoulders were bare.

“We have a lot of stuff to do in the kitchen, and we don’t want y’all in the way. Lunch will be served in the dining room in about an hour. Until then, this area is off limits,” Mel said.

Having made the announcement, Melanie and Carla turned and walked out of the room revealing backsides completely naked save for the apron ties around the waist and neck.

Jim and Ted looked at each other and grinned.

Jim knew that this was a huge step for his wife. She had walked into a room in the presence of a guy who wasn’t her husband wearing only an apron and had shown off her almost nude body from the back. Would she go farther?

It was difficult for them to remain in the living room knowing what views were available for them such a short distance away. They didn’t want to chance ticking the girls off, though, and remained where they were until called.

It was a while before Carla called out “Come and get it!”

There was quite a spread on the table – ham, can-shaped cranberry sauce, rolls, dressing, some form of casserole, and two separate pies – but the guys entire attention was on the two girls wearing only aprons.

As he sat down, Jim gestured at their attire and asked, “So, now that lunch is complete, do you still need those?”

Carla turned to Mel, clearly waiting on her to take action. To Jim’s incredible surprise, she answered the question by reaching behind her back and untying the string around her waist. With trembling hands, she grabbed the part looped around her neck and lifted it above her head. She stood there for a moment with the apron clutched to her chest before letting it fall to the ground.

Jim couldn’t believe it when his wife’s mammoth breasts and newly shaved pussy came into view in front of their friends. She was letting Ted see her completely nude, and she looked mortified. Jim feared that she would turn and run out of the room at any minute. Instead, she did a quick pirouette, letting them see her totally exposed backside, before taking her seat.

He then turned his attention to Carla, who matter of factly removed her apron as well and took her seat between Ted and Melanie. The two girls, with breasts uncovered, began serving up their plates. The guys finally emerged from their stupor and followed suit.

Jim found the meal to be delightful. He couldn’t get enough of watching, as discreetly as possible, all the jiggling from his wife and from Carla. As usual for a holiday, he stuffed himself.

“Ted and I will handle the cleanup later. First, who’s up for a movie?”

Mel groaned but didn’t object, and soon the group chose to watch The Santa Clause. This time, Carla sat on the ottoman with her back resting between the Ted’s legs, who sat in the chair. Jim took his position on the corner of the couch while Melanie laid face down with her head resting in his lap.

As soon as the movie started, Jim began rubbing Mel’s back. His circling hand got lower and lower until he was almost touching her bare backside. He paid close attention to his wife to make sure she didn’t object and then began rubbing her butt as well. After concentrating on that area for a while, he reached most of the way down her thigh with his long arms and concentrated his soft strokes on the point around where her tightly clenched legs came together. Gently, he tried to get her to separate them, but she held firm.

Jim wanted to know her limits, and, at this point, spreading her legs where both Carla and Ted could see her was definitely one of them. She didn’t complain about the attempt or the rubbing, though, so he didn’t stop. Finally, she turned onto her back, being careful not expose anything more than necessary.

This might have been a mistake on her part, because he now had access to much more interesting areas. Jim immediately began caressing her breasts with the tips of his fingers. For a full ten minutes, he traced lines up, down, around, and across her wonderful globes. Then he began his assault on her nipples, five full minutes of tender pinching and pulling and teasing. By the time he moved on to make circular motions on her stomach, her eyes were closed, and she was moaning softly.

The circles got lower and lower until he was rubbing the area that would have been covered with blond curls were she not shaven. It took an exceedingly short time of him teasing her there before she, unbidden by him, spread her legs. He looked over at Ted, whose attention was now captivated by Mel’s gaping pussy.

Jim took advantage of the situation to begin stroking her clit, looking up at their smiling guests, who stared with wide eyes as he masturbated her. He smiled himself when he saw Ted move his own hand down to caress Carla’s very erect nipple.

It didn’t take long for Jim’s hand to have the desired effect. Mel’s body began convulsing, and she clutched the fabric of the couch while arching her back. He went back to stroking her stomach as she caught her breath. As her panting slowed, her eyes suddenly popped open, and she looked around the room.

‘She must have remembered that she was being watched by more than just me this time,’ Jim thought.

Melanie turned a bright red, but their friends took little notice. By this point, Ted’s hands were moving rapidly between Carla’s spread legs and her breathing was starting to quicken. She began to moan loudly, and Ted increased the speed of his pumping action. Finally, Carla called out.

“Oh Ted! Ted! Oh Ted!”

Jim found the outburst fascinating. His own wife was always so quiet, sometimes even biting her pillow in an effort not to cry out.

After Ted removed his hand, it was Carla’s turn to cool down before sheepishly looking around the room.

“If you’ll excuse us for a while, Mel and I are going to retire to our room,” he said.

If this is the result of opening up to your wife, he resolved to do so more often.

The End