**[Naked in a Bar](http://cmnf.coccozella.com/board/viewtopic.php?t=1374" \l "p3763)**

by [edcindy](http://cmnf.coccozella.com/board/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=23)

I had a boyfriend that used to like to go out to bars and have fun peeking and flashing. We would play darts or pool and he would get some nice looks up my short skirts and down my blouse.

One time, we were in a part of the bar that was kind of isolated. There was a partial wall, free standing (you could walk around both ends). It was about 15 feet long. On one side were dart games, and on the other were pinball machines. We were the only ones on the pinball side of the wall. On the other side were several couples playing darts.

It was getting late, and we were getting horny, so I said, "let’s get going". He suggested, "how about driving home in just your coat". It was winter, and I had a long coat.

"Sure", I said, "I'll go change in the bathroom".

"Why not change right here" he said with that familiar twinkle in his eye.

"Someone might see me!” I said. We were standing at the far end of the wall, away from the main part of the bar. Standing behind the last pinball machine, I was 90% hidden from the bar. If someone came this way from the bar, I'd have a few seconds warning. But, as I mentioned, the wall was open on both ends -- if someone came around the back from the dart side there would be no warning -- and they would be less than 3 feet away.

"I dare ya,” he said.

These were the magic words. I knew I was sunk! This was the game we played. He "talked me into" wearing VERY short skirts, and see through blouses, and shear skirts without slips. Of course, I loved it; I just needed the "excuse" of his prompting. The truth was, I hadn't worn panties under my skirts for years. I said it was to prevent panty lines, but that was only part of the reason.

I pleaded some more, but I knew I was going to do it. I moved behind the pinball machine and reached into my open coat to start removing my skirt.

"Here, I'll hold your coat", he said.

"What!" my eyes widened. My coat covered my backside and gave me instant cover.

"How you gonna get your blouse off with your coat on?" he said.

I hadn't thought of that! If I had, I would have realized that I could pull my arms free and leave the coat on my shoulders, but before I could react he was helping me out of my coat and had it draped over his arm.

Now I was really nervous. After a few seconds looking around, I started with my skirt. I always get naked below the waist first, because I love my ass, but am self-conscious about my small breasts. In this case, I should have thought about it a little, as I was now naked from the waist down (except for thigh high stockings) and I still had a blouse and bra to unbutton and remove.

As my boyfriend stuffed my skirt into my coat pocket I quickly unbuttoned my blouse and slipped it off. Into the coat pocket went that too.

At this point, the "cover" provided by the pinball machines seemed entirely inadequate! These things don't go all the way to the floor! I wondered if my ass was visible under the machines from a distance! There were not people in the direct line of sight, but it made me nervous.

I reached behind my back and began to fumble with my bra.

"Here, let me help you with that", he said, turning me around. The back of the pinball machine provided the only cover above my waist as I faced the bar. He unhooked my bra and as he slipped it from my shoulders I realized that the back of the machine was not as wide as my body. Almost certainly there was a line of sight from part of the bar to at least one of my breasts. No one was looking in my direction at that second, but that could change at any moment!

I instinctively reached to cover my breasts with my hands, but my arms were still in the straps, and -- standing behind me fully aware of the situation -- my boyfriend slowly slid my bra down across my naked stomach, forcing me to lower my arms to my side to slip off the bra.

Oh my god! What was I doing?!!! I was standing in a bar full of a hundred people completely naked except for shoes and thigh-highs! At least a half dozen people 30 feet away would see my naked breast if they simply glanced in my direction!

I quickly turned around to reach for my coat, but my boyfriend had backed up a couple steps to better ""take in the view". I started toward him, but stopped after a single step, as I had reached the end of the wall! Suddenly I was keenly aware of the sound of couples playing darts on the other side of the wall. I could tell the board at the far end was being used, as I heard a mans voice as they removed their darts. ONE more step and I would have been standing naked less than 2 feet away from a stranger, in view of dozens of others!!!

My heart was pounding in my chest as I back up against the pinball machine. I was scared, but very excited. My nipples stood attention, and I felt warm stirrings in others places. I made no attempt to cover myself, but stood proudly. If someone was going to see me, I was going to look great!

For the first time I noticed a door behind us into the bar offices. Now there were three directions, from which someone could appear, 2 which would provide absolutely no warning at all!

"You look great" my boyfriend said.

"Thanks."

"You're standing completely naked in a bar full of people!" he pointed out.

I was FULLY aware of this, but hearing him say it sent a thrill through my body. My back arched slightly as I posed for him.

"Turn around so I can see your tush" he said.

I turned slowly around, without checking to see if anyone was looking. I didn't want to be arrested, but my hormones were overriding my brain at that point. I came to a stop half way around as he stepped up and ran his hand over my ass. I moaned slightly hoping for more, but he had stepped back. Frankly, if he had tried to take me right there on top of the pinball machine, I don't think I could have resisted.

I turned around and begged for my coat rubbing my thighs together. I wanted to get my coat on before I was caught... and I wanted to jump him... but at the same time, I wished desperately at some level that one of the dart players would burst around the corner and drink in my naked body. I imaged that moment were everyone would be frozen, a stranger 2 feet way, blocking my path to my clothes!

Finally, after pushing our luck for about a minute (which is a VERY long time standing NAKED in a PUBLIC place), I got my coat, slipped it on, and rushed my boyfriend to the door. I held the coat closed with my hands in my pockets, in too much of a hurry to even button it.

I was dying to get some relief, but unfortunately we had 2 cars as we had met at the bar, so had to drive separately to my apartment. To tease my boyfriend, I slipped my coat off my shoulders once I was in my car, and waved to him as I passed by leaving the parking lot driving topless in my car.

As I drove home I was completely absorbed in recalling my adventure until I notice a commotion in the car next to me at a stoplight. It was only when I saw the three guys in the car freaking out that I realized I was still topless! To my own surprise, I didn't react by quickly covering, but instead sat up taller, turned slightly toward them (both to give a better view) and smiled. For once I wasn't self-conscious about my chest at all. Their eyes on my breast were as stimulating as any caress they have ever felt.

While I have had many naked or semi-naked adventures, and have been seen in various ways in various situations -- this was the only time I recall that I let someone see me in a way that said, "I'm naked, and I'm showing you on purpose, and you're welcome to look!" I still get hot thinking about it!

Well, that's my story of one of my most brazen dares. It's exactly as it happened. Hope you enjoyed reading about it!

--Cindy