**The Road Trip Part 1**
By Hooked6

My friend Jen and I were sitting alone in her apartment one day complaining about how neither of us ever had any excitement in our lives anymore. In fact both of us had pretty much fallen into a slump. It was even boring just sitting there talking about it, let alone having to face the reality that life  at thirty, wasn’t anything at all like we had hoped it would be.

“Hey! I’ve got an idea, Erin,” Jen said excitedly. “Why don’t we take a road trip?”

I sighed. Just what I needed, another trip to nowhere doing the same old things, playing tourist visiting places I didn’t care a flip about.  “Jen, I really don’t think that would help much. Besides, I’m not really in the mood.to travel, especially with the price of gas these days. Besides where would we go?”

“Doesn’t matter where we go . . . someplace we’d have to FLY to and stay a couple of days!” my friend said enthusiastically.

“Sounds , um, . . . well to be honest, it sounds pretty boring. Look at us, we can’t even think of a place to go.”

“Boring?!!!  I don’t THINK so . . . not the way I want to do it!”

I could clearly see the wheels turning in Jen’s head. She had something in mind and whatever it was made her beam with joy. That was the first time she had shown a spark of life in several months. Despite my negative attitude, I thought it might be worth going along with her idea just to brighten her day. Besides, how crazy could her idea be anyway? I mean we both were pretty conservative. It wasn’t like we were party animals, hanging out in all the best places, mixing with exciting people and living life on the edge. No, we were young professionals with good reputations and promising futures. How bad could it be?

“Okay, whatever you have in mind surely it beats hanging around here looking at these same four walls. So what’s this idea of yours?”

Jen got this evil grin on her face and just looked at me for several minutes. “Here’s what we are going to do. Tomorrow you and I will catch a plane to the Florida Panhandle. We will stay at the beach for two days and then fly home.”

“Sounds good I guess.”

“But that’s not the FUN part.” Jen said smiling. “You will only take a small carry-on duffle bag which I get to pack for you. The way this will work is this. You start out wearing whatever you want but, and this is important, you can only wear whatever you have on for  TWELVE HOURS, then you have to take the outfit off and I will like totally destroy it so you won’t be able to wear it again. No matter where we are or what we are doing, after 12 hours the outfit comes off and it’s gone. You then can pick something else out of the duffle bag to wear for the next 12 hours and so on until we get home OR . . .”

“OR? Or what?”

Jen just laughed hysterically. “Oh and one more thing, if you take an outfit off BEFORE it’s time to officially change it gets destroyed right then. That way you can’t save it to wear later. That will keep you from manipulating the rules to your advantage.”

I had to admit it sounded pretty dangerous and I could feel that old familiar sensation down below that had long been absent from my sex life of late. “You’re on!” I exclaimed. “I’ll do it. I already have some ideas on what I want to take.”

“Um, sorry, you’re forgetting that I get to pack and decide what you take NOT YOU. In fact I think I’ll keep the outfits I choose a secret from you until it’s time for you to change the first time. How’s THAT for adding a little excitement to your life?”

“Sounds perfectly EVIL. Let’s do it!”

Jen went to work making all the arrangements. She’s a wiz on using the computer to find the best travel deals. In no time we were booked and committed.

“No backing out now, right? You agree to follow through with this no matter what, okay?”

“Yeah, I’ll see it through.”   The uncertainty of it all was pretty thrilling even if all that eventually happened was a little road trip.

Jen met me at my place at 4:00am!  Why she had to book us on an 8 o’clock flight I’ll never know. I reluctantly got up and showered while my friend went to work packing my duffle bag.  I must admit I was curious as to what she was packing for me but I dared not spoil the surprise. Instead I busied myself getting clean and doing a little primping. Now at this point I must tell you that neither Jen nor I have ever engaged in anything kinky or even risqué so I had no clue as to how wild her imagination could be.  Once finished I walked into my bedroom completely naked – something which surprised Jen to no end. Upon seeing me she broke into an ear-to-ear smile as she looked me up and down and remarked, “Oh this is going to be better than I could have hoped!” Her comment made me blush as I suddenly felt very uncomfortable standing in front of her with nothing on. Not that I am a prude or anything mind you. This was just so out of character for me. I’ll admit that I don’t have the best self-image of my body as I got cheated in the boob department at birth but even so, my body has been known to turn a few heads now and then as people check me out. I think it was the look on Jen’s face – playful, teasing, no make that “naughty” that made me feel so uncomfortable.

“Okay,” I finally said breaking the ice. “What have you picked out for me to wear on the plane?”

“Oh, that’s completely up to you. Like I said yesterday, what you start out with is your choice. My only comment is that you should take into account that we are going somewhere pretty warm so dress accordingly.” She then smiled even more and added, “Oh, and don’t forget that after 12 hours I’m going to like totally destroy that outfit so don’t pick something you really want to keep.”

Hearing her say, “TOTALLY DESTROY” sent a brief chill up my spine.  “I presume I can wear panties and a bra.”

“Suit yourself,” she said. “Just remember WHATEVER you are wearing is history in a few hours.”

Even my underwear, I thought to myself?!  I never saw THAT coming. Just thinking about that made me a bit moist.  I chose a short sleeve blouse, a jeans skirt and a discard-able matching bra and panty set.  I sure hope she wasn’t planning on ruing my shoes too! I liked ALL my shoes. Since we were going to the beach I chose a pair of sandals and announced that I was ready to go.

Jen drove us to the airport. On the trip I would occasionally catch her looking over at me with this silly-assed grin on her face. I found myself looking at the duffle bag on the seat between us and wondering what was in it. I was DYING to know. One thing for sure, I thought, and that was that the bag was awfully small and we were going to be gone for three days and two nights!  Whatever outfits she packed must be really crushed to all fit in that bag. I sure hoped the hotel she booked had complimentary irons in each room.  My mind kept dwelling on the fact that whatever she had packed I was committed to wearing it as each outfit before would be destroyed preventing me from staying in my current attire. Oooooh this was sooooooo exciting. This trip is just what I needed!

All my friend could do was giggle every time she looked at me. I swear her breathing was rapid and erratic. In no time at all we were at the airport and she parked the car in long-term parking. Making our way to the terminal and through security went fairly quickly. I was spared the experience of getting “gate-raped” by the TSA officers. Part of me wondered what it would be like to get body-groped by some good-looking uniformed hunk in front of all those people!  Why was I thinking thoughts like that, I wondered? Must be nervous energy I concluded. Still the fact that my duffle bad didn’t arouse any suspicion as it was x-rayed was reassuring.

Once we were in the air and well on our way Jen asked for my small travel purse. She said she wanted to take charge of all my money and credit cards so I couldn’t “cheat.”  Like I would do such a thing! Surrendering my purse and wallet, including my ID was hard. It was like I was totally at her mercy now. Strangely enough that thought was pretty arousing.

By the time we landed and rented a car and got directions to our hotel it was almost 1 o’clock in the afternoon. Jen had some difficulty finding the place she had booked. It was a small three-story place that had a tropical bungalow-look to it. It should have been easy to spot but it wasn’t.  After driving up and down the causeway for some time, I finally spotted it. It was right on the beach as the brochure said but it was definitely out of the way. All the good shops and quaint restaurants were quite a long walk away. Still, I couldn’t wait to explore.

We checked in and to my surprise the room was awesome! We were on the ground floor facing the beach!  There were two sets of sliding glass doors that opened up to allow the sea-breezes to fill the room. It was peaceful.

Jen wanted to check out the shops and get something to eat so that’s how we spent our first afternoon, which suited me fine.

Time passed all too quickly and we were in the middle of a seafood place enjoying dinner around 6pm when Jen pointed to her watch and said, “Time to lose that outfit, sister.”

“What . . . now? HERE?”

“According to my recollection you put that outfit on at 6 this morning and it’s now 12 hours later so off with it.”

“But . . . I didn’t bring the bag with me.” I protested hoping to stall the first experience of what was sure to become a ritual until we were safely back in our hotel room.

“You know the rules,” my friend said unsympathetically. “No matter where we are or what we are doing, after 12 hours the outfit comes off and it’s gone. You agreed, remember?”

“But . . . that’s not fair!”

Jen looked at me with a dead-serious expression. “Ladies room, NOW!”