The Sunbathing Dare Game

Sat Apr 16, 2005 09:19

67.167.185.203

This is the story of a college girl that stayed in her college town to work as an intern during the summer. Her name is Sharon, and she shared a rental house with Karen and Brandi. The three of them liked to play little dare games with each other, usually involving removing or opening articles of clothing in a public place. Well, you're going to figure out that it's me anyway, so here goes....

At last the first glorious day since spring term ended. Time to get out the shorts and go outside. We even got invited to the neighbors (four guys) house for a backyard cookout. Even better, it was Friday night and the forecast was for sun and warm for Saturday. When we were getting ready for bed I said that tomorrow we should work on our tans. Karen said no it would be a great day to do some dares. Brandi thought for a bit and said, "why don't we do both?" She got this little evil sparkle in her eyes as she thought. "Yes, I've got it figured out. Get all of your suits out now " Karen and I were both tired, having worked that day. We found our suits and threw them in Brandi's room. Brandi was taking summer courses but didn't have class on Friday so she stayed up a bit longer.

Saturday morning came and with it the smell of bacon. How heavenly. Brandi was so excited that she go up early and made us breakfast. When I got down there was Karen and Brandi eating breakfast- in the nude. "Come on, it's naked breakfast day" said Karen. I got my plate and Brandi said "lose the nightie first". It was just us girls so I pulled it over my head. They seemed unusually frisky that morning. We ate and cleaned up the kitchen naked.

Brandi stopped us as we went for our clothes. "I'm in charge today, OK?" We both shrugged and said yeah, sure whatever. "OK then, we stay naked until eleven. I've picked our suits out and they're in the bathroom with your name pinned on them. Here's the deal. We put our suits on and go outside. We turn the boombox on and play name that tune with what comes on. First one to name the song is the winner of the round. Then when the second song comes on the other two play again. The loser then has to do a dare named by the winner. Start off small and then get harder and harder. The game ends when someone can't or won't do a dare. That person is the loser of the day and must obey the others without question for the rest of the weekend. Agreed?" Karen and I exchanged a quizzical look. "Looks like you've got it all figured out. I'm in." I thought why not and nodded. "Remember, no backing out" Brandi said.

At eleven we got our suits. All were string tied two pieces. After all, we did need the sun today so it was perfect. I came down with a towel to lay on and Brandi stopped me. "No towels, no blankets, nothing but you goes outside." I was starting to get a bad feeling about this. We went outside and it was absolutely fabulous weather. The yard has a hedge around it so it is fairly quiet, although the yard is in plain view of the neighbors to the back. Brandi was the last to come out and locked the back door behind her. "The key is in this block of ice," she said holding up a frozen milk jug filled with water. "Nobody can get in until it melts." We made the lawn chairs go flat and layed down. Time to start. Brandi turned the boombox on just as a song started. I correctly named it first. YES! I'm the first winner. The next song came on and Karen got it right. Brandi was the loser and I got to name the dare. "OK let's start out easy. Undo the tie behind your neck and walk around the house to the mailbox. Look in the box as if checking for mail. No touching your top, if it falls open so be it." We followed her as she undid her tie and slowly walked around the house. Her top stayed on, but as she bent down to look in the box, her top fell open and she ran shrieking to the back yard. She got to the safety of the back yard and redid it. She passed her test.

Round 2 had Karen the winner and me the loser. "Take off your top during the next round" she said. It was time to turn over on my belly anyway so I did as she said. Lots of girls tan their backs topless.

Round 3 went to me and again Brandi lost. I was getting into it now. "Take off your top and lay on your back during the next round" I commanded. She didn't hesitate for a moment and lay topless face up on her lawn chair. I wondered if the back neighbors had noticed us and were watching.

Round 4 and I lost to Brandi. "Lose the bottoms for the next round" she said. I figured OK that would reduce my tan lines anyway. Lots of girls sunbathe bottomless while lying on their belly.

Round 5 and finally Karen lost to Brandi. She had her lay naked as we applied suntan oil to her. She was face down so it wasn't a blatant exposure but now I was getting nervous as to how far we were going.

Round 6 and I lost to Karen. "Time to up the ante. Throw your top into the open basement window." Part of me wanted to stop right then and there and part of me was wanting to lose every round from then on. I undid my top, walked to the basement window and hesitated. Throwing it in means being topless for the duration, but if I don't God knows how the penalty will be. I threw it in and returned to the chair, covering my breasts as I walked. I lay face down and waited for round 7............

Sunbathing Dare Game- Part 2

Sun Apr 17, 2005 08:38

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Round 7 and I wanted to win so badly, but Karen beat me to it. At least Brandi was the loser. Karen dared Brandi to throw her top into the basement window and lie on the chair face up as we applied suntan oil to her. Brandi didn't hesitate like I did, she ran right to the window and back to us. We oiled her bare breasts and stomach and legs. I could see Karen was getting into it so I snuck behind her and undid one of her bottom ties. She didn't notice! Then I got brave and undid the other side. Again she was more focused on Brandi than herself and the bottom fell to the ground. I picked it up and casually walked to the basement window, and threw it in. By this time Karen was done with Brandi and heading back to her chair when it dawned on her "Hey, where are my bottoms?" I laughed back and said "In the basement. All's fair in love and dares."

Round 8 and each of us had only half of her suit. How far would we go? This time I lost and Brandi won, and dared me to wrestle her and the one that lost her bottom would be the loser. We locked arms and sized each other up in the topless battle. She pulled my hair and forced me to my knees, but I was able to grab her waist and pull her on top of me. She tried to grab my bottom but I was able to roll her onto her belly and I sat on her back. She wiggled helplessly as I slowly untied her bottom, then pulled it from under her. She admitted defeat and I let her up. She grabbed her bottom back and said "I didn't say you could keep it."

Round 9 and I lost to Karen. She said, "Paybacks are hell. I dare you to let us tie you to your chair and tickle you until you pee." I explained that we had no rope and she said "Oh yes we do" and went to the clothesline. Brandi had left a knife on top of one of the clothesline cross bar and Karen cut the clothesline into pieces. Gulp. She had me fix the chaise so it was in the sitting position and sat me down. She tied my wrists to the top of the chair back so my arms were raised, unable to conceal my bare breasts. Then rather than tie my ankles to the bottom of the chair, she had me spread my legs around the chair so she could tie them to the chair legs. "God, why don't you just tie me spread eagled to the clothesline posts?" I said sarcastically. "Oooh, good idea" she said and her and Brandi dragged me between the inverted U of the clothesline post. Each grabbed an ankle and pulled me wide open and fastened it securely to the post. I was helpless. "Oh yeah, all's fair in love and dares" said Karen. She reached down and untied my bottom and pulled it free. Then she cut it to shreds with the knife. I was now totally naked and my crotch was on full display and I was helpless. "OK, I changed my mind. You win" I said. "No way we're stopping now" said Brandi as her fingernails stroked the sole of my foot......

Sunbathing Dare- Part 3

Mon Apr 18, 2005 06:25

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As her fingernail touched the sole of my foot I shrieked. I am so ticklish. Brandi tickled my feet as Karen walked behind me, then reached around the sides of the chair and tickled my ribs. The exquisite agony cannot be described in words. I laughed so hard I could scarcely breathe, and when I could talk all I could say was "stop". They had no intention of stopping and continued their merciless tickle torture. I was writhing in agony and pulling helplessly on the ropes. I shrieked as I laughed as they continued to tickle my feet and ribs. Finally I could feel myself lose control and felt the pee shoot out of me. The tickling stopped. "Please, you win. Anything but that."

I gasped to regain my breath when suddenly we heard a voice "What's going on over there?" It was Phil from next door! And he was walking over!

"We're fine. We're just playing, please go away" said Brandi as her and Karen hid behind me. "We're not decent" With two pieces of suit divided by three girls, that was an understatement.

Phil continued to approach. "My, my my my my" he said as he looked over my nakedness. "I should get my camera."

"No please don't" I begged. "We're just having a dare game and it's girls only. Please leave." I could feel my nipples harden as I was getting excited at being unable to conceal anything.

"Well, OK. We're having a keg tonight so you can join us if you want." He looked directly at my breasts and said "Clothing is optional, you know."

"In your dreams. Just leave" said Brandi. He turned to leave and I began to subconsciously squim in the chair in an attempt to stimulate my clit. I was so hot I couldn't stand myself and my nipples were as hard as rocks. The other two emerged from hiding.

"Do you accept defeat?" asked Brandi. "Or do we need to tickle some more?"

"Yes I accept. Just untie me."

"Since you have to do anything we say, I order you to beg me to leave you tied up." She had me.

"Please leave me tied up" I said half heartedly.

"Doesn't sound sincere to me" said Karen as her fingernails danced over my ribs.

"No please don't. PLEASE leave me tied up."

"Much better" said Brandi. "Let's check on the ice" She walked topless to the milk jug with the key frozen inside. "Lots of ice left" she said. "Looks like we're stuck here for a while. Maybe it will melt faster if I pour the water away." She walked up to me and poured the icewater directly on my crotch. I shrieked. What else could they do to me?

Sunbathing Dare- Part 4

Tue Apr 19, 2005 06:31

67.167.185.203

About the only consolation I had was that I was facing the house, not the back of the yard and the houses beyond. The only people that would be able to see my nakedness are those that would walk around the hedges into your yard. They didn't want my delicate parts to burn so they applied suntan oil all over my body. As they did, they paid extra attention to my erect nipples and lingered on my crotch long enough to make me even hornier but not enough to give me any relief. What torture, yet on some level I was enjoying this more than anything.

"Let's see, what are we going to have you wear tonight?" said Karen, leaning over the back of my chair. My hands, although tied securely to the chair, could feel her bikini top as she leaned over. I had a plan.

"Go to hell" I told her, hoping she would take the insult as an excuse to tickle my ribs again. Sure enough, she leaned over the back of my chair and ran her fingernails over my ribs. Even though I laughed hysterically, I was able to find out that I could indeed grab her straps. It would work, but it would cost me. "I dare you two to tickle me until I pee again."

"Oh yeah? Well you're getting your wish" said Brandi. Karen leaned over my back and got to my ribs. Instead of working on my feet, Brandi stood over my waist, straddling the chair and worked on my armpits. Oh God this was ten times worse. But before she did my thrashing hands were able to find the straps of Karen's top and I held on for all I was worth. It must have been that she was so intent on my torture that she didn't notice. I shrieked so loud that surely the boys next door would come running over and at last I could feel my bladder draining again. Time to grab even tighter. Karen stopped and stepped back, only to hear the ripping of her straps. Brandi stopped as well and I sat gasping for breath.

"Here, let me help you with that" offered Brandi. But instead of trying to make use of the torn straps, she gave a pull to the top and ran to the basement window. Now naked as I was, Karen ran after her but too late to save her suit from being tossed in the house. Karen took revenge on Brandi and grabbed her bottoms and gave a mighty pull. But the only effect of that was to pull Brandi on top of her and the two wrestled on the ground. I was so intent on watching those two that I didn't notice that Phil and Brian from next door had wandered in the back yard. I shrieked as I saw them and that made the wrestling housemates look over and see their audience. They screamed and covered their breasts with their arms and ducked behind my chair to use me as cover.

"It's even better than you said" said Brian. He stood directly in front of me and soaked in the view of every square inch of my helpless, naked self. My horniness level was off the charts, yet I dared not ask for relief. That would have to wait.

"Get out of here" said Brandi. "Show's over." Reluctantly, the guys slowly walked away, but only after seeing as much of me as a gyno would.

And so, tired and horny, we waited for the ice to melt. Finally it did, the key was freed, and my mistresses untied me and led me naked into the house. But their fun was only beginning.....

After the Sunbathing Dare Part 1

Sun May 1, 2005 13:40

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Sorry that I hit the submit too soon here.

After the key was melted free and we went in, Brandi and Karen got into shorts and t shirts. I was made to stay naked and prepare lunch. I shut the drapes but Brandi quickly opened them back up saying that I was not to do anything to try to cover up at any time. Finally I was allowed to eat lunch with them as we sat in the living room couch, the other two fully dressed and me as naked as the day I was born.

"So, Sharon" asked Brandi, "tell us the truth. Did you enjoy being exposed as you were?"

"Well, it was a turn on at one level. But I really didn't care for being quite that exposed as if getting a pelvic."

Karen asked "so did you enjoy getting tickled?"

"Not sure. The experience of being totally at your mercy was incredibly horny. It was uncomfortable but not unpleasant."

"So you wouldn't mind doing it again?" I blushed. I didn't really know what to say.

"Very interesting" said Karen. "You know, we do have the rest of today and tomorrow to make some of your fantasies come true." Brandi left and returned from her room with her vibrator.

"Here, take this. Get yourself close to coming but not quite." I did as she told and slowly eased the buzzing gadget to my crotch. "Spread you legs. Put it in," said Karen. I eased it into my vagina which was by now quite lubed up. Forgetting all shame, I pushed the vibe in and out, in and out and I could feel the blood start to come to my face. Another moment and I would be there.....Damn! Brandi took it from me. I lay on the couch still spread wide open, wanting no more than to finish the job. After about 20 minutes of cool down I was made to repeat the experience. Again I brought myself to the brink only to have it snatched from me. If they're trying to torture me, they're doing a good job.

"Let's go rollerblading" said Brandi.

"You can't expect me to go out like this"

"Well, not quite. Let's see what we can find." We went to my room and they started rummaging through my closet and dresser. "Perfect" said Karen. She handed me a thin t shirt and a denim mini. I was not allowed any underwear nor was I allowed to button any buttons below the waist. I was not to touch any part of my clothing for any reason. With my rules understood,off we went.

We started up and down the streets of the quiet houses in the neigborhood. One of the houses had the sprinkler turned on, they made me wait on the wet sidewalk for the sprinkler to turn and soak me. One soaking was not enough, I had to stand still for three cycles of the sprinkler. Finally we continued on, and looking down at my t shirt I could see my nipples as plain as day. Between the excitement and the cold water, they were as hard as could be. We kept rolling along, when we spotted any men on the sidewalk they made me go first in order for them to have a good view of my charms. The feelings were starting to overcome me- the humiliation, the exhibitionism, the submission. Everything I dreamed about was coming true. I would never tell them, but I wished they would push me further.

When we got back I was made to strip again. They led me out back and had me sit in the lawn chair, then had me vibe myself to the brink again, only to be stopped just short. After four more rounds of teasing myself to the brink and stopping just short, they led me back inside. Time for a bath, but I would not be alone. Karen watched me so that I would not bring myself off. After getting out, I found what Brandi was having me wear to the party next door. A tube top. A short sheer elastic waisted skirt. Nothing more. Not even shoes.

The party was intimite. Just four guys and three girls. We played some cards and drank some beers. Phil was getting to be quite the grill chef and we had the most exquisite grilled teriyaki chicken. Finally we all sat on couches in their living room and began to shoot the shit and drink beers.

"So I was the unlucky one that missed the show. Tell me about it" said Bob.

"Well, they tied me up against my will and stripped me. Then they tickle tortured me."

"Just one second" said Brandi. "Did you or did you not beg us to tie you up?"

"Technically yes but you were tick..."

"Just answer yes or no" interrupted Brandi. "And did you or did you not take your top off and throw it in the basement?"

"Yes"

"And did you or did you not ask us to tickle you till you peed?"

"Well, yes but..."

"Well then. Perhaps we should give them a little repeat showing?"

"NO" I shouted. "Come on, I really don't want three guys looking up my crotch."

"You can use my weight bench" offered Brian. We went downstairs and I was told to sit with on the bench with my hands in the air. They tied my wrists securely to the crossbar on the weight bench. They then ran rope from my ankles to a pair of heavy weights, then pulled me so I was spread wide open. They added weights so that I had no means of resistance.

"Now, now. Helpless again" said Brandi. "Should we take your clothes off?"

"NO" I shouted.

"You'll be begging us soon enough" she said and ran her fingernails softly across my armpits. "Beg us to take off your top" she ordered as the intensity of the tickling increased. I could feel myself about to release my pee and I begged her to stop. The audience of four was intently watching us. No doubt there were three very erect willies in the group. The tickling stopped for a moment. "What do you want me to do?" asked Brandi.

"Just stop. I can't take anymore. Please."

"WRONG ANSWER" was the reply and the tickling resumed. It seemed to go on forever and finally I was able to accept the inevitable.

"Please stop" I begged.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Brandi while continuing the torture.

"Please take my top off."

"Are you sure you want your top off?" she asked as she worked over my ribs.

"YES TAKE IT OFF" I finally shouted. At last the torture was over. Karen found some scissors and carefully cut the tube top away. I knew that was only the beginning.

"You want that skirt off, don't you?"

"No, I don't. Please don't do it" I begged. But it was not to be. Now I had Brandi tickling my armpits, Karen my ribs, and my feet were getting the treatment from two of the boys. My resistance finally wore down. "PLEASE take my skirt off" I shouted. The tickling continued "PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE" I begged. "Take my skirt"

Again Karen cut my garment free. Again I was stark naked with my legs spread wide apart. And I was horny as I have ever been in my life. They left me tied and got another round of beers.

"OK, you've had your fun" I told them. After what seemed like an eternity, My hands were freed, and finally my ankles. But I was not allowed to dress. I was, for the rest of the night, the nude waitress for the party. And I was secretly loving every minute.

When the party ended, they led me home and tied me spread eagled on the bed so that I could not get myself off. As horny as I was all day, I was to get no relief that night. And I still had a day to go....