***The Towel Dare*** *- Part 1*
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The Towel Dare- Part 1

I really did it this time. I took Glenda up on an invitation to spend the weekend with her at a beach hotel in South Florida. She paid for the rooms and food. All I had to do was MY part - spend the weekend, the ENTIRE weekend mind you, in nothing but a towel.

When she first suggested this to me after reading it on the Internet dare site I just laughed and said, "yeah, right." But the more she talked about it and the more time that elapsed since my last adventure with her, the more my secret side took over and left my brain behind in the trash can.

She would phone and add a few details here and there trying to convince me that I wouldn't really get into trouble. "The hotel is right on the beach, Torre. There are people walking around in beach attire all the time," she would say. "Only YOU would know what was really going on. You know you WANT to, don't you Torre?" The more she talked the more I came to believe that this would be fun. Every now and then a little voice inside would bring up how bad I felt during my underwear experience, but it was quickly drowned out by my secret desires.

Well, last week she finally convinced me to do it after agreeing to try a few dares herself while we were there. The plan was for her to arrive at the hotel mid-day Friday and get our room. I was going to drive down and meet her shortly after 2:00pm. She originally wanted me to drive to the hotel wearing only the towel but I wasn't brave enough. We decided instead on me wearing my bikini, beach sandals and bringing my towel. I chose a colorful beach towel that was wide enough when wrapped around me so as not to get me arrested but not too big to be bulky or awkward-looking so as to attract attention.

When I arrived at the hotel I was in shock! The hotel wasn't one of those one or two-story beach types. It was a high rise, swanky place. Not only that but there were dozens and dozens of similarly-styled hotels lining the beach! My first instinct was to turn the car around and head for home but having driven for 4 hours in Interstate traffic wearing only a bikini had a way of taking charge of my common sense. I felt a little better when I saw people milling around outside in swimsuits.

As I left the car with only my car keys and beach towel in hand - pressed closely to my chest I might add, I made the journey toward the front doors. Boy did I feel out of place wearing so little in such a formal place. When I approached the desk to inquire what room my friend was in, I had to wait for what seemed like forever until a clerk finally waited on me. People were dressed - and I mean some were very nicely dressed - as a meeting or seminar of some sort was being held at the hotel. No one but me was in the lobby wearing a swimsuit. The marble flooring did little to bolster my confidence as I was made to register as a guest and received my own key. Glenda had told them at the desk that she was expecting me. Our room was on the 8th floor.

I hadn't even finished opening the door yet when Glenda started in, "Take off that bikini, sister and lets get on with it."

Having to strip in front of an eager middle-aged lady was very embarrassing. I took off my top first, then my bikini bottoms and handed them over to her out-stretched hand. She held them for a minute while she looked me over. As she did I got that "funny feeling" inside and almost didn't notice that she had moved to her suitcase and removed a pair of scissors.

"HEY!" I shouted, "Just what in the hell do you think you're doing?!!" I was too late to stop her as she completed a long cut through both my top and bottoms. "What do you care? You won't need these anymore." She said laughing as she continued cutting.

"But I didn't bring anything else with me for the ride home remember?" I said a bit put out.

"Oops!" was all she sarcastically responded as she put the remnants of my bikini in the trash can.

I wrapped myself in my towel and talked with my friend for a long time.

I was way too chicken to venture out right away in just my towel. After seeing all the fancy dressed people in the lobby, I wanted time to adjust mentally to what I was doing. Of course Glenda was only too eager to play up to me, tempting me with all sorts of ideas.

After much discussion she finally convinced me to accompany her down to the beach. There was an outside patio/grill type restaurant where she wanted to eat a late lunch, and I WAS getting really hungry. "It's outside overlooking the beach so you'll fit right in. It will be the PERFECT place for you to get used to your towel," she said. Seemed logical to me so out the door we went - I in my towel and Glenda in her one-piece bathing suit. To say I was nervous as the elevator door opened was an understatement! Fortunately it was empty. I was starting feel a bit more relaxed until the doors opened onto the hotel lobby. There was that marble floor again with all those fancy dressed conventioneers milling about! I found myself constantly checking the security of my towel until my friend pointed out that my constant tucking and re-tucking made me look to conspicuous. She convinced me to just leave it alone and take a risk rather than having half the hotel guess my secret!

Once outside I calmed down and we sat at a table facing the beach. I was absolutely sure I that if I opened my legs even the least little bit I would be flashing some bystander so I kept them closed about as tightly as you can imagine. The food was good and time passed all to quickly.

Glenda finally suggested we take a stroll along the beach, which seemed to go on forever, lined with tall towers of elegant buildings. As we walked along, the farther we got from our hotel the more aware of how vulnerable I was. The sun felt good and the waves hitting the shore had a relaxing effect. People were everywhere. There must have been thousands of people playing in the water, sunning themselves or milling about as we were doing. Every time someone looked at me though, I wondered if they suspected I was naked under my towel - especially if they smiled at me as they passed by.

We had wondered down the beach for about 45 minutes and stopped to watch as a young boy started tossing a Frisbee to his dog. That dog was really talented. Soon a huge crowd had gathered as the boy's tosses were longer and higher. That pooch leaped almost 5 FEET in the air to catch that darn thing! I was impressed and it was incredible to watch. Anyway, soon the pooch tired of all the running and the boy had to coax him to continue. On one of the tosses the Frisbee landed only a few feet from me and the dog came up to me and sat down at my feet - I guess thinking I had his toy or something. Of course I talked sweetly to the dog telling him in an excited, child-like voice that the Frisbee was "over there, boy. . . go get it, it's over there!" The dog didn't move but just sat there wagging its tail. With crowd watching me to see if I could get the dog to retrieve his toy, I continued even more emphatically but the dog just sat there taking it all in. I was about to give up and walk away when the dog jumped up standing on its hind legs and put his front paws on my towel as if to play, wagging his tail the whole time.

My heart about leaped out of my chest!! I carefully held on to my towel while trying to get the "Nice Doggy" to get the hell off me! I guess the dog took my actions as playing with him and suddenly he slid off me and grabbed the end of my towel with his mouth and ran! YES, RAN!! He took off down the beach with my towel in his mouth!!! My first instinct was to give chase yelling, "YOU STUPID DOG! COME BACK HERE!!"

It was when I heard the crowd laughing that I came to my senses and realized that I was NAKED in front of about a hundred people! I covered up and screamed! I froze, forgetting all about the dog! It seemed all I could do was look at the crowd while desperately trying to cover myself hoping someone would come to my aid. No one did. They just laughed. The more I squirmed and wiggled the more they laughed. I wasn't sure if they were laughing at my predicament or my body or both, but laugh they did - some hysterically. It wasn't THAT funny. What was wrong with those people? The dog had long since gone and Glenda was no help at all. She was laughing herself to tears along with the others.

Now I know what you are thinking. That I had purposely tried to have a dress fall off of me before leaving me naked on purpose so what was the big deal? But, that was a controlled situation. This was different! I was naked at the spur of the moment with no control over the situation whatsoever! In front of all these people; in broad daylight! I wanted to cry. I wanted to scream! I wanted to run.

Finally I HAD to act. I ran. Stupid me ran down the beach naked, awkwardly trying to keep my breasts and pussy covered just to get away from the laughing crowd - running the wrong way - the OPPOSITE direction from our hotel. I got away from the circle of Frisbee watchers only to expose myself to new groups of beach goers who caught a brief glimpse of this naked girl flying across the sand. Then I realized how dumb I was and thought - "DUH! Get in the water stupid!" and dove right in and swam several yards off shore and then started swimming toward our hotel parallel to the beach.

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The Towel Dare - Part 2

After swimming for who knows how long, I stopped. From the safety of the water I looked at the shore and there was no big commotion. I thought to myself that I had successfully escaped. I paused to catch my breath while treading water. I felt a little better about the whole thing - that is until I realized that I was lost. What DID our hotel look like? I couldn't remember. Why didn't I think to get a good look at the beachside of the place we were staying BEFORE we took our walk? All those tall hotel buildings and condo's looked alike to me. I carefully scanned the beach trying to see if I could see Glenda. No such luck. I thought maybe I hadn't gone far enough, after all we did take a pretty long walk before we got to where the dog was. I swam on. Still no hotel that looked familiar. I swam some more with the same disappointing results. I was getting tired and I couldn't tread water forever. I decided to go in a little shallower so that I could stand up and rest.

I soon realized that going closer to shore had some drawbacks. First, I was closer, a lot closer, to more people. Second the water was clearer so my chances of being spotted swimming naked were greater and third, something I hadn't counted on until I was overcome by one, was the wave action going ashore. ONE practically LIFTED me right out of the water and moved me dangerously into shallow water. I was so unprepared for it that I was sure that at least my breasts were exposed, and maybe my pussy as well. I was swept off my feet, that had momentarily planted themselves on the sea bottom, and were suddenly and quite forcefully glided along the crest of the wave. Fortunately no one seemed to notice as I regained my balance, ducked under water and walked backward out to sea.

Fighting the waves and trying to keep myself covered, I scanned the shore hoping to see something that would be recognizable. The full weight of my situation was beginning to take hold. I was completely NAKED in the ocean with like, a bazillion people around, having nothing to cover myself with, not knowing where I was and having no friends to assist me. The adrenalin was really pumping as was my heart! I got this hopeless feeling and started to panic.

If I could only find my hotel maybe I could make a mad dash for the beach and steal someone's towel or something. All sorts of thought crossed my mind. I didn't like any of them. Suddenly I heard a male voice behind me say, "Hey, nice day for the beach. huh?"

"OH GOD!" I thought. Did this guy see my nudity? In a panic, I quickly turned around to see a young, good-looking guy about my age floating on a raft riding the waves about 40 feet from me coming my way. I kept my arms instinctively across my chest and sunk as low in the water as I could. Trying to play it cool I answered, "Yeah, uh, It sure is."
At this point I must tell you that the combination of fear, embarrassment and sexual excitement are really amazing. I got that twinge, well . . . you know, down there, despite my common sense. I mean, after all, I WAS naked only a few feet from a good-looking stranger who hopefully had no clue about what he had stumbled across. Part of me would just die if he saw my small breasts and yet part of me was hoping that he would. I know that doesn't make sense but that's my best description of what I was feeling.

I started to walk sideways trying to get out of his path but he paddled a bit toward me saying, "You want to try out my raft? It's really neat riding the waves to shore."

My voice cracked as I said politely, but forcefully, "Ah, no thanks. I would rather just swim alone."

He was a persistent little bastard, "Oh COME ON, You'll love it. I'm an OK guy. Let's hang out for a little while."

He was moving about 15 feet from me and I just knew he would figure I was naked any second, if he hadn't already done so. That's all I needed was a guy my age either getting the wrong idea about me seeing my nudity and taking advantage of me or worse, reporting me to the authorities. I turned my back to him saying rather rudely, "Look, I just want to be left alone, OK? Nothing against you, I just don't want to play right now, that's all."

He apologized for intruding and thankfully started paddling his raft away. As he left, I realized that he was a decent sort and that I could maybe he might unwittingly help me. I asked him if he knew where my hotel was. I told him a friend of mine was staying there and I might like to visit her, if I could figure out which one it was. "Beats me. I'm from Ohio and I don't know much about this area," he said as he caught another wave and rode it toward the shore.

By now the sun was starting to go down. I retraced my path parallel to the shore thinking maybe I had indeed past the hotel or perhaps finding Glenda. WHERE THE HELL WAS SHE?? There were less and less people on the beach as dusk overtook the daylight. She should be easy to spot now I thought. Surely she hadn't LEFT me? Had she?

I stopped and almost gave up wishing I would just be carried off into the dark ocean. It's funny how your mind works in a crisis. Out of the clear blue, I noticed what a perfect sunset I was witnessing, alone, naked in the warm water. The colors were magnificent. It was like a fairy tale experience. I began to get really turned on. I don't mean a "little" aroused. I mean REALLY HORNY! Maybe it was my body's way of coping with stress or maybe my true side was coming out. Either way I was starting to enjoy myself. In the relative anonymity of the Internet, I will confess to you that I started to play with myself. It was an almost surreal experience, masturbating in public, well, sort of in public anyway.

It was dark now and the lights of the hotels against the darkness were really pretty. I was on the verge of orgasm when I heard my name being called out at a distance, "TORRE? Is that you out there?"

I almost ignored the distant sounding call but came to my senses when I heard my name again. It was GLENDA! I recognized her voice. DAMN! What lousy timing!!! When I needed her she wasn't anywhere to be found and now I was enjoying a "private" moment, she showed up.

I couldn't see her but her shouting was trailing off away from me. I didn't want to lose her so I shouted back, "GLENDA? IS THAT YOU?" Fortunately she heard me and yelled, I'M OVER HERE!" I looked but didn't see her at first. I started walking under water toward the sound of her voice and soon I saw her - AND ABOUT SIX OTHER GIRLS next to her!! They were all looking out into the ocean I guess trying to find me. At first I was angry. What were those girls doing with her? Then, I realized maybe she had asked them for their help in finding me, as it was pretty late.

As I crept toward shore I kept ducking lower and lower under the water trying to remain covered. Even though it was dark out in the water, there were lights illuminating the beach and I wasn't taking ANY chances. When I got as close to shore as I dared I stopped.

"Hi Torre," said Glenda playfully. "Enjoy your afternoon swim?" I replied sarcastically, "OH, you are just TOO funny?" The girls that were with her giggled at my retort.
Before I could ask the obvious, Glenda replied. "It's OK to come out Torre, these girls know EVERYTHING." I didn't like how she put emphasis on the word EVERYTHING.

"What do you mean?" I asked nervously. She explained that she got worried when she couldn't find me and called a couple friends together and they brought along a couple of their friends to help search for me. Of course, she HAD to tell them about my dares and what had happened that day. So much for my secret side.

"Come on out," Glenda said. "I'll bet you're tired of that water by now?"

"Oh, NO!" I replied. "Just bring me my towel and I'll cover up out here. I've shown my body to enough people today, thank you very much."

There was an awkward silence and then my friend spoke, "Towel? What towel? Oh, you mean YOUR towel - the dog disappeared with that. Haven't a clue where it went," she said with glee.

"HA,HA!" I said, "Very funny. I don't care what towel it is, just bring it out to me!" I said impatiently.

"Any of you girls have a towel for Torre here?" Glenda asked mockingly and I saw that they all shook their heads "no". It was then I realized that every one of them, including Glenda, was fully dressed. No one was in swimwear. They had on shorts and shirts and one had on a dress! No one had anything in their hands!

Growing angry now I said, "How do you expect me to get to our room?"

They all laughed as one of the other girls giggled and said, "Walk? Or maybe RUN?"

"Oh come on, you've had your fun. You don't REALLY expect me to walk through a crowded hotel lobby stark naked do you?" I said hoping to put an end to this foolishness.

Glenda took control and explained, "Torre, your dare was to remain naked EXCEPT for a towel and, well, it's not OUR fault you lost your towel." There was more laughter from everyone. "I guess you'll just have to remain unclothed until tomorrow. Come on! It will be fun and these girls are willing to help."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "You CAN'T BE SERIOUS? You are ALL out of your frickin' minds!" I said.

Glenda explained that she read about something on an Internet site that she always wanted to try but never had the opportunity, until now that is. She asked me to trust her and everything would be OK and that I would have the time of my life without getting into trouble. She wouldn't explain further except to repeat that she wanted me to just TRUST her - not knowing the details would be part of the fun for me.

I just stayed crouched in the water thinking it over. I figured that Glenda was my only hope available to me so I might as well give in and see what she had in mind. I mean I couldn't stay out here all night . . . and - I WAS still aroused! My hormones were getting the best of my common sense at that point. "What do you want me to do?" I asked meekly and with resignation.

My friend gave her companions a knowing look and the girls crept closer to the water's edge forming a single-file line. "OK," Glenda said, "You can come out now. My friends will screen you from view."

Reluctantly, I stood up still covering myself. Glenda motioned me forward out of the shadows of the water and I followed her lead until I was standing on the shore next to them. Without saying a word all the girls did an about face and the two in front started walking away. As they did I instinctively did the same staying close to them. The rest of the girls formed a circle around me so that there were two girls in front of me, two on my left side and two behind me and Glenda on my right side nearest the water.

"See, we will keep a tight circle around you and that way no one will see that you’re a nasty girl running around without a stitch of clothing to cover yourself." One girl overcome with excitement said, "Ooooh, this is going to be so fun!"

Having the girls - strangers really, pressing so close to my naked body was somehow very arousing in a daring sort of way. I still kept my arms across my chest and pelvis as I walked. With a little practice we were able to walk staying close to each other and we all moved as a unit. The group then turned toward the right and walked parallel to the shore.

"Where are we going?" I asked nervously.

"Oh, our hotel is about a half a mile up the beach," But we need to do something first." Glenda said with authority.

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"Oh, our hotel is about a half a mile up the beach," But we need to do something first." Glenda said with authority.

I didn't like the sound of that and I somehow knew that it was no use asking what she meant. As we walked along the beach we passed an occasional couple combing the beach looking for shells or enjoying the moonlight. I was scared to death that someone might say something or make a scene but no one paid any us attention. The girls kept up a rambling conversation so as to appear that we were just a group out roaming around. I started to get pretty aroused again as I allowed myself the opportunity to enjoy the moment . . .that is until the group suddenly turned toward a building. "Is that our hotel?" I asked nervously.

"Yes. This is it. And I have already planned out the best route to get to our room. Just follow my lead," Glenda said reassuringly.

The closer the building got the more nervous I became. My palms were sweaty and my mouth went dry and I swear that my heart had never pounded so fast before in my whole life! We headed for a back door. One of the girls opened the exit door and we carefully walked in two-by-two and regrouped in a circle after entering the building. Fortunately there was no one about. I almost fainted when the corridor we had been following opened out onto the lobby!!! "I can't go out there!" I whispered in protest!

No one paid me any attention. They just kept walking and so I had no choice but to follow. The marble floor felt cold on my bare feet and made me very scared. People were EVERYWHERE milling about. It's amazing how many people are out and about at 10:00pm. We headed for a bank of elevators and one of the girls pushed the "up" button. I was so nervous - no make that absolutely TERRIFIED standing naked with my bare ass facing the lobby registration desk with only two people between my flesh and certain exposure. "Where the HELL is that elevator?!" I mentally cursed to myself. FINALLY, I heard a ding and the doors opened. My legs about gave out from under me though as the group had to step aside so that a swarm of people could exit the elevator to the lobby. Much to my relief we were the only people waiting to get on.

As soon as the doors closed all the girls started giggling and turned around to give me a "high five." Our celebration was short lived as the lift came to a stop on the next floor - The Mezzanine Level. The girls had barely enough time to line up in front of me as the door opened. I was now standing with my butt pressed against the back of the elevator panel with all 6 girls in front of me. Five more people - 3 women and 2 men got on in front of our party. A lady pressed the button for the 15th floor!

I immediately realized that I was screwed. How was I going to get off??! We had to exit on the 8th floor. This group was going up to the 15th!! There was no way I could think of that we could form a circle and exit gracefully without exposing me! Thank God everyone was facing the doors. Have you ever noticed that everyone always faces the doors we riding on an elevator? I am not sure why that happens but I was awfully glad that they were doing exactly that!

The floors counted off - 3rd . . .4th . . .5th . . .6th. . .7th and then - I let out a tiny gasp as we stopped on the 8th floor. The doors opened and somehow our group scrunched together trying to get off and the others kept facing forward and stepped aside. We did it! WE got off in a circle - and although we shoved a few people here and there no one seemed to notice my nudity and those remaining on the elevator continued in conversation about the reception they had been attending. We had made it into the hallway without discovery - that is until the STUPID two girls behind me turned to the LEFT when Glenda and everyone else turned to the right toward our room!! I guess they didn't know which way we were going to turn (or else the stupid bitches did it on purpose!!) Regardless, the two behind me end up squealing with laughter and stooped toward us drawing attention to me.

"Hey!" said a man on the elevator, "That girl is NAKED!"
Another woman answered almost immediately. "Well, "I'll be damned!" Just then I heard the elevator doors start to close and I wasn't about to wait for our party to regroup. I just bolted ahead of everyone running naked down the hotel corridor toward Glenda's room. I just knew that the elevator people - or at least the guys would give chase. Glenda and the girls ran after me laughing like a bunch of high school kids the whole time. When we reached they door, Glenda had to fumble through her pocket to find the room key card. Why she didn't have it already in hand I'll never know. I kept trying to quiet the girls so as not to attract attention. I must live right because no one had followed us.

Once inside the room I collapsed on the bed. I was exhausted! Glenda suggested I take a shower, which sounded like a great idea to me, as I was sticky from the ocean salt water. After I was through, that RAT friend of mine wouldn't let me have a towel! She made me dry myself with her hair dryer!!

When I re-entered the room two girls were seated in the two available chairs and the beds were taken up by the others as they reclined in comfort. I had to stand - once again on display. Glenda introduced everyone and of course they all wanted to talk about my dares and why I did them and stuff. They wouldn't leave it alone and they all thought I was very brave for pulling them off. I felt kind of like a celebrity talking about my adventures to this enthusiastic audience. I wasn't even embarrassed until one of the younger girls boldly asked, "Are you horney right now?"

What a question! My face flushed beat red and the room got hot all of a sudden. "Awe," said another, "How cute! She's embarrassed!" That comment made me feel even more humiliated. The truth of the matter was that I was VERY aroused. Even though it was just us girls I was titillated by the fact that these "strangers" were looking at my body - something I wasn't to proud of and were actually excited about my nudity. I was so wet down there that I could even smell my own sexual scent and feared that the others could too. Maybe that's why that girl asked the question.

We talked for awhile and finally Glenda suggested that she and the girls go out for pizza as there was a pizzeria just down the block from the hotel. Boy that sounded good to me. After they all left I laid down on one of the beds and fell asleep - I was so worn out from all that swimming and the excitement of the evening.

I don't know how long I slept but I finally heard some quiet conversations in the twilight of being half asleep and half awake. I Figured the girls had returned. Just a few more minutes of sleep, I thought. That would be good. Then I got this funny feeling. A little voice in my head was hinting that something was wrong but I dismissed it as a dream. I soon became aware, however, that I was laying funny. I was on my back and my legs were spread wide apart. I never sleep like that. I quickly opened my eyes and was startled to find that not only had the girls returned but so had three of their boyfriends! Realizing that they had a perfect view of my vagina I quickly closed my legs and yelled, "What the hell is going on?"

Glenda laughed and said, "About time you woke up!"

As I sat up trying to cover myself I asked, "How long have I been . . . I mean how long have THEY been here?" pointing to the boys in the room.

"Oh, about half and hour or so. We tried not to wake you as you looked so peaceful sleeping just like an angel." Glenda replied with a chuckle.

I was appalled! "YOU MEAN YOU ALL HAVE BEEN STARING AT ME EXPOSED LIKE THIS FOR HALF AN HOUR?" I asked increduously.

One of the girls chimed in. "Well, not really the WHOLE half hour, I mean we've been talking and eating pizza for most of it."

Another added, "But THAT guy has looked the WHOLE time!" She was pointing out the window. I then realized that the drapes were open and a very older man was sitting in his room in the tower next to ours looking right at me!! Everyone laughed hysterically. "You MADE his day, I'll bet," Glenda teased.

"GREAT!" I said as I stomped over to close the curtains. "Some dirty old man just got off looking at me." As soon as I had said that I thought to myself "Gee, some guy actually might have "really" gotten off looking at ME!" I had never really thought about that before and I must admit I liked the idea. Gross mental picture to some of you maybe, but I LIKED the thought. I pretended to be pissed off and went into the bathroom and closed the door. Actually the real reason I was hiding was because of the younger men in the room. I was afraid things might have gotten out of hand - I was so horny and worked up I wasn't thinking very clearly.

While sitting on the commode I pondered my situation. I had no clothes, no towel and the weekend had barely begun. I didn't much relish the thought of spending another 2 days completely naked and I knew that Glenda would see to it that's how I remained. I decided that I would try and drive home before it got daylight. As I was thinking about what to do I heard Someone say they had to go as it was getting late. The others agreed and soon I realized that everyone had left.

"You can come out now, everyone's gone," Glenda said. I meekly peeked out a crack in the door and looked around just to see if she was lying. Sure enough, everyone had indeed left.

I informed Glenda of my wishes but she was less than supportive. I had wanted her to give me something to wear but the rat would have none of it. She had already hidden the towels and I didn't see a suitcase anywhere. "Feel free to leave if that's what you want but don't expect me to help you cheat on a dare."

She was right about one thing. If I did leave I would be cheating and besides, my "circle" of friends had all left.
Glenda then got that really devilish look in her eyes and said, "It wouldn't be cheating, however, if you got dared to do another dare, would it?" I nervously shook my head "no."

"Well, then," she said, "I DARE you to get to your car in the parking garage and drive home NAKED!"

I wanted to go home - but that's not quite how I wanted to get there. I was embarrassed enough as it was driving for 4 hours in Interstate traffic wearing just a bikini. I couldn't even imagine myself doing it nude! Glenda, however, kept after me. Once she gets something in her head she can be VERY persuasive. I find that I just can't seem to say "no" to her. Have you ever known anyone like that?

"Come on, if you're going to do it, now's the time," she reasoned. "It's 2:30 in the morning. It's not going to get anymore deserted the longer you wait. I'll go with you to the parking garage,"

I wasn't so sure. "What if I just stay here in our room until Sunday? Would you be happy then?" I asked.

Glenda smiled and said. "That's OK too but, How are you going to get home Sunday afternoon after checkout? I cut up your bikini remember?" Glenda also told me that if I stayed she would see to it that I was exposed much more than I planned on. At this point I wasn't sure if she wanted me to stay OR go but my hormones were in high gear and the thought of skulking through a hotel nude to get to my car was really awesome! After I told my friend of my decision, she planned out our route. When we were ready to go, she then did something that I was totally unprepared for - she started to take HER clothes off. I could help admiring her body. For an older lady she was really pretty. I thought she might be changing into something else but once naked she said, "What are you looking at - you can't have ALL the fun by yourself. Besides, if I'm with you to your car like this it will give you confidence."

She was right about that. She opened the door and made sure the coast was clear. We then entered the hall and my heart literally skipped a beat when I heard the door click behind us. We both "crept" down the hall, half hunched over like a bunch of burglars or something. I just knew that at any minute someone was going to open their room door and we would be trapped like deer in a car's headlights. It was very quite though. When we passed under a air conditioning vent the cold air made me feel REALLY exposed and vulnerable. What was I doing? I'm mean this wasn't a small parking lot here - it was a swanky hotel? The thrill of it all made it much more exciting for me and my, hmmm, I am so humiliated just writing this, let's just say I got "wet" down there so heavy that the more I walked the more it started to run down the inside of my thighs! That's how excited I was. Up to that point I had never experienced that before.

*The Towel Dare - 4*
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The Towel Dare - Part 4

My heart started pounding faster as my friend pushed the elevator "down" button. "What are you doing?" I asked. "We can go down to the lobby?!" Glenda assured me that wasn't the case. She was going to the Mezzanine level where the almost certain to be empty at this time of morning conference rooms were located and then take the back stairs to the parking garage. My legs almost gave way again when the elevator dinged and the doors started to open. I just KNEW that someone would be on it. There wasn't, thank goodness. We got in and she pushed the button and after the doors closed, Glenda put her arms around me and gave me a big hug asking. "Isn't this fun?" I had never been hugged by a naked lady before. It felt, ah, different and in my state most pleasing.

All too soon the door opened to the 3rd floor Mezzanine level and we got off. Luckily there didn't seem to be a soul around. We were careful to stay away from the railing and the edge of the balcony overlooking the lobby 2 floors below so as not to be seen. It took us awhile to find the exit stairs. Opening the door made a lot of noise - well enough noise to make me worried that someone would hear us down below, and luckily no alarm sounded. We hurried down the stairs and carefully open the bottom door. So far so good. The parking garage was only a few feet away. My car was on the third level and I thought we were going to take the garage stairs but NOOooooo - my friend had OTHER ideas. She wanted us to walk up the ramps and convinced me that we could easily find cover among the rows of parked cars if we had to. Once again, she won out and up the ramp we tread. The garage was a portrait of shadows and bright lights. We were either very concealed in darkness or our naked bodies, all our secret parts, brightly illuminated to whoever wanted to look. The sounded of the highway down below didn't help my fears either. When we got to the third level Glenda, I thought, lost her mind. She boldly walked right up to the edge of the garage and stood her naked little self out where the cars on the street below could see her and stood there, arms out-stretched and breathed deeply. "What the hell are you doing?!" I whispered. She chuckled and replied, "Just taking in the night air. It's beautiful out don't you think?"

I shook my head and made a beeline for my car. I got in and started the engine. That brought Glenda running to me. She gave me a hug and told me to be careful. I saw her standing there in my rear view mirror, waving goodbye as I turned the corner. I thought about her for a nanosecond hoping she would make it back to her room OK. My thoughts quickly turned to whether or not there was an attendant on duty this late. I couldn't remember if there was a gate or not as I arrived the day before. There wasn't and I was home free as I drove out onto the 4-lane highway that ran in front of the hotel.

I kept telling myself that all I had to do was drive carefully and pay attention to the speed limits. I was sure that no one could see in as I drove along in the darkness as I couldn't see in other cars as they drove passed by me.

After about two hours of Interstate driving I began to get worried. My gas gauge was lower than I thought! I kept wondering if I could make it all the way home. The farther I drove the more convinced I became that I wasn't going to make it. If I had to take a chance and get gas or worse yet run out of gas, I wasn't going to do it close to home! I decided to look for a gas station where I could pay by my gas credit card and one that was arranged where I could pump the gas without being seen. It took five, count them FIVE exits of the Interstate before I found one that I thought I could pull it off. This one had Waaaay to bright of lights but there where like rows and rows of gas pumps and it was deserted. The station was perpendicular to the street and had two bays of pumps with the store in the middle. I pulled up to the farthest row on the side of the store away from the street. There was an empty lot of trees behind me so that I felt pretty safe that I could get out of my car. My gas tank is on the driver's side so I was able to leave my door open to screen me from anyone quickly driving around the building. I got out and inserted my card. Then I about died. The message on the screen said "SEE ATTENDANT."

I about jumped back into my car to speed off but I thought for a second and realized that I had put my card in upside down. I retried and it worked and the pump was activated! I had to stand there to hold the nozzle as it didn't have one of those locking thingies that would keep the pump flowing automatically. The warm breeze reminded me of how exposed I was. I kept looking around this way and that to be sure no one was looking. I started to get nervous as another car pulled up on the other side of the store so I only put $10 in - enough to get me home anyway, and hurried back into my car and drove off. There weren't many cars on the Interstate and I was in a pretty remote part of the drive.

About a 1/2 hour later I was feeling pretty safe and aroused and started thinking some pretty erotic thoughts about all that had happened to me. After all, I had been naked now for quite some time and it was all catching up to me. I started to touch myself a little and decided to give myself some much needed relief. Then it happened.

The night sky was illuminated by flashing blue lights in the distance, that were rapidly approaching me from behind.
OH GOD! Was I speeding? I quickly checked and I was legal. Maybe the attendant at that gas station saw me and called the cops? OH SHIT!! I looked around and there was nothing in the car to cover with. As the lights got almost right behind I pissed all over myself. I mean I really started to pee. I couldn't stop the flow. My legs were shaking and I could barely keep my foot on the accelerator. I was like a pile of Jello. It was gross. All I could think about was going to jail and how I was going to explain this to my friends and family if they ever found out. I started to pull over onto the shoulder to stop figuring I might as well face the music. There was nothing I could do. No sooner had my front wheels hit the rough pavement of the emergency lane I saw the cop weave over into the lane next to me and pass me! He wasn't after me! I carefully got back into my own lane and slowed down. I saw way up ahead that he pulled over a truck that had passed by me earlier.

My legs were still shaking and I was shivering all over. That was a close call!! It took almost another hour for me to calm down. I was so humiliated. I had to drive all that way sitting in a soaking wet seat full of my pee - a reminder of how lucky I had been. I was running behind schedule and it was starting to get light out. All that searching for the perfect gas station had put me behind where I had hoped to be by now. Driving through familiar territory so close to home during the early sunrise was kind of unnerving and kind of arousing. Despite all that had happened I was STILL into being naked. I think I'm addicted to this stuff.

I pulled into my driveway and just sat there in the car until I could convince myself to make a dash for the front door. I made it OK and YES, for those of you that are wondering, I got off FINALLY and YES though it's been awhile I will probably do another dare.

Oh and Glenda DID finally tell me that when she had tried to get back into the hotel after I had left, the stairwell door was locked. She wouldn't say any more. I'm guessing she got into trouble otherwise she would have been bragging about her exploits. If she ever does tell me what happened, I'll be sure and tell you. I hope I didn't bore anyone or that you guys think me too stupid. I just had to tell SOMEBODY!