**Truth - Have you ever entered a wet-t shirt contest**

from *Liz*

Janey wants me to tell you about the homemade bikini contest. Okay, here it is.

We were at this lake resort a couple of years ago. The local bar has a weekly party. Each week it varies. We missed the wet tee shirt contest and the tan line contest, but some of the pictures hanging behind the bar made it clear neither contest had much to do with wearing a shirt or having a tan line. Anyhow, during our week there was a homemade bikini contest. Asking around the bar, I discovered that the more silly outfits were the norm, but the winners' bikinis were definitely sexier.

After drinking too much and Jake pushing Janey, she said, "I wear whatever you make for me." Jake deferred all tailoring to me.

The guys brought some fishing poles as if they might really leave two sex-craved women alone to go fishing. I made one bikini using pieces of a white tee shirt and fishing line. It was the ultimate g-string! I had to re-tie that thing a dozen times before I found the lengths to make it street legal. Okay, I failed on that score, but I wore another tee shirt to and from the contest.

The bikini I made for Janey was identical except for I used tissues instead of a tee shirt. She wasn't sure about wearing it, but I told her I could always trade the tissue for the hotel's single pile bathroom paper.

At the contest, there were women wearing everything imaginable: playing cards, beer cans, Crown Royal bags, but my favorite was the woman wearing LifeSavers! She had them chained together. Imagine the fun of having your man eating it! A couple of women were wearing whipped cream or shaving cream, but the MC informed them that the competition included getting wet and nudity was not permitted. They let them stay on the stage, but the women had to declined continuing in the contest.

The Crown Royal woman was the first to get wet. She had the 'problem' that once those little bags got wet they sagged. She flashed everything one time or another.

I was next. My bikini was completely nonexistent from the rear, and once I was wet, I might as well have been nude. The amount of water they poured insured I didn't have a dry spot either. The crowd loved my little performance, but I was completely focused on Larry.

The LifeSaver girl was next. Her bikini top broke and LifeSavers went flying. She made a quick exit. The guys around the stage started to fight over the candy! The other women were clearly just there for the fun of wearing a silly outfit.

Janey was last. After the watering, she was wearing just fishing lines and tissue shreds. The whipped cream girls joined in on her dance. The crowd was going wild. I thought a riot might happen, but the MC cut Janey's dance time. The whipped cream girls had rubbed against each other so much that their bikinis were more or less whipped cream smears.

I won by default. The rules "prohibit" nudity. And I guess I was never technically nude. The first prize was a gift certificate to a bikini catalog.

**Dare - Drive Nude. Topless (F) or Bottomless (F or M) for Beginners**

from *Janey*

Hi everybody!

I just found this site filled with Truths or Dares, and I just completed my first dare. Liz, a friend from my old neighborhood, emailed me the address to this place. She thought I would enjoy it, and she was right.

The first dare I thought might be fun was this one - Drive Nude. I called Liz, and I told her I would be driving over to her place in a few minutes without telling her I accept this dare. She said, "Come on over, I've nothing planned for the day." Well, I certainly was about to change her plans!

Call me a chicken, but seeing as this was my first dare and seeing how I was doing this in broad daylight, I decided to just do the bottomless dare. Maybe if it wasn't freezing cold outside, I might have tried something more daring. Instead, I wore a wool turtleneck sweater. Nothing else except boots.

By the way, I made sure I had plenty of gas before pulling out of the driveway, and I stayed at the speed limits for a change.

I avoided the highway since trucks would have an easy view into my Accord. I had the heater on full blast as it was cold outside. I really didn't panic until I entered the old subdivision. Up until then, I thought if someone had seen me, they would not have known me. But we used to live in this subdivision, and everyone knew me. Once I reached Liz's street, I gave her another call, "Open your garage door now!" I saw the door opening as I rounded the curve. When I pulled inside, I told her, "Hurry up and shut the door." She was still on the phone when she hit the button on the wall. I told her, to come over. She said it was too cold and that I should come on inside for coffee.

When I stood up and walked around the car, she started laughing so hard she actually fell over! I walked around her, and she was literally having problems breathing from laughing so hard. She managed to regain some composure after I poured myself a cup of coffee.

Liz had sent me the email telling me about this Truth or Dare site, so she should have expected me to try something. I told her how fun it was driving without anyone else knowing I was bare bottomed. She asked, "What if you got a flat tire?" Oops, I didn't even think about that one. I mentioned checking for gas and watching my speed. Sort of difficult to explain to the police how I "forgot" my pants.

After drinking some coffee and telling her all about the thrill of my drive, I convinced Liz to take a ride with me. She needed a lot of coaxing, but once I agreed to let her have a long coat in the back seat, she agreed. So right in her kitchen she started to strip. I started to laugh since I had left a pile of clothes in my own kitchen. She asked if she had to remove her bra, too. I responded by flashing. Since she just had a blouse, I suggested she grab a sweater, too.

Once we both climbed in to the Accord, we realized we had no way to open and close the garage door. So Liz wore her coat while I backed out of the garage. It seemed to take her forever to close the door, and I was increasingly concern that a neighbor might happen outside. Fortunately, it was too cold for people to be just standing outside. I waited until we were out of the subdivision before telling Liz she HAD to take off her coat.

I was going to retrace my route through the side streets, but Liz wanted to take the highway since it would take less time. I have no idea if a trucker realized what was happening in the car, but I rarely allowed one to pass us. When we exited the highway, someone was holding out a bucket trying to collect money for some charity. They were within a few feet of the car when the light changed and traffic opened enough for me pull past them in a hurry.

My new subdivision was no problem as just a few houses have sold. Fortunately, our new garage door opened without a problem. It had been acting sort of funny the previous week. Once the door shut, we both raced inside.

Liz promises to find a dare for us to do together next week. Liz called her husband and told him to pick her up at our house. Unfortunately, he arrived before my husband made it home. He's seen me completely nude, but he was still surprised by both of us being half dressed. Since they had another dinner date they couldn't stay. Besides, I think they wanted to get home and have a little time together before heading out again.

**Dare: Wear just a tee shirt in a public place**

by *Liz*

Janey and I spent the day shopping. Larry's boss is holding a New Year's Eve party, and I needed something different to wear. When I drove over to Janey's house, she had a really different idea, too. It's freezing cold, but she insisted we wear just tee shirts under our coats. She was already wearing one of Jake's tank tops with a red belt to match her boots. The shirt could "almost" pass as a very short mini dress. I'm an inch shorter than Janey, but that didn't make any difference. I tried on several different tee shirts before I finally agreed to wear a long sleeve blue henley. Like Janey's outfit, I fastened a belt around my waist.

Driving was easier than the day Janey and I went bottomless since we had our long coats. But it was clear to me that I couldn't take off my coat and sit down. I felt the hem rising to my waist and my coat liner against my bare butt. Janey kept adjusting her coat to expose her thighs a little more as the car heated.

With all the holiday traffic at the malls, we headed to the smaller boutiques. The first couple of shops had nothing worth trying on. Janey suggest a small boutique that she sometimes finds "unique" outfits. What I mean by "unique" is outfits that no one else would dare to wear in public, except Janey. This store specializes in risque' outfits. If you want to wear something, but not cover much, this shop is for you. The most conservative outfits were in the window, and those outfits probably would get you arrested in public!

The store had some completely outrageous clothing - dresses with holes to completely expose your breasts, hot pants without seats, and all varieties of crotchless clothing. Janey and I had were having a good time simply holding up the clothes and wondering where we could even wear such a thing.

The saleswoman left us to browse. Eventually, we made our way to the less outrageous section. These clothes were less likely to get you arrested, but it all depended on what you wore beneath them - most of them were sheer with either sequins or carefully placed strips of material. Janey decided it was time for me to try on something. The saleswoman immediately took control and switched all the dresses for different sizes. She explained that the manufacturers all had different measures. (She knew what she was doing, too. Every one of the dresses fit perfectly.)

The woman escorted us over to the changing rooms. She didn't bat an eye as Janey held the door open as I removed my coat. The henley was bunched at my waist. I turned around and dropped the belt on the seat with my coat. I looked right at Janey as I lifted the henley over my head. The saleswoman smiled, but looked as if she had seen this all before. No one else was in the store, so my limited audience just watched as I tried on the first dress - a sheer little thing with sequins spiraling around the dress. I walked out of the dressing room to the full length mirror. It looked as good as it felt. But I kept thinking I probably shouldn't wear something so revealing to Larry's boss' house.

The second dress was impossible to sort out. The saleswoman stepped forward to assist me. The dress was simply a long piece of cloth. She tossed the center, skinny part around the back of my neck. Then she told me to hold the material over my breasts as she crossed the light fabric over them. The ends of the material flared out wide, and I have no idea how she managed to get it to cover my hips. The two ends dangled to my ankles. A small string held the flaps in place at my waist. I considered buying this outfit, not for the New Year's Eve party, but for our next vacation.

Another dress, make that half a dress, covered my entire right side with just strings holding small pieces of cloth over my front and back. This dress took two people to fasten me in. Janey loved the look, but again, it was more of an outfit for a wild vacation, not the boss' house.

The final dress, recommended by the saleswoman, was a layered sheer two piece outfit. Two layers made it more or less opaque. The top had one shoulder strap. She demonstrated a couple of different ways to tie the top. I didn't even think about it at the time, but I walked to the mirror bottomless to check out the look of the top. I was admiring the top when I heard a little bell ring and felt a cold breeze. A woman completely bundled entered the shop. I think it was mostly due to the cold breeze that I hurried back to the dressing room. Janey again held the door open as we talked. The second part of the outfit was a skirt that tied high on my hip. The hem was cut diagonally from the hip to the opposite ankle. I returned to the mirror to see if Janey was right, she was, it looked great! Even the other customer commented on how good it looked on me. The saleswoman showed me how the skirt had two layers, and how I could move the top layer to make the skirt even more revealing.

Even though these outfits had very little in way of material, they were expensive. I knew Larry would have a fit, until I modeled them for him. Since I couldn't see myself wearing any of them to the party, I decided against buying them. Janey helped me undress, and she gave the two other women clear views. As I slipped on the henley, Janey talked with the saleswoman. The other woman stared openly at me as I donned my coat.

Since I was still looking for something to wear, Janey suggested we head back to her house. She thought I might like to wear one of her dresses.

In the home office, Janey has its closet filled with dresses that she says, "You can only wear once." They definitely would remember if you wore any of them a second time. I noticed a few of the designer tags matched the boutique's name.

I tried on several of the outfits, but I'll just describe the one I finally selected. It similar to the sheer two piece from the store. However, its top was a stretchy material with sequins in a pattern over each breast. Fortunately, it had a liner across the front as well. The bottom skirt had a small tight fitting waist with the opening to the hip, and the front and back hem as cut diagonally to my right ankle. It was covered in sequins, but its liner was barely enough material to call a mini skirt underneath.

Janey had me stand in front of the mirror has she turned on a couple lights behind me. My right leg's silhouette was clear visible, and my left leg was completely exposed it I shifted my weight to the right. I thought this dress was sexy enough to get Larry's blood running while not getting him into too much trouble with the boss.

Ciao, Liz!

**Truth - Have you ever sunbathed nude?**

by *Liz*

Okay, I'm back. I responded to a few questions and then headed out to a luncheon. The traffic was terrible due to all the snow, and the stores were closing. The club's restaurant also closed, so I'm back. Since Janey wanted me to answer this question, I guess I will.

I've known Janey most of my life, but we became good friends when she moved in to the house across the street. At first, Janey and Jake were simply neighbors, but soon that changed.

When Larry and I first moved in to our house, we had a fence built thinking we might get a dog. We finally decided that our lifestyle wasn't really fit for a dog, but the fence remained. Then came Janey.

One late spring afternoon, Janey came over to chat unannounced. She knew I was home, so when I didn't hear her ringing the doorbell, she called for me over the fence. Since I was sunbathing topless, I was reluctant to open the gate, so I asked her to meet me at the front door. On my way I grabbed my cover-up.

Janey quickly figured out everything. She apologized for interrupting my tanning session. She encouraged me to take off my cover-up, but I was reluctant to go topless in front of her. Completely to my surprise, she decided to put me at ease by stripping down herself. Soon Janey was sitting in my backyard wearing just her panties. I finally decided to join her and removed my cover-up. We had a wonderful time talking that afternoon. The margaritas probably helped. We soon realized we had a lot in common yet over the years rarely bumped into each other.

So that first summer, Janey became a regular sunbathing partner in my backyard. Something strange was that Janey never wore a bikini. And her panties just kept getting smaller. Of course, I was telling Larry all about Janey's outfits. So he encouraged me to wear my panties one day. I did. Janey asked about why I did, and when she heard Larry was turned on by the thought, she slipped off her panties. That was the first day Janey spent the afternoon without a stitch of clothing on at my house. It was hardly the last.

One day, Larry called me to say he was coming home early since he needed to travel out of town that night. Well, I must have "forgotten" to tell Janey that Larry was on his way. Well, once Larry greeted us in the backyard, I expected Janey to cover herself. She didn't. Larry was all smiles and so was Janey. Once Larry had packed, he kissed me goodbye and asked for me to "lose" my tanline. That was the start of us sunbathing nude together.

Another time, the doorbell rang, and I grabbed my morning robe to answer the door. A package arrived for Larry. As I signed the papers, Janey wandered through the house. The delivery man's jaw dropped. Janey hadn't bothered to cover herself.

I soon learned Janey really didn't care who saw her nude. Maybe just the neighbors since she didn't want to become an outcast with the rest of the neighborhood. Anytime someone came to the door, I covered-up but Janey paraded about nude. She could have easily remained out back or in the kitchen, but she always put on a show. Then one day, As I got up to answer the door, Janey removed my robe's belt. I wasn't too sure, but I knew whatever I might flash was little in comparison to what the delivery man would see with Janey. That little flash I gave the UPS man as I held the box and signed the form got me hooked.

Janey gave me a sheer, short robe for my birthday. I knew why. And I did it, too. I think Larry started to order more things by mail when I told him about our little game. Now, if I could only figure out how the deliveries always occurred on the days Janey and I were sunbathing?

**Truth - What's the most exotic/erotic trip you've taken?**

by *Liz*

Last May, we were heading to Hawaii, Molokai to be exact. Janey and Jake had been to this resort before, and they didn't need to twist our arms to get us to go. The resort reserves a few weeks a year when children are not allowed. Don't get me wrong here, I love kids. In fact, Larry and I have been trying for a couple of years to conceive. It's just not happening - systems are all a go, but no luck. Anyhow, the no children rule means a real adult theme.

Any vacation with Janey starts before you get there. We met at the airport. Janey was wearing a white tank top and a print wrap skirt. I wore a yellow sundress.

I was determined to get a jump on Janey. Once we boarded, I asked the flight attendant for a blanket. We had the last full row of first class. And fortunately no one was sitting behind us. So, as soon as the plane climbed to cruise and the seatbelt light went off, I wiggled my panties off from underneath the blanket. Larry was all smiles when I handed them to him. He then passed them across the aisle to Jake. I was afraid the attendant had seen them, but either she didn't or didn't care. Janey was laughing. She turned in her seat to lift her skirt to show us she wasn't wearing any panties herself. Catching Janey in panties is rare.

Jake stood up to retrieve a blanket for Janey. And in no time, Janey's skirt was passed over to us. The attendant asked us for our drink orders, and I'm certain she must have seen my panties hanging from Janey's magazine pocket. At least, I had hid Janey's skirt under my blanket. After a bit, the attendant came back to see if we wanted anything else. We all declined for the time being. As soon as she turned around, Janey peeled off her top, and as Jake handed the top to us, Janey pulled the blanket up. If you ever used those airline blankets, you know they are not very large. Anyone walking by would be able to tell Janey wasn't wearing a thing except for the blanket.

Well, it was clear it was now my turn. I didn't time my disrobing too well. The attendant saw me pulling the dress over my head. She simply gave me a big smile. After my dress was passed over to Jake, the attendant came back to chat with us. She seemed to enjoy seeing us enjoying ourselves.

Neither Janey nor I dressed for hours. It was sometime after the meal and drinks that I had to pee. So I donned Janey's outfit. By the time I returned, Janey was wearing my sundress.

Our flight was to Honolulu, and we had to catch a small plane to Molokai. Climbing in and out of that small plane left no room for modesty. The pilot was all smiles as he helped Janey and me in to the plane. At the airport in Molokai, the wind was strong. I was carrying a couple of bags and my purse. The short wrap around skirt was standing straight out. A few of the tourists at the airport were pointing and a few others were taking pictures! I haven't spotted those snapshots on the internet, but if you see something matching the description, let me know the address. I promise to confirm if it's me.

The resort's van picked us up at the airport and delivered us to our huts. The resort has several "huts". From the outside, they appear to huts, but they are fully furnished independent rooms. It sort of gives you a native feel but with the luxuries of life. Each hut is located about a hundred feet from each other.

Janey and Jake were in the first hut. After I had unpacked, Larry and I headed over to their hut. I was planning on returning Janey's outfit and getting my sundress. It should not have surprised me, but I was surprised to see Janey taking a shower outside the hut. The showerhead stuck off the side of the hut. Presumably, this shower is to rinse sand off. Janey was completely nude and shampooed. Jake greeted us wearing just a towel. His hair was wet, so I asked if he showered outside as well. He had.

I mentioned exchanging our clothes back. Janey said the sundress was inside the hut. For some reason, after I removed the top and skirt, I decided a shower sounded good. So I walked out of their hut as nude as Janey. She handed me a bottle of shampoo. I was so engrossed in my shower, that at first, I didn't even notice the woman from the resort standing there talking with the others. Janey was wearing a lei and a sarong. Once I finished rinsing my hair, the woman came over and hung a lei over my neck. Since she made no comment about my lack of attire, I didn't bother to cover up as she told us about the resort.

Well, after a long flight and a shower, I was tired. So Larry and I excused ourselves to nap. I didn't even notice until Larry commented, "I guess this going native thing didn't take long for you." Here I was in Hawaii for less than a couple of hours, and I was walking around outside nude except for some flowers. Little did I know then that I would seldom be wearing much more.

After a nice afternoon nap, Janey and Jake came over to wake us for the luau. Janey was wearing a tea leaf skirt and her lei. On our hut wall was a grass skirt. Janey helped me tie it. I wore my lei, but I also pulled my hair to my front. It's long enough to barely cover my breasts. Janey's hair is shorter so except for the lei, she was topless.

At the luau, Janey and I were definitely the least dressed, but the other guests weren't complaining. We met several of the other guests, but the unwritten rule of the place was not to talk about your lives outside the resort. So everyone was simply enjoying the meal and drinks. And we all tried the hula. Our teachers were gorgeous Hawaiians - two girls and two guys. The women's skirts were these huge tea leaf skirts, and they wore a brightly colored bandeaux top with dozens of leis. The men wore printed loin clothes, for lack a better description, and they were heavily tattooed.

Well, that grass skirt was the last thing I wore for two days! And Janey was always running around nude, too. She has no inhibitions either. If someone happened by, she would talk with him or her. She even posed for some snapshots with a few couples. (Again, if you think you've seen these, let Janey know, she'll tell you.)

The one day we dressed was when we headed into town for some shopping. But dressing is not quite the word for what Janey wore. Her top was a small white ruffled top that tied under her arms and simply draped over her boobs. Her sarong was tied so high on one side that it was unmistakable she wasn't wearing a thing underneath. I had a bikini triangle top and a wrap around skirt. The skirt hung fairly low on my hips, but it covered the legal parts.

The small town did have several tourist shops on the main street where the resort's van dropped us. We passed on the junk souvenirs. I was interested in some of the dresses in one shop. Janey found a skirt she liked. Janey dropped her sarong right in the shop and wrapped the new skirt around herself. The elderly shop woman simply picked out some more skirts to show Janey. I spotted the small dressing room in the back and headed there with the dresses. I emerged wearing one strapless dress (and nothing else). Larry really liked it, and I was amazed that I had even had his attention. Janey was bottomless again! I went back into the dressing room, but I didn't bother pulling the curtain close. So for a moment, I was nude. The sales woman surprised me by helping me slip on the other dress. This dress had buttons running up the side. While I started to button down, she unbuttoned up from the hem. I didn't argue. We simply met mid torso. I loved it so we bought it, and I wore it the rest of the day.

**Truth: Have you ever partied topless?**

by *Liz*

I had no idea this New Year's Eve would turn out as it did. And I really didn't expect it to be something to write about here, either. Surprise!

Larry and I spent Christmas at my in-laws. We went from the snow and ice here to the snow and ice and bitter cold there. I'm glad to be home. On our answering machine, Janey had left a dozen panic messages. Since she knew our travel plans, all of those messages were from this one morning.

I called Janey to see what was happening. Jake's boss, the senior partner at the firm, had to have their house fumigated. He turned to Jake to hold his annual New Year's Eve Party. And apparently, their firm make these parties a big client relation promotion. And why was Janey suddenly in a panic? The caterer saw an opportunity to price gouge. Jake's boss fired the caterers, and told Jake to hire someone else. So at 1 p.m. on December 31st, Janey was trying to find new caterers. Impossible, unless you want pizza delivery.

So without unpacking, Larry and I drove over to Jake and Janey's house to help. We stopped to buy some groceries. I was trying to remember recipes as Larry ran around the store finding the ingredients. When we arrived at Janey's, they had already moved most of the furniture around to accommodate the party for twenty.

Janey and I spent the rest of the afternoon in the kitchen whipping together all sorts of little finger foods. Jake and Larry's idea of fancy snacks consisted of pouring the potato chips into a bowl and pre-slicing cheese and summer sausage for the crackers. Janey wanted the party to go seamlessly. Jake insisted that as long as the champagne didn't run out, the party would be just fine.

PANIC! Champagne! A quick phone call confirmed that Jake's boss would still be providing three cases of champagne.

With about 30 minutes to spare, we had set the place for an elegant party. I hurried Janey off to change as I cleaned up the kitchen. She returned literally half dressed with a few minutes to go. I zipped her up. I started to pull Larry from the football game when Janey realized she had no caterers to serve the drinks. Immediately, Larry and I were called into service.

Janey scrambled us upstairs to their bedroom. She pushed Larry into Jake's closet and told him to find something to wear. At first, Janey kept pulling evening gowns for me to wear. I realized I needed something less as a party-goer and more as a party-server. I spotted a what looked reasonable to wear and hurried Janey to met her guests. Since Larry and Jake work in the same field of business, it would be awkward for Larry to be seen here. Larry found two feather masks on the shelf in the closet for us to wear. Once I realized what the outfit I selected was, I decided I really needed the mask, too.

Larry's loafers looked strange with the black pants and ruffled shirt. I didn't say a word as I tied his bow tie. And I'm glad he didn't say a word about how I looked either.

The outfit was a little French Maid costume complete with fishnet stockings and garter belt. I found a pair of black high heels that I could wear. And only after fussing with my hair for several minutes, I declared myself ready to go down stairs.

The first guests were Jake's boss and his wife. They seemed delighted to see us. His wife thought the feather masks were perfect. After we excused ourselves to ice some of the champagne, Janey came running into the kitchen. She lifted the short flared hem and ruffles to see what I was wearing underneath - the outfit came with a frilly set of underpants. She whispered to me, "I can't believe you wore that outfit. Be careful with those panties. They have a slit in the crotch." Larry gave me a raised eyebrow as I felt the seam on the slit. It went from the front waist band to the rear band! How I missed that when I slipped them on, I'll never know. I thought about running upstairs to slip my panties on underneath, but soon all the other guests started to arrive.

I think Larry and I did a fine job serving. Larry only spilled the champagne once - in the kitchen. He claims he lost his concentration when I bent over to recover a dropped napkin.

Personally, I found the short skirt to be the least of my troubles. The neckline on this outfit was really cut low. As Larry says, 'deep into the southern Alps.' Being quite aware that I couldn't bend at the waist, I bent at the knees to serve the people sitting. I lost track of all the people looking down the blouse.

At about a quarter till midnight, Jake entered the kitchen and handed me a box. He told me that he would be really grateful if Larry and I would change into these costumes for midnight. Apparently, it's a tradition of the senior partner. I opened the box and inside was a long white beard, a white robe, two sashes (Father Time and Happy New Year), and a smaller square cloth.

Larry returned from serving everyone. I explained the situation to him. We agreed to go along and help Jake.

At the time, we didn't even debate who would wear which costume. It just seemed natural that Larry would be Father Time and I would be the New Year's baby. I generally don't run around a fine dinner party topless, but I generally don't wear a French Maid's costume either. Somehow, I just decided I would do it.

With a minute to go, Janey entered the kitchen to see us wearing our new costumes. She started laughing. Apparently, everyone else who had worn these costumes knew the guy would wear the diaper, and the woman would wear the beard. I realized it was too late to change, as Janey pulled Larry into the living room.

I steeled myself for the final countdown. And to everyone's delight, the New Year's baby emerged on-time. A few of the guests mocked embarrassment, but I noticed they were the ones looking down the French Maid's blouse all evening.

Like most New Year's Eve Parties, shortly after midnight, most of the guests start to leave. And soon it was just the senior partner and his wife. His smile was still ear-to-ear every time he looked over at me. He handed me a glass of champagne and raised his glass to toast Larry and me. Jake and Janey joined right in, too. As I lifted my mask partially to sip the champagne, a few drops trickled down my chin, to my breast. That was cold, too. I managed to spill half the glass on me.

Larry mentioned I needed a diaper change. Everyone started to laugh. The older couple quickly made their exit. When Jake returned from seeing his boss off, he stated, "Now about that diaper!"

We all sat down and enjoyed the last of the champagne from the open bottles. Larry and I didn't make it home until midday News Years.

**Dare: Go into a lockerroom of the opposite sex**

by *Liz [Janey in brackets]*

Larry went out of town for the week, so I invited Liz to stay over at our house for a few days. Last night after Jake went to bed, Liz and I scanned through the dares. We were laughing so hard that we woke Jake. I'm not sure he would ever understand. *[Neither would Larry.]*

Anyhow, we finally agreed to this dare. We had already planned on going to the gym today, so it was the natural choice. I was a bit worry that we could get arrested or have our membership revoked. *[A bit worried? She was completely scared!]*

So we agreed that AFTER our workout we would accidentally wander into the men's locker room. Once I pulled into the parking lot, Liz changed the plan. She wanted to walk into the locker room right away. *[If I hadn't changed the plan, Janey would have chickened out.]*

Our plan was to sign in while continuously talking about our New Year's Eve dresses. We would act like we were total distracted by our conversation and walk to the men's locker room. Usually we stop to talk to the people behind the front desk, but today we didn't interrupt our conversation.

Janey had her arm around mine so she could drag me if I tried to avoid the men's locker room. *[It worked!]* We had to walk past the women's locker room, and fortunately no one was in the hallway. The men's door was at the end of the hall. Janey had warned me not to look around the room until we were completely inside. *[I figured it would be harder to explain seeing a guy and still keep walking in to the room.]* It didn't stop me though, but no one was around. We even walked around trying to find someone! The only things different about their room were the urinals and smell. *[And the place really did smell! Imagine what it smells like by the evening! Yuck!]*

I was ready to leave, but Janey insisted we continue the farce. *[I figured if we got caught coming out of the room our cover story was toast. Afterall, how would we explain we figured out we had the wrong room - the smell?]*

So in typical Janey fashion, she started to change her clothes! I was shocked since we never talked about carrying this dare that far. But Janey reminded me, "The dare says to spend several minutes in the locker room." Now I see what the dare actually said, and I was right. *[I lied, so sue me.]*

Anyhow, I went along with her. Afterall, Janey was down to her panties while we debated the rules. Well, by the time I'm stripped completely, Janey had her workout clothes on. Guess what? That was when a guy comes into the locker room. I heard the door close; I look up; I see the guy turning towards me. His mouth drops open. Janey screams at the guy to get out of the women's locker room. The guy bolts.

Then we hear him apologize from the doorway. He also explained, very nicely, that we were the ones in the wrong locker room. Janey went to "check" out his story. *[It seemed to be the reasonable thing to do.]* She started laughing to put the guy at ease. She told me that he was right. He was very nice to say that he would "stand guard" until I changed. I quickly put on my workout clothes. *[I chatted with the guy, and he was very nice.]*

We thanked the guy as we passed him in the hallway. *[He was still blushing! So cute!]*

By the time we reached the end of the hall, I realized we left our clothes in the wrong locker room. Janey dragged me back to the men's door. She pushed the door open and announced our presence. The guy appears from an aisle wearing just a towel as I explained that we needed to get our stuff. He told us to go ahead, and he turned towards the showers.

After we gathered up all of our stuff, Janey wanted to peek into the showers. I told her she was on her own. She followed me out. *[Call me a chicken.]* As we opened the door, two guys were confused to see us leaving the men's locker room. We just hurried past them.

As we were stretching, the first guy stopped by to apologize again. He left shortly after I said something about our husbands thinking we probably did it on purpose. *[He also mentioned the other two guys thought we were in the showers with him, but he explained the whole accident to them. Really a nice guy - most guys would have been bragging.]*

When we selected this dare, I thought I might be seeing some guy nude, but I didn't even begin to think it would have been the other way around. That's why I love Liz - you never know what will happen next. *[thanks. I love you too - who else would go along with me? Now to pick something for tomorrow!]*

Janey *[Liz, too!]*

**Dare: Use a public restroom of the opposite sex**

by *Liz [Janey's story in brackets]*

I heard from Larry this morning, and he is catching an early flight, so I'm heading home after today. Janey and Jake have been terrific hosts. Thanks. *[You're welcome, but like they care?]*

Maybe it was the late hour, or maybe it was the lack of imagination. Anyway, I told Janey this was our dare today. She didn't know that there were two different ones - a locker room and a wash room dare. She made me prove it before we headed out for shopping and lunch. *[Remember how she LIED yesterday? Of course, I had to read it carefully myself.]*

So we headed off to the mall for a little shopping before finding the "right" restaurant for this dare. We debated about various places - ones we go to often, seldom, or never again. We agreed that a good restaurant might "black ball" us if we got into trouble, so we didn't want to go any of those places. A lousy place meant having a lousy meal - no good either. Janey finally picked a place that seemed perfect. *[I wanted a place I went to once that was okay, but had lousy service.]*

[Liz skipped over a funny event. At a CD shop, I asked the clerk, "What rock album had a girl peeing in an urinal?" The answer ... Foreigner's Head Games. We found the CD, and we both stood in the store laughing.]

As Janey drove to the restaurant, I realized something. She had on a knee length skirt, but I was wearing a pair of jeans. I lifted her skirt for a panty check, and she nearly drove off the road! *[You could have asked!]* She was wearing panties, so at least we both would have to pull our pants to our ankles. Or so I thought.

At the restaurant, we just missed the lunchtime rush. Sorry, but it happened that way. We agreed to have lunch first, then we made a bet to determine who would go first. We thought it would be more daring to go one at a time. If I went first and got into trouble, Janey could bail me out, and vice-a-versa. Anyway, I lost. *[We guessed at how long it would take to seat us. I said more than ten minutes.]*

The meal was fine once we were served, but our server was more interested in her break than her tip. We set strict timetables for going to the rest room. I had leave once the server brought the bill. Janey had to go exactly two minutes after I returned. *[If she returned!]*

I really got lucky. No one around or in the men's rest room. The place had two toilets and two urinals. I went straight to the handicap stall. I don't understand how you guys can stand it. The place was disgusting. I spent a couple of minutes wiping the toilet with tissue, and I used so much tissue I had to flush TWICE! *[I think everyone stop reading to throw-up. Thanks Liz!]* I heard someone else come into the restroom and use the urinal. I spun around to check the door. I left it unlocked but it was only barely cracked. All I could see was his back. *[So how did you know he 'shook it' three times?]*

Once he left, I got into position to pee. I still had no desire to actually sit on the toilet, so I sort of squatted to pee. And, oh my, did I pee! And to make things worse, as I was peeing another guy comes in to use the urinal! I kept thinking, I'm peeing too loud! I guess squatting over the bowl made the pee and water splash more, and my big butt wasn't muffling the sound! *[Don’t believe her. Her butt isn't big at all!]*

I finally finish peeing, and I had a difficult time maintaining my squat as I reached for small tissue to dry off. All I could envision is me falling into the toilet and getting stuck! Why did I laugh so much when Ally McBeal did that?

Fortunately, by the time I got myself together the guy was gone. Don't you guys ever wash your hands? Anyhow, afterwards I wash, and I fixed my hair. Just as I walk out the door, a guy does a BIG double take before entering the rest room. So I hurried back to Janey to start her clock. I was hoping for the two minutes to go by before the guy can leave. We both checked our watches.

The guy leaves several seconds before Janey has to do her part of the dare. The server still hasn't come by to collect the bill, and she was probably hoping we would leave before she had to make change. As Janey slides out, she handed me something - her panties! So figuring we needed to give the server something as a tip, I folded them on the plastic tray with the money.

[My turn here I guess. There was always something about that Foreigner album cover. So I decided it was my best chance. I hiked up my skirt and backed towards the small urinal - time out here: Liz referred to the small one as the midget's urinal! Anyhow, I'm peeing and trying not to splatter myself. For you gals, try it - it is not easy. I couldn't see a thing, and all I could feel was the cold porcelain on my thighs. The place was already a mess so I can't be sure I hit the target all the time, but I think I managed. And once I started, I couldn't stop peeing. I guess both Liz and I drank way too much ice tea. Thank goodness no one entered the room. I had no idea what I would have said to explain my position. I finished cleaning myself and made a quick return to Liz.]

The server didn't even look at the money tray when she finally picked it up. But she gave us a big smile as we passed her on our way out. And her tip was just a little bit of change and Janey's panties! *[Great! Now she thinks I'm interested in her or something. Jake and I won't be coming back here.]*

We were laughing all the way home. We had such a good time. I didn't expect this dare to be as fun as it was, but it was a hoot! Maybe a tad disgusting. You guys need to start cleaning if you want more women using your rest rooms! *[Stop it! It hurts too much to laugh too much.]*

Liz *[and Janey]*

**Truth: Ever answer the door nude?**

By *Janey*

We had planned on another Molokai, Hawaii vacation, but Jake had a business trip forcing us to cancel. I was really upset with Jake. We had a few fights about whether his job was really all that important. I know it's good money, and he is really good at his job, too. But I wish it didn't have to interfere with our plans so often. And this time, it was interfering with our friendship to Liz and Larry.

Well, I'm not upset anymore. Jake conspired with Liz and Larry to make amends. And he did all of this while I was giving him some nasty grief, too.

Jake was due to leave town today. So Thursday, we met with Liz and Larry to have a nice evening together. And totally unbeknownst to me, they had planned quite an evening, or more exactly, quite a weekend.

Jake and I drove to Liz and Larry's house to pick them up for dinner. I was quite surprised when Larry opened the door to greet us. He was wearing Bermuda shorts, a Hawaiian shirt, and several leis - no shoes. Liz appeared in a tea leaf skirt and several leis - nothing else. Before I could even begin to realize what was happening, they hurried me down stairs.

The stereo had Don Ho playing, "Tiny Bubbles." The basement was covered with white sand. Large tropical plants were all over the basement. They even had surf - a plastic wading pool filled with water. "Surprise!"

It seems Jake told Liz and Larry about my disappointment, and they came up with the idea of having our vacation right here. Jake and I were definitely overdressed for this vacation. Liz had another skirt for me to wear. Jake had his gym bag hidden in their basement. So soon we were all laughing and having a good time. Larry even mastered making a few fruit drinks - in coconut shells and everything.

The next surprise for me was both Jake and Larry had Friday off of work. Their plan was to spend the next few days in their man-made paradise. And it seems they thought of everything, too. The heat was turned up and they had a couple of space heaters to bake under. Larry had rented a tanning bed for the "vacation" too. We slept on hammocks. And we ate "island" food.

On Friday afternoon, four live red lobsters were delivered. The guys dared us to to answer the door. Liz and I signed for the lobster wearing our tea leaf skirts and leis. The delivery man was all smiles when I "leid" him. It left me topless. Our guys got a big kick out of it too.

We steamed the lobsters in a big kettle just outside of the basement door. I was really worried that the guys might burn down the house with their fire under the patio deck, but they managed to just cook the lobsters and not the house.

They had most everything planned out completely. But they didn't really think about the wading pool and how to exchange clean water in it. The guys lost about half of it dragging it to the patio door. Then Liz rigged up a hose to siphon out the water for the rest of the weekend. It wasn't a jacuzzi, but we all managed to soak in it with our legs all tangled together.

When it was finally time to take Jake to the airport, I promised Liz I would come over the next day to help her clean the house. I wore just a muumuu to the airport with Jake. And as we kissed goodbye, his hands parted the muumuu and slide behind my back. The airport departing terminal isn't the most private of places, but I didn't care either. I knew Jake knew what he was showing everyone else. I love him. And I love Liz and Larry too for all they did.

**Wrap Skirt**

In order to pay my tuition, rent, and food bills, I was forced to take a job at a department store after classes everyday. While everything went well at my interview, the manager offered me the job, but he added, "You'll have to wear something more conservative than what you wore today." I was astonished by his comment. I never thought of myself as anything but a conservative dresser, and this skirt and suit was one of my more conservative outfits! I accepted the job, and I pay particular attention to some of the other woman working the store. One striking woman was wearing a long wrap skirt with a blazer.

Once I returned to my apartment, I immediately told my roommate, Alice, about the 'conservative' dress code. She promised to help me out. As I modeled several of my outfits, she insisted that none were really all that conservative. I told her, "This guy gave me a direct warning at the interview, I can't show up next week wearing anything but a conservative outfit or I won't even get a day's pay!" Alice remained cheerful. When I sensed her lack of desperation, I added, "I need this job for school, rent, and food - I can't afford to spend money I don't have on a new wardrobe.

Alice quickly offered a simple solution in her mind, "I can make a couple of outfits for you to wear." We quickly hurried to the fabric store and while I looked at material, Alice selected a few patterns she thought would be easiest to make. When we compared our findings, we decided a couple of simple wrap skirts would do the job nicely for now.

Alice's creations fit perfectly. And the two skirts took virtually no time to make as well. The waist was pulled tight around my hips and waist by four buttons. Though the slit extended from high on my thigh to my ankles, the material overlapped quite a bit. I felt no danger of 'exposing' very much, especially by simply slipping my fingers on the front of the slit and lightly holding it in place as I walked. A simple blouse and jacket finished the ensemble.

After the first night, I learned that the feel of the fabric and the ease of wear made a wrap skirt ideal. I quickly asked Alice to make a few more so I could always wear them to work. She gladly accepted the job. Even though she doubled stitched the hems, the handmade skirts couldn't take a regular washing, and I didn't want to spend the extra money on dry-cleaning. Alice came to the rescue again. She simply said, "Whenever a hem comes loose, just toss it on my machine and I'll re-hem it. It'll take no time to do."

Everything was going great. I enjoyed the job, and I enjoyed not wasting most of my paycheck on new outfits. Alice's handiwork was paying off in spades. Alice had found some velvet fabric that felt so good against my skin, that I even started to skip wearing panties with the velvet outfit.

One day while I was on break in the back room, as I sat down, the velvet skirt's slit fell open exposing most of my legs. Most of my thighs as well! As one hand held a soda and the other a brownie someone had baked, my thighs were exposed to the other workers for several seconds as I scrambled to recover myself. My face flushed as I wonder if anyone noticed my lack of panties. While I scanned their expressions, I only saw polite smiles from those who seemed to have noticed.

When I mentioned this episode to Alice, she dismissed my musings of the skirts shrinking. She asked me if the hips and waist buttons were any tighter. Since they weren't, she concluded the material wasn't changing, but maybe the way I was sitting down had changed. I bought it.

After another week, I noticed just how careful I had to be as I sat down or even walked. I was flashing bare leg all the time now. Again, Alice dismissed my comments, "I think you are just now noticing how much you have been exposing all along." While I didn't believe it, I could offer no other explanation.

One evening while stocking the store shelves, I bent at my knees to reach the lower shelf. With my hands holding the merchandise, my skirt parted. After placing the box on the shelf, I noticed that once again, my bare thighs were exposed. This time in the opened public area of the store. Fortunately, I quickly noticed that I was alone in the aisle. While I had several boxes to stock, I simply looked about before crouching down again. If someone entered the aisle I simply pretended to straighten other merchandise. By the end of the evening, I noticed just how wet I had become. I was enjoying the fun, even though by myself.

Alice was even making new designs for the skirts. One velvet skirt simply tied at the waist with the slit extending from the waist down. It never would have been legal had the ends not overlapped by several inches. Before long this skirt became my favorite. It felt so good against my bare bum.

One evening as I was in a hurry to dress for work, grabbed this skirt and quickly tied the waist. It wasn't until I step from the car at the store that I realized the overlapping material was barely there. Now there was little I could do. I would have been late for work if I didn't hurry inside to clock-in. I rationalized at first that it must have been my minds playing games again. So I worked the evening without paying particular attention to the slit. Before closing that night, I felt a strange breeze across my ass as I pulled the front doors shut. I knew I had never felt that sensation before, so I figured something was up at home.

Sure enough, when I quietly entered the apartment, I could hear Alice sewing machine humming. When I stepped into her room, I saw all of my skirts laying on the bed. Each had a thin strip of matching material next to them. At first I thought Alice was sewing 'more' material to the skirts, but then realty hit me. She admitted to tailoring the skirts for a long time now. It seems ever week or so, she would trim about a quarter inch off and re-hem the fabric. After awhile she realized that I would be exposing more and more leg. Alice added, "When you started going pantiless, I could hardly keep myself from trimming wider strips from the hems."

I was a bit startled, "How did you know I was pantiless?"

She stated, "With some of these skirts, I think most of your customers and coworker realized you weren't wearing panties."

I could hardly believe it. Here I was suppose to have been dressing conservatively, but now I was flashing the entire store! I think I started to enjoy work even more now that I knew. Fortunately Alice kept me from going too far. But by now I perfected the technique to squat: one way to expose the maximum I wanted, and the other way to hide everything whenever my manager was about my work.

**Volleyball**

My girlfriend is a beautiful 5'9" blonde. Jeanne is the athletic type and keeps me in shape by just trying to keep up with her. Jeanne entered us into a beach volleyball tournament. We practiced for about a month, and we got pretty good. I figured that we were just good enough to not embarrass ourselves.

Finally the big weekend arrived. When I drove over to Jeanne's apartment she was ready to go. She was wearing a sweatsuit since the morning's chill had not gone yet. We were scheduled to play in about a couple of hours. As the sun warmed the air, Jeanne took off her sweats. She had worn her skimpiest bikini. The suit held her 34C breasts up and out. The bottoms had an adjustable front, but the back was a G-string! I questioned her if that suit was her best volleyball outfit. She said that her game plan was to distract the opponents. I agreed that her body would certainly do that job.

To further prove her point, Jeanne suggested that weed out some of the stronger competition. We found one game where a team was leading 12 to 3. Jeanne began to cheer for the winning team. When the players noticed her, their attention to the game dropped. The more she jumped up and down, the less they watched what they were doing. Soon the score was 14 to 15, game point for the underdogs! When the better team was about return the serve, Jeanne turned and flashed her nearly bear ass. The ball got hit into the net, and one good team was out. The two players ran over to Jeanne right after losing, but she just smiled and walked off with me.

This proved that Jeanne could distract out opponents, but it also distracted me into getting an erection. Jeanne relieved my problem in the parking lot.

When our game started, the crowd around the box was larger than any other game. I noticed that most of the audience was male, too. We were doing all right without any flirtations by Jeanne, but it was apparent that the other team was better. When the score got to 10 to 12 in their favor, Jeanne had to make a diving dig. I was able to spike the ball for a side-out. I then helped Jeanne up. Her top had slipped down, and her 34C's where hanging out for everyone to see. The crowd cheered louder than ever. Jeanne simply threw the top to the ground and got ready for the next point. This must of distracted our opponents because I served an ace. Before our two opponents could regain their composure, we had won 15 to 12.

In our next game, Jeanne started without her top. I figured that our opponents must have been gay. We lost 8 to 15. The crowds were pleased, and we had a lot of fun. Jeanne was all smiles on the way home, and I was all smiles all evening in bed with her.

**Tan Thru**

When Traci told me that she was having her apartment sprayed for bugs, I quickly offered her the use of our spare bedroom for the weekend. My husband, Marty, has a thing for tall brunettes, and Traci fits that bill. Traci is about 5'10" tall, and her long pony tail reaches to the top of her ass. Just to make sure Marty could get his eyeful of this lass, I told Traci to bring her swimsuit, and we would spend the weekend tanning around our pool.

Saturday morning, Traci arrived with her one suit case. Marty complimented her on being able to travel light. His sly comment was a dig at my travelling style, but I resisted the urge to force an issue. Luckily, Traci saved me from my own tongue by explaining, "I was told to just bring something for the pool, so I didn't really pack very much clothing." Marty tossed her case into her weekend room and told her to join us out back when she changed.

In just a couple of minutes, Traci was strolling out the patio door. She was wearing a long white terri cloth robe that wasn't tied. Underneath the robe was a real wild looking suit. Though it was a one piece, as Traci shed the robe, Marty's eyes were glued to Traci's motions. I was wearing my usual string bikini that didn't leave very much hidden.

Marty asked Traci, "How do you expect to get a good tan with all that material covering your skin?" I wasn't surprised by Marty trying to hit on Traci this early, but I was caught off guard by her response.

Traci said, "Oh! This is a tan thru suit. I am going for a full tan." She pulled the suit from her hip to show us how incredibly thin the material was. This really got Marty's attention.

Seeing that Traci's tan was already quite bronze, I asked if 'everything' was as tanned. Traci lifted the suit over her right buttocks to reveal a slightly less tanned ass. I made a comment how I always wanted a full tan myself. Marty suggested I try, starting today. Traci's eyes widened as I untied my bikini top and laid it to the side. My creamy white 36C's were staring her in the face as I stood from the lounge chair. Marty encouraged me on, "You said 'FULL" tan, didn't you?" I agreed, and I simply pulled down the bottoms. I walked around completely naked in the privacy of our backyard for a couple of minutes. Traci never stopped watching my every move.

Finally, I started to lay down on my stomach next to Traci and asked, "Could you spread some lotion on me?" Traci grabbed the bottle and was massaging the oil across my naked skin. She intentionally skipped over my buttocks and rubbed my legs full of lotion. Before I could ask her to make sure my white ass was oiled, I felt the oil start to run down my ass. Traci's fingers smoothly followed the oil's path deep into my crack. Her motions were getting my juices flowing. After several minutes of her teasing my buttocks, I rolled over. Traci simply kept applying lotion, now to my front. As she cupped both my breasts in her oily hands, I ran my free hand up the inside of her leg. Traci never pulled back, so I kept my fingers wandering higher.

Very matter of factly, Traci announced that I was completely oiled. Somewhat disappointed my massage had ended, my hand fell away from her moistness as she stood. Marty was obviously enjoying the show from his trunks poking straight out. He asked Traci, "Do you need help with your sun screen?" Traci sheepishly declined his offer.

As she stretched out next to me, I didn't even bother to ask. I sat up and started to apply lotion to her legs. As I worked towards her ass, I noticed Traci squirming. After rubbing her hips, I slipped my fingers under her suit and across her ass. She turned her head towards me as I did. I explained, "Don't you need sun lotion even under the suit?" She never answered my question, but with a smile. I continued reaching deeper under the suit. Finally, I had pulled the material way up her ass. It looked more like a thong now.

I now started to rub her back and shoulders. This time I pulled the straps off her shoulders. She didn't resist. So I pulled the suit further down. As she lifted her arms out of the straps, I continued to pull the suit down. When the suit was to her waist, I stopped pulling and resumed my lotion application. When I stood to resume my lounge, Traci asked, "Are you stopping there?" I quickly jumped back into position.

She lifted her hips as I tugged the suit free of her buttocks. After completely removing the suit, I started to fold it and place it to the side. Marty quickly started to finish the oil treatment. Traci rolled over as Marty continued to explore her body. I even found myself rubbing her thighs and hips, as I watched Marty massaging her tits. Traci's entire body was tanned; whereas, my tits, ass, and pussy were cream white. She reached up and started to rub her still oily hand on my breast.

I was quite hot, and from the juices flowing from Traci's pussy, I knew she was ready too. When Marty stood to pull off his trunks and reveal his eight inch erection, Traci and I quickly filled the void he left. We embraced in a passionate kiss. As Marty tried to re-enter this little three way, Traci and I had ideas on keeping it as it was. When Marty retreated to his chair, I slid down her body, kissing and sucking her nipples on the way. When I reached her love box, I tongued my way deep inside. Before I could finish her off, she pulled momentarily away to pivot around. When I realized she wanted to lick me, we engaged in a sweet sixty-nine. Even though I had been working on her pussy for several minutes, she brought me to a quick climax first. As I gasped, Marty reasserted himself. He filled in at Traci's pussy. It was now my turn to watch. Knowing how good Marty is at oral sex and knowing how far I had brought Traci myself, I wasn't surprised to see Traci exploded in seconds.

I was exhausted, and from the looks of the other two, so were they. Several minutes later, Traci realized that Marty was still naked and sunning himself. She warned him to get to a sun burn down there as she pulled some lotion into her hands. Her masterful handjob had Marty begging for her to finish him off. Traci continued her tease until his erection was once again throbbing eight inches of purple. Once she release him, I straddled him and pumped him until he couldn't hold it any longer.

We ending up spending the rest of the weekend in the sun nude. Saturday night, we had crashed all together across our bed. Unfortunately, we had exhausted ourselves outside, and everyone fell quickly to sleep only to replay it again the next day before Traci left to return to her apartment.

Traci has declined our offer to move in with us, but she spends more weekends at our house and pool than she does at the apartment. For these weekends, she packs very light.