Weekend Challenge Ch. 01

**by [Nrlynkdbabe](http://english.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=448254&page=submissions)**

Just a few weeks after the auction with Jenna I began thinking that it was time to push myself some more. Try and fulfill another of my fantasies, challenge myself and see if I could follow through. I would need Ed for sure if I wanted to really and truly go beyond anything I have done so far. I called Ed and suggested he come by one evening for dinner. I thought it might be difficult to really discuss what was on my mind in a crowded restaurant. The night Ed came over we had a nice simple dinner, I am not helpless in the kitchen but my culinary skills are limited. We enjoyed a nice dinner of Chicken Marsala and some wine. During dinner we talked about Jenna and the night of the auction, and our shopping adventure the next day ( To be posted in the not too distant future). I began telling Ed how I felt I had progressed and had fulfilled a number of my fantasies and that he played a big part in them all.

Now Ed knows about many of my fantasies as we have discussed them from time to time. He is well aware that they are not all able to become reality. At least not without me ending up behind bars for public indecency. Someday I will have to write about my most outrageous and probably unrealistic fantasies. Now Ed and probably all those who have been following my adventures know that the greater the distance between me and any clothing the better. I told Ed that I wanted him to create a challenge for me. Now I really will not know the full extent of this challenge I am only setting a few of the stipulations for it. I told Ed that I wanted to go somewhere that was at least a four or five- hour drive and that we should fly there and rent a car to drive back.

I also told Ed that he was the one that would pack for me. This way other than the clothes I had to wear on the plane I would have no idea what else I would have to wear at our destination. We decided that we would leave on a Friday, stay two nights and drive back on Sunday. I had bought lots of great clothes that were great for flashing and for showing some or a lot of skin when Jenna and I went shopping. We made plans to leave the following Friday on a mid morning flight from Newark-Liberty airport. The day before we were leaving Ed came over and while I went to get a manicure, pedicure and waxed he packed my bag for me.

Thursday evening I had that nervous feeling in my stomach knowing that there was an adventure on the horizon and that I had little or no control over what would happen the next few days. After a little pleasure with my overworked pocket rocket and a bubble bath I went to bed. I began wondering what had Ed packed, and thought about peeking in the bag but I didn’t. I did start thinking about my outfit for the plane and then drifted off to sleep. The next morning after my shower I stayed naked while I had some breakfast and coffee. I knew Ed would be picking me up about 10 am to go to the airport.

Shortly after 9:30 I went in to get ready. It really doesn’t take long for me to get dressed. I had picked out a cute little sundress that has buttons all the way down the front. It is a pale yellow with flowers and has a scoop neck that shows a nice bit of cleavage. It is a very light, wispy material that flounces as I walk. It’s not overly sheer but I am sure that it is quite a site if I am in the sun or standing in front of lights. I decided to forgo the bra and knew that my nipples would be poking through my dress but they should not be blatantly visible. I went to the drawer and looked for a suitable thong or g string and after trying on a few and looking at myself in the mirror with the dress on I lifted the dress and pulled the thong off. I decided I would just wear the dress and a pair of sandals for the flight. The dress was short it was maybe 12 inches from hip to hem. I would need to watch when I sat or bent over but I felt it was sexy but not unacceptable for the airport.

I was dressed , Ed had left my overnight bag near the front door so I just waited for him to arrive. I went to check my face and all one more time and then the doorbell rang and he was there. I went to get my little purse and Ed took my overnight bag out to his car and we were on our way. He asked if I had any second thoughts about this and I said I was nervous but ready to go through with it. He asked me one more time and said that once I agree again that he will be in control for the balance of the trip. He had packed my clothes and he would determine what I would wear and what we would do. I trust him completely and know that I would be safe so I told him let’s get going..

The traffic was not terribly bad, we parked and took the monorail to the terminal. The monorail was pretty empty but the few men that were on it looked me up and down a few times. The monorail arrived at the terminal and we took the elevator up to the gate level. The terminal was quite busy and I was enjoying all the attention I was getting from the many businessmen as we walked through the terminal to the security checkpoint before entering the gate area. The line for the security check was somewhat long as is usual for the New York area airports anymore. I did a bit of fantasizing as I usually do while waiting for my turn to pass through the metal detector. Seeing myself taking off my sandals and the only piece of clothing I am wearing to prove I am not hiding anything.

I see myself standing there in the middle of Newark-Liberty airport stark naked. Obviously a fantasy that will remain a fantasy, I think. Anyway we passed through security with no problem and waited to board our flight to Virginia Beach. I like it there, it has a lot of hotels along the ocean with lots of beach areas and there are some fun nightclubs and bars in the area. The flight was short and soon we were on our way through the terminal to get a rental car. My dress was drawing more attention than I expected, I asked Ed if he had also noticed the looks I was getting. He said “of course your getting looks, with the bright sunlight your silhouette is clear as day through your dress”. I hadn’t realized that it would be that transparent. Well nothing I could do about it and I really wasn’t showing anything indecent that I would need to worry about security.

The agent at the rental car desk was trying so hard to check out my nipples pushing out the front of my dress without me noticing. I of course knew right off what he was looking at but I pretended not to notice. We rented a nice convertible and took the drive to our hotel, which was one of the better hotels right on the ocean. We checked in and took the elevator to the top floor to go to our room. We had asked if there were many kids in the hotel and were told there were some but mostly on the lower floors closer to the pool area. So Ed requested a room on the top floor to try and avoid any run ins with kids.

Once in the room I wanted to open my overnight bag to see what Ed had packed but he said that he would tell me when I could open it. It was too early for dinner so Ed called down to have a some wine and other beverages brought to the room. he said it would be about 15 minutes and then he told me to take off my dress and get comfortable. I unbuttoned the dress, took it off and hung it in the closet. Once naked Ed told me we would need ice and that he saw the sign for the ice machine down the hall. I was sure that ice would be brought up with the beverages but I made the obligatory walk naked to the ice machine. I am not sure but I think a gentleman got a glimpse of my naked ass as I was just walking back into our room. Just a few minutes later there was a knock at the door and a male voice called out “room service” I went to go into the bathroom but Ed handed me a few dollars and asked me to get the door.

I just love the glassy eyed look of a young college man as he comes face to face with a naked female. He looked nervous but was sure taking inventory of my body from head to toe. He came in and set the tray with the drinks and ice on the table. He tried to get a few words out but had some trouble. I thanked him, gave him the tip and opened the door to let him out. I had opened the door all the way and as I stood there a man and woman were walking by and saw me standing there naked. I could see the smile on the man’s face. The waiter walked out into the hall and I closed the door. We had a drink and I went in to take a shower.

When I came out I noticed that my dress was no longer hanging in the closet. I asked Ed about it and he said that everything I would need was in my overnight bag. It was time to see what was in my bag. I needed to freshen up my drink before I looked. I was so nervous but yet so excited from the anticipation of what I would find. I grabbed the bag and felt on light it was and wondered if there was anything in it at all. I slowly opened it up and the first thing I noticed was that there were clothes inside but not many. I began taking everything out one piece at a time. The first thing was a man’s white button down shirt and I wondered what I would wear with it. Next I saw what looked like a skirt folded up and when I took it out it was a skirt. A skirt for maybe a twelve year old girl! I held it up in front of me and saw that if I wore it very low on my hips it would be maybe three inches below my pussy, four if I was really lucky. It was just a pull on skirt no buttons but it would be a challenge to wear it and stay decent.

The next was what first appeared to be a conventional halter top but I soon found out it was a split front halter. It was really two pieces of cloth held together by one thin strap that went around the back of the neck and it had a length of ribbon that went around the back of the top and would be tied just below my breasts. This made it totally backless and only the tiny ribbon would keep it closed in front. I put the halter aside and saw there was a very small bathing suit in the bag. It was a very pretty pale yellow, the top was very small and thin. I was sure that when I wore it there would be lots of cleavage and the bottoms of my breasts would be at least partially exposed. The bottom was a very small triangle of cloth connected by a very thin string for the waist and a thin strip of cloth which really wouldn’t cover anything in back.

There was another small skirt but not as small as the first. It also had no buttons or anything but it was split up both sides all the way up to about two inches below the waist. I found one more top that was more like what I typically wear. It was a scoop neck and cropped short with buttons down the front. This was all that was in the bag except for a pair of sandals with about three- inch heels. There was no bra or panties of any kind. I looked at everything laid out on the bed. One nearly non-existent bathing suit, a man’s button down white shirt, a split halter top, a skirt for a little girl, one crop top and one more mini skirt with slits all the way up both sides and the sandals. This was going to be one challenging weekend.

To be continued

Love to all

Nikki

Weekend Challenge Ch. 02

by Nrlynkdbabe Â©

It was early evening and Ed said we should go out for a drink. I asked him what was I supposed to wear and he told me I should wear the skirt with the slits up the sides and the crop top. The skirt had no buttons; it was made of a jersey type material. I pulled the skirt on and saw I needed to wear it low on my hips. It wasn’t as short as the other skirt I had with me but with the slits it was a sure thing that one small gust of wind would surely expose most if not all of my bare pussy. I was also to wear the crop top with the buttons down the front.

I put the top on first and saw that it fit snug but covered me pretty well. I didn’t have the bottom of my boobs showing. Once I put on the sandals it looked to me as if the skirt got shorter. I looked in the mirror and saw everything in front was covered, as was my ass cheeks as long as I wore the skirt very low on my hips. Damn good thing I was totally shaved . I did a small spin and saw that a good part of my ass became exposed and there was a brief flash of my shaved mound. I stood sideways in front of the mirror and saw that just a slight lean forward caused my skirt to flare out and exposed my pussy to anyone to the right or left of me.

We left the room and headed down the hall to the elevator. As I walked I could feel the front and back of the skirt moving which I was sure would be giving anyone paying attention flashes of my ass and pussy. The bar was rather busy and we found a small table, the kind that is rather high and has high chairs to sit on. I sat so the bar was to my left and smoothed my skirt across my lap. The skirt fell to mid thigh and gave a good view of the sides of my legs because it was slit up to just below the waistband. A waiter came over and we ordered drinks and I saw him looking down at my legs, obviously noticing the exposed skin all the way up the sides of my legs to my hips.

As we enjoyed our drink and scoped out the other patrons Ed told me to take the front of my skirt and put it between my legs. I pushed both sides of the front flap of the skirt between my legs and this bared my legs completely all the way up to my hips. It was very obvious that I was naked under my skirt that I think should really be called a loincloth.

The waiter came back and his gaze fell immediately to my bare legs. We ordered another drink and while the waiter was gone Ed had me undo the two top and bottom buttons on my top. There was just one button just below my boobs that was holding the top closed. Now there was much more cleavage showing above and below my top. I really thought that if I took a deep breath that the top would pop open. I gave it a try and could feel it strain but the button held which was something of a disappointment to me. The waiter came back and now had some new skin to ogle as he served our drinks.

After finishing our second drink we decided to go out for a bite to eat. We got the check and I waited until I saw our server walking toward us to give Ed his credit card back. I grabbed the front of my skirt with one hand and raised it up above my waist as I got off the chair giving the waiter an unobstructed view of my bare pussy.

He stopped dead in his tracks and I slowly lowered the skirt back down once I was sure he had a good look. We asked about dinner and he directed us to a nice steak place. I left just the one button closed on my top and made sure I did a little spin a few times when I saw a car approaching as we walked down to the steak place. While have dinner I once again tucked the front flap of my loincloth between my legs exposing my legs completely to anyone passing by or sitting to the side of me. We enjoyed a nice dinner and then found a little nightspot for drinks and dancing.

I of course made sure I exposed my legs fully again as we sat at a table in the club. Now Ed is not exactly light on his feet and he really hates to dance to anything with an up tempo but since I was not ready to go out and dance by myself he had no choice but to join me. I was only on the dance floor for a minute or two when I began attracting attention. The slits up the sides of my skirt were so obvious and once I did a quick spin I had everyone’s attention.

Now being the attention whore that I am this did nothing but fuel the fire and I made sure I spun around more frequently. Now pretty much everyone was aware of the fact that I was naked under my skirt. I was really enjoying myself and after a few songs we went to sit back down. We had another round of drinks and saw that it was near midnight.

I wanted to go out and dance a little more before we left and Ed reluctantly agreed to join me again on the dance floor. I once again did a spin from time to time allowing my skirt to fly up well above my bare pussy. After the first song I undid the last button on my top and surprisingly it stayed in place covering my boobs. At least until I began dancing again, then the top fell to the sides and my boobs were out in the open. I did a spin and let my skirt fly up again. Since the skirt had an elastic waistband I was able to roll it up to make it shorter.

I rolled it until it was just covering my pussy. Now I had everyone’s attention including a gut that I guess was the manager. He came over and took me by the arm and pulled me off the dance floor. He told me that my behavior was not acceptable and we would have to leave. He then began escorting us toward the door.

I was mad because I didn’t see anyone complaining and I actually heard what I think were boos as we were walked to the front door. We were at the edge of the bar/ dance floor area and I hurriedly shrugged my top off and handed it to Ed. I grabbed my skirt and pulled it up and over my head and also gave it to Ed. The manager looked like he was going to have a heart attack. We walked to the front entrance and out the door to the street. We walked a few paces back toward the hotel and Ed said I had better get dressed, he didn’t think it was a good idea for me to walk back to the hotel naked.

I reluctantly agreed and put my top on then pulled on the skirt. I rolled it up once again to just below my pussy and left my top unbuttoned. I figured I could always pull it closed if needed. We walked back to the hotel with my boobs totally exposed. I pulled the top closed to cover my boobs as we walked through the lobby.

Once on the elevator Ed had me take off my top and hand it to him. I rolled the skirt up above my waist and stayed that way until we were back in our room. I took off my skirt and sandals and made my naked walk to the vending area to get ice. Once again to my dismay I saw no one.

To be continued...

Nikki

**Weekend Challenge Ch. 03**

The next morning we planned on checking out the beach but I wanted breakfast first. I thought we would order room service but Ed said he had gone downstairs while I was in the shower and checked out the restaurant where they served breakfast. I was fine with that but wondered what I would wear. I told Ed that I could not go down there in the barely there bikini he had packed for me. He went over and took the man’s white dress shirt that he had packed and handed it to me. I figured I would wear it as a cover-up over my bikini. I went and grabbed my bikini from the drawer and began to step into the bottom of the suit. “What are you doing?” Ed asked and I told him I was getting ready for the beach. It was then that he told me I could put the suit on later. I was just going to wear the shirt down to breakfast. I tried to protest but I soon kept quiet, as I knew the outcome. I pulled the shirt on and saw it must have been for a smaller man. It was not as long as I expected it to be but the tails did fall to a few inches above my knees.

I began to button it from the bottom up and saw that the last button was just below my breasts. Apparently Ed had removed the others. I was showing a good amount of cleavage and a flash of thigh when I put one leg forward but I was certainly not exposing anything that could cause me trouble. I looked in the mirror and you could just barely make out my areola through the shirt but my nipples were quite obvious, as they seemed to poke through the thin fabric. All in all if I walked and sat cautiously all would b fine. I put on my high heel sandals and saw how the shirt seemed to get shorter as my skirt had the night before. Walking down to the elevator we passed a few people here and there. I don’t think anyone realized that all I was wearing was the shirt. I was certainly feeling the excitement knowing that under the shirt I was naked. We entered the restaurant and were shown to a table by a nice looking guy probably a college student.

I sat carefully to make sure I was covered and were ordered our breakfast. Each time the waiter came to our table he would make small talk. There was no one that was seated looking in my direction; they were seated so their backs were to me. When the waiter came back with more coffee he asked if we were going to the beach. I said we were and he explained he assumed we were because of what I was wearing. Ed chimed in and said we were indeed going to the beach after we ate and went back to our room. He told the waiter I needed to get my bikini on. The waiter seemed puzzled and Ed told him that I was naked under the shirt. This surprised me because usually Ed prefers people to find these things out by seeing for themselves. Well the waiter did not believe I was only wearing the shirt. I think he believed it but was trying to see for himself.

Ed told me to unbutton the top two buttons on the shirt, which I did. Now the shirt was open and just barely covering my nipples. The waiter said seemed to want more proof so Ed had me undo another button. Now the shirt fell open enough to expose my boobs completely. There were only a couple of buttons keeping the shirt closed below my waist. Then the waiter said “ you must be wearing a g-string, you wouldn’t come out only wearing that shirt”. I knew what was coming as Ed looked at me. I reached down and undid the last of the buttons and let the shirt fall to the sides as I sat there totally exposed from head to toe. “Holy shit” was about all our young waiter could say. After giving him enough time get a good look I began to button the shirt but Ed told me to only button the first three from the bottom.

We paid our bill and as we walked out my shirt managed to stay closed enough to barely cover my nipples. Once on the elevator Ed had me take off the shirt and hand it to him. The doors opened on our floor and there was a couple waiting for the elevator. I looked, smiled and said “good morning”, they didn’t say a word but I could feel their eyes on me as we walked down the hall to our room. I love seeing the reactions of people when the elevator doors open and they are faced with a naked woman. The guys want to look without being obvious, most of the time. The women look at me with either total disdain or envy. I know lots of females who have a public nudity fantasy but are too afraid to do anything about it. I hope to help as many as I can to get a little naughty, starting with Jenna.

Once back in the room we were getting ready to explore the beach. We had inquired about finding a beach that may be more for adults. We were told our best bet was to go to a beach that had no lifeguard. Most families tend to stay away from unprotected beaches. I pulled on the bottom of my bikini and adjusted the ties on the sides to be sure it was secure. The bottom was very small just a tiny triangle in front that just wide enough to barley cover my mound and keep my lips covered. The strings at the sides were very small and the back really was just a small string that covered nothing. The top pretty much consisted of two small triangles held together by more of the small string as the bottom. It actually just covered my areola and not much else. The bottom of my boobs were hanging out, the sides of my boobs were totally exposed. I really felt more naked than if I had actually been naked. If that makes any sense to anyone but me.

Finally I was dressed, sort of and ready to head to the beach. It seems Ed did bring a blanket for us to sit on because he would not let me take a towel. I was going to wear the men’s shirt as a cover-up but Ed told me I was to wear nothing but the bikini. Well I certainly drew lots of attention once the elevator stopped and we walked into the lobby. I certainly had the attention of everyone and it wasn’t until I stopped by a mirrored wall and looked that I saw why. This bikini was almost transparent. My areolas were clearly visible through the thin fabric and you could make out the outline of my lips and mound. If I had any hair at all down there it would have been visible to anyone who looked. Well not much I could do about it and I was really enjoying the attention. I was trying my best to keep my composure to avoid creating a wet spot on my tiny triangle of cloth.

I love the attention, I crave the attention and I would walk through the lobby naked, any day and any time, except for that fear of being arrested. I was afraid there would be complaints (from a jealous wife or girlfriend) about my attire but apparently not. I had everyone’s attention but no one attempted to stop us. We made our way through the lobby and out the exit by the pool to the walkway going down to the beach. The beach was busy but not overly crowded like the beaches in New Jersey, especially Sandy Hook (Gateway National Recreation Area). We walked down a bit to a less populated area and laid out the blanket.

I lay on my stomach and had Ed rub sunscreen on my back. Since the string on my top was so thin there was really no need to open it although Ed asked. After getting some sun on my back I turned over and did the same in the front. My boobs are somewhat tan and not glaring white. So I left my top on for now and enjoyed the sun. Soon I flipped over again and this time I undid the string on my top. At that point Ed suggested I take the bottoms off also since no one was sitting really close to us. So I raised my hips just enough to slide the bottoms down to my knees and Ed took them off the rest of the way. After awhile I turned over and got a bit more on my front. It felt great laying out letting the sun touch very part of my body. It was getting warm and I wanted to test the water. I figured it was warm since I saw many people down the beach enjoying themselves in the ocean.

As I began to get my suit back on Ed suggested I not bother and just go in naked. I looked around and it seemed I could do so with no problem but I just wasn’t sure. We had been on the beach for a few hours now and I was getting hungry. I would be wanting lunch soon and wanted to go in the water before we went back to have lunch. I put my suit on and made my way to the water, I got a bit of a chill at first, as it was warm but not as warm as I would like it. I slowly walked in until I was into the water up past my waist and then I dove under a wave. I immediately felt for the top and bottom of my suit and was relieved and a bit disappointed that they were intact. I enjoyed the water for a while longer and then I saw Ed was motioning for me to come out.

He walked down to the edge of the water ( he is not a water person) and suggested we go back in to have lunch. We only had a short walk back to the hotel and when I stepped out of the water and began to adjust my suit I realized it was almost as if I was naked. The material had become totally see-through once it got wet. There was nothing at all being hidden by the small cloth triangles anymore. I wanted the blanket but Ed would not allow me to use it to cover myself. We walked the short distance up the beach and up the walk passed the pool. When we reached the lobby all hell seemed to break loose as one person noticed me and drew attention to me. I was at the point very happy the suit was already wet because I was so turned on that the bottom would have been soaked by my juices that were beginning to flow.

I love creating a scene especially if I am naked or nearly naked and do not end up in a police car. I was loving this as we made our way to the elevator and back to the room. We didn’t have anyone on the elevator with us but we did pass a few people as we walked down the hall to our room and they certainly noticed me as my bikini was still wet enough to hide nothing. Once in the room I stripped off my suit as Ed asked how I enjoyed the day. I told him I had a thrilling day and badly needed some relief. I was going to get my pocket rocket but I could see the bulge growing in Ed’s swim trunks. I walked over and pulled them down and watched his hard shaft pop up and point at me.

I was already so wet I walked over to the large sliding glass door overlooking the water and pressed myself against it as Ed came up behind me. Soon I was impaled on Ed as I was pressed firmly against the window and felt him push deeper into my soaking wet pussy. Before long I was in the first waves of a wonderful orgasm. Once I regained my composure after Ed withdrew I turned around, knelt down and took him in my mouth. Pulling him out just in time for him to splay his cum over my boobs. Once we both recovered we took a shower to get cleaned up before lunch. We ordered lunch in and I answered the door naked for the room service waiter. As we ate we began discussing our plans for the evening.

Weekend Challenge Ch. 04

by Nrlynkdbabe Â©

We had enjoyed a late lunch in our room and then I spent an hour or so

sitting naked out on the balcony overlooking the beach. I don't think I

was visible to anyone and if I was I didn't care, I was enjoying myself.

As it got later Ed said I should think about getting ready for the

evening. I do enjoy a nice long bubble bath and planned on taking one

before I got dressed. I lounged in the bath as I wondered what lay ahead

for the evening. I knew that there was just one outfit I had yet to wear

that being the ridiculously short skirt (it would barely cover a twelve

year old) and the split front halter. I was going once again on a roller

coaster ride of emotions as I thought about the evening. I was feeling

nervous as usual but exhilarated at the thought of wearing so little out

in public. I began to feel the familiar tingling between my legs that I

get thinking about the adventure ahead. I moved my hand between my legs

and began stroking my pussy and playing with my clit. I slid two fingers

in and began moving them in and out as my other hand rubbed and tweaked my

nipples.

I rarely masturbate without a toy, usually my pocket rocket, but I knew I

would have my juices running down my legs if I didn't do something. My

current state of excitement was too high and I needed some sexual relief

before we went out. Just a few strokes later my body tensed in a mild but

satisfying orgasm. After cleaning up I got out of the tub grabbed a towel

but just held it in my hand and walked wet and naked out of the bathroom

and into the room where Ed was waiting for me. I know he like myself finds

a woman who is wet and naked very erotic. I slowly dried myself off, and

then waited for Ed to tell me what I would be wearing, although I was sure

I already knew. I stood there naked as Ed sat there looking at me. Finally

I said " do you have clothes for me or am I going out naked?" I went weak

in the knees when Ed responded " put your sandals on and lets get going".

I was stunned and just stood there momentarily frozen.

I trust Ed implicitly but he really didn't expect me to walk out of our

hotel room and go to a restaurant naked. Now even though that would

fulfill one of my greatest fantasies, I just didn't think it possible.

Slowly I was able to move and went over and slipped my sandals on. I

looked at Ed and said "I'm ready, lets get going". Now Ed seemed stunned

then he told me that he was just kidding and that I should put on the very

tiny skirt and the halter-top. He finally asked me if I was actually going

to go to dinner naked. I told him I was sure going to give it a try. Now

Ed knows many of my fantasies and he has said he will help me to realize

as many as possible. Going out to a public restaurant naked is one that

may never become a fantasy fulfilled.

Now I was finally going to get dressed to go out. I grabbed the skirt,

stepped into it and pulled it up so the waistband was just below the top

of my hips. I walked into the bathroom and stood in front of the mirror. I

immediately saw that the skirt was so short it was leaving my pussy

exposed. I pulled the skirt down as far as I dared and saw that now the

bottom of the skirt was just two or three inches below my pussy. Any

little breeze would expose me to anyone looking at the time. The skirt was

not only super short but also made of a lightweight material and would

flounce as I walked. I went out to get the halter and as I bent over

slightly to grab it I could feel the skirt ride up to expose my ass

cheeks. I put the halter on and tied the tiny ribbon just below my

breasts. The back consisted of just one thin string which held the two

pieces together. I turned to show Ed the outfit and he had told me the

front was tied too tightly. He had me untie the front ribbon and tie it so

if I leaned forward the halter would fall away enough to bare the tops of

my boobs to just above the nipples. I went to look myself over in the

mirror. I had the waistband of the skirt pulled down as far as possible so

it covered my pussy but just by a few inches. The halter was tied loosely

and left me bare from my

neck to the waistband of my skirt just covering my boobs. I turned my back

to the mirror and looked over my shoulder and could see a few inches of my

ass crack was exposed but that was fine. The rear exposure was better than

my pussy being exposed for the entire evening. I knew of course that

before the evening ended I would be exposed to many and could end up with

my halter top open or even removed completely.

I love being naked but I also enjoy wearing just enough to keep me legal

and out of jail I always hope that I will end up totally exposed in the

most public place possible. I was a ready as I would ever be to get the

evening started. I walked out to Ed and told him I was ready to go. Soon

we were walking down the hall to the elevator and I could feel the breeze

on my barely covered pussy I walked. As we neared the elevator the doors

opened and a man got out and turned toward us. His eyes fell immediately

to the hem of my skirt and I wondered if he had gotten a glimpse of my

mound as the skirt bounced gently as I walked toward him. He managed to

look up and smile at me just before he walked past me. I looked back over

my shoulder and saw he was watching me as we walked the last few steps to

the elevator. As we waited for the elevator to arrive I told Ed I felt so

exposed in my outfit. He responded by reminding me how I always want to be

the center of attention and that my outfit would certainly ensure me

plenty of attention.

As the elevator doors opened I could see myself in the mirrored back wall

of the elevator. I could see that there were mere inches of fabric

covering my bare pussy and even the slightest raise of my arms or twist of

my hips would expose my most intimate body part to anyone looking. I could

feel the exhilaration building and had to work hard to calm myself before

the excitement caused my juices to run down my thighs. I was on a roller

coaster of emotions once again. As the elevator came to a halt and the

doors began to open I took a deep breath and prepared myself for my walk

through the lobby. I stepped out with Ed close behind and I was

immediately noticed by some of the bellman and the desk clerk. As we

walked toward the front door I knew my skirt was bouncing enough to give

anyone looking quick flashes of my bare ass and mound. There were those

who pointed me out to others and a few who looked at me in disgust. I mean

I was covered most of the time, but I left no doubt in anyone's mind that

I wore nothing under the skirt.

I always worry about security guards or law enforcement having a problem

with my minimal or non-existent attire. Although I was creating a stir it

appeared that I was not going to be detained by any hotel personnel due

state of dress. As we walked through the doors and outside I could feel

the breeze raise my skirt and I instinctively pushed it back down with my

hands. " Don't touch the skirt" was what I heard when Ed spoke. I removed

my hands and was a bit relieved that the initial breeze was the airflow

between the lobby and the outdoors. I knew that my skirt was raising up

enough to expose all of my charms from time to time but I was hoping that

the skirt would stay down for most of the walk to the restaurant. I was

feeling so sexy as we walked down the street. I knew I was being watched

by everyone we passed. The combination of the slight breeze and my walking

to keep pace with Ed ensured that I had flashed many pedestrians and

drivers on the walk to the restaurant. We reached the entrance to the

restaurant and stepped inside and as we did the Maitre D glanced up

briefly but then his eyes returned to me as he noticed the length of my

skirt. He immediately motioned for us to step forward and Ed told him we

had a reservation. We were soon whisked away to a table that was not

totally secluded but was as far away from the main seating area as

possible. I guess he was afraid my outfit may offend some of the other

patrons. As long as I walked carefully I could keep everything covered

except of course for the top of my ass crack. I had to keep that exposed

so the tiny skirt would cover my lower parts.

As we sat at the table I saw that my skirt was about an inch away from

exposing my pussy and so I placed my napkin on my lap which Ed told me to

remove. He said I was not to cover my lap with my napkin and I was not to

try and adjust my skirt. I knew that I could not pull myself close enough

to the table to fully hide what the skirt would leave exposed. This

ensured that the waiter would have quite a view if he stood to either side

of me. Soon a young waiter appeared and took our drink order as he stood

near Ed. He did however take notice of the top I was barely wearing. It

was just held closed by a little ribbon loosely tied just below my boobs

and showed lots of skin from my neck to the hem of my skirt. He did not

come to my side and therefore had not seen the skirt that was more like a

wide belt.

The waiter returned quickly with our drinks and as he came to my left side

to place my drink on the table he saw that I was just barely covered below

the waist. My skirt was at the most two inches from exposing my bald mound

to him. I was pleased that he recovered his composure and placed the drink

safely on the table. I could see Ed was pleased with how things were

progressing. We placed our order and my skirt remained in place as the

waiter returned with our salad. He was sure keeping an eye on me though I

guess hoping that my skirt would ride up a bit more. He arrived back at

our table and placed the tray with ours entrees onto the stand, then

grabbed my plate off the tray and as he went to place it on the table it

looked like it was tipping toward me. Instinctively I pushed ma chair back

from the table and in doing so I must have shifted because my skirt was

now just above my mound leaving me totally exposed.

My entree did make a safe but rather bumpy landing onto the table but I

think the poor waiter was in shock. He just stood there and stared at my

bare pussy for what seemed an eternity before he snapped out of it and

mumbled some sort of apology. I started to make a move to fix my skirt but

I remembered what Ed had told me. I sat through the entire dinner totally

exposed from the waist down. I don't believe I was seen by any of the

other customers but there were a number of servers, male and female who

passed close to me during our meal. I was sure there would be a wet spot

on the chair when I got up but I was at the point of not really caring. We

finished our meal and I needed to visit the little girls room before we

went to our next destination. As I got up my skirt remained well above my

pussy for just a fleeting second before it fell to cover me. It was enough

time for more than a few people to see my exposed mound and ass. I knew I

had everyone's attention as I made my way past a few tables toward the

restrooms. I was loving it and Ed knew it. On my return trip I made sure

to swivel my hips just a bit more to ensure my skirt would flip up enough

to flash anyone who was watching. Ed came to meet me and as we were

nearing the door I made sure to raise my arms up enough to expose myself

one more time as we left the restaurant. I was feeling the excitement I

always feel when I am on display and I was looking forward to whatever was

going to happen next. We strolled around for awhile until we came across a

small tavern and decided to go in for a drink.

As we entered everyone sitting near the door turned to look as is normal

pretty much anywhere. People always want to see who is coming in and once

they saw my skirt they continued to watch me as we made our way to the far

end of the bar. It is not uncommon to see women wearing mini skirts or

even micro minis but my skirt was in a class by itself. I guess it could

be called a mini micro mini because it was just two or three inches below

my mound. The seats were your typical bar stools and there was no way I

would be able to get my ass on that stool without flashing anyone who

happened to be watching. Since everyone seemed to realize this everyone

was watching as I tried my best to get seated and everyone got a great

view me in all my glory. Even after I got seated my skirt was riding up

enough that I really couldn't keep myself covered. Since no one seemed to

have a problem with my southern exposure I relaxed and enjoyed the

attention.

We enjoyed a couple of drinks and made small talk with a few guys from

time to time. They all told me how they appreciated my outfit and that

more women should dress like me. I was loving all the attention and the

fact that we were talking to total strangers with my pussy pretty much

exposed. I was really feeling horny and started to consider taking my top

off but decided against it, at leas for now. I was not the only female

patron in the place but I was for sure wearing the most revealing outfit.

I didn't get the feeling I sometimes do when I feel like the other females

are shooting daggers at me with their eyes. After a short while a young

couple approached and the girl who was named Kim began asking me about my

outfit. I am always being asked about my barely there clothing and my

willingness to expose myself in public places.

I started telling her about my penchant for being the center of attention

and how I frequently end up partly or totally naked when we go out. She

thought that just being exposed as I was with the tiny skirt would be

enough but I told her that was merely the tip of the iceberg. She

explained that she and her boyfriend Brian were locals and also regulars

in this tavern. Well Kim and I continued to talk about my adventures as I

call them and I explained how I write them and post them to be read by

maybe thousands of people. I told her how reliving my adventures as I

write them gets me almost as hot as when I am actually living them. Soon

it was time for me to break the seal and go to the ladies room . Kim said

she would show me the way as she and everyone else watched as my skirt

came up to my hips and I slide off the bar stool. I knew every pair of

eyes in the place were on me as I walked behind Kim to the ladies room.

As we stood in front of the mirror fixing our faces Kim continued to ask

me about how I have the nerve to walk around without a stitch of clothing

on in public places. I told her it does scare n]me at first but it is all

part of the adrenaline rush I get. She said she could see me wearing some

pretty revealing clothing but really didn't believe I would take it all

off. Now I was feeling a challenge coming on as she continued. She said

"You mean you would just strip off your halter and skirt and walk out of

here naked?" I explained that I always try to be sure that I will not end

up in any trouble especially with law enforcement but that yes I have been

know to do just that. She assured me that she knew the bartender and

owners as well as most of the people currently in the place and that I

would not need to worry.

I knew Ed would be pleasantly surprised and after asking Kim once more if

she was sure I would not have a problem I undid the ribbon holding my

halter closed and took it off handing it to Kim. I then slid my skirt down

and stepped out of it and also gave it to Kim. She said that she wanted me

to let her go out first so she would see that reaction as I walked out. I

took a breath and walked out behind Kim. She sidestepped and watched as I

walked totally naked except for my sandals back to the bar. There was

hooting and hollering and a few "Oh Shit's" as I made my way back to Ed.

It seemed everyone loved my new outfit and no one had a problem with it.

When Kim was back she handed me my clothes but everyone said I shouldn't

get dressed yet. So I got a towel from the bartended to put on the

barstool and I sat and had one more drink.

I told Ed I was really feeling sexy and turned on and we should find

somewhere else to go. I am not sure why but I got the idea to go to a

strip club. Ed asked the bartender and he told us of a place that was not

too far away but we needed to drive there. I suggested we just call a cab

so we could both enjoy the rest of the night and not worry about driving.

The bartender called us a cab and they said it would just be a few

minutes. I was feeling particularly naughty and when Ed said I should get

dressed before the taxi arrived I told him not yet. A few minutes later a

man came in asking if someone had called a cab. I slid off the stool and

said we had as his mouth dropped open. We said our goodbyes to Kim, Brian

and the rest, I grabbed my clothes and walked to the door. As I said I was

feeling naughty, so I walked to the door waved goodbye and walked out to

the cab naked, holding my clothes. I left my clothes off until we reached

the parking lot of the strip club.

To be continued...

Love

Nikki