A Progressive Strip

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Michele is a girl on our dorm floor. Sometimes she is great, but other times

she is a snotty bitch. Take the week after Winter Break. She came back all

golden tanned from their family vacation in Hawaii. She loved showing off her

tanlines to everyone. She made such a big deal out of everyone else being

pale. Well, everyone except my roommate Ginny. Ginny has a dark complexion.

When I first met Ginny, I thought she had a great tan. But that night when we

undressed to shower, I realized she didn't have a tan – no tanlines. I was

really glad I kept my mouth shut about her great "tan" when it was just her

normal skin color.

Anyhow, Michele brags about all her experiences. She mentioned having several

guys in tow as she strutted down the beach in Hawaii wearing her tiny bikini.

Some girls loved to hear the stories, and some of us just would leave. Michele

would make a snotty remark to us, and that was fine. I was bored of her cock

teasing stories after the first week of school.

The stories were even worse after Spring Break. Michele went to Florida with

the millions of other college kids. She entered and won a wet tee shirt

contest. She talked and talked about how thrilling it was to flash her tits

and have the crowd cheer. She mentioned that after winning the contest, she

was the celebrity on the beach in the bars for the rest of the week. Michele

would give the cute guys a peek at her tits for a free drink. She claims to

never have bought her own drink that week.

I was leaving since we munched through all the chocolate chip cookies a girl

brought back from home, and Michele called out to me, "Go ahead and leave. I

know you are too embarrassed to show your tits anywhere." Some of the other

girls started laughing.

I spun around ready to say something wicked, but Ginny stood up blocking me

from Michele. Ginny told Michele, "You think you are so daring and hot. How

about a challenge. Me against you."

Michele laughed and said, "The only one around here more embarrassing than her

is you, Ginny. You wear those frumpy clothes, and you have like three outfits.

You run away and hide each weekend. What sort of challenge do you think you

can bet me?"

Ginny said, "Well, you think you are the only one daring enough to flash her

tits to a crowd, let's start there and keep going. The one who stops stripping

first loses."

A girl asked, "Ginny, are you challenging Michele to a strip tease contest?"

Michele started to laugh at the notion.

I leaned over to whisper into Ginny's ear, "You might not want to do this.

Let's forget it."

Ginny said, "No, I'm not forgetting it." She looked Michele straight in the

eyes, "I challenge you to a strip off." When asked how the contest would work,

Ginny said, "I'll leave to the details to a neutral party. Whatever they say,

goes. Deal?"

Michele looked around and sensed everyone was excited about the challenge. I

don't think she could have backed down if she wanted to at this point. She

agreed, and picked one of her more loyal listeners as the rule makers. Ginny

agreed, and the bet was set for Friday evening.

The rules were simple enough: each girl started out with equal number of

clothes, and at five minute intervals, they would remove one item. The trick

was that the competition was to be held in the local ice cream parlor, and

when you lost an item of clothing, you really lost it. They were going to

bring scissors and cut up the removed clothing. The idea was that you had to

be willing to walk back to the dorm with whatever you had left. The rules were

shoes and two layers of tops and bottoms.

I worried about Ginny in this competition. I mean, it was true she had like

three outfits. That was all. I convinced her to wear a couple of my tee shirts

I didn't care if they were destroyed. I also gave her a pair of sweat pants

that could be cut into pieces. She wore her own knickers even though I was

willing to give her a skirt to wear over the sweats.

Michele looked totally different. She was wearing two night shirts and two

pairs of sweats. I realized Michele had the upper hand. She could strip down

to one item – a night shirt – and still be showing anything. I wanted to have

Ginny change, but Ginny just asked for a rule change, "If I take off a top,

Michele has to take off a top. If I take off a bottom, Michele has to take off

a bottom." I didn't see how that would help, and apparently no one else did

either, but Michele agreed. Ginny was happy, and convinced me everything was

just fine.

We all walked to the ice cream parlor, about twelve girls in all. A couple of

them had blabbed to their boyfriends, and the parlor had about twenty guys

waiting for us to arrive. Ginny didn't seem to care one bit. Michele yelled at

a girl for having a big mouth. Ginny said, "Oh, I thought you got a rush out

of flashing your tits to guys. Maybe they'll buy you an ice cream cone when

you are showing your pale tits."

Michele snapped, "Pale? It's called a tan line. Not everyone has dark skin."

Ginny laughed, "Oh, tan lines. That's right. My mistake. Do we start now or in

five minutes?"

Michele didn't answer, but she started to give the male audience her rules for

them. "Keep you distance." A group of Michele's devoted listeners took

position to block most most of the guys' view until they stood on the booth

seats. Someone said they might as well remove their shoes first, and they did.

Ginny wasted no time. She removed one tee shirt and handed it to the girl with

the scissors. The guys cheered as the pieces were tossed to them. Michele

shrugged and removed one of her extra long tee shirts that she used as a

nightshirt. I noticed the girl with the scissors didn't cut it into pieces,

but she just snipped it a few times. I realized the cards were stacked against

Ginny, and I needed to help. Fortunately, I was able to toss the cut shirt to

the guys who destroyed it completely.

Ginny calmly looked over the ice selections waiting for the next five minute

call. The two workers there were getting the condensed version of what was

happening, and one said, "You guys are going to have to buy ice cream or

leave."

Ginny asked for a baby cone of chocolate chip mint, and a guy was quick to pay

for her cone and one for himself. The workers were happy as long as someone

was buying ice cream.

The five minute was made. Ginny offered Michele the option of going first.

Michele almost went for it until a girl explained that with two tops and two

bottoms, the second person would be the first one nude and the other could

just say they were out of the game. I realized that may have been Ginny's plan

all along. She might be willing to run home in her knickers or just a tee shirt

if it meant Michele had to run home naked.

Ginny surprised me. She said, "Fine, I'll keep going first. Of course, when

you chicken out, everyone will know you are all talk and no show." Ginny

pulled off her other tee shirt to reveal her bare breasts. No one expected

that, especially not Michele. The guys were hollering and cheering. Michele

tried to slip one of her sweats as Ginny's shirts was being destroyed, but

everyone reminded Michele she had to lose a top to Ginny's top.

I sensed real fear in Michele's eyes. She looked from face to face before

biting her lip and pulling off her last top. While Ginny did nothing to hide

her breasts from view, Michele was nearly doubled over with her arms crossed

over her bare breasts.

Ginny asked, "Is anyone going to buy us topless girls an ice cream?" A few

guys literally fought each other to get to the counter and buy the ice cream

cones. The victor handed Ginny another chocolate chip mint baby cone. She

licked at it as he remained close by complimenting her. The would-be suitor to

Michele had a more difficult time getting Michele to take her cone. She

fumbled trying to hide her nipples with one arm and hand. Others purchased

their own cones waiting for the five minutes.

Michele yelled out, "Come on. It must been already ten minutes! We said five!"

She was told there was still twenty seconds left until five minutes.

Now, in light of what Ginny was doing, I was amazed she was ready to pull off

her sweats. We all knew Michele had the upper hand to the clothing war. Ginny

didn't hesitate a second at the five minute call. She was down to her knickers,

and while rather plain, the guys definitely did not care. They were hollering.

Michele one the other hand attempted to one arm remove her outer sweats, but

as she tried, she found it difficult not to peel down both at the same time.

She finally had to use both hands and reveal her tits to everyone. She did

manage to get off the sweats rather quickly.

Michele was confident that she would win. She even declared as much. I mean,

no one expected Ginny to remove her knickers, too. Well, no one except Ginny.

She wandered the ice cream counter and when she pointed to chocolate fudge,

three guys fell to the floor tripping over each other to buy it. Ginny made no

effort to cover herself. She stood there licking the ice cream and laughing at

Michele who was refusing an ice cream from a guy.

I decided to accept her ice cream in exchange for my knickers from under my

skirt. I thoroughly enjoyed it – both the tease of pulling off my knickers in

public and the ice cream. But mostly, I enjoyed pulling the guy's attention

away from Michele. Most were straining to see Ginny in just her knickers, and I

had the few others straining to see if they could see up my skirt.

Michele was complaining the entire time. She was sure the time was up. She

figured if she could last to the final round, it would be a tie. She figured

wrong.

At the five minute call, Ginny took a step to the middle of the parlor. She

hooked her white knickers in her thumbs, and with her knees locked, she pulled

them straight down to the ground to step out of them.

The guys went wild. I've seen Ginny naked almost every evening as she sleeps

in the nude. I've been amazed, too. Her plain white knickers hid a lot more

than you might expect. Her ass is so firm and round. Her pubic hair was neatly

trimmed in a landing strip leaving her pussy bare. Her skin tone is perfect.

She raised her arms as she turned around for all to see her. One girl grabbed

her knickers and started to cut it into pieces with the guys fighting over the

pieces.

Ginny didn't wait for Michele, she went over and pointed out another ice cream

to try. This time, all the guys crowded around her. That left Michele and her

loyal listeners alone on the other side of the parlor. It was comical

listening to them chatter. Some thought Michele should quit, and some wanted

Michele to make sure Ginny didn't win. Michele told them, "If I do remove my

last piece of clothing, it'll be a tie, and when you loan me something to wear

to walk back to the dorm, Ginny and Susan [that's me] won't have enough

clothes between the two of them to walk home."

I then realized she was right. I should have worn extra clothing for Ginny,

but who would have thought mild-mannered Ginny would be bare butt naked in the

ice cream parlor with twenty guys! I could have kicked myself for giving away

my knickers. I should have worn a bra, too. Ginny and I were screwed.

Michele attempted to get everyone's attention, but it took her several calls.

She had decided to strip off her sweats and call it a tie. She did a lightning

strip with both hands and immediately covered herself with her hands. The guys

did cheer, but it was mixed with laughing at her embarrassment, too.

As Michele's sweats were destroyed between the guys, Ginny said, "Tie? I think

this game is going into extra innings. What do you say we go for a little

walk? We have to walk back to the dorms anyhow, so we can finish the game

along the way."

Michele said, "The game was to strip in the parlor. We tied and that's that."

Ginny said, "Okay that's fine, too, but none of us realize you aren't daring

as you claimed to be."

Michele screamed, "I am too! I won that wet tee shirt contest. You never did!"

Ginny said, "I know. I'll probably never enter a wet tee shirt contest. But

this is your chance to prove you are as daring as little ol' me."

Michele asked, "We just walk back to the dorms right?"

Ginny said, "Not much of a game. How about you take ten steps in any

direction, and I follow. Then I get ten steps, and you follow."

Michele was getting irritated because she was still naked and Ginny was

stalling. Michele said, "Ten steps each? It'll take all night. Hundred each."

Ginny smiled, "Deal."

Michele's first hundred steps were slow and careful as the crowd made plenty

of room for her. Her nervous walk ended up at the roadside.

Ginny did nothing to cover herself as she walked up the road for her hundred

steps, and they were BIG steps."

Michele cried out, "You idiot! The dorm is the other way!"

Ginny said, "Oh, is that the way you wanted to go home?"

Michele looked ahead on the road and she panicked realizing the Frat houses

were on the next block. She took her hundred steps across the street and a

little back towards the dorm. Ginny paced her hundred further from the dorm

into the middle of the courtyard between the buildings. More people stopped to

watch Ginny and Michele's game.

I was amazed. Ginny never even bothered to attempt covering her nudity.

Michele was constantly trying to readjust her hands for more coverage.

Michele decided to use her hundred steps to seek a little cover next to the

Student Union building. That was her mistake. Ginny used her hundred steps to

walk into the entrance way lights. As other students were approaching the

union or leaving, they all stopped to find out what was going on.

Michele screamed, "Ginny, you are one crazy bitch! I'm not playing this game

anymore. It's a tie, and that's that."

It was one of Michele's loyalist listeners that said, "I think if Ginny is

bold enough to walk through the Student Union, she should win."

Michele said, "The bitch is crazy, but not that crazy. She'll get expelled.

I'm quitting now. Give me something to wear."

Suddenly, no one was standing around Michele, nor offering her a thing to

wear. Everyone was waiting to see what Ginny was going to do. Ginny said,

"Michele, face it. You are not as daring as you pretend to be. This is what

daring looks like." With that, Ginny walked to the large wooden doors and some

guys held them open for her and everyone else fast in tow.

Ginny walked, and slowly I should say, straight through the Student Union, and

while not packed with people, there were plenty. Many of whom stood and

applauded Ginny as she walked pass them. I looked out a window and saw Michele

running top speed back to the dorm. I had to call it to everyone. We had a

good chuckle. Ginny picked up the student newspaper and made herself

comfortable in a chair reading it. I sat down next to her and asked, "Maybe

you should take you victory and run, too."

Ginny looked around and smiled, "I suppose you are right, but why run on a

beautiful evening like tonight?" She causally strolled arm-in-arm with me as

we walked.

Once we reached our dorm room, I said, "I didn't think you had it in you to

bet Michele, yet you did and then some. How?"

Ginny started laughing, "I thought you knew. I'm a nudist. The toughest part

has been wearing clothes all year."

"Nudist? You?"

She said, "You saw I didn't have tanlines. You saw the Christmas Cards I

received. What did you think?"

I laughed and confessed, "I thought you were just naturally dark skinned, and

I thought the Christmas Cards were novelty cards as a joke from someone."

"Nope. Friends and family. The one on my mirror is mom and dad."

I looked at it again. My mouth dropped, "That's your parents? No wonder you

look gorgeous." I slapped my head, "So you're not naturally dark skinned, just

a full tan."

Ginny flopped on her bed, "Actually, I have no idea if I'm light skinned or

dark. I've always had a full tan my entire life. On the weekends, I go to a

local nudist resort. That's why I never totally lost my tan living with all

you textiles"

I laughed, "Textiles, eh? Is that what you nudies c