**[Allison's Lesson in Humility](http://rswstoryarchive.blogspot.com/2008/10/allisons-lesson-in-humility.html)**

Allison’s Lesson in Humility – Pt 1: The Setup  
  
Allison’s sorority sisters were beginning to get a little fed up with her. They all liked Allison, after all she was their sister, but her arrogance was starting to get on their nerves. Allison got the best grades, got asked out by the best looking and richest guys, and always seemed to win at everything. If her head got any bigger, she wasn’t going to be able to fit in the door of the house anymore. Finally, her sisters sat down to discuss the situation.  
  
“What are we going to do about her?” Sheri asked.  
  
“We need to beat her at something,” Candi answered.  
  
“Not just beat her but really embarrass her,” Beth added.  
  
“But, at what? She’s better at everything – games, cards, sports, trivia, academics. Everything,” Sheri whined.  
  
“I’ve got a plan,” Beth said, “Let’s meet back here in a week, in the meantime, this is what I want y’all to do…”  
  
One week later:  
  
“Okay,” Beth opened, “Let’s have your reports. You start Sheri.”  
  
“On Wednesday, Allison and I took a walk through the quad. I arranged to have David, the president of the chess club, sitting at one of the tables reading through one of his chess books with his board set up in front of him. When we saw him, I baited Allison a bit by asking if she was good enough to beat a real chess player. She fell for it and challenged him to a game.  
  
“As I had planned, David gave her a decent game, making her think a lot more than with the people she usually plays, but, in the end, he lost to her pretty badly. He fawned all over her at that point, asking her to join the club and telling her how good she is.  
  
“Later that night, I called David up and got his evaluation. He said that Allison is a smart girl who has a decent grasp on the game, but it’s obvious that she’s never studied how to play. He feels that Brandon won’t have any trouble at all wiping the board with her. He went on and on about how Allison never ‘castled,’ whatever that means. He said he’d tell Brandon about the game and your plan.”  
  
“Nice. Good job, Sheri. Candi, how about you?” Beth asked.  
  
“Well, you didn’t really ask me to do much. I did mention to Allison how annoyed I was with this guy named Brandon who’s in my Bio 201 class. I told her that I asked to borrow his notes and that he refused and was really snotty about it. I also told her that I thought that he was cheating on his girlfriend, someone I know from high school.”  
  
“Good. On my end, I set up a party for this coming weekend. It’ll be a small affair. Not counting Allison, we’ll have about a dozen of our most trusted sisters and their dates. Everyone knows what we’re going to do and has promised not to let things get out of hand. We’ll have a limited number of cameras on hand so that we can take pictures, but I’m pretty sure that we can make sure that the pics don’t get released on the Internet or anything.”  
  
End Part 1

Allison’s Lesson in Humility – Pt 2: Pride Goes Before a Fall  
  
Allison wasn’t told until Thursday night that the girls had decided to have a little get together on Friday night. Since she had planned on spending a quiet evening studying, that left her with absolutely no time to arrange for an appropriate escort. Still, not having a date didn’t mean that she shouldn’t look her best. After a long look at her closet, she decided that you just cannot go wrong with a little black dress. Add a lacy black bra and thong set, a wonderful black silk slip, a pair of black stockings, and her 3” heels, and all the guys at the party would be drooling over her.  
  
Due to the short notice, she had actually considered not going, but, when she heard that it was being held at the university’s lake house, she just couldn’t refuse.   
  
“However did y’all manage to get use of the lake house for the party?” Allison asked Beth on the ride over.  
  
Drew, Beth’s long time boyfriend and the only other occupant in the car besides the two ladies, supplied the answer.  
  
“My dad is a big time sponsor of the athletic program. The athletic director hooked him up with it as a favor. My dad and some of his buddies had planned to come up here this weekend, but some sort of urgent business meeting came up. When he told me about the cancellation, I asked if he minded if I brought some friends out here instead. He agreed, but I’m absolutely toast if anything gets broken or there’s any damage at all. Anyway, that’s why we kept the guest list down to a bare minimum and why the late notice.”  
  
Of course, about the only truth in Drew’s statement was that his dad, a big time “friend of the program,” arranged for the use of the lake house. Drew could get his dad to provide such perks only one or twice a year, so he uses his requests very sparingly. When Beth had told him what was going to happen, he definitely felt like using one of his few weekends at the lake house was worth it.  
  
For the rest of the ride, they discussed how lucky they were that events had led to their ability to enjoy the lake house for the weekend.   
  
Upon arrival, they mingled for a while, and Allison had a couple of mild drinks. The surroundings were very nice, especially a phenomenal view of the sunset over the water. Whoever was manning the stereo obviously knew his stuff, because he chose a great selection and people were already dancing. All in all, the party had the makings of being an unforgettable time.   
  
She was still musing about how nice everything was when Candi and her boyfriend, Bill, approached her.  
  
“I can’t believe that jerk showed up,” were Candi’s first words.  
  
“What jerk? Who?” asked Allison, somewhat confused.  
  
“That guy, Brandon. I told you about him. Remember, he wouldn’t loan me his notes…”  
“Oh, yeah. I guess.”  
  
“And he’s here with Melanie. He’s cheating on his girlfriend with one of our sisters. I bet Mel doesn’t even know that he’s got a steady girlfriend.”  
  
“He does sound like a jerk,” Allison said in commiseration.  
  
“We need to do something about him,” Candi stated resolutely.  
  
“Like what? Have Bill beat him up?” Allison said, laughing.  
  
“No, nothing violent. How about embarrassing him?”  
  
“How?”  
  
“Well, I think he hangs around with the chess club geeks. Do you think you can beat him in chess?”  
  
“No question,” Allison replied. “I trounced the president of their little club just last week. But, what will that accomplish? I’m sure that he probably doesn’t like to lose, but is that really all that humiliating? After all, virtually everyone loses when they play me.”  
  
“Well, I’m sure that he doesn’t know how good you are. Have you ever heard of strip chess?”  
  
A few minutes later, they were standing in front of Brandon.  
  
“I hear you’re in the chess club. Up for a game?” Allison asked after introductions were made.  
  
“Not really,” he answered. “I doubt a sorority girl would be much competition.”  
  
‘What an arrogant jerk!’ she thought. ‘Not only is he rude and a cheater, he’s sexist. I’m going to humiliate this guy.’  
  
“Watch it, buddy. I can beat your pants off. I fact, I think I will. Let’s play strip chess.”  
  
“You’re challenging me to strip chess. Here? What are you, an exhibitionist?”  
  
“You’ll be the one stripping, not me.”  
  
“Okay. I’m up for this. You look like you have a decent body. It’ll be fun seeing you naked. What are the rules?”  
  
Allison was fuming by now.  
  
“You have no chance at seeing me naked, and the rules are simple, nitwit. Each time you lose a major piece, you lose a piece of clothing.”  
  
“Sounds easy. How about your opponent decides which piece of clothing should be removed?”  
  
“No way. You’d just do a bunch of trades so that you could see me naked.”  
  
“Good point. How about if it’s a trade, the person taking off the piece decides what to take off, but, if you lose a piece or an exchange, the opponent decides?”  
  
“I don’t know…” Allison started.  
  
“Chicken?” Brandon asked, interrupting.  
  
Allison thought about it for a second. She should be able to beat him with two pieces plus her king left on the board. That would leave her with her slip, which basically would show not much more than a really sexy dress, her bra, and her thong. If he was really good, though, he might be able to take her down to just a rook and her king. That would mean only two pieces, preferably still her slip and her bra Still, as long as she didn’t hang a piece, she should be okay.  
  
“Okay, deal. What else do you need to know?”  
  
“What happens if one player wants to resign instead of being checkmated?”  
  
“If you want to resign, it’ll be just like you had lost ALL your pieces and then were checkmated. Anything else?”  
  
“How much are you going to show off when you’ve lost?”  
  
“For the last time…” she began, aggravated. “Oh, forget it, it’s not worth it to argue with you. You’ll see soon who’s going to win.”  
  
She stopped to consider his question before continuing.  
  
“I’m not sure what you’re asking. I doubt I’ll checkmate you before I take all your clothes, so you’ll be naked at the end. If I don’t take all your pieces, you’ll only have to take off what I tell you to take off when I capture your king,” she replied.  
  
“Duh. I got that. I meant, are you going to cover up all the good parts and run straight out of the room when you lose or am I going to get to see something?”  
  
“I see your point,” Allison agreed. “I definitely think you shouldn’t be allowed to hide your tiny manhood from all of us. How about a rule that there is no covering allowed and the loser has to stand up and do a slow turnaround for everyone.”  
  
“Oh, I definitely agree to that. I would love, however, to see you party naked. How about the loser stay naked until the sun comes back up?”  
  
“I don’t know about that. Don’t you think that that is a little much?” she asked.  
  
“I understand your reluctance. It would be very embarrassing for you when you lose. I’ll just have to live with a quick show,” Brandon said, deliberately aggravating her.  
  
“Okay, pal. Not only do you have to stay naked until dawn, but I’m keeping your clothes as a souvenir. You’ll have to go home butt ass naked, while I, as winner, will get completely dressed.”  
  
“Deal,” he agreed smugly.  
  
End Part 2

Allison’s Lesson in Humility – Pt 3: The Game  
  
Somebody produced a chess set from somewhere, and they were quickly ushered into the living room while everyone at the party crowded around. The music was even stopped, so the two contestants had entire crowd’s undivided attention.  
  
Brandon, showing himself to be somewhat of a gentleman, gave Allison choice of colors, and she chose black figuring that it matched her outfit. In doing so, she yielded the initiative to her opponent since white always moves first.  
  
Brandon, deciding that an open game would be a lot more entertaining than a typical queen’s pawn move would lead to, moved pawn to king 4. Allison barely hesitated before replying with a like move. Brandon quickly responded with authority in moving his king’s bishop pawn to the 4th rank.  
  
‘What kind of fool move is that?’ Allison thought, not recognizing the king’s gambit. ‘Well, if he’s going to give me a free pawn, might as well take it.’  
  
Brandon continued developing his pieces and concentrating his attack on her king’s bishop’s pawn’s square. Allison, for the most part, ignored his moves and went about her standard opening moves. Brandon could barely keep from chuckling as he castled, bringing his rook to the king’s bishop file.  
  
Though the game had been going really fast by chess standards, the crowd was starting to get a little bored with the lack of disappearance of major pieces, chess or clothes. That changed as Brandon took Allison’s knight with his bishop.   
  
“Okay, I’m about to take your bishop with my bishop, so, since it’s a trade, I decide what to take off,” Allison stated firmly.  
  
“Obviously,” Brandon replied.  
  
‘This is no big deal,’ she thought as she slipped off one of her shoes. ‘I already figured that I would have to get down to at least my slip.’ Still, it was a little nerve racking being forced to take off any article of clothing with so many people watching.   
  
She then took his bishop and watched with satisfaction as he took off one of his shoes.   
  
Brandon quickly followed up his first trade with another taking her bishop with his knight. Allison didn’t say anything this time as she took off her remaining shoe and moved her knight to take his bishop.  
  
After likewise tossing his second shoe, Brandon moved his queen to take Allison’s pawn on the bishop’s file, which was left undefended following the two previous exchanges. Allison noted that they were now even in material and made a developing move that made obvious the fact that she had no clue the peril she was now in.  
  
Brandon took a long pause before saying “Look, the game is obviously over. You don’t seem like that bad of a person. If you resign now, all you have to do is strip and do a turn. I won’t make you stay naked all night or take your clothes. If you play on, however, I will show you no mercy.”  
  
Allison was a bit taken aback. The game was even to this point, but she was sure she was going to pull it out in the end. She hadn’t lost a game of chess since she was a kid. Still, his confidence made her nervous. Finally, she figured it out. He was bluffing! He was scared of her!  
  
“No thanks. I’ll call your little bluff. I’m looking forward to seeing you let it all hang out all night long, though I’m sure ‘long’ probably isn’t the best word to use.”  
  
“Okay. It’s your call. I almost feel sorry for you.”  
  
A couple of moves later, he took her king’s bishop’s pawn with his knight, forking her queen and her rook, which, since she never castled, was still stuck in its original corner. Since the opposing knight was protected by his queen, she couldn’t take the knight with her king, so she moved her queen to safety. With lighting speed, Brandon triumphantly moved the knight to take the rook.   
  
Allison automatically reached down to take off one of her stockings. Before she even got a good grip on it to pull it down, Brandon interrupted her.  
  
“What are you doing?” he demanded.  
  
“Taking off a piece of clothing,” she replied, somewhat puzzled.  
  
“The rules that we agreed to said that if you lose a piece or an exchange, your opponent, me, gets to decide on the article of clothing. Since you can’t take my knight and even if you could you’d still be losing the exchange, I get to choose the clothes.”  
  
Allison was stunned. She had forgotten all about that rule.  
  
“Surely, you don’t mind if I take off one of my stockings,” she said flirtingly. “I’ll stand up to do so, and I’ll have to raise my skirt quite a bit.”  
  
“Actually, I’d rather see the dress off.”  
  
End Part 3.1

Start Part 3.2  
  
Allison was really starting to get nervous now. She was now a rook down, and Brandon was forcing her to take off her dress before her stockings. One more lost piece and he could force her to take off her slip, leaving her in a very bad position. She was still confident, however, that she could pull it out. In fact, she could see a move that she could make with her queen right now that could very well set up a nice combination. Defiantly, she unzipped her dress and slipped it off. Though her attire was now a little embarrassing for a public setting, the full slip still covered everything that the dress had..  
  
“This way, I get to see the tops of your stockings anyway,” Brandon gloated.  
  
Allison blushed but retorted, “Keep it up, wiseguy. We’ll soon be seeing a lot more of you. Though, again, I’m betting that ‘a lot’ isn’t a good description.”  
  
As she reached for her queen, Brandon interrupted her again.  
  
“Uh, my dear, didn’t you notice that you were in check?”  
  
“What?” she exclaimed.  
  
She stared in horror at the board. Sure enough, when Brandon moved his knight it led to a discovered check from his bishop. Since there was no way to take the bishop and nothing to move in its way, she was forced to move her king.  
  
Brandon checked her again, forcing her to move her king. Then, he checked her again!   
  
‘I’m really getting tired of all these checks,’ she thought. ‘All I need is one free move with my queen to get this game going back in my favor.’  
  
Once again, she moved her king. This time, however, another check didn’t follow. Instead, he swooped in with his bishop and took her queen. When she moved her king, it had left her queen completely exposed.  
  
Now, she started to panic.   
  
‘Oh crap, now I’m down a rook and a queen. This is starting to get serious. At least I can take his bishop.’  
  
As she started to move, she was interrupted once again.  
  
“Sorry to impose, but I believe you owe me something.”  
  
“What?” She asked, confused.  
  
“I just took your queen. You owe me an article of clothing.”  
  
“Oh, yeah. I’ll take off one of my stockings.”  
  
“No, I think I’d like you to take off that slip,” he demanded.  
  
“No, it’s my choice. I’m about to take your bishop.”  
  
“I realize that you’re probably going to take my bishop, but, obviously, a bishop and a queen are not equal pieces.”  
  
The crowd was starting to snicker, now. Her heart started pounding as he realized that he was right and that she was now in a really bad position.  
  
‘Calm down,’ she thought. ‘It’s not that bad. So, they’ll see my underwear. I’ve worn less than this at the beach.’  
  
Then she thought, ‘Oh crap. No, I haven’t worn less than this thong to the beach. As long as I stay seated, it shouldn’t be a big deal.’  
  
With trembling hands, she grabbed the straps to her full-length silk slip. The guys in the crowd looked like they were about the burst as she pulled it down. The top part of her cups was see through lace from just above her nipples to about halfway up her breasts. The effect of the tremendous cleavage she displayed and the delicate, transparent lace was extremely sexy.   
  
The garment was then dropped. It pooled up at her waist, exposing her trim, tanned stomach and diamond belly button ring. Allison, as quickly as she could, adjusted her grip on the slip and raised her seat out of the chair to move the slip down. Very briefly, the crowd located behind her was treated to an incredible view of her almost naked rear end before she plopped back down. Her face now a bright shade of red, she completed removing the slip.  
  
‘Better just get on with the game,’ she thought.  
  
She reached out and moved her rook to take his bishop. Smiling, Brandon confidently removed one of his socks.  
  
End 3.2

Start 3.3  
  
Brandon brought his second rook to an open file, and Allison surveyed the board.   
  
‘This isn’t good. Not good at all. All I have left is one rook, one bishop, one knight, and my king. He still has a knight, two rooks, and his queen. Is there anything that I can do?’  
  
She quickly realized that she was going to lose. There was no way to win from her position.  
  
Pleadingly, she said, “Any chance that your previous deal still stands? If I give up right now and strip for you, can I put my clothes right back on?”  
  
“Sorry, hun. As I said before, there was a time limit on the deal. You didn’t take it, so no mercy.”  
  
“What if the game ends in stalemate?” She asked.  
  
“Well, you got me there. If you can make it to a stalemate, you can get dressed as soon as the game is over.”  
  
Stalemate was going to be almost impossible to achieve. She’d probably be naked except for one stocking by that point and have no guarantee that she would be able to force a stalemate.  
  
“Is there anything else you can do for me? Please?”  
  
He thought about it for a second.  
  
“I’m not willing to offer much because I’ve got this game won with a rook and queen to bishop advantage. On the other hand, it’s not as entertaining as it could be watching you take off your clothes while seated. I’ll offer you my QUEEN for your bishop, giving me only a rook lead, if, from now on, you stand to remove each article of clothing and do a spin around after you take it off. Give everyone a good show. At this rate, everyone’s going to be seeing all of you anyway, so this is a darn good deal for you. One last thing, though. If you agree to this exchange, I only have to take off my last sock while you lose your bra.”  
  
She thought about it for a second. It would be horribly embarrassing to have to essentially do a strip tease for each piece of clothing from here on out. On the other hand, with this deal, he’d only be up a rook. The strip tease wouldn’t be nearly as embarrassing as partying all night naked.  
  
“Okay, I have to take the deal. It’s my only real choice,” she admitted.  
  
Smiling, Brandon took his queen and her bishop off the board and removed his last remaining sock.   
  
Reminded of what she had just agreed to, she rose to honor her part of the agreement. Standing, she was acutely aware that everyone else around her was fully dressed, except for Brandon’s bare feet of course, and that she was wearing only a sexy, low cut, lacy bra, a thong that did nothing to cover her butt and that only covered her front by the smallest of margins, and a pair of thigh high stockings that probably did more to make her look nude by emphasizing the contrasts with her bare skin than it did to cover anything. Looking around, she also noticed that a few people in the crowd were taking pictures.  
  
‘Oh God!’ Allison thought. ‘I can’t go through with this. They’ll see me NAKED. AND there will be PICTURES!’  
  
She just about lost it completely standing there with all eyes in the room on her nearly naked body. Finally, she brought herself under control. She was a winner. They couldn’t get to her.   
  
She tentatively reached her hand behind her back and began unhooking the two catches that held her 34D bra on.   
  
Her breasts weren’t the biggest in the world, but they weren’t small either – somewhere between a baseball and a softball she figured. She was actually quite proud of her breasts, and, whenever one of her dates proved himself worthy enough to see them, the boys were usually quite impressed. She liked that they were very perky with not a hint of the impact that gravity will one day have and that her areoles were small in proportion to the overall size. She did not like, however, that everyone in attendance was about to get an extended look at them in perfect lighting conditions.  
  
While all she could think was ‘No, don’t take it off,’ her hands seemed to know that her honor was more important than her modesty. The hands, though shaky, deftly finished the unlatching and moved to take the bra off her. Before she knew it, the garment was slipping through her fingers and falling to the ground to join her dress and slip.  
  
She forced herself to stand still, arms at her side, letting everybody see her exposed body. Slowly, hands still at her side, she turned a full circle, giving her entire audience a lingering view. Finally, her humiliation complete for the moment, she was able to sit down but not, by the rules, able to cover her nude breasts.  
  
“I have to hand it to you, at least you’re a good sport,” Brandon said.  
  
Forcing herself to concentrate on the game rather than her exposure, she made her move. In the end, though, her concentration and her opponent giving up his queen meant nothing. Brandon was just too good.  
  
“That’s another piece, hun. Sorry,” Brandon said as he took her remaining knight while not putting any of his pieces in danger. “I think it’s got to be the panties.”  
  
“No, please! Let me take off one of my stockings. Please save the panties for last! Please!!!” She begged.  
  
“Sorry, hun. The sight of you wearing just your stockings is just too good to pass up. We’re going to see it all anyway.”  
  
Knowing that he was right didn’t sooth her feelings any as she once again stood up.   
  
‘I can’t believe I’m about to do this,’ Allison thought. ‘For all intents and purposes, I’m about to remove the last flimsy piece of material that is all that is separating me from being completely naked. There must be at least 30 people in this room, and they’re about to see ALL of me.’  
  
Her pride and her honor outweighed her sense of modesty once more. She had made a bet, and, no matter how stupid that bet was or how much she had to pay, she had to honor it.   
  
She hooked her thumbs into tiny strands of cloth connecting the small patch of cloth barely covering her front to the even smaller patch of cloth that was doing nothing to cover her rear. It took so little pressure for the fabric to start its inevitable journey to the floor. Soon, the petite item stopped offering even the miniscule amount of coverage that it had provided as it reached her upper thighs. Finally, once it cleared her knees, she let it go, and it fell to the floor. She straightened up and put her hands at her side.  
  
Sexual energy filled the air as the crowd drank in the view of the practically naked 21 year old beauty. The dark black stockings that came up to mid thigh contrasted nicely with the tan legs above. The legs, in turn, offered a nice visual difference from the pale, un-tanned area that normally lay under her bikini briefs. That area, in turn, contrasted well with Allison’s tanned, toned stomach and the well trimmed patch of black hair that obscured her nether lips. The small, pale triangles surrounding her erect nipples stood out against her bronze chest and stomach. A beautiful face with panicked eyes framed by gorgeous flowing black hair completed the picture.  
  
If they hadn’t wanted to avoid missing the final act of the show, several of the guys would have rushed to the bathroom at that very moment.  
  
Resigned to her fate, Allison performed her 360 degree rotation, forcing herself to turn slowly enough to give everyone a good show.  
  
When she was completed the turn, she said, “That’s it. You won. I resign.”  
  
She reached for the board and tipped the black king over. That action completed, she hesitated for a second before bending at the knees to reach down to her stockings. She slowly removed the one from the right leg and then the left. Now completely naked, she completed one final slow turn.   
  
Humiliated, she declared to the crowd, “If y’all will excuse me, I need to go to the ladies room.”  
  
She forced herself to walk, not run, out of the room.  
  
End of Part 3

Allison’s Lesson in Humility – Pt 4: Party All Night Long  
  
Allison could be heard loudly crying behind the locked door of the restroom stall when Beth, Candi, and Sheri burst into the room.  
  
Knocking on the door, Beth called “Come on, Allison. Let us in. It’s just Candi, Sheri, and I.”  
  
“Go away!” Allison sobbed.  
  
“Let us in. We need to talk,” Beth forcefully replied.  
  
Reluctantly, Allison unlatched the door, and her three sorority sisters were able to talk to the naked girl face to face.  
  
“Calm down, Ali. This isn’t that bad,” Beth started.  
  
“Not that bad? Not that bad! I just stripped in front of a room full of people, and THERE ARE PICTURES!” she bawled.  
  
“Half the people out there are your sisters, and they’ve seen you in situations as least as embarrassing as this one. Remember initiation? And, just like initiation, we’ll make sure that the pictures don’t become available for public consumption. That is, assuming that you uphold the conditions of the bet.”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“Exactly what I said. You agreed to a deal when you started the game. As long as you live up to your end of the agreement, the pictures will be kept out of the hands of anyone who wasn’t here tonight.”  
  
“How can you be so sure that the pictures won’t get out?”  
  
“Because only people we trust were allowed to have cameras here tonight.”  
  
Allison was momentarily stunned as the ramifications of Beth’s statement struck home.  
  
“You knew this was going to happen?” she asked incredulously.  
  
“Of course. We set it all up,” Beth replied smugly.  
  
“But why? How?”  
  
“How and why were pretty much the same. You have been acting way too arrogantly lately, and we decided that you needed a little comeuppance. We arranged for you to play the chess club president and to have him throw the game. Afterwards, we knew from his analysis that you stood no chance against a real chess player, so, using your superiority complex against you, we set you up in a strip game against Brandon.”  
  
Allison wanted to slap Beth but held her hand back.  
  
Beth continued.  
  
“I admit that we lied to you to made him seem like a bad guy. He’s here tonight as a favor to us; he’s not cheating on his girlfriend or dating Mel. It was your own arrogance, though, that made you accept this deal to stay naked all night long,”  
  
“I can’t believe that you would do this to me. Just remember, payback’s a bitch.”  
  
“Good luck with that, but, for now, the important thing is that you act like a good sport and follow through with your end of the deal. You agreed to party naked all night long if you lost. You lost, and sitting here in this stall is not my idea of partying.”  
  
“What do I have to do?”  
  
“Go back out. Mingle, dance. Try to enjoy yourself. That shouldn’t be too hard for you,” Beth replied, smiling as she looked at Allison’s erect nipples.  
  
End Part 4.1

Start Part 4.2  
  
Allison had never been remotely shy. Normally, she basked in attention. After all, you didn’t wear form fitting little black dresses if you didn’t want people to look at you. It’s a different story, however, when every eye is on you because you’re the only naked one in a crowd of people.  
  
Stepping out of the relative safety of the restroom was difficult to say the least, and, once out, Allison was unsure as to what to do. During her brief respite, the music had been turned on, and people had gone back to dancing, drinking, and mingling. It was obvious, though, that, as soon as she returned to view, Allison was the primary entertainment at the party.  
  
For a little while, she just stood back against the wall, willing the night to just be over and fighting the urge to cover her exposed body with her arms. Her arms seemed to have a mind of their own and kept drifting up toward her boobs. Knowing that she’d get into real trouble if she were caught hiding her assets, she forced the offending limbs to stay below her breasts, resulting in a quite classic ENF pose. Realizing that the position only heightened her vulnerable appearance, she made herself lower her arms, but it was really impossible for her to act natural while standing in front of everyone au naturel. She could physically feel all the eyes on her.  
  
Finally, she decided that she had to do something to take her mind off her situation. She spotted Brandon across the room, still seated by the chess board, looking at her. With nothing better to do with herself, she walked over to him.  
  
“So, what did I do wrong?” She asked, sitting down across the board from him taking care to keep her legs tightly closed.  
  
“Well,” Brandon started, “you made two main mistakes – you developed your pieces without much consideration for your opponent’s moves, and you didn’t move your king to safety by castling.”  
  
“But, I’ve never castled, and I’ve never lost previously. And that opening has always worked for me in the past.”  
  
“You’ve never played anybody who was any good, then. Look, you have some decent natural talent, but, to be really good, you have to study. You should come to some of our meetings.”  
  
With that, Brandon started smiling and barely choked back a laugh.  
  
“What’s so funny?” Allison demanded.  
  
“It just struck me as hilarious that I’m analyzing a chess game with a beautiful girl who happens to be completely naked. Then I started imagining how some of the geekier guys in the club would react to you playing dressed as you are now, or even how they would react if you walked in fully dressed.”  
  
As Allison was trying figure out how she should react to such a statement, her three friends showed up.  
  
“Okay, enough sitting on the sidelines. Time for you to party!” Beth informed her.   
  
With that statement, Beth and Candi each grabbed a hand, and they drug the reluctant girl out to the middle of the dance floor.  
  
End Part 4.2

Start Part 4.3  
  
On one hand, at least the dancing warmed her up. The room was a bit chilly, and, with her lack of clothes, she was freezing. On the other hand, dancing naked was just weird. For one thing, her bare feet pounded against the unforgiving floor with no padding to cushion the blow. The worst, though, was the fact that her breasts were completely unrestrained. Each movement made them sway uncomfortably, and she was all too aware of the spectacle that the motion was presenting to her audience. Since her sisters had clearly outsmarted her, it would have gone against her sense of honor to not enthusiastically participate in the party, so she had no choice but to follow along with ALL the dance steps, including the ones that exposed quite a bit more of her than she would have liked. She began to suspect that they were choosing songs with the display of her body in mind.  
  
A few hours passed before she got a reprieve, a time that felt endless to the exposed girl. As she followed her sisters off the dance floor, Allison was relieved to see that the party was starting to wind down. Beth obviously noticed the same thing because, after their little group had finished their refreshments, she spoke up and made an announcement.  
  
“May I have your attention, everyone,” Beth called out. “I want to thank you all for coming tonight. I hope that you enjoyed the evening’s entertainment. There’s just one more activity that we’d like to invite you to partake in before everything completely shuts down.”  
  
Allison just knew that she wasn’t going to like whatever it was that Beth was about to say.  
  
“As most of you know, we arranged this little soiree as a way to teach Allison a lesson in humility. I’d say that we succeeded admirably.”  
  
Allison nodded vigorously, and the assemblage laughed.  
  
“When one of the sisters in our sorority gets a little to big for her britches, besides being taken down a few notches by the other sisters, it’s traditional for the offending party to receive a spanking. Usually, this is a private matter dealt with only her sisters around. We decided, however, that, since Allison is already baring so many of her private matters in public already, we’d let everyone watch.”  
  
The crowd, especially the men, burst out cheering as the raven-haired beauty’s face turned deep red.  
  
“For his assistance in making tonight’s events possible, we’ve chosen Brandon to do the honors.”  
  
From the look on his face, Allison could tell that Brandon was shocked to have been given this “honor.”   
  
“Brandon,” Beth continued, “you have the choice of using the paddle or using an open hand for Ten swats.”  
  
‘Ten swats!’ Allison thought. ‘If he chooses the paddle, I’m not going to be able to sit for a week.’  
  
Brandon looked at her for a second before replying to Beth “I’ll just use my hand.”  
  
He took a seat on the edge of a recliner and motioned for her to assume the position. Timidly, she walked over to him and laid her naked body across his lap, flashing her naughty bits to him and everyone behind her in the process. She could feel the evidence of his excitement at the situation pressing into her stomach.  
  
Despite the opportunity that her position presented to him, she noticed that he deliberately avoided feeling her up. She knew that a lot of guys in his place wouldn’t have behaved so gentlemanly. She prepared herself for her punishment, closing her eyes and waiting for the first smack.   
  
Brandon had never spanked a naked girl. In fact, he had never spanked anyone, and he had never had nubile naked coed lie across his lap in preparation for being spanked. He tentatively lightly slapped her butt.  
  
“One,” she called out, surprised at the lack of force.  
  
He followed up the swat with a slightly harder one.  
  
“Two.”  
  
Brandon once again increased the force for the next one.  
  
“Three.”  
  
She still didn’t seem too discomforted by his smacks. Brandon remembered the paddle and figured that she could take more.  
  
“Four.”  
  
A loud clap reverberated through the room as his hand connected with her bare behind.  
  
“Ow! Five.”  
  
He alternated butt cheeks the rest of the way.  
  
“Six. Seven. Ow! Eight. Ouch! Nine. Ten,” Allison shouted.   
  
She gingerly got up taking care not to contact anything with her sore, red bottom.  
  
End Part 4.3

Start Part 4.4  
  
Most of the party goers filed out. The males took their time and cast many lingering looks at the naked beauty. Trying to be a good sport, she made sure to say goodbye to each person as they left. Soon, only Beth, her boyfriend, Drew, Candi, her boyfriend, Bill, Allison, and Brandon remained.  
  
Beth looked at Allison sympathetically.   
  
“I hope that you don’t mind. We invited Brandon to stay the night with us since he was so kind to help us out. At the time, we didn’t know that you would be spending the entire night nude.”  
  
“It’s okay. He’s actually been pretty cool about the whole thing. Where is he, anyway?”  
  
“I think that I saw him go out on the deck.”  
  
Beth gave her a knowing smile as the bare girl headed that way.  
  
Brandon glanced back as he heard the door open. His eyes couldn’t help but follow Allison’s gorgeous nude form as she walked out to join him at the railing overlooking the lake.  
  
She took in the view for a few moments before speaking.  
  
“It’s beautiful out here, isn’t it? The moonlight shining on the water, the reflection of the trees, it’s really nice.”  
  
“Yeah, just a little while ago, that was the most beautiful sight out here.”  
  
Allison noticed that he grimaced after saying it.   
  
‘He probably thought that it came out sounding kind of lame. I thought that it was kind of sweet.’  
  
She smiled at him.  
  
The grin seemed to encourage him because he continued talking.  
  
“I’m surprised that you aren’t really mad at me. I’m feeling pretty bad at the moment about stripping you and then the spanking. From what your sisters told me, I thought that you were a really stuck up, uh, witch who needed to be taken down a few pegs. After meeting you, you seem really down to earth and were a good sport.”  
  
She hesitated before replying.  
  
“I certainly hope that people think of me as sweet because that’s how I see myself. On the other hand, I also see myself as a strong, confident woman and as a winner. I think that I got a little to focused on the winner part and forgot to concentrate on the sweet part. It may have seemed harsh to you, but my sisters were probably right to set this up. I’m not all that angry.”  
  
A surprised look came over Brandon’s face.  
  
“You’re not mad that I stripped and spanked you.”  
  
He obviously needed further convincing.  
  
“Well, I could have done without the spanking, but it could have been a lot worse. I remember that, after one of the initiation ceremonies that involved the paddle, I literally had trouble sitting down for a week. Your spanking just stung a bit. Really, I’m not mad.”  
  
Brandon turned his face to stare one more at the moonlit lake.  
  
“Oh. Well, that’s good. I wouldn’t want you mad at me.”  
  
They stood in silence for a while, gazing at the surrounding scenery.  
  
‘Is this guy oblivious? I’m standing out here, naked, telling him that I’m not angry with him. He obviously likes me. What more hints does he need that I want him to make a move?’ she thought.  
  
Finally, he broke the silence.  
  
“Truthfully, I’m a little embarrassed about the spanking.”  
  
“Why are you embarrassed? I’m the one who had my bare ass swatted in front of dozens of onlookers.”  
  
Brandon looked like he suddenly wanted to be anywhere but on that deck with her.  
  
“Uh, about my, uh, condition when you laid on my lap.”  
  
Allison finally understood.  
  
“Oh! Your, uh, arousal. Crap, I would have been insulted if you wouldn’t have gotten a hard on. You had a beautiful young NAKED girl straddling your lap. There were only three choices – you were gay, had physical problems, or you got an erection. I’d much prefer a straight guy who can perform.”  
  
‘Maybe I need to open up to him to get him to open up to me,’ she thought.  
  
“Since that was clearly not an easy thing for you to bring up, I’ll share something with you. I’ve been horny since taking off my slip.”  
  
Brandon’s jaw dropped.  
  
“Tonight turned you on?”  
  
‘In for a penny, in for a pound,’ Allison thought.  
  
“Look, it’s not something that I wanted to do, stripping in front of all those people. I have to admit, though, the thought of all those eyes drinking in my naked flesh. It’s hard not to get a little excited. Even being outside here with you. The feel of the hard wood under my feet, the fact that a boy is standing next to me able to see any part of me that he wants. It’s a embarrassing to admit, but it is, uh, arousing.”  
  
Apparently, Brandon finally got a clue. He grabbed her hand in his and led her to his room.  
  
End Part 4.4

Allison’s Lesson in Humility: Pt 5 – The Next Day  
  
Beth smirked as she saw the still very naked Allison emerge from the guest room that Brandon was using and head to the bathroom. She stopped the bare beauty in the hall.  
  
“Well?”  
  
Allison realized exactly what Beth wanted to know but decided to play coy.  
  
“Well what?”  
  
“Don’t give me that. I saw you come out of Brandon’s room. What happened between you two? Spill it.”  
  
Allison pulled her into the bathroom so that they could engage in some girl talk.  
  
“Not as much as you think, but we did have, you could say, an, uh, mutually satisfactory evening.”  
  
“Wow, so is this a one night fun thing or…” Beth replied.  
  
Allison thought for a moment.  
  
“He’s so not my usually type. He doesn’t have the looks or the money of the frat guys that I normally date. On the other hand, he is really sweet, in a somewhat nerdy kind of way. I like that he’s smart, though, a lot more intelligent than any of the boys that I’ve previously dated. And, he’s sort of cute too. I like the long blonde hair. I’ve never dated anyone with hair longer than mine. Anyway, I’m not sure. It could turn into something. We’ll see.”  
  
Beth smiled at her.  
  
“I’m glad that the party worked out so well for you. I’ll leave and let you finish your business in here. I’m about to start getting everyone up, so we’ll be doing breakfast soon. I’m looking forward to ‘seeing’ you there.”  
  
Beth’s emphasis on “seeing” made Allison realize that everyone expected her to appear downstairs in front of everyone still nude.   
  
‘Hmm,’ she thought, ‘My bet is with Brandon, not with my sisters. If he’s willing to let me out of it, then I’m good to go. I wonder if I can use my new relationship with him to influence his decision?’  
  
She returned to the room and crawled into bed. Gently, she rubbed her fingernails all over his naked body. When he began to stir from his slumber, she gave him a quick kiss, continuing to cuddle and caress him. She let him wake slowly. He began to return her attention.  
  
In a voice that dripped honey, she said “I was thinking. Since you felt so bad about stripping me last night and since we know each other so much better and if you wanted to be really, really nice, you could let me have my clothes back so that I don’t have to be embarrassed further. I would be EVER so grateful.”  
  
Brandon hesitated before answering.  
  
“I don’t know. It seems like that would be an awful lot like you going back on your word. You’re such a great sport. Would you really want to do that?”  
  
Allison countered that argument easily.  
  
“It’s not going back on my word if you let me out of the bet. I’m not refusing to do it; you’re saying that I don’t have to. If you tell me that I have to stay naked, then I will stay naked. But, again, I would be extremely appreciative if you relented.”  
  
Brandon’s member reacted as he obviously thought about what an extremely appreciative Allison might mean to him.  
  
“Well, I do like the thought of you being beholden to me. On the other hand, I can look forward to seeing you naked all morning if I don’t give in. Besides, didn’t you admit how excited walking around this way makes you? I really like the thought of an aroused you as well.”  
  
Allison had a harder time debating that viewpoint. She turned up the sweetness instead.  
  
“But you’re such a sweet guy. I know that you really don’t want to make me walk around showing off my body to everybody. It’ll make you feel guilty.”  
  
Brandon reached a decision.  
  
“That’s a valid point, but I still don’t think that you should be able to get out of paying off your debt. How about a new bet?”  
  
Allison perked up her ears at the suggestion.  
  
“What did you have in mind?”  
  
“Well, at the moment, you have agreed to remain nude until we get to campus. If you win the bet, you can get dressed right now, sparing yourself an hour-long car ride trying to duck down and not let anyone see you.”  
  
“Sounds good. What about if I lose?” she replied.  
  
“Wow, you’re actually admitting that losing is a possibility. You’ve come a long way.”  
  
She glared at him.  
  
“If you lose,” he continued, “you owe me one full extra day dressed exactly as you are right now and you have to do whatever I say.”  
  
Allison considered her options.  
  
“Hmm. Naked slave girl for a day versus a humiliating breakfast and car ride. I’m not sure that I’m getting a lot of benefit out of the deal.”  
  
“Okay, I’ll go hop in the shower right quick before breakfast.”  
  
Allison rapidly backtracked.  
  
“Wait a second. I didn’t turn the offer down. What would we bet on?”  
  
A diabolical gleam appeared in Brandon’s eye.  
  
“You lay with your head at one end of the bed while my head is at the other. Simultaneously, each one of us can do whatever we want to the other. The first person to orgasm loses.”  
  
Allison couldn’t pass up that challenge.  
  
End Part 5.1

Start Part 5.2  
  
Allison volunteered to move down to the opposite end of the bed. She made sure that Brandon got a nice long look at her breasts hanging down and at her butt as she turned around on her hand and knees. She then lay on her back and spread her legs, leaving her gaping hole open to his sight. As he whipped off the covers and lay on his back, she saw that her display had done the trick.  
  
She began lightly stroking him as his finger massaged her clit. She thought about how nice it would be to get dressed again. She thought about winning. Then, she thought about how it would be to lose.  
  
What kind of things would he make her do? She thought about the car ride home. Would he make her show off to strangers? Would he make her lie spread eagle in the backseat and masturbate as he passed by eighteen wheelers? She thought about arriving back at campus. Would he make her walk naked through a dorm?  
  
She had never thought of herself as an exhibitionist. Sure, she was proud of her body and liked wearing string bikinis and spaghetti strap short dresses, but she didn’t get off on the thought of showing off her naked body, did she?   
  
Her hand stopped moving as his fingers moved in and out of her. She relived her strip tease of the night before. She could see all her sisters and their boyfriends watching her, checking out her most private parts. She could feel the humiliation of climbing on Brandon’s lap, displaying her charms to the crowd.   
  
She fantasized about being his naked slave girl. He showed her off to all his friends. He made her answer the door for the pizza guy. He tied her spread eagle to a chair and invited throngs of people to see her.   
  
The orgasm hit her hard. She bucked against Brandon’s hand to keep it going until, finally, she was spent. She had lost.  
  
Before fully recovering from her postcoital haze, Allison blurted out her current thoughts on public nudity and humiliation.  
  
“Brandon,” she panted, “don’t feel guilty about showing me off today. This is my choice. I’m willing to be your naked slave girl.”  
  
Ten minutes later, she could only think ‘Why the heck did I say that? What have I got myself into?’  
  
End Part 5.2

Start Part 5.3  
  
As Allison finished freshening herself up, Brandon packed up his overnight gear and her clothes in his bag.  
  
“You ready to head downstairs?”  
  
She grimaced at the thought of her audience at breakfast.  
  
“Not really.”  
  
Brandon frowned.   
  
“What’s the matter? They’ve all seen you naked already. Besides, I thought the you liked this?”  
  
Allison took a second before speaking, trying to compose her conflicting emotions.  
  
“They saw me naked last night. There’s something different about the night and the morning. Last night, it was gradual, like a frog being placed in warm water. I was good and worked up by the process. Now, I’m about to just walk out there in my birthday suit. It does turn me on, but it’s also a bit nerve wracking.”  
  
Brandon smiled.  
  
“Well, we’ll just have to get you worked up.”  
  
He walked over to her and started kissing the back of her neck. His arms circled her body, and his hands caressed her stomach. As she began to moan and her nipples stiffened, he gently massaged her breasts before moving to her clit. Just before she climaxed, he stopped.  
  
“That should do the trick. Let’s go.”  
  
Frustrated by the lack of release and nervous despite her arousal, she followed him into the hallway. It felt strange to her to be walking on the cold hardwood floors with no shoes on her bare feet. The corridor ended, and the second story landing opened up into the stairs and the great room below. She felt so exposed being out in the open. Anyone walking by below would be treated to a fantastic view of her nude body. Anyone driving up to the door could see her through the oversized windows.  
  
Sounds and smells of breakfast being prepared emanated from the kitchen area. Multiple male and female voices wafted through the air.   
  
‘Everyone must be up,’ she thought.  
  
The butterflies, already gently fluttering about her stomach, intensified into full-blown aerial barnstorming.   
  
‘Here we go…’  
  
Activity ceased as the naked vision stepped into the room. Bill and Drew looked on in abject lust at her hard nipples and glistening vagina while Beth and Candi smirked at her humiliated visage.   
  
“Can I do anything to help?” she asked.  
  
Beth grinned.   
  
“We figured that we’ll do the cooking, and you can do the serving.”  
  
As Brandon set the table and the others finished up the food preparation, Allison did her best to shrink into a corner. She tried to not pay any attention to the guys’ stares, but she couldn’t help it. She could feel their eyes on her uncovered breasts, her flat stomach, her curly pubic hair, her tan legs, and her bare feet. She wanted badly to throw on an apron or run for cover. She had made a deal, though. She’d do what Brandon wanted, which, at this moment, was for her to stand there, uncovered, exposed, for all to see.  
  
Finally, the group finished cooking the meal, and she braced herself for her contribution. Her two sisters and the three guys all watched her intently as she exited the kitchen holding two large pitchers of orange juice. Her firm breasts only jiggled slightly, but even the trivial movement had the men enthralled.   
  
Setting one jar down on the table, she picked up Bill’s glass to pour.  
  
Brandon interrupted her.  
  
“No. Leave the glass on the table.”  
  
She put the cup back down. In order to do the same job without picking it up, she’d have to lean over the table. Her erect nipples brushed Bills arm as she stretched over him in order to dispense the OJ. She blushed at both the contact and the view her hanging tits presented to her friends.  
  
She repeated the procedure for the other four individuals and for herself before returning to the kitchen. Once again, she could feel their stares; this time drinking in the lines of her smooth butt and swaying hips.  
  
She returned with the eggs and bacon. Once again, she had to bend over each one of them to spoon the food onto their plates. The guys delighted in having her breasts literally right before their eyes and asked for more and more servings.  
  
As she finished serving the last of the food, a fork flew across the room and landed with a clang against the wall.  
  
“I’m so sorry,” Brandon said. “It must have slipped out of my hand. Allison, would you be a dear and go get it for me?”  
  
With her back to the table, she walked over to the utensil. As she started to bend her knees in order to reach it, she heard him call out.”  
  
“Oops. No bending at the knees.”  
  
Realizing what he wanted, she slowly bowed from the waist. As her hands reached the floor, Brandon called out again.  
  
“Could you please spread your legs apart?”  
  
Allison parted her clinched thighs to an almost imperceptible degree thinking about the view his order would force her to give her friends.  
  
“More than that. A lot more than that,” he commanded.  
  
Forcing herself to fully surrender her modesty, she widened her stance so that her feet were outside of her shoulders.  
  
With the exception of Brandon, the onlookers were stunned.  
  
Beth was the first to find her voice.  
  
“I’ve never seen Allison subservient to anyone. What’s going on?”  
  
“Care to come back over here and explain?” Brandon asked Allison.  
  
Grateful to end her mortifying display, she returned to the table and sat.  
  
“I, uh, lost a bet.”  
  
“Another one?” Beth asked.  
  
“Yes.”  
  
“Come on, spill. We need more details than that.”  
  
“Well, I wanted a chance to win my clothes back. Instead, I lost. Now,” she blushed at the admission, “I’m his naked slave girl for the day. I have to do anything he says.”  
  
Bill and Drew gave Brandon high fives. They looked eagerly at their respective girlfriends.  
  
Beth said, “Don’t even think about it.”  
  
Candi just smiled.  
  
“So, more chess?” Beth inquired.  
  
Allison almost choked on her juice at the question. She coughed as OJ flew out of her nose.  
  
“Not exactly,” Brandon supplied.  
  
“Do tell,” Beth said, intrigued.  
  
Brandon directed an expectant gaze at Allison, who blushed crimson.  
  
“The contest was that we had to, uh, try to, uh, satisfy each other. The first one to, uh, be satisfied lost.”  
  
Beth smiled broadly.  
  
“I see, and you were the loser of this little contest. My, my. Congratulations, Brandon. So, what are your plans for your slave.”  
  
“I made a couple of calls a little while ago and set some stuff up. I’d rather not say right now, though; it would ruin the surprise.”  
  
End Part 5.3

Allison’s Lesson in Humility: Pt 6 – The Ride Home  
  
Allison said her goodbyes and prepared herself mentally for the ride home. Steeling herself for the real public exposure to come, she opened the front door of the lake house and stepped outside.  
  
The bright sunlight shone down from the cloudless sky.  
  
‘Not much hope that no one will be able to see me because of dim light,’ she thought.  
  
She reveled in the warmth of the day for a moment. Contrasted with the air conditioning inside the building that was obviously set with the comfort of those who were allowed to actually wear clothes, outside felt luxurious. Her butterflies quickly returned, however, when she realized that she had left the protection that those walls provided.  
  
She followed Brandon to his car, stepping gingerly on the hard concrete sidewalk. Ever the gentleman, he opened the passenger side door of the 2005 Toyota Camry for her and waited for her to get in. He gave her a quick peck on the lips as she slid past him and onto the seat.  
  
A nagging thought at the back of her mind crystallized as he made his way around the car and got in on the driver’s side.  
  
“Where’s your bag?”  
  
Brandon grinned.  
  
“What bag?”  
  
“The bag that has my clothes in it.”  
  
“Oh,” he said as he started the car and pulled away, “I left that with Beth as collateral for what I borrowed from her. She’ll get it back to us later. It’s not like you’ll be needing them.”  
  
“What did you borrow?” Allison asked.  
  
“You’ll find out soon enough.”  
  
Allison turned to look back at the rapidly receding structure, realizing that her clothes were getting further and further away by the second.   
  
She relaxed a little as they encountered no other vehicles for the first few miles. Then they reached the main road.   
  
Though out in the country, it was four-lane and far from deserted. Allison saw an eighteen wheeler passing by as they pulled up to the highway. She expected Brandon to halt at the stop sign and take a right turn to start the hour long drive back to campus. Instead, he pulled off on the grass and turned the engine off.  
  
Allison’s heart rate spiked.  
  
“What are you doing?”  
  
Brandon pulled out the digital camera that he had borrowed from Beth. He pointed to the sign across the street that pointed to the university lake house.   
  
“I want to take your picture. There.”  
  
Allison looked at him like he was insane. He wanted her to cross a highway in broad daylight, nude, and stand posing while he took photos? She opened her mouth with the intension of giving him a piece of her mind. Instead of speaking, though, she took a second to consider the situation.  
  
‘Wait a second,’ she thought. ‘You told him not to hold back, not to feel guilty. You implied that you wanted to be humiliated, to live out his fantasies and yours. You lost the bet.’  
  
She was so used to always being in control. She liked Brandon and was finding that she enjoyed surrendering power to someone else for a change. Besides, the thought of posing in public made her extremely horny.  
  
She meekly complied and got out of the car. Her heart pounding, she slowly walked to the road watching the ground carefully for any broken glass. No vehicles came into sight, so, sighing, she stepped out onto the road. The hot, rough asphalt bit at her feet, so she ended up half hopping across the street, her breasts swaying wildly.  
  
Brandon crossed with her and told her to stand in front of the sign, arms at her side, so that he could take her picture. He directed her to try different poses. She stood with her arms behind her, her arms above her head, her arms pointing to the sign. She bent towards him so that he could capture her hanging breasts, and she bent over with her back to him so that he could photograph her soaking-wet nether regions.   
  
As long as the process had seemed to take to Allison, only a few minutes passed. Relieved that she had not been seen by anyone other than Brandon, she made it back to the car and got in moments before a pick up truck passed.  
  
End 6.1

Start 6.2  
  
Brandon surprised Allison again when he turned left at the stop sign instead of right.  
  
“Where are you going?”  
  
He looked at her, his gaze lingering over her erect nipples and engorged clitoris.  
  
“I decided that my car needs a good wash. There’s a little town a little ways up the highway in this direction that has a car wash.”  
  
She pondered exactly what this detour would mean for her. Driving through a small town? She felt so exposed sitting up in the car seat. Anyone looking in from a reasonable distance away would easily be able to see her breasts. What if they stopped at the red light? The occupants of any car anywhere near would have minutes to just stare at her. And, what about pedestrians? She envisioned a teenage boy crossing the street and just stopping, stunned, as he looks down into the car.  
  
“Can I lean the seat back?”  
  
“Why?”  
  
She hesitated. Should she give the honest answer?  
  
“I’m feeling really exposed.”  
  
He grinned.  
  
“You are really exposed, and you really seem to be enjoying it.”  
  
He reached over and gently rubbed her breast and pinched her nipple with his fingertips. She moaned.  
  
Allison had no good answer for him. She looked at him with wide eyes and batted her eyelashes. Brandon relented, slightly. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a mask used to block out light for sleeping.  
  
“Oh, alright. You can lean the seat back. One condition, though. Whenever the seat is back, you have to wear this mask, and you have to be masturbating.”  
  
She considered her choices. On one hand, doing herself in front of him would be extremely embarrassing. On the other hand, he had already done it to her anyway. Would it really be a good deal? Besides, it would be a tremendous relief.  
  
She grabbed the mask, put it on, and reclined her seat. Laying almost flat, she began stroking her clit with her right hand. Slowly at first, then more rapidly. With her left hand, she stroked her breast and pinched her nipple. Given her extreme degree of arousal, climax took almost no time.  
  
She reveled in her post-orgasmic glow until Brandon interrupted her.  
  
“Either continue on, or sit up. We’re almost to town.”  
  
Her hands drifted back to her nether regions.  
  
‘Crap. He intends for me to masturbate continuously if I want to stay out of sight. I can’t keep this up forever.’  
  
She came once more and was working towards another one when the car stopped.   
  
‘Where are we? Are there people looking at me? Is there an audience standing around watching me do this?’  
  
She thrust her fingers deep inside herself and experienced a particularly violent climax. Her back arched entirely off the seat and her left hand clenched and unclenched leaving marks on the upholstery. Spent, she decided that she could take no more. She let the seat return to an upright position.  
  
Brandon looked at her in wonder.  
  
“You do enjoy this, don’t you?”  
  
He reached over and gave her a quick kiss.  
  
She removed the mask and had to fight the impulse to throw her arms over her unclothed breasts. She saw cars and people going about their business everywhere – kids getting snow cones, vehicles in line at the ATM, boys skateboarding in the park. So far, none had noticed the nubile beauty riding past them, but it was only a matter of time.  
  
She threw the seat back and put her mask back on. Resigned, she once again started stroking her sensitive clit.  
  
End 6.2

Start 6.3  
  
She had yet another intense orgasm by the time Brandon stopped the car again.   
  
“I know that you’re having fun, but it’s time to wash the car.”  
  
She removed the mask first this time and carefully raised the seat up. They were inside a concrete bay with a nozzle on one side and a brush on the other. She had been expecting an automatic car wash, but it appeared that Brandon had chosen the manual kind. Surely, he was going to wash the car himself? Surely, he didn’t expect her to get out?  
  
He got out and walked around to her door. Opening it, he gestured for her to exit.  
  
“Come on, baby. Get out.”  
  
Allison didn’t move.  
  
“Hey, slave girl, you told me that you would do ANYTHING that I say.”  
  
Resigned, she swung her bare feet out of the car and stood up on her shaky legs. She grabbed Brandon to steady herself. He led her to the front of the vehicle and started putting quarters into the machine. After unloading a pocket full, he turned the dial to rinse and handed her the sprayer.  
  
Allison looked around the facility. For a Saturday morning, the place was not exactly hopping. There was only one other car there. Brandon had chosen the last stall, the one furthest from the street. As long as she kept close to the Camry, she should be able to get out of this without anyone seeing her. Still, she was now naked in PUBLIC, in the middle of the town!  
  
‘Best get it over with.’  
  
She quickly rinsed the car off as Brandon took pictures. He then turned the dial and handed her the brush. She found herself getting into the spirit of being a naked model. She made sure to get soap on her breasts and rubbed them on the hood. She bent over with her back to him and the camera as she cleaned the tires, spreading her legs much more than was necessary.   
  
‘I’m turning into an exhibitionist SLUT.’  
  
Strangely, the thought didn’t seem so bad.  
  
She finished washing and rinsing the car and expected this part of her day to be over. Instead, Brandon pointed out how soapy she was and decided that he needed to do something about it. He commanded her to stand by the wall as he grabbed the sprayer. Standing far enough away that the water wouldn’t be too strong on her skin, he proceeded to rinse her off, concentrating particularly on the area between her legs.   
  
Allison nearly came right there and was a bit disappointed when he stopped. She made her way to the passenger side door and started to open it.  
  
“What are you doing?” Brandon asked.  
  
“Getting in. Why?”  
  
“You’ll get the seats all wet. You have to dry off first. Besides, we haven’t vacuumed.”  
  
He left her standing there, flabbergasted, as he drove the car to the vacuum cleaners. He got out and motioned for her to follow him.  
  
Whereas the car wash bay had been enclosed and relatively secure, the vacuum was completely out in the open, and she would have to walk at least 20 yards just to get there.   
  
‘Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God,’ she thought as she stepped out from behind the wall separating the bays.   
  
She watched as cars passed on the street.   
  
‘Those are way too close. I’m sure anyone who looks over hear will be able to see ALL of me.’  
  
She made herself hurry, wincing a little at the feel of the jagged concrete on the sensitive soles of her feet.   
  
“I can’t believe that you’re making me do this. Look at all those cars. You’re going to get me arrested.”  
  
Wrapping his arm around her, he pulled her close to him and gave her a long, slow kiss.  
  
“Trust me.”  
  
In full view of the highway, he made her vacuum the front and back carpet on both sides. She cringed as she bent over to do the driver’s side, butt high in the air and facing the street. He again asked her to spread her legs as he took pictures.  
  
She just finished up as four teenage boys rolled up on skateboards. Without even thinking about it, she brought up her arms to cover her breasts and bush.  
  
“Wow, man. That’s one hot girl. Why is she cleaning your car naked?” the lead one asked.  
  
“She lost a bet to be my naked slave for the day.”  
  
“Oh man! That’s awesome!”  
  
“Want to see more of her?”  
  
Allison looked at him with desperation in her eyes.  
  
‘Please don’t do this,’ she thought, even as her nipples hardened.  
  
“Drop your hands.”  
  
Allison complied. The teenagers looked her up and down.  
  
“Turn around. Slowly.”  
  
She obeyed again, forcing herself to do a full 360 degree rotation.  
  
He reached into the car and turned on the radio.  
  
“Dance.”  
  
Blushing, she began to sway to the rhythm of the music, giving a show to the boys. Instead of choosing moves that would minimize the movement of her breasts and the exposure of her body, she made her tits undulate wildly. She bent backwards and drew attention to the area between her legs. She bent forwards and let her chest hang. She liked this!  
  
The song ended, and Brandon turned off the radio. He instructed her to sit on the hood of the Camry.   
  
She climbed up on the car, making no effort to preserve her modesty. She turned over and sat with her butt at the base of the windshield. Liquid dripped from her pussy and pooled on the newly clean surface.  
  
“Lean back.”  
  
She placed her back flat against the glass and let her arms lie at her sides.  
  
“Spread your legs.”  
  
He climbed on the hood and buried his face in her hot, moist pussy. In seconds, she came. The onlookers clapped as her whole body convulsed. Brandon kept his tongue moving vigorously, and she continued to writhe in pleasure. Finally, the need to breathe overcame her need for more sexual stimulation.  
  
“Enough. Please, enough,” she pleaded softly.  
  
Brandon withdrew his mouth from her nether lips and used his sleeve to wipe her secretions from his face. He turned and saw the youngsters using their skateboards to beat a hasty retreat. Then, he twisted around to look at the road. A police car had just pulled into the lot.  
  
End 6.3

Start 6.4  
  
Allison panicked when she finally opened her eyes and saw the approaching patrol car.   
  
“Oh crap, Brandon, they’re going to arrest me.”  
  
Brandon didn’t seem nearly as worried.  
  
“I’ll handle it.”  
  
‘You’re not the one about to be hauled off to jail naked as a jaybird. I’m sure those mug shots are going to be popular.’  
  
The blue and white Crown Victoria pulled in front of the Camry, blocking it in. Allison scrambled off the car and onto the ground on the passenger side. Crouching down, she watched as Brandon walked over to parlay with the officer.   
  
They spoke in hushed tones, so she couldn’t make out what they were saying. The exchange didn’t seem nearly as adversarial as she had expected. The cop handed Brandon something, but, with his back to her, she couldn’t tell what it was. Maybe a ticket? She could live with a ticket if it meant that she didn’t have to be paraded into a police station, hands bound behind her back, everyone looking at her. Would they perform a body cavity search?  
  
She began to get wet again.  
  
‘Stop it, you SLUT!’  
  
Brandon and the patrolman ended their conversation and walked toward her.  
  
“Please stand up, young lady,” the officer commanded.  
  
Allison stood, her hands and arms covering her exposed bits.  
  
“Place you hands on the car and spread your legs.”  
  
She complied meekly.   
  
The cop proceeded to frisk her the same as if she had been dressed. He ran his hands up and down her nude body. She gasped once as his hands lightly brushed the underside of her breasts and once again as he firmly traced the whole of her thighs.   
  
“Stand up straight, hands laced behind your head.”  
  
She stood before him completely exposed as he looked her up and down.  
  
“Turn around.”  
  
She did so.  
  
The officer grabbed her right hand and pulled it, behind her back, down to her waist. She felt the cold steel close around her wrist. He then grabbed her left hand and pulled it down to meet the other one. Hard metal clamped around that wrist as well. She was now handcuffed, naked, in public.  
  
The patrolman spun her around so that she faced the two men. They both had huge grins on their faces.  
  
“Allison, I’m Brad, Brandon’s brother. It’s very nice to meet you. I’d shake your hand, but…”  
  
Allison’s jaw dropped.  
  
“Your brother! I can’t believe you made me think I was getting arrested. When I get out of these cuffs, I’m going to give him a reason to arrest me.”  
  
Brandon smirked.  
  
“I’ll make you a deal. Tell me, honestly, that you didn’t enjoy it, and we’ll remove the cuffs right now.”  
  
Allison started to speak but had to choke down her words.   
  
“Great. Let’s go.”  
  
End 6.4

Start 6.5  
  
They watched Brad drive off, and Brandon helped the bound female into his car before getting in himself on the driver’s side.  
  
“Can I recline the seat?” Allison asked.  
  
Brandon smiled at her.  
  
“It would be a little hard for you to masturbate with your hands behind your back, wouldn’t it?”  
  
She smiled her sweetest smile at him.  
  
“I was hoping that you could remove the handcuffs.”  
  
“And how would I do that?”  
  
“With the key that Brad gave you. I’m not stupid, you know.”  
  
“True enough, but I won’t remove the cuffs.”  
  
Still smiling sweetly, she batted her eyes.  
  
“Why ever not?”  
  
“Because you’re being punished.”  
  
“Punished? For what!” she asked.  
  
Brandon smiled. Was he beginning to enjoy tormenting her?  
  
“When those kids showed up, you covered yourself up. I never gave you permission to cover yourself.”  
  
“Yes, master. I’m so sorry, master,” she replied sarcastically.  
  
She did enjoy thinking about what the punishment might be, though.  
  
At least a dozen people must have seen her exposed breasts as Brandon drove the car back through the town. One teenage boy on a bicycle almost ran into a pole when he noticed the nubile beauty riding past him. Allison was both mortified and extremely turned on.  
  
“What are you doing!” she exclaimed as he pulled into a crowded gas station.  
  
“Getting gas. If I don’t, we’ll never make it back to the university.”  
  
Allison started to protest that all those people would be able to see her, but she realized that the thought wouldn’t bother Brandon all that much. She prepared herself to be gawked at as she sat in full view of everyone. Brandon, though, had other ideas.  
  
He walked around to her side of the car and opened the door.   
  
Allison screeched as the open door increased her exposure.  
  
“What the hell are you doing, now?” she asked.  
  
“I need you to go in and pay for the gas.”  
  
“I can’t go in there. I’m naked, and my hands are cuffed.”  
  
“Sure you can, slave girl. You can do anything that I tell you to do, right? I tell you what, though. After you do this, I’ll remove the handcuffs.”  
  
Allison tried another argument.  
  
“Look, I know that I agreed to be your naked slave, and I think that we’ve both had a lot of fun. Don’t you think that this is getting out of hand, though? Walking naked in public is dangerous for a girl, especially if she can’t even fight off any unwanted attention because her hands are bound behind her back.”  
  
Brandon shook his head.  
  
“Still don’t trust me, huh? The owner of this store is a friend of mine, and he’s expecting you. He’s a huge guy, and I trust him. He won’t let anything happen to you. Besides, I think that you’ll be surprised at how much space people give you.”  
  
Allison realized that she wasn’t going to be able to talk him out of it. She was relieved, though, that he seemed to have thought the situation out. She felt better, if not completely at ease, with the idea.  
  
Their conversation, and her state of dress, had attracted an audience. Allison swung her legs out of the car while keeping them clinched together to avoid any unnecessary flashing of her nether regions. She stood up and exposed her body to the onlookers.  
  
“Turn around,” Brandon ordered.  
  
He slipped a couple of bills into her hand.  
  
“Tell them $30 on pump 2. Also, grab me a Coke and some Pringles, and, of course, anything that you may want as well.”  
  
“How am I supposed to…”  
  
He cut her off.  
  
“You’re a smart girl. You’ll figure it out.”  
  
Allison walked on unsteady legs, weak from both nervousness and the multiple orgasms that she had had already today, into the store. Upon reaching the door, she noted with dismay that it said “Pull.”   
  
‘Two choices,’ she thought. ‘Which is the lesser of two evils?’  
  
Not wanting to subject herself to the humiliation of having these people watch her trying to open the door by turning around and using her cuffed hands, she chose the alternative option.  
  
“Excuse me, sir?” she said to a man who was just standing and ogling her. “Would you mind opening the door for me?”  
  
Without a word, he did so.  
  
“Thanks,” she said.  
  
It didn’t take long for everyone to look at her after she entered. A young mother placed her hand protectively over the eyes of her son while ushering him out of the store. Everyone else stood stock still and watched her every move.  
  
“$30 on pump two, please,” she told the man behind the counter.  
  
She then marched over to a guy approximately her own age who was standing next to the refrigerated drinks. In her sweetest voice, she addressed him.  
  
“Would you mind grabbing a bottle of Coke and a bottle of Diet Dr. Pepper and taking them up to the counter for me?”  
  
He seemed shocked that the naked vision had spoken to him. He sputtered out a “sure” and practically fell over himself satisfying her request.  
  
“Oh, and a can of Pringles too, please.”  
  
Allison followed him to the counter.   
  
“Thank you ever so much! One more thing, could you grab the money out of my hand and give it to the clerk?”  
  
He seemed to have no problem being at her beck and call and did as she requested.  
  
“I’m assuming that you’d like me to put the change in the bag?” the clerk said after ringing up the purchases.  
  
Allison smiled at him.  
  
“Yes, please.”  
  
The man who had helped her with her purchases took the back and put it in her hand without being asked.  
  
“You’re so sweet. Thank you so much,” she said and gave him a quick peck on the cheek.  
  
The kid blushed furiously.  
  
As quickly as she could without seeming to hurry, she walked back to the car. Brandon made her wait until he was finished pumping before he would open her door. The people in the store continued to stare at her exposed body, and several passing vehicles honked at her. Brandon finally finished putting on the gas cap and removed her handcuffs. She practically jumped into the car.  
  
Brandon had barely put the Camry in gear before she had the seat fully reclined. She immediately started fingering herself intently. She came three times before she was too wore out to continue.  
  
‘I can’t keep doing this the entire way,’ she thought.  
  
She looked at Brandon while absently stroking her clit.   
  
‘He’s got a pretty big bulge in those pants. I bet he’d like some relief.’  
  
“Brandon, I have a proposition for you. I can’t keep this up, but I don’t want to raise my seat up. If I were to take care of that problem,” she said, pointing to his strained pants, “would you allow me to just sleep the rest of the way?”  
  
What man can pass up an offer like that?  
  
Allison leaned over and unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. She then made him raise his butt of the seat, and she slipped his pants and underwear down to his knees. He squirmed somewhat as the naked girl took her time seeing to his pleasure. She stroked and tickled and teased him mercilessly. Finally, when she thought that he could take it no more, she took him into her mouth until he finished. In her best imitation of a guy, she kissed his small head, returned fully to her own seat, and promptly fell asleep.  
  
End Part 6.5

Start Allison’s Lesson in Humility Pt 7 – Finale  
  
Brandon woke Allison shortly before they pulled up to his house.  
  
‘At least he doesn’t live on campus,’ she thought, though images of herself on display in one of the men’s dorms had certainly figured prominently while she masturbated earlier.  
  
He escorted her into his house without incident; the street was clear of traffic, and both his roommates were out of town for the weekend.   
  
After Brandon made sure that she was comfortable, served refreshments, etc., he asked “did we go too far today?”  
  
Allison thought about it for a moment.  
  
“It went a little far, especially what we did with those kids watching, but it was exciting. I’m not upset or anything.”  
  
“So, you’re up for more?”  
  
Allison realized that he was giving her an out if she wanted it. She was tempted, but her sense of honor won out. Besides, she was enjoying it. She’d never had so many orgasms in such a short period. If this kept up, though, she was going to be so sore tomorrow that she wouldn’t be able to move.  
  
“I was worried a lot earlier because I saw a lot of potential safety hazards, but you seemed to have thought everything through. As long as you don’t get me harmed or arrested, I’m willing to live up to my end of the bargain.”  
  
He leaned over and kissed her.   
  
“You really are a remarkable girl.”  
  
“Will you tell me what you have planned next?”  
  
“Not much until this evening,” he said. “I didn’t mind showing you off around my hometown this morning because I knew that the whole place has a somewhat relaxed attitude towards nudity. There’s a nudist colony a few miles from there, and, though not an everyday occurrence, it’s not unheard of for you to see naked people around. Besides, it’s not like you’ll see any of those people ever again.”  
  
Brandon stopped for a minute.  
  
“Actually, I’m hoping that you will see Brad again, since he’s my brother and all.”  
  
Allison realized immediately what that comment meant.   
  
‘He wants me to meet his family. That might not be too bad.’  
  
“Anyway,” Brandon continued, “it’s not the same on campus. It’s too easy to run into people we know, and I can’t control the situation as well. I’ve got an event set up for tonight that we need to prepare for, but, other than that, we have the rest of the morning and afternoon free.”  
  
“In that case, what did you do with those handcuffs?” Allison asked.  
  
After Brandon frantically looking around for a condom and a bit of hanky panky in his bedroom, the two lovers returned to the couch.  
  
“Is there anything that you want to do?” Brandon asked her.  
  
Allison’s face reddened a bit.  
  
“I’ve never done the pizza delivery guy dare, and I am getting hungry.”  
  
Brandon grinned.  
  
“Why was that so embarrassing to you?”  
  
“It’s different being made to do stuff than having to admit to wanting to do stuff,” she said.  
  
Brandon kissed her again.   
  
After taking her order and calling it in, he asked her, “how do you want to play it?”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“The pizza delivery dare. There are several ways to do it. You can wear a towel and let it drop, pretending to be embarrassed, or you can just brazenly answer the door naked. There are lots of other iterations,” he said.  
  
“I’m your naked slave,” she replied. “How would you like me to do it?”  
  
He grinned and left the room. He returned pushing a large dining room chair across the floor and carrying rope and a knife.   
  
Allison’s heart started pounding.  
  
Thirty minutes later, the doorbell rang.   
  
“Who is it?” Allison asked.  
  
“Pizza delivery.”  
  
“Great. Come on in. The door’s open,” she called.  
  
The pimply-faced teenage screeched to a stop when he saw her. Not even bothering to close the door, he just stared at her.  
  
She was seated in a chair completely naked. Each of her hands was tied at the wrists to the chair’s armrests. Her ankles were similarly bound to the two front legs, and a third set of ropes anchored her thighs to the point at which the armrest support met the seat which left her no way to conceal her exposed pussy. A rolled up twenty-dollar bill stuck out of her wet hole.  
  
Brandon had protested that final piece of staging saying that it would encourage the pizza guy to molest her. Allison was so horny after being tied up that she didn’t care if the delivery man touched her a little bit, and Brandon would be standing in the next room ready to come running if she yelled.   
  
“Are you okay? Should I call the police?” the boy asked.  
  
“No. I’m fine. I just lost a bet with my boyfriend.”  
  
The teenage studied her closely, especially her tits and gaping hole.  
  
“Wow, lady, you just made my day. Heck, my life.”  
  
He set the pizzas down.  
  
“Uh, the money, uh, is…”  
  
“It’s okay,” she said. “Go ahead and grab it.”  
  
Still seeming reluctant, he reached for the bill. He grabbed hold of it, and, either he gained rapidly in confidence or decided he couldn’t pass up the opportunity, let his fingers linger in the area a little longer than necessary and brushed them against her exposed sex.  
  
His voice shook as he asked if she wanted change.  
  
Allison was about to say no when she had a wicked thought.  
  
“Yes. Give me one dollar back, please.”  
  
He retrieved a one from his pouch.  
  
“Should I place this on top of the pizzas?”  
  
“No,” she said, “put it back where you found the other one.”  
  
When she looked back on the experience later, Allison marveled at how you can convince yourself that something is a good idea when you’re horny that you look back and cringe at later.  
  
After the boy had left, Brandon came out laughing.  
  
“I can’t believe that you did that. You are so bad,” he said.  
  
“I know; I’m terrible. Can you cut these ropes off me now? I’m hungry.”  
  
“Not quite yet. I’m hungry too,” he said, getting down on his knees in front of her.  
  
After another couple of intense orgasms for Allison, he finally cut her loose. They finished eating, and he left her on the couch.  
  
“Where are you going?”  
  
“I have to make a couple of phone calls, and I need to get a chess set so that you can prepare for tonight.”  
  
End 7.1

Start 7.2  
  
Allison was surprised when the doorbell rang, and, when Brandon answered it, Beth was at the door. She walked in carrying a hanging bag. Brandon thanked Beth for the bag and left the room announcing that he’d give the girls some privacy to talk.  
  
“Beth!” she exclaimed. “What are you doing here?”  
  
“Hey, Brandon asked me to gather some things for him. He didn’t tell me exactly what for, but, from his detailed request, it sounds like he has something interesting planned for you. Any idea what he has in store?”  
  
“No,” Allison pouted. “He wont tell me. He’s had me practicing chess all afternoon, though.”  
  
“Maybe more strip chess?” Beth suggested.  
  
“I don’t think so. He’s had me playing speed chess.”  
  
“What’s that?”  
  
“Well,” Allison answered, “it’s chess played with a short time limit. There’s this little device that has two clocks. Your clock runs only when it’s your turn. Each player starts with a certain amount of time, five minutes per person in our practice games, and you lose if you get checkmated or if your time runs out. I’m not thinking that speed chess would give much time for stripping.”  
  
“You’ll have to tell me what happens. Did you have a good time on the way home?” Beth asked.  
  
Allison told Beth about her day, and Beth both laughed and commiserated with her. She left when Brandon came back into the room to tell Allison that it was time to get ready.  
  
Brandon pulled a pair of black stockings out of the side pocket of the bag and instructed Allison to put them on. The stockings were much longer than any she had previously worn, coming almost all the way up her leg.  
  
‘Wow, a skirt that covered the tops of these would barely cover my pussy,’ she thought.  
  
Next he had her put on a pair of black elbow-length opera gloves followed by an elegant diamond necklace that she recognized as belonging to Beth.  
  
“How’d you get Beth to loan you that? She rarely lets ANYONE wear it.”  
  
“Really? I just told her what restaurant that I was taking you to and that I needed a nice piece of jewelry for you.”  
  
“Must be some restaurant. Will you please tell me? Please?” she begged.  
  
“Let’s get you into the rest of your outfit,” he said, ignoring her question.  
  
He pulled out a pair of black shoes with 3 inch high heels. She put them on and modeled for him, walking and turning.  
  
“Wow, if it wasn’t time to leave, I’d take you right here on the couch,” he said. “You are so sexy!”  
  
“What about the rest of the outfit? Surely, you’re not taking me to a nice restaurant dressed like this?”  
  
“You have to earn the rest of the outfit.”  
  
No matter how much she begged, cajoled, and pleaded, he would tell her no more details. He opened the front door and gestured for her to exit.  
  
‘At least, it’s dark outside.’  
  
Only one vehicle passed while she was walking to Brandon’s car, but it screeched to a halt right after it passed the couple. It didn’t leave until Brandon closed the passenger side door behind her.  
  
The darkness concealed her nudity for the most part, so she kept he seat upright as he drove. Her trepidation and anticipation rose as he turned onto campus and increased even more as he parked directly in front of the computer science building.  
  
“I’ve been in this building plenty of times at night, and it’s always sparsely populated. There’s only a short distance outside between the car and the entrance. Are you ready?” Brandon asked her.  
  
Allison murmured her assent, and he got out, grabbed the hanging bag from the trunk, and opened her door for her. As quickly as they could manage with her navigating the exterior stone stairs in high heels, they hurried into the building.   
  
Allison sighed with relief as she made it inside the safety of the walls.  
  
“Where to now?” she asked.  
  
“The basement,” he replied, leading her to a stairwell just off the main lobby.   
  
She followed him down and out into the corridor.  
  
“Here we are,” he said, standing outside a room with a closed door.  
  
He opened the door and practically pushed her into the lit room. She soon realized why he had had her practicing chess all afternoon; he had brought her to a chess club meeting! Nine nerdy guys turned in unison to stare at her nearly naked body.  
  
David, the club president, welcomed her to the meeting before addressing the assemblage.  
  
“Guys, we have a special guest with us tonight, Brandon’s girlfriend, Allison,” David started.  
  
Allison was mortified to be standing like this, once again, in front of school mates, but did like the way the phrase “Brandon’s girlfriend” sounded.  
  
“We’re going to have a special contest tonight. I’ll let Brandon explain the rules,” he continued.  
  
“As you can see, Allison is missing a few crucial pieces of clothing,” Brandon said.  
  
He opened the bag and pulled out a short black dress and a black, lacy bra and panty set.   
  
“I have reservations at Chez Mouton tonight...”  
  
There were murmurs of appreciation from the guys, and Allison heart leapt.  
  
‘Wow, he is going all out. Isn’t that place booked months in advance?’  
  
“…but we can’t go with Allison dressed as she is. Last night, she lost all her clothes to me in a game of strip chess. I thought it only fitting that she be allowed to win her clothes back in a like manner,” Brandon announced.  
  
The club members applauded.  
  
“Here are the rules. There are ten regular members here tonight. She has to play each one of us in a game of speed chess, 5 minute limit. For each game she wins, she gets one article of clothing back, her choice, but she doesn’t get to get dressed until she’s played all ten games or she wins three matches.”  
  
“Tell them what happens for each match that she loses,” David interrupted.  
  
“Oh yeah, you’ll love this. Whenever she loses a match, the winner gets to look at her up close and personal for a full minute in whatever poses that the winner wants. Any questions?”  
  
No one said a word.  
  
“We’ll start with the best player in the club and work our way down. By the way, in order to give Allison a little more of a shot, she’ll play white in each match.”  
  
Demonstrating just how humbling the last day had been, she didn’t even think to object to his implication that she wasn’t going to win.  
  
Allison sat down at the board, glad that, while seated, she was somewhat less exposed. She expected David, or maybe Brandon, to be first up. Instead, a rather obese, pimply guy that she didn’t know sat down opposite her and punched the clock.  
  
As Brandon had taught her, she moved pawn to king four and punched the clock on her side. The opponents each played several developing moves with no pieces changing hands, and Allison made sure to castle. Moving from the opening to the midgame, Allison thought that she had a shot of winning. The guy seemed to have trouble taking his eyes off her breasts long enough to concentrate on the board. In the end, however, he apparently didn’t need to concentrate much to beat her.  
  
“Don’t feel bad,” Brandon told her, “Ron would have beat anyone else in the room just as easily. He’s a grand master.”  
  
Brandon set the clock for one minute and started it running. For the first thirty seconds, Ron just looked her up and down while she stood. Then he spoke.  
  
“Could I see, you know, down there?” he asked, pointing.  
  
Blushing, she sat down and spread her legs. He seemed too nervous to approach her closely, but he stared at her until his time was up.  
  
Next came Brandon. As he had all afternoon, he defeated her easily. He had her bend over with her side to him and then spread her legs with her back facing him.  
  
David played her next, and won almost as easily as Brandon had. He just made her stand in front of him, not subjecting her to any additional poses.  
  
After his minute was up, he said, “You’ve gotten a lot better since the last time that we played. Good job.”  
  
After the next two club members beat her soundly, she began to get discouraged. Before her sixth match, she called Brandon over.  
  
“Do I have a chance at all?”  
  
“Truthfully, against the first five of us, you didn’t. There’s nothing that you could have done; you just haven’t studied the game nearly as much as we have. You have some natural talent, but we have talent and experience,” he said.  
  
“What about the remaining five?”  
  
“If you play really well, you might, just might, be able to beat one of the next three guys. They play above your level, but not nearly as much so as the rest of us. I do expect, however, you to beat one or both of the last two. You’d better, anyway. I don’t think that I can get by with taking you into Chez Mouton dressed how you are right now!” he said and gave her a quick kiss.  
  
Heartened somewhat by his speech, she redoubled her efforts. She gave the next three players really close games but wasn’t able to win any of them.   
  
‘There goes my bra,’ she thought as she lost her 8th match.  
  
She could tell a difference almost from the start with the 9th player. His moves weren’t nearly as strong as the others. For the first time of the night, she won. It felt great to her to not have to show off her pussy like she had to for the others, and she’d be able to wear her dress to dinner!  
  
With her confidence soaring, she entered into the 10th match really wanting to win her panties. That dress looked awfully short, and the thought of wearing it commando sent shivers down her spine. She really thought that she was better than the guy that she was playing, but she just didn’t have enough experience in the format. She finished the game in a superior position, but her time ran out as she tried to figure out how to convert her advantage into checkmate.  
  
Ever the good sport, she congratulated him on his win and posed however he wanted, mostly with her legs spread wide, for a full minute. The end of the minute signified the end of the game, and she was able to collect her winnings, the little black dress.  
  
The dress was even shorter than she had anticipated. It barely came down past her butt cheeks. Even with panties, she never would have considered wearing it out of the house. Now, she’d be wearing it to the most elegant, and expensive, restaurant in town.  
  
Even though she tried desperately to be ladylike, the dress was simply too short for her not to flash her bare pussy to the valet.  
  
‘Oh well,’ she thought, ‘maybe he’ll just think I’m emulating Britney or Paris.’  
  
Brandon was a perfect gentleman for the evening. He made sure that the maitre de seated them in an out of the way table instead of in the middle of the room, and he gave her the chair nearest the wall, which mostly concealed her from view. She was sure that her waiter got a few choice looks, but, other than that, no one saw a thing. The two had a fabulous date.  
  
When they got back to the car, Brandon turned to her.  
  
“So, anything you want to do now?”  
  
Allison pulled the dress over her head and tossed it into the backseat.   
  
“Whatever you want.”  
  
The End