**Angel's Firework Bet**

by Executionus

**Angel's Firework Bet - Part 1**

The party was wild, with explosives and shirtless boys in every direction. It was the 4th of July, and over 20 local teenage boys were all enjoying the madness of a house on a lake. The boys were all in-between their junior and senior years of high school, and this party involved them all swimming and running around while waiting for nightfall and the big booms. This insanity was hosted by popular rich boy Alexander Ruggieri for his peers, and it came with the added bonus of Alexander's parents being out of the country on business all week. No neighbors to complain and no adult supervision meant that anything goes! There were no girls at this party...save for one, Angel, who lived at this house too. She was Alexander's older sister by a year, a senior who had just graduated.

Some girls would feel awkward at a party for boys, but not her. She enjoyed huge explosions as much as anyone, and she also really enjoyed all of the man flesh on display. There were 21 boys in just swim trunks running around (not counting her brother), and Angel was pleased to be the only girl here to enjoy it. She also felt like being lusted over by these hunks, so sure enough she was outside hanging out wearing her skimpiest string bikini, which tied with a bow in the back for the top and on both sides for the bottoms. The essential bits were covered, but only tiny strings connected the triangular portions together. Sure enough, many boys couldn't take their eyes off of her the whole day.

Angel was still a virgin at 18, but this was more due to every boy failing her "test". She made it known that she would not have sex until the 6 month anniversary, and 6 months in an eternity for high school romances. One boy made it a whole 5 months, but most of her relationships were kaput in weeks. Currently she was single, and was wondering if any guy out there at all was man enough to treat her well for just a half freaking year. But no matter the situation, none of these guys had ever seen her in such a revealing outfit, and a big part of her was really enjoying the stares!

While the sun was starting to set, the bottle rockets came out to play. Soon they were fired at the sky at a rate as if they were shooting down jets in a war. It didn't take long for the boys to start firing them at each other too, and the back yard became a battlefield in an instant. One of the rockets flew right at poor Angel, who had her back to it. The bottle rocket hit her right in the center of her back then turned upwards and tried to keep going, but it got caught in her string bikini knot. The rocket lifted and pushed, loosening the knot, but it ran out of power long before breaking it. Angel screamed from being hit, and then she reached behind herself to adjust her strings.

The boys all noticed her get shot, and many ran over to make sure she was ok. She wasn't even burned though thanks to being wet, so there was no need to worry. It was at this point that her brother Alexander teased her "You're lucky. That bottle rocket almost stole your bikini top right in front of everyone!" Angel just rolled her eyes and said "Nuh uh, that little thing isn't even big enough to get my top off" to which one of the boys instantly responded "That's what SHE said!" Another boy, Jason, joined the chat "Oh no, these things are NICE bottle rockets. If I tied one of your strings to a rocket and lit it, it would rip your top off and fly away with it." Her brother Alexander agreed "Oh yeah, no sweat." and a cute long-haired boy named Chris chimed in "Well duh, if we tied it to her strings she'd be topless in second." Angel wasn't giving up though "No, there's no way. These things are too weak. You could tie it to me and everything and the silly little rockets would just fizzle out and die. Or they'd escape. I mean really, they'd have to be strong enough to undo a knot, it ain't happening."

It was at this point when things got interesting, as Chris responded "I bet you $5 you're wrong!" Suddenly everyone looked at him, especially Alexander. Angel looked confused "Wait...what? How would we even settle that bet?" Jason jumped in "Exactly what we were talking about! We tie a bottle rocket to your bikini strings and light it. If we win, you lose your top. If you win, you get $5" Angel looked at the boys like they were crazy, then responded "Ok, one: I'm not letting you jackasses try to pull my top off, and two: I would get burned like crazy trying this, so no" Chris answered with "You won't get burned, just wet nice and wet first." and Jason added "Unless you want to just admit that you're afraid that I'm right and you're wrong" Angel turned fast and retorted "No way, bucko. I admit nothing, just your plan is stupid" Angel was not going to admit to being wrong on something like this, she had far too much pride for that.

The boys would not give up, and soon Angel agreed to a set of terms for the bet. The boys would hose her before the test to prevent burns, then Chris would pay $10, not just $5, up-front before tying a single bottle rocket to one of her strings, lighting it, and seeing what happens. To make it sporting, Angel was required to keep her arms at her side the entire time and was not allowed to block, catch, or cover anything during the game. All of the cell phones were to be placed indoors, and there were to be no pictures, period. Every boy at the party gathered around for this game, and little Angel was starting to have second thoughts. Then again, Angel was also feeling a little bit of a stirring in her loins from a big group of boys trying to strip her topless. Perhaps she wasn't such an angel afterall.

So Angel was sprayed wet, and then Chris tied the right bikini top string around the base of the bottle rocket and lit it. Tension filled the air as everyone waited. Suddenly the rocket went off, and it instantly slipped right out of the knot and took off, leaving the bikini top untouched. Angel jumped up "BOOM, boy! Told you so"

Jason got up "No no no, he did it all wrong. Here, let me try" Angel backed away "No, we settled this. Unless you want to pay me ten bucks too." "Sure" Jason got his wallet, then handed her the ten bucks. Jason tied the string to the rocket stick in the middle, making sure to square knot it as tightly as possible, and then lit it. The crowd waited again, with Angel fighting her urge to cover by holding her arms to her side. The bottle rocket fired off, pulled the string to its max point, then managed to slip through again without staying on long enough to untie anything. Angel threw her arms up in victory again and called out "Anyone else wanna try and waste their money? I could use the college cash."

However, this taunt had the opposite effect that Angel was expecting. Instead of giving up, now basically every boy in the yard grabbed a ten dollars ready to pay for his own shot at stripping Angel's top off. Angel was starting to worry now, but she also counted up over $200 worth of attempts, and she was pretty confident that bottle rockets were too weak to do anything even if these fools figured out a way to make their tiny sticks not slip out of the wet knot. So one by one the boys tried their own unique strategies, and one by one they kept failing. Even Angel's brother tried once, just for the hell of it and to try and embarrass her in front of everyone, but he sucked pretty bad at it. It seemed impossible to get a bottle rocket to stay on the strings long enough to do any real pulling, right up until one boy mutilated the stick to get a better grip. This rocket actually pulled her string and undid the knot slightly before fizzling out, which made her scream at a higher pitch than the firework. But the top did not come undone, so she fixed the knot. A few other boys tried to duplicate this effort but failed utterly.

Somehow the crowd of boys trying for 20 minutes to strip her, and paying her a fortune just to try, was greatly turning Angel on. A part of her started to fantasize about one of them winning. A small part of her, but a part that was making her get more and more excited with each attempt. Her nipples were actually quite hard by now, and her pussy was soaked, and neither issue was caused by the constant blasts of water. She felt like a star, and she was very glad that no other girls were here to witness this game and judge her for it.

When the last boy in line gave up, finally a brilliant blonde boy named Gabriel spoke up and said "I can make this work. In fact, I'll pay FIFTY dollars to tie rockets to all six strings at once, if you're brave enough!" Angel thought "Wait...six strings?" Then it hit her...he meant the strings on her bottoms too! Gabriel was a genius, everyone knew this. Should she risk it? Then again, the other boys all failed, and this was a whole $50. So Angel confidently yelled "You're on!"

Gabriel then grabbed six rockets, but started walking towards the house instead of the girl. "I'll be back quickly, give her another good spray of water." Everyone wondered what he was up to, but sure enough he returned from the house holding just his six rockets...and a roll of Duct-Tape. On top of that, the boys and Angel all noticed that the stick ends of the bottle rockets were now in loops, as he had stapled the bottom ends of each in that shape. Angel and all of the boys now knew that this shit just got real!

Gabriel tied the bikini top and bottom strings around each loop tightly, which would be almost impossible for the rocket to escape from. Just to make sure, generous amounts of Duct-Tape were added around each knot to reinforce them. Gabriel taunted the girl, saying "So far the rockets were always breaking free or not getting maximum lift-off, and the one time that one got a good tug it was countered by the other half's friction. This time that won't happen. Still confident that bottle rockets aren't strong enough?" Angel was no longer even slightly confident, but she wasn't going to admit it "Yep, still confident. I've made like $300 today and nobody gets to see me naked. You guys probably could've gotten half the girls in your class to just strip naked at a party for less than 300 bucks. You guys either really hate to be proven wrong by a girl, or you just really wanna see my tits that badly"

Gabriel answered "It's a little bit of both, sexy darling" Having him call her "sexy darling" sent a little shiver through her body. She was clearly far too horny for her own good right now, and that little voice inside of her that was fantasizing about flashing her boobs was now full-on screaming in her head for her to bare it all. Meanwhile every other voice in her head was telling her to run, to quit, to give up, to do something before he lit the fuses. All of the boys were watching and cheering, as everyone knew this was the big moment.

**Angel's Firework Bet - Part 2**

The fuses were lit simultaneously by Gabriel and 5 friends, and then they jumped back. Angel shivered and waited, closing her eyes, opening her eyes, closing them again. She gripped her hands into fists and held her arms tightly by her side. Could she really stop herself from covering up her naked body if she lost her bikini? She had to keep her arms at her side or everyone would make fun of her and call her a chicken. The wait for the fuses felt like an eternity, as Angel looked at the lusty eyes of every boy there begging for her nudity. Her mind was caught between the fantasy of exposure and the embarrassing reality of it.

Suddenly they went off! The bottle rockets pulled in four directions, not escaping at all this time and showering her with sparks. She screamed, but not out of pain, as she felt all of her strings pull loose. The rockets exploded, and her bikini fell right off in front of everyone! She moved her arms up to cover up, but then caught herself and painstakingly lowered them back to her side, clenching her fists the entire time. Her nipples were showing, as hard as could be, her booty was completely bare, and she was afraid of what else might show so she closed her legs tightly. Her lack of pubic hair meant that every little detail of her lips would show the moment she unlocked her legs, so she held tightly and prayed for a miracle.

The boys went wild, everyone cheering and whistling. Jason yelled out "Hey, you can't block our view. You have to spread your legs some so we can see your pussy too." She didn't want to do it. She thought "Can't they see enough?" But then Gabriel said to her "Come on, gorgeous, you have no reason to be shy." something about the way he complimented her made her shiver and obey, as she parted her legs slightly and stood there in front of everyone on total display. Everyone got a great look at her breasts, butt, and even pussy lips, and poor Angel was solid red with both shame and arousal, and then shame about her arousal.

As a final act, the boys gathered an extra $100 between all of them, and offered it to Angel for one last favor. They described to her a very patriotic, and very lewd, pose that they wanted for her to make. At this point she felt that she might as well, so she agreed. She sat down on one of the beach towels, holding a lit sparkler in each hand, with her knees in front of her. "Oh God, why am I doing this?" she asked herself. "I don't need the money that badly, why am I about to show it all to every boy here?" She asked God, but her own inner voice answered her instead by saying "Because every boy here wants your body. Look how hard they all are in their shorts. All of them will touch themselves to you one alone...maybe a few will touch themselves while watching you!" Her inner voice succeeded once again in removing all hesitation.

So now, while everyone watched and cheered her on, Angel opened her knees as wide as they could go, giving every boy at this party a fully pornographic view of her smooth genital region in all of its naked, wet glory. The sparklers in her hands illuminating her every curve and feature. Her pussy was wet and throbbing, turning red from its desire to be touched...and its desire to be filled. Every boy there was never more proud to be an American than he was right at that moment. Angel looked into every single one of their eyes, seeing them drink of her flesh, and this filled her body with a fire that was every bit as wild and intense as the sparklers she held in her hands. She was naked, fully naked, and a whole crowd of boys were staring at every detail. She wanted to run, but she also wanted to stay. She wanted to cover up, but she also wanted to rub herself until her fingers fell off. Every instinct she had was fighting with one another, and deep down she knew that if she brought her hands near either her pussy or her nipples that she would not be able to stop herself from playing with those parts right there in front of everybody. She could not live with that much shame, so she swore to keep her hands clenched tightly, almost breaking the sparkler sticks, in an attempt to restrain her own hands and prevent them from covering her nudity. Several boys "accidentally" brushed their hands against their groins while she watched or just positioned their hands right in front of their bulges to play a little bit, and she saw each and every naughty touch they did.

Once the show was finally done, Angel quickly put on and retied her bikini after getting it free of the bottle rockets and tape. Afterall, she really didn't want to risk some boy sneaking inside to grab a phone and take a picture of her nude or anything. Speaking of which, once dressed she excused herself to go into the house to the little girl's room. Of course, this was all a ruse, as it was truthfully her throbbing pussy demanding immediate attention that forced her to run off and hide. She stripped naked again in an instant once behind the locked door, reliving her exposure in her head. She used her fingers to play with herself madly, but somehow it wasn't working like she expected. She was too far into it and her fingers just made her crave more, made her crave something long and hard inside of her. Three fingers inside of her and it was only adding to her torment instead of relieving it. Helplessness filled her, and she began to whimper slightly. She looked around for something, anything to use to satisfy her urges, as desperation filled her body in the very way that she needed something else to fill her. She exited the bathroom, still naked, still dripping, one hand refusing to move, stuck rubbing her clit. She found where the bigger fireworks were stashed, and she grabbed a very thick Black Cat roman candle wrapped in plastic before running back to the bathroom. No need for lube, she stuck it right in and plunged it in and out of her pussy at the speed of light until she finally came, using her other hand to cover her mouth to muffle the screams. She thrashed around so strongly that she accidentally banged up against pretty-much everything in range. It was as if every orgasm of her entire life just happened all at once, and the whole bathroom floor needed a wipedown now.

Finally satisfied! She very nearly passed out from the relief. After about a minute, she regained the ability to breathe normally, but now she was filled with a new form of shame. She quickly cleaned off the roman candle and placed it back where she found it. She knew that she was going to blush red all over again whenever one of the boys lit that one. Accepting her fate, she walked back outside, and was given a hero's welcome by the lusty crowd of boys. Maybe this wasn't so bad. She now has a legion of fans and over $400. Then again, she had just posed nude for 22 boys, including her younger brother, before secretly using a firework to get off, so maybe it WAS so bad. One way or another, she now had a bunch of people offering to take her 6 month test, and they knew that the reward would be more than worth dating her for half a year! Afterall, most people have to wait a lifetime to be touched by an Angel....

The End!