**Bowling for Clothes**

by**[Requiax](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3095865&page=submissions)**©

My name is Claire, and to look at me you would just think that I was a normal, regular young woman. Shoulder length blonde hair, sporty physique, casual dress sense. I'm the type of girl that goes to the gym, drinks wine with friends, works in an office in the big city, goes on dates with guys I meet on Tinder... nothing remarkable about me at all. But behind my façade of normality is one very big and surprising secret – I have a really specific kink which fuels my sexual fantasies.

My kink is all built around public exposure of my body. Basically, I get off on the idea of being seen naked, ideally in a public place and by people – friends or strangers – who have no business seeing me with my clothes off.

I fantasised about this a lot all through my teenage years, when I was discovering my sexuality and learning to masturbate. I would lie in bed most nights once my family were all asleep, imagining scenarios in which I would find myself naked in public, and I'd never fail to get myself off.

As I got older I began to understand that what I was planning out in my head wasn't enough: eventually, I knew, I would need to make my fantasy a reality, or I would never be fulfilled.

I pushed myself to the very limits of my bravery. I'd occasionally go out without knickers on and flash randomly, and on one or two occasions I'd find myself somewhere that I could get up enough courage to take all of my clothes off and wander about in the anticipation I might be seen naked. But while these were undoubtedly exciting things to do for a young woman, I felt strangely unfulfilled, because what I was doing to try and bring about my fantasy was never the same as what I had pictured in my head.

By flashing or stripping in places which weren't private, I was exposing my private parts, or my whole body, to others. But there was no ambiguity about what I was doing. I was showing myself, being an exhibitionist, true – but it was something I was clearly doing of my own free will, fully aware of the message I was giving.

But in my fantasies, public nudity and public exposure was never a matter of conscious choice for me – rather, it was always at someone else's urging. In my fantasies, I would be losing strip games (I didn't know the rules of poker but that somehow worked out in my fantasy, as I would imagine naively losing every round of a game of strip poker and winding up sitting there naked while every other player kept their full complement of clothes on!), forced to complete dares, coerced into skinny-dipping (with my clothes being stolen for good measure) and sometimes even subjected to humiliating forfeits.

I came to understand that for me, the thrill lay in the perception of being humiliated or doing something embarrassing. I didn't know if I would actually find public nudity to be humiliating or not, and I didn't actually feel like I needed to be humiliated – I just needed the other people, the people seeing me, to think that I was being humiliated, to look at me and feel I was doing something embarrassing that I wouldn't normally choose to do. If I flashed someone, or took off my clothes and walked around, I was being a "show off" – but that didn't feel like me. I wanted to be the person I was, the person in my fantasy – an innocent out of her depth, giving up control over my own body and what was covering it to other people, people who might find it funny or arousing or even appalling, but nevertheless were the ones in control. I needed to be naked because someone else made me take off my clothes, if possible with them even believing I was doing it against my will, or at least better judgement.

Unfortunately, while many teenagers find themselves getting involved in the sort of games where girls end up being coerced into stripping, none of my friends ever suggested them! We were all too good, or too shy, or too geeky, to get involved in such shenanigans, and on the rare occasions when I would be brave enough to suggest some sort of dare or forfeit-based game, nobody would ever dare me (or anyone else) to remove my clothes. The awkwardness and the frustration around dares with my friends wasn't enjoyable to me, and I soon gave up on the prospect of that happening any time soon. If I wanted to experience in reality what I thought about when I masturbated, I would need to get some new friends.

Fortunately, I did eventually finish my A-levels and go off to university, and in my second year there, when I was 20, I finally, finally got to live out my fantasy – and it was every bit as good as I had hoped it would be.

My best friends at university were two girls (Emma and Siobhan) and four boys (Mark, Josh, Kenroy and Greg).

Emma, Siobhan and I became friends during our first year, when we lived in student halls. All freshers lived in halls – the idea was that by the mid-point of your first year, you would have made some friends and you would be able to move into rented student housing with them. So it was with the three of us girls – we hit it off straight away, becoming study and drinking buddies, and when the time came to house-hunt there was no question that we wouldn't be living together in our sophomore and final years.

We picked an unremarkable student house in a terraced street with a 90% student population, and moved in (with the help of our families) in time for the new term to start in the September. The four boys, sporty lads who played (between them) rugby, hockey and football, were our neighbours, and we met them straight away. As a house of four guys, they were very happy to have three attractive female second-years as neighbours (and in the interests of fairness I should say we were quite happy to be living next door to four fit lads – between us, Emma, Siobhan and I slept with all four guys at different times during our uni days, although those hook ups all took place in times after the story I am telling now).

We all hit it off easily and quickly and would often pop round to each other's houses for food, drinks and chat, hold raucous parties across both properties and generally go around all together, all great mates.

Of course like a lot of students we spent a lot of time when we weren't studying in pubs and nightclubs, but we also developed a fun group hobby for when we had a bit of down time and wanted to chill out – we became regular visitors to the local bowling alley to play each other at ten-pin bowling.

Bowling was fun for the lads because they were naturally quite competitive – and good at it – and it gave them a chance to show off in front of us. We girls liked it because it was fun and pretty low-cost, and didn't involve a lot of heavy drinking and feeling like death the next day.

Well, in theory it wasn't supposed to involve heavy drinking... but the bowling alley did also boast a fully-stocked bar, and so on bowling nights the alcohol did sometimes flow.

As is the nature of such things, if you get competition and alcohol together, someone will find a way to make a drinking game out of it. So it was with bowling nights.

The rules were simple. Each of us would put in £5, which would be used to go to the bar and buy 10 shots (vodka or schnapps or something like that). These would be put in a line on the table behind the seating area of the alley.

Then, we'd bowl. Whoever scored the lowest in each frame would have to take a shot. If two people scored the same low score, whoever of those had the lowest overall score would do the shot. If they were even on that too, we'd flip a coin.

Of course, what this meant usually was that one of us three girls would end up drinking up to ten shots in a very short space of time, and having to go home! The problem was that it was tricky once you'd done one or two shots to stay as co-ordinated as you needed to be to avoid having to drink any more – and the more shots you drank, the worse your bowling skills became. This was fine for the boys, who were pretty good at bowling, so usually avoided drinking any more than one or two shots, and never ended up with the first drink. But for us girls, who weren't exactly stellar bowlers to start with, would end up "winning" all the shots and once one of us was the more worse for wear than the others, she was pretty much doomed!

So we would at times change up the rules – the player scoring the most in a frame would be the one doing the shot. This was actually a great leveller as the boys wound up having to do several shots early on, and as they got more drunk us girls would catch up and occasionally even overtake! But we still often played the "traditional" way, especially if we were setting up for a night out on the town.

"You know," I said one day apropos of nothing as we were in the middle of the drinking game, "you could really easily make a strip version of this."

I instantly clapped my hand over my mouth – I hadn't meant to say that! I had been thinking it, but I hadn't meant to say it out loud. None of my friends were aware of my kinky fantasies, they didn't know my youthful obsession with wanting to be forced into nudity by strip games and my frustrations at trying to get them to happen. I'd had no intention of sharing my inner thoughts with them, and after a moment I realised that my embarrassed reaction to my own statement might be saying more than just the statement itself.

Fortunately, none of them had noticed, as they were too busy laughingly agreeing with my suggestion!

"Yeah, totally," said Mark.

"What, you'd have to take one item of clothing off each frame, instead of a shot?" said Kenroy

"Yeah, or do both!" Gregg laughed.

"No way, then the loser would end up drunk and naked!" Emma chided.

"Oh, so it's one or the other for you is it Em?" joked Mark. Emma elbowed him in response.

"Wouldn't work," Gregg said knowledgeably. "You could just wear like 15 different things."

"How would you wear 15 different things?" Kenroy asked incredulously.

"7 pairs of socks?" Mark suggested.

"Nah, you'd need to know in advance you were gonna be playing," argued Kenroy. "Nobody wears 7 pairs of socks..."

So it went on. We didn't actually adopt a strip version of the game then and there – we just joked about doing it. But there was an easiness and a lack of embarrassment about the conversation which was a marked contrast to how my friends back home had behaved around similar subjects. It was fuel for thought to me – good thoughts. Thoughts so good they stayed with me for several weeks and made me run out several sets of batteries on my 'Rabbit'!

But I still needed help for my fantasy to become reality. I might have been the one to think of the idea for strip bowling, but I knew in my heart for it to really be my fantasy I couldn't be the one to instigate it. I had to be a coerced, maybe even somewhat unwilling, participant. No matter how much I wanted to be forced to strip off in front of my friends and every other customer in the bowling alley, nobody could know that I wanted it to happen, or the magic wouldn't work and I'd just be being an exhibitionist again.

Fortunately, a few weeks later, fate stepped in.

We had arrived at the bowling alley as usual and after a couple of straight games, we decided to crown the night with a round of the aforementioned "Bowling for Shots". However, we were pretty far from student load pay day, and when it came to pool our money for the 10 shots, we were woefully short the £25. Various suggestions were mooted, from buying a couple of pints of beer instead to just playing without alcohol, but nobody seemed keen on either of those.

Then Mark grinned. "There is one other way we could play," he said cautiously.

"What's that?" Siobhan asked.

He grinned a little more. "Well, you remember a few weeks ago, Claire had that thought..."

Gregg cottoned on. "No!" he laughed. "No, no!"

"What?" Siobhan asked.

"He's talking about playing Strip Bowling," Gregg said, laughing loudly.

"Yeah," Mark continued. "One item of clothing each time you lose a frame. It'll be a laugh."

You could see all four boys brains start to work. They were the best bowlers, much better than any of us girls. That meant none of them were likely to lose a frame, certainly not enough to wind up with all their kit off. That meant that if we agreed to it, we'd end up playing a game where only the girls would remove any clothes – and where one of us might end up completely starkers. At this point, none of us three girls had been in any way intimate with any of the lads, so what we looked like underneath our clothes was still unknown to them – but this way they might get to find out. The concept was evidently quite pleasing, as they all agreed to play.

My heart felt like it was skipping around my body. I might actually get to go from fantasy to reality!

Unfortunately, Emma and Siobhan had also done the same math and realised that they would be signing up to something that might potentially humiliate one of them – or both of them. Unlike me they obviously didn't find the idea of being forced to strip in public to be a turn on! We'd each had a few drinks so they might not be of sound judgement, but I still thought that there was a chance they might not go for it – and I didn't want to miss out. So I decided to take the initiative - and employ a little peer pressure of my own.

"Sure," I said confidently, "I'm in. Let's do this." I turned to my friends and put on a fierce "we can do this" expression.

(It wasn't quite my fantasy – in my fantasy I was reluctantly the last to agree to play the game, but I thought playing the shy ingénue right now would probably scupper the chances of either of my two girlfriends agreeing to play – and besides, there would still be enough of a thrill for me in the irony of the overconfident girl of the group winding up losing her clothes in a humiliating way).

"Atta girl," Mark said. "C'mon ladies, are you in, or out?"

"Well..." Siobhan was clearly considering it! My heart leapt again!

"We'll just get kicked out," Emma pointed out. I took a little consolation from this, though, that her primary concern was not that people might see her body, but that we might not be able to go bowling any more (me, I'd take being banned from a bowling alley to have my wildest sexual fantasy come true!).

"Nah, they'll be cool," Mark replied. "They never care how rowdy we get."

The girls looked round. Quite a few of the lanes were in use but it wasn't crowded – there weren't people right up next to us and the lighting was a little dim. They were obviously working out the risk – and fortunately for me it must have seemed reasonable, as first Siobhan then Emma agreed to play a strip game.

I was giddy with excitement as Mark recapped the rules ("same as Bowling for Shots - lowest scoring in each frame takes off one item of clothing. And that's clothing – no hair bobbles, earrings... if you can wear it in the shower it's not clothing."), but I knew I mustn't let it show. I needed to be showing solidarity with my sisterly housemates, who despite their agreement were not exactly bubbling over with enthusiasm.

Of course, they had no need to worry. I had no intention of letting either of them lose the bowling game – not if I wanted my fantasy to come true. I counted up in my head – I was wearing 6 items of clothing, not counting my bowling shoes, which would have to stay on (house rules!). That meant I would need to lose 6 frames to end up completely naked. We'd be playing 10, so even if one girl lost all the other 4 she'd still only be down to her underwear – only one of us would be fully nude. Of course, in the best case scenario either all the losses would be mine (and I'd end up playing the final four frames completely nude as well – the prospect of which was making me delirious) or the other losses would be spread among all other players and they'd only lose socks or shirts apiece, where I would again be the only one in any sort of nakedness.

So, my plan was to lose, and as quickly as possible, to end up naked as early as I could and prolong the experience of being forced to be naked in public. I was a pretty terrible bowler, but I wasn't always the worst. So if I was going to get my plan to work, I needed to throw the game to make sure I lost – and I needed to do it in a way that made it seem as though I was genuinely playing badly, and not just whipping ball after ball into the gutter in order to deliberately lose my clothes. My fantasy needed everyone around me to believe I was doing this as punishment, not reward!

Fortunately I had one advantage, being the last player to bowl each frame. That meant I could see my friends' scores and try to make sure I came in under them each time.

First frame went by as expected, with the boys all achieving respectable numbers and the two other girls scoring lower. In fact, both Emma and Siobhan were level on 5 apiece, which made it easier for me – I just had to score 4 or less and I was one item of clothing "ahead"!

I stepped up, intending to clip one or two pins to get a score of 4 – but I genuinely completely misjudged and sent my ball spinning into the gutter! A score of 0! Honestly, reader, I didn't do that on purpose – so at least my shock looked genuine. I sheepishly retrieved my ball and adjusted my aim, knocking down 3 pins.

"Claire it is, then!" laughed Kenroy. There was a pregnant pause while everyone waited to see what I would do – until I grasped my jumper by the hem and pulled it off over my head.

The lads cheered, although really I was revealing nothing. I had a t-shirt on under my jumper, all I'd done was the exact same thing I would have done had it gotten warm, and removed my top layer. But I guess I had shown that I, at least, was willing to enter into the spirit of the game, and greatly increased the boys' likelihood of seeing my goodies! My female friends looked relieved, too – perhaps they figured I was on a losing streak and would continue to bowl this badly, sparing them much humiliation.

Next frame went similarly. Everyone but me scored fairly high, I scraped by with a 4. Once again, attention turned to me.

I had a choice now. I was wearing a t-shirt, skirt, black tights, and of course my bra and knickers.

It didn't make sense to take my skirt off next, and I couldn't remove my underwear without removing the clothes on top. So I could either take off my t-shirt and bowl in my bra – but with every item of clothing below my waist still in place. Or, I could whip off my tights and bowl bare-legged. This would be more "natural" – as I was still feigning modesty, people would believe that I would consider myself still "dressed" at that point, in top and skirt with just my legs exposed – although it would cut down on the amount of time I would be exposed in any significant way.

In the end, I decided to go for the tights. I sat down on a stool and began to unlace my shoes, in order to get my tights off.

"Oi!" Mark challenged. "No cheating! Shoes don't count!"

My, he was a stickler for the rules – obviously wanted the best chance to see some flesh! I didn't reply, I just stepped out of my shoes, reached both hands up under my skirt and grasped the waistband of my tights.

There are two ways of taking off tights, if you are a woman. There's a slow, seductive way – alright, maybe not as sexy as taking off stockings, but done right it can be pretty hot – and the quick, practical way. I went for the second, quickly rolling the tights down my bare legs and stretching them to step out of them. I balled them up and chucked them in the vague direction of my jumper, then stepped my bare feet back into the bowling shoes.

I suddenly felt a lot more naked. Even though nothing was exposed – I was only dressed how I would on a hot summer's day – the sudden transition between covered legs and bare legs made my skin tingle and my bare feet inside the bowling shoes were a reminder of how unusual this was becoming. I was acutely aware that there were now only 4 more items of clothing between me and total nudity – and the next round I lost, I would be exposing more of myself than was acceptable in public. Butterflies danced in my stomach, and the anticipation alone was deliciously arousing.

There was a small setback next frame, as despite my best efforts I managed to knock down two more pins than Emma, causing her to be the loser. So I retained all four of my clothing items, while she pulled her jumper over her head. As with me, she wasn't revealing anything, but the lads cheered anyway, and this time their cheers began to attract looks from some of the other groups on nearby lanes. Clearly we were doing something, and their curiosity was piqued.

I sat with Emma as the boys bowled their turns in the next frame.

"How many things are you wearing?" she asked me.

"Four," I replied. "You?"

"Six" she said with a nervous grin. Emma was wearing jeans rather than a skirt – she'd evidently decided to count a single sock as one item. We had 7 frames to go including this one – from Emma's point of view, even if she did count her socks as two items, she could potentially still end up naked at the end if she lost 6 of the next 7 rounds. As the least capable bowler, she was obviously getting worried.

"It's ok," I said, trying to feign grim resignation, "I'm probably going to be the one who ends up naked. Serve me right for agreeing to this!" And of course, I'm going to make damn sure it's me, I thought to myself.

But the odds seemed to be against me. Or for me, if you think about it. Next frame Emma and I tied on 3 pins each, both losing. Worse, our scores overall were tied – there was no clear loser and that meant one thing; we had to flip a coin.

A coin was produced and I called tails. I was a little worried now – this might be another frame Emma lost, and as she got more nervous she might bowl worse – it would be harder to score lower than her and while that might not mean Emma ended up naked (unless she lost all of them) I might not end up fully nude either – and that was definitely the only outcome I wanted!

The coin came down, and Gregg called it. Heads! Emma was safe.

Emma was safe, and I had to remove one more item of clothing.

I was actually nervous now. I felt like I was at a point of no return. If I took one more thing off now, I was committing – I was saying to everyone around me, I accept my fate. If it is my fate to be completely naked in front of you all, I am accepting that now. Whether I removed my t-shirt next, or my skirt, I'd be exposing a lot more of myself to friends and to strangers than I would normally be expected to at a bowling alley! My fantasy was closer than ever to coming true.

I took a deep breath, reached behind myself and unfastened my skirt. I wriggled my hips and the skirt slid down my bare legs and dropped to the floor.

I stood there for a second, clad only in panties and a t-shirt (well, and my bra, but that wasn't visible). My t-shirt wasn't long, it barely skimmed the top of my panties. My panties weren't skimpy, I hadn't worn a thong – but they were quite brief, cut high in the leg, revealing a good portion of my butt. They were black, stark in contrast with my peach complexion.

I had the full attention of the guys now, and not just them. Other people had begun to look over from their own games, not casually, but paying their full attention to us and what we were doing. Some even wandered over – men and women – to stand nearby and spectate. It was obvious now that we were playing some sort of strip or forfeit game and they wanted to see the outcome; or at least, stare at my panty-clad butt as I bowled.

Even Emma and Siobhan were looking at me with a kind of awe.

My fantasy was coming true, and I almost felt dizzy with excitement. The thought that I could very well soon be naked in front of this audience, an audience who would be believing I was doing this because I had to, not because I wanted to, was almost too huge. I was already incredibly aroused and had no doubt I would be more so before long.

But there was still a game to play first.

The next round, again, I lost easily. I didn't even have to try to bowl badly now – I was so excited, the adrenaline going through me, that I no longer had any co-ordination skills!

When everyone realised I had lost, there was a hush. All eyes turned again to me. They knew, now, that I was either going to be down to my bra and panties – or else I would go all out and just be naked below the waist. Whatever I did, they were really going to start getting a show now.

I wasn't going to disappoint. I quickly whipped my t-shirt up over my head, and threw it onto the growing pile of my clothes.

I was in public then, in full view of all my friends and more than a few strangers, in just my underwear. I was more exposed than I had ever been in my life; the feeling was incredible, and within the next few minutes I would be even more exposed.

I wore a black bra, it wasn't a matching set with my panties but at least I didn't look too uncoordinated. It wasn't sexy underwear, nothing lacy or racy, just normal practical bra and panties. I looked down at myself: at my cleavage in my bra; at my smooth stomach, flat except for the slight swell all women have to their belly; at my long slender legs radiating from my panty-clad crotch. I was maybe a little more exposed than I would be in a bikini at the beach but I felt like I was revealing everything about myself.

I hugged myself. It would look like I was embarrassed – if I started striding around confidently in my underwear, that might give the game away. But I was determined not to cover up too much – the fun for me was in being fully exposed, not nearly exposed.

A bunch of guys had wandered over – young men but too old to be students like us. One of them approached Mark and Gregg, and they appeared to have a conversation which involved lots of looking at me, and laughter. After that short chat, two of the guys wandered off to the bar, and came back with 6 bottles of beer, and something in a glass. The beers were distributed between my four male friends and Emma and Siobhan, and then Mark came over and handed me the glass.

"I explained our little wager to them. He pointed out that we've got four frames left and you're shockingly bad at this – he thought you might need some Dutch courage!"

I sniffed the glass. It was brandy! I'd never been a big drinker of the stuff, but I certainly didn't want any pesky inhibitions getting in the way tonight, so I tipped it back and down my throat it went. It was warm and strong, and I gasped. I think my face was already red from being exposed publicly, but if it wasn't it certainly was after that shot!

The guys who had bought the drinks looked over, raising their bottles in salute. I grinned and raised my empty glass back. I was going to make their night, I was certain of that!

Next frame I relaxed a little, and in letting my attention wander managed to out-bowl both Emma and Siobhan! Emma came last again, and there was an audible disappointment when people realised that I wasn't going to be removing either of the two items I was still wearing just yet.

Emma shyly sat down, removed one shoe and pulled off her sock. She grinned at me and wiggled her bare toes, before putting her shoe back on.

"Hang on!" one of the spectators said, "she's only took one off!"

"Is he right?" Kenroy asked Mark. Apparently Mark was the referee now! "Is it one sock, or one pair of socks?"

Mark thought. "Should really be one item. Pair of socks is two items. So she doesn't have to take them both off... this round!"

I should probably mention at this point that Emma is a gorgeous brunette with a pair of the best looking, big and beautiful boobs I have ever seen. She turns heads wherever she goes, more than either me or Siobhan and we aren't bad looking either (if I do say so myself!). I guess quite a few people there had been hoping she would be the one losing all her clothes tonight and not yours truly – I had to hope they wouldn't be disappointed when my more modest figure was revealed!

So (if you're keeping score at home) we had played 6 frames, with 4 to go. I'd lost 4 of them, and was wearing just my bra and knickers. This round might lead to me being even more exposed. I could barely contain my excitement.

I stepped up to bowl, threw the ball, and winged one pin. Score one for me – nudity here I come! I waited for the pins to reset and then threw my second ball.

My heart sank. Rather than veer off to get me a low score, as I had so many times already tonight, the ball flew straight and true, knocking the remaining pins flying. I'd made a spare!

I couldn't believe it! When I'd try to win I'd never bowl that well – now I was trying to lose, and I put in a great shot!

I turned to my friends and the assembled spectators. They cheered my shot... and then they cheered again! I couldn't figure out why, until I looked up above my head behind me to the score screens. A big fat zero had appeared in my column on the score card, and an animation followed to show what had happened.

My foot had gone over the line at the start of the lane. My shot was a fault, and didn't score.

I'd scored one, and everyone watching had figured out pretty quickly that this meant I was going to take my bra off.

My heart was racing and I felt a little dizzy. All eyes were on me, as I reached up behind my back with both hands. I unhooked first one clasp of my bra, then the other. I wasn't hurrying this – I didn't want to appear too eager. And really, I wasn't – I was so overwhelmed with excitement that if I moved quickly I felt it would be too much to bear!

As the clasp of my bra came free, and the elastic lost its tension around my ribs and shoulders, the reality hit me. Soon I would be in public wearing nothing but a pair of panties. I didn't even have the possibility of hair hanging down to give me a bit of modesty – my hair was tied up in a ponytail. The only way I could stop people seeing all of my breasts, all of my nipples, would be if I covered them with my hands – which would be impossible to do for the duration as we still had three frames of a bowling match to play!

I swallowed, my mouth suddenly dry. I brought my arms forward and flexed my shoulder muscles, causing the bra to fall away. It fell down my arms and I caught a strap and peeled it away entirely, depositing my bra with the rest of my clothes.

I had done it, I was topless now in front of everyone. No, not topless. Topless to me implied walking around with jeans and no shirt on. I was just dressed in panties – I was nearly naked!

My nipples stood to attention – partly from the shock of suddenly being exposed, but mostly I am sure from arousal. I don't have big boobs – just perky 32B breasts – but I certainly had enough to give the people watching a good sight.

It seemed like forever that I was frozen there, hands at my sides, facing my audience, my nipples hard, my breasts exposed, but it can't have been long because a smattering of cheers and wolf-whistles brought me back to reality. I grinned, sheepishly, and covered my bare breasts with my folded arms. I would much rather have just completely exposed them then and there, but I still didn't want to appear as though I was enjoying this (too much, anyway – I think by now most people had realised I was having fun, if not nearly as much fun as they were having!) – and anyway, it would soon be my turn to bowl again, and my tits would once more be on display.

Sure enough, it was impossible to bowl and cover myself at the same time, so I gave the assembled friends and strangers (including, I noticed now, a few of the people who worked at the bowling alley – obviously we didn't need to worry about being asked to leave before this would come to its conclusion!) another great view of my exposed breasts and perky nipples as I took my throw. My legs were wobbling by now, and I was glad to be wearing black panties, as while the crotch was sticking to me with my own wetness, at least the only person who currently knew just how turned on I was was me.

My breasts jiggled as I threw the ball and I laughed. I had already been a big fan of bowling with clothes on – without them, it was ten times more fun!

I scored a fairly respectable three pins on my first of the two throws. The boys were all safe with strikes or spares, and Siobhan and Emma were on 7 and 6 each. I genuinely didn't know how it was going to go down, but I knew if I scored 3 or less on the second throw, I'd have to lose my panties and be completely naked.

I know! How terrible! Slender, blonde, little me, completely naked and exposed in front of all those people – how would I bear it?

Well, I won't keep you in suspense any longer. 2 pins went down. I scored 5 that frame. I'd lost another frame, and with it had lost my right to the last piece of clothing I was wearing.

Time seemed to slow. I could hear people cheering, as they realised what my score was and what that meant. But I felt like I was in the spotlight on stage at the theatre. My audience was a blur of faces, whirling around in front of me. My ears rang. My heart was pounding in my chest and my stomach was so full of butterflies it felt like it was going to lift me up in the air.

I took a few deep, calming breaths (which must have made my bare breasts rise and fall beautifully) and steadied myself. Then I hooked a thumb in each side of my waistband, and quickly, like ripping off a band-aid, I pulled my panties down. I briefly relished the little kiss as the fabric of my panties parted from the exquisite wetness of my smooth pussy lips, then I stretched my panties over my clownish bowling shoes, balled them up and tossed them aside. I straightened up and stood, naked, arms by my sides, in front of my friends and everyone else who had come to watch in anticipation of this moment.

My god, but I felt incredible! This was everything I had ever wanted, my sexual fantasy coming true at last. All these eyes on me, and me completely exposed, naked from head to foot (well, ankle), nothing covered. I had no long hair to hide my breasts and, with the exception of a miniscule "landing strip" my fine blonde pubic hair was also completely shaved. Looking down I could make out perfectly the smooth cleft that marked the point where my mound diverged to the two lips of my outer labia, and I was sure everyone else could see it too. People I knew who had never seen me naked now knew exactly what I looked like under my clothes in intimate detail, and even those who had seen me bare before (my two housemates in other words) had never seen me so exposed in such a "humiliating" fashion.

Humiliating! That was right! I was supposed to be the victim here! And standing there showing everything full frontal with no move to cover up was not quite the sort of behaviour one should expect a "good" girl to display. I hoped my statue stance would be taken for a rabbit-in-the-headlights fear freeze, and quickly snapped into life, wrapping one arm across my chest to hide my nipples, and cupping the other hand over my private parts, as if desperate to conceal them.

That last gesture was, perhaps, a mistake. Until then I had been largely ignoring how aroused I was by the events of tonight, but all it took was the slightest brush of my fingers against my smooth lips, the briefest hint of a touch of the wetness between my legs, and I knew I was more turned on than I had ever been in my life. My lips were swollen, my clit throbbed and my pussy ached to be touched, caressed. But my common sense remained – I knew that while stripping in front of my friends was a safe enough pursuit, one that would be great for stories in future and treated as a bit of a laugh, masturbating to orgasm in front of an audience of a couple of dozen people would be something that might well cause me to get a slightly different reputation; one that might follow me through uni and beyond – and I wasn't prepared for that. So I discretely bit my lip, took a few deep, calming breaths, and tried to get a handle on my arousal.

It was difficult, though! This was my fantasy, finally mine to experience for real. All the times as a teenager I had laid on my bed furiously fingering myself while imagining moments like this. All those times in my short adult life where I had reclined in the bath with a shower head or under my duvet with my 'Rabbit' pressed against my clit – even when my mind wandered in the middle of fucking someone – this is what I had been dreaming of, and I had finally achieved it.

I wandered, dazed, back away from the lane to where my friends all sat, where the onlookers had also gathered. People cheered and applauded my nudity. The boys I was here with clasped my shoulders and heartily patted me on the back. My girlfriends hollered and grinned – I'm sure they were relieved that the forfeit of nakedness had been fully mine, but equally I think they were just having a good time at my expense, or simply sharing in my own enjoyment of the moment.

Someone pressed a cold beer towards me. Without thinking, I took it, removing my hand from my private parts to do so. Now, with beer in hand, I had only one free arm to cover myself – so I simply shrugged and dropped the cover, allowing myself to behave as if fully clothed, feigning obliviousness to my exposure.

I couldn't tell you how the remaining two frames went. Yes, that's right, although I was already fully naked, the bowling game had to continue (the electronic scoreboard wouldn't reset if it didn't). I could have bowled all gutter balls or a succession of strikes, I was completely oblivious to it. I will say though that bowling completely naked is a lot of fun (as is doing anything completely naked which you might normally do clothed, with the possible exception of spot-welding!) and I remained very conscious of my own nudity throughout.

The game finally ended, and for a moment or two I simply stood, unsure what to do next. I had never played a strip game before, and I didn't know what was supposed to happen afterwards. Was I considered free to put my clothes back on? In all honesty, I truly didn't want to – I wanted to stay naked as long as possible. But how long could I stand there – nude, exposed, aroused, drinking my beer – before I stopped looking like a fun, good sport girl and more like a weird pervert? How long before it would become obvious that I wanted to be naked because it excited me and not because I lost a bet.

Fortunately, Mark came to the rescue.

"Game over then lads and lasses," he began, "and well done to Claire for being a good sport – and bad enough at this that she lost all her clothes before the game even finished."

(I loved that. In my fantasies it was always my own ineptitude or overconfidence that would lead to me winding up naked and humiliated – the fact that everyone thought I was currently nude because I was a crap bowler and not because I had deliberately played badly gave me a little tingle of additional pleasure).

"In fact," Mark continued, "Claire not only lost the bet, and her clothes..." he paused here for dramatic effect, "but she also lost... the whole game!"

Sure enough, my score overall put me firmly on the losing rung.

"Now," Mark continued, "Claire's already been a great sport, we can't deny that..." He was a bit drunk now, I think – maybe someone had bought him a few more beers for suggesting a game where I'd ended up stripped off! "But, a display of bowling that bad can't go unrecognised!"

You can tell Mark was in the rugby team. They were the absolute worst on campus for banter, and it seemed like I was about to get both barrels. While, I don't need to point out, still completely naked in public!

"What are you saying?" asked Gregg. He was Mark's rugby team-mate and was obviously going to play straight man here.

"I'm saying," Mark went on, "it's time for us to decide her forfeit!"

Forfeit? Forfeit?! I had taken all of my clothes off and was currently naked in front of at least 20 people (potentially more, if the people towards the other end of the bowling alley, who hadn't yet realised that there was a naked 20-year-old woman here, cottoned on). That was a forfeit already, surely?

Siobhan pointed out as much, but Mark disagreed.

"That was the bet for each frame," he pointed out. "Now we're talking about what she has to do for losing the whole game."

There followed a fairly lively discussion, between both my friends and some of the other interested spectators (who, perhaps realising I wasn't putting my clothes back on in the near future had decided to stick around) as to exactly what forfeit a girl who is already naked can perform. Quite a few of the suggestions – especially from the spectators, were fairly obscene ("Put a beer bottle in her where?!") and made me flush crimson. I had been up for stripping, certainly, but the thought of involving myself in some sort of public sexual humiliation was getting far away from my comfort zone – fortunately, none of my actual friends were willing to take such suggestions seriously.

They talked it over but, a decision couldn't be reached. There were strong supporters of me being forced to do some sort of public streak (yes please!), perform a lap dance for the person who had won the game – which had been Josh (I was less sure about this one – aside from general discomfort I had about sticking my pussy in Josh's face, I'm a terrible dancer and had no idea how to perform said lap dance) and a few others, but nobody could agree.

In the end, they decided to settle things the only way we could – another bowling game. Just the guys playing this time, with the winner earning the right to decide my fate.

Privately, I was elated. Another game, during which I was, in the spirit of the challenge, required to remain in my current, naked state? Sure, the boys were better bowlers and with just 4 players the game would be over much quicker than the last one, but it was still an incredible feeling to know still more nudity lay ahead. I felt so exposed, I almost needed to pinch myself to make sure I wasn't having that dream where you turn up naked somewhere, that this was really happening and that the clothes I had come out in were currently laying on the floor in a bowling alley.

The lads busied themselves with trying to win my fate, while I stood off to one side, nude, protected by Siobhan and Emma, and cheered them on. Publicly I had decided to remain impartial – privately I was rooting for Gregg, who was championing the suggestion that I go outside and perform a streak up the street. The thought of being naked in the open air and forced to expose myself to even more people was almost too exciting to believe.

Mid-way through the game, the boys started looking to me to bestow good-luck favours. Their manner towards me had become increasingly flirty, and I was reasonably certain that if I had reclined back on the seat at that moment and spread my legs apart, there would have been a short fight before one of them would have dropped his trousers and fucked me then and there.

The first favour came from Gregg, he asked me to kiss his ball. Oi, cheeky, his bowling ball! He lifted it up and I kissed the cool surface, before he sent it spinning down the lane. It won him a strike, so of course the next bowler, Kenroy, demanded a similar favour – but he wanted something more than "just a kiss" for his ball, although he didn't specify what. I'd had an idea though, and I invited him to hold his ball out in front of him at about the height of my chest. I leaned forward and pressed first my left, then my right nipple against the cold, curved surface of the ball. There was much laughter and cheering, and Kenroy grinned as he looked down to see that the coldness of the ball had once again caused my nipples to stiffen and stand proud. He went to his throw and, like Gregg, won a strike.

Next up to bowl was Mark.

"Just a kiss from your lips," he said when I asked him what the favour he was requesting was. I leaned forward as if to kiss the ball but he stopped me. "No, no," he said, "your other lips!"

I blushed bright red, but his cheeky grin cracked me up. What could I do but honour his request? He held the ball in both hands, kneeling before me (I realised later that in his kneeling position, he had a fantastic close up view of my pussy as I did this – I'm sure that wasn't his intention at all!) and I stood over the ball with my legs apart. I bent my knees, lowering myself until I felt the surface of the ball cool and hard against my inner thighs. I'm not sure if I actually managed to connect the engorged lips of my treasure with the bowling ball itself but it certainly gave the appearance I had, and Mark withdrew his ball, to much laughter.

The laughter increased when Gregg suggested he was cheating by adding "additional lubrication" to his bowling ball, while Kenroy suggested this wouldn't be a problem as it would probably slip out of his hands (I'm not sure about these lads understanding of female bodily functions, as even as aroused as I was, I wasn't producing enough wetness to lubricate an entire bowling ball!). Mark said nothing, he just held his ball up to his face, as if (exaggeratedly) giving it a big sniff, then gave a grin and a thumbs up to me, to roars of laughter.

"Pervert!" I laughed back.

Mark threw his ball – which went wide and dropped into the gutter. There was much joking about "over lubrication" following that, but it also put an end to the favours business, as it seemed to demonstrate that whatever other positive qualities naked me had, magic game-winning genitals weren't among them!

The game continued but I had another, more pressing issue. I needed to visit the bathroom!

Until now I had remained safely in and around the lane we'd been bowling in. I had an audience, which I was enjoying – but they were all people who were "in" on the gag, on what I was doing. Most had arrived mid-way through the strip game and knew what we were doing and why I had no clothes on. I almost felt comfortable naked in their presence – I suppose once you've revealed everything to someone, you no longer feel quite so intensely about what they are seeing.

But the rest rooms were a way away, back towards the entrance to the alley. If I was going to go there, I would be stepping away from the space I had established was safe for me to be naked in, and into an unknown territory.

But, I did need that bathroom.

Funnily enough, despite how much attention I was receiving, it was easy for me to slip away! I guess very briefly that the game became more interesting than the pretty blonde girl walking round totally naked – I must try harder in future!

I strode across the carpeted area towards the rest rooms. Garish coloured flashing lights from arcade games and sideshows of the sort found in all bowling alleys illuminated my naked body. As I neared the rest rooms I became more obvious to the patrons of the alley who hadn't previously been close enough to see what was going on that yes, there was indeed an attractive naked woman walking through their bowling alley. They stopped what they were doing and stared. Even the girl on the shoe desk, who clearly hadn't been made aware by her colleagues what was going on, looked on open-mouthed as I quickly entered the corridor where the rest rooms were.

That short walk, and feeling those eyes all over my body, had once again stirred in me incredible feelings of arousal. I looked around me. There was nobody around, nobody had followed me. Could I-?

I considered going straight to the rest room, but I find bathrooms are unpleasant places to do that sort of thing. Instead I followed the corridor around. It twisted and turned, past doors not open to the public, perhaps offices or storage closets or maintenance rooms. I tried a few doors but all were locked, and when I reached the end of the corridor – a fire exit, I simply gave up. I leaned against the wall, sank down to a sitting position, the carpet soft against my bare bottom and legs. I widened my legs and my hand found its way between them. My fingers caressed the slick wetness – my god I was aroused! I needed to cum, needed it badly, my pussy throbbed and ached for the release I would have long since had if this had been only fantasy and not real life. I stroked my clit, up and down, concentric circles, rapid movement to bring myself off quickly – but I needn't have worried. The lightest touch was all I needed to bring myself to the brink of orgasm, and with little movement I was soon cumming hard, head tilted back, biting the soft part of my free hand, between thumb and forefinger, to stop myself from crying out in ecstasy. My whole body shook with my orgasm, and I continued to play as it subsided, bringing myself back over the brink again.

When I'd cum twice, I finally relaxed my hand. I sat there a moment, coloured dots dancing in my vision. When I tried to get up my legs wobbled like Bambi on ice, but finally I was able to stand and staggered, slightly dazed, to the restroom. I still felt incredible – two orgasms had taken the edge off of my arousal, but I was still acutely aware of my own nakedness, and excited in anticipation of more people seeing me naked tonight.

I used the bathroom, forcing myself to pee despite how tender and sensitive that whole area had become! I wiped and flushed and then walked to the basins. I splashed my face with water to try and bring myself back to focus. I leaned on the basin stand and looked at myself in the mirror. Blonde hair in a ponytail. Natural makeup. Perky 32B breasts, flat stomach, barely-there landing strip of blonde pubic hair, everything else shaved. I turned around to admire my bare butt. I was a knockout, I decided – and I was completely naked in front of all these people. Lucky them, I thought – and of course, lucky me!

I'd just finished admiring myself in the mirror than the door to the bathroom opened, making me jump. A young woman of similar age to myself entered.

She stopped when she saw me. She didn't look pleased.

"Are you hiding in here?" she asked. I didn't answer at first, so she carried on. "It's not right, you know. This, what they are doing to you. I've been watching. You don't have to go around like that, they shouldn't make you. Some stupid bet – you don't have to go through with it."

It took me a moment to place her, but then I realised she was one of the spectators who had gathered to watch me lose the bowling game and strip. But while others (men and women) had been laughing and cheering me on, she'd been looking on with a disapproving expression on her face. Clearly she thought I was some poor simple or drunk girl being taken advantage of by horny lads who had coerced her out of her clothes. No surprise, really, as that was the act I had been portraying (I didn't think my acting was that good but apparently I was wrong)! The whole point of living out my fantasy was that I wanted to appear that I was naked in public even though I didn't want to be – I should have realised that some people might find that, from their point of view, problematic.

I had no answer straight away. I wasn't quick enough or smart enough to think of a better explanation, other than the truth.

"To be honest," I said after a moment's pause, "this isn't what it looks like. I'm not actually doing this because of the bet or because I'm being made to. Well, that is what is happening, true – but it's happening because it's what I wanted to happen."

She looked confused.

"Look," I continued, "this is going to sound weird, but what's happening right now, me having to strip naked in front of loads of people, having to walk around naked in public because I lost a bet – that has been something I have fantasised about for years. I didn't suggest the bet I made, but, well, I deliberately lost the game, I deliberately tried to throw badly, so I could end up losing all my clothes."

"But why?" the woman asked.

"Like I said, this has been a fantasy of mine for a long time, but I needed it to feel genuine. I couldn't just take off my clothes and parade around – I needed the game element, I needed people to think I wasn't doing this just because I wanted to. I've waited a long time for the chance to fulfil this particular fantasy of mine and I'm having, 100%, the best time of my life tonight. I'm not humiliated or embarrassed, nobody's making me do this out of peer pressure or taking advantage of me – if I hadn't wanted to get naked, I never would have become involved in this in the first place. I feel fantastic – this is probably too much information but I've had two orgasms tonight already and that's nothing compared to what I'll be getting when I get home and replay all this in my head. I'm loving this, so you needn't worry."

"Wow," the girl said. "That's – that's not what I was expecting."

"Well, there it is," I said.

"Wow," she repeated.

"Yep."

"Two orgasms?"

"Yep."

"Wow." She grinned. "Well, lady, you are one kinky woman!"

"I'd say that's a fair assessment," I laughed.

She grinned. "Nah, it's cool. I like it. I'm glad you're getting what you want." She thought for a moment, then her eyes lit up. "Hey," she said, "you want me to hide your clothes?.."

When I left the restroom and returned to the game, the boys were just wrapping up. A few more spectators had gathered, having noticed me either on the way too or from the restroom and drifted over to see what the naked girl was going to do next.

I stood and watched the final frames. I tried to remember to pretend to be embarrassed, to cover my breasts with my arm and my exposed pussy with my hand, but my mind wandered and I kept forgetting to keep up the act, so everybody got a good show.

In the end, to everyone's surprise, Kenroy won the game. I was at first a little disappointed as I had hoped Gregg would win and have me streaking down the road outside – but when I heard Kenroy's forfeit described in detail, I had to congratulate him, it was perfect.

Kenroy pointed over to the arcade games – and specifically to a dancing game, where the player had to keep up with the rhythm on a music track by hopping and skipping on coloured squares on a podium. "That," he said simply. "She has to play a round on that, naked."

The guys groaned and groused at him. They had been hoping for something sexy and exciting and instead they were just going to see a naked girl play an arcade game for a few minutes – they clearly felt he had wasted an opportunity.

When I got over to the machine, though, with my little crowd of spectators in tow, and someone popped in a pound, and I began to play, they soon changed their tune and realised the genius of Kenroy's suggestion. The podium had handrails you needed to use to steady yourself – I didn't need to hang on to them all the time but to keep my balance they were definitely needed – which meant no using my hands to cover my breasts or private parts. The game's podium elevated me, too, putting my in a position where everyone had a good view.

But, more importantly than that – this was an active game. I would essentially be doing a mix of running on the spot, jumping up and down, skipping and playing hopscotch – all while completely naked! I don't know (if you're a woman) if you've ever attempted any properly physical activity – sport, exercise or dancing – with no clothes on, but if you haven't, take it from me – a considerable amount of jiggling will occur. Even on someone like me, with relatively small breasts, keeping up with the rhythm of the game had me bouncing around like crazy. Short of finding me a trampoline to jump up and down on, Kenroy's forfeit for me had gotten the most movement out of my naked body that the crowd had seen all night, and they were enjoying every tit-wobbling, ass-shaking moment. He got a lot of congratulatory pats on the back for this one (including an imaginary one from me).

Because there was one thing even Kenroy hadn't known when he chose this forfeit – I am insanely good at these dancing games. Despite my lack of rhythm for real dancing, I have had a huge amount of practise on these games thanks to summer holidays at the seaside where the pier arcades are full of them, and my siblings and I had wasted many an hour perfecting our skills. So despite only £1 going in, I was able to work my way through several songs before my credits ran out. I danced for what seemed like ages, skipping, jumping, stepping and even performing the occasional spin to reward my fans with a better glimpse of my body. There was no room for even false modesty in my exertions, I wound up sweaty and breathless and had given everyone watching a good and revealing show before finally it was Game Over.

And Game Over it was for the night, too. We weren't bowling any more – in fact, we had only a few minutes before the alley was closing for the night. Sadly, it was time for me to get dressed again, and I returned to our lane to do so.

After a minute or so, though, a worried expression crossed my face.

"Guys," I asked my friends, "where are my clothes?"

Is there much more to tell? Well, the alley staff were predictably unsympathetic when we told them my clothes had gone missing. We had to be out regardless, they told us, it was time to close up. "We'll let you know if your clothes turn up," one of the male staff leered.

So it was that I removed my bowling shoes, slipped on my own shoes and made my way outside the bowling alley - still completely nude! The night air was a lot colder than the inside of the bowling alley and it was a shock to my bare skin – goosebumps spread over me and my nipples stiffened.

The alley was on a main road and I stood there awkwardly for a few moments. Cars, mostly taxis at that time, sped past, honking their horns when they realised there was a naked girl stood on the pavement. I was fully exposed in an even more public place than the bowling alley and the horns and occasional catcalls meant I was very aware of my own nudity. I gave an embarrassed wave – what else could I do.

After a moment longer my friends surrounded me, shielding me from the public eye. Someone proffered me a jacket to cover up with – and it was at that moment that a familiar face appeared.

"Sorry," the girl from the bathroom said. "I think these are yours. I picked them up as we were leaving, then I couldn't find you."

She handed me a bundle – it was, of course, my clothes.

I gushed with gratitude and began to quickly dress. It was cold, after all.

In case you haven't twigged yet, this bit had all been planned. After our conversation in the bathroom, the girl, whose name was Maggie, and I had worked out a plot for me to have one last bit of fun. While everyone was watching me perform on the rhythm game, Maggie had gone round gathering up my bra, panties, tights, t-shirt, skirt and jumper, bundled them up and taken them out of the alley with her when it was time to leave. My confusion at being unable to find my clothes was feigned – I'd known exactly where they were, and had just wanted an excuse to not put them on, to extend my nudity a bit further.

The fact of the alley staff chucking us out with me still naked hadn't been guaranteed, of course, but it was the situation I had hoped for (and I was fairly sure, given how they had been enjoying my performance all evening, that they would probably relish the thought of leaving me naked, never finding my clothes again). It was one last chance to be exposed out in public apparently not of my own choosing, and I wanted to take it.

I'd told Maggie to bring me my clothes if somebody stepped up to over me coverage – after all, I couldn't very well refuse a kind offer of a jacket or sweatshirt without people starting to realise that maybe being naked was more enjoyable to me than I had been letting on. So true to her cue, she'd appeared from the crowd when I was offered a jacket, and everything had gone just as I expected.

What was a little more unexpected was that as I was dressing, Maggie leaned over and put her face close to mine. "My number's written down on a bit of paper in the pocket in your skirt," she whispered. "I've got a boyfriend but he's kind of boring. You're much more fun. Call me sometime."

And before I could answer, she'd gone.

So that's the story of the time I played strip bowling. We walked home after that and I pleaded tiredness and went straight to bed. Of course, I had no intention of sleeping, although I did eventually crash out, exhausted, after masturbating myself to a succession of the greatest, most incredible orgasms I have ever had. Over the next few days and weeks I replayed every moment of that night in my head, using my hand, my 'Rabbit' or the shower head in the bathroom to get myself off over and over again.

To be honest, it got to the point where it started to become embarrassing – I'd be sat watching TV with the girls and some memory of that night would return unbidden to my mind, and I'd almost always have to disappear off to my room for a while to "take care of myself", so arousing was it.

But in the end, things calmed down, although I could always return to my memories any time I wanted to.

I became something of a local legend once word got around. Did we play strip bowling again? Of course we did! Did I lose again? Again, of course, although much less spectacularly. And did I have to do any more extra forfeits? Well, lets just say my lap dancing skills are now much improved!

In fact, my sportsmanship and willingness to take off my clothes that night meant that I found in the months and years that followed, among that group of friends, that dares, bets and forfeits were much more likely to come my way.

Mark, in particular, cottoned on fairly quickly that I was actually quite enjoying that sort of behaviour, and became one of the people in my life most keen to goad me into playing such games. In fact, it was only a few weeks after that he invited me up to his room to play a private game of 'Heads or Tails'... well, I found it a lot harder to rig a coin toss in my favour but I'm always up for a challenge and as in this particular case the challenge ended for me in a night of astoundingly good sex with the rugby boy, I found no reason to complain!

As for Maggie, the girl who I met at the alley who became my accomplice in hiding my clothes and gave me her phone number after. Did I call her? Well, that's a story for another time…