**Carla's Pals Give Thanks for Her**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

Walking home at the end of her Wednesday work day, Carla paid more attention than usual to the sights along her route on this, her last working day before leaving town. The trip from the bank where she worked to her apartment was as simple as could be; turn right after clearing the front door and walk three blocks, crossing the street somewhere along the way where traffic allowed. Finding a convenient place to cross was all too easy these days; the historic business district of Ardmer, Oklahoma had long ago lost most of its customers to newer shopping centers and office buildings on the outskirts of town, making crossing the main drag no problem. Still, she thought it was a pleasant enough stretch, with a few fun shops and restaurants, "nice, but not enough to keep me here," she thought as she came to her building.

She had given her manager two weeks' notice two weeks ago. She told him she wanted to move back to the Pittsburgh area, to be closer to her family. Her explanation was true but incomplete. She didn't mention that the only reason she had ever laid eyes on this town in the first place was her decision to follow her boyfriend Ethan as he returned to his hometown when they both graduated from college. With the relationship now definitively ended by Ethan's decision a few months ago to get back together with his high school sweetheart, Carla was more than ready to end the Ardmer chapter in her life. Other than finishing packing up her stuff in order to be out of her apartment by December 1st, she was basically done with this town.

Carla would rather have moved earlier, but since she hadn't lined up a new job yet and her lease ran through November she'd delayed her departure. With a deadline now looming, she planned on spending a good part of the four day Thanksgiving weekend packing for her move. Before getting down to work boxing up her belongings, she decided to stop by at what had become her favorite place in the town, a bar a few doors down the street from her apartment.

Named, for no obvious reason, "The Whistlestop," the place was not quite a dive but had clearly seen better days. She often wondered how it could stay in business at all with as few patrons as it had; seeing more than eight customers at a time was highly unusual, and usually half of that number was all you were likely to find chatting with the bartender. All the regulars knew each other and apparently had done for years, probably for decades.

Carla stood out from the Whistlestop's longtime customers in every way imaginable; she was almost always the only woman in the place, younger than the average customer by at least a decade or two, was usually the only college graduate present, and was just generally Not-From-Here. Being an outsider hadn't prevented her from being warmly welcomed into the joint's barfly society; she generally stayed for two beers, maybe as many as three on a weekend visit if she had a meal and was watching a football game. However long she stayed, she never seemed to need to buy herself more than one round. Anything more than that was usually covered by one or another of the regulars.

Being a very nicely proportioned young woman with a pretty face certainly helped keep her spending down, but she quickly learned that though her middle-aged fellow barflies liked to flirt with her, they didn't expect buying her a drink to lead anywhere. She wasn't sure if they were too worried about their wives finding out to make a play for her or if they were just genuinely well behaved. Whatever the reason, other than the occasional mild comment when she was wearing something shorter or tighter than one of her typical workplace outfits, the men she hung out with at the Whistlestop treated her more like just another drinking buddy than a possible conquest.

The outfit Carla was wearing as she entered the Whistlestop this particular evening was more or less her regular weekday look as the days were getting cooler; a white button-down blouse over somewhat heavy leggings, with a long lightweight sweater, partly for the slightly chilly walk to and from work but also good to provide coverage for the lighter weight leggings she sometimes wore. Despite today's leggings being conservative enough for work, she knew she could count on a comment or two from some of her fellow customers, nothing particularly rude, just their weird way of letting her know they thought her butt looked good. Right on schedule, Keith, one of the regulars, welcomed her as she stepped up to the bar, "Well hello, Carla! I see you forgot your skirt again, not that I'm complaining."

"Well, Keith," Carla replied as she took off her sweater and draped it over an empty barstool, "I don't expect you to be up on the latest fashions, but no, I'm not wearing pantyhose, these are called LEGGINGS, and they're perfectly respectable work wear, especially with the tails of my blouse being long enough to keep perverts like you from staring at my butt." Carla's smile let Keith and his usual drinking buddy Tim know they were all in on the joke.

"I don't know, Carla, I'm not sure that blouse is long enough to cover as much as you think it does," Tim chimed in.

"Honestly, I don't see what all the fuss is about," Carla replied, taking her beer along as she stepped a few feet away from the bar. She lifted the hem of her blouse up, probably a little more than she intended, revealing for a few seconds not just the waistband of her leggings, not only her toned abs, but also the lower half of a lacy white bra, "See, they're heavy enough and dark enough to not be very revealing, even without the blouse."

"Without the blouse, you say? Now that I'd like to see!" chuckled Keith. Tim nodded in agreement.

"Dude, I'm NOT taking my shirt off for you guys. So, how're you all doing today?"

"Okay, I guess," Keith said, "but I heard a disturbing rumor this morning."

"Oh, it is something scandalous?" she asked, hoping for some juicy gossip.

"Not scandalous, just unfortunate if it's true. My wife has a cousin who works in the bank where you work. She said the word in the bank is that you're leaving town, is that so?"

"Suddenly choked up, Carla admitted, "Yes, I've been meaning to let you all know, but you guys are about all I'll miss about this town, so I've had a hard time telling you."

Keith looked down at his shoes and said, "We'll surely miss you, but to be honest I've never understood why you stuck around here after you and Ethan broke up."

"Just wanted to not feel like I was running away, I guess."

"Once you're gone, Tim and I will need to find some other girl to class up the joint; you'll be hard to replace, not to mention how long it will take for us to train the newcomer."

Keith and Tim each bought her a couple of rounds to accompany her bar meal as she filled them in on her plans. Much later than she'd planned, Carla bid her two favorite barflies good night, saying, "see you guys sometime this weekend," as she put her sweater on.

"Weekend? You're not joining us here tomorrow for the Cowboys game?" Keith said, faking outrage.

"I just assumed this place would be closed on Thanksgiving like everything else in town. I really need to do some packing, but I could probably stop by for a while."

"Until tomorrow, then!" said Tim, sounding exactly like someone who'd downed as many beers as he had in the last four hours.

Thursday morning came at Carla at what seemed like an unnecessarily early hour. A shower, followed by some toast and coffee cleared her head enough to focus on her list of tasks for the day. She needed to do laundry, but remembered a sign at her regular laundromat saying it would be closed for the holiday, so she spent a few hours packing boxes. Feeling like three hours of packing was enough for the time being, at noon she started a nice long Zoom call with her folks as they were getting their feast in place. Around 45 minutes into the call her Mom excused herself to check on the turkey. "I see you're all dressed up for the holiday," her Dad teased, seeing Carla in a long flannel shirt and leggings.

"C'mon, Dad," she pleaded, "this is about all I have that's not a work outfit, dirty or already packed; besides, dressing this casually for Thanksgiving is the only real advantage to my spending the holiday here. Don't make me feel guilty about being comfortable."

"So no big plans for the day?" he asked.

"Nope, packing, having something basic to eat, reading something if I have anything interesting not already packed, and maybe watching a little football." she replied, remembering her loose plan to hang out at the Whistlestop.

"That's right, we'll be watching the Steelers here too, after cleaning up."

"Actually, Dad, I'm ashamed to admit I forgot about the Steelers playing today; the only team anyone around here cares about is Dallas."

"Oh, well; when in Ardmer, do as the Ardmerians do, I suppose. Or is it Ardmerites? Anyway, your Mother is summoning me to help with something in the kitchen; have a good day, love from us both."

"Bye, love you too!" she said before ending the call. She did a little more work around the apartment, but when she noticed there was less than an hour left until the start of the Cowboys game she wrapped up what she was doing and left her packing behind to go down to the Whistlestop.

Carla opened the front door of the bar just as four guys about her age were leaving. A little surprised to see people her own age there, even if they were leaving, she wondered if Thanksgiving was some sort of big day for the Whistlestop; maybe no other local bars were open? Once she had taken two steps in past the door, she saw the joint was, as usual, nearly empty.

"Too busy for them, I guess!" said Keith.

"But we managed to save you a seat!" said Tim.

"Your usual?" asked Ron, the bartender and owner.

"Their loss," she said to Keith.

"Thanks for looking out for me," she said to Tim.

"Sure, I'll have a Lone Star, and can I get a cheeseburger platter?" she said to Ron. She had only seen Ron behind the bar a handful of times, he normally left the operation of the bar to his brother Ed. Carla gave Ron a nice smile as she placed her order, pleased to see the owner giving his one employee Thanksgiving off. Ron and Ed were both in their late sixties, which she supposed was why closing time was never later than 11 PM.

The bar's only three customers chatted about their respective Thanksgiving plans. Both Keith and Tim had planned their day around watching the game and drinking beer, which dovetailed nicely with their situations at home; both men would be having dinner later tonight a couple hours after their spouses ended their shifts at the Homeland grocery store. Between them they had a half dozen kids, but they were all older teens, apparently able to be left on their own so their Dads could hang out at the bar.

Carla was not a serious football fan, but couldn't help hearing at work all about the miserable season the Cowboys were having. That small bit of knowledge, combined with her loosely paying attention to how her hometown Steelers were doing this year gave her plenty of ammunition as she, Keith and Tim had their own joking pre-game show. She actually liked watching football, but had never understood why it was necessary to talk for two hours before and one hour after a three hour game.

"Despite your almost total lack of football knowledge, I'm glad you made it in time for some of the pregame," Keith said, "even if you had to come in your pajamas to get here on time." He called Ron over and asked for another round of beers.

"Jesus!" replied Carla, feigning indignation, "You seem to be having as hard a time understanding this as you had with the concept of sports bras. How many times do I have to explain this to you,"she asked, pointing at her legs, "these are LEGGINGS, not pantyhose, not underwear, and, no, not pajamas. I have occasionally slept in them, so I guess technically you're not entirely wrong."

Keith nodded and replied, "See, even you aren't sure what you're wearing. At first I thought they might be leggings, but they look different than the ones you were wearing last night, so I thought they might be pajamas. The shirt definitely looks like a pajama top, too."

"Wrong again," Carla replied, chuckling, "This type of heavy shirt, baggy and long enough to cover a woman's butt, is called a Boyfriend shirt, and is often worn out in public, especially when paired with, yup, LEGGINGS!" Satisfied she had given her companions a thorough enough education in casual fashion choices for the time being, she finished off her beer.

After a long pause Keith replied, "It's still kind of confusing. I think to understand how what you were wearing yesterday compares with your current outfit, I'd need to see the complete leggings you're wearing today, like you were kind enough to show us yesterday."

"Sounds to me like you just want to see how my butt looks in today's leggings." Carla said, sounding doubtful.

"If I remember correctly," Keith said, "you claim leggings can be worn with or without a top covering your bottom, so what's the big deal?"

"Well," Carla responded, "last night I slipped up a bit and raised my blouse a little too high. I'm pretty sure I accidentally gave you guys at least a partial flash of my bra. Since I'm not wearing one today and raising the long shirt is kind of awkward, I'm not sure I want to risk flashing what I'd be flashing if I were to make the same mistake as yesterday!"

"No bra, really?" Tim asked.

Carla was amused by the attention her friends paid to the truly insignificant fact that there was only one layer of plaid flannel between her boobs and the world. Her shirt was more than heavy enough and baggy enough to keep her body well concealed without the help of a bra. Her slightly naughty response to Tim and Keith's curiosity most likely wouldn't have been possible if she wasn't well into her third beer, but something stirred her to prove she wasn't, for some strange reason, lying about her lack of a bra. Before she had time to think too hard about it, she had begun unbuttoning her shirt! She calmly worked her way down; one button, then a second, and after a brief hesitation, a third!

Counting the button at her collar, which most likely hadn't been buttoned since Ethan unwrapped the package it came in last Christmas morning, Carla's shirt was now more than halfway opened, all the way down to a spot slightly below her breasts! She carefully pulled the two sides apart far enough to show her companions a generous view of her braless cleavage. She laughed at the shocked but pleased reactions to her method of proving that her shirt truly was all she had covering her above her waist. Seated between her companions, she swiveled back and forth on her stool to give them both a good look, then fastened the lowest button again.

The joking protests to her refastening even one button weren't really why she left the other two undone; she was surprised to find herself enjoying the effect this bit of teasing had on Keith and Tim, and didn't see any harm in letting them see a little of her cleavage. It hadn't been something she thought much about at the time, but she was glad now that she hadn't bothered putting on one of her usual 38C bras this morning.

"So, we've established that you are definitely not wearing a bra. Thank you for clearing that up. Does that mean you can't just carefully show us the rest of the leggings?" asked Keith.

"I'm pretty sure you just want to ogle my ass, but if it will shut you up, sure," Carla replied, smirking. She stepped off her barstool and took a few steps away from the two barflies, stopping at a relatively bright area produced by a misaligned spotlight, meant to light up a corner where bands used to play. Standing in her little pool of light, facing away from her friends, she quickly unfastened the bottom two buttons on her shirt, leaving only the two nearest her waist fastened. She was surprised to feel a sudden urge to undo the two remaining buttons, and impulsively gave in, at least partially, unfastening one more! She went as far as rolling her thumb around the edge of the last button, but didn't seriously consider undoing it, keeping her shirt more or less closed.

Carla looked over her shoulder to check how her companions were reacting as she tentatively lifted the rear of her shirt, carefully bunching up the soft cotton, not stopping until her leggings were clearly, completely uncovered. Until now she hadn't thought too much about which of her several pairs of leggings she was wearing that day, but now that she was showing them off to her companions she remembered that they were noticeably thinner than the ones she had worn yesterday, and way clingier, somehow managing to hug her every curve like a second skin, including each curve of each separate butt cheek. The looks on the faces of all three men said it all; they couldn't help showing their awe at how this miracle of complicated garment design, lycra, exercise and genetics had resulted in the amazing sight they were being treated to.

After allowing what she thought a generous amount of time for her three observers to study her practically painted on leggings, she smiled and turned to face her audience, lifting the front tails enough to show them that view. She was unaware at first how lifting the tails had made the mostly open front above her waist gap open even wider. Seeing the look on her buddies faces, obviously enjoying her performance, she checked to see exactly what they were seeing.

Looking down, she almost gasped when she saw that from her vantage point she could clearly see her entire right nipple, including its small brown areola, lit well by the spotlight. Only the fact that the edge of her shirt had bunched up in front of the nipple kept it out of sight, probably, from where her audience was standing. Realizing she couldn't be sure how much she'd just shown her friends, she blushed and quickly turned her back to her companions, this time buttoning even the never used top button before returning to her barstool.

Carla listened as Keith and Tim babbled at length about how flattering today's leggings were, comparing them as politely as possible to the ones she had worn the day before. She even made a couple of comments about the leggings herself, but mostly she was distracted by how close she'd just come to treating her buddies to a serious boob flash. They seemed to have no idea just how close they had been to seeing even more of her, but the unexpected bit of exposed flesh they did get to see had definitely made an impression, no surprise there.

The revelation was how much she herself was excited by seeing her nipple out in the open, independent of what her audience did or didn't see! She was fairly sure her brush with a nip slip had been accidental, but feeling as exhilarated as she did now she wasn't 100% convinced that some part of her psyche normally held in check was making its presence felt.

Carla had somehow managed to make it through high school and college without any part of her body typically covered by a modest bikini ever being seen in anything like a public setting. No streaking for her, no wet t-shirt contests, no raunchy truth or dare parties, no sexting gone awry, not even going topless at a beach when she vacationed with friends in Greece before her last year in college. She often wished she could be as uninhibited as some of her girlfriends were, but whenever a chance for her to be a little daring had come up she had always found some reason to hold back. She wasn't a prude, and had fun being around her friends when they had that sort of adventure; she just had always been a little more reserved, to the point of generally being considered shy.

Regardless of whether it had been an innocent slip or some previously repressed urge which caused her to nearly expose herself, the effect was clear; she was sure her pulse rate must have doubled the moment she saw the exposed nipple, before she'd even had time to process the fact that her friends were close to seeing it right along with her. She felt a little bit embarrassed, but also, surprisingly, felt at least as much excitement. One thing she didn't feel was regret. "No harm done, really," she thought, "especially with me leaving town next week. These guys have certainly seen that much and way more plenty of times at that nudie bar over in Kingston they always talk about."

Tim bought the group another round of Lone Star. Carla got herself a Jager shot and downed it in a quick gulp; while she didn't regret teasing her buddies, her pulse was still racing and she thought the shot might calm her down. She tried to compensate for the quick shot by nursing the new beer as the pregame show was, mercifully, nearing its end. After enduring Carla's biting comments about his beloved Cowboys throughout the pregame, Keith asked her, "If you're so sure the Cowboys suck, how about putting your money where your mouth is?"

"What exactly are you proposing, some kind of bet?" she asked between swigs of Lone Star.

"Just a friendly little wager, $100 to me if the Cowboys win or $100 to you if Washington wins."

"I'd love to take your money," Carla replied, "But I don't have much to spare right now in the unlikely event your guys were to win."

The kickoff ended the discussion about Keith's proposed bet on the outcome of the game. Consecutive 3 and out possessions by each team's offense made it look like they were in for a boring afternoon. Keith floated a new idea for a bet on the game which he thought might work for the cash strapped Carla. "How about a series of smaller bets, one for $25 at the end of each quarter."

Well, Keith," she replied, "being a bank employee and all, I can add and multiply numbers fairly well. 4 quarters at $25 each still adds up to $100."

"Yeah," he replied, "But during most games between fairly average teams the lead goes back and forth a few times. Odds are you come out even or only down $25. But I understand completely if you're admitting you've been full of shit with all your trash talk about my team."

"Okay, deal, I'll take your money if you insist."

Within 3 minutes of Carla and Keith sealing their deal, the Cowboys rode a long punt return and a missed pass route assignment by the Washington defense into field goal range, taking a 3-0 lead with around 5 minute left in the 1st quarter. Keith whooped and hollered as if they had just won the Super Bowl. Carla rolled her eyes and said, "Lots of time left, no worries."

Sure enough, on their next possession Washington went on a long drive, running the ball into the Cowboys end of the field. Carla remembered something she'd overlooked before; she had put most of her cash down as a deposit on the rental truck she'd be leaving town with in a few days. After a thorough search of her purse, she told Keith, "I'm sorry to say this, I hate to do it, but I need to back out of our bet."

"Backing out AFTER the game's underway, especially with your team already down?" Keith snorted, "Carla, that's just not done!"

"I know, I know, it's just plain wrong, but I can't cover it if I lose; after buying my lunch, one beer and that shot of Jager I just had, I've got less than $10 with me, and I know the ATM at my bank is out of service until sometime tomorrow. I really hate to back out of a bet, but I never should have made the bet in the first place."

As a TV timeout interrupted the game, Carla watched as Keith looked at nothing in particular off in the distance, then had a short whispered conversation with Tim.

Keith finally turned to talk with Carla, saying, "I understand your predicament, and I think I have an option which could let you avoid the shame of backing out. The revised bet would go like this; a bet every quarter, you get $50 combined from Tim and me if your team is ahead at the end of any quarter."

"And if I lose?" she asked, suspicious about the raised stakes.

"Each quarter you lose, Tim and I get custody of one item of your clothing, just until the post-game show is over."

If not for the sound of the beer coolers below the bar running, you really could have heard a pin drop during the 20 seconds it took to get her answer out.

"Dude, I am NOT taking off my shirt." she said, loud and clear.

"For that to even be an issue, your team would have to be behind at least three quarters, maybe all four, so most likely not. What if we upped our offer to $100 per quarter?"

During the entire length of a Ford pickup ad, Carla said nothing as she tried to work out all the possible scenarios, no easy task after a couple of hours of drinking. Keith was right about how badly the game would have to go before they'd be entitled to her shirt, along with everything else she was wearing, for the duration of the post-game blather. As long as Washington could pull out a lead for at least one quarter she'd be able to stay decent, and if Washington had a good day she could win enough to cover most of the cost of the truck she was renting for her move.

The thought of her hanging out with her friends while wearing nothing but her shirt was enough to make her shiver, and the vision of her hanging out in the nude, drinking with her buddies for an hour or more after the game if Dallas could hold the lead all four quarters was impossible to get out of her head. She thought of how it had felt having one nipple nearly exposed, and tried to imagine having her entire body on display that way. The possibility was unlikely, terrifying, and, inexplicably, more than a little bit exciting. She knew the odds were at least a little bit on her side, and seeing Washington nearing the red zone with over three minutes left in the 1st quarter brought her to the edge of agreeing.

"I'm not sure," she mumbled, her throat suddenly feeling dry, "it's probably a good deal, but I'm still nervous about that worst case scenario."

After huddling with Tim for a quick conversation, Keith replied, "Would $150 per quarter make you change your mind? We can't go any higher."

"What about a tie score?" she asked, still trying to understand her risk to reward ratio.

"No money or clothing changes hands."

"And if I were to lose a piece of clothing, who gets to pick which one, you guys or me?"

"Your choice, absolutely," Keith quickly replied, excited that Carla seemed to really be thinking of accepting the terms of the revised bet.

"And why exactly wouldn't I get any lost pieces of clothing back until the post-game is over?" she asked.

"Just so you wouldn't be able to take something off at the end of the game and put it right back on a second later," Tim explained.

"I guess that makes sense," she agreed, "although I can't say anything about this is at all sensible."

"Oh, gawd, I can't believe I'm saying this, but okay, you've got a deal." she replied, her voice cracking. She told herself all she needed was for Washington to lead or tie one stinking quarter for this to work out in her favor, but couldn't stop thinking about what their failing to do so would mean for her.

Their negotiations completed, the trio turned their attention back to the game, which had suddenly become a whole lot more interesting for them. Washington was on the verge of securing at least Carla's right to keep her shirt on, getting a first down on the Cowboys 13 yard line with 1:30 left in the quarter. She calmed down a little, thinking Washington would surely get at least a field goal out of this possession. Three ineffective running plays got them to the Dallas 9 yard line with 6 seconds left, bringing out the field goal unit for the easy chip shot. Carla was practically dancing on her barstool, looking forward to a tie at the end of the quarter and with it the certainty she wouldn't be expected to strip completely.

The snap was good and the kick was...WIDE RIGHT!

"YES!" shouted Keith and Tim.

"FUCK!" shouted Carla, "How could they have missed that? I could probably make that kick!" She attributed the tingle she felt shoot through her to the shock of seeing such an outrageous misfire.

Score at end of 1st quarter; Dallas 3, Washington 0.

"Well, smarty pants, what'll it be?" Keith crowed as the first commercial between quarters came on.

Knowing she only needed one of the remaining three quarters to break her way, Carla calmed down enough to think of a way to mess with her fellow barflies. She sauntered over to her previous place in the spotlight, less than a dozen feet away from the bar, and began unbuttoning her shirt, alternating between top and bottom buttons until it had only one button left in place. Even though she didn't plan on really showing much, less in fact than she almost had by mistake, she couldn't completely stop the way her hands were shaking. Her companions watched like their life depended on it as she undid the last button and opened her shirt a couple of inches. She stopped, then said, "Nope, not gonna happen!" and refastened the bottom four buttons. She then kicked off one sandal and handed it to Keith.

"Shoes only count if we get the complete pair," Keith grumbled, "Anyone who's ever played strip poker knows that! So lets have the other one, unless you'd rather hand over your shirt after all."

Carla was too embarrassed to admit her lack of strip poker experience, so she ignored that subject. She hadn't really expected to get away with the individual shoe thing, so she stepped out of the other one and handed it over, saying, "With any kind of luck this is all you'll be getting."

"Just have to wait and see," he replied, smiling.

The 2nd quarter had more offense, or maybe the defenses were both getting tired. Both teams scored a touchdown early and Washington added another with less than 20 seconds to go until halftime. "Get your wallets out, fellas, looks like I'm gonna win this quarter," she gloated as Washington kicked off. The Dallas returner slipped two tackles before he'd gone 10 yards, but then saw three Washington players converging on him. Carla was stunned to see him pitch a perfect lateral to an equally surprised teammate who caught the ball and headed up the sideline at top speed. Washington's last chance to stop him rested on the slender shoulders of its kicker, who made a good effort but missed the tackle, flying off into the sidelines as the Dallas player scored a touchdown. Carla groaned as Dallas picked up the extra point and her companions howled, thrilled by their sudden change of fortune.

Score at Halftime: Dallas 17, Washington 14

Carla really had only one choice at this point; she had to part ways with her leggings. She slid off her barstool and undid the bottom couple buttons on her shirt to be able to reach the waistband of the leggings.

"What, no little show under the spotlight?" Keith asked.

"I don't remember that being a requirement of the bet," Carla objected. She actually kind of agreed that anything as significant as getting undressed in front of friends deserved a bit more recognition, but wasn't about to admit it.

"You're right, it's not a rule, but you've sort of made it a tradition," he replied sadly, "Just thought I'd ask."

Somehow, having Keith back off made her actually want to give them all a bit of a show. "Girl, what has gotten into you tonight, this is SO not you!" she thought to herself. "What's the big deal?" asked the newly emerging voice representing the part of her who'd enjoyed teasing her friends a few minutes ago by making them think she was about to strip out of her shirt. "That look at your ass you already gave them when you were showing off your leggings was pretty much the same as what they'll see without the leggings. And don't kid yourself, you got off on that little tease you gave them before giving up your shoes."

"Don't ever let it be said I don't respect tradition," Carla said to Keith as she stepped into her customary spot for modeling clothing, which had now become a sort of stage for removal of clothing. "Some of it, anyway," she thought, "but how much?" She began shaking for a moment as she thought about the range of possible outcomes of the second half of the game, not to mention the games she was playing. She paused to consider how best to get separated from her leggings in a way satisfying to everyone present. She unfastened the four lowest buttons on her shirt, not to give her audience hope that her shirt was about to come off, but to allow her to tie the tails in a knot just below her boobs.

With the shirt out of the way she turned away from her admirers and bent over at the waist, giving her a good, albeit upside down view of the three men. She ran her hands up the back of her calves, continuing slowly up the shiny black fabric at the back of her thighs. When her hands reached her ass, she squeezed and kneaded her cheeks for a while, drawing at least one moan and one "Ohhh, man," comment from one of the men. She slipped both hands under the waistband of her leggings, took a deep breath, and began peeling the stretchy fabric down, alternating sides. She lowered the shiny black garment a little at a time, careful to avoid removing her thong along with the leggings, until it was bunched up down around her ankles.

Still facing away from her audience, Carla bent over one more time, letting her admirers enjoy the view of her ass while she pulled the leggings over her bare feet and completely off. She could have stood up then, but decided to let her buddies enjoy the view until she had untied her shirt tails and let the shirt drop down to cover her again. "Was that traditional enough?" she asked Keith as she turned over her leggings. He just smiled, nodded his head, and slung the leggings over his left shoulder like a towel. The leggings were too slick to stay put, sliding off his twill work shirt, so he gently tied the legs together and wore them like some kind of cape.

Carla sipped her latest beer slowly, wanting to keep, if not a clear head, at least enough of her senses to avoid doing anything truly regrettable. She recognized how far from normal her behavior tonight had become, but didn't regret a single thing she'd done. "So I showed a little bit of skin, teased a couple of guys a little. Okay, maybe I've teased them a lot, but they seem to be enjoying it... "she thought, smiling, "maybe even as much as I am."

The third quarter gave almost nobody much to smile about, as both teams demonstrated how they had earned such ugly records. Keith and Tim actually enjoyed the way the sloppy mess of a quarter was unfolding; having Dallas hold on to a three point lead was good news for them, since it meant Carla would soon be obliged to hand over one of her two remaining pieces of clothing. Fittingly, the third quarter ended with Washington losing a fumble inside the Dallas 10 yard line.

Score at the end of 3rd Quarter: Dallas 17 Washington 14

Carla finished off the beer she'd been nursing all through the 3rd quarter and cut Keith off before he could say anything, saying, "I know, I know, I'm going," as she trudged to her usual place in the spotlight. As she made her way to what she was now thinking of as her stripping spot, she wondered how stripping out of her thong in the middle of the Whistlestop, in front of some of her bar buddies, had somehow become her least bad option. Once she was standing under the spotlight she perked up a little.

Standing in the spotlight, she stroked her chin a moment as if looking for inspiration. She unbuttoned the buttons holding her shirt together and tied the tails again, knotting them a little more loosely than before, giving her buddies their best view yet of both of her full C-cup breasts; the looser shirt showed more than before, but Carla managed to keep her nipples out of sight. She still had one quarter for Washington to make make up the 3 point deficit and make the current level of exposure the most her boobs would receive. "I know the guys would really like to have a better look," she thought, amazed to realize that she was now almost hoping to give them that experience, almost wanting to lose it all. "Like it or not," she thought, "I'm going to nearly be there anyway once I finish this little task.

She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her thong and stretched each side out several inches. Just when her friends thought they were about to see her pussy, she spun around and faced away from them. As eager as her audience was to get even a brief look at Carla naked from her waist down, none of the men were about to complain about their current situation. They were watching as gorgeous a woman as any of them could remember ever knowing, and she was stripping, just a few feet away from where they stood!

Carla shuddered briefly as she slowly pulled the waistband of her lacy black thong down over her ass and thighs, finally letting them drop to the floor. As she looked down at her thong draped over her feet, she felt, not for the first time that day, like she had just crossed a line she wasn't even supposed to get near. So far, she had enjoyed what she felt as she crossed each line, so she stepped out of the tiny pile of lace, then crouched carefully to pick the flimsy garment up, not quite willing to bend at the waist and give the guys an unobstructed view of her sex.

She stood up and turned to face her fans, carefully covering her pussy with her left hand, the thong dangling from her index finger. She thought about "accidentally" dropping it and "forgetting" to keep her left hand covering her pussy while retrieving it, but the voice inside her proposing this bit of exposure wasn't completely in charge of her behavior, not quite. She managed, with some difficulty, to untie her shirt tails with one hand and refasten the lowest two buttons. The return of her shirt tails to cover her pussy allowed her to bring her left hand and her thong away from her now decidedly moist pussy, spinning the bit of black lace on her finger as she strutted back to her barstool, tugging the bottom edge of her shirt down as far as she could to try to keep out of sight the area where her thong should have been. Handing the thong to Tim, she asked him, "Can you take care of this for me for a little while?"

"Uh, yeah, I'd be glad to, sure," he said quietly. He and Keith each bought her another Jager shot. She downed Tim's right away, intending to keep the one from Keith until late in the quarter. When Ron gave her one more on the house with 8 minutes left in the game, she downed Keith's and told Ron not to pour her another unless she asked him to.

Carla's removal of her thong had completely held the attention of her audience, so much so that not one of the bar's occupants had noticed several minutes of the 4th quarter had already passed by the time Tim took possession of the tiny scrap of lace. There hadn't been any scoring, but Washington was driving deep into Dallas territory. The group had barely settled in to watch when a long pass was caught for a touchdown, putting Washington into the lead! "Almost there, just hold on the rest of the quarter, that's all I ask," Carla silently begged the football gods, "I just can't strip completely nude, please don't make me!"

With less than a minute left in the game it looked like Carla's silent prayer had been answered; Washington had run out most of the remaining time, though they now needed to get a punt off, pinned inside their own 5 yard line. She knew she was now seconds away from escaping without ever being forced to be completely exposed, and felt a wave of relief for the first time since she'd agreed to the bet. She felt relief, to be sure, but also a complicated mix of other feelings. She started shaking each time she thought about losing the last part of the bet, but she also wanted to somehow get a little more of the incredible electricity she'd felt each time she'd been in the spotlight, revealing a little bit more of herself!

Then the impossible happened; in a matter of seconds, Washington's long snapper messed up the snap, making their punter track down the loose ball! The panicked punter somehow decided that this would be a good time to throw the first pass he'd attempted in a real game since high school, which he did. The fairly nice looking spiral thrown by the punter went straight to an astonished Dallas player, who ran ten yards, vaulted over the pile of players on the ground where the line of scrimmage had been, and stumbled untouched into the end zone! Even the referee was laughing as he signaled it, Dallas touchdown! After the pointless extra point and an uneventful kickoff with no significant return, the game limped to an end.

"Did you SEE that?" Keith asked.

"I can't, I mean, how was that even..." Tim sputtered.

"Ohhhhh, crap..." mumbled Carla, "No. Fucking.Way." Without being aware she was doing it, she backed halfway to the back door of the bar, some instinct to escape taking hold of her.

Final score: Dallas 24 Washington 21

Carla's head was spinning, she could feel her pulse pounding in her ears,and she had broken out in goosebumps. As suggestive as she'd been making her moments in the spotlight, and as mercilessly as she'd been teasing her small audience, she really hadn't exposed her most private areas. She'd shown off her cleavage, her belly, her legs, but other than her ass briefly being on display, she'd managed to keep her exposure more or less a PG-13 rated show. The final score and terms of the bet now required her to ramp up her performance to a solid R rating.

"Do they really expect me to get naked?" she wondered, "That was a total freak of a play, if they ran it 100 times it would never once come out like that again!" She noticed Keith and Tim were still watching replays of the bizarre once in a lifetime play, giving her some time to think about what to do next. She felt like she was trapped in a no-win situation, having to choose between completely exposing herself or bailing out on a bet; actually bailing out twice, counting the original bet she'd backed out of. She'd never welshed out on a bet before, and definitely had never been nude in public! It looked like one of those streaks was about to end.

"I'll explain to the guys that stripping naked in a bar is just not something a loan officer at the Bank of Ardmer is supposed to do!" she told herself, "I'm sure they won't be happy but they'll just have to understand." Then she remembered that besides being a poor excuse, it wasn't even relevant, since she was, as of 24 hours ago, an EX employee of the Bank of Ardmer.

Carla was about to interrupt Keith and Tim's ongoing enjoyment of replays with the bad news that she wasn't going to keep her end of their agreement when a small voice told her to hold up a minute and at least consider her options. Against what was left of her better judgment, she paused before trying to tear her friends away from the TV.

Her inner wild girl was beyond thrilled to be listened to for a change after being ignored for so many years. She eagerly made the case for Carla to overcome her fear and give up her last piece of clothing to settle her debt! "Okay," her wilder side admitted, "you're right, this is more than a step beyond your comfort zone; it's a whole lot of steps, big ones. But scary as the idea of honoring the bet is, there are SO many reasons you should do this!"

"You're leaving town in a few days, and never have to see these guys again after that.

These guys may be desperate to see you get naked, but they've always treated you like family; as excited as they are, they don't seem likely to get out of line.

If you don't follow through you'll always wonder what it would have felt like if you had!

The way gossip spreads around here, your ex is bound to hear about all this before long; you can stick him with an image he'll never be able to get out of his mind.

Most importantly, deep down you WANT to do this! You've gone way beyond what was required of you at every step of the way tonight; it really seems like you want to be seen at least as much as they want to see you."

Carla considered the advantages to completing her slow-motion striptease as she slowly shuffled towards Keith and Tim, shaking her head and whispering, "I just can't," over and over. When she was halfway back to the bar, something made her squint, and she realized she'd found her way to her place in the spotlight.

Her stripping spot.

"This can't be an accident," she thought, "Maybe I do want to...it's possible...I can try." Without bothering to disturb Keith and Tim, she began popping the handful of shirt buttons still fastened, quickly undoing them all. Ron was wiping down the bar and happened to glance up in time to see her undo the final button. He smiled at her; whatever she did next, she wouldn't be doing it unnoticed. She smiled back.

"Guys, forget about the stupid game, look!" Ron urged Keith and Tim, pointing towards Carla.

"Oh my God, she's really doing it!" Keith said quietly.

Seeing that her audience had noticed her activity, she shuddered and turned her back to them, but being discovered didn't make her want to stop this final performance; quite the opposite. She pushed her shirt well off her left shoulder and let the left sleeve slide down, then off of her arm. The mostly removed shirt fell away from her left side. Her awestruck fans now saw the entire left backside of her body from her head to her toes, including, when she turned slightly to look back at them, the outside of her left breast. Looking back over her uncovered shoulder to see how her fans were reacting, she repeated the process on her right sleeve, pulling it completely off with her left hand. She felt like her whole body was on fire when she let the shirt drop to the floor!

When she'd stepped in to the Whistlestop that afternoon, Carla could never have imagined that a few hours later she would be completely naked in the dingy bar, stripping for her own pleasure as much as for the three lucky men in the bar! None of this had been planned, and she was still winging it! Completely naked now, she was sure her friends would agree that she had paid them what they were due according to the terms of their bet, and more. "What more could they want," she thought, then turned the question around, asking herself, "What more can I do?" Carla knew she still had more she wanted to show her audience.

She stood still for a minute, partly to revel in the sensations this experience was producing, and also to think about what to do next. With her back still to her audience she raised both arms high over her head, clasped her hands together and stretched. She then brought her hands down to massage her lower back, inching slowly lower until both of her hands reached her ass. After a few minutes of kneading and massaging her butt, she almost felt ready to let her audience see the rest of her. She picked up her shirt and tied the sleeves in a shoelace knot, then put the sleeves over her head and draped the shirt over the front of her body like some kind of flannel apron, taking care to arrange it to cover the front of her breasts.

Satisfied that her boobs and pussy were well covered, at least from the front, Carla slowly turned to face her fans. After treating them to a nice long look at her naked side from head to toe, including a generous amount of side boob, she finally faced them. In yet another unplanned move, she slipped both of her hands under the loose flannel, unable to resist checking if her nipples were as stiff as they felt. After checking their state she went a bit further, squeezing her breasts and playing with her nipples, telling herself that the men couldn't see what her hands were doing under the fabric. The look on her face betrayed her secret, and the reactions of her audience made it clear that they knew what she was up to. The incredible feeling fondling her own mostly covered boobs provided deepened as she realized th ethree men watching her knew exactly what she was doing.

"I guess there's really no reason to hide now," she thought. She bunched the shirt up, shoving the narrowed fabric between her breasts, then went back to what she'd been doing, now in plain sight. She shuddered as she watched her audience watching her, the latest wave of pleasure even more intense now that her actions were exposed along with her breasts. Her right hand kept busy with her nipples, but she let her left hand trace a winding path down her belly, then lower, under the layer of flannel still covering her pussy. She ran her fingers all around her pussy, not sure if she even could frig herself here, like this, even with her shirt to hide behind.

Carla's fingernails circled closer and closer, then brushed lightly over the outer lips of her pussy, up one side and down the other, then again, reversing direction. She thought about how long it usually took for her to come without some help from her vibrator, but was in no particular hurry, so she continued her exploration. Keith, Tim and Ron eventually caught on to her latest escalation and reluctantly shifted their gaze away from her gorgeous breasts, down to where her left hand was moving around below the narrow band of fabric.

Carla's face flushed crimson when she saw her audience had shifted their attention to her latest project; she'd always been too self-conscious to masturbate in front of anyone, even with Ethan, and now she was doing it in front of her bar buddies! Somehow, being watched this way just made it hotter for her, "Hiding behind the shirt isn't fooling the guys, they see what I'm doing!" she thought, breathing a little harder as she thought about how she was being watched. She began exploring her wet inner lips, first with one finger, then harder with two, deeper and deeper. Adding a gentle rolling of her thumb over her clit, Carla already felt herself getting closer to coming than she had expected to get, but still wasn't sure if she'd be able to get off this way.

Her hand was starting to cramp up when she came up with one last option she hoped would take her over the edge. Her right hand had been busy lifting her right breast enough to bring its nipple within range of her tongue, but as wonderful as that had felt, she had a new mission for that hand. She reached up to her shoulder and found a loose end of the knot tying the sleeves of her shirt together. One good pull untied the knot, freeing the untethered shirt to slide off her neck. With her shirt now dangling from her right hand, covering nothing at all, her audience enjoyed their first clear look at her pussy. Clean-shaven other than a tiny patch of blonde pubes above her clit, its outer lips were puffy and inner ones glistening! She raised her hand, still clutching the sleeve high above her head, and spun it around until it was wrapped loosely around her hand and forearm. Panting, with her voice cracking, she looked Keith in the eye and said, "I guess...this...is yours...for now...", then tossed the shirt at him. He smiled and slung her payment for losing the 4th and final segment of their bet over his head and tied the sleeves together in front of his neck.

Carla carried on frigging herself, switching hands to give her left hand a rest. Seeing most of the clothing she'd been wearing when she'd left home this afternoon now draped over Keith's shoulders provided the last little push she needed to cross a point of no return; she closed her eyes and lost all track of how many waves swept over her, moaning softly during each peak, but smiling all the while. Still foggy, she heard what sounded like a small bell ringing in the distance. She hated to have her trance broken by some stupid commercial on the TV, and refused to open her eyes and come all the way back to reality. She finally gave in and opened them; she saw Keith, Tim, and Ron, frozen in the same spots they'd been in since she began getting her shirt off, still transfixed by the sight before them.

Carla also saw why she'd heard a bell a moment ago. She understood now that the ringing sound she'd heard had not come from the TV, but from the bell above the entrance to the bar, which must have been opened by the angry looking middle aged-woman bearing down on Keith! All three men were too distracted to notice either the bell or the footsteps of the woman approaching them from behind.

"I work all day at the store so you can hang out here and watch this slut?" the woman shouted at Keith.

"No, Rhonda, uhhh, I mean, it wasn't planned or anything, it just kinda happened," the startled man replied.

"She's his wife," Tim whispered to Carla.

"Thanks; I sorta guessed that," Carla whispered, mortified at having her shameless behavior seen by a total stranger, but having a hard time not laughing out loud.

"Shut up and get in the fucking car!" Rhonda hissed.

"But I need to..." Keith said before being cut off.

"NOW, ASSHOLE!" Rhonda screamed, then turning to Tim, added, "And don't think I'm not going to tell Cindy about this!"

Keith stopped arguing and meekly followed his furious spouse out the door. Carla and Ron broke out laughing as soon as the door closed behind the unhappy couple. She walked back to the bar, and seeing Tim looking downcast, said, "I'm sorry we got you in trouble with Cindy. If it would help, I'd be happy to call her and explain that you didn't do anything wrong, that all of this was my idea."

"You would?" Tim asked.

"Well, maybe not happily, but I'd do it." she replied.

"You know, you're alright, Carla," Tim said, "Ron, give this lady whatever she'd like."

"I guess I could stand a shot of Tequila, and one last beer," she replied.

"Sorry Keith didn't pause long enough when he left here to leave you the clothes he had hanging around his neck," Tim said sheepishly.

"Yeah, as pissed off as Rhonda was, I don't think I'll ever see those leggings again, or the shirt either."

"They don't cover much of you up, but I expect you'll be wanting these back," Tim said, setting her sandals and thong in front of her on the bar.

"Thanks, I will, but not yet," Carla replied, pushing the sandals back to Tim and stuffing the thong in one of them, "the post-game show has at least 45 minutes to go yet, so the're still yours for a little while longer," Carla replied.

"Jesus," said Tim, "Are you really gonna sit here at the bar bare-assed for another 45 minutes?"

"Well, silly, I'm not about to walk back to my apartment barefoot!" she replied, smiling, then knocked back her shot and began slowly sipping her Lone Star.