**Cassie Gets Stripped**

by Jappio

**Part 1**

My name is Cassie. My girlfriend Melanie and I are sort of infamous amongst our friends. A reputation built ever since the first days of college.

You see, the two of us get into fights a lot. Well we don't really get into fights, but people think we do. It's hard to explain, and kind of weird, but I'll do my best.

You see, I'll do something or say something, or sometimes Melanie will. The other then will get mad, and we'll start to bicker or get really angry, and sort of draw a lot of attention to ourselves.

You see though, it's all on purpose. I mean not so much trying to make each other angry, we aren't actually usually angry. We're acting out more so. We're making a scene on purpose. The fights aren't usually planned or scripted between us. Yet it's sort of fun to be all emotional and stuff and have people watching, in a weird way.

Yes, I'm a bit of an attention-whore and a weirdo. Yet trust me when I say that Melanie and I both enjoy it a lot. There's more to it too.

I'm a bit of a submissive to. It's not just about people paying attention to me. I also just in general like my girlfriend bossing around, getting mad at me, and trying to be controlling and stuff. I'm a bit of a submissive, and setting up a scene where I get to be bossed around by her is fun. It's a bit exhibitionistic too to want an audience, but it's just sort of a kink I picked up over the years. I don't quite get it myself either.

Melanie also is the sweetest thing ever! She's almost always the controlling jerk in the situation. Sometimes it's rightfully so, I can be quite a brat when I'm trying to get her to act out against me. Heck, it's most of the time that's the case; she's almost always in the right. Yet like I said, she's sweet. She honestly would never get angry at me for doing something I did want to do. She'd never be controlling of me in a bad way. She'd also never lay a hand on me or get violent! She's quite tame and gentle really. It's because she's so kind that she does this stuff with me. Well also I know she enjoys being a bit of a Domme as well.

So by playing out these little scenes, we have some fun. People get confused really. They wonder why we're still together. Only our closest friend know it's all for show. People will see us being lovey-dovey one day, but then yelling at each other the next.

Sometimes when people ask how we're still together, I joke that, "the make-up sex is amazing!" I then insist that it was just a little spat.

Which I have to say, is half true. Although the fights aren't real, but when we get home after a fight, we typically have a hard time even finding our way to the bed before we're on each other.

As I said, it usually scripted. I'll just usually do something I figure isn't something a good girlfriend should do, and if she's in the right mood, she'll pick up on that, and we'll be going at it.

So with a party coming up soon, I started to devise a plan to really get one going. I'll admit to being a bit of exhibitionistic. I don't normally dress too sexily, but I thought maybe I'd wear something that showed a bit more skin than usual. See if I couldn't get all flirty and make Melanie act all jealous and angry at me for it. With a couple of friends and strangers around, we could make quite the scene too I figure, a way to liven things up.

I have to say, that things definitely did liven up once things got rolling!

The outfit I had on was quite risqué in my opinion. The top hugged my chest pretty well, and the straps for the shoulders were pretty thin. I even had to go with a bra with no shoulder straps, which was fine since I had a lot of my upper chess on view. I made sure I was even showing some cleavage. It was short too, leaving a lot of bare midriff.

The skirt was short and tight. It was made of a stretchy material that hugged my hips. It came down to a couple of inches above my knees, but typically even walking made it ride up to at least to mid-thigh. I had a lot of my legs on show, and I admit I was feeling sexy once I started to look at myself in the mirror enough. I don't know if I wanted to be in it for long, but Melanie would hopefully get the fight going early and we'd just get to go home earlier then.

I arrived to the party a little earlier than Melanie could. She was at work. I'd told her ahead of time that we'd just meet up. This would allow me to shock her a little with it. If she saw me leave for the party like that, she wouldn't have an excuse to get suddenly mad.

So I get there, find some friends and talk a little. I keep a close eye on my phone though. My face practically lights up when I see the text from Melanie. She's on her way. It was time to get started.

I find a girl sitting alone on the couch. A bit of a cutie, and I figured would be fun to talk to. I of course wasn't sure if she'd be into me or anything, but I just had to stall things until Melanie was there.

So I sit next to her and start some small talk. She's quite nice and friendly, and we get to laughing and talking about a few things.

I check the time, and see it should be time soon. I excuse myself to go get a drink for her and I, and I get up.

That's when I stall in the kitchen a bit. I want to wait till I hear the door open. I'd then walk back, hopefully Melanie is too far away to approach me, and I can start my show.

The doorbell rings, and I hear the host call out that she'll get the door. That's my cue!

I grab the drink and head back to the living room. I see Melanie at the door, on the other side of the room. She's scanning the crowd, and for a moment our eyes meet. I wink and turn away from her, trying to pretend I didn't see her.

I think my outfit shocked her for real, because I was still able to see her just stare for a bit. Things were going right!

I sat on the couch. Melanie was probably now approaching, so I turned my head away, and began to pick conversation back up.

"You know that dress looks super cute on you!" I say, now louder than I was before. I figure Melanie could probably just hear it. Hopefully she wouldn't approach me right away. If she's as good as she is some nights, she probably would be able to tell from my voice I was using a bit of my bratty tone already.

"Oh, thank you," the girl responds.

"No, I mean it! I bet all the guys have been hitting on you, some of the girls too. Picturing you with the little thing pooled at your feet," I say. I almost can't help but laughing at myself. I was being a tad over the top, but I had to make it a little obvious to Melanie. "I know I am at least."

The girl blushed and looked at her toes. I took a finger and made circles on her exposed knee. The dress was longer than my skirt, but it did look good on her I thought. I saw a bit of a smile though on her face, so I could at least tell I wasn't making her feel too uncomfortable. I didn't hear Melanie trying to get my attention yet, so she must be watching the scene I was setting up still.

I pictured her standing there, with a friend maybe with her. I pictured them both shocked that I was flirting with another woman, the friend knowing where this could lead. I trust Melanie trusted me enough to know I wasn't doing this seriously, and that she was just stalling to come up with a plan.

"You look good too..." the girl says timidly. She actually eyes me up, making me shiver a little. I remember just how much I have exposed. Yet it makes me a little happy to hear the compliment too.

"OH, you think? I wasn't sure about how long this is, but I figured, what the heck, show what you got, right!" I say, as I run my hand up and down my leg. I then re-cross my legs, my skirt inching up my thighs a little. I know I'm nearly showing my panties at this rate, I really am on the edge of exposure. Yet I'm in control, and I plan to keep it that way.

"You wouldn't happen to be interested perhaps seeing me without my clothes..." I begin to say. That's when it happens!

"Cassie!" I hear Melanie sharply say. I know she's probably standing a foot to my side. My heart actually skips a beat, but more from excitement. This was it! I'd done it!

I change my coy face to one of shock. I try to make it look like I'd truly just been caught. I slowly turn my head to Melanie. She is standing there, hands on her hips. I can tell it's her mock anger look. I try my best to hide a smile. I oh so love her when she looks this tough.

"Oh Melanie!" I say in a fake panic. I look around. "This isn't what it looks like!" I say.

Melanie grabs my wrist and pulls me to my feet. I worry a little about my skirt, but it stays in place enough to hide me. Yet that isn't much my concern at that moment.

"Cassie, what is the meaning of all this?" She asks.

I decide to play dumb, "all of what? What crawled up your shorts?"

"Well firstly, who is this girl?" she asks. She firmly points to the girl on the couch. I can tell the girl practically wants to curl up or run. I feel a bit bad for putting her into this position, but I'm sure Melanie will be smart and divert all blame to me.

"Just a friend!" I say.

"Oh?" she asks. She looks the girl over. "I know your friends, and I don't recognize her. What's her name?"

I realize I never did find that out. I'd just been using her to set this up. I almost laugh at how perfectly guilty I've really made myself look, and it was even on accident.

Me not giving an answer for a bit is all she needs. "And what about this outfit! You left the house in something like this?!"

I could feel my skin tingle. She was drawing attention to the outfit, which made me legitimately blush, but I also loved just how angry she sounded. I was being put in my place, and I loved it.

"It's just a little something! You're not the boss of what I can wear," I argue. I start to sound a bit poutier. Always best to put up a little bit of a fight, even if I wanted her to win.

"Oh? Well you can wear what you want, but I'm not having my girlfriend flash her panties to just anyone! I don't care how much you want people to see or to flirt around, but if you're going to be with me, you're going to practice some modesty!" She demanded.

I looked around. A few of our friends were watching. One of them even rolled their eyes, as if they'd seen scenes like this one too many times. The people I didn't know seemed more hushed. All around us now people were watching our argument grow. It's amazing how well I was able to hide my joy!

"I can show off what I want Mel! It's my body, and I want to show a little leg, I will!" I say as I lift the side of my skirt up, nearly to the waistband of my panties. I turn my wrist towards a few people, giving it a little bounce even to draw attention.

While I'm turning, and my back is turned towards Melanie, that's when things really got going and she started to do something I didn't expect!

"OH, you want to show off, huh?!" She asks. I don't turn towards her right away, acting too smug for my own good. Well that was a mistake, because I didn't see her hands coming towards my hips.

In a few brief moments, she grabs the sides of my skirt. She then pulls the hem right up! In a second it's around my waist! My little white, frilly panties with a little pink bow are out in the open for everyone to see!

**Part 2**

"MEL!" I suddenly screech as I start to fight her hands for control of my skirt. The screech was real too. She's never done something like this before.

All around me people watch as I fought my girlfriend to get my skirt down again. The whole time the cotton that I hadn't planned on anyone but Melanie to see was now there for public viewing by the whole party. My face was instantly red and I began to feel flustered.

I eventually got away from her grip, my skirt pushed down some. "Are you mad?! Why would you do that?"

"You're the crazy one. You wear a skirt that tiny and expect no one to be able to see your panties? Besides, I think I heard you asking the girl there on the couch if she wanted to see you naked, so why not do it."

My heart was beating fast now. Was she serious? I began to be a little afraid. Melanie is always in control though; I trust she wouldn't go too far. I didn't back away for a moment. She'd tell me that she was leaving or something, and I'd excuse myself then too...

"And this top! You have it held on by the tiniest of threads! Hoping someone just comes by and tears the thing from you?" She asks me. Again, without any sign of warning, especially thanks to me not expecting it, Melanie grabs the straps to my top and pulls as hard as she can. They snap instantly!

The ends fall loosely. I feel my top sag a little; luckily it's tight enough to hold itself up some. I still grab hold of it, and stare down my girlfriend. "What the heck Melanie?! You ruined my top!"

She just chuckles. "I don't even know if you have a bra under that thing you little show off. For all I know you were just dying to show off a bit more skin!" As much as I wasn't sure where things were going, I have to say, I was honestly into this a little bit. Melanie was acting so strong.

I noticed that things were quieter around us. The party goers watching had grown too. I was embarrassed they'd seen my stripped, but I was feeling deliciously like the little bratty girl getting her punishment too.

So feeling too much in the roll of the brat, I decided to lash back. I think Melanie would have dropped the fight there probably, begin to wind it down, but I wasn't thinking straight, I'd gotten light headed. "I'm sorry if you're so jealous you don't have quite the same amazing looks to show off!" I say, and then suddenly grab the ends of her blouse. My fingers work into the ends, between the buttons, and pull suddenly.

A button or two go flying. The shirt is now wide open. My girlfriend's pink bra, encompassing her gorgeous breasts, is now exposed. Her eyes are wide, a bit of fear in them for a second. I then think about what I did.

I bet everyone around me could see the sudden switch in my eyes. One moment I looked indignant. I had been so confident in my choice to do that to Melanie. Yet then the color of my face disappeared. My yes rapidly looked up and down at my handiwork, at the area I just exposed. Normally I would love the sight, but I realized what it meant.

I looked up at Melanie's face. She's taller than me, and in general stronger than me. She was the dominant one, if our personalities didn't dictate it, our size sure did. She was lean and beautiful, and I usually loved it.

Yet at that moment, I worried I was the one who stepped a line. I had maybe done something I shouldn't. It seemed fair at first, but it's like I realized what the punishment could be. Not even so much that I was worried that Melanie would be hurt. Yet I could see her shocked expression change to one of anger. I knew that I just pissed off the hornet's nest, and I was going to get stung for my actions!

In a blink of the eye, Melanie grabbed me by my shoulders. I didn't even fight back as she pulled me to the ground. I felt sorry, ready to repent, but couldn't even say anything at first.

Melanie was so dominating in those moments. She had me lying on the ground, sitting on my torso. I knew I wasn't going anywhere, and had my brain not been so scrambled in that moment, I'd have realized just how much of a turn on that was. My girlfriend was actually holding me down for my horrible behavior, right there in the middle of the party.

So when she said, "Oh, so you like showing bras off, do you? Why doesn't everyone see what you have on, if you do that is!" I didn't even say anything or fight, or realize what she planned. After that, her hands were digging into the bottom of my top!

Her hands easily found my bra. Thanks to the lack of straps on it, she gave it one tug and it began to lower on my body! It was a bit rough coming down, but I was too shocked still to stop it or anything.

Everyone saw the white material slip out from the bottom of the shirt. Melanie adjusted it until she could find the clasp and undid it. I was now catching on that she was possibly going to actually strip me all the way possibly! IN the very least I was down my bra, which I knew was important to hiding my breasts. In the small top, I knew their shape was obvious. I was too busy to notice though that my hard nipples were also obvious thanks to the lack of bra now.

"Melanie, please!" I beg. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" I don't know if I was playing a roll anymore, or if I was trying to fight back, worried that she was going to strip me.

"Hm, what does everyone else think? Should my flirtatious girlfriend here be let go? Or should I help her out with showing off?" she asks.

Well, just as you would suspect from a crowd at a party, they chanted, "show off, show off!" I probably honestly deserved it. I was an awful tease, I was flirting when I already had a girlfriend, and I had ruined her shirt. I was in the wrong.

So Melanie stuck with the show. She suddenly turned around, so her back was to me. She still hadn't closed her shirt; she didn't seem to care much, as she grabbed my skirt again. She found the zipper and undid it.

I began to kick my feet and fight back. She was going to take my skirt off! I wasn't about to spend my time at the party walking around in just my underwear below my waist! I was even able to almost get free, but I only managed to flip around so I was lying on my stomach. The struggle made Melanie lose a little balance, but she was able to stay stable enough to stay where she was.

She had the zipper lowered on the skirt, trying to push it down my legs. I felt my pantied butt come into view, people hollered at the sight.

I reached behind myself and I grabbed at her shirt, trying to pull her. I lowered it off her shoulders a little even. That gave her the excuse though to do what she did next.

All you could hear was a loud ripping sound. I felt the tight fabric that had been around my waist loosen. I could still feel it under me though. Everyone else watched on in amazement as they saw my skirt get torn!

My Gf had pulled the two ends of the zipper hard, tearing the skirt at the seam at the bottom and all the way through. The ends fell to either side of me. My bare legs up to my panties were exposed. My panties themselves were exposed, and half my back wasn't even covered by my top, which wasn't going to help me cover up at all!

My girlfriend actually stripped me of my skirt at the party! I had nothing I could wear to hide my lower half now! I was actually stripped like this in front of everyone. Melanie had proven her dominance over me in front of everyone.

"Ohhh!" I moaned out, half of it in fake anger and frustration, part of it from the excitement of the situation. I looked around and saw all the smiling faces. I doubt a single person wasn't watching right now. It was downright embarrassing to have my underwear exposed, but there wasn't anything I could do about it now.

My girlfriend swiped the ruined skirt from me and tossed it away. She then again turned to face me. She saw my red face, and smiled. I knew some of it was sincere, that she was actually enjoying our skirmish, but I know she was meaning it to look like a look of victory. I struggled some more, and again the best I could do was flip over so I was on my back again.

I felt absolute undressed myself. The top was small, and it felt so light on me. My breasts were clearly shown off in it. My girlfriend on my stomach didn't really allow me much ability to use my hands to hide my panties either. Best I could do was kick my legs a little, but my bare thighs and cute panties were stuck with being exposed.

So now with me on my back, my girlfriend leaned forward. "So, you wanted to show the girl over there your body? Showing off your cleavage, your bare legs..." she said, her fingers grabbing the bottom of my top. They began to pull it upwards.

My eyes shot wide. "Melanie!" I shouted, my hands grabbing her wrists, trying to push them down. I manage to stop her from lifting my top up, but she also doesn't stop trying.

"You talk about wanting to see her naked, talk about her seeing you naked... well what if Cassie, what if you show her and everyone else those cute little boobies of yours. Those delicate little bumps on your chests, topped with adorable nipples," she began to tease.

I looked around. Everyone was still waiting and watching. Melanie was talking about my breasts, something usually only privately between us. She as letting everyone hear about them, and also was going to show them off any second!

I was still able to hold her off though. It seemed I could do it maybe! "Your nipples are even hard Cassie dear. Did you really get turned on by everyone seeing? Does my girlfriend really enjoy having everyone see her in almost nothing?" My face was burning red.

Then I realized my mistake. I was doing well about holding her hand down, pushing it close to my body so she couldn't lift my shirt up. Yet suddenly I felt all the pull from her go away. She stopped in an instant trying to pull my top up, and instead pulled it down! I practically helped her for the first moments! By the then it was too late to fight the momentum, and without my straps on the top, she was easily able to pull my top down to my stomach!

Both my breasts popped out. They bounced and moved as they were freed from the tight fabric. They sat out on top of me, not resting due to my newly found struggles of trying to get free.

My hands quickly slapped over each. Yet it had happened. Everyone at the party had just seen my girlfriend expose my breasts to them! I had actually been stripped topless in front of them. I was receiving my punishment for my behavior, and I had little I could do about it, or should.

Yet even though I knew there were things I shouldn't do about it, I couldn't help myself. Emotions were running high. Everyone was smiling and cheering. I was thoroughly beat it seemed. Melanie was standing a bit taller, smiling and looking at everyone, as if their champion.

This catfight wasn't over. Our fight had gone farther than it ever has before, but I wasn't ready to stop. I was stripped, embarrassed, and I should have learned my lesson. A sensible girl would have. Yet I instead made myself look like a stubborn fool. I should have given up, but I didn't.

Melanie was distracted, so I was able to pull my top back up, loosely in place, and push her off of me. She tumbled onto her butt in front of me as I got on my knees.

Again she looked at me with shock and then anger. She was not happy that little Cassie was going to fight back. Yet I had only one chance to do this, and I did it.

**Part 3**

I don't know if I wanted to actually expose her more for revenge, or if I was asking for it back now. I was in hardly any clothing as it was, but I chose to push her down, and grab her shorts. She wasn't fast enough to stop me from getting the button undone, and then they were being pulled down with me.

Her pink panties were quite cute actually. If we were in bed alone, stripping each other and such, I'd have complimented her to no end on her wonderful underwear choice. One of my favorite pairs, and maybe she had predicted that tonight we'd be going home in a fake tantrum. Perhaps they were a little surprise present.

Yet now, they were more than that. Everyone at the part was surprised. They were surprised at my sudden boldest, at my sudden stupidity, and in general surprised to see the tables turned, even if only for a second.

I was surprised when I got her shorts off her ankles. She kicked a bit, but it seemed part way through she didn't care.

I had successfully stripped Melanie to just her shirt and underwear now. I was showing more, but I felt that at least a little pride. Maybe this meant I could end the fight in a draw.

Yet once I had the shorts off, things went downhill fast. Melanie had stopped fighting because instead of staying on the floor, she decided to get up. She was standing above me in an instant, and she grabbed both my wrists in one arm and made me stand.

"You never learn you little..." Melanie began to say. She held my wrists above my head, her free hand finding my top. This time I couldn't stop her from yanking it up over my breasts! My breasts hung free for everyone as she held me there!

Things turned around so quickly. My heart sank as I realized that I hadn't any hope of being the dominant one. I was now practically in just my panties in front of everyone! Everyone could watch as my girlfriend showed me off to them all.

"Melanie, please stop!" I ask. I probably sounded so fickle. Just a second ago I tried to antagonize her again, and already I had too much? My heart was beating like mad, everyone staring at us in our fight. This was easily the biggest scene we've ever made. Never before have people been so vested in what would happen next.

"Cassie deary, I don't think so. You see, you just can't seem to say no to exposing your cute little body to everyone. I thought that it was something you'd only let me see, but I guess I'm wrong," Melanie said, trying to sound hurt. Yet she couldn't, she couldn't hide that she was enjoying herself. She still seemed mad to everyone, but at the same time it was obvious she was enjoying her revenge or something.

"Your nipples are hard. You were dying to have them out here. You were dying for your clothes to be taken off," she said, pulling the top up my arms. She let it tangle at my wrists to help hold them together there. She then even tweaked one of my hard nipples in front of everyone. I couldn't help but gasp.

"Come on, we have a bit of unfinished business..." she says as she grabs me by the waist, lifts me up, and throws me over her shoulder!

I'm now in just my panties, over my girlfriend's shoulder at the party. My butt is pointed straight up, my feet wiggled near her back, my bare breasts jostle about as hang in front of her, my hands loosely tied together draped below me. From head to toe I'm her vulnerable little victim now.

I'm able to crane my neck a little to look at everyone. Although still mostly quiet, you can tell that everyone loves the show. They can't believe their luck. They love that my girlfriend wasn't going to be taking any of my crap.

My body was tingling. It felt like everyone had been watching our quarrel for an hour. They'd seen me stripped. They'd seen my bare skin, my underwear, and even my bare breasts. They watched as I was helplessly carried back to the couch where everything began.

Even when I tried to struggle a bit, my bottom was received with a quick, but secretly gentle swat. It still made a noise, and caused me to yelp, and everyone else laugh.

I looked around. Everyone moved and tried to get a spot to see me sitting in just my panties. The shirt at my wrists was pulled away and tossed the crowd. I really was just left with the little bit of cotton now.

The girl I had been flirting with was still sitting there actually. She had been watching the whole show. She sat, shocked to see me sitting in that same spot, but now with just the panties, my showy outfit now gone. Ruined and discarded; no more for me to wear.

"Here she is. Here she is, almost as she promised she would be for you. She had wanted to see you like this, she had wanted to show you this," Melanie said to my earlier flirting victim. My hands shakily covered my breasts. I could tell I had no chance of running. I pleading looked at the girl next to me, as if it was her who could somehow save me from my girlfriend.

All the girl did though was stared at my exposed body. She looked at my bare side, the bits of breasts I couldn't hide, at my panties.

"Yet she said she'd be naked. She wore a short skirt and some of her cutest panties. I know only one reason to wear panties like these..."

Melanie knelt down in front of me. Everyone who had behind her now got a great view of me sitting there. My eyes were wide; I didn't know what to do. I was beat and at her mercy. I was going to get what I deserved.

"Only reason you wear almost no clothes, flirt with other girls, and have cute panties on is so you can have them taken off for someone to see!" Melanie then grabbed the waistband of my panties and pulled them down to my ankles in one go!

I was stripped naked in front of an entire party. Friends and strangers got to watch as my last bit of clothing was taken from me. I was without anything to hide my body besides my hands, and I didn't even think to move one away from my breasts.

I was shocked. I was without any words at that point. I was flustered and beyond embarrassed. I was completely revealed, and in more ways than one. I was now naked and baring a lot of skin. I was punished and everyone got to see me pay for my crimes. It was even shown that my girlfriend can strip me when she wants, anywhere she wants!

Melanie had done it. I was stripped and exposed and I had deserved it. Everyone cheered and laughed. They loved the show they were given, and I can't blame them. I wasn't some girl brought to tears by a mean girlfriend. I was embarrassing exposed sure, but Melanie was clearly in the right.

It didn't end though. Melanie pulled my hands away, "you don't need to cover, show her, show them your naked body." She again let everyone around get a good look. My breasts were out again. My pussy was out. Everything could be seen.

You don't know how aroused I really was. I was pushed to a whole new level. I was so ready to go home with Melanie. I was practically dripping at that point. This had been an experience like nothing else. I hadn't every expected or wanted something like this, but Melanie had done it, and I loved her more for it.

Melanie took note of my arousal too. She didn't keep that part private though! "Cassie dear, you do love being shown off, don't you?"

I didn't have an answer for that! I of course wasn't going to say all the real reasons why! I was hoping it was just time to leave already!

"So you really did want to show your naked body to everyone?" She asked. She then started to push my knees open some, exposing me even more to people. I was locking up though. She had utterly rendered me submissive at this point.

"Or perhaps it's this girl, did you really want to show her this badly?" Melanie asked, her hands rubbing my thighs.

My lips lay exposed in front of her. She was the one who could probably see best that I was incredibly aroused. Even my love button lay exposed to her.

"No Melanie, no!" I argued. I insisted I wasn't turned on by being exposed. Honestly the attention was getting to me. We had a fight like none other, and everyone there had seen it up to this point. Yet it was more than that.

Melanie knew it too. She knew me far too well. "Oh, so what is it that you're so turned on about?" Melanie asked, her fingers really rubbing my thighs.

I was losing myself. I almost couldn't open my mouth to speak anymore. I gasped out loud suddenly, getting caught up in the excitement. "IT's you stripping me!" I admitted. I couldn't dodge her question, she intended it to be answer.

I would have added to it. You'd think she'd have said something about. You'd imagine someone would say anything. Yet not a single word was said by anyone.

Yet the room wasn't quite. Things were not silent. The room was filled with the noise of my sudden moans. Melanie had decided to end her teasing, to stop questioning me. She no longer showed signs of caring why I was dressed, or what I had been doing, or why I was aroused.

Instead my girlfriend had her head buried between my legs. Her tongue extended out and busy licking away at my wetness, at my sensitive folds, at my aching and pulsing button, and anywhere else she could!

That night, my girlfriend had yelled at me. She caught me flirting with other girls, and showing off skin. She had stripped me in front of everyone. When I tried to fight back, it only got it worse for me. Everyone saw me as the bratty girl who got what she deserved. They'd seen me get to the point where I was in nothing at all, lying on the couch. It had been the huge event at the party that no one had missed!

What happened after that though was even more revealing. It had really shown something off to everyone. There on the couch at the party, I had the most intense orgasm I've ever had.

It's sort of funny, the girl I was flirting with. You'd imagine that since it was fake flirting, nothing was going to come of it really in the end. Yet that girl actually did end up seeing me completely naked and orgasming, just not the way you'd think someone would after some flirting!

After it all happened, you could say things changed.

Melanie and I are more madly in love than ever actually. The incident was shocking. I had never told her I wanted something like that, to be exposed by her. I never knew I'd want something like that.

Our reputation has changed as well. Some people are of course suspicious now that maybe some of the rage they see is a bit manufactured. Yet more so, our reputation is no longer 'the couple that always fights.' Now we're 'the couple that always strips each other.'

Melanie is not shy to exposing me in some way when I'm being bratty. Flipping my skirts, pantsing me, stealing my underwear. It's clear that if I misbehave, that I pay for it with exposure. It's always embarrassing, and I'm sure plenty of people wonder why I always act up. They'd think I'd be sick of the constantly red cheeks.

Well in the very least, now everyone believes me when I had told them that, "the makeup sex is incredible!" They saw firsthand!

The End