**September, 2007**

My name is Cheryl, and this is a true story about what happened last summer… although this is not the “How I Spent Last Summer” essay that I would turn in at school!

I suppose it all really starts when I was 6. We moved into the neighborhood that year, and I met my next door neighbor, Sarah. Sarah is 3 months older than me, and we’ve been best friends since the first time we met.

We started making bets with each other around 10 years of age. At first the loser had to clean the winner’s room, or do some of the other girl’s chores. Eventually it grew into doing whatever the winner said for an hour, then eventually a day. There were rules that grew into existence around the bets.

You couldn’t make the loser do anything that she’d get in trouble for unless the chances of being caught were very, very slim, and the trouble would be minimal.

You couldn’t make the loser do anything illegal.

You couldn’t make the loser spend any money.

Other than that, anything goes. We typically had the other doing chores, painting our nails, braiding our hair, loaning us clothes, and doing stupid stuff like that. I think the worst thing that had been done to date was when Sarah made me sing happy birthday to our friend Tom all sexy, like the famous Marilyn Monroe version to the president, on his 16th birthday, which was about 3 weeks before mine.

I should probably describe both of us at this point. I’m 5 foot 4 inches tall, and I weigh 104 pounds. I’m a 34B with a 23 inch waist and 29 inch hips. I have dishwater blonde hair that comes to my shoulders and my friends say I’m pretty cute. I am on the swimming team at school, so I have to wear a bathing suit all year long. Because of that, I have taken to using Nair every Saturday on everything below the waist. I don’t want stubble growing in, so I do it once a week. Sarah is 2 inches taller than me and a little heavier, but still looks really skinny because she’s tall and thin. She plays volleyball at school, and is in really good shape. She’s a 32A with a 25 inch waist and 29 inch hips. She has dark brown hair that’s down to about the center of her back, and she normally wears it in a pony. She’s got a really pretty face with perfect skin and a darker complexion, and looks like a model.

So it came to pass that Sarah had lost a bet with me, and I decided that the day she had to pay the bet would be the day of my 16th birthday party, which was a Saturday just before school let out for the summer. My six closest friends were invited; Sarah, Tiffany, Rick, Tom and Mike.

Let me take a moment to describe our friends. Tom and Mike play basketball, and are in really good shape. Tom is about 6 foot 1, and has a killer body. He has blonde hair and a great smile. Mike is about the same height as Tom, and also in good shape. He’s cute, but I like Tom better. He has dark brown hair and dark eyes. We’ve been friends with Tom and Mike since 6th grade. Rick is the newest member of our group, and he moved in about a year ago. He plays football and is a little heavier than Mike and Tom, but not as tall. He has light brown hair, green eyes and dimples. Tiffany is a good friend of mine from the swim team. She has short, light blonde hair, freckles, and an awesome laugh. She is about 5 foot 1 inch tall, and about 90 pounds. She’s an A cup, but I don’t know what her specific measurements are. I’d guess about 32A, 21, 28. The unfortunate thing is that she lives on the other side of town, and we rarely see her outside of school, and almost never on summer vacation.

I had Sarah come over first thing that morning and give me a manicure, pedicure, and then go shopping with me to help me pick out my new outfit for my birthday party. When we got home I had her do my hair and makeup so I looked my best for that evening. During the party I made her sing happy birthday to me 3 or 4 times solo, and when we all got really silly, I told her to flash everyone her boobs. At first she just flashed her bra, but I made her do it right. I knew at the time that I was raising the stakes of our bets, but I didn’t really think about it, and it just seemed funny at the time.

All of our friends had already known that we made those bets, but it was still a shock that she did it. She held her shirt and bra up for about 4 or 5 full seconds, and that was the end of it. Everyone had a good laugh, and I pretty much forgot about it.

Apparently she didn’t, and she planned revenge.

About a month after my birthday, right near the beginning of summer break, we were playing a game of HORSE basketball in her driveway and decided to bet on the outcome. I did pretty good, but ended up barely losing on the last letter. She said she’d collect next Saturday.

I went to her house after breakfast and it was pretty much the usual. I cleaned her room, ironed, folded and put away her clothes while she read Cosmo, and then I gave her a manicure, pedicure, and did her hair. We hung out for a while at her house, and then our friend Tom called. He wanted to know if we wanted to come over and hang out. It was about 3:00 in the afternoon when we got to his house. His parents were at a wedding for one of his mom’s coworkers, so we had the house to ourselves all night. We got there and Tom was there with our other good friends Rick and Mike – the three guys who were at my birthday party.

We came in and went downstairs to the rec room where there’s a pool table, a dart board, and a card table and chairs. Tom got us all some sodas and we all sat down at the card table and started talking. Mike brought up when Sarah flashed everyone at my birthday party, and asked if either of us had lost a bet recently. Sarah smiled and said “As a matter of fact, Cheryl is paying up on a bet right now, and has to do whatever I say for the rest of the day. And I do owe her one, don’t I?”

I was very nervous but remained silent. I knew that I would not be able to talk my way out of anything since I had been the one to make her do it in the first place, but I felt like it was harder in this setting with three guys and only her, whereas at my party it was the same 3 guys, but there were 3 other girls, too. I guess I felt like there was safety in numbers with the more girls. Plus I had a crush on Tom, and she knew that.

Everyone was laughing and Sarah finally said that she’d give me a sporting chance. Since I was wearing a shirt, bra, shorts and panties, that was 4 things (I had taken my flip flops off at the front door). Since there were 4 people there, I would throw darts against each of them in turn. Each person would throw 3 darts, and the person with the highest score on all three darts would win. If I won, I could win back something I’d lost, or prevent a loss if I hadn’t lost anything yet. If I lost, the winner could make me take something off – his or her choice what came off. I had little choice, so I agreed after little argument.

Tom threw first and beat me bad. He had me take off my shirt, leaving me in a white cotton bra.

Mike threw second and I beat him by 2 points, so I got my shirt back.

Rick threw third and beat me. He made me take my shirt off again.

Sarah threw last and barely beat me because I was so nervous. She’s usually horrible at darts. She made me take my bra off.

I could feel myself turning red, standing there topless in front of everyone.

“I think Mike should get another chance” said Sarah matter of factly after she took my bra and put it on the table. “He was distracted last time, and I feel bad for him because he’s the only one who lost.”

“Come on.” I begged. “What about me? Don’t you feel bad for me? I did your challenge and I played fair, now give me my clothes back and let’s do something else.”

“I don’t want to do something else. Does anyone else want to do something else?” she asked.

Of course no one wanted to do anything other than stare at my naked chest. I had covered my breasts with my arms while we were talking.

“I’m in charge here because you have to do what I say for the rest of the day, and I say that you have to give Mike another chance. Now put your hands down so we can all see your boobs, and let Mike throw more darts.”

Mike threw his darts, and I was so nervous that I missed the board with two of mine, and he won easily.

I pulled my shorts off to reveal my blue lace boy-short panties. Thankfully I was wearing cute underwear today. Sarah made me hand her my shorts and turn around in a circle. “There. You got way more than even. Are you happy now? Can I get dressed?”

“I think we’re all pretty happy,” said Sarah, “but I don’t think the boys want you to get dressed yet.”

“Come on. I made you flash your boobs for a couple of seconds. I’ve been topless for about 5 minutes!” I whined, covering my chest again.

“You’re right,” she said, laughing. “Besides, you have to do what I say for the rest of the day. If we get bored later we can have you get undressed again!”

She tossed me my shorts to put back on. I silently cursed her for not giving me my shirt or bra first, but quickly stepped into my shorts, and held out my hand expectantly for a top. Sarah was holding my bra in her hands, studying it.

“Victoria’s Secret. This is nice, but it’s padded. Your nipples look pretty hard right now. You wouldn’t be able to tell through this bra, would you?” She asked, mockingly.

I blushed and covered my chest again, but said nothing.

“Come on, move your hands.” She goaded.

I dropped my hands to my sides again, blushing even more.

“You have such cute boobs, it seems a shame to cover them up like this.” She continued. She then dropped my bra on the table and tossed me my t-shirt. “Here. You can put this on. That way we can see how hard your nipples are, but you don’t have to be topless.”

“Oh, come on!” I argued. “Hasn’t everybody seen enough? Do you really need to do this?”

“If you’d rather not put the shirt on, that’s fine. I just figured you’d rather be mostly covered.”

I quickly pulled the shirt on. It did feel good to be covered again, but when I looked down I could clearly see my hard nipples straining against the light cotton of my tight t-shirt.

“So that was fun!” Sarah said brightly.

"No, it was not!" I said loudly over the guys sniggering and agreement.

"Well, it was fun for us, and that's what's important." She said emphatically. "It's only 4:00, so we've still got some time. We'll do it again later!"

"I'm going to go home, then." I was getting a little annoyed now. She had gone way past getting even already.

"You can't go home and you know it. You have to do everything I say until the day is over, and I say that you're going to stay here with us." She said, a little more forcefully than I had heard her before.

"So make her take her top off again!" Said Rick.

"She just got dressed. We'll leave her alone for a while." Came Sarah's reply.

We all played pool for a while, and I tossed a game of darts against Tom, which I lost spectacularly. He teased that we should have bet on the game, and Sarah overheard him.

"I think that's a fabulous idea, but you have to bet with me. You don't have the same arrangement with the others here, so you can play everyone, one-on-one, in pool or darts. I’ll bet on all of us, and you bet on yourself every game. If you lose, it’s our standard bet and you owe me another full day. If you win one game you get to be done for today. If you win a second game, you get one day from me, and if you win a third game you get two days from me. If you win all 4 games, you're done for the day, I'll be on for the rest of the day, and I'll owe you four days. If you lose all 4 games you have to owe 4 more days - one for each loss."

"No deal." I said. I wanted to be done for the day, and I wanted to have her owe me a day that I could get even, but I knew that I would lose at least 2 of the 4 games, and didn't want to owe her two more days that she could do this to me.

"It wasn't a question." Came her reply. "I told you what we're doing. You're playing Tom first. Pool or darts?"

"Pool." I was not happy.

Tom is really good at both darts and pool, but I'm better at pool, so I figured that was my best chance. I lost quickly and decidedly. Rick also beat me at pool, but not as badly. Mike was the closest game yet, and he almost scratched on the 8-ball, but he managed to win, too. Sarah hates darts, and is usually not good, so I challenged her to a game of 301, which is a game in which you add up your score for each throw and count backwards from 301. You have to go out on an exact number. We are both pretty bad, but I was better, and I won. I was done for the day! But the fact remained that I had lost 3 games, and owed her three more full days – it was going to be a long summer.

The guys were disappointed that Sarah had lost, and were calling for a do-over. They were not happy that I wasn’t going to be taking off my clothes for the rest of the day. I took my bra, went into the bathroom, and was finally fully dressed again.

We ordered pizza, I agreed to stay and be a good sport, and we all started laughing about everything I had done. I was a bit nervous about the next three times this was going to happen, but I pushed it out of my mind and laughed and joked right along with everyone. I even flashed my bra a couple of times for fun.

Sarah and I went home in time for our curfew, and called it a night.

**Payment Day 1**

The following Tuesday Sarah called me at 9:30, which was early for the summer.

“Come over as soon as you’re dressed.” She instructed. “I’ve got a bet to collect on.”

I groaned, hung up the phone and climbed out of bed. I took a quick shower, got ready, and was at her house before 11:00.

“We’re going over to Rick’s house in a few minutes. Both of his parents work, so we won’t be bothered.” She announced.

I tried to argue, and tried to talk my way out of paying the bets with nudity, and apologized over and over for making her flash everyone.

“I’m not upset that you made me flash everyone. It was kind of funny, and no big deal, but you’re the one who made me do it, so now the scope of our bets has expanded, and you can’t back out. I think it’s fun for now, so you can’t talk me out of it… unless you want to welch on the bet.”

In 10 years of friendship, we had not welched on any bet, no matter how bad. She had cleaned my toilet, cleaned up a moldy plate that had been left in my room, and countless other things. I had done equally as much for her. She was my best friend, and even though I wasn’t happy about any of this, I trusted her, and I love her like a sister. I agreed, but asked her to be nice to me.

She laughed out loud.

She laid out the plan. She had packed a gym bag with two of her short mini skirts and a cami that she liked. It was her size, so it would probably be a little tight on me, but long enough. We were going to go back over to my house and pick up a couple of my shorter mini skirts, and some cute underwear, and then we were going to head over to Rick’s.

About 40 minutes later we arrived at Rick’s. Tom and Mike were already there, and they were playing Xbox. They saved their game when we arrived, and Sarah explained to all of us what would happen next.

“We’re going to have a little fashion show so Cheryl can model some of the sexier outfits that we might have her wearing while she owes us the three days.”

The guys were getting more interested.

“Why would we have her wear any clothes at all?!” Joked Mike.

Sarah ignored him and continued. “We’ll go set everything up in the laundry room, and her runway will be the hallway leading between the family room here and the laundry room and garage door. We’ll turn on some music, and she will strut and dance down the runway, just like a real fashion show.”

With that, she took me by the hand and we walked into the laundry room. She told me which order to wear the outfits in, and left me to change. A few minutes later I was dressed in a short blue mini skirt and her white cami. The skirt came down to just above mid thigh, and was a light, fluttery material. The cami was silky rayon with spaghetti straps and a rather plunging neckline. It was very tight across my chest, and hung an inch or so past the waistline of the skirt. I had no shoes because I had kicked off my flip flops when we came inside, and we had packed none.

I walked out the laundry room door and all of the lights in the hallway were turned on their brightest. I walked down the hallway/runway as casually as I could, feeling rather silly. The music was fairly loud, but not overwhelming.

“You need to dance down the runway.” Reminded Sarah.

I danced a little, feeling somewhat awkward. When I got to the family room, I turned around and started walking back.

“Yeah, that doesn’t quite work, does it?” Said Sarah, mostly to herself. Then to me, she said “When you get here, walk through the room, dance for a minute or so in the middle of the room, turning around kind of slowly, and then start going back.

I felt myself blush as I walked into the family room, haltingly dancing, and turned around.

“Sexier. And turn with your arms out a bit.”

I tried again.

“Flip your skirt up a couple of times. Show us your panties.”

I shot her a scathing look, but did as instructed. I didn’t plan on being put on display like this when I dressed this morning, so I was wearing yellow cotton panties from Wal-Mart, and they were embarrassingly “little girl” like.

“What the hell are those?” She asked, laughing. “We packed you a few different sets! Why didn’t you put some better underwear on?”

“I didn’t realize I’d be flashing them at this point.” I responded through gritted teeth.

“And your bra straps are ruining the look of the cami.” She continued, as though her first question was rhetorical. “Go back to the laundry room, change into some sexier panties, and take your bra off.”

I did as instructed. In the laundry room I put on a pair of red boy-short panties, and removed my white cotton bra. The cami was still very tight, and my nipples erected as I removed my bra, the result being that their size and shape were clearly visible. At least the cami was not transparent.

I once again exited the laundry room and danced down the hallway, into the family room, and did my little turn. Sarah had to remind me to flip up my skirt, and told me that she didn’t want to have to remind me again.

I finished the first outfit, and returned to the laundry room. I repeated the fashion show with the other 3 skirts and two tops, remaining braless for the duration, and flashing my panties about a dozen times. Sarah then called a break for lunch, and I was allowed to dress in my shorts and t-shirt (still no bra) while I made everyone lunch, fetched chips and drinks, and finally ate something myself.

After lunch it was on to phase 2 of the fashion show. Sarah had me modeling bra and panty sets wearing nothing else. I was first dressed in my red boy short panties and matching lace Victoria’s Secret bra. I was embarrassed anew as I strutted and danced down the hallway and around the family room, and could feel myself blushing.

The next set was a black thong and black bra. The guys cheered at the sight of the thong, and I glared at Sarah, who only smiled back. The black thong set was followed by a white thong set, and finally by a blue thong set. Sarah had me staying in the family room longer and longer for each set, until I spent close to 3 full minutes in the blue set, dancing and strutting around the room.

Sarah then asked the guys which outfits they liked best so far. They wanted to see my leather mini skirt again, so Sarah had me go try it back on over the blue thong, and had me leave just the bra on top. I came back out and modeled it for them. They picked their 2 favorite skirts (surprise… the shortest 2), and then Sarah asked them which bra/panty sets they liked best. She told them we needed to narrow them down to 2 from the 4. Mike got the brilliant idea to request to see them again, so I was forced to model all 4 sets again. They quickly eliminated the red boy short set, and had me model each thong set twice before deciding on black and white.

Sarah then stated that, since I had been topless on the first night, that the guys needed to pick which bottoms looked best when worn alone, so that I would always look okay. I glared at her, and argued briefly, but to no avail.

When I returned from the laundry room the next time, I was wearing my black thong and short white fluttery skirt. It was a low-rise skirt with a zip up the side, and an elastic waist. I had no top at all, and was very nervous dancing down the hallway and into the family room. The guys all cheered, and then Sarah had me flip up the skirt again, showing my panties and bare butt. She then had me roll the top of the skirt in once to hide the elastic. This served the added purpose of pulling the skirt about an inch and a half shorter. The guys then asked me to roll it more to make it shorter still, and Sarah had me comply. The waist bulked up too much and it didn’t look good that way, so I moved on to the next skirt. I was only required to model the two skirts that they had picked (thank goodness for small favors), but was then required to model nothing but the two thongs. Mike wanted to know if the red boy shorts would look better without the matching bra, and a smiling Sarah had me model them as well.

When I was done modeling the last panty, Sarah had me stand there topless and facing them while they discussed the various bottoms that I might wear when topless. It was decided that I looked best when wearing just a thong, but if I had to wear a skirt, the white one with a single roll was best.

Tom then asked “Would she ever be wearing just a skirt, with no panties underneath, and no bra?”

Sarah laughed and replied “You know, that is a possibility.” Then turning to me she said “Go put on the white skirt again, and take off your panties. Come back out and give us the same fashion show.”

“Please don’t make me take off my panties!” I begged. “I don’t want to show everything down there!”

“Call it your pussy.” Chastised Sarah.

I blushed again. “Fine. I don’t want to show them my pussy.”

“Too bad. Now go.”

I walked slowly into the laundry room and took a few moments to calm myself. I finally mustered up the courage and put the skirt on, rolled once. I then steeled myself, and reached under and removed my panties. I lifted the skirt and looked at myself. I couldn’t believe how naked I looked, with no hair there, and I couldn’t believe that I was about to show my three closest guy friends.

A few moments later I once again exited the laundry room and danced down the hallway into the family room. I flipped my skirt up a few times in back, hoping that Sarah wouldn’t make me do the front.

“Flip your skirt up in front. You’re trying to cheat.” Scolded Sarah.

I complied, embarrassing as it was. The guys exchanged high-fives. I was then made to repeat this fashion show with each skirt, the guys requesting the ones that had been rejected earlier just to keep me topless longer, and to see more flashes of my pussy and butt.

Sarah then announced the fashion show over, and said that I could dress, but that as a special treat to the guys, I would be doing it out here in the family room. The guys once again exchanged high fives. I was sent to the laundry room to retrieve the black thong/bra combination and the shorts and t-shirt I had worn over in the morning. When I got back into the family room Sarah made me remove my skirt. I was totally naked for the first time in front of them.

Sarah asked the guys if they cared what I put on first.

"I think flip flops first." said Tom.

Everyone laughed, and Sarah made me go retrieve my flip flops from the front door. Once I returned she told me to put them on, and then she asked what should be next.

Mike said "How about her t-shirt next?"

I said "But what about my bra?"

"I know," replied Mike. "This way you'll have to take your shirt back off to put your bra on!"

Sarah laughed and said "This is going to be a fun summer! Cheryl - put your t-shirt on."

I pulled my t-shirt over my head - it came just below my navel. It felt really strange to be standing there in nothing but a shorty t-shirt and flip flops, my pussy on complete display as I faced my three closest guy friends!

"Now what?" asked Sarah.

"Now she should put her shorts on." said Rick.

Sarah had me comply.

"Now she should take her shirt back off and put her bra on."

"You heard the man." said Sarah, indicating my pile of clothes with her hand.

I stripped off my shirt, once again exposing my breasts. Sarah handed me my bra, and I quickly put it on.

“Now she should take her shorts off so she can put her underwear on.”

I did as told, again feeling weird to be standing there in a bra and flip flops, but bottomless. Sarah took her time handing me my thong, but I quickly stepped into it and pulled it up.

Next was my shirt, and finally my shorts. I was fully dressed for the first time in over an hour, and it felt great.

It was about 3:30, and Sarah and I left and headed home. We got to her house first, and I came in to empty her clothes from the duffel.

We went up to Sarah's room, and I was kind of silent.

"Come on. You have to admit that was kind of fun, wasn't it?" she asked.

"I don't know about that. It was soooo embarrassing. And you know that I have a crush on Tom, but you made me do all of that in front of him! He'll never date me now!"

"I don't know about that," she said. "You're really hot, and now that he's seen how incredible you look, he'll probably want you even more!"

"First, I'm not that hot, and second he probably thinks I'm a total slut now." I was pouting. I didn't want it to be okay, and I didn't want to talk about it.

"You are SO hot. You can see your abs, and your boobs are perfect. Mine are tiny, but yours are so firm and perky and your nipples are darker and they get so big when they're hard. You look like a Playboy model, but they wouldn't have to airbrush away your imperfections because you don't have any! You don't have any scars, moles, or blemishes. Your skin is perfect! And you swim all year long, so you're strong and have, like, NO fat on you. How can you say you're not hot?"

"Yeah, the way you say it sounds great, but I just look like a dork. And I can't believe that you made me dance naked for them. I hate the way I dance! Even with clothes on!"

"You dance great, and you look anything BUT dorky. Besides - you liked it. I could totally tell." She started smiling wryly.

"I did not like it!" Deep down I actually did kind of enjoy the attention, and watching the boys squirm in their seats, adjusting themselves in their pants and knowing that I did that to them, but I wasn't about to tell her.

"You did, too. You got wet, and your nipples were hard all day." she retorted.

I didn't know what to say, and my silence proved her point.

"You owe me 2 more times. If you REALLY hated it, I won't collect them at all, but if I can't collect them then we both have to agree to add the rule that any future bets can't require any sort of nudity at all - from either of us." She offered.

I thought it over. Part of me would be relieved to know that I wouldn't have to do anything like this ever again. Another part of me kind of wanted to get even, and that made me reluctant to agree to the new rule. "How about if I can get even, and then we can't include nudity?" I countered.

"No deal" came her reply. "You owe me 2 sessions right now, so I can be really cruel if I want. If I'm going to give that up I have to be guaranteed that you'll never be able to get even. If you're going to get even anyway, then I might as well go for it."

"What if I promise not to be as mean as you were - just flash the guys a few times and that's it?" I didn't want to give up the thought that I might get back at her one day.

"No deal." She was firm. "Either it NEVER happens again, or it does. No gray area."

I thought it over some more. I found that there was another small part of me - very small, and the minority for sure, but it was there nonetheless. This newly discovered part of me liked it, and wanted to do it again. That, coupled with the thought of revenge, made me reject her offer.

"Fine. I owe you 2 more sessions, and you can collect them whenever you want, and nudity is allowed, as long as all of the rest of the rules are followed. Nothing in public, nothing beyond the 5 of us, and nothing that could get me in trouble. But one day I'm going to get even, and you're going to be sorry. The meaner you are to me over the next 2 times, the more you'll regret it when it's your turn!"

Sarah just laughed. "It's still early, and you're mine until midnight. Call the guys and ask them if they liked your body."

"NO! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO THAT!" I yelled.

"I can and I will. Pick up the phone and call them. And put it on speakerphone. I want to hear the answers."

I called Rick’s house, rather than his cell phone, praying silently that he, Tom and Mike had gone out somewhere and wouldn't answer. He picked up on the third ring, long enough for the caller ID to show him my cell phone number.

"Hey, Cheryl." He sounded like he'd been laughing.

"Hey, it's Cheryl." God, sometimes I can be so stupid. He knows it's me - he just said so. I’m such a dork.

"So what's going on?" Still laughter in his voice, and I could hear Mike and Tom behind him.

"I'm over at Sarah's, and she's making me call you to ask you if you thought I looked okay." I said quietly.

“Put it on speaker phone!” Interrupted Sarah. “She’s supposed to ask all three of you.”’

The phone clicked a couple of times and suddenly I found myself on speakerphone with the three guys.

"What'd she just ask?" asked Tom.

I was made to ask the questions to all three of them (and to gales of laughter), and they all agreed that I looked really, really hot. When I asked what they liked best, I got different answers. Tom tried to avoid it by saying that everything looked great, but finally had to admit that he liked looking at my pussy and butt, and then when forced to pick only one, picked my pussy. He especially liked how there was no hair. Mike and Rick both like my boobs. Mike also thinks I have nice legs, and is also fond of my pussy and ass, but definitely likes the boobs better. After he said that, Rick had to chime in with a fondness for my various parts until I told them to shut up already, and Sarah told them how badly I was blushing.

Over the next 20 minutes or so it was decided that the fashion show was a lot of fun, because watching me dance when naked, half naked, or barely dressed was really cool. They also said it was really kind of a turn-on to know that I wasn't wearing anything under my clothes sometimes.

**Payment Day 2**

It was about three weeks later that we all finally got together again. Sarah and I saw each other almost every day, and we would see Tom, or Rick, or Mike, but rarely did all 5 of us meet up at the same time. We were all going to go to the beach, so I threw on a swim suit under a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, and grabbed a beach bag with a towel, comb, and all of the usual beach stuff. Tom came by in his jeep with Rick and picked Sarah and I up, and we headed over to Mike’s.

When we pulled around the corner Mike pulled his garage door up manually from the inside, Tom pulled straight in to where Mike’s dad normally parks, and Mike quickly slammed the garage door shut and reactivated the garage door opener.

I asked Sarah, "What's up? Why are we going into the house?” I was kind of slow, in hindsight. I just wasn’t suspecting anything.

"We're not going to the beach today. We're going to hang out here." Came the reply. “Mike’s parents are taking his sister to visit a college campus for the weekend, and left him home alone. We aren’t supposed to be here because all of our parents know that his parents aren’t home, so we all said we were going to the beach. With the car in the garage, no one will see Tom’s car, and it look like no one is home.”

Mike high-fived Tom, and I rolled my eyes as my stomach turned. I wasn't prepared for this, and I knew what was going to be happening.

We all kicked off our sandals and flip flops and went into the family room, which is in the back of the house. Mike's parents have a really nice house with a huge two story family room that looks out onto a screened in porch. The Kitchen is to one side, and the other side has a huge fireplace, so the only windows look onto the porch. This means that it's a very private room - you have to be on the porch in order to see in.

Sarah wasted almost no time. We weren't there for five minutes when she called me in to the bathroom. Her beach bag contained almost nothing that she'd have needed for the beach. She explained, "I went to Frederick's and bought you an outfit that I think the guys are going to enjoy." She produced from the folds of her towel the smallest skirt I had ever seen. It was later measured to be 4½ inches from the top of the waist band to the bottom of the skirt, which was about a foot bigger around than the waist, and pleated. Worn as the lowest of the low-rise, it would still barely cover my butt, and would flow and lift with every movement because of the pleats. Next she pulled out a sheer white top. When I say sheer, I mean that when you fold it in half twice, so you're looking through 4 pieces of the fabric, you can still see through it. The shirt was in the style of a button-down, but had no buttons, and came down barely beneath my boobs, where it tied with two thin pieces of the same sheer material from which it was made. The last item she pulled out of the bag was a tiny - I mean TINY - thong, made of the same sheer material as the shirt. It too tied, but on both sides, with short, thin little pieces of the sheer material. This outfit, she explained, was to be the coup-de-gras, and she put it aside after I'd had a chance to inwardly groan about how little it would leave to the imagination.

She also pulled out the two of her selected mini skirts from last time, 2 small halter tops, and another new thong, this one black, and at least having an elastic waist, but with a small front panel about the same size as the new sheer one she'd just shown me.

I was told that she would be going out to the family room with the guys. I was to dress in either one of the 2 mini skirts and tops, and the new black thong, and come out and dance around the room as another fashion show. I was to stay out there dancing for an entire song. Then I was to go back into the bathroom, change into the other skirt and top, and come back out, repeating my dancing fashion show for another full song. I should then return to the bathroom and put on the new outfit: sheer panties, ultra-short skirt and see-through top. I would then go out and dance around to another full song, making no effort to keep the skirt down, or to hide anything. When the last song ended, I was to keep dancing to the next song, but to strip to this one. I should take off the skirt during the first minute, the top during the second, and finally the panties during the third minute, which I should remove by untying.

After she was sure I understood my marching orders, and after I tried in vain to argue out of it, saying that if I got naked this early in the day there'd be nothing for later, she had me undress so she could put everything but the three outfits into her bag, which she was going to put by the garage door.

I pulled on the thong and decided that it had to be the smallest pair of panties I had ever worn. I had to pull it forward to cover the top of my pussy, and then the string for the back was starting in the front. I tried it several ways until it covered the most, then pulled on the skirt on, followed by the top.

I took a deep breath and walked out and into the family room. Sarah hit the remote and a CD started playing - she had made a custom music mix just for this. The first song was "Beep" by the Pussycat Dolls, and I danced around the room, feeling like a bit of a dork. When the song ended I headed back to the bathroom, and Sarah followed.

"When you're dancing, flash us the panties. I spent $20 on those, and no one's seen them yet!" she told me.

I gave her a half smile along with the finger, and she closed the door and left. I pulled the top off and put the new one on. I dropped the skirt to the floor to find that the thong had shifted during my dance, and the top of my pussy was now showing over the top of the panty. I readjusted, then danced in place for a moment. I watched in the mirror as the thong readjusted itself, allowing my pussy to peek back over the top. Crap. I adjusted again, then put the second skirt on. I lifted the skirt while dancing in place, and though it was harder to see, I could still tell that the panties weren't hiding what they were supposed to.

I took another deep breath, and walked back out. The song this time was Britney Spears' "Slave 4 U". On my second trip around the room dancing, Tom suddenly exclaimed "Is that your pussy poking out the top of your underwear?"

Sarah started laughing and told me to come over to her. I stood in front of her, swaying my hips while dancing in place, and the skirt pulled up so the three guys behind me could stare at my butt. She laughed again and had me show the guys. I turned around and danced over to the couch where they were sitting, and lifted my skirt again. They all laughed, and Tom and Mike high-fived again.

The song ended and I headed back to the bathroom. I took off the skirt and panties, and had to wipe my pussy off because I was starting to get wet from all of the attention. I pulled off the shirt, and folded up the clothes. I then put on the new shirt first. It was more revealing than I had feared - It was as good as being topless. My nipples clearly showed through the transparent material. The only effect it had was to cast a white tint to my naked breasts. I wiped again, and started the task of putting on the panties. I guessed how tight they should be tied and made little bows on each side. I stepped into them, and then retied them so they fit properly. They were made even more revealing than their transparency would have normally done because of the incredibly small amount of coverage they provided. Not having elastic, they slid down in front a bit easier than the other tiny thong, so at best about half of my pussy was clearly visible over the top, and the other half was clearly visible through the material. Last, I pulled on the skirt and zipped up the side. It was just as short and even more revealing than it looked. In order to get it to completely hide my butt while standing still I had to pull it so far down on my hips that I wasn't able to properly clasp it at the top. I pulled it back up, did up the clasp, and then wiggled it down. In the process I managed to loosen one side of the panties, which started to slide off. I hiked up the skirt and retied the panties, and re-wiggled the skirt back down. The bottom of the skirt in the back was about a millimeter below the bottom swell of where my butt met my leg, but that was as good as I was going to get it.

I took another deep breath, and opened the door. Sarah heard the door open and started the music - Christina Aguilera's "Candyman". The guys all cheered when they saw me, and as I walked over to them the skirt started to hike up. I remembered that she told me not to try to fix it, so by the time I was halfway through the song, half of my butt was on permanent display. I lifted the skirt for a couple of quick flashes, but ended up being told to stand in front of everyone and give them a good look while grinding my hips. They couldn’t believe how much was revealed while I was still wearing a shirt and those panties.

When the song ended, it went immediately into Shaggy's "Luv Me, Luv Me" from the "How Stella Got Her Groove Back" soundtrack (one of our favorite movies). As instructed, about 30 seconds into the song I unzipped the skirt and let it fall to the floor. The guys were high fiving and cheering as I danced virtually naked in front of them. In what seemed like no time the CD player was reading 1:20 into the song, so I untied the shirt and allowed it to fall open, then shrugged it off, eliciting more cheers and high fives. I glanced again at the CD changer after tossing the shirt to Sarah to find that it was at 1:53. I had 67 seconds before I had to have my panties off.

The song has a slower beat, so I was dancing slow with a lot of hip movement. Sarah suddenly yelled out "You little slut! You're getting the panties wet!" I looked down and saw, to my horror, that the sheer fabric was darker just below my pussy, where I was again leaking. I blushed furiously and stopped dancing for a moment. Sarah told me that I had to keep going, and I started again, awkwardly. I glanced at the CD player, hoping the song was over, and the time jolted me back to remembering my directions. It was reading 2:43, leaving me with only 17 seconds to get the panties off.

I reached down and grabbed the strings on either hip, and pulled forward. The bows came undone and the panties pulled off my body immediately. I had planned on a slower removal, but the lightness of the sheer fabric provided no friction, and suddenly I was naked. I kept dancing around the room, trying to forget the wetness issue, but glancing down periodically to find that my outer lips were spreading on their own, and I could see a small glistening of moisture forming. I was so embarrassed. To make matters even worse, I discovered that the song Sarah had selected for my strip dance was a full 6 minutes long, and I had been dancing naked since just prior to the 3 minute mark.

By the time the song was finally over, I could feel the moisture. Sarah wouldn't let me cover up, nor would she let me go to the bathroom. Instead she had me stand there and tell them all that it turned me on to be put on display like this, and the fact that my arousal didn't dissipate as I stood explaining proved the point. Sarah finally said that the show was over, and tossed me the skirt out of which I had just stripped to put on. I pulled it on, fastened it, and shimmied it down a bit.

"Which panties am I wearing?" I asked.

"I don't want you getting either of the new pairs of panties all wet, and since you wore a 1-piece swim suit under your clothes this morning, you're going to have to go commando." came her reply.

"But this skirt is so short!" I complained. "Can't I wear one of the others then?"

"Well, I think we all liked this one best. Guys? What do you think?"

All three guys were quick to agree that the new micro-mini was indeed the best skirt, and Tom joked that if I was going to be forced to wear it without panties all day, that he'd find a way to put up with it.

"Fine. Then which shirt am I wearing?" I was pouting and a little upset.

"Oh, I don't know..." she said elusively. "Guys?"

"The one that goes with that outfit." Said Tom immediately.

"Yeah, I like that one!" agreed Rick.

"I don't know, does she really need a shirt?" asked Mike.

"Hmmm..." said Sarah mockingly. "An excellent point. The shirt in question is pretty revealing, so it is a lot like not wearing a shirt. And this way if you get sweaty, the shirt won't need to be washed. I think that's an excellent idea, Mike."

Then, turning to me, she said "So I guess you're as dressed as you're going to be. Now we're going to play a game!"

Rick pulled out a board game – Clue.

"What the heck?" I asked. "I’m just going to sit here topless with half a skirt on and play Clue?"

"That’s the plan, unless you’d rather not wear the skirt.” She said. "We’ve been planning this day for a couple of weeks now, and the guys are excited to see you. I admit that I've been somewhat the master-mind behind it, but everyone chipped in on your little outfit. Oh, that reminds me - one of the things you have to do, because you have to do everything I tell you to, is to listen to the three guys, and do whatever they tell you, too. Only if I tell you specifically NOT to do something they tell you to do can you disobey them, unless they tell you to do something that violates our rules."

"You can't give them the power to collect on the bet!" I argued.

"I'm not. I'm telling you that you should listen to them, because I don't want to have to repeat everything they tell you to do. I'm telling you that, for me, you should obey them. Don't worry too much - I told them they're allowed to look all they want, but they can't touch unless you invite them to."

I could not think of an argument, so I kept silent and just glared at her. The guys all high fived again.

"Lift up your skirt and show me your pussy." said Mike. "I want to see if you're still all wet."

I blushed hard, but walked over to face him and lifted my skirt, spreading my legs slightly. I had calmed down a bit in the five minutes since I had stopped dancing, so I was not as overtly aroused, although I was still a bit flushed. He took a good look for about 30 seconds, and then indicated that he was satisfied. I flattened my skirt back out and stood awkwardly, unsure of what to do next.

It was decided that we'd play sitting in a circle on the floor. I tried sitting on my feet with my knees together, but Mike quickly told me to sit cross-legged. Rick quickly countered that I should sit straight-legged with my feet apart. Sarah interrupted and said that she'd have to overrule everyone since they couldn't agree. She told me that I had to sit in whatever position she was sitting while we played the game. She was sitting cross-legged at the time, so I reluctantly moved into position. The micro-mini skirt was little better than a belt in this position, and with my thighs each heading off in opposite directions from each other, I was lewdly on display, and felt more naked than I ever had 'till now. I could feel my entire body blushing, and looked down to see that even my breasts had turned beet red. Everyone else noticed this, too, and laughed out loud.

Sarah realized that the exposure might be a bit much, and tucked one leg under, bringing her legs closer together. I quickly followed suit and found that while I was still very much on display, I was no longer spread wide open. I actually giggled out loud, and was made to explain that I was amused to find myself grateful for that little bit of modesty.

We sat and played three rounds of clue, and I lost them all because I was totally unable to concentrate. The time was fairly uneventful, save for the fact that I was virtually naked the entire time, and the guys kept asking Sarah to sit in different positions, most of which she did not do.

Lunch time arrived, and we stopped playing the game. Sarah decided that if I was naked for too long it would be less fun, so she allowed me to put on my shorts and t-shirt that I had worn in the morning over my swim suit. I was so relieved to be dressed, it really felt wonderful. I went to the kitchen to make lunch for everyone per their orders. Mike came in and told me that he thought I was really hot. He then asked me to make his sandwich topless. Sarah laughed and walked away, so I pulled my top off and started making all of the sandwiches. Tom complained that since I'd be making Rick’s sandwich topless, I should make his sandwich bottomless. The answer to this was that I should strip naked and make all of the sandwiches. I would then put them onto the plates, and deliver them to each recipient one at a time by walking around the counter and handing it to them (even though they were sitting at the breakfast bar on the same counter that I was making the sandwiches on!).

Sarah just laughed and said "Man! Having you obey the boys is going to keep you undressed quite a bit today!"

I pushed my shorts down and stepped out of them, and went back to starting to make the sandwiches. Sarah made me wash my hands before continuing, which gave everyone a good view of my butt for a minute or so. I finally made the sandwiches, hand delivered them with the chips, was reminded to get everyone a drink from the refrigerator, and then had to set my plate up before I could dress again.

Lunch took a bit longer than usual because I had to stop after almost every bite to flash someone my boobs, or to stand up and show them my pussy or turn around and moon them. Sarah just sat quietly eating her lunch, when she wasn’t laughing, and was the first one done.

After cleaning up and doing the dishes, we returned to the family room. Sarah asked the guys what I should wear next.

"She can put the skirt back on, she can put on the whole outfit, or she can put on one of the other outfits, or she can wear what she's wearing." She offered.

“Can we make her be naked?” asked Mike.

“We can make her take stuff off, but let’s not just have her be naked. There’s no fun in that.” Replied Sarah. I looked at her, and she added, “In fact, let’s put a shirt on her, too, so she’s more covered than this morning.”

"Wait!" Exclaimed Mike. He dashed to the guest bedroom upstairs, and was back in less than a minute, slightly out of breath.

"Try this on, Cheryl." He tossed me a t-shirt that had to be smaller than anything I owned.

“What is it?” I asked, looking at it.

“It used to be my sisters. She cleaned her room preparing for college and put it in the Goodwill box. I was making fun of it because it’s so small. She says that’s why she doesn’t wear it any more.”

Mike’s sister is very short – almost a midget. She is 4 foot 10, and about 80 pounds. She’s very tiny, but cute.

I pulled my t-shirt off, hardly even noticing the stares any more, and pulled the new t-shirt on. It was obscenely tight; my perpetually-hard nipples threatening to tear through the thin white fabric, and it came down almost exactly half way between my nipples and my navel. There was a small hole, smaller than a dime, just a tiny bit left of my left nipple. Thankfully I don't have much body fat, so nothing was really being squeezed out of shape - it was just very tight and revealing.

Everyone agreed that they liked the new shirt, and although it was fun having me topless all morning, they conceded that this was good for now.

"So what should we have her wear on bottom?" Sarah asked. "This is a democracy, after all."

I was made to go get all of the clothes that were available to wear and lay them out on the floor, including the shorts I had been wearing. They first had me try on all 3 skirts. They liked two of them with the shirt, but had me try on the shorts again, most likely to have me pulling off my clothes more. They were no good (covered too much), so I stood bottomless and somewhat embarrassed while they discussed the options. Tom looked into the bag and found the two new panties that they had bought me.

"What about these?" he asked, pulling them out.

"Not the sheer ones!" said Sarah quickly. “They’re expensive and I don't know if she gets wet again if she'll ruin them. The black ones are machine washable, though.”

I pulled them on, and although they barely covered anything, or perhaps because of that fact, everyone agreed that they were the best option for the too-small t-shirt.

Sarah agreed that I was technically covered and dressed, so that was my full attire for the time being. A too-small t-shirt that covered my boobs and shoulders, and a tiny thong that covered about 70% of my pussy.

We again sat on the floor in a circle, and Sarah moved into a cross-legged position to see how obscene my exposure would be. The tiny fabric of the panty provided barely enough coverage to hide me, and slid back a bit, exposing more of the cleft of my pussy lips, but she remained in that position. Everyone decided that they didn't want to play the game again right away, so we sat talking for a while, and ended up playing truth or truth. It almost started as Truth or Dare, but then Mike pointed out that they could make me do anything they wanted anyway, and if I got to make them do stuff, too, it wouldn't be as much fun.

All sorts of questions were asked and answered. We were all virgins, they were the first to see me naked, and I was the first non-little girl that Tom and Rick had seen naked live. Mike had seen his sister a couple of years ago in the shower when she accidentally left the door partially open, and he had played peeping-Tom. Tom hated that expression. Everyone had kissed or made out with someone, Sarah and I had never kissed each other, which disappointed the guys. We had never made the other one do anything sexual in any of our bets before, and we have never seen a naked guy live.

Sarah then asked Tom to rate my body parts in order, his favorites on down. It took quite a few minutes to get him to say anything other than “There’s nothing I don’t like”, but finally he understood that it didn’t mean that I had ugly boobs if they were last, just that he preferred butts or pussy more. He put them in order pussy, butt, boobs, legs. My arms, face, neck, feet and back were not included – you can see them any time.

“She does have nice legs, I guess.” Replied Rick, looking at them studiously.

“Stand up and show off your legs for us.” Instructed Mike.

“Yeah!” agreed the other guys, virtually in unison.

As they checked out my legs they made me stretch them out, lay down, then turn over and show them from the sides and back, flex the muscles, and stand on my tip toes to flex the calves, viewing every position from the front and the back.

“Why don’t we do this for every part of her body, and then we can all rate and decide what’s best about her!” suggested Sarah. I glared at her, but it was too late. The guys were all about that idea.

My legs already done, they decided to work their way up; therefore it was on to my butt. Even though the thong covered less than a square inch across my entire backside (and most of that in my crack) they asked Sarah for permission to have me remove it, to "get an accurate picture".

“You guys can tell her what to do. I’ll stop you if it’s not okay.” She replied, grinning evilly at me.

The thong was off in a matter of seconds. They had me lying on my stomach, kneeling, standing, lying on my side, flexing, not flexing, with my legs apart, with my legs together, bending over... you name it. About half of the poses put a lot more than just my butt on display, too, but they all ignored my protests to that fact. They spent a good deal of time making sure that they could see my butt hole, too. After about five minutes they all agreed that my butt was nice, and decided to move on to look at my pussy.

Laying on my back, kneeling, kneeling and leaning back on my hands with my legs spread, kneeling with my butt facing them and my knees spread, and standing. After close to ten more minutes they all agreed that I had a nice looking pussy, and I was finally allowed to put my too-small thong back on after I had wiped off the moisture that has started to form there.

Now it was time to discuss my boobs. Off came the shirt, and I was tweaking my nipples, kneading my breasts, doing jumping jacks, hand-stands, jogging in place, laying on my back, kneeling and letting them hang down, and then all three guys laid on their backs, and I had to straddle them on my hands and knees with my boobs hanging right over their faces. Sarah just sat there giggling while I was going through all of these gyrations, and even suggested that the straddling thing would have been a good way to view my pussy. She broke into fits of hysterical laughter when the guys agreed and told me, almost in unison, to take the panties off immediately and straddle each of their heads with my knees positioned by each ear, both facing forward and backward. I unsuccessfully lobbied for my shirt back before doing anything. I tried to say that they had always let me wear something to cover whatever they weren’t looking at up ‘till now. They said it was a stupid rule, and they’d be doing away with it right now.

I stripped my panties off, leaving me totally naked once again, and straddled each of their faces in turn, facing both directions and leaning my upper body in different angles until they were happy. The guys who I wasn’t straddling were walking around me, getting a good look on their own. I was glistening with my own wetness by the time I had finished, and this fact had not gone unnoticed by anyone in the room.

When I was done and Sarah had declined the offer to have me straddle her face (to the guys’ dismay), it was back to my boobs again. They denied me my panties, leaving me naked, so I laid on my back to show them how my boobs fell when I was in different positions. They wanted to see me with my arms up toward the ceiling, above my head, out to the sides, and almost every position in between. Then I stood and raised my arms and held them to the sides. Then they had me redo a few of the poses I had already done with my panties on. Finally, they made me redo the jumping jacks totally nude.

Finally, when they could think of no other way or angle from which to inspect me, but not wanting to let me dress yet, they decided to examine my back. This was done with the guys standing in a circle around me, and me turning to each guy to show him my back for a minute or two, moving my arms and shoulders to flex the back muscles. This gave the other two guys a clear view of my front while this was going on, and I’m sure the guy who was supposed to be examining my back was checking out my butt.

Now it was time to rank the body parts. Sarah decided that she would call them out and each guy would give a number from 1 to 5, indicating his ranking of that body part. Legs, butt, pussy, boobs and back. As she called out a body part, I had to show it off.

My pussy was ranked highest, then my boobs, followed by my butt and legs. My back was last. It had been almost an hour total, and they could think of no other reasons to keep me naked, but it was pretty obvious that they were trying. Sarah caught on to what the guys were trying to do, and gave them the excuse they were looking for.

“She’s kind of wet again.” She said, unable to stifle a giggle. “Let’s leave her panties off until she’s a little more under control.”

The guys were all smiling at that news, so I pulled my t-shirt on and sat as demurely as possible for the next few minutes, until I asked for my panties back.

“Are you all dry now?” asked Sarah.

I felt my face blushing as I nodded. She wanted to see, as did the guys. Thankfully, I had pretty much calmed down, and it was evident, and I was able to put the panties back on. At the beginning of the day I would have been mortified to be standing in front of my guy friends in those things. Now I was thankful to pull them on.

We resumed the truth-or-truth discussion. All anyone wanted to talk about was all of the different poses I had done, and which ones looked coolest, and how they could all see my pussy and ass hole when I was on my hands and knees with my legs spread, and that kind of thing. They took turns asking each other questions, but by unspoken rule they didn't ask me anything, which prevented me from having a turn to ask anyone anything.

After about 15 minutes or so I tried to excuse myself to go pee. All three guys jumped up and said that they wanted to watch.

"No way!" I shouted. "That's gross!"

"The rules were that they could look, but not touch, that you can't do anything illegal, anything that you could get in trouble for, or anything like that. There are no rules about not doing something that you think is gross." said Sarah, thinking out loud. "I think you'll have to do it. I don't really care to watch, so if you'll just give me your panties now, I'll hold on to them 'till you're done."

"You're a bitch, you know that?" I said, pulling my panties off and tossing them at her.

"Wow, that wasn't very nice, was it?" she said playfully. "That hurts my feelings."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did little baby get her feelings hurt?" I chided in mock baby-talk.

"Yes." she pouted, also in mock baby talk. "The only thing that will make it all better is if you give me your shirt, too." Then, in a more stern voice, "Now."

I looked at her for a moment, stunned, then pulled my t-shirt off yet again and tossed it to her. I then headed to the bathroom, once again stark naked, with three guys in tow. They had me hover-squat over the toilet while they all kneeled in front of me. It took a few moments to get started, I was so embarrassed, but I finally did pee, and they all exchanged another round of high-five's, watched me wipe, and Mike and Rick walked with me back to the family room while Tom stayed behind to pee.

Sarah was waiting with a huge smile on her face. "We're going to continue to sit and talk, but you don't get your clothes back until you can be nice to us. Now sit down like you're supposed to, and let's all keep playing truth-or-truth.

I sat, blushing and silent. She waited until Tom was back and then slowly changed her position to sit cross-legged, and leaned back on her hands. This meant that I was VERY exposed again. The guys laughed and the discussion continued, now centered completely around my body. After a few minutes Sarah flipped over, her butt facing the group, and spread her legs wide, so her body was only a few inches from the floor. I was required to follow her lead, putting me even more on display. The guys then talked about my butt, pussy and butt hole for a few minutes, until Sarah got up, laid on her back and grabbed her legs and pulled them into a splits position. Again I mimicked her position, and the guys just laughed and stared.

"I'm sorry I called you a bitch." I said, turning to look at her.

"Thank you." she replied simply. She reached over and tossed me my panties and t-shirt.

"Awww... Come on!" the guys complained in unison.

"She's been naked most of the day. Are you serious that you still don't want her to get dressed?" Sarah asked incredulously.

"Naked chicks RULE!" replied Rick.

The other guys all laughed and agreed.

Still holding my panties and t-shirt, I asked if I could dress. Sarah looked to the guys questioningly, and then overrode their answer. She allowed me to put on the thong and t-shirt, and said that we would go get a snack. It was just about 3:30, so Sarah instructed that no one would tell me to take my clothes off until 4:00 at the earliest. Sarah, Rick and Mike all headed to different bathrooms to pee, and I was left alone with Tom. I quickly pulled on my thong and t-shirt, and headed to the kitchen to make everyone a snack. Tom complimented me, both on how good he thought I looked, and on what a good sport I've been. I told him that I was going to get even with Sarah, and that's the only reason I was putting up with it.

"But it turns you on, too, though" he said.

I was quiet.

"Show me your pussy again." he demanded.

"Everyone agreed that I wouldn't have to take anything off again until 4:00!" I argued, a little panicked that I was alone with him, and that I could feel that I was still a bit turned on.

"I didn't say you should take anything off. Pull your underwear to the side so I can see your pussy."

I thought about it for a moment, and I don’t know why, but I complied. He was kneeling, his face inches away, pointing out my obvious wetness when Sarah came in the room.

"Did I interrupt something?"

"No, I'm just proving to her that she's getting turned on by all of this." he said.

"Oh, she loves it. Don't let her tell you anything different. But I thought she was going to get to stay dressed until 4:00. You didn't make it 5 minutes!"

"I didn't make her take anything off. We all agreed that we wouldn't make her take anything off. No one agreed that we couldn't make her shift her clothing around a bit." he answered slyly.

This elicited more laughter from Sarah, just as Mike and Rick were coming back into the kitchen.

"What's funny?"

Tom and Sarah told them about the loophole Tom had discovered, and everyone had a good laugh - me included. It was funny. The guys made me leave my panties as they were - pulled aside and hiding nothing, and Mike had me twist the shirt until my left nipple, which was perpetually hard, was poking through the tiny hole.

I finished making up the snacks and getting fresh drinks for everyone with my clothes twisted like that. The shirt kept twisting back to its proper position, and they would have me correct it. Tom had the idea of me turning my thong around and wearing it backwards, with only the dental floss-wide string in front for coverage (which could also be pulled aside, he noted), but I complained that turning it around would require that I take it off, which everyone said I wouldn't have to do until 4:00. Sarah pointed out that I could remove it from one foot, put the other foot in, and turn it around like that without taking it off, and made me do so. It was agreed that it looked really stupid (but showed everything), but they made me keep it that way for a while anyway. Three times in the 15 or so minutes leading up to 4:00 it was requested that I flash them my boobs. Mike took it one further by having me stand, pull my thong down to my ankles and pull my shirt up so that it was inside-out on my head like a hat, and then just stand there for 1 minute. Because the clothes hadn’t physically left my body, they were technically complying with the agreement that I wouldn’t take anything off until 4:00. While my thong was down, they let me turn it back the correct way.

When 4:00 finally came, Rick asked me if I was turned on. I lied and said "no", but he made me stand and drop my panties, which showed the wetness that betrayed my lie. He asked Sarah if, because I had been caught in a lie, he could make me leave my panties off. She agreed and made me apologize for lying. Mike said that turning the thong around was cool and joked that it was too bad that turning the shirt around backwards wouldn’t have the same effect. Then they all laughed and said that I should do it. I could tell that the only reason they did it was to see me take the shirt off again. I pulled my arms inside and spun the shirt, shooting a smug look in the process. I had done it without exposing my boobs at all.

"Wow, that was really smart. You showed me, didn't you?" he said in a mocking tone. “Now just take your shirt off completely."

As I did that, to the others he said "Boy, she totally burned me. I am SO put in my place right now!"

As I stood naked at the kitchen island, Sarah turned to me. "You called me names, you're getting smug with Mike, you lied to Rick and you tried to get out of turning your thong around when Tom told you to. I think you're getting a little bit of an attitude problem. You've been very obedient to this point, and I would hate to see you stop, so why don't we go back into the family room and have you dance for us for a while. You're dressed perfectly for it, and I think it will help us all to forgive you.

The guys all laughed and agreed that it would help them to forgive me, and Sarah led the way back, where she swapped her custom CD back into the player and started the music.

I danced around the room for the Pussycat Dolls, Britney and Christina. As Luv Me, Luv Me, the 6 minute song, started, I asked if I could stop yet. The compromise was that they would all dance, too, but as I was the only one naked, I didn't see that as a big compromise. Nonetheless, I made it through the song, after which Sarah told me to put on the black thong I had been wearing, the new ultra-mini skirt, and the too-small t-shirt. The shirt didn't really go all that well, but it was so tight and I looked like such a slut in it that it didn't really matter. It was almost 4:30, and I asked what the plan was.

"Our parents would probably expect us home from the beach by about dinner time, I would think." I stated. "None of us even look like we were at the beach today." We were all pretty tan already, but our hair was dry and styled, our swim suits were all dry and clean, and our towels were all unused.

"Yes, we thought of that" replied Sarah. "You'll actually be helping us out with that when the time comes."

I looked around inquisitively, but no one said a word, so I let it drop. I figured I'd find out in due time, and I was in no hurry to make it happen, since I knew it would be embarrassing.

We sat around talking some more for about 20 minutes, and Sarah announced that it was almost time to go. She excused herself and went upstairs. About a minute later I heard the shower start running, and the guys explained the rest of the plan to me.

"We're all going to take a shower with our bathing suits on, dry off with our beach towels, and then pile into the car. Tom will drop everyone off, Mike last.

"Okay..." I replied tentatively, waiting for the bomb to drop.

"Sarah wanted to shower first so she could let her hair dry, since it's really long" Continued Tom. "When she's out of the shower, Me, Mike and Rick will all wet ourselves down in the shower. And you'll be in there with us."

"I knew there'd be something like that." I said with exasperation in my voice.

"So you should probably take off the clothes you're wearing, put everything away, and get your swim suit, shorts and t-shirt out."

"And I don't suppose I can put my suit on until the last minute, huh?" I queried, very nervous now because this was the first time I was alone with just the guys, and they were telling me to strip. Sarah was always my safety for this. She would be there to make sure that nothing got out of control. I trusted all the guys, but this was still nerve wracking.

"Well, not until you're done showering, anyway." came the laughing reply.

"I have to shower with you guys naked?!" I cried.

"Well, we won't be naked. We'll have our suits on." replied Mike, tugging at the nylon jams that he was wearing.

"Oh my god." was all I could say.

"So get going. Strip down and fold everything up nice. Then go get your beach bag and bring it back here." commanded Mike, after a few moments of silence.

I didn't say a word. I nervously took the shirt off and folded it neatly up. I pulled the skirt off, zipped up the side and folded it in half. I then pulled off the panties and tossed them on the pile. A few moments later I was back with my beach bag. I retrieved my shorts and t-shirt from the couch where they had been discarded much earlier in the day, and pulled my swim suit and towel out of the beach bag. I then put the skirt and thong in my bag, hidden at the bottom. Mike told me to keep the t-shirt because I could wear it again this summer, so I added it to my bag as well.

The water stopped running about then, and the three guys and I started upstairs, me in the lead. The guys followed, carrying my suit and all four of our towels. If I carried anything, it would be hiding part of my body, they explained. Mike invited me into his room, then commented that this is the first time he's had a naked girl in his room.

Sarah exited the bathroom in her still-wet swim suit, her beach towel wrapped around her head, carrying her clothes. Mike volunteered to go first, and stripped of his t-shirt as he walked into the bathroom. It was a bathtub-style shower stall with a blue curtain. I was instructed to get the water running, and then to get in. Mike joined me after a moment, and stood under the water flow as I stood at the other end shivering a bit. His erection was obvious under his now-wet and clinging swimwear, and he caught me staring. He turned his back to me, then looked over his shoulder and scolded me for crossing my arms over my chest, and made me stand with my hands at my sides, my body covered in goose flesh and my nipples hard enough to cut glass. When he finished wetting himself down, back and front, he offered for me to warm up briefly. As I was squeezing past him, my breasts brushed against his chest, and I could feel his erection against my stomach. After a few seconds under the water he reached past me, brushing my breast with his cheek, and turned off the water. He opened the curtain wide, which caused me to become very cold very fast. I was once again shivering, but kept my hands at my sides. He dried off with his towel, exited the bathroom, and was replaced with Rick, who again had me turn the shower on. I warmed up under the water before he entered, at which time I took my place at the cold end of the tub. Rick was not as gentlemanly as Mike, and did not offer to let me warm up. He was also not as shy about his obvious erection in his nylon shorts, and did nothing to hide it as the wet material clung to his skin. I think he was proud of it, and wanted to make sure I saw it. He shut off the water, opened the curtain, and exited gripping his towel, dripping water all over the floor.

Tom was last, and once again had me turn the water on. I started to warm up under its flow, and almost immediately Tom stepped in. I tried to move to the cold end of the tub, but Tom insisted I get warm. After about a minute I thanked him and we traded places. He passed me with his back to my front, and I allowed my breasts to rub against his skin. His erection was obvious, too, and it appeared bigger than the other two. He was shy about it, and kept fluffing his shorts to keep them from sticking to his skin. He asked me if I wanted to share the water with him, and almost without thought I moved toward him. He turned his back to me and I hugged up to him, pressing my naked, wet body against his bare back and nylon clad butt. After a moment I asked him to turn around. He did, and I kissed him deeply. He was surprised at first, then kissed me back with equal force. I pulled my breasts to his bare chest, and ran my hand over his butt. He was hesitant, but I grabbed his hands and pulled them around me into a hug.

After a moment of kissing like that, I broke off and blurted out "I didn't do this with the other two guys!"

He looked stunned for a minute, and then said "Good. Neither did I!"

I started laughing, and he grabbed me in a hug and kissed me again. I reached around to my back and slid his hand down to my butt, which he squeezed gently while kissing me more deeply, our tongues entwined.

After a moment we broke the embrace and he turned off the water. I blushed as he handed me my towel, then took his own. After we dried off and got out of the tub, the door burst open and the other guys, along with Sarah, came in. Even though they had all seen me naked all day, and that was the point now, I screamed and covered up with the towel out of reflex. Sarah was now dressed in her shorts and t-shirt, and there were small wet marks from her suit. The guys were now wearing their t-shirts again, which were wet from the waist down, where they were soaking up water from their wet swim suits. Sarah took my towel from me, laughing.

Sarah took my suit and wet it in the sink under cold tap water, wrung it out, and tossed it to me.

"Now you put this on." she said.

Tom grabbed the suit, turned the water in the tub back on hot, and rewet my suit. He wrung it out again, and then gave it to me. "Now it won't be so cold." he said simply.

I wriggled into my suit with some difficulty, but managed to get it in place. We all picked up our towels and headed downstairs. I put my shorts and t-shirt on, put my towel in my beach bag, and we all got into Tom's car. He pressed the button on the garage door opener, we backed out, left the neighborhood via the back way, and he drove us home, dropping off Rick first, then Sarah and I, and finally going back to Mike's. We were home by 6:00.

It was decided that I would spend the night at Sarah’s again, and after we cleaned up a bit and changed into dry clothes, I finally got her alone and told her about the kiss in the shower with Tom. We talked about it at length, and she called me a slut. We laughed, and I was nervous that I had done the wrong thing – scared him off. She insisted that he likes me, too.

“I’ll bet you another day that he calls you tonight.” She said finally.

“No he won’t.” I replied miserably. “That was so stupid, and I’ve blown any chance with him that I might have had.”

“Another day. You win, I owe you a day and you can get even. I win, and you owe me another day.”

I agreed, but didn’t really care if I won or lost at that point. I was so miserable and worried that I had not only destroyed my chances with Tom, but may have ruined our friendship, too.

About 6:50 the doorbell rang, and it was Tom.

He asked Sarah if he could talk to me, and I stepped into the doorway. We invited him in, but he said he couldn’t stay. He suddenly started speaking very fast, as though he would lose his nerve if he didn’t get it all out immediately.

“I’m sorry that I took advantage of you in the shower today and I shouldn’t have done that and I know the rules were look but don’t touch and I don’t blame you if you’re mad at me and I just hope you don’t hate me and that we can still be friends it’s just that I’ve had this crush on you for so long and then seeing you naked all day was just so much and I’m sorry.” It was a long, run-on sentence all blurted out with one breath and no pauses. It was cute.

I jumped off the step and landed on him, wrapping my legs around his waist and kissing him full on the lips. He nearly lost his balance, but remained standing on the porch, too stunned to kiss back at first. Then he smiled as he started to understand, and he kissed back.

He accepted our invitation to come inside, and we adjourned to the rec room in the basement, where Sarah’s parents never bother us.

“I told her you’d call her tonight. You came over – just as good. We bet on it, and she lost. Now she owes another day.” Sarah told him.

I tried to get out of it. “You said he’d call. He didn’t call, he came over.”

“It’s the same thing!” Sarah countered. “He contacted you to talk about what happened, which is what I meant, and what we were talking about.

Just then my cell phone rang. I looked at it, and it was Tom. I looked over to him and he was smiling, waiving his own cell phone. I answered.

“I did call you tonight. You lost the bet.” He said into the phone, and we all broke down laughing. I went to him and kissed him, then sat next to him with my head on his shoulder. He took my hand in his, and held it tight, smiling down at me.

“So you two are an item now. This is so exciting!” Sarah said.

After a short while the topic of my bets with Sarah came up. Sarah was concerned that now that we were together, that Tom would not want me naked in front of his friends.

Tom tried to be chivalrous to let me out of it, but Sarah made me tell him the truth – that it kind of turned me on – and he agreed that it really turned him on, and that he didn’t care if his friends saw, as long as they couldn’t touch. He eventually left it to Sarah, saying that I owed her the bets, and it was her call, but admitting that he’d like it if she continued to collect.

I sat on his lap and started kissing him.

“Get a room you guys!” Joked Sarah.

The three of us hung out and talked for little while. We decided that we were going to keep the fact that Tom and I were now together a secret, so the other guys didn’t feel weird about it. A few minutes later, Sarah’s mom called downstairs.

“We’re going to go out for a bite of dinner. Would you kids like to come along?”

“No thanks, mom. We’ll cook a pizza or something.”

About 5 minutes later we heard her parents leave. Sarah went upstairs to put in a frozen pizza, and came back a couple minutes later. The doorbell rang a few minutes after that. I was told to answer it, and Mike and Rick were standing on the front door step.

“We hear that Sarah’s parents are gone for an hour or so.” They said excitedly.

“Oh, come on.” I said in mock frustration, opening the door for them to come inside.

We went downstairs and Sarah and Tom were laughing. Apparently Sarah had just told Tom who was here, and why.

Mike wasted no time. “Let’s see your tits again!”

I had changed into cotton briefs and a plain bra after getting home. “I’m not wearing a cute bra. Can we not do this?” I asked.

Sarah grabbed me by the hand and led me upstairs. She handed me a small lace thong and one of her lace bras. It was very small on me and the lace made it very see-through. I wore it on the outermost clasp, and it didn’t bind too much, but the A cup covered very little. When I wore it correctly, it acted like a pushup bra, and my nipples were visible over the top.

“There. Now you have no excuse.”

“This is obscene. You can see my nipples!” I argued.

“When you take it off they’ll be able to see your nipples, too.” She countered.

I could think of no argument, so I tossed my shirt and shorts back on, picked up my own bra and panties, and we headed back downstairs.

“Show us your tits!” said Mike, hearing me come down the stairs. I lifted my shirt and pulled the bra down a bit.

“Not like that!” he said. “Take your top off!”

I rolled my eyes. “I’ve been naked all day. You still want more?”

“Said it before… naked chicks RULE!”

I pulled my shirt off, showing them Sarah’s bra. One breast was still fully exposed from when I had pulled the bra down. I reached behind me and pulled the bra off completely.

“Last time I lend you a bra. You don’t even keep it on for five minutes!” said Sarah. The guys all laughed at her joke, as did I.

“Did you lend her matching panties?” Inquired Rick.

“I did”

“So let’s see them!”

I dropped my shorts and stepped out of them, turning slowly on the spot with my arms outstretched.

“They’re nice, but they look so big. We’re used to that tiny little thong you were wearing all day.” Said Mike.

“I agree. They don’t look right. You should probably just take them off.” Said Tom, laughing.

I smiled at him and slid them down, stepping out of them. I turned around again, letting them all have a good look.

Sarah turned on the stereo, and we all hung around and talked. Sarah had me dance in the middle of the room for about half an hour, and my body was all sweaty and glistening when I was done. This did help hide the fact that my pussy was getting wet again.

We heard the garage door opening, and I quickly grabbed my clothes and dashed to the bathroom, where I dressed. About 10 minutes later the guys left, and Sarah and I were laughing about the day. I was so happy that Tom and I were okay, that I didn’t really care that she had put me on display all day.

**Payment Day 3**

I went over to Sarah's house at about 9:00 on a Tuesday in early August. Her parents were both working for the day, and I was surprised to see Mike and Tom already there. I immediately got that nervous feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Sarah’s house has a first floor master suite that is her parent’s bedroom. They have a big bathroom with a large tiled shower and a little changing room. Sarah’s bedroom is on the second floor, and she has her own bathroom up there, but she still sometimes uses her parent’s because it’s so nice and big, and has a heat lamp that she loves.

"So is Rick coming?" I asked tentatively, knowing that if he was, I would soon be on display.

"He’ll be here in about 5 minutes."

"So what's up?" I asked. "What's the plan for the day?" I was resigned, if not a bit tentative.

One strange thing about this whole arrangement was that by some unspoken pact we rarely discussed what happened during the days that I paid the bets. Tom and I were still a secret from everyone except Sarah, and it was wonderful spending the time that I could with him.

"We're going to do a little something different this morning." Said Sarah. "Starting at 9:30, you will have until noon to figure something out. If you figure it out, then we’ll go out this afternoon, and you’ll just be paying like a normal day – no nudity. You won’t have to listen to the guys unless we end up at someone’s house this evening. If you don’t figure it out, we’ll stay here the whole day, and I’ll make you listen to the guys, too.” She continued, “From 10:30 to 11:00 you will be ‘on break’. You can think some more about what the thing might be, but can't try anything during that time."

The doorbell rang, and I answered it. It was Rick. I led him back to the family room, and once he was settled I resumed the conversation.

"So what's this thing I need to figure out? What can you tell me about it?"

"You need to do something without being asked. It's something that you did the last time you paid a day, but it's not something tiny, like a 'you flicked your hair with your pinky' or anything like that. It was a specific action. You need to do that action again, and if you figure it out by noon and do it, you're off the hook for the rest of the day. Otherwise, you're still on. If you do it, we'll tell you immediately, and you'll be done, but we won't answer any questions or give any hints about what it might have been." Sarah explained. "You don’t have to listen to anyone this morning, except for me."

The guys groaned at that, but I ignored them.

"So, it's like just some little thing that you guys made me do?" I asked. "Like making you lunch or something?"

"Something like that." replied Sarah. "It's not making us lunch, though. That’s your only hint. So in my parent’s bathroom we have placed all of the clothing that was available to you that day. The two mini skirts of mine, the little black thong, the skirt/shirt/thong outfit, and the t-shirt from Mike’s. The shorts and t-shirt that you're wearing can take the place of the shorts and t-shirt that you had worn that day. When you do the thing, you have to be wearing the correct items - that's part of the deal."

"Okay, but I still don't know what kind of thing. Is it a big thing... like I danced? Or is it a little thing, like I lifted my skirt or something?"

"Okay, so think if it was the first time, at Tom's house. You had to throw darts topless. That would be it - but you'd have to put on your blue boy shorts. If you threw darts wearing your thong, it wouldn't count. It's nothing trivial, but it doesn't have to be major... although it could be."

"Well that really doesn't help at all, does it?" I snapped. "So basically you've set me to an unwinnable task!"

"I wouldn't say that. You know what you did so you should be able to reason it out. You can do nothing for the next 2 hours if you'd rather. That's always an option. We just figured we'd give you a chance to get out of half a day. If you can figure it out, great – we all get to go out this afternoon. If you can't, then it's no different than if we hadn't offered anything. You're in for the whole day, and we'll all have fun with you. It's your choice." Sarah sounded exasperated.

"You're right. I'm just frustrated. How do I know that you're not lying? You could just keep changing the thing so I never guess it."

"We thought of that," said Rick, brandishing an envelope. "Here's a pen. Sign the outside of this envelope right now."

I signed it, and he continued.

"We wrote down the specific thing that we all agreed on, and sealed it in this envelope. Now you signed the outside of it, so you'll know it's the right envelope. You will open it at noon, or as soon as we tell you that you've won. That way no one can cheat."

"So you have 10 minutes until 9:30. Why don't you do a little thinking and we'll leave you alone until then... except that you can’t keep your bra and panties - you can only have access to the clothes you had on that day." stated Sarah.

I stood up, unbuttoned my shorts and let them fall to my feet, revealing the black thong panties that they had agreed on the very first day were the best. I stepped out of my shorts, and peeled off my t-shirt. I was wearing the matching bra. I was a lot more conscious of what underwear I wore lately, knowing that I could be showing it to everyone at any time. I picked up the shorts and tossed them on the couch, along with my t-shirt. I then held my arms out and did a slow turn.

"Very nice." said Mike.

I reached behind me, unhooked the bra, and shrugged it off, handing it to Sarah. I could feel myself blush a little bit, but it wasn't nearly as bad as it used to be. I then pulled my panties off and playfully threw them at Tom’s face.

He smiled his cute smile as he caught them and laughed. I put my arms out and turned slowly in place again. Sarah tossed me my shirt, saying that I could dress again until 9:30.

I looked at the clock in the kitchen and saw that it was 9:26. 4 minutes until the contest would start. I said "That's alright. I'm going to put on one of the outfits from last time so I can start right at 9:30. Since the shorts and t-shirt were in the family room at Mike's house the whole time, I’ll just leave these here."

I tossed the t-shirt on the couch and walked into the bathroom. I had been thinking about it, and I figured that they would probably have picked something that I wouldn't want to do again. If it was something simple, like flashing them my boobs or doing something when I was wearing clothes, they wouldn't have picked it. I guessed that they would assume that I would start off with those things that would require the least exposure in the hopes I would get lucky. I was going to beat them at their own game, and I decided to do the hardest things that required the most exposure or the worst exposure first in hope of a quick end. I was sure that they had picked something graphic. I dressed in the side-tie micro-mini sheer thong, micro-mini skirt, and sheer top.

I walked out of the bathroom and asked Sarah "Where's your CD?"

She pointed to the stereo cabinet, and the CD was on top. I put it in the player, and skipped to track 3. Candyman came on, and I did my little dance/fashion show, flashing them my thong, and trying to keep as close to the way I did it last time as I could. When the song ended, Luv Me Luv Me came on, and I started stripping. I took off the skirt during the first minute, the shirt during the second, and pulled off the thong during the third. I then spent the next three minutes dancing naked.

Nope and nope. Those weren’t right.

I put the skirt back on, and sat on the floor. I crossed my legs, exposing everything. I tried sitting in all of the positions I remembered.

Nope.

Think. What was next? We played the game for the next couple of hours, and I just sat there virtually naked. They couldn't expect me to just sit here naked for 2 hours - they said that wasn't what it was. It was a specific thing I did. I jumped up and went back to the bathroom. I stripped off the skirt and put on the tiny black thong and Mike's sister’s old t-shirt. I came out and pulled the thong to the side, exposing my pussy.

Nope.

I pulled the thong down to my ankles, and lifted the shirt over my head like a hat, standing there while I counted to 60.

Nope.

I put the shirt back down and turned the thong around backward, keeping at least one foot in a leg hole at a time. I then pulled it back on backwards. Nope. Then I pulled the tiny string to the side. Nope.

Then I remembered. I had turned it around before I had been made to stand virtually naked. With the thong still turned backwards, I once again dropped it to my ankles and pulled the shirt up over my head, wearing it like a hat, and stood for another minute.

Nope.

I then pulled the thong down again, turning it around as before, and pulled it back on the right way. I stopped to think for a moment.

"Are you quite done yet?" laughed Tom.

"I'm thinking. I know I did more, I just have to think of what else there was." I said. Then I noticed that the guys were all wearing their swim suits.

"Um... one of you... Tom... come into the bathroom with me!" I said. I stripped off my t-shirt and thong as he followed me. I hoped that was casual, but I was afraid everyone knew exactly why I invited Tom into the bathroom with me. "Sarah, is my swim suit here?" I stopped just short of the bathroom and called out.

"Nope. I couldn't get it, so that's another hint you get - you don't have to shimmy into a wet suit." She replied.

I got into the shower and started the water. Tom smiled and took his shirt off, joining me. I stood under the water for a moment, then indicated that he should switch places with me. I pressed my breasts against his back as he passed, even though there was more than enough room for me to have avoided it. Nope, that wasn't it. He allowed the water to run on him, and then I joined him under the spray, turning him to face me. I leaned up and kissed him. Nope. I took his hand and placed it on my naked, wet butt. He gave a squeeze. Nope. We got out of the shower and both dried off. He had me go get a bag that he had packed, and I left him with it in the bathroom while I went back out to the family room, where Rick, Mike and Sarah were waiting. Sarah had a huge grin on her face, because she knew that we had just reenacted our first kiss. A few moments later, Tom came out wearing a clean, dry pair of shorts and his t-shirt.

It was now just a few minutes past 10:30, and I was "on break". Sarah told me that I could not do any more investigating until 11:00, and I would have 1 hour from that time.

I sighed and put on my shorts and t-shirt. We sat around talking for a few minutes, and they refused to give any hints, and just laughed when I asked questions.

I asked "So what's the plan for the rest of the afternoon?

Sarah replied "That depends on you. If you figure this out, we can do anything. We can go to the park, or the beach, or go to a movie, or hang out somewhere. If you don't figure it out, we'll probably just stay here and make you do a bunch of stuff in various stages of nudity. And the guys get to order you around, so you can bet it’ll be mostly REALLY naked stuff!”

"Great." I replied. "I'd rather go to the movies."

"Stand up." Said Mike.

I stood.

"Now drop your shorts to the floor"

I did.

"Now take off your shirt and hand it to me."

I did, again.

“Now turn to your right, and face the kitchen, but don’t step out of your shorts.”

I shuffled my feet until I was facing the kitchen instead of them.

"Now step out of your shorts with your left foot only."

Again, I complied, wondering what he was doing.

"Now kick your shorts with your right foot as far as you can get them to go."

I did. They sailed across the room, landed on the island in the kitchen and slid off onto the floor on the far side.

"That's not what you have to do to win." he said, and they all started laughing. I blushed furiously as I trotted into the kitchen to retrieve my shorts. The clock on the microwave told me that it was 10:49 now. Just about 10 minutes until I could start again. I pulled my shorts on.

"Get me a drink." Said Rick.

"Anyone else?" I asked.

"Sure." Came the reply from Mike, Tom and Sarah.

I poured the sodas and served them one at a time to Rick, Sarah, Mike, then Tom. When I had finished, and gotten one for myself, the clock told me that I had 2 minutes left of my "break".

I decided that I would just prepare, and rather than dressing again, I swapped out the shorts for the black micro-thong, and then asked Mike for the t-shirt, since that had been what I wore most of the day, when I was wearing anything. I had been thinking that perhaps it was one of the poses that I had done. Sarah had made me pull my legs into a splits position, I had shown them my legs, butt, pussy and boobs in various poses. Surely that was it.

At 11:00 I had them move to the family room floor. I laid down on my back and showed them my legs, turned over, stretched them out and rubbed my hands down them, repeating all of the poses I could think of, only a lot faster than last time. Nope. I moved on to my butt. I slid the thong down my legs and off once again and laid on my stomach. I flexed my butt, un-flexed, laid on my side, kneeled, stood, bent over, spread my legs, and every other position I could remember. Nope. I then moved on to my pussy. I assumed every pose I could remember to put my pussy on display, including some that I was sure I hadn't done before. I stood, knelt, bent forward, bent backwards, spread my legs, and even spread my pussy a little with my fingers. I did a back bend, and then I remembered that I had straddled their faces with my knees to either side of their heads, so I tried that, too. Nope.

I put my thong back on and tore my shirt off. I tweaked my nipples, squeezed my boobs, knelt, did jumping jacks, jogged in place, and got on my hands and knees, jiggling back and forth. When I straddled them with my boobs in their faces, I suddenly remembered that I had been forced to remove my panties at this point and straddle their faces. I had done that just now with my shirt on, which would not have been correct. I tore my panties off and knelt over their faces again, facing forward, then backward, leaning in all directions. Nothing but amused laughter from the guys, and a couple of high-fives.

Then I couldn't remember which gyrations I had gone through to show my boobs before I had taken my panties off, and which I had done after, so I repeated them all completely naked. Jumping jacks, nipple tweaking, boob squeezing, running in place, kneeling, jiggling and straddling.

I realized about this time that I was very wet, and that there was moisture on my thighs and all over my pussy and surrounding skin. I was about to go wipe off when Tom noticed.

"I think it's time for you to straddle my face again. I want to see how wet you are close up!"

I was so embarrassed, but moved slowly into position. I was facing the top of his head.

"Lean forward onto your hands." He commanded from between my legs.

"Now spread your legs a little wider to bring you lower."

I could feel his hot breath on my wet, wide-open pussy. It was doing absolutely nothing to reduce my arousal. I accidentally lowered a bit too much, and suddenly his nose bumped my exposed and aroused clit. The sensation caused me to squeal as well as jerk, the result being that I impaled myself on his nose and fell onto my elbows. In extracting myself I ended up rubbing my wetness all over his face, which only made me more turned on. I was panting when I finally rolled off of him, and his face was shining with my juices. I looked down and my pussy lips were a dark red, glistening with moisture, and spread obscenely.

I started to cover up, and Mike said "Ohhh… Don't cover up!"

Tom picked up my (Mike’s) t-shirt and wiped his face, while I lay on my back, legs slightly spread, panting. I could feel that I was still very wet, and producing more moisture. I could feel it on my butt.

Mike said "Spread your legs more." and I suddenly remembered the obscene poses that Sarah had put me in after I had called her a bitch.

I grabbed my ankles and pulled my legs into a splits position. They all laughed, but that wasn't it. I sat cross legged, I sat with my legs straight out, I flipped over and knelt with my chin on the floor and my legs spread. Nope, nope, and nope.

I stood up, flustered, turned on, dripping, and embarrassed. They were all still kneeling, which didn't help me much... they were now all at eye level with my soaking pussy.

"Did I do the 'pull the thong to the side thing' already?" I asked.

"You can NOT put on panties with your pussy that wet!" Laughed Sarah.

I ran to the bathroom and dried off as much as I could. I was still red and my lips would not stay together. I came back out and put on the tiny black thong. I did pull it aside earlier, but I was wearing a shirt at the time. Maybe last time I was topless I didn’t remember. I pulled it to the side, exposing my pussy. It was all wet again.

"Take that off right now." Said Sarah.

"But did the thing I have to do involve my panties, or was I wearing panties?" I asked.

"Take it off!" she repeated more urgently. "And no, it didn't involve panties. Just leave all your bottoms off; panties, shorts, everything. If you're going to do something, just tell us 'I'm wearing the thong’, or whatever, and that'll count as though you are.”

I stripped the panties off again and stood naked thinking. It was 11:43. I had spent the last 3/4 of an hour putting myself into various poses to show off my body as much as possible. That wasn't it. What else did I do? I picked up the shirt, and it smelled strongly of my pussy. I crinkled my nose, but pulled it on.

"I'm wearing my black thong." I announced. I faced them and pulled the shirt off. Nope.

I pulled the shirt back on. "I'm wearing my black thong." I said again. I then mimed pulling my panties off while saying "I'm taking my panties off." And I stepped out of the imaginary thong. Nope.

What else did I do?

I looked down at myself. My pussy was red, there was moisture all over both thighs and the front of my pussy was glistening. Then I saw the shirt.

"I'm wearing my thong." I pulled my arms in and turned it around. They didn't say a word, but they all looked at each other.

I quickly spun the shirt back around to forward and shouted "I'm not wearing my thong! I'm not wearing my thong!" and I turned the shirt around again, pushing my arms through so that the shirt was on backwards.

"That's it! You win!" Yelled Sarah. I looked at the clock. It was 11:49. I had done it with 11 minutes to spare. I was done for the day!

I jumped up and down, actually crying that I had won. Everyone was smiling.

"We should put that shirt in the wash" said Sarah finally.

I agreed, picked up the thong, stripped off the shirt and tried to hand them to her. "I'm not touching those!" she yelled. I shot her a look and ran downstairs to her laundry room (they have a laundry room in their basement). I put the clothes in, set the machine for a light load, added a little soap and started the machine. When I came back up I was not as wet as I had been, and my pussy, although still redder, was returning to my skin tone and the lips had mostly closed back up.

"I'm going to take a shower" I announced. I could smell pussy on myself.

I went into the bathroom and took a nice, warm shower. It was all I could do to not masturbate right there, for fear of being caught. Once I was done and calmed down, I dried off on the damp towel I had used before. I heard the washing machine buzz to announce it was done, and ran downstairs to put the thong and t-shirt in the dryer. I set it for 20 minutes.

I came back up and asked Sarah for a brush and some product for my hair, and she replied "You know where it is in my room." I walked up stairs and into her room, where I styled my hair, used her blow dryer, and touched up my makeup. I applied some of her deodorant and a spray of her perfume, and felt much better. Then I realized that I had left my clothes downstairs.

As I was walking down the stairs, I heard the buzzer on the dryer, indicating that the clothes were dry. I walked through the family room and down the stairs into the basement, where I folded the shirt and panties, and brought them back upstairs. Once I was back in the family room I asked Sarah “Where did you put my underwear?”

She indicated a small bag by the couch, and inside I found my bra and thong. I pulled them out, and put the t-shirt and thong inside.

I ran into the kitchen to collect my shorts, which were on the floor where I took them off last right after my break. I got back to the family room and laid them on the couch.

As I picked up my panties, Sarah broke the silence. “I really think you’re starting to like being naked all of the time.”

I stopped and looked at her. “What are you talking about?”

“Well, you won the challenge before noon. It’s almost 1:00, and you’re still naked, and we didn’t make you do it. You don’t have to listen to anyone but me today, but you’ve chosen on your own to not get dressed.”

I looked at her, a little shocked, and thinking about it.

“And I told you that you couldn’t keep your underwear for the contest, but not that you had to strip in front of us. You did that on your own. You could have just taken them off in the bathroom. And Tom told you to straddle his face. You didn’t have to listen to him. And Mike made you take off your clothes, and kick your shorts into the kitchen. You didn’t have to listen to him, either. And you served us all drinks. Topless. You didn’t have to do any of those things.”

I stood there, stunned. I knew all of those things. I knew I only had to obey Sarah today, but when Mike told me to take off my clothes, to kick the shorts, I wanted to do it. When Rick asked for a drink and I was topless, I didn’t want to put my shirt on first.

“I’m just used to obeying you guys. I wasn’t thinking.” I said reasonably.

“Then why are you still naked? You’ve been down here talking to me for the last 5 minutes holding your panties in your hand.”

I blushed and started to pull my panties on.

“Get those off. You like being naked in front of us, so we’ll just leave you that way. You can have your clothes back when it’s time to go.”

The guys all cheered at this news. Rick and Mike exchanged high-fives.

The movie started at 2:00. We had to leave in about 30 minutes.

“Why don’t you go clean up my parent’s bathroom and wash your towel. I think there are some dirty clothes in my room that need to be washed, too.” She said.

I went into the bathroom, followed this time by all 3 guys. They watched as I cleaned up, wiping the water off of the floor with the towel I had used. I made quick work of that, and then went up to Sarah’s room, once again with the three guys in tow. I gathered up her dirty clothes, and Rick offered to carry the laundry basket for me.

“Thanks” I said. “That’s very nice of you.”

“Not really,” said Tom. “It’s just that if you carry the basket we can’t see you naked.”

I giggled and led the way down stairs to the basement, where I sorted the clothes and started a load of laundry under the watchful eye of the guys. I then led the way up the stairs, and Sarah said that it was time to get going. I had to dry my pussy off again, then put on my underwear, shorts and t-shirt.

Tom drove to the movie, and we had a great time – just like old times. It was comforting to know that I could still hang out with them and not have it be awkward. Not have it be about me being naked, or the next time I would be naked. It was very normal.

**\*\*\*\*\* Chapter 11 starts here \*\*\*\*\***

After the movie that evening we went back to Tom's house. His parents were home, so we had little privacy. We played pool and joked and talked in the rec room for a few hours before Mike and Rick decided to head home for dinner. Sarah may have been bored, but stayed because she knew that I'd want to spend time with Tom. We played a game of pool together, Sarah and me as a team losing to Tom. I winked at Tom, and he nodded silently back.

"I think we need to win another day from Cheryl." He said to Sarah. "We're down to our last 2 days, and I think we're all having way too much fun."

"Hmmm. I'd been thinking the same thing." She replied, a mischievous grin on her face.

"I challenge you to a game of pool. You lose, you owe us another day." He said to me.

"Oh, that's fair." I replied sarcastically. "You and I are so evenly matched at pool, after all."

"Well you don't have a choice." Said Sarah.

"Then I want odds."

"What kind of odds?"

"If I win, I want a day from each of you."

"No deal!" replied Tom. "I'm not having you make me prance around naked. You like it, I wouldn't. Neither would the other guys."

"Then I want 3 days from you, Sarah." I retorted.

"No way am I giving you 3 to 1 odds!" She shot back.

"He's at least 5 times better than I am!"

"That doesn't matter. No."

"How about 2 to 2 odds?"

"What do you mean?"

I explained. "If you win, I give 2 more days. If I win you give 2 days."

"Why not 1 to 1?"

"Because I want 2. If I win 2, you'll owe 2, and I'll owe 2."

"... okay... I guess." She was tentative and thinking hard.

"And no cancelling each other out. If you guys lose, you owe 2 days, and I owe 2 days. No calling it even."

"Fine. He's going to beat your butt anyway." Then to Tom, "Beat her butt, damn it!"

"Deal."

"Deal."

"Fine."

Tom and I started playing. Sarah racked, just to make it fully fair. Tom was kicking my butt. We played 8-ball, and he had sunk 4 of his balls on his first turn. I missed. He knocked in 2 more on his next turn. I knocked in 1. He dropped his last ball and took aim for the 8. A little too much back spin, and the cue ball dropped into the corner pocket while the 8 just missed the side that he was aiming for.

"I won!" I started screaming, jumping up and down. "You lost! He scratched! I won!"

Sarah tried to argue, but there was really nothing she could say.

"You lost on purpose!" she accused Tom.

"Oh, like I'm good enough to purposely backspin the cue ball into the pocket like that. I just missed."

The realization started to hit her. She owed me 2 days, and I had sworn revenge.

"I can't wait for the next time we're all together!" I smiled.

Tom just laughed. Our plan had worked. See, he IS good enough to purposely backspin the cue ball into the pocket. He's really good at pool. We had talked about this about a week ago, and I had come up with the plan. He would challenge me in front of Sarah. I would balk, and Sarah would make me do it. I was hoping for 3 days, but figured I could get 2. I would start with a day from Tom, too, and he would back out immediately. I wouldn't push him. I didn't want to share him, anyway. The first time I saw him naked we were going to be alone.

Then, once the bet was set, Tom would lose. If he let me win it would be obvious. I would just play my normal game, and Tom would look for an opportunity to lose. If he could knock the 8 ball in early "by accident", then that would be the plan. Otherwise he would find a way to scratch on the 8. If it ended up that it was set up too perfect, and would look obvious for him to throw the game, I was prepared to lose.

And it worked perfectly. He missed one of his shots trying to knock one of his balls into the 8 to knock it in, but it didn't work. Then he ended up setting himself up perfectly with the cue right near the pocket, so backspin would draw it right in. He aimed a little off, and threw the game.

Revenge was gonna be sweet.

Sarah tried begging me to let her off the hook. She tried promising me that she wouldn't make me do the naked stuff any more.

"The damage is already done, girl! Besides, I tried to talk you out of it at the beginning of the summer, and you didn't care. You said that you knew I'd get even with you. I offered to go easy on you when it was finally my turn. You decided that wouldn't be fun. Now it's my turn."

"We could make a pact; decide not to do it any more. The guys would hate it. They're really the only ones enjoying themselves in this whole thing!" She argued.

"You seemed to enjoy torturing me." I countered. "Maybe the guys enjoyed it more, but you certainly had a whole dominatrix thing going on, and you seemed to like it."

It took a while, but she finally agreed to be a good sport. I had done so much humiliating stuff at her hand, and the guys didn't think less of me, they were still my friend, and I was still alive. It would actually be easier for her, because they'd know that it was revenge, and I had done it all before.

She may have agreed, but she was still nervous. "What should I wear? Should I buy new underwear? You're not going to make me wear something as small as that thong, are you? Can you promise me you will let me keep my panties on? Swear that you won't make me do any of those poses or anything like that."

I was really enjoying myself already, and we didn't even know when we'd all get together.

Tom and I talked on the phone every night. We tried to see each other most days, too. I think I was falling in love. The great thing is that he respected me. He had seen me naked, seen me do all sorts of nasty things, and not only did he still respect me, but he didn't pressure me for sex. They were different. We were having fun as a group, and I was the punching bag... the one being tortured for the amusement of the rest of us. I was okay with that, and actually kind of got a thrill out of it. It made me feel sexy, empowered and a little naughty. I didn't feel dirty because my friends didn't make me feel like a slut. If they called me names, or assumed that I could be used as a sex toy, too, I would have felt bad about it. But they all, and Tom most of all, still respected me, and still liked me as a person. They liked to hang out with me even when I had clothes on. They listened to my ideas. They know that I'm smart, and they don't forget it just because Sarah makes me run around naked.

Tom and I talked about sex once. I told him that I wasn't ready. He told me that was a relief, because it made him nervous. He wanted to wait. He never talked about it again. We kissed, we held each other, but he never assumed that he could cop a feel. He had touched my butt twice. Both times I had put his hand there. He was very respectful, and I loved that I could trust him.

And he never asked me to flash him, or get undressed or anything like that. When we were with Sarah and the group, it was fun and games. It was part of what we did. He’d ask to see my butt or my pussy or my boobs. When we were alone, I wasn't that girl. Sometimes I wanted to be, but I was afraid of where that would lead us. Being naked with a group, or even with just he and Sarah was safe. Everyone knew the rules, and nothing was going to happen. But if I undressed when we were alone, even if I was the instigator, where would that lead?

In my nightly phone calls with Tom we plotted and planned. I was okay with him looking at Sarah. I didn't have any problem at all thinking about her being naked and exposed in front of him, but he kept offering to not be there when I collected. That was so sweet. But I insisted the he could help me. I wanted him there. I wanted Sarah and me to pay at least one day together. Two naked girls, each with the ability to tell the other what to do, and both required to obey the guys. Just thinking about it I would feel myself get wet. I don't think I had masturbated as much in my life to that point as I had in just the last three weeks alone.

I don't think I'm a lesbian or anything. I think I'm just an exhibitionist. The more I think about the things that the guys could have us doing, together or separate, the more aroused I would get. Tom started calling me a show-off, but he meant it different than we usually use that term. "You're such a show-off" he'd say when I would tell him how excited the discussion was making me.

So Tom helped me to figure out a day. We had purposely not told the other guys or Sarah that this was going to happen - Sarah and I paying a day together. They knew that Sarah now owed me 2 days, and that I still owed her 2. They just figured they were going to have 4 really cool days coming up.

Tom played the perfect double-agent spy. He arranged with the guys and with Sarah for my next day to be next Saturday, which was the last weekend before we went back to school. Sarah said she'd go easier on me, and begged the guys to do the same. I don’t think they agreed. She told Tom, "I don't think I'm going to tell her to listen to you guys this time. You guys make her do really nasty stuff. Maybe just flashing this time. Maybe not even that."

Tom knew better.

So it was arranged, and the only person in the group who wasn't supposed to know was me. Of course, Tom let me know everything. He took me shopping, although he refused to go into Frederick's with me, because he was scared that someone would see us in there. I refused to show him what I bought - I told him it would be a surprise.

Sarah was trying to bargain with me more and more frequently, and had picked up a new tactic. "You'll see how sorry I am." She would say. "I'm going to go so easy on you next time you're on, and then you'll feel horrible if you are mean to me."

I just kept laughing at her. It drove her crazy. Damn, this was a lot of fun! I see what she liked about torturing me.

Friday I suggested that the two of us go to the pool, for one last summer hurrah. She agreed, and we donned our bikinis to get a last bit of summer sun. In reality I didn't care about going to the pool - I had been going 3 mornings a week all summer for swim practice. I just knew that she'd shave Friday morning (Sarah was not a Nair user like me - she shaved the "landing strip" once a week.). I didn't want to risk that she'd be planning to shave on Sunday and cause her undue embarrassment on Saturday.

**Payment Day 4**

The next Saturday came quickly. On Saturday morning Sarah called. "Come over." She said. "I need you to clean my room before school starts."

I showered, applied my Nair, did my makeup and hair just the right way, and put on my black thong and matching black bra, my workout short-shorts, and a belly tee. I slipped my pedicured feet into my flip flops and headed next door.

Sarah was nervous as I cleaned her room. I knew from Tom that she didn't want to do this any more. Now it was real that I'd get an opportunity for payback, and that scared her a lot. I did a good job, though, and she was very chatty the whole time. Normally we just sit back and read a magazine - it adds to the slave/master aura that we always tried to create with the bets. That was part of the fun. Not this time! This time she was helping, talking nervously about 100 different things, and walking around the room fidgeting with things. She moved her new backpack from the chair to the closet. She took it out of the closet and put it back on the chair. She picked up a picture frame with the two of us at a go-cart track when we were 11 and put it back down on her nightstand. 5 minutes later she moved it back to the bookshelf.

Once her room was clean I offered to give her a manicure and pedicure, so she looked good for the first day back to school. Her hands were actually shaking when I started giving her the mani. She had gotten her hair cut on Thursday, and her hair was already styled when I got there. We picked out some cute outfits for the first day back to school, and she was a lot more complimentary than usual about how good I would look in this outfit or that one. She was really sucking up.

Right around noon Sarah got a call from Tom. I knew without even listening what he was saying. His parents had just left, and wouldn't be home until after 10:00 that night. They were going for a visit at his mom's sister's house up state, and he had talked his way out of having to go. It was his last free weekend before school started.

Sarah hung up and suggested that we go to Tom's. I had to fight from laughing out loud. If I didn't know exactly what was going on, would she still be this transparent?

We walked over to Tom's. Friday evening, after we got back from the pool, he had stopped at Sarah's house and picked up the bag, so he already had my skirt, shirts, and the two micro-thongs; the transparent one and the black one. I had gift wrapped the stuff I had bought at Frederick's so he couldn't see it, and given that to him on Thursday, along with a tiny t-shirt that I had bought at the mall, the last time we'd seen each other.

We got to his house less than 10 minutes later. Rick was just walking up the street, and we waited for him at the end of the driveway.

"Hey, Sarah! how are you doing!" he said. "And Cheryl. It will be REALLY good to see you!" He laughed at his own joke. I rolled my eyes, and Sarah turned red.

We all went inside, and Mike was already there. Tom had the music on in the rec room already, and had the bags and the gift box from Frederick’s in the bathroom.

“I don’t think we’re going to make Cheryl do anything today.” Announced Sarah as soon as we were all in the rec room. “She’s suffered enough this summer.”

Mike and Rick groaned and started complaining. Tom was smiling.

“Then that will make it all that much more fun for me to collect from Sarah today!” I yelled over the noise the guys were making.

Then, turning to Sarah I said “I’m collecting today. You’re my slave today.”

After the cheering from the guys had calmed down, Sarah turned to me, red faced.

“You can’t. I’m collecting from you. We can’t collect from each other!”

“Why not? There’s no rule against it.”

“But you can’t!”

“I can, and I am.”

We stared at each other for a moment. Then she dropped her gaze.

The guys were once again cheering loudly. Even Tom.

“So first I think it’s fashion show time!” I announced. “Go on into the bathroom and strip down to your bra and panties. We need to see if they’re any good.”

“You have to come with me!” She said, panic in her voice.

“Fine.”

I casually walked into the bathroom with her, and immediately stripped out of my shorts and t-shirt. She was so nervous that she didn’t even notice the Frederick’s box.

“I can’t believe you’re doing this.” She said.

“Oh, it’s no big deal. It’ll be fine.”

Her hands were shaking as she unbuttoned her shorts and pushed them to the floor. She was wearing white cotton Wal-Mart panties with a smiley face on the front. She groaned when she saw them.

“I can’t let the guys see these!” she insisted.

“They’re fine.” I responded, suppressing a giggle. “What bra do you have on?”

She lifted her t-shirt. She was wearing a yellow cotton bra, very plain, with a pink bow between the cups.

“I look like a little girl!” she whined.

“You look fine.”

“Give me your bra and panties!” she exclaimed. “You can wear these.”

“Wow. You are mean. I could try to override you, but then we’d be in a stalemate. Fine.” I slipped the panties down and off, and reached around and unhooked the bra. She took her bra off first, and we traded. My nipples are about a shade darker than my light skin, and perpetually sticking out. When in my bra normally, they are pushed back, but often erect, so I wear padded bras. My nipples are almost always hard. Her nipples were darker than mine, but looked to be flat to her breasts. The areola were bigger around than mine, too.

Her boobs were a bit small for my bra, and it didn’t look quite right. I tried her bra, but it looked hideous. It was too small, and the wrong kind of fabric to try to wear stretched. I announced “I’m just going to go out topless. This looks stupid.

Sarah looked at me with shock in her eyes. She had trouble understanding how I could just choose to go out there topless.

“So should I put on your panties, or do you want to wear those?” I asked.

She pulled them down and handed them to me. She had a dark black patch of hair that started just above the top of her slit and was about 3 inches long, about a half inch wide. She had very pronounced outer lips, much darker than mine. My pussy looks like kind of like a butt, but the crack is not deep at all. The lips close completely and the whole area is the same color as the skin around it. When I am excited the skin on either side of the slit turns a darker red, and the lips pull apart a bit, exposing my clit and the inner part of my pussy. Her lips were darker in color naturally, and stood out a bit more than mine. The top was naturally parted, and her labia and clit were readily visible.

She quickly pulled on my thong, which fit her a lot better than the bra did. I casually pulled on her target panties, and laughed at them in the mirror.

“Ready?” I asked. Without waiting for a response I opened the door and pushed her out into the rec room. The guys were sitting on the couch at the other end of the room.

“Now dance on down the runway past the pool table.” I commanded.

“I can’t!” She said, covering herself with her arms.

“Oh, come on. You made me do worse than this on the first night. Get out there!” I gave her another push.

She seemed to calm herself, and she walked awkwardly past the pool table.

“You’re not dancing.” I scolded. She turned around and there I was, dancing my little runway dance in her little-girl target panties.

She haltingly imitated my dance, and we both danced side-by-side at the end of the pool table, about 5 feet in front of the guys. I turned around while dancing, and she followed suit, showing the guys her thong-clad butt. After a minute, I started dancing my way back to the bathroom, and she quickly followed.

Once inside she started laughing. “I can’t believe I made you do this! How did you keep doing it? How are you still even my friend?!”

“Oh, it’s easy after you get used to it, and we’ll still be friends after you do it, too.” I said.

“So we only have two pair of panties here, so you’ll have to wear these this time.” I announced. “They’ve already seen them on me, and they didn’t laugh, so you’ll be fine.”

We once again swapped panties, and I allowed her to keep wearing my bra. I once again went out topless. She followed with less fuss than last time, and was a bit more comfortable in her dancing, too.

Back in the bathroom again, I said “So now it’s time to bear the boobs, my friend.”

“Oh my god, not yet.” She replied. “I know I have to, but I just can’t yet.”

“Oh, it’s like pulling off a band-aid,” I replied. “Just get it over with quickly and it’s easier.”

“Not this time. Next time. I have to wear something this time.” She begged.

“Okay, wait a second.” I said. I reached into the bag and pulled out the sheer top that she had bought me. “You can wear this.” I stated. “I’ll stay topless.”

“That’s the same as being topless!” she cried.

“No it’s not, but it doesn’t cover much.”

She agreed, but insisted that I wear the sheer white thong, and she’d wear the black thong that she’d worn the first time out. I agreed, and gave her the thong.

The guys cheered when we came out, and she tried to cover her chest a few times, but did pretty well.

Back in the bathroom again I said “Now you wear the black micro-thong that you bought me. I’ll keep this one on.

“Oh my god, I can’t wear that! My pussy is different than yours. Mine is all open, and the thong doesn’t cover the top. I’d be hanging out and they’d see everything!”

“They’re going to see everything anyway. Besides, you had me spreading my legs so they could see everything on me. So they’ll see your clit. They’ve seen my clit about a hundred times!”

“Oh my God.”

She put the thong on, and it was as bad as she thought it would be. It was a snug fit on me, and her waist is 2 inches bigger. She’s also taller and longer waisted than me, so where I could adjust it to cover most of my pussy, the best she was able to get was half of hers. It cut tightly across her lips, squeezing the uncovered part at the top up and out, spreading them even more than they were naturally. Her pubic hair started about an inch above the top of the waist band.

“I CAN NOT WEAR THIS!!!” She exclaimed.

I had to agree. It was beyond obscene. It wasn’t sexy, and it didn’t even look funny. It just looked stupid.

“You can wear this one, then. I’ll wear that one.” I offered as she quickly pulled it off.

“That one’s so sheer.” She complained. “If I have to wear that, you can’t wear bottoms at all.” She countered.

I agreed because I was trying to play by the rules to set a good example. I guessed I’d have to point out that I was listening to her at some point to get her to listen to me.

She retied the sheer thong on her hips, and was dismayed to find how revealing it was, but didn’t try to talk her way out of it.

I led the way once again, dancing naked down the runway, Sarah close behind. The guys all cheered again, and we danced around for another minute.

As the song was ending, I told Sarah to stand still, and I quickly reached over and pulled both of the bows, untying the panties and pulling them off. She screamed and dropped to the floor, but after a few seconds agreed to stand back up.

We were now both totally naked in front of the guys. I could feel myself starting to get aroused.

“So are you going to make me obey the guys today?” I asked her.

“I don’t know. Are you going to let them tell me what to do?” she asked, pleading in her voice.

“Well, I can override them, and our standard rules apply, but of course I am.”

More cheering from the guys. You’d think they were watching football in here.

“Then you have to listen to them, too.”

More cheering and high fives. They now had two totally naked 16 year old girls who had to do whatever they told them to.

“So why do you shave a landing strip?” Asked Mike.

“Because she’s not as lazy as I am.” I blurted out, saving her the embarrassment of talking about her pussy this early in the game.

“Lets go back into the bathroom” I said, taking her by the hand.

Inside, I showed her the gift box from Frederick’s. She looked at me nervously, but opened it up. Inside was the same skirt she had bought me, once size larger. She tried it on, and it actually fit her better than mine fit me. When she moved, it fluttered, and it was very short, but the larger size was also longer by almost 2 inches, and the hips fit her better, so it didn’t ride up when she moved.

I put mine on, and shimmied it down into place, and we both walked out of the bathroom, dancing and strutting down the walkway between the pool table and wall. She seemed much more comfortable now.

The guys cheered, and I suggested that we play pool.

We split into teams – Mike and Sarah against Rick and Me. Tom would watch the first game. There was a lot of butt and pussy flashing going on as Sarah and I bent over and leaned across the table for shots, and of course our partners would ask us to flash them our pussies almost after every shot. Mike was shooting, aiming for the corner pocket, when I walked over, lifted my skirt and lifted one leg, placing it on the edge of the pool table, leaving my now-spread pussy directly in his line of sight. He missed what should have been an easy shot, and this was now the new strategy.

Whenever one of the guys was shooting, the other guy would have his team mate adopt some lewd pose or another in his line of sight, and there were a lot more missed shots than normal. Rick and I finally won, and Tom and Sarah became partners. Tom was trying to be a gentleman, and didn’t have Sarah lifting her skirt as much, and was using Sarah’s boobs to distract Rick. I, on the other hand, was being as lewd as I could in trying to distract Tom. At one point I hiked the waistband of my skirt up just below my boobs, sat on the corner of the table with one leg following each rail, and spread my pussy with my fingers. Tom actually jumped the cue ball off of the table, hitting me in my knuckle. Thankfully it didn’t hurt.

“Wow. You hit me in the pussy with a ball! You’re trying to put your balls in my pussy!” I said. We laughed so hard I almost fell off the table. Sarah ran to the bathroom yelling “You’re making me pee!”

It was a good 10 minutes before we had calmed down after that laughing fit. Mike said that Sarah and I should dance again, and take each other’s skirts off while we were dancing. I should take Sarah’s off of her first, then she should take mine off of me. They sat on the couch and told us to dance at the end of the pool table. The couch was about 5 feet away from the end of the pool table, and there was a chair on either side and just in front of the couch, placed at right angles, so this gave us a very small stage, and them very front-row seats.

Tom grinned, and put in Sarah’s CD. He skipped straight to Luv Me Luv Me, the 6 minute song. Sarah and I both gave him and evil stare, but started dancing. I wasted almost no time, and before the first minute of the song had gone by, I danced up behind her and put a hand on her hip. We started dancing in rhythm with each other, swaying our hips in synch with each other and with the music. I put my other hand on her side, just under her arm, and traced my finger tips down her skin to the top of her skirt. I gently tugged on the zipper, but let it go and ran my fingers back up her skin. She lifted her arm over her head, and I followed it up to her elbow. I put both hands on her hips and started moving her hips more dramatically then she had been dancing. Once I was happier with the rhythm, I once again moved my left hand to her side, and as her hip moved her upper body twisted, and I accidentally grazed her breast. Her nipple immediately erected. It was a lot longer than I guessed it would be, considering that they didn’t stick out at all when they weren’t erect. It was about the size of a pencil eraser, and the same dark color of her areola. She shot me a look over her shoulder, but didn’t stop dancing.

“Sorry.” I whispered in her ear. She didn’t respond.

I returned my hand to her side, and traced it down her body again. The song was fast approaching the 2 minute mark, so this time I grabbed the zipper and tugged gently down. The zipper slid easily, and the skirt slowly fell an inch or so down her hips. She spread her legs a bit to stop it, and I got the zipper fully undone. I then spun around her, one hand still on the skirt, and I dropped to my knees in front of her. She stood more upright, and put her feet together, swaying her hips. I slowly slid the skirt down her body, lowering my head and keeping it about an inch or two below the waistband. After a few seconds it had cleared her hips and I released it, allowing it to drop to the floor.

She lifted her feet, dancing out of it, and immediately pulled me to standing. She spun me around so I was facing the room again, and danced in a circle around me. I was surprised that she wasn’t trying to cover up at all, but not disappointed. I was really getting turned on now.

She danced close to me, and a few times I felt her breasts brush against my arm, back or side. When she turned to face me again, I saw that both of her nipples were standing out, fully erect now. They had to be close to half an inch long, and almost as thick as a pencil. She smiled at me, and then quickly spun around, facing the room and the awestruck guys. She reached back and put her hands on my hips, holding me directly behind her. My nipples were rubbing against the bare, soft skin of her back, which was doing nothing to slow my arousal.

She found the zipper with her hands, and pulled it down. My skirt was tighter than hers, so it didn’t move as much, and she got the zipper down easier. Once it was down, she whispered to me to hold it, so I grabbed the skirt by the zipper. She danced around behind me, putting her hands on my hips and pushing her breasts into my back. Her nipples felt so hard. She took my skirt in both hands, and slowly lowered it, peeking over my shoulder. She lowered it until the very top of the cleft of my pussy came into view, and then she raised it again. Then she twisted it, so that the V of the open zipper framed my pussy, our hips gyrating to the music. After a couple of seconds she dropped the skirt, and it fell to the floor. I stepped out of it and we broke apart, dancing separately in front of the pool table. I glanced at the stereo and saw that the song was in its final minute, so I stepped forward, leaned, and put my arms on either side of Tom on the back of the couch, This put my boobs about 2 inches from his face. I bent my arms a little, and they brushed against him.

I then figured I had to do that to someone else, so I quickly did the same to Mike. Sarah wanted to help me out, so in order to take attention away, she did the same to Rick.

The song ended, and Rick complained that I had done Mike and Tom but not him, and decided that we should each push our boobs into each guys face. Sarah and I laughed, and we complied.

It was just after 3:00, and I decided that it was time for a break. Sarah and I went into the bathroom and I had to wipe my pussy off. We both dressed in just shorts and t-shirts, with no bras or panties. Her still-hard nipples looked incredible under her tight t-shirt, but I decided not to say anything.

“How about we tell the guys that they can’t tell us to do anything for 20 minutes?” I asked.

“That’s a good idea.” She said.

We left the bathroom and told the guys the new rule. “20 minutes before you can make us do anything.”

They groaned, but we agreed that we would get them snacks and drinks, and went upstairs to the kitchen.

“Sorry I grabbed your boob!” I said.

“Actually, it was kind of cool.” She replied, blushing slightly.

“I know, wasn’t it?” I asked.

“But let’s not let them make us do anything gay together.” She said, quickly.

“No… of course not!” I replied.

“I’m not sure about that.”

“Yeah, me neither.”

“So it really is easier than I thought it would be. I kind of see why you like it. They’re just mesmerized, aren’t they?”

“The first minute is the hardest.” I said.

“You’d think they’d get bored, wouldn’t you?”

“These are the same guys that can play Xbox for 10 hours straight. And you heard them last time I was naked…” Then, imitating Mike’s voice I said “Naked chick’s rule!”

Sarah laughed and we finished getting the drinks and making the popcorn and headed downstairs. Rick and Tom took the two chairs, Mike sat in the center of the couch, and Sarah and I sat on either side of him.

We were about half done with the popcorn when Rick announced “It’s been 20 minutes!”

Sarah looked at me and said “Jesus, how did you put up with them?”

I just laughed.

“How about if we take our tops off? Can we finish eating in peace then?” she asked.

They all looked at each other questioningly.

“That’s fine.” Said Tom finally.

We pulled our shirts off and put them on the pool table, then returned to our places on the couch.

Once the popcorn was all gone, Mike immediately said “You’re finished eating, now get naked!”

“Hold on, what are we going to do for the rest of the afternoon?” I asked. “I don’t want to just hang out naked. Let’s think of what we’re going to have Sarah doing for us.”

“You’re doing whatever I’m doing, girl.” She said, smiling.

“Let’s get a really good look at both of you, you know, compare and contrast.” Suggested Tom.

I grabbed Sarah and we excused ourselves to the bathroom. I pulled the new, tiny t-shirt out of the second bag, and had her put it on. It was as tight as I expected, but came down almost to her navel – a few inches lower than mine came. It was good enough, though. I had her put on the thong that I had worn over that morning, and I put on the micro-mini black thong that she had bought me. I then put on my mini t-shirt, and we checked out our reflection.

We were both barely dressed. Our shirts were both white, but hers was longer and a little tighter. Mine was obviously older and not as white any more. Her panties were also a little larger, covering not only her whole pussy but also her pubic hair, whereas the top half inch of my pussy stuck out the top of my panties, but we were basically twins.

We left the bathroom and I told the guys that we would pose for them to check us out similar to the way I did before. The difference is that we would both do each pose, me first, then her, so they could see the differences and compare.

They had us stand side-by-side so they could check out the height differences. Her hips were 4 inches higher than mine, but she was only 2 inches taller. Then they had us stand face-to face, and measured the difference between our crotches. Hers was 3½ inches higher than mine. Interesting. That meant that the distance between her pussy and hips was half an inch longer than mine.

Then they had us measure our boobs. Her nipples were 2 inches higher than mine. So from our nipples to the top of our heads was the same, but from our hips to our nipples I was 2 inches longer. They had us lay on the floor and put our nipples together. Our heads were exactly the same.

Now it was on to more fun things. Legs first. I laid on the floor on my back and pointed my toes, lifting my leg straight with the muscles flexed. Then it was Sarah’s turn. I thought her legs were much more shapely and sexy than mine. They’re 4 inches longer to the hip (only 3½ inches longer to the crotch, though) than mine, so that could be part of it.

Then I laid on my side and did a similar pose. Then Sarah. Then I laid on my stomach. Then Sarah.

Now it was on to butts. Of course the guys complained that the thongs were blocking their view and had to go. They had us both lay on our stomachs side-by-side and flex and un-flex our butts. Then we pulled our knees under us and kept our faces near the ground. Then we stood, backs to them. Spread the legs. Legs together. Bend forward. Touch your toes. Spread your legs and do it again. Who is more flexible? Sarah could bend farther forward than me, but they had to watch us do it from several angles before they agreed it was her. Then they had to look at the butts from the side. Then the other side. Then upside down (that was Mike’s idea), and we had to flip into the bicycle position. Then squatting. Then squatting while they were lying on the floor under us – each of us doing it over each guy. Once again, I felt like my pussy was on display more than my butt, but I think that was their plan.

Of course next was pussy time. We were already bottomless, so that was handy. First we stood side-by-side. Then we laid on the floor on our backs side by side. There were so many differences. I was made to spread my lips with my fingers to show my clit and inner lips, which were visible on Sarah naturally. See? Same on the inside. Then Sarah had to spread because they had found my pee hole. There’s hers! What’s the actual vagina? Where does the dick go in? More spreading. Sarah’s is pretty much the same.

“You mean an actual baby comes out of that little tiny hole? It doesn’t look like it’s big enough!”

“I assume it stretches.” Said Sarah, her legs spread wide, her fingers holding her pussy open while Mike looked closely.

Rick was looking at mine. “Put your fingers in and see how far you can spread them.” He instructed.

I was already wet, so my two fingers slid in easily. Sarah sat up to watch. I couldn’t spread them very far at all. “It’s really tight. I think when you dilate during labor it stretches slowly, but I heard that sometimes they have to cut you.”

“That would ruin a perfectly good pussy!” Mike exclaimed.

After we all laughed Sarah was made to follow my lead and insert her fingers. When she pulled them out I saw that they were glistening. She was wet, too!

After that we struck several different poses for them to all look at our pussies. Standing, kneeling, legs spread, bending over again, on our knees with one hand reaching back spreading us open, and finally kneeling over their faces.

When they could think of no more pussy poses for us, it was on to breasts. They unanimously agreed that putting our panties back on would spoil the mood, so when we stripped our shirts off we were totally naked again.

Sarah’s nipples were partially erect, but a moment of tweaking them and they were once again hard as rocks, and sticking out half an inch. Tom retrieved a tape measure from his dad’s shop and we verified – exactly half an inch. It was difficult to get an accurate measurement of mine, but they were right around ¼ inch. They had us each cup our own breasts so they could get an idea of size difference. Then they had us stand facing each other and they had us line up our nipples. Mine did not touch her breast but hers was pressing into my areola. Then we did naked jumping jacks. My boobs bounced a lot more than hers. Then running in place. Surprise, mine still bounced more. Then we shimmied our shoulders. Then we kneeled over their faces. Then we laid on our backs with our hands up, down, out to the sides, and raised Then we stood and pushed our boobs together. Then they had us try to lick our own nipples. Neither of us could.

“Are we done?” Asked Sarah finally. “I really have to pee.”

“Okay, we’ll all watch!” Said Tom enthusiastically.

“Oh, come on. Really?”

“They watched me, remember?” I reminded her.

“Fine.”

We all went into the bathroom. She hovered over the toilet and seconds later started peeing.

“That’s making me have to go!” I announced, hearing the sound.

“Good. Then you’re next!” said Tom brightly.

Sarah finished, wiped and flushed, and I took her place. When I squatted they all got a good look at how wet I was.

“Jesus, you’re really wet again!” said Mike.

I felt myself blush as I started to pee, and they all laughed.

When I had finished we followed the guys back out to the front of the pool table.

“Now that we know you’re wet, we want to look at your pussy again.” Said Rick.

They proceeded to have us both go through all of the pussy and butt poses again, but this time totally naked. Sarah was noticeably wet, but nothing like I was by half way through. I was once again almost literally dripping. My lips had separated and when I was standing, bending forward and touching the floor with my legs spread, Tom noticed that my clit was peaking out from under the clitoral hood, which had retracted.

Even Sarah was interested in this, and they had me lay on a towel on my back with my legs spread as wide as was comfortable. Tom told me to spread my lips wider with my fingers, and I grazed my clit as I did. It was like an electric shock, and I squealed and jerked. Tom swore that I was even wetter, and my clit was swollen even more.

I was so incredibly turned on at this point that I didn’t care. I ran my finger along the cleft of my pussy from the hole upwards toward my clit, gathering moister as I did. I gently flicked against the side of my clit, and another squeal left my lips. Three more times, and I suddenly found myself in the throws of the most powerful orgasm I’d ever had in my life. Wave after wave crashed down on me, and I don’t know if I had 1 huge orgasm or 10 big ones. They all said that it lasted a good full minute, but I had no idea of time. I couldn’t move for a few minutes after that, and they all just sat there, awestruck. All three guys had to adjust their pants, Sarah told me later, and even she was really turned on.

When I was finally able to move, I turned to Sarah. “Your turn!” I said.

Everyone laughed, but Sarah turned me down.

The guys all wanted to look at my post-orgasmic pussy and boobs, and then compare everything to Sarah’s, so we went through it all for a third time after I had wiped a good deal of the moisture away. I was still really turned on, and they could all tell, but no one asked me to masturbate again. I’m not sure if I could have done it again, anyway. The first time I didn’t really have to – I was so close anyway. If I had to actually get myself there, I don’t think I could have done it in front of everyone.

When the guys finally, reluctantly agreed that they could think of no more poses for us and admitted that here was no good reason to have us do them all again, we got up to dress. Tom suggested that we just put our thongs and t-shirts on, because that looked a lot nicer than our shorts and bigger t-shirts.

I pulled my thong on while Sarah was straightening hers out, and Tom stopped us. “Try on each other’s t-shirts.” He commanded.

I picked mine up and tossed it to Sarah. She dropped the thong on the ground and pulled it on. It was shorter, but not a lot, and it wasn’t as tight at all. Her still-hard nipples were pressing against the material, and Mike had her tug the shirt to the side so her left nipple popped out of the small hole. Her nipple was so hard and so long that when she released the shirt, it couldn’t go back into place.

She finally tossed me her shirt, and I pulled it on. It was obscenely tight, and was pushing and compressing my boobs out of shape. It came down to pretty much the same place on my stomach, made shorter my having to curve around my chest.

“I can’t breathe in this thing!” I said.

“Okay, switch back.” Instructed Tom.

“Can I put my panties on yet?” Asked Sarah.

“No. And just for asking you have to stay naked while Cheryl gets dressed.” He replied.

Sarah tossed me my t-shirt and I dropped hers to the floor. I pulled it on, and said “Wow. It feels nice to be dressed while someone else is naked… If you can call this dressed.” I added, pointing to my tiny thong with my still red and parted pussy lips sticking out the top, my clit still partially visible.

“You’re right, that is barely dressed. And Sarah should be less dressed than you, but we told her she could get dressed. I don’t want you to put more on, ‘cause you just look so darned good. Hang on a sec…”

Tom ran to the bathroom and came out with the transparent micro-thong and matching transparent shirt. “Here, Sarah, you can wear this.”

Everyone had a good laugh as Sarah put on the outfit.

It was 6:00. The guys had been posing us and looking at our bodies for over 2 hours.

“Let’s order pizza.” I suggested. “I’m starving.”

We all chipped in and called the pizza place, and hung out playing pool with Sarah and I barely dressed. Sarah and I stayed in the basement when the delivery guy came to the door.

“You might not want to get pizza sauce on that shirt or thong. They’re difficult to wash, I hear.” I said.

“Are you ordering me to take them off before I eat?” She asked.

“I think I am.” I replied.

“I thought that’s what you meant. I hate to be the only one eating naked. STRIP.”

Everyone laughed, and we both took our clothes off again. Tom went to the kitchen and came back with two bar stools. He placed them in front of the couch, about a foot away.

“You guys sit on these, and keep your knees at least a foot apart.” He ordered.

The guys all sat on the couch, and Sarah and I climbed onto the stools. This put our crotches right at the guys’ eye level, and about 2 feet away. We sat like that as we ate our pizza, talking about my orgasm and about how much it must hurt to have a baby.

We finished eating at around 7:30, and Sarah and I put on our shorts and regular t-shirts to go upstairs and do the dishes. We both took the opportunity to pee in private before returning to the rec room.

“So what’s next?” Rick asked.

“We’ve got about 2 hours until they need to leave to go home, and to be safe we should cut it to about an hour and a half, just in case my parents come home early.” Tom stated.

“So an hour and a half. Why don’t we have them play strip pool against each other? We can watch. That way one of them will have to get naked, but the other one can stay dressed.”

So we played pool. We were both pretty bad, but I beat her. She took her top off, and we played again. She tried to distract me a couple of times with her boobs, but I beat her again.

“Now it’s you two against me.” Announced Tom.

“But if we lose I can’t take anything off.” Said Sarah, pointing at herself.

“Your partner has two things on. If your team loses, your team has to take two things off.”

“Nice.” I said.

The game was relatively quick, and I was soon naked.

“So that killed 45 minutes. We have 45 minutes left. What next?” I asked.

“You guys should make out.” Came Rick’s reply.

“We told you, No.” We both said at the same time.

“But it would be so cool!”

“Still no.”

Sarah and I decided that the fun was over and we dressed to much complaining from the guys. Only Tom was less vocal. At 9:30 Tom asked everyone to leave so that the house would be empty when his parents arrived home. Sarah and I cleaned up as the guys laughed and joked.

By 9:40 we were all saying our good-bye's. Sarah and I stopped at the end of the driveway, and I called my parents. "Can I stay out for an extra hour? Sarah and I are at Tom's, and we're in the middle of a game."

My parents agreed, and told me to leave my cell phone on.

Sarah then called her parents. They agreed as well, thus extending our curfew to 11:00. We walked back up the walk to Tom's door, and he opened it right away. He had seen us stop, and watched us make our calls. He guessed what we were asking. He and I hugged, and he kissed me softly.

"Get a room, you guys." joked Sarah, pushing her way inside. "Is it cool if we're here when your parents get home?"

"It should be fine, as long as we're quiet."

We went downstairs to watch TV, while I snuggled on the couch with Tom.

"That was really hot watching you two today." He said, finally.

"That was nuts." I agreed. "I can't believe I actually came in front of everyone."

"That was the coolest thing I've ever seen!"

"It was pretty intense. I got turned on myself!" agreed Sarah.

I felt myself blush.

A moment later we heard the garage door start to go up, and I separated myself from Tom after another quick kiss. "We're downstairs." Called Tom upon hearing the inside door open, then close again.

"Who's 'we'?" Came his mom's voice.

"Sarah, Cheryl and me. Rick and Mike had to leave."

His mom came down the stairs to say hello. She scanned the room quickly with her eyes. "It's good to see that you haven't destroyed anything."

Sarah and I laughed politely. "We help clean up so he doesn't get in trouble." I said.

"That's very nice of you girls. Do your parents know that you're here?"

"They gave us an extra hour on curfew so we could watch the beginning of SNL. We have to be home by 11:00."

"Okay. Keep it quiet down here. Your father and I are going to bed. It's been a long day."

She walked up the stairs, and a few moments later we heard them head up to the second floor, and the bedrooms. It was just 10:00. Tom and I started kissing again, and Sarah got up and started throwing darts.

"I'm sorry, Sarah." I said. "We're ignoring you. I just don't get to spend enough time with Tom."

"That's okay, I'm just a little bored."

"You guys want to play darts?" asked Tom. "It's quieter than pool, and they always yell at me when they can hear the balls clacking around and they're trying to sleep."

Sarah and I giggled at the "balls clacking", and then agreed to play darts. We decided to play 301, and Tom joked that we should play strip darts.

"But your parents are right upstairs!" I whispered.

"They won't come down as long as we're quiet and the TV is on."

Sarah and I looked at each other. I shrugged, and we agreed.

"Wow. I was just kidding. Cool!" He said.

It's possible to win at 301 in two rounds. If you're really good you can hit the triple 20 three times, then hit triple 19, double 15 and double 17 to go out. There are other combinations, but those are the numbers that you aim for in the dart game "Cricket", so those are the ones Tom tries to hit. He says he's used to aiming at them.

Tom is really good at darts, but has never gone out in 2 rounds. He did manage to go out in 4 rounds, though. I was still at 153 points, and Sarah was at 169. We decided that Sarah and I would keep playing. Whichever one of us went out first would take off 1 thing, and the other girl would take off 2.

10 minutes later I finally went out, and removed my shorts. Sarah removed her shorts and t-shirt. She didn't care about her little-girl bra and panties any more.

"That takes too long." Tom complained. "How about whoever is in the lead when someone wins automatically comes in second, and whoever is farthest behind comes in third."

"That works for me!" I said.

"Sure. You're always in the lead." Griped Sarah.

"Okay. Tom can throw your first dart every round." I offered.

And so we played the second game. Tom won the game on his first dart of the 5th round. Sarah was up on me by 60 points, thanks to Tom throwing some really good darts for her.

"So if we are nice to you, you can see boobs and pussy." I offered. "Sarah has to take off either her bra or her panties. I have to take of my t-shirt and then either bra or panties. I'll take off whatever Sarah doesn't take off."

"Gosh, that's really nice of you!" Joked Tom.

Sarah reached behind her and unhooked her bra, letting it fall to the floor. I smiled and pulled my panties off. I then walked next to Sarah and stood with my arm around her. "Now it's easier for you to see it all."

Tom smiled.

"So one of us will likely lose 2 things this time." I observed.

"Yeah..."

"Well, we're both only wearing 1 thing. What happens to the person who loses 2?"

"She has to give Tom a lap dance." whispered Sarah, giggling. "And Tom has to throw for me again."

"Gosh, so you want me to give Tom a naked lap dance, then?" I giggled.

Tom blushed. It was very cute.

Tom was a little off his game, but still managed to beat us. Sarah was ahead of me as we knew she would be.

"Well, I came in second, so I have to take these off!" She said brightly, stripping out of her panties.

"And I have to take this off..." I said, pulling off my bra, "and then we need to put you in this chair."

I guided Tom into one of the chairs at the end of the pool table. Sarah put in a CD and cued up "Don't Cha" by the Pussycat Dolls, which got a laugh from everyone. I proceeded to do a sexy dance, grinding in front of him, touching myself all over, and finally climbing onto the chair with him, grinding on his bare leg, his lap - where I could feel his hard cock pushing against me - his chest, and finally standing on the chair and grinding my pussy inches from his face. The song ended all too soon, as I was just getting really turned on, but it was 10:40, and Sarah and I had to get dressed (after I kissed him again, and put his hand on my bare breast). By 10:50 we were out the door.

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In early October Mike's parents decided to visit his sister at college. It was the weekend before homecoming, and the college called it "Parents weekend". Mike lied about the amount of study that would be required for an upcoming test, and was allowed to stay home. He called us all up and we tried to arrange to spend that Saturday night at his house. Unfortunately, his parents called all of ours, so getting together at his house became an impossibility.

Our plans destroyed, he accepted my parent’s invitation to have him to dinner Friday night. He, Sarah and Tom came over for my mom's home-made tacos. After dinner we all went outside onto the patio. It was still warm outside, but the bugs were gone, so it was really nice. My dad let us start a fire in the fire pit that's built into the patio, and then they went inside to leave us alone. I was sitting on the bench seat next to Tom, and without thinking I leaned over and kissed him. Mike was stunned.

"What the hell was that?"

We explained that Tom and I had been secretly dating all summer, but hadn't wanted to tell anyone because we were having fun playing the naked games, and that we were afraid that he (Mike) and Rick would get weird if they knew that they were ogling Tom's girlfriend. We told him how Sarah was the only one who knew, and how we hadn't even told our parents, so they wouldn't stop us from hanging out alone. If they thought we were just a group of friends they wouldn't have as much problem as if they knew we were dating. Then they'd make sure we were more closely supervised.

Mike admitted that he would have been weird about it, but was still offended that we had told Sarah but not him or Rick. He did say, though, that Rick would be REALLY weird about it, and would probably not want to be involved if he knew that we were dating. It would be that macho "guy-code" thing that Rick has.

We told Mike about how we'd been stealing away for secret meetings all summer, and how we would sneak kisses every once in a while. He assumed we were having sex, but we assured him that the nudity was limited to the naked games. Then we told him about the lap dance in his basement after the last time. He was very jealous.

"So why don't you and I hook up?" he asked, turning to Sarah.

"It would seem weird. You're like my brother. I've known you since we were kids!" she said.

"It seems to be working for Tom and Cheryl. Come on, you know I've had a thing for you for years." he pressed.

She smiled. She had told me before, and recently, that she thought he was cute.

"Come here and kiss me." She said.

He seemed a little confused, but complied.

"Hmmmm..." she said after a moment. "Not weird. Not like kissing a brother. And you're not a bad kisser. Kiss me again."

He did, this time a little more enthusiastically.

"Nope. No weirdness at all. How about for you?"

"Not at all!" He said, a little too loudly.

"Shhhh!!!" She admonished, giggling a bit. "Her parents are going to come out!"

"Sorry."

She leaned in and kissed him again. "I guess we could give it a try, as long as you're okay with playing our naked games."

"Hell yeah!" He responded, again too loudly.

"Shut up!" She whispered, slapping his chest.

We all laughed for a moment, and then Sarah and I each kissed our man.

"So," I said, breaking away from Tom. "Would you guys think it was cheating if I kissed Sarah at one of our parties?"

"What? No! That would be cool!"

"Very cool." agreed Tom.

"So you want to kiss me?" asked Sarah, smiling.

"I thought it could be hot. Maybe be fun. I don't know." I said sheepishly.

Sarah got up and walked over to me. She bent down and kissed me hard. I was stunned.

"You're not bad either." She said simply. "That's two people I've gotten to kiss tonight. I think I might be becoming a slut!"

She leaned in and did it again, this time pushing her tongue into my mouth. I kissed back this time, and closed my eyes.

"Much better." She said after we finally broke. You're a good kisser. I could make out with you. She returned to her seat, kissing Mike on the forehead quickly as she sat.

"So if I kiss you right now, you can taste Sarah." I said to Tom, and I quickly pushed my tongue into his mouth. Mike and Sarah followed suit.

"I wish my parents hadn't made it so difficult for us to have a party tomorrow!" Said Mike.

"That's the understatement of the night!" Said Tom.

We moped for a moment, then Tom changed the subject. "So you guys make out a lot?" he asked, looking from Sarah to me.

We told them probably 5 times that they had just witnessed our first kiss, but they wouldn't believe it, and kept joking. They spent the next half hour trying to get us to commit to how far we'd go with each other at the next party. We wouldn't commit to any more than kissing. Probably when we were naked, depending on how weird it felt at the time.

My dad came out and we stopped talking about it. He stoked the fire and asked if he could sit with us for a while. We talked about school and the upcoming homecoming dance. I announced that Tom and I were going together, and that Mike would be taking Sarah. Tom and I had already talked about it, and Mike and Sarah tried not to look too surprised at that news. "Going as friends is so much easier, don't you think?" I asked.

My dad said that he liked that we had all been friends for so long, and told Mike and Tom that he expected them to look out for me and Sarah, because we don't have brothers to do it for us. They assured him that they would always look out for us. My dad then started telling a story about one of his homecoming dances, and I kind of zoned out for a bit.

Finally my mom came out and announced that it was time that Sarah and Tom headed home, and asked Mike if he wanted to spend the night rather than go home to an empty house. He assured her that he'd be okay, but she insisted that he call when he got home anyway.

Because the party idea was shot, we asked Sarah's dad to take us to the mall to shop for homecoming dresses on Saturday. Sarah found one right away that she liked, but we kept looking for a few hours. Sarah put hers on hold to show her mom, and to make sure that she couldn't find something better, and I had only managed to figure out which ones I hated.

We got home around 3:00 and while I called Tom, Sarah called Mike. They were together at Tom's house, helping Tom's dad rake leaves. We headed over to Tom's house, and helped a little bit with the raking. Tom's dad announced us done, and Tom and Mike went inside to shower while Tom's mom got us sodas on the back deck. About 15 minutes later Tom appeared, grabbed a soda and joined us. 5 minutes after that, Mike came outside.

We sat and talked, and Sarah and I told them how we hadn't decided on dresses yet for homecoming. Tom's mom overheard, and we told her that we were going with the guys as friends. She admonished Tom for not telling her, and worried that his suit wouldn't fit. She asked Mike if he'd told his mother yet. Of course he had not, so she balled him out, too.

She ran inside to look through Tom's closet at his suits and sport jackets to figure out if they'd need to buy him a new one, and Tom's dad excused himself to go shower.

"I'm sorry we couldn't party at Mike's house today." Said Tom. "I was really looking forward to it."

"Oh, it's okay. We'll do it some other time." I said, glancing around. Seeing that we were truly alone, I lifted my shirt and bra, flashing my boobs. "This will tide you over until we can."

"CHERYL!!!" Yelled Sarah. "Oh my god!"

"SHHH!!!!" We all admonished as she blushed, realizing how loud she had just been.

After a moment, when it was clear that no one was coming, she quickly repeated my flash, saying to Mike "And this should hold you for a while."

"Nope. Just makes me want more." he said.

Tom's mom came back outside a few minutes later. Tom needed a new suit. She hoped there'd be enough time.

The rest of the weekend went by uneventfully. Tom's mom took Tom and Mike to the mall on Sunday to look at suits after Mike admitted that he hadn't worn one since 8th grade graduation, and Sarah and I went back to the mall with her mom, and Sarah ended up buying the dress that she had put on hold. I found one that was okay, but it still wasn't what I wanted.

Homecoming

Homecoming came quickly. I did find a dress at a bridal shop. It was a bridesmaid dress, and required almost no alterations to fit me perfectly. It was very pretty, knee length with a somewhat low cut front, and backless. My dad said it was too sexy, but my mom told him that I'm growing up, and that's the style today. Mom won, and I got the dress and a new pair of strappy sandals to match. Sarah and I had our hair done at a salon, and we helped each other out with our makeup. Neither of us wore panties, but Sarah had to wear a padded bra to fill out the top of her dress correctly.

Rick went to the dance with one of the cheerleaders. They came to dinner with us, but he ended up spending the whole night at the dance hanging out with the other football players and the other cheerleaders. The four of us were sitting at a table, hot and sweaty after dancing and taking a break to cool down. I was a lot more confident dancing now. I was a lot more confident in a lot of things, come to think of it. I had whispered to Tom earlier, during a slow dance, that I wasn't wearing panties, and Sarah had told the same thing to Mike. They had just compared notes and found that we were both pantiless under our dresses.

"I just wish we could have one of our parties!" Mike said, frustrated. "You girls are so hot, and you're such teases! I can't stand the wait!"

"It's killing me." Agreed Tom. "I want to see you naked!"

Just then our friend Tiffany, my friend from the swim team who had been at my birthday party over the summer, came up with Rob. Rob was friendly with us, but really didn't usually hang out with our group. He lived near Tiffany and didn't play on any of the teams. He was friends with some of the guys on the swimming team, but usually hung out with the academic kids.

"Hey, guys! Are you here together?" I asked, hugging Tiffany.

"Yeah. We've been friends for a long time. Kind of like you guys." She answered. "I moved in three doors down from him when I was 9, and he was my only friend for the first year that I lived here. He's still my best friend, and since neither of us is dating anyone, we just came together."

"That's cool." I said. The others agreed.

"Did I hear you guys talking about getting naked?" She blurted out.

"What?!" I tried to play it off.

"Like when you made Sarah flash her boobs at your birthday party." Tiffany said. "Do you guys do that a lot?"

"Um... well, we... no." I stammered.

"Yeah, me and Rob have been playing strip poker together since we were like 12 years old. There's this other girl in our neighborhood, Mary. She's home schooled, but she has a crush on Rob. She plays with us too, most of the time."

Mike and Tom nodded approvingly at Rob, giving him a thumbs-up and an impressed look.

"So I figured after Sarah flashed everyone at your party, and then I heard Tom saying that he wants to see you naked that you probably do the same kind of thing." She continued, as though we were talking about math homework.

I looked around the table, and they all just shrugged. Sarah nodded tentatively, as if to say "you know her best, your call."

"We just started this summer." I offered. "I lost a bet and Sarah got even for making her flash and it kind of snowballed from there."

"That’s cool." Tiffany said.

"We should get together and have a party." announced Rob. "It could be a lot of fun."

I wasn't sure how I felt about introducing another girl to the mix. She was a good friend, but not nearly as close as Sarah. Could I trust her? And what about Rob... could we trust him to keep it a secret and not tell the whole school?

Tiffany assured us that Rob was VERY cool. "Come on, would I be best friends with him for 7 years if he wasn't cool? We've been playing strip games together for 4 years, and no one at school knows but you guys."

Tom and Mike said that we'd think about it. Rob said it was no big deal, and apologized if he made us uncomfortable. We changed the subject and a few minutes later were all back out on the dance floor.

The next day Sarah and I went for a long jog together in the forest preserve. It was the only way we could be assured of not being overheard. We were gone over an hour, and when we came home we had decided that, if the guys were okay with it, we would let Tiffany and Rob in on our games - once - as a test. If it was weird we would bail, or if we got a bad vive. We agreed to have the others back. If Sarah wanted to bail, I would back her up, and she's back me up if I wanted to bail.

When we got home, we called Tom first. Mike and Rick were over, and they had been talking about it, too. They were cool with it as long as we were. They liked Tiffany and they liked Rob, from what they knew of him. They also trusted my judgment, and since I was good friends with Tiffany, they agreed that she could be trusted. We also found out that Mike and Tom had come clean with Rick about dating Sarah and I. Rick was actually very cool with it, and said it didn't bother him at all if they wanted to parade their girlfriends around naked.

Monday at school Rob found me before class started. I was standing with Sarah and a couple other girls.

"Sorry to interrupt you guys. Do you and Sarah have a second? Can I talk to you really quick?" He asked.

Sarah and I nodded the girls away, and they left for their lockers.

"I'm sorry about Saturday night at the dance. Tiffany and I feel really bad about it. We shouldn't have said any of that, and we didn't want to make you uncomfortable or put you on the spot."

"Actually, we wanted to talk to you guys, too. We decided that it could be fun. The guys are in, too."

"Really? Cool. I'll tell Tiffany. She was freaked that you’d be mad at her."

"Oh my god, no! I have to find her and tell her that we're cool."

We said our goodbye's and Sarah and Rob headed off toward their lockers. I went to find Tiffany before class. She was by her locker, and was alone.

"I just talked to Rob." I said. "I heard that you're worried that I'd be mad at you."

"I'm sorry about Saturday." She blurted out. "It wasn't cool. Can we forget it?"

"I guess we can, but I already told Rob that we wanted to play with you guys." I said, smiling at her.

"So you're not mad?"

"No. Don't even worry about it. I would have been really embarrassed if you weren't so cool about it, though."

"That's why Rob and I never talk about anything. Especially when someone can hear us."

"Yeah, that's a really good idea." I laughed.

"So you guys are in? You want to get together?"

"As long as we set ground rules, and everyone agrees that we can bail at any time, if we don't feel good about it."

"No problem. Do you want to do it at one of your places, or at ours?"

"Um, I don't know. Can we get together after school one day this week - the 7 of us - and talk about it?" I asked.

"Sure. Swim practice goes until 5:00 tonight and Wednesday. How about Tuesday?"

"It works for me. I don't know if football is practicing, but we'll find out."

"Okay. I'm so happy you're not mad at me. I have been freaking out all weekend!"

"Hey..." I stopped her. "How come I never knew that you and Rob were friends? You and I hang out a lot during the school year, but I never see you with him."

"We're great friends outside of school. He's got his friends in school, and I have mine. We tried hanging out in school, but it was weird. Some of the jock guys picked on him, and his friends are a little on the nerdy side, and I felt out of place. He's very cool, though, and really funny. And REALLY smart."

"Are you guys, you know, dating or anything?"

"No, not really. I could see it, but he's never made a move on me. We just hang out and have a lot of fun, and every once in a while we'll end up playing strip poker or strip darts, or strip Jenga, or some other game. Usually it's Mary that starts it."

The bell rang, and I shouted "I'll let you know about Tuesday! See you for lunch?"

"Lunch, sure!" she shouted as she ran off in the opposite direction.

Rick did have football Tuesday, but said that we could speak on his behalf. Everyone else in the group had more at steak then he did, and his biggest concern was us. If we were cool, he was cool. If we weren't, he wasn't. And if we needed anybody's butt kicked, he'd kick it for us.

The six of us met after school in the parking lot and walked over to the football bleachers to watch practice and talk. We knew that we'd be left alone there. The guys that came to watch the cheerleaders hung out in the main part of the stands, where they could see them, and the girls who came to watch the guys practice football always stood over by the fence. A few people would sit in the bleachers to do their homework, but not often.

As we assumed, we were completely alone - the only 6 people in the bleachers.

The first question raised was where we could all get together and be assured of remaining undisturbed. Tiffany told us about Rob's VERY cool basement apartment at his parents’ house. He said that because he was such a geek (his words, not mine), they left him alone. His house had an outside door from the garage that led to a foyer of sorts. On the left was a door that opened into the basement. On the right was a door that opened into a huge pantry, and straight ahead was another door that opened into the kitchen.

The previous owners of the house had the husband's mom living with them, and she had her apartment in the basement. It was finished into a living room, kitchenette, and bedroom, complete with a large bathroom and walk-in closet. Rob's family had never remodeled down there, and the space went mostly unused for years. When Rob had turned 15 he had successfully talked his parents into letting him move down there. They had disconnected the gas from the stove and oven, but left the refrigerator down there, and he had moved his bedroom set down. His parents bought a new family room set, and gave him the old one for his family room downstairs.

The basement was an English-style basement, which means that only half of the wall on certain walls are under ground. That means that there are windows at ground level on some walls. Rob has windows looking out from his bedroom and living room, but has blinds on them.

Tiffany said it was a totally cool place that he had, and we were all impressed and a little jealous. The only question was if we were okay with being at his house. If we wanted to bail, we'd be there.

"Tom will have his car, and Tiffany will be there. It's not like we're going to some stranger's house. We've known Rob for years." Sarah said reasonably.

So the location was finalized. Now the time.

"Any time is fine with me." Said Rob. "How about next Saturday evening? My parents usually like my friends to leave by 11:00, so say around 6:00?"

"6:00 is fine, but we have a 10:00 curfew." I pointed out.

"You guys live about half an hour away. You'd have to leave by 9:15 to be home in time for your curfew. Why don't we say 5:00?"

Eventually we agreed on 4:00. Rob's house is 4 houses away from Tiffany and I remembered seeing it one time when I was over there.

“So now, on to the ground rules.” I said. “This is kind of weird, so bear with me.”

“Bare with you. That’s funny!” said Rob.

I blushed a little, and everyone chuckled.

“No, I mean it’s just that Sarah and I don’t think we’re ready for a huge naked orgy. Up ‘till now, for us, it’s just been me and Sarah naked. If we do this, it can only be the girls naked. It will get too freaky if everyone’s naked.”

“So you haven’t seen the guys naked at all?” Asked Tiffany incredulously. “Really?”

“Really.” Said Sarah. “Is it a problem?”

“Well, I guess not. I mean, I don’t mind being naked, but it will be more boring I suppose. That’s okay, for now.” Replied Tiffany.

“I really can’t decide. Three hot girls, all naked, and I just have to sit there and look. I suppose if you insist.” Said Rob.

So it was decided. 4:00 on Saturday at Rob’s house, and we didn’t have to worry about an orgy. Just the girls would be naked.

We hung out a bit more, talking about nothing in particular, and when football practice ended we filled Rick in on the plan. He seemed a little weird, though. Tom finally got him to admit what was bothering him.

"I feel like a spare wheel." he said. "Cheryl and you, Mike and Sarah, and Tiffany and Rob. And me."

"It's not Tiffany and Rob." Rob corrected him. "We're just friends. Really.

"I still feel weird."

"Come on!" said Sarah, hugging him.

"Yeah." I added, hugging him from the other side. "You're our friend just as much as anyone. Just because I've decided to kiss my friend Tom..."

"And I've decided to kiss my friend Mike..." added Sarah.

"Is that what this is about?" Asked Tiffany. "Kissing?"

She leaned in and kissed Rick hard on the mouth.

"Mmm... salty. You're sweaty." she said, licking her lips.

Rick blushed. "Sounds like I need a shower!"

Everyone had a good laugh as Rick trotted off towards the locker room. Rob and Tiffany headed toward Rob's car, and we waited for Rick so we could give him a ride home.

Saturday came quickly, and soon we were in the car on the way to Rob’s house. Sarah and I each were wearing a black thong and black bra. It was colder out, so we had on jeans and long-sleeved t-shirts. We didn’t need coats yet, and we were both wearing flip flops with our jeans.

Sarah and I had packed our micro-mini skirts and my super-mini thong, the two extra-small t-shirts, the sheer top and the matching g-string. Because we had guessed there would be another fashion show, we had also each brought along a couple of our mini skirts, a white bra and thong set, and some cute-but-sexy tops to wear with the skirts. I had told Tiffany to bring similar items.

We got to Rob’s house at about 10 minutes before 4:00. Sarah and I had agreed that we would, this time only, collect half days, so we would still owe each other (and the guys) another half day.

Tiffany and Rob were outside when we pulled up.

“It’s even easier than normal. My parents aren’t home until late tonight. They’re going to a play and out to dinner afterwards.” Rob announced.

We all went inside, and Rob gave us the tour. His parents had a nice house. It was really big. His mom had converted his old bedroom into a gym, and there was a treadmill, a stationary bike, and an all-in-one weight machine in there, along with a flat-screen 42” TV on the wall.

Finally he led us down to the basement. It was just as he and Tiffany had described. There was some older, but still nice, furniture in the family room area along with a 32” flat screen TV. He had a really nice stereo system, and told us “The ceiling is really well insulated so that the woman who lived down here didn’t have to listen to them walking around on the hardwood floors all the time. I can jam pretty loud before they can hear it up there.”

We all congratulated him on a cool place, and he put out chips and sodas from his kitchenette for everyone.

After a few minutes of small talk Tiffany started the ball rolling.

“So I have been trying to figure this out. The guys don’t get naked, just the girls. So what do you do? Just take your clothes off and hang out and watch TV or something?”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, we usually play some game. The loser has to take something off. So you strip really slowly, and finally someone’s naked. If you’re not doing that, then what are you doing?”

Sarah and I explained about the fashion shows that we had put on, and how we had agreed to take orders from the guys, with the other girl having the right to override anything the guys tell us to do. We told about the rules that we have, and especially the “look but don’t touch” rule.

“Well that does sound pretty cool.” Said Rob. “So, Tiffany, you willing to take orders from me tonight?”

“Sure. That could be fun!” Giggled Tiffany.

“Then let’s get this party started! Rick, what should I have Tiffany model for us first?”

“Let’s have them all start off slow. Ladies, go into the bedroom and change into a nice skirt and top. Something sexy. We’ll turn on some good modeling music out here.”

We all got up, and I grabbed our bag. We went into the bedroom and stripped to our panties. Tiffany’s clothes were already in there. She had a really short mini-skirt and a strapless halter top.

I should describe Tiffany here. She’s about my height – maybe an inch shorter. She has long blonde, almost white hair. I have seen her changing after swim practice before, so I know that she has perky, tear-drop shaped boobs that are probably right in between Sarah’s and mine, size-wise. Her pubic hair is also very, very blonde, and for the longest time I assumed she removed all of her hair, the same way I did. I later discovered that she has really fine, really short light, light blonde pubic hair that she doesn’t do a thing to. It’s almost like peach fuzz. She is a little bit skinnier than I am, and has a really cute face.

Sarah and I put on our regular mini-skirts (not the mini-micro’s) and cami’s. We explained to Tiffany that we would dance around the room like we were models on a catwalk. A dance/strut thing.

The music started and we all went into the room. We danced around, flipping up our skirts, and the guys seemed to enjoy it. I was glad that we were starting slow so I could get a feel for how Rob was going to react. He seemed a perfect gentleman about it, just like Tom, Mike and Rick had been.

When the song ended we went back into the bedroom. I decided that we should now model our bra and panty sets, and Sarah and I dressed in our black bra and panties. Tiffany was wearing a red thong and matching red lace bra.

We went back out to much applause, and danced around the room again.

“You know, I think that’s the most I’ve ever seen your butt, Tiffany.” Said Rob. “You’re usually sitting on it while we’re playing!”

I suddenly realized that although Tiffany and Rob had been playing strip games together for years, that we had done a lot more exploring and discovering than they ever had. It gave me a bit of a feeling of power.

After the song ended, I told the guys that next we would model just our thongs. When we got into the bedroom Tiffany was less nonchalant then she had been.

“Wow, it’s really just you guys on display, isn’t it?” She asked.

“Yep. And this is still tame. We’re less than half an hour in!” I answered.

“What else do you do?”

I explained about how they had broken down my body into legs, butt, pussy and tits, and had me show them each body part in detail. I told them how we had done the same thing, doing a compare-and-contrast with Sarah.

“Wow.” Was all she could say.

Sarah and I were both very confident now. We knew that, even though we were not on our home turf, we were in charge from here on out.

We stripped off our bras and headed back out to the approval of the guys. We danced around, and I noticed Tiffany looked a little nervous, but did alright.

When the song ended I kept on dancing, so Sarah and Tiffany did, too. I asked the guys “So what else would you like us to model?”

“What else do you have?” Asked Rob.

“What would you like to see, Tom?” I asked, ignoring Rob’s question.

“How about your pussies? Would you like to model your pussies for us?” He asked.

I smiled and danced over to him. Turned my butt toward him, and then I pulled my panties down my legs by bending at the waist, leaving my legs straight. I released them at my ankles, stood up and stepped out of them, then turned to dance with my pussy right near his face.

Sarah quickly danced over to Mike and began to repeat the process, and Tiffany looked at us in a little shock.

“Go by Rob.” I told him. I’ve got Rick covered.

I danced over to Rick and repeated the motions I had gone through in front of Tom, but this time had no panties to pull off. When I turned to face him, putting my pussy inches from his face, I glanced over and saw that Tiffany was just starting to pull her panties down, and looked nervous.

“Come on, Sarah!” I said, and we both danced over to Tiffany, who had stopped pulling her panties down, and was watching us. I got behind her and put my hands on her hips, and started moving them in time with the music. Sarah and I then knelt on either side of her and slipped a finger into the waist-band of her thong. We slowly pulled it down and off while she kept gyrating her hips in front of Rob, his eyes nearly bugging out of his head.

Once the song ended the guys applauded. I took a bow, and Sarah curtseyed. Tiffany just stood there, a little shocked.

So what's next? I asked brightly. I was feeling very in control, and my initial nervousness was gone. Even though I was standing naked in front of 4 of my high school guy friends waiting for them to tell me what to do, I didn't feel as exposed as I normally did. I was the most comfortable of the 3 girls, and that gave me a sense of power.

"Well, we have added a new girl to the mix." Said Tom. "I think we need to see what we can see about the differences and similarities. Why don't you girls go put on your thongs and t-shirts, and we'll do the body display thing."

We all picked up our thongs from the floor and headed in to the bedroom. I put on the mini-micro thong and my t-shirt. Sarah put on her black thong and her t-shirt, and we advised Tiffany to put on her red thong and the halter that she had worn with her mini-skirt. It was really little more than a band around her body that started about 3 inches above her navel and ended an inch or two above her nipples.

We went back out and presented ourselves to the guys.

"Tiffany, how do you feel about obeying Tom, Mike and Rick, along with Rob?" I asked.

"What?! Why?" She sounded nervous.

"Well, they know more what we're going to be doing, so it will be easier than having them relay everything to Rob. He will still be your safety valve and he can step in if he thinks you shouldn't have to do something..."

"I guess..." she said, tentatively. "What are we going to do, anyway?"

"Well, the guys are going to check out our bodies, up close and in different positions so they can get a good idea of how we look, and the differences. Like, they'll want to see how Sarah's nipples are so much longer than ours, and they'll want to see how yours are darker than mine, and stuff like that."

"... okay... I guess."

"It's not that bad, and they really appreciate it." Said Sarah, laughing.

"So first we usually check out the legs." said Mike. "See, I'm a boob man, and so's Rick. Tom is more a pussy man. We all like butts, and we all like nice legs."

"I like my legs!" said Tiffany.

"So far they look nice." Said Rick. "Very nice."

"How about you, Rob?" asked Tom. "You another boob man or what?"

"I think I'm an ass man." He replied sheepishly. "I like boobs, don't get me wrong..."

"Oh, me too!" interrupted Tom.

"It's just that I always check out a girls butt, you know?" Finished Rob,

"Yeah, butts are nice. That's what sucks about being a pussy man. I love looking at them, but you can't see a girl’s pussy unless she's naked!" Tom said. "See, these girls are about as close to naked as you'd normally expect to get them, but you can only see part of Cheryl's pussy. You can see a butt through a pair of jeans, or you can gauge their tits through their shirts. You can tell where all of their nipples are. You can even see that Sarah's left nipple isn't hard!"

Sarah looked down and laughed. She flicked her hand across her shirt a few times, and her nipple started to erect under the thin fabric.

"Thank you. I do like symmetry." said Rob to some laughter.

"... but you can't tell dick about their pussies." Tom Finished.

"Tell dick about their pussies..." said Rob thoughtfully. "There's a joke in there somewhere." More laughter.

"So first let's check out their legs!" said Mike.

The guys had us pose for them a few different ways. Standing, laying, bending. Facing them, facing away, and sideways. Tiffany really did have the best looking legs of the three of us. Butts was a close call. Maybe Tiffany, maybe me. Sarah's was very nice, but longer, because she was taller. Maybe some guys like that, I don't know. I know that I have the best looking boobs!

There was then some discussion. "We always do butt next." "I want to save pussy for last, though." "So what, do legs, tits, butts, pussy?" "Why not do legs, butt, tit's, pussy. Save the best two for last." "That's a good idea."

So butt's next. "Sarah, you first."

Sarah turned her back to the guys and stripped off her thong.

"Why do you have to take off your underwear to show your butt? It's a thong, you can see our butts!" said Tiffany.

"The thongs frame the butt, but you can't get an idea of the whole thing with the thong in the way. It's like you're looking at the whole picture, and part of the picture is a thong. Plus, when you bend over we can't see your butt hole if the thong is in the way." Answered Rick matter-of-factly.

"My... butt hole?"

"It's part of your butt, isn't it?"

Tiffany turned red, but didn't say any more. Sarah flexed, un-flexed, stood sideways, stood with her back to them and bent at the waist, spread her legs as she bent, squatted, stood with one leg raised, then the other, jumped up and down to show how it moved, laid on her stomach, pulled her knees underneath her to her chest, and even reached back and swatted it a few times.

I was next, and went through all of the same poses. They had Sarah stand and lay next to me to compare.

Last was Tiffany. She was very embarrassed when it came time to bend over and spread her legs, but she suffered through. They had Sarah and I stand on either side of her, and had all three of us lay on our stomachs the floor. Then they had the three of us bend over side by side. Tiffany was definitely the most flexible of the three of us - she could actually put her head between her knees.

"So now it's boobs, right?" Asked Mike.

"Yes, but I think a new rule. Once something comes off, it's off 'till we move on to the next activity." said Tom.

"Nice."

"So it's on to boobs now." said Mike. "Let's mix up the order. Tiffany - you're first."

Tiffany slowly removed her top. I could tell she was embarrassed to be naked again, but she wasn't bad. They had her start pretty slow. She laid on her back, and put her arms in different positions to cause her breasts to take on different looks. Then she kneaded her breasts, then tweaked her nipples until they were satisfied that they were as hard as she could get them. Then she stood and bent forward, allowing them to hang free. Then jumping jacks, followed by running in place. Then they had her stand on her head, and finally they took turns laying on the floor while she knelt with her boobs hanging in their faces.

Next was Sarah's turn. The beginning was comparing them to Tiffany's, and they periodically had Tiffany repeating certain poses side-by-side with Sarah to get an accurate comparison. These included standing, kneading, laying, jumping jacks, bending forward, and head stands.

I was last, and both Sarah and Tiffany repeated the same things with me after I had done them solo, so that it took close to 15 minutes to complete the inspection of my boobs.

Now it was on to pussies. I was first, and they did all of the same views that they had done in the past, plus a couple of new ones that Rob thought of.

There were the standards - standing, bending over, legs spread, laying on my back, laying with my feet held in my hands in a split position, kneeling and leaning back, kneeling and leaning forward, and straddling their faces - both facing forward and backward.

Then Rob suggested a headstand with wide-spread legs, and they had me do the splits with one leg on the coffee table and the other on the couch, while they all laid directly under me. I also spread my lips with my fingers a bit to give them a better look at my clit. By the time they were done, I was very wet again, and they had all noticed.

Next was Tiffany. She was blushing red almost the whole time, but did everything that was expected. They were very interested in her hair - it grew in so sparse and so fine, and in such a controlled area. They asked her about it, and had her point out where she shaved and where was naturally bald.

I then had to repeat several of the poses with her - standing next to her, bent over side-by-side with our backs to them, laying on the floor... When we did the headstands side-by-side, the guys walked back and forth, looking down at our spread pussies. Last they had us lay back down side-by-side and spread our lips with our fingers. I was almost as wet and turned on as I had been last time by the time I finished the second round of poses, but was too nervous to touch myself in front of Tiffany and Rob.

Then it was Sarah's turn. She went through all of the poses alone, and then repeated them all with both Tiffany and me on either side of her.

They then had us all stand side-by-side, and then turn slowly around until we were facing them again. They commented on how wet I was, and they could even tell from behind. My pussy was once again spread, with my clit straining outward.

It was now about 6:15, and Tiffany said she was starting to get hungry. The guys had me call for pizza before letting us dress. I had to go into the bathroom to wipe up first. We were allowed to put on jeans and our shirts, but no bras or panties. They gave Sarah a light jacket since her nipples were so long, and we waited for the pizza outside.

Tom took me aside and asked "So, do you think you want to kiss Sarah in front of Tiffany and Rob, or should we not do that? I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

"Oh, so you'll have me do a naked headstand with my legs in different time-zones so you can all get a good long look at my naked pussy, but you're concerned about making me feel uncomfortable?" I joked. Before he could answer me, I leaned in and kissed him, licking his lips.

"Don't tell me to do it. I'll decide if it feels right, and if it does, I'll just do it. Then you can make me do it more." I said.

"I'll tell the guys." He said. "They're all dying to make you do it, but I told them no."

"You're so sweet." I told him. I kissed him again, and put his hand on my boob. He squeezed gently before breaking the kiss.

The pizza came and we paid the driver. It was a girl that I think graduated from our school last year, but I didn't know her name, and she didn't seem to recognize any of us.

We brought the pizzas downstairs and the 3 girls got plates, napkins, and fresh drinks for the guys. Tom wanted to offer me his seat - there were only 4 chairs at the little table in the kitchenette - but the other guys all agreed that they should make the girls stand.

"Topless?" Said Rob, quietly.

"What?" Asked Mike. "Did you say topless?"

He didn't answer. I think he felt intimidated by the 3 jock guys.

"Can he order you and Sarah around?" Mike asked me.

"I didn't say specifically, but as long as you can override him, and Sarah can override you, I'm fine with it."

"Sarah?"

"Same as Cheryl. As long as she has the last say, then sure."

"So, dude, if you want them topless, you just need to say it. Don't look for us to say it's okay." And he took a big bite of pizza.

"Okay, then take your tops off. Just stand there in your jeans while you eat." Rob told us.

Sarah, Tiffany and I put our plates down, stripped our shirts off, and grabbed our plates again. Mike, Tom and Rick told Rob about some of the other things that they had made us do, like the dancing, and the time they made me figure out what they wanted me to do. Rob thought it was hilarious that all I had to do was spin my shirt around without even taking it off, and I had spent the better part of 2 hours naked and exposing myself as much as possible.

When we finished eating it was almost 7:45. We had to leave by 9:15, so that gave us about an hour and a half.

Sarah, Tiffany and I finished cleaning and putting away the few dishes that there were (6 plates, 1 knife) and rejoined the guys at the kitchenette table. We were, of course, still topless.

“So what’s next?” Sarah asked.

“OOOHhh! I have the perfect thing!” shouted Rob, jumping up from his chair. He started to run out of the room, then turned. “Good host… um… Tiffany – take your pants off and dance for our guests!”

We all laughed as he ran out the room and up the stairs.

“You heard him.” I said to Tiffany.

She looked at me funny, but slowly unbuttoned her jeans. When no one stopped her, she pulled them down, then stepped out of them. She walked over to the stereo and turned the sound up a bit. She started dancing around the room, and Sarah and I just stood and watched. It was kind of fun not being the ones on display.

A few minutes later Rob came back down, a huge smile on his face and a Twister game in his hands.

“Oh, YEAH!” shouted Rick, Tom and Mike upon seeing the game box.

Sarah and I were told to remove our pants so that, once again, all 3 girls were naked. We then set up the twister board in the living room in front of the couch so the guys would have somewhere comfortable to sit while watching us 3 girls play.

Left foot blue. Right hand red. Right foot yellow.

The losing girl had to give the other 6 people an anatomy lesson, as graphic as possible, while the other two girls got to get dressed. That was our incentive to play well.

Right hand yellow. Left foot green.

I was still a bit turned on from before dinner, and the stretching and gyrating on the Twister board wasn’t helping. I had my back to the guys, was bent with my legs pretty far apart, and they were making comments about my pussy, which was getting all wet again. Tiffany was just to my left, and I was pretty much staring straight into her pussy. I could feel Sarah’s nipples poking me in the thigh.

Left hand blue. Right foot green.

A few minutes into the game I was straddling Sarah. She was in a crab position on her back, and I was arched over her, staring down at her chest. Both of our pussies were facing the guys, and I could feel the moisture on my skin, as my position was pulling me wider open for their gaze. I could see that Sarah’s pussy was wet, too, and her clit was standing up a little bit more than it normally does.

Right hand green.

I had to reach across, spreading my arms almost as wide as they go. I lost my balance and fell onto her. My ultra-sensitive, soaking wet pussy landing on her hip. I let out a squeal as I felt a kind of electricity through my clit. Her face was right below mine. Without thinking about it we were suddenly locked in a tight kiss.

The feel of her tongue on mine. The taste of our fruit-flavored lip gloss. The familiar smell of her shampoo. The hardness of her nipples against my own chest. I felt her legs close around my thigh, and her movement sent another jolt against my clit. I felt my moisture coating her hip, and I thrust my hips back into her as she pushed her own self against my leg, squeezing harder.

Her rough tongue on mine. The lip gloss. Her hair. Her nipples pushing against my breast. My pussy sliding on her now-wet hip as I pushed against her. The coarseness of her pubic hair, the warm moistness of her pussy, and the fierceness of her thrusting back against my own leg. I was lost in the moment. I don’t know how long we stayed like that, our bodies thrusting and pushing, the different feelings, textures, tastes, smells. I was suddenly gasping for air and screaming out, simultaneously, as orgasm hit me. She bit my neck as she cried out in her own orgasm. Wave after wave of pleasure swept over me as I kept coming and coming.

I felt Sarah’s orgasm against my leg, the warmth and the juices and the thrusting, and it pushed me to a second orgasm. I kissed her again as it was subsiding, and felt her start to come again, gripping my leg so hard I felt sure it would bruise. She was thrusting against me, and moaning with pleasure.

Unable to support my weight on my arms any longer, I rolled off of her onto my side. Tiffany was lying right there, eyes closed and furiously masturbating. Her right hand was furiously stroking her pussy while her left squeezed her breast viciously. I pulled myself toward her, and lightly kissed her breast, then pulled myself to her face. She opened her eyes and smiled at me, and I leaned down and kissed her. I felt Sarah stirring, and when we broke our kiss I found that Sarah was on her other side, licking her breast. I lowered my head, taking Tiffany’s other nipple into my mouth.

She started bucking her hips, ?ucking her left hand, fingers thrusting in and out of her pussy as the fingers on her right hand furiously stroked her clit. I kissed her again, leaving Sarah licking and sucking her breasts, when she suddenly stiffened her whole body, made a sound that can best be described as a “squeak”, and stopped breathing.

The orgasm rocked her body, sending shudders through every muscle. I felt it in her neck, and her left hand locked, pushing her fingers deep into her pussy. A few seconds later she squeaked again, and then again.

Sarah rolled off of her, and I laid my head on her chest, exhausted.

“That was in-?ucking-credible!” said Tom quietly, breaking my reverie.

I had forgotten where we were – been lost in the moment, and when he spoke it all came back to me in a rush. I had just had a lesbian 3-some in front of 4 guys from my high school. I had just ?ucked my best friend. I had come all over her hip. She came all over my leg. I just sucked a girls tit.

Was I still a virgin? Does humping a girl’s hip-bone until you come (twice) count as losing your virginity? If it does, then I just lost my virginity in a room with 7 people in it!

Tiffany and Sarah started laughing. It was nervous laughter, but it sounded good to hear. I laughed, too.

“You came all over my leg! Look at this!” Sarah was shouting through fits of laughter.

Her hip and stomach were wet and shiny, and there was a small puddle on the twister board by her side. I looked at my own leg, and it was not only just as wet and shiny, but red where her pubic bone has pressed so hard against my thigh.

“You guys sucked on my boobs!” Laughed Tiffany.

About 10 minutes later we were finally able to stop laughing. Rob got a couple of towels for us, and the 3 of us girls took a shower together while the guys watched, just in case we all lez’d out again. We used our damp towels to wipe down the Twister board, which Rob decided we should take with us. If his parents ever looked for it (not likely) he didn’t want to have to explain why it smelled like pussy.

It was after we were all done cleaning up and showering that I was reminded that I had lost at Twister. They decided that they would make me pay next time, as long as I promised I would not skip out on the bet.

“I just had a lesbian 3-way on a Twister board while you guys watched. You really think I’m the kind of girl who skips out on bets?”

They all had a good laugh about that.

It was close to time that we had to leave to be home for curfew, so Tom and Mike allowed Sarah and I to dress. Rob said that since Tiffany had to do whatever he said, and she didn’t have to leave until 10:00, he’d leave her naked a while longer.

We all hugged Tiffany goodbye, and she walked us to the top of the stairs. Rob told her to go pick out a good dance CD, and to have it cued up for when he got down there, and then he walked us to our car.

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Chapter 22 starts here \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\***

All the way home in the car all the guys wanted to talk about was how hot it had been, the three girls basically having sex RIGHT THERE in front of them.

It’s also the last thing Sarah and I wanted to talk about – at least in front of them. The car ride home seemed to take a lot longer than the 20 minutes that the clock said it did, and we were quick about saying our goodbye’s as we parted.

I asked Sarah if she wanted to come in. She accepted, since we were home 20 minutes before curfew. My parents wanted to talk. How can they always seem to tell when you don’t want to talk to them? The only positive was that my mom asked if Sarah was spending the night, and offered to call her mom for us to make sure it was okay.

We broke away and went up to my room.

“That was really weird.” I said at last, finally free to talk.

“It was. I’ve never come twice before.”

“Not that. What we did!”

“I know. That, too. I was just saying it was so incredible. I’ve never come twice before. I’ve never been that turned on.”

“I’ve done that a few times when I have masturbated.” I confessed. “I’ve been masturbating a lot this summer.”

“Yeah, me too. More than usual. But nothing that intense.”

Sarah and I had never before talked about masturbation before. Neither of us had ever admitted that we do it. Now it flowed out of my mouth easily, and I was relieved to hear that she did it too.

“So you’re not weird about it?” I inquired.

“I love you. You’re my best friend. You’re like my sister, only better. In 10 years we’ve been in, what, 2 fights? It’s not weird because it was with you.”

“I love you too, and I feel the same way, but…” I was having trouble putting it into words. To say it might make it real.

“But what?”

“Well… does that make us… you know… gay?”

Sarah started laughing. She laughed uncontrollably for so long it became contagious. I laughed along with her.

“No!” she finally gasped. “It does not make us gay!”

More laughing, then; “But we kind of, you know, we ?ucked each other.” I said.

“Yeah, but not really. It’s not like we went on a date and you tried to get me into bed, and then you took me home and screwed me. We just kind of fell into it. It’s just what happened.”

“Fell is right. Damned Twister game!”

More laughter. It was good to laugh. All of the tension I had felt in the car, downstairs – it was completely gone.

“I’d do it again with you, but I don’t think with anyone else. No other girls, anyway. Not Tiffany. That was kind of weird, but it felt okay at the time.”

“I’d do it again with you, too.” I was getting nervous again. “Is that weird?”

“We hang out naked and let our boyfriends put us on display and look in our pussies and stuff, and we haven’t even had sex yet. I don’t think we should worry about what’s normal and what’s weird.”

More laughter. Tension gone again. I really do love her – she always knows what to say. I hope I’m as good a friend to her.

“I think I want to have sex.” I blurted out.

“We just did!” She cried, a little shocked.

“I don’t mean with you, you slut!” I half shouted, and we were both gone again, laughing uncontrollably.

I told her that I thought I was ready with Tom. We had only been dating for 2 months, but we had known each other for years. We had a real, solid relationship, and I had been masturbating almost every night, thinking about him. I got so turned on all the time partially because I was on display, but partially – and it was a pretty large part – because he was there, seeing me.

“Well if you’re going to do it, I will too. I’m older, after all, and I’m supposed to do everything first!” Sarah said.

My mom knocked on my door to say that it was fine that Sarah spend the night, and that her mom says to say goodnight.

We stayed up really late, talking about what sex might be like, talking about how we masturbate, and if we were willing to do each other again in front of the guys.

The next day I called Tom. We decided to meet and go for a walk in the park. Sarah went home and I got dressed, and 10 minutes later Tom was at my door. We left and headed to the park.

We walked in a comfortable silence for a little while. Then, “I think I’m ready to take the next step with us.” I said.

“What’s the step after screwing your best girlfriend in front of me?”

I hit him. Not hard, but on the chest.

“You know what I mean. Stop it!”

“I’m kidding. What do you mean, though?”

“Well, I think… I mean I know… that I want to sleep with you.”

“Are you sure we’re ready for that?”

“Well, I did already screw my best friend in front of you. I think that makes us close enough.”

He laughed out loud. “Yeah, but you’d screw her in front of a bunch of guys. Oh, wait – you did.”

I hit him again. It was harder this time. He laughed at me and took me into his arms.

“I just don’t want you to rush into this.” He said tenderly. Then he kissed me.

“I’m not rushing. I just think about it a lot. I think about you all the time. I get so turned on being naked because I know you’re looking. I know that your friends are looking, and everyone knows that I’m yours. I know that you know that I’m yours. I want you to have me. Physically. You already have me emotionally.”

He kissed me again, and the rest of the walk was much sillier talk, lighter, and with a lot of laughter. He had a way of making me laugh, making me comfortable, and of taking my mind off of the heavy things. It’s one of the things I love about him.

When we got back home, almost 2 hours later, my parents were backing out of the driveway.

“Where are you guys going?” I shouted as the car turned onto the street about 50 feet from us.

“We’re heading to the store to buy groceries. Do you need anything?”

I asked for some turkey and tuna for lunches, and they drove away. I invited Tom inside, and as soon as the door was closed I was all over him. It wasn’t scary. I wasn’t nervous.

I broke our kiss and took his hand, running up stairs and pulling him along, laughing. In the bedroom I tore his shirt off of him. He pulled me into his arms again and kissed me. He wouldn’t ask again if I was sure. He didn’t dwell on things, and he had known me for a long time… knew me well enough to know that when I decided on something, it was hard to change my mind.

We moved to the bed, and he sat. I climbed on top of him, my legs straddling his lap, and kissed him again. I kissed down to his neck, his throat, then around to his ear. I could feel him growing in his pants under me.

I pushed him onto his back, still straddling him, and I quickly tore my shirt off. Then my bra. He looked at me, just stared at my breasts. I could feel myself getting wet. He reached up and caressed my bare chest, barely grazing my sensitive nipples. I smiled down at him, and closed my eyes, just allowing myself to feel him.

“Come here” he whispered.

I leaned forward, and he kissed me softly, then kissed my cheek, my ear, my neck. Then his mouth was back on mine, more pressure, more urgency. I pushed his lips apart with my tongue and tasted him. He moaned slightly, and I pressed my body against his.

With his hands he found my breasts. Gentle kneading, light pressure. I was getting wetter. I had to be naked. I pulled myself up from him, and he propped up on his elbow, a questioning look. I just smiled at him, and stood. I pulled open my pants and pushed them unceremoniously to the floor along with my panties, and clumsily kicked my legs out of them, turning one leg inside out in the process. My pussy was wet and darker red than normal.

I let him look for a moment, then I jumped on top of him again, forcing my tongue back into his mouth. I didn’t realize it for a moment, but I was humping him, pushing my pussy against him.

“I’m going to get your pants all covered with pussy. We should get those off of you!” I said, and without waiting for a response, I pulled away from him again, and unbutton his jeans. He was wearing blue and brown boxers from Abercrombie, and I could see the shape of him, straining against the light material.

I went to pull his jeans off. He stopped me, just for a moment. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his wallet, from which he extracted a condom. I smiled and quickly pulled his jeans off – he smiled and lifted his butt slightly to help me. God, I was really going to do this! Just thinking about it made me want him even more. I wanted to see him. I wanted to feel him. I wanted to come with him inside me.

He shifted on the bed so he was laying on it long ways – the correct way. I reached for his boxers. He made no move to stop me, just smiled at me. I pulled the waistband over his hard cock. I had not seen any live – only in magazines or a quick glimpse in an R-Rated movie, but this one looked amazing. I pulled his boxers the rest of the way off and stared for a moment.

My God, I was turned on.

I climbed slowly into the bed with him, my gaze still fixed on what was between his legs. He took my face gently and turned it toward him, and kissed me on each eye.

I roughly swung myself onto him, once again straddling his legs, and kissed him again. I felt his penis gently graze my engorged clit. The feeling was amazing. I wanted him now.

“?uck me.” I said into his ear.

He gently rolled me onto my back, and kissed each breast. I felt the sensation of his lips on my skin, on my nipples, and I felt a kind of electric charge in my pussy. He tore open the condom wrapper, fumbled with it for a moment, but soon enough it was on. He lowered his body onto me, and kissed my breasts again. Again, I felt the charge in my pussy.

“?uck me now.” I commanded.

He pushed his hard cock against me. It grazed my clit, and I thought I would come. It found my opening, and he pushed gently, I could feel myself stretching to accommodate him. I hurt, but not bad, and in a good way. He kissed me again. I couldn’t kiss him back – I was panting, moaning, waiting for the orgasm that I knew was coming fast. I wanted him inside of me before it happened. I reached around and grabbed for his butt. I pulled him towards me, and felt more of him enter me. I felt full, felt his girth. I felt every inch of him inside of me, like every nerve ending was separate. He kept pushing in slowly. He stopped, and backed out – only half an inch. The feeling was incredible. The second, the very instant he started to pull back I wanted him back inside deeper. Like I never wanted him out of me again. He pushed back in, and went deeper.

Stop, reverse slightly. Longing for him to be back in. Thrust in, deeper, but just barely. Back out. Longing. Back in, deeper. Breathing was hard for me. I was panting, I was grunting and moaning. I was thrusting back with my own hips, I was squeezing with my pussy, trying to pull him inside of me. It still hurt – I was stretching to accommodate him – but the pleasure was so much stronger than the pain. The pain was keeping me from passing out, from losing myself in the pleasure.

Stop. Reverse slightly. Longing. Thrust back in.

He kissed me on the neck. I felt it in my pussy.

Stop. Reverse slightly. Longing. Thrust back in. His body hit mine. He was all the way in. He moved and his skin rubbed against my swollen clit. That threw me over the edge. My legs wrapped around him and I screamed out as my orgasm started.

He thrust again. My orgasm intensified. He thrust again. I didn’t think it would ever stop. I couldn’t think, had no feeling outside of my pussy. I came long and hard. Every time he would thrust into me, rub against me, I would come some more. I couldn’t stop – never wanted to stop. I don’t know how long it lasted. I don’t know how many times I came. I know it was more than once. More than twice. One orgasm would start before the last one ended.

“Stop… stop for a second…” I heard myself panting. I was trying to catch my breath. He slowed down, stopped, just lying on me, inside me.

I was crying. There were tears running down my face, and I was crying. Not sobbing, but crying.

“Did I hurt you?”

Now I was laughing. Still crying, but laughing.

“No. Oh my God no!” I managed to say. “I don’t know why I’m crying, but you didn’t hurt me!”

“Why did you tell me to stop?”

“I don’t know. I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t stop coming. I don’t remember telling you to stop. I just remember hearing myself say it.”

He smiled at me, kissed me, and moved slightly inside of me.

“Oh, my god that feels incredible.” I said.

He kissed me again, and moved again, a little more this time.

I reached up and kissed his neck. “?uck me hard.” I whispered.

He thrust deep into me, pushing hard against my clit, almost hurting me. It was amazing. He thrust out, then pushed into me again, harder. Again and again, increasing the tempo and the power behind his thrusts. I was building toward another orgasm. I just hoped I would beat him. He was breathing hard. I started thinking about making him come. I squeezed him with my pussy again. My muscles were sore and tired, but I squeezed hard. My orgasm was coming closer. I heard a voice yelling “?uck me!” I knew it was my voice, but I had no control over it. I couldn’t stop, couldn’t be quieter. I started to come again, and although it wasn’t as intense, it was still incredible. I heard myself yelling again.

When my orgasm finally subsided, he rolled off of me.

“Don’t stop!” I said, panting and pulling myself up onto my elbows so that I was half sitting. “I want you to finish! I want to make you come!”

“I already did!” He laughed, as he pulled a full and very soggy looking condom off of his deflating dick.

He wrapped it in a few Kleenex from my night stand, and then came back to me. He kissed me gently and brushed the hair from my eyes.

“You’re incredible” he said.

“I’ve never come that hard. I’ve never come that many times.” I said, starting to laugh. I couldn’t stop for a few minutes. I became contagious and we both lay there, laughing.

My bed was soaking – I had been so wet, and come so many times, that I had left a large wet spot on the sheets. I stood, and almost fell. My legs were like jell-o. It took me a few moments to gain the strength to stand.

He put on his boxers and then helped me strip the bed. I didn’t want to dress yet, and he made no mention of it. He kept looking at me, watching me.

I got back from the laundry room – thankfully a second floor laundry just two doors down the hall from my bedroom – and he was sitting on the floor, facing my mirrored closet doors, his back against my bed.

“Come, sit.” He said, indicating that I should sit with my back to him, between his legs.

I complied, and was looking at myself in the mirror. I was naked, and my legs were apart. My pussy was still bright pink and swollen.

He pulled me closer to him, so that my shoulder was just below his chin. He kissed my neck and shoulders, and slowly traced his hands down my arms, then up my stomach towards my breasts. I just watched, as though watching a dirty movie – dirtier than I had ever seen – and feeling it, too.

He cupped my breasts gently, then lightly pinched my nipples between his thumb and forefinger. I could feel myself getting turned on all over again. I looked up at his eyes, reflecting back at me from the mirror. He smiled and then shifted his gaze. I followed his eyes downward – he was looking between my spread legs. I pulled my knees up higher and pulled them wider apart. I could see my whole pussy on display. My clit was still visible, and there was moisture on all of the inner skin surfaces. He kissed my neck again, still cupping my breasts and gently playing with my breasts. I looked back and forth between his hands and my pussy. I loved that he loved to look at my pussy. I was really getting turned on again.

His right hand left my breast, and slowly ran down my stomach, lightly caressing the skin, but not tickling. That was kind of weird – normally I was so ticklish. He stopped just above my open and waiting pussy, and slowly ran his hand back over my stomach again. Then back down – I had trouble taking my eyes off of his hand. He passed within inches of my pussy, and I looked down at it. Was it more red, more wet? Or was that my imagination. I looked up at his face. He was smiling, his eyes fixed on my pussy. I looked back at his hand as it traced its way down once more, this time allowing a finger to brush against a lip, to linger for a moment before making its way up to my stomach again. I didn’t want to speak for fear of breaking the spell, so I just watched his hand, mesmerized by its slow journey from my pussy to my naval, as my arousal built.

“Show me how you do it.” He whispered in my ear.

I thought for a moment, then realized what he meant. I wanted to do it. I wanted him to watch me.

He moved his hands, gently caressing my sides. I moved my own hands to my breasts, slowly caressing, cupping, fondling my breasts. His eyes were locked on my hands, watching me. I was getting so turned on, but I wanted to go slow, to prolong it. I slowly, lazily caressed my breasts, gently pinching my nipples. The feeling was exquisite, watching him watching me. I closed my eyes, touching myself. I got lost in the feeling for a moment.

When I opened my eyes I was staring at my pussy in the mirror. I was wet, and spread open. My hands were still caressing my breasts. I pretended I was watching another couple in the mirror.

The mirror guy was slowly caressing his hands up and down the girls sides, from her breasts to her butt, gently brushing his fingertips against her skin. She was nestled gently in his lap, caressing her own breasts, with her legs spread, showing the inner folds of her wet pussy.

She slowly lowered her right hand to her pussy, grazing a finger down the inner lips, gathering moisture. I could feel her finger on my skin, touching me. It was incredible. She drew her moistened finger back upwards, slowly circling her protruding, swollen clit. She opened her mouth, and I heard a moan escape my own lips.

The man in the mirror smiled, his eyes staring straight out at me, at my pussy.

She caressed and stroked her pussy with one, then two fingers, surrounding, gently squeezing her clit, her hips bucking slightly in rhythm.

I didn’t want to look away from her. I wanted to watch her. I could feel every move she made, and it was driving me mad.

Still the man in the mirror stared. His eyes were kind, but burning. He was lusting after me, staring out of the mirror at me.

Her left hand was more aggressive with her breasts now, pinching, kneading, pulling. Her right hand was still caressing her clit, the first and second fingers in a scissor position, straddling her clit, stroking it, driving me wild.

I saw it start. The mirror-girl’s pussy convulsed. The hole spasmed, closing quickly, while the pink, shimmering skin around it pressed outward. Then orgasm hit me, and my head jerked back, my eyes closed, and I could feel Tom’s hardness pressing against my back, and the glorious release, the third time I was coming – who knows how many orgasms total.

Although not as intense as any of the previous orgasms that day, it was still wonderful. I opened my eyes. My hand was still on my pussy, soaked with my juices. He was smiling at me, and I could still feel his hard cock pressing into the small of my back.

I rolled over as I slid down, and I pulled his boxers down, off of him. He made no move to stop me. I looked up at him. “Your turn.” I said. I ran my tongue down the shaft of his cock, then I licked back up, toward the tip, and then sucked the end into my mouth. He smelled musky and a little sweaty, but wonderful. I tasted a little salt and… I don’t know how to describe it… he tasted like Tom. I could taste a little of my own pussy juices, and I smelled sex. The combination of sensations were conspiring to excite me again.

I sucked him into my mouth, and I licked with my tongue. Then I slid him out, and then back in. I couldn’t get the whole thing into my mouth, so I kissed and licked down to his balls, then started again. I didn’t know what I was doing, but he moaned and squirmed to let me know when I was doing good.

After a few minutes, his body started to tense. I wrapped my hand around the base, where his cock met his balls, and I started to stroke him, keeping even and keeping pace with my mouth as I sucked up and down, all the while my tongue darting side to side inside my mouth, against him. Seconds later, he spasmed in my mouth, and I was surprised as the back of my throat was sprayed with a jet of his come. I tried to swallow it all, but started to choke, and had to pull my head back. A second jet hit me in the neck as I pulled away, and then more dribbled down his shaft, onto my still stroking hand.

I swallowed, then looked up at him. He laughed as he saw his come on my neck. “I’m sorry! Look at your neck!”

“That’s okay!” I replied, licking my fingers. He took his boxers and wiped my neck off, then kissed me on the forehead, then wiped himself off. I laid my head on his chest and lazily caressed his now-soft cock for a few minutes, when he brought me back to reality.

“Your parents will be home, soon. They can’t stay at the store forever.”

I reluctantly got up, and handed him his clothes. I then went down the hall to the bathroom, where I washed my neck and hands properly, and then returned to the bedroom. He was fully dressed now, sitting on my bed.

“Where are your boxers? I asked, straightening the pillows on the bed.

“My pocket. I’m not putting them on now!”

“Oooh, so you’re commando.” I said, playfully grabbing him through his pants.

“You’re one to talk. You’d never get dressed if you didn’t have to, would you, you little show off!”

I smiled playfully. “If it bothers you, I’ll never get naked again.”

“That’s not what I meant. If it was up to me you’d go everywhere naked, and everyone would look at you. All of the guys would want to ?uck you, but you’d be mine, and they’d all be jealous of me.”

I smashed my boobs in his face, laughing. “You WOULD make me be naked everywhere, wouldn’t you?”

“Butt-ass naked, and mostly we’d go out dancing. Or to my basketball games. The other team would be staring at you the whole time, and I’d score 200 points every game!”

I loved that we could laugh together like that. We were still good friends, but now we were lovers, too.

I dressed, then came to him and kissed him.

“Eeww!! So that’s what sperm tastes like? Ick!”

“Oh, shut up!” I said, hitting him playfully on the chest.

He smiled and kissed me again. “It’s worth it, to get to kiss you.”

We went downstairs and said our good-byes. About 5 minutes after he left, my parents came home with the groceries.

That evening I went to Sarah’s. I recapped the day in detail, going over everything twice. I told her that I felt a little awkward giving the blow job, and asked if she knew how. She had never done it, so I made a mental note to go to the internet to do some research on the topic. Thank God my parent’s don’t check my computer for what web sites I visit!

Since then I’ve watched dozens of blow jobs on the internet, and I learned a lot. I also found a lot of other web sites including this one, which is what gave me the idea to write my experiences all down.

For the next few days I was perpetually horny. I masturbated every night, sometimes twice, and it was always with Tom’s image swimming in my head. Sometimes his face, sometimes his body – always his hard cock. I wanted it again. I wanted to suck it, and to ?uck it. I needed him inside me, and I couldn’t stop thinking about it.

The next Friday Tiffany was going out to dinner with her parents for her dad’s birthday, and Sarah had an away-game for volleyball, so Rob decided to have the three guys, his new friends, over for guys poker night. This left me alone with nothing to do. I wanted Tom to go and have fun with the guys. I really didn’t want to be “that girl” – the one who never let her boyfriend go out and have fun, so I didn’t say anything. Tom asked me what I was doing, though, so I told him that I had nothing to do. The people I hung out with most were all busy, so I was just going to hang out at home.

Tiffany said “I’ll be home from dinner around 9:00. Why don’t you get a ride with Tom, and you can come over at 9 and spend the night?”

At lunch on Thursday Tom said to me “The guys have agreed that you can come to poker night with us and hang out if you’re willing to be naked.”

“What do you think about that?” I asked him, smiling.

“You know I love when you’re naked. And I know how you love being naked…”

“Well, since there’s really nothing else to do, and since it’s the only way I’m getting over to Tiffany’s neighborhood, I guess I have no choice.”

He kissed me. “God, you’re the sexiest girl in this school. You know that?”

I blushed but didn’t respond.

Friday after school I packed my overnight bag, kissed my mom and dad goodbye, and jumped into the car with Tom. The whole way there we talked about what I’d be doing, and how I’d be the only girl naked again, just like it was at the beginning of the summer, but this time I’d be the only girl in the room. I was really getting horny.

Tom told me some specifics that he wanted me to do, and that he wanted them to be a surprise for the guys – no talking about them, I just had to do them.

I swallowed hard, but agreed. For him. And because I was so turned on.

I had worn jeans, sandals, black boy short panties and matching bra, and a sweatshirt. When we got there I kicked off my sandals by the door, and we went inside. Mike and Rick had gotten a ride directly from school from Rob, and had been there for a while. They were already playing poker at the table in the kitchen.

After we all said hello, per Tom’s instruction, I announced “The last time we were all here, I lost at twister. I was supposed to give an anatomy lesson while the other girls got to be dressed. I figured that if they’re not here it doesn’t matter, so I’d like to pay off my bet now, so it’s not hanging over my head.”

No one argued, so the guys all moved to the living room area and sat on the couch. I sat on the coffee table, which was where the twister board had been, right in front of them.

“So I guess we’ll start with the basics.” I began. I stretched my feet towards them and continued, “These are toes, and they’re used for balance when walking and running. They’re on the ends of my feet, which are attached to my legs.” At this point I stopped, stood and unbuttoned my jeans, letting them fall to the floor, then stepped out of them.

“My legs,” I continued, running my fingers lightly over them as I bent toward them. “are used to support my weight, and for walking and running. They are made up of the shin,” I caressed my shins. “thighs,” I ran my fingers up my thighs to my panties. “knees,” I pointed to my knees, then turned around.

“My calves.” I continued, bending at the hips with straight legs, reaching through my slightly spread legs to touch my calves, “my hamstrings,” I stood a little straighter, rubbing my hands up and down the backs of my legs. “and finally the hips…”

I stood and looked down at my panties. “Well these are in the way! You can’t see my hips!” I said, and I grabbed my panties, pulling them down my legs to my ankles, still standing with my back to them, and again without bending my knees. I stepped out of them and continued. “Hips.” I pointed to both hips, turning from side-to-side to show them both.

“Now the hips also connect to the glutes, which are…” I stopped again. My sweatshirt was hanging down about halfway down my butt.

“This is interfering with your lesson.” I said, pulling the shirt up and off, depositing it on the pile with my jeans and panties.

“The hips connect to the glutes, which are also called the butt or ‘ass’” I continued. The butt muscles are used to help a person squat,” I squatted, “run,” I jogged in place, “and to bend at the waist.” I bent again at the waist, leaving my legs straight again.

“Now here you can see the rectum, which is where I have not yet had sex.” I joked, slightly spreading my butt with my hands.

“And then we have the back, which is…” I reached behind me and undid my bra strap, tossing it onto my other clothes. I was naked now, but still with my back to them. “Which is used for pulling motions and stuff.” I finished lamely. I simulated using a rowing machine.

“Any questions so far?” I asked.

“Can we see that rectum thing again?” Asked Rick.

I bent at the waist and put my hands on the floor. I knew that my pussy was on display, and I had been wet since the car ride over.

“Thanks.” Tom said, after a few moments.

I stood and turned to face them. “I assume we can skip the face and neck? Good. So these are breasts.” I said, cupping my breasts in my hands. It felt good. “The nipples are where a baby would feed, and the breasts themselves produce milk after a woman has had a baby.” I pinched my nipples gently. I was really turned on – I felt that in my pussy.

“And this is my stomach.” I said, gently sliding my hands down past my naval, flexing to make the six-pack muscles visible.

“And then we have the pussy.” My voice had gotten deeper.

I sat on the coffee table, spreading my legs. I stuck a finger deep into my pussy, which made me shudder.

“This is the vaginal opening.” I said, hoarsely. “This is where you would screw a girl.”

I slowly pulled my finger out, making a wet, sloppy noise as I did. I ran it up toward my clit, and pulled back on the hood, exposing my bare clit.

“This is a clitoris, which is the nerve center for a girl’s pussy, and if you ever want to be with a girl, you will need to learn how to play with the clit to make her come.” I panted.

“So now I’m going to teach you how to stimulate a girl.” I said.

I was so turned on already, but I went slowly, just like Tom had asked me to do in the car.

“The breasts are a great place to start.” I said, cupping, caressing and lightly pinching my nipples. “Or kissing the neck gently.” I added, bringing a hand to my neck and lightly stroking my skin at my jaw line.

“When caressing the breasts, you don’t want to be too rough at first. Gentle squeezing, light caressing and maybe soft pinches on the nipple are about all at first. The girl will tell you if she wants it rougher.” I said while demonstrating. Each touch was only stoking the fire in my pussy, and I hoped that I could hold out as long as Tom wanted me to.

“Once she is sufficiently horny, you can move on to the pussy, but don’t forget that grabbing her ass can sometimes be fun.” I said. I stood and turned sideways to them, and then caressed my butt, gave it a slight squeeze, and then slapped it. I don’t know what made me do that, but I felt a new surge of arousal deep in my pussy. I bent over, leaning on the table, and I slapped it again.

“I guess you can slap it, too.” I panted, even more hoarsely than before. I turned around again, returning to my seated position and spreading my legs wide, but keeping my toes on the floor.

“Where was I?” I asked, looking questioningly into their enraptured faces. My whole body was flushed.

“Pussy.” Said Rob, meekly.

“Oh, yeah.” I growled. “So once you’ve played with her tits and her ass you should gently run a finger across her pussy to see if she’s getting wet yet.” I did, and as my finger stroked across my clit I squealed in pleasure. The guys laughed quietly.

“As you can plainly see, I’m wet.” I said, still panting. “So then you can alternately stroke the clit and finger the vaginal opening.”

I leaned back on the coffee table, supporting my weight on my left elbow, and started masturbating slowly, trying to delay my orgasm as Tom had instructed. He wanted me to masturbate for as long as possible, to give the guys a thrill.

I alternately stuck a finger deep into my pussy, then pulled it out and slowly circled my clit with the now soaking wet finger. The feelings were incredible, and after a few moments I dropped flat onto my back, freeing up my left hand to caress my breasts. My orgasm was fast approaching, and I was fighting it with every ounce of strength I could find. I was reaching new levels of arousal, and I didn’t know how much longer I could hold it off. I heard myself moaning and talking, but I had no idea what I was saying. I stuck my finger deep inside and pressed up, toward my stomach, and I discovered my G-spot. I suddenly exploded in orgasm. I felt my pussy spasming on my finger, and the heel of my hand was gently pushing against my clit, intensifying the feeling.

As the orgasm subsided I became aware that I was still changing the word “yes” over and over. I lay there, my finger still buried in my pussy, my palm still pressing against my clit, reveling in the feeling, still aroused, still wanting more. Suddenly I felt something on my breast. Tom was kissing my nipple.

Without thinking about it my hand started to caress my pussy again. He stopped me, pulling my hand away from my dripping sex.

“Now it’s time to play poker. You can touch yourself all night, but you can’t come again for an hour. I want to see how long you can be turned on.”

The thought of walking around in a state of perpetual horniness, touching myself all night while the guys played poker was both torturous and arousing. I agreed.

Tom helped me stand, caressing my breast in the process. He would not let me wipe my juices off of my pussy, but he did let me clean up my thighs and butt, and had me clean the table with a paper towel. I had almost squirted when I came, and juices had been flowing out of me, pooling on the table.

“I want you to play with your pussy and keep yourself turned on, but stop before you think you’re going to come.” He instructed. “Caress your breasts, too. Keep yourself right on the edge.”

It was pure torture. The minutes dragged by slowly as I sat on a barstool, my pussy at eye level with the guys, who were sitting at the table playing poker, but spending just as much time watching me.

Rob had put a bath towel on the seat, because I was dripping so much wetness from my pussy. I caressed my breasts until my pussy ached, and then I used both hands on it, the fingers of one hand penetrating me, and the fingers on the other caressing my swollen, begging clit.

Twice Tom had to remind me to stop, and I was literally shaking with arousal. He had me take a break to cool down a bit, and had me serve soda and a fresh bowl of pretzels to the guys.

10 minutes later it became obvious that I would not last much longer without coming, so Tom made me stop, and had to have Mike hold my hands to keep me from fingering myself. Tom turned the music up, and instructed me to give each guy a lap dance. He told the guys that they could touch only my hips, and told me that I could not touch myself at all.

He selected the song “Glamorous” by Fergie, which is 4 minutes long. I had to dance for each guy for about a minute, grinding on their hips. He promised that when the song was over he would let me come.

I swung my leg over Rick’s lap and started grinding/dancing, my breasts only a few inches from his face. He wasted no time putting his hands on my hips, and during the course of his minute he allowed them to stray down and backwards, so that he was cupping the side of my ass.

I thought my pussy would drip onto Rob’s pants as I started dancing on him. He was shy at first, but after 20 seconds or so put a hand on my hip, then his other. I was so aroused and he was so cute and shy, that right before Tom told me to switch to Mike, I grabbed his head, pulling his face into my boobs. His soft skin caressed mine, and I felt his hot breath on my nipples, and it drove new urgency into my pussy.

When I straddled Mike, I was literally humping the air, thrusting my pelvis toward him, desperately aching for some contact with my clit that would surely drive me over the edge. Mike was not as bold as Rick, and kept his hands at his side, only barely grazing my legs as I wildly ?ucked the air above the obvious bulge in his pants.

“My turn!” said Tom, signaling my last lap dance before I would finally get to come.

“Face the room. I want your back to me.” He said, as I started to climb on. It took me a moment to understand, but I turned around, sitting on his lap with my legs spread around his.

“She’s my girlfriend, so I can touch more than her hips.” He announced as his hands glided up my sides and around to cup my breasts.

The contact had me urgently fighting to keep my hands from my pussy. I ran them through my hair as I continued to violently thrust my hips, my pussy desperate for release.

Tom put one hand down to my waist, then pulled me to his lap, so I was sitting. He then thrust his finger into my pussy, letting the rest of his hand press on my aching clit. The result was immediate. I screamed out, the rest of my weight now completely left my legs, and I came like I had never come before. I screamed out as my whole body shook and my pussy closed like a vice around his finger. Wave after wave of orgasm rocked through my body as he held me tight, holding me up. I had no muscular control – I would have fallen were it not for his arm wrapped around me, his hand on my breast, and his other hand firmly lodged in my soaking, dripping pussy.

Another orgasm hit me almost as soon as the first one ended, this one not nearly as powerful. I was aware of the other guys in the room, staring, watching. I let it wash over me, enjoying the feeling of Tom’s strong arms around me.

When it was over, I opened my eyes. Staring back at me were 3 very stunned, very excited boys.

And Tiffany.

She had come in at some point in the previous few minutes, and I hadn’t noticed. She was the first to speak.

“Wow. Looks like I showed up just in time!”

I tried to speak, but my voice came out only as a quiet croaking noise. I tried to stand, but my legs wouldn’t work. I fell back onto Tom’s lap.

“At least close your legs…” She said, amusement in her voice.

I looked down. My legs were still spread, straddling Tom’s knees, and my pussy was red, wet, and wide open – a combination of my arousal and his recent ministrations there. I giggled at my exposure, and pulled one leg over, bringing them together.

I was still flushed and a little weak, so I continued to sit on Tom’s lap.

“So live sex shows, now. Looks like I missed out!” said Tiffany, addressing the three guys who were still staring at me.

Tom explained briefly what had transpired, and Tiffany was laughing by the end.

“See the difference? When there are more girls here, we stick together. You wouldn’t have been naked and masturbating for the past 2 hours!” she giggled. “You guys are perverts!”

I finally found the strength to stand, although wobbly at first. Tiffany took me into the bathroom and helped me get cleaned up.

“I can’t believe that they made you do all of that!” she said, a little awestruck. “I don’t think I could have done it.”

“Oh, come on.” I countered. “What’s the big deal? They’ve seen both of us naked before, and I got some really good orgasms out of it, and a really intense erotic experience with some really close friends. They’ve got perpetual boners now, and they’ll have to wait until they get home tonight to do anything about them, unless they have a circle jerk after we leave. Either way, they’ll all be thinking about me tonight when they jerk off. How is that a bad thing?”

“Doesn’t it make you feel slutty?”

“Maybe if they weren’t such close friends.” I responded thoughtfully. “I’ve thought about that, especially at the beginning of the summer, but I really don’t. They don’t make me feel like I’m doing anything wrong, and they don’t treat me any differently now, so why should I?”

She eventually agreed, and decided that maybe she could do something like that. She had, after all, gotten so turned on watching me and Sarah that she started masturbating in front of everyone. And she agreed that she didn’t feel like a slut after that, and no one treats her differently now.

She offered to go out and get my clothes, but I figured Tom would rather I went out on my own, to give him (and the other guys) one last chance to see me naked that night. I walked out of the bathroom and over to the living room area to retrieve my clothes. Tom got up and met me there, and gave me a big kiss and held me tight, his hands roaming over my back and butt.

I dressed to a disappointed audience, and after a last kiss goodbye, we left.

When we got back to Tiffany’s house, she wanted to talk more about what I had done. She wanted to know how it felt, being watched, being wanted like that. I told her about my feelings, how the embarrassment was just more adrenaline, and stimulated me even more. I told her how I would watch the guys, their eyes following my hands, knowing that I could direct them to look at any part of me, to think about me, to know me so intimately.

“God, the way you tell it, I’m starting to get turned on.” She confessed.

“Then do it now. Do it for me.” I demanded.

“What?”

“Do it. Strip for me. Masturbate for me. Just me, no guys.”

“I don’t think I could!”

“You just said that it was turning you on to think about it. You said that you admired me for doing it. You did it in front of everyone at the party last weekend. Why can’t you do it now?”

“Well, I guess it’s because it’s just you. It feels a little… weird… doing it in front of you.”

“Why would it feel weird to do it in front of just me, but not in front of everyone?” I queried.

“Well, wouldn’t it feel kind of… gay?”

I laughed out loud. I told her all about the conversation that Sarah and I had last Saturday, and how we had just done it, and it felt okay, so how could it be wrong?

She was unconvinced.

“So your argument is that it’ll be gay if you do it here with me, alone, right?”

“I guess…” she was blushing.

“Okay, then we’ll go back to Rob’s. You have the key.”

She panicked now. “I can’t do that!” she almost yelled. “Oh my God no!”

I smiled. “Your whole argument was that you can’t do it in front of me when we’re alone, but you admitted you wanted to do it – that it turned you on. Now you don’t have to do it in front of me, and you still won’t do it.”

“I guess I’d rather do it here with you than there.” She said, meekly.

“I’ll be your practice. You’re doing it in front of them, though.”

“Maybe.”

I waited, and she just stared back at me.

“So, get undressed.” I told her. “I want an anatomy lesson.”

She looked at me horror-struck, but unbuttoned her jeans, pushing them down. She lifted her shirt over her head. She was wearing standard light pink cotton panties and a white cotton bra. Then she remembered that Tom had told her that I had stripped while giving the anatomy lesson. She was a little clumsy while speaking, but she did okay, as nervous as she was.

“These are my legs.” She pointed her toes, flexing her leg muscles and turned in place, showing me her legs from all angles. She didn’t seem to know what to do next.

“What’s this?” I asked, moving close to her and putting my hand on her ass, squeezing gently.

Her eyes opened wide, but she quickly recovered. “That’s my butt.”

I laughed – I couldn’t stop myself. “It’s your ass.” I corrected, slapping her panty clad butt. “And I want to see what you’re showing me. I can’t see through panties.”

She blushed deep red, but pulled her panties off. “This is my ass.” She said meekly, and she turned to give me a view with several angles.

“It’s a very nice ass.” I whispered.

She smiled and blushed again, looking down at her feet.

“Do you have boobs you want to show me?” I asked quietly.

She turned to face me and reached behind her, unhooking her bra, still looking at her feet.

“These are my boobs.” she said simply, thrusting her chest slightly out toward me. Her nipples were erect and dark.

“Play with your boobs. Show me what you like. Tell me how it feels.” I whispered, walking in a slow circle around her, looking at her naked body.

She brought her hands to her breasts tentatively, cupping them gently. Her thumbs and forefingers met on either side of her hard nipples and she pinched, very gently, sliding to the ends and off, the rest of her fingers gently gliding across her skin in their wake. She then fanned her fingers out and dragged them very lightly across her skin, sending a shudder through her.

“Tell me what you like.” I whispered in her ear.

“I like a really light touch on my breasts at first, until I’m really turned on.” She breathed. “Then I like to squeeze harder, and pinch sometimes.”

“Are you turned on right now?” I asked.

She was silent, and blushed again, deep red, over her whole body. I gently caressed her bare ass, moving from her thigh to her lower back and down again. I slapped her again, a little harder than before.

Her eyes again opened wide with shock, but she responded immediately. “I’m very turned on.”

I put my hands on her shoulders, standing behind her. “Show me your pussy. Show my how you like to be touched.” I breathed into her ear. I think it was the breath hitting her ear, but she shuddered again.

She moved to her bed and sat tentatively on the edge, her knees together. I looked at her, shaking my head. She moved back on the bed, lay on her back and slowly brought her knees up, spreading her legs. Her light blonde hair was wet and sticky by the opening to her pussy, and the skin was shimmering in the light with dampness. I was feeling incredibly turned on myself at this point. I moved to the bed and sat beside her, resting my hand lightly on her bare stomach. She jumped at this contact, but said nothing, and made no motion to move my hand away.

“Show me.” I said, quietly.

She dipped a finger on her right hand into her pussy, then slowly stroked it up over her clit. She favored the right side, with light pressure to the skin around it, but avoided direct contact with the clit itself. I watched, fascinated as she gently rocked her hips in rhythm with her stroking finger.

“Tell me how it feels. Tell me what you’re doing.” I said, standing up between her legs, looking down at her.

“I like gentle touching. I can’t handle it directly on my clit. It almost hurts. It’s hard to explain. I rub to the side.”

I pulled my pants and panties off together. I was so turned on watching her. She didn’t notice me – her eyes were closed and she was too involved. I pulled my shirt over my head and quickly stripped off my bra. My nipples were hard, and my pussy wet again. I marveled at how horny I was becoming lately.

I laid down next to her. “Does it feel good?” I asked.

“Mmmm.” Was all she replied.

I gently caressed her breast. I don’t know why, but I really wanted to. She opened her eyes, and saw that I was naked. She froze for a moment, then grabbed my head with her free left hand, pulling me to her, and she kissed me deeply. I was stunned for a moment, then kissed her back, my hand kneading the firm flesh of her breast. She was squirming under me, moaning into my mouth as her finger moved faster, barely grazing her clit. We broke the kiss only for a moment, looking into each others eyes. It wasn’t weird at all.

“?uck me.” She whispered urgently.

Our lips and tongues found one another again, and I knew what she meant. I brought my hand down to her pussy, and without hesitation I thrust two fingers into her dripping hole. She felt a lot like my own, and I quickly found her G-spot. she bucked her hips up once, twice… and then she came. She squeaked, then her lungs seemed to deflate instantly. Her hand had frozen on her clit, but I kept pressure on her G-spot, slowly tracing my finger in circles. Her orgasm only seemed to intensify, squeezing my fingers in her pussy, seeming to try to force them out. After a few seconds she started to breath again, and another wave of orgasm hit her, squeezing the air from her lungs as it tried to squeeze my hand from her hole.

Three times her body racked under me, and I kept the pressure on her pussy, my fingers inside, roughly kissing her mouth and neck, my hips involuntarily humping against her bed in response to my own arousal. After what seemed like 5 minutes, she relaxed her body, calming down. I was now so horny I couldn’t stand it. I pulled my fingers from her pussy and immediately thrust them into my own. After a few moments she stirred. I didn’t open my eyes – I was too enraptured with my own feelings, my approaching orgasm. I felt her tug at my hand, moving it away from my pussy, and suddenly it was replaced with the most wonderful, warm sensation.

I opened my eyes and looked down. She was licking my clit with her tongue, and had two fingers buried deep in my pussy. I can’t describe the feeling. I flung my head back, clawing at the blankets on her bed.

“Move your fingers out a little, and point them up, toward my stomach.” I panted. Seconds later she had found my G-spot, and I started to come. She didn’t slow down her licking, and she didn’t stop ?ucking me with her hand, and I couldn’t stop my orgasm. I don’t know how long it lasted. I don’t know if it was 1 or 100.

When it was finally over, she looked up and smiled at me. I laughed out loud. Her face was covered with my juices, and looked shiny and wet. She laughed too, but jumped up on top of me, kissing me and forcing her tongue into my mouth.

“There.” She laughed. “Now we’ve both tasted pussy tonight!”

I laughed, then licked her face. “Not bad!” I said, laughing out loud.

After a few moments we stood and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Was it gay? Maybe. But it felt good, and it was very nice. We didn’t care at all.

**\*\*\*\*\* Chapter 27 starts here \*\*\*\*\***

I told Tom about what had happened between Tiffany and me the next day. He was having a difficult time deciding if he was upset that I had cheated on him or if he was really turned on by it. In the end we agreed that he was allowed to be both, and I apologized for doing it. As a sign of good will and trust, I agreed to obey him the same as I would obey Sarah if I had lost a bet. We didn't set a limit to the number of times, or how long.

I told Sarah about it, too. She was a mixture of shocked and jealous. She was shocked, and wasn't sure she wanted to do anything like that with me, but at the same time she was jealous that I had done it with Tiffany instead of her. We talked for a really long time about it, but really came to no conclusions.

The next week was Halloween. A select group of girls at school were selected every year to go as cheerleaders from our rival school, and Tiffany and I had been chosen. Someone had gotten a bunch of old cheerleader uniforms about 4 years ago when they got all new uniforms, and every year 6 girls would get to use them for Halloween. We wore baggy pantyhose, stuffed pillows in our stomachs, and did makeup to make us look really ugly. We'd either rat our hair all 1980's style or get ugly wigs. It was a really popular thing to do, but the teachers wouldn't allow the actual cheerleaders to participate in that joke, so it always fell to the girls who were athletes. One year a guy did it, too, but he got sent home because the skirt was too short, so the teachers wouldn't let the guys participate, either.

Sarah was a little jealous that Tiffany and I had been selected, but was really supportive and helped me ugly myself up. She went as Hermione Granger from the Harry Potter books/movies. At school that day Tom told me that Rob was having a Halloween party at his house on Friday after school. I guessed what that meant, but I had no idea.

Sarah and I got permission to spend the night at Tiffany’s, and since her curfew was midnight, we were going to be able to stay at Rob’s house until about 11:50.

Tom, Mike and Rick all went as pirates from “Pirates of the Caribbean”. Rob was a vampire, and rather well done, with really good makeup and a tuxedo, complete with cape. Tiffany was a naughty nurse, Sarah was a referee with short black shorts and a striped shirt, and I, as instructed by Tom, was a somewhat sexy witch. I wore a black dress, low cut, black heels, a black wig, witches hat, and some cheap plastic silver-colored spider jewelry. I wore my black thong and matching bra underneath, assuming that I’d be losing the dress at some point.

We got to Rob’s and spent about an hour upstairs, talking with his parents and having punch and looking at old Halloween pictures of Rob, dressed as a dinosaur, as a teenage mutant ninja turtle, as a cowboy, and all sorts of other things. He always had pretty good costumes – his dad was a commercial artist, and helped him make them.

We finally broke away from his parents at around 8:00 and headed downstairs to Rob’s apartment, where Rob assured us that we would not be bothered. Tom produced a sport bag and told me that my new costume was inside. He told everyone else that I was being punished, and that the other girls were going to be part of the audience tonight.

I felt myself blush at his words. “Audience”. It really made me feel on display.

Inside the bag was a really long blonde wig. It was almost 4 feet long.

“She’s going to be Lady Godiva.” He announced.

After I removed the wig from the bag, I looked inside again. There was nothing else, and I knew what that meant. I was going to be Lady Godiva in the real sense – wearing only the long wig.

“I rented the full costume from the costume shop. It included a flesh-colored body suit with Velcro that the hair sticks to in order to cover certain areas.” Tom explained. “I figured she didn’t need the body suit or the Velcro, since that will just ruin it for us.”

I went into Rob’s bedroom with Tom and I stripped off my clothes and jewelry at his command. The wig was styled into three sections – two that would fall forward, covering my breasts and, with Velcro, my pussy. The third fell in back, and would hide my butt. I pulled my hair back and donned the wig. It was heavy and a little scratchy against my bare skin. My breasts were fairly well hidden, although the swell of each was clearly visible in the 6-inch wide gap between the two sections of hair. The hair fell almost to my knees, but gravity pulled it wider at the bottom, leaving my naval and pussy completely exposed, almost from hip to hip. From the side – left or right – the swell on the other side of my breasts was visible, and the slightest movement exposed my nipples if viewed from the correct angle. My butt was well covered, although when I walked the hair flowed out behind me, so that from the side it was easy to see in.

I had no shoes again.

We went out into the room to the laughter and applause of our friends. It felt really weird to be the only one naked again. I had gotten used to the other girls joining in, and the strength I drew from them. Now they were just spectators, and I was the only one on display. I felt myself blush again.

“Show everyone how authentic your costume is, Cheryl.” Instructed Tom.

I looked at him questioningly.

“Move the hair to the side to show everyone that you’re not wearing anything under the wig.”

I moved my hands under the hair, pulling it outward and exposing my breasts to everyone, blushing anew. 30 seconds passed in silence before Tom spoke.

“Now turn around.”

I turned, released the hair, and pulled the hair running down my back aside, showing my butt. Another 30 seconds.

“Now let’s play a game.” Tom said brightly.

Rob pulled out his poker set and the guys proceeded to teach us to play poker. Tiffany, of course, already knew, and was pretty good. We had colored chips that we assigned values to, and we bet chips. Everyone sat around the table on regular chairs, and tom had me sit on the barstool so that everyone could see me above the table.

On the third real hand, after we had played open hands and pretty much knew what we were supposed to be doing, after the draw, Mike said “I’ll bet $5, and Cheryl’s hair pulled back.”

That started a new series of bets. If I lost the hand, I had to play the next hand with my hair pulled back. If the person who made the bet was on my left, it would be the hair on my left. If the person was on the right, it would be the hair covering my right boob. If it was Tom, who was sitting directly across from me (with the best view of my pussy on the barstool) it would be both sides.

We played until 10:00, when Sarah complained that she was bored. Tom then said that we would start the second activity that he had planned.

“When you guys played Twister, Cheryl lost the game and had to give everyone an anatomy lesson.” He explained. “She paid it, but just with the guys, so it wasn’t proper payment. She still owes one to Sarah and Tiffany, so we’re going to have her pay it to them tonight. Of course, we’ll still be here…” he added, smiling at the guys.

Tom had me remove my wig, which he folded back up and put into his sport bag, leaving me totally naked in front of everyone. It was weird. Even though I had been virtually naked all night, the transition from virtually naked to totally naked was shocking and embarrassing. I stood uncertainly with everyone looking at me.

“Let’s move to the couch where we can all be comfortable.” Suggested Tom.

Mike, Sarah Tiffany and Rob sat on the couch, and Rick and Tom sat on the floor. They had moved the coffee table back to give me a stage right in front of them.

I started again with my toes, and on to my feet. The difference between this time and last time, was that I wasn’t slowly stripping – I was starting off totally naked and already a little turned on, in spite of myself.

When I got to my calves and thighs, Tom offered to let the guys feel how strong my legs were. I walked to each person in the room, allowing them to feel my thighs, front and back. Tiffany and Sarah wanted to feel, too.

“Show them how strong your calves are.” Instructed Tom.

I flexed my calf muscle.

“No, let them feel.”

I walked over to Rick, and he gently squeezed and rubbed one calf, and then the other. I then went to Rob, who was on the end behind Rick.

“Lift your leg. Let him feel.”

I complied. This spread my legs, putting my pussy on display right in front of Rick, and gave Rob a good view, too. Once rob had rubbed his hands on my lower leg, Tom had me switch legs, changing the view of my pussy that everyone was getting.

I repeated this with everyone, standing awkwardly and pushing my legs over Tom and Rick’s heads to get to the people in the center of the couch. Once everyone was satisfied, it was on to my butt.

I turned around and gently squeezed my butt. Tom instructed me into several poses, and allowed everyone to give my butt a gentle squeeze. Sarah smacked it hard when it was her turn, and I blushed furiously as everyone laughed.

Last was Tom, who gently caressed my butt, and slid a finger between my legs and around front, touching my soaking pussy.

“You naughty girl! You’re all wet!” he announced more to the room than to me. He then slapped my butt again, causing more laughter and causing me to blush anew.

I recovered and took a step forward. “Let’s move on to your tits now.” Said Tom.

I turned to face everyone, still blushing slightly.

“Now do a good job. I want to see and hear a lot of detail in your explanation.” Instructed Tom.

“Well, these are my boobs.” I said tentatively.

“Tits.” Corrected Tom.

I blushed again. I didn’t like that term – it seems more dirty. Nonetheless, I said quietly “These are my tits” as I cupped them gently in my hands.

“Louder.”

“These are my tits.” I said, a little louder than my normal speaking voice, still holding them. “And these are my nipples.”

“Why are they sticking out like that?” asked Tom.

“Because it’s cold in here.” I replied, looking down.

“Not because you’re turned on?”

I didn’t respond.

“Are you turned on, Cheryl?”

“A little” I said quietly, still looking down.

“Then I’ll ask you again. Why are your nipples sticking out like that?”

I looked up, my entire body blushing in embarrassment. I looked at Sarah, trying to find strength from her, but she was chuckling quietly at my humiliation. “Because I’m turned on.” I finally managed to say.

“Thank you. Go on.” Said Tom, smiling at me.

“Um, yeah. These are my nipples. They’re hard because I’m a little turned on, but they could also get that way if it was cold in here.” I gently tweaked my nipples between my thumb and forefinger.

“So do we get to feel them, too?” asked Rick loudly.

I froze.

“That’s up to Cheryl.” Said Tom. I don’t care, but I’m not going to make her do it.

They were all looking at me. I was absently stroking my areola and nipples. On the one hand it was very exciting to think that they would all touch me, but I would also feel so dirty. Especially since Tom left it to me. If I said yes, I’d basically be admitting that I a slut. If I said no, then everyone, myself included, would be a little disappointed.

“You don’t care?” I asked Tom.

“Nope. If you don’t care, I won’t be jealous of my friends copping a feel.”

“Well I don’t really care either, but if it’s up to me, I’ll just move on.”

“Well if you don’t care, then I think you should let everyone else decide. Walk over to Rick, kneel down, and ask him if he’d like to feel your tits and your nipples.”

It worked. I pushed back, but left the door open wide enough that now it wasn’t my decision, and I wouldn’t have to look like a slut. I knelt in front of Rick and put my hands by my sides.

“Would you like to feel my boobs and my nipples, Rick?”

“Tits” corrected Tom.

I glared at him, then turning back, said, “Rick, would you like to feel my tits and my nipples?”

“Um, sure.” Said Rick, sarcastically. He reached out and gently squeezed my boobs with both hands, then lightly brushed his fingers across my nipples before pinching them.

“Ow!” I said, pulling back and swatting at his hands. He had pinched too hard.

“Teach him how.” Said Tom simply.

“Here, like this.” I said, gently pinching my nipples.

Rick put his hands back and again pinched too hard. I put my hands on his, and guided his fingers to the right pressure. He tried it several times before stating he was satisfied. When I stood I was even more wet, and I could see a very obvious bulge in Rick’s pants.

I moved on to Rob, so that I was standing right in Rick’s face. Before I could say anything, Rick noticed my wet pussy.

“Damn! You’re really wet!”

I blushed, but didn’t say anything.

“We’re still on tit’s, Rick. Pussy is later.” Said Tom.

I blushed again but asked Rob, “Would you like to feel my tits and my nipples?”

He didn’t respond, but roughly grabbed them. Once again I instructed him, pressing his hands to my breasts with mine over them, teaching him the appropriate pressure.

“Look at that!” Exclaimed Rick after a minute or so. “I can actually see her pussy getting wetter!”

I blushed again as everyone craned their necks to get a look at my soaking pussy, Rob still holding onto my breasts.

Tom reminded everyone that we were still on tits, and asked Rob if he was done. Rob gave a final squeeze, and then released them.

I stepped to the other side of Rick so that I was standing between he and Tom and then asked Tiffany “Would you like to feel my tits and nipples?”

“You should stand in front of her. Standing to the side like that is rude – she’ll have to move too far.” Scolded Tom.

I looked at the floor by my feet. Rick’s eyes were still glued to my pussy. “I’d have to stand on Rick to stand in front of her.” I stated. It was true – he was sitting directly in front of Tiffany, leaning back between her knees – her legs were crossed on the couch.

“Put one foot on either side of Rick, and Tiffany will have a much easier time.” Corrected Tom.

Rick smiled huge, sliding down to put his head exactly where my spread, wet pussy was about to be. I blushed deeply and my whole body turned pink. I lifted my left leg and straddled Rick, my wet, now spread pussy mere inches from his face.

After the laughter and comments died down, I asked, “Tiffany, would you like to feel my tits and my nipples?”

Tiffany did not need instruction, and expertly increased my arousal with her manipulations, and I could feel Rick’s hot breath on my exposed pussy, and I could feel myself getting wetter. Soon Rick pointed it out.

“Pussy is next.” Scolded Tom.

Tiffany took her sweet time, but finally agreed that I could move on to the next person. I straddled Tom this time in order to stand in front of Sarah, who was just as expert as Tiffany, and the fact that I knew Tom was between my legs was driving me wild. After a few moments Tom said, “You’re right, Rick. She’s MAJORLY wet. Oh, wait – pussy is next. We’re still on tits.”

I blushed again, but was becoming weak kneed from all of the attention.

Suddenly, like an electric shock, I felt a jolt on my clit. I let out a squeal and doubled over, falling onto Tom’s head. He had stuck out his tongue and lightly licked my clit. Everyone laughed, and Sarah complained that she wasn’t done feeling my boobs. I straightened back up, red faced and breathing hard, while Sarah continued her manipulations. A few moments later she announced herself satisfied, and I took a step back. There was wetness on my thighs, and my pussy lips were spread obscenely, my clit erected and poking slightly out of its hood.

Rob suddenly stood and ran around behind the couch, sitting in front of Mike. “I’m not comfortable on the couch,” he announced. “It’s more comfortable here on the floor.

Tom chucked as I blushed again, then straddled Rob and approached Mike. “Would you like to feel my tits?”

“Um, no thanks.” He said, blushing.

“Oh, come on.” Chided Sarah. “If it’s because of me, I seriously don’t care. They’re worth it, and you’re pretty good at it. Give her a thrill!”

He turned to her. “Are you sure you’re not going to get upset?”

“Seriously. No, it’s fine. I just did it.”

“But that’s different. I wouldn’t let you grab Tom’s junk.”

“I wouldn’t offer up my junk to her.” Interjected Tom.

“You know what I mean.” Shot back Mike.

“I think that you should give her a feel. If you don’t like it after a minute you can stop.” Said Sarah.

“It would just feel weird with you sitting here.”

“Can you please make a decision so I can get my God damned pussy out of Rob’s face?” I finally said, exasperated.

“Rob, why don’t you reach up and grab hold of her tits while we figure this out. Apparently she doesn’t like standing like that unless someone’s playing with her tits.” Said Tom.

Rob needed no encouraging, and reached his hands up, gently playing with my boobs as I had taught him while keeping his eyes focused on my pussy in front of his face.

“So Mike, it’s up to you. If you don’t want to fondle Cheryl’s tits, you don’t have to. No one’s going to think less of you.” Said Tom calmly.

“I will.” Retorted Sarah. “You’re not doing it because you think I’m going to get mad. That’s stupid.” She reached out and tweaked my nipple, pushing Rob’s hand away.

“I just feel weird with you sitting here. Like you’re saying it’s okay, but you’re testing me or something.”

With that, Sarah sighed frustratedly, grabbed his hand, and placed it squarely on my one unoccupied boob, and then squeezed his fingers around it. “If I’m testing you, then there’s no possible way I can get mad at you for this. I put your hand there.”

Mike smiled. “Fine, but you have to do all of the driving. I’ll just be a rag doll.”

Sarah jumped over the back of the couch and grabbed both of his wrists. Rob dropped his hands back down, resting them instead on my butt. Tom saw, but said nothing. Sarah moved his hands clumsily onto my boobs, then shifted her grip to his fingers and gave a gentle squeeze, then glided his palms lightly over my nipples.

“Damn she’s wet.” Came Rob’s voice from between my legs. Even I couldn’t help but laugh at that.

Meanwhile, Sarah continued the manipulation of my breasts using her boyfriend’s hands. After about 2 minutes they declared themselves done, and it was Tom’s turn.

I knelt down in front of him, but he corrected my position before I could speak. “Stand back up.” He commanded. “Now spread your legs a little wider and squat down allowing your knees to go out to the sides.”

I complied so that my wet pussy was spread obscenely wide in front of him.

“Now, do you have a question for me?”

“Would you like to feel my tits and my nipples, Tom?”

“Yes, I would, thank you.” He replied before placing his hands gently on my breasts, caressing with just the right amount of pressure, then gently tweaking my hard nipples between each pair of fingers. After a few moments he pulled me toward him and lightly kissed each nipple.

“Boyfriend bonus.” He announced. Everyone laughed. I tried to, but I was just too turned on, and it came out as a cross between a moan and a laugh. This made everyone laugh harder.

“So stomach now?” asked Tom brightly. “I absolutely love your stomach.”

I stood and looked down, unsure. The entirety of my pubic area and upper, inner thighs were glistening with my juices at this point. I knew that I would not be allowed to wipe it off.

“Um, okay… my stomach.” I said, looking unsure.

“Flex your abs.” Tom commanded. “Show off your core, baby!”

I flexed, making my 6-pack pop slightly. It’s not a gross, guy-style 6 pack, but there’s light definition there, and you can count 6 different bumps from the muscle under the skin, and when I flex the tendon that runs from my crotch to my hips becomes more visible, too.

“Isn’t that incredible?” Tom asked the group.

Once again I walked around the group, allowing everyone to feel my stomach, their hands straying close to my aching pussy as they ran their fingers along the tendons. Because they were feeling lower, straddling the floor-sitting people didn’t work, so I knelt on the couch, my knees to either side of theirs, basically sitting on their laps. For the people on the floor, I knelt, my knees spread a little wider than shoulder width, and allowed them to run their hands over my stomach.

As last up, Tom ran his hands down my stomach, feeling each ripple, then used his fingers to follow the tendon from one side, brushing close to my pussy, and then the other side. This time he allowed his finger to brush lightly against my outer lip, sending a shiver through me.

“So what’s next” asked Tom, quickly moving his hand away from me and leaving me panting. “Pussy, I think. Last time you showed us the outer lips, inner lips clit and actual pussy. That seems like a good start.”

I sat back, then laid down on my back on the floor, spreading my legs. Everyone moved to the center of the couch or the floor to get a good view.

“I think I’ll give the commentary here, and guide you. You can correct me if I’m wrong about anything. How does that sound?” he asked me brightly.

I nodded, aching for relief.

“Okay.” He continued in a very upbeat, nonchalant tone. “I’ll talk about stuff and you just point it out to us. First, we have the outer lips. As you can see they’re quite swollen and moist due to her arousal, isn’t that right, Cheryl?”

“Uh huh” I responded, running the index finger of my right hand over my wet, slippery outer lips.

“And then we can see the inner lips, which are spread apart, again because she’s so turned on.”

I moved my finger, tracing around my inner lips, grinding my hips against my hand.

“Now none of that, yet.” Tom scolded, pulling my hand away.

For a few seconds I continued humping into the air, my pussy still spread wide and my legs apart.

“Now I was going to move on to the clit next, but I’m not sure that she could handle that. Let’s move on to the vagina now. If you’d just spread your legs a little wider…”

I complied, and felt myself open up even more. I lifted my upper body onto my elbows and looked down. I could see that I was wet, and my outer lips were very dark. My pussy was shimmering in the light, and looked positively drenched inside, but I couldn’t see as much as they could all see.

“Now, if you could please lay back down and show us your vagina. Go ahead and stick a finger in to show us where it is.”

I laid back down and moved my right hand once again to my pussy. I inserted my middle finger into my soaking pussy, and moaned out loud at the feeling.

“Now that’s her actual vagina.” He said, still in that same tone that one might use to deliver a book report. “Put another finger in so we can really get a good look.”

I pulled my middle finger out, and immediately pushed my index and middle fingers back in, eliciting another moan from me. I started to ?uck my fingers, but Tom made me stop and hold still.

“Now if you could spread your fingers a bit for us.” He said calmly, once I had stopped thrusting my hips as high into the air.

I complied, and I felt everyone move in a little closer for a better look.

“Okay, you can pull your fingers out.” He commanded. Then, turning to the group he said, “Now I fear that she’ll probably cum the moment we have her point out her clit for us, so is there anything else you guys want to see before we do that?”

“Would her pussy look a lot different from behind, if she was on her knees?” asked Rob.

“An excellent question. Cheryl, please turn over for us, and get up on your knees, then bend over as far as you can.”

I rolled over, humping the floor as I did, then pulled myself up onto my knees. I spread them wide and laid my face on the floor, looking to the left.

“Now, can you reach a hand back and get a finger in there?” asked Tom.

I reached my right hand between my legs and up, pushing two fingers deep inside, moaning louder this time.

“It’s a little different from this angle…” Rob said. They all moved in close, one at a time, to verify. I was going insane.

“Look at her ass hole.” Commented Sarah. “It’s pulsing!”

They all had to move in close again to confirm, and were all amused.

“So maybe this is the right position to allow her to cum.” Suggested Tom. “Then she can show us her clit in better detail later.”

They all agreed, and Tom put his hand on my butt, lightly caressing it. “Do you want to cum, Cheryl?”

“Uh huh!” I grunted. I couldn’t have spoken if I had tried.

“You’re being a good girl, holding still like that. Why don’t you take your fingers out and show us how turned on you are.”

I slowly slid my fingers out, moaning loudly in the process. My pussy seemed to follow my fingers backward, not willing to let them go.

“Look at how wet her fingers are, and look at how her pussy is still staying open. I think it’s pulsing in time with her ass hole!”

They all, once again, moved in for a closer look.

“Can I just ?ucking cum already?” I heard myself shout hoarsely.

They all laughed, and Tom relented. “Finger your clit, but leave your pussy spread wide so we can watch you come.”

I didn’t need to be told twice. Embarrassment was nowhere near my brain as I stroked along my clit with my finger. After only a few seconds I started to cum – really hard.

Tom pulled my hand away before I was able to start my second orgasm, which was quickly approaching. “Did you all see how her pussy just closed up like that? And how it pulsed along with her ass hole? That was so cool!”

“And did you see how much juice came out of her? It just ran down her pussy like a river!” added Rob. There was murmuring and noise, but I couldn’t focus on what was being said. I just moaned, slowly humping the air.

“Now you can show us your clit, Cheryl.” Tom said. “Roll on over and spread your legs again so we can have a good look.

It took a few moments for me to find the coordination, but I complied, spreading my legs as wide as I comfortably could. My juices had run up my body, and there was a line of wetness almost up to my naval.

“So you can already see the clitoral hood, and the clit is still erect and poking out just a little bit there. Cheryl, why don’t you pull back the hood and give us a good look at the clit itself.”

I took my index finger and pulled back the hood, exposing my clit, and I shuddered violently. This caused my finger to slide off, and the hood to once again cover the majority of my clit.

“Again, please, but hold it longer this time.” His tone was maddeningly calm and business like. It was driving me crazy, making me feel even more on display.

I once again pulled the hood back, and once again felt the shudder of approaching orgasm shake me. The third time I was able to hold it in place, and let them all have a good look at my exposed, erect clit.

“So I’m guessing if I were to touch that right now, she’d come again.” Tom said.

He put his index finger into my pussy, coating it with my juices. I humped back on his finger, and involuntarily stroked my clit with my finger.

“None of that, now!” he scolded, pulling my hand away from my pussy. “Sarah, it doesn’t look like we can trust her to put her hands near there. She just keeps trying to masturbate in front of us. Would you be okay with pulling her hood back and letting us have a good look at her clit?”

Sarah didn’t even have to think about it. She quickly moved along side of me and tried to comply. I was so wet that her fingers slipped off, once again causing me to shudder in near-orgasm. She waited a few moments, until it had passed, then tried again. She placed a finger on either side of my clit and pulled down. This served the purpose of pulling the hood back and exposing my clit, but also of putting pressure on the nerves close by. I started shuddering, but Sarah just pushed harder, determined not to lose her grip.

Suddenly I found myself rocked in another orgasm, this one just as intense as the first one. Sarah kept her hand firmly in place, which only helped to intensify the feelings. After what seemed like 5 minutes (Tom tells me it was only about 45 seconds) my orgasm subsided.

“…tually squirted something out!!!” Rick was saying.

“I know, that was so cool!” said Tiffany.

“I’m jealous. I’m really horny and I want to be able to cum like that. That looked like it felt so good!” said Sarah.

“Yeah, and we’ve been hard all night.” Said Mike.

Everyone laughed at that. I slowly lifted my head. “What are we talking about?”

“You came HARD, girl!” said Sarah. “You came so hard that a little bit of pussy juice actually squirted out of you when the first contraction hit you. It hit Rob in the stomach of his shirt. Look!”

Sure enough, Rob had a wet spot about twice the size of a quarter on his white tuxedo shirt. It wasn’t exactly like a water spot – it looked a little thicker. I was so embarrassed, but I was still right at the edge of orgasm, still really turned on. I knew that I could cum again with little coaxing, and I wanted to. I moaned out loud, and it sounded pleading.

Tom read it perfectly. “Looks like she’s not done yet. Tiffany, would you like to help for this one?”

Tiffany moved to my other side, replacing Tom.

“Sarah, will you pull her hood back again. Let’s see that clit.”

Once Sarah had done that, the same way as before, putting pressure on my clit at the base and pushing me closer to a third orgasm, he instructed Tiffany. “Now you put a couple of fingers in there. You know where her g-spot is, why don’t we see that.

Tiffany quickly pushed two fingers into me, driving deeply. She pushed her finger tips against the front wall of my pussy on the inside, quickly finding the nerves that tied directly into my clit. At the same time, Sarah lightly touched the tip of my exposed clit with a wet finger. I moaned loudly and bucked my hips up against Tiffany’s hand, buried deeply in my pussy, and Sarah’s fingers, pushing against my clit. The orgasm was almost immediate, and no less powerful than the others had been.

When it was over, I was lying there shivering, exhausted. Tiffany’s hand was wet to her wrist with my juices, and my thighs, butt and pussy were all drenched. There was even some on the floor under me.

“Are you done or do you want to cum again?” Tom asked me kindly.

“I… I… I think I’m (cough) done… for now” I replied hoarsely.

“Why don’t you go get cleaned up in the bathroom, then come back out here.”

I needed help standing, and then Tiffany walked with me to the bathroom, where I leaned against the counter, spent. Tiffany asked Rob to get us a towel that I could use while she washed her hands, and he came in and handed me a hand towel. I clumsily wiped my pussy, legs and stomach off, and Tiffany helped make sure I got everything, and then helped me with my butt. Rob stayed to watch.

“I gotta pee.” I announced, expecting Rob to leave.

“She’s gotta pee” Rob called out to the guys. “Is that part of the anatomy lesson?”

Tom, Mike and Rick were in the bathroom in a few seconds flat. Sarah volunteered to stay outside to make more room. Tiffany helped me hover-squat over the toilet because my legs were too weak to support my full weight just yet. I started peeing, and it seemed to go on forever. When I finally finished the guys high-fived and then left me and Tiffany alone.

Tom called to me to bring the towel out to wipe up the floor, which I was made to do with my butt facing them and my legs spread.

“Haven’t you guys seen my pussy enough tonight you guys?” I joked, bending over farther and spreading my pussy lips with my fingers. I had finished cleaning the floor.

“Not nearly enough,” replied Tom, “and I wanted to watch you masturbate for real. You start completely turned on, and it only takes a couple of seconds.”

I stood up and instinctively looked at the clock. It was 11:15. We had over half an hour until we had to leave, so he could make me do it. I was nervous and excited. Somehow touching my clit and coming 5 seconds later wasn’t really embarrassing. Full-on masturbating would be. A lot.

“You guys want to see her masturbate, start to finish?” Tom asked.

“Hell yeah.”

“Sweet!”

“That would kick ass!”

Even Tiffany and Sarah agreed.

Mike suggested that we go into Rob’s bedroom. I could lie in the middle of the bed, and they could all sit more comfortably around me. That was a good idea, and we all moved into the bedroom.

Rob has a queen sized bed, so we all fit easily. Rob got a bath towel from his bathroom and laid it on the bed under me, so I wouldn’t get his sheets wet. That caused me to blush again, and they all laughed at me.

I was unsure of what to do, so I just laid there, propped up on my elbows, waiting.

“Go ahead.” Instructed Tom. “Get yourself turned on and masturbate however you normally do.”

I laid down flat on my back and began caressing my breasts with my hands, lightly passing over my still-erect nipples. After a few minutes I realized that no one had spoken, and I opened my eyes. Everyone was staring at me, and I saw Rob adjusting himself inside of his pants. Just seeing everyone looking hungrily at my naked body, even the girls, pushed my arousal to the next level. I allowed my right hand to wander down my body, dragging the backs of my fingernails ever so lightly along my stomach, down to the top of my pussy, and then back up. My left hand was fondling and caressing my breast, and then lightly pinching the nipple, just the way I like it. I could feel my arousal building, and I kept looking at the faces staring at me, drinking in my naked body.

“There goes her pussy.” Announced Tom. They all craned to look, and I could feel it starting to spread, the juices finding the outer lips. Knowing that they were seeing that made me even hornier. My right hand found my outer lips and the moisture just inside. I could feel that my pussy was swelling, getting puffier. I imagined that it was growing darker. I let my finger play around the outside, spreading the moisture and feeling the desire build, while my left hand continued to lazily stroke and caress my breasts.

After a few minutes I could feel the moisture escaping and starting to spread. I knew that I was ready to start.

“How do you want me to do it?” I asked demurely, still lazily dragging my fingers around the outside of my pussy. “I could just flick my clit, or I could use both hands and put one inside and play with my clit with the other.”

“Use one hand, and alternate between your pussy and your clit.” Suggested Tom. “See how that works. If you use both hands we won’t be able to see anything.”

“Oh, that would be an absolute sin. You guys have never seen my pussy before, after all.”

“Never enough.” He said simply.

I allowed my finger to trace inward, and found my pussy wide open and waiting, wet as it had been before. I sunk my finger as far as it would go, pressing against my g-spot before pulling it out. I felt the electricity pass through my clit. I traced my finger up the cleft of my pussy to my clit, and lightly, gently pulled the hood back, and allowed my wet finger to graze the ultra-sensitive bundle of nerves. I moaned out loud and my hips bucked slightly.

I repeated this, over and over again. Finger in my pussy, pressing on my g-spot, arousal building. Finger tracing its way up to my clit, gently rubbing, bringing me closer.

The inconsistent attention allowed my arousal to build higher and higher, but the lack of attention to any one area prevented me from cumming right away. Finger inside, g-spot, clit. Inside, pressure, gentle touch on the clit. Inside. Pressure. Clit.

My hips were gently bucking off of the bed, and my left hand was pinching my nipples more forcefully now, pulling and kneading. I was fighting to keep my eyes open, not to succumb to orgasm yet. I wanted to watch them all watching me. I wanted to give them a good show. I wanted them to see me.

Inside. G-spot. Clit.

My finger was moving back and forth faster, with more urgency. The pressure building, the force increasing. My hips were bucking harder, my pussy contracting around my finger, trying to keep it there. My clit was more erect, half of it now sticking out of the hood on its own. Each touch electrifying, feeling it so intensely. The hand on my breast was working on its own, and my nipple seemed directly connected to my clit.

Pussy. G-spot. Clit.

Urgency building, pressure increasing, my finger lingering longer on my clit, lingering longer in my pussy. I wanted it to be everywhere. I was going crazy. I was pinching my nipple hard, pulling. I was breathing hard, moaning with every breath. Still I moved my gaze from face to face, fighting to keep my eyes open, fighting to not give in. Not yet.

Pussy. G-spot. Clit. Nipple.

Always the pressure on my nipple. The harder I pinched, the harder I pulled, the more I could feel it. Feeling was good.

Tiffany looked away from my pussy. Our eyes locked.

Pussy. G-spot. Clit. Nipple. Her eyes.

I exploded. I heard myself scream out, my whole body tensed. My finger was buried deeply in my throbbing, squeezing pussy, and the heel of my hand pressing hard against my clit. I couldn’t breathe, couldn’t move. My eyes were closed now, but I could still see Tiffany’s eyes, locked on mine.

Suddenly I could move. I could hear sounds. I was still cumming, and still cumming hard. I found myself thrusting violently with my hips against my hand, my finger still buried deep inside. I wanted more – this orgasm was still going strong, and I wanted more. I pushed a second, then a third finger inside myself. I was still pinching my nipples. Every thrust of my hips changed the pressure of my hand on my clit, changed the feel and position of my fingers in my still-throbbing pussy. Clenching and releasing on my fingers. Clenching and releasing over and over, throbbing.

Another wave hit me. I locked again, going rigid. My eyes snapped shut. I couldn’t breathe again. Was I cumming again, or harder? I heard myself breathing, heard myself speaking. “?uck yeah. Oh ?uck. Yeah. ?uck. ?uck.”

My hips were thrusting again, my fingers being alternately squeezed and released as my orgasm continued. I opened my eyes. All faces staring at me. All eyes on my pussy. Except Tiffany. Her eyes were still locked on my face. She smiled ever so slightly at me. I came again. I jammed my hand into my pussy as far as I could go. Would have tried to put more fingers in and go to the elbow if I could have. My body was locked again, my eyes shut.

I finally came down from that orgasm, finally relaxed. I couldn’t move. I left my hand in my soaking wet pussy. Tom leaned down and kissed me. Tiffany lifted my left hand from my breast and squeezed it. Sarah gently stroked my thigh, just above the knee. I slowly moved my hand, allowing it to fall out of my pussy.

I lay there for a moment, my hand was soaking wet and my left boob was red and a little sore. My knees were weak, and I was on the edge of sleep.

“Oh, shit! It’s 10 after 12!” shouted Mike.

I tried to get up too quickly and fell back down immediately. This elicited a laugh from Rob and Tom. I was able to pull myself up on my elbows, half sitting. Tiffany retrieved my witch costume from the corner and helped pull the dress over my head. Sarah pushed the shoes onto my feet, and then the two girls and Tom helped me stand. I was still weak kneed, but I did okay. I was now wearing a low cut black dress and shoes. No bra and no panties. Tom tossed them into his sport bag with the wig, and we girls hurried out. I kissed Tom and Sarah kissed Mike goodbye at the top of the stairs, and we quietly exited through the garage and rushed to Tiffany’s house. Her parents were asleep, and we were able to sneak inside undetected.

Tiffany and Sarah were horny as hell, and Tiffany wanted to make out with me. I refused, because I had promised Tom. Sarah wasn’t comfortable doing that, so we ended up agreeing that we would all just masturbate. Tiffany was comfortable being outside the covers, but Sarah, while comfortable (or maybe just horny) enough to masturbate in front of us, elected to be covered. I laid on the bed next to Tiffany and we watched each other as I was able to have yet another orgasm, though not nearly as powerful as earlier.

When we were done, it was time to go to sleep. I discovered that I had left my overnight bag at Rob’s. Sarah had dropped hers off at Tiffany’s since she had come home with her after school. I had driven over with Tom, and brought mine into Rob’s house.

The girls laughed at my predicament. Tiffany allowed me to use her toothbrush, but they both agreed that I had to sleep naked.

The next morning we all woke up around 10:00. I dressed in my witches dress and heels, no panties, no bra, no wig, and no jewelry, and we had breakfast with Tiffany’s mom. As soon as we were done I called Tom on his cell phone. He was still at Rob’s, and they were just getting up. They had gone to bed unaware that I had forgotten my overnight bag.

We headed over to Rob’s house, and Rob was waiting for us and let us in. In the basement apartment the guys were in various stages of readiness. Tom was dressed in jeans and an undershirt, Mike was in basketball shorts and a t-shirt, and Rick and Rob were fully dressed. They were eating Pop Tarts, which we three girls declined.

“Where’s my bag?” I asked. “I’d like to get out of this dress.”

That was the wrong thing to say.

“Then get out of the dress.” Said Tom. “You can have your clothes when we’re ready to leave.”

I tried to argue, but quickly gave in. The morning was fairly uneventful, save for the fact that I spent the next 45 minutes walking around naked, doing various tasks for the guys, like folding their Halloween costumes, packing their bags, holding their towels for them while they brushed their teeth, and toasting another batch of Pop Tarts.

I finally dressed, and Tom drove Rick, Mike, Sarah and I home.

**\*\*\*\*\* Chapter 31 starts here \*\*\*\*\***

Tom and I spent a lot of time together the next week. He drove me home from school every day - I had swim practice and he had basketball, so we were both leaving school around 5:30. He would tease me every day, but playfully. On Wednesday I had worn a skirt to school. At lunchtime he told me that after practice I'd have to prove to him that I hadn't put my panties back on before I could get into his car. I was nervous dressing in the locker room, and Tiffany noticed right away that I was pulling on my skirt commando. She threatened to ask why out loud, but just laughed at me and told me to have a good ride home.

Friday night there was a swim meet and a basketball game. Basketball was an away game, and the swim meet was at home. I won 2 of my 3 races, but we lost the meet. We won the basketball game, and Tom got 6 points and 4 rebounds. Mike scored 8 points, but didn't manage to pull down any rebounds, so they argued over who did better. Because of the competing schedules, we didn't get to hang out until late Friday. I went to Tom's house just after he and Mike got there. Tom's parents were out to dinner, so we were alone when we got there.

When Sarah had the bets to collect on, she waited until we were all together as a group to collect, not wanting to make anyone jealous or waste it on only one or two of us. This night I found that Tom didn't have such reservations since there was no limit to the number of times he could collect. I was there for only a few minutes when he decided that I should do a strip dance to entertain him and Mike after their victory on the basketball court. I tried to argue that the clothes I was wearing weren't sexy enough, but they countered that what I was wearing wouldn't matter as soon as I took them off.

I looked through his CD collection and decided on Kid Rock's "Cowboy". I was wearing jeans, a long-sleeved white t-shirt with a short-sleeved blue one over it, and red boy-shorts with a white bra. I had worn gym shoes and white ankle socks and still had the socks on. I wasn't expecting to be removing my clothes, and was wearing the same clothes I had worn to school that morning.

Tom decided that there was no sexy way for me to remove my socks, so I took them off before he started the CD player. He also decided that the shirts should come off as a single shirt, since removing the outer one wouldn't show them anything, and would only slow me down.

He started the music, and I started dancing. About half way through the song I had taken off my shirts and jeans to reveal my panties and bra. Tom stopped me - since I didn't match it was "ruining it". He had me take my bra off, put the shirt and jeans back on, and he started the song over. I started dancing again, and when I got halfway through again, I was now wearing just my panties.

He stopped me again, and said that the jeans hadn't been sexy enough, so I separated the shirts, put on just the short-sleeved t-shirt (which was shorter and ended above the waist band of my panties) and he started the song over once again, this time having me start in just my t-shirt and panties.

This time, by the 2 minute point in the song I was dancing naked, having so little to take off. He stopped me with about a minute left to go, saying that it still didn't seem right. He had me pull the panties back on, and started the song over once again. I danced out of the panties pretty quickly (at his command) and danced to almost the whole song, when he stopped me again.

"I've figured it out!" He exclaimed. "Usually a stripper would wear a thong or a g-string. Do you have one?"

"You know that all I have with me is the panties I wore over."

"Oh. Well, I guess a thong doesn't cover much. Certainly not on your butt. Why don't we just start the song over now? We've already seen you dance out of everything else, so pretend you're wearing a thong. Dance with your back to us a little more for the first 30 or 40 seconds. Bend over a lot like you're wearing a thong, and then pretend to take it off." He instructed.

I could feel myself blushing as he and Mike smirked, and Tom used the remote to start the song once again. It was a lot more embarrassing to be doing this in front of just the two of them. More intimate, I guess. The song started, and I started dancing again. I tugged at an imaginary waistband on my hips, and then turned around, rubbing my hands over my bare butt. At Tom's urging I bent at the waist with my legs spread a little wider than shoulder width. After about a minute I pretended to pull a thong off, stepping out of it. Tom allowed the song to finish with no further interruptions.

Tom then wanted me to give each of them a lap dance, but Mike argued, saying that he didn't want to do that because of Sarah. I asked if I could dress until they had decided, but Tom said he liked me naked. He had me call Sarah and ask her if she would care if I gave Mike a lap dance.

"Can I come over? I can be there in 5 minutes!" she said, laughing.

Mike and Tom agreed, and just about 5 minutes later Sarah arrived.

"That's a good look for you." She joked, looking over my still-naked body. "You seem to wear that outfit a lot lately!"

I gave her a snide smile in return, but said nothing as I led her to the family room where Mike and Tom were waiting.

"I don't care if you get a lap dance from Cheryl, as long as you keep it in your pants, mister." Sarah said to Mike, laughing at both him and me.

"It's settled, then." Said Tom. "Lap dances all around. Pick your music."

I left the Kid Rock CD in and just started with track 1. Tom made me give him the first dance for practice. He sat on the couch, and had Sarah and Mike sit on the small love seat that was facing the couch, so they would get a good view. I first danced straddling his legs, my breasts in front of his face. He then had me stand on the couch and squat down so my pussy was pretty much right in his face. Then I turned around and let him rub his hands on my boobs as I danced on my knees facing Mike and Sarah, my knees near the edge of the couch and my feet back by Tom's butt.

When the song ended he critiqued my dance, telling me he wanted more hip thrusting and that I should caress my own boobs at first, and then he switched places with Mike. I gave a similar performance for Mike, adding the hip grinding and thrusting, and I played with my boobs. When I stood on the couch cushions facing Mike, Sarah told me that I should put one leg up on the back of the couch to give him a better look. Tom laughed and seconded the idea, to ensure that I would comply. When I turned around to face Tom and Sarah, putting my back to Mike, Sarah tried to force Mike to reach around and grab onto my boobs. When he tried to refuse, Tom told me to take his hands and put them on my boobs. I blushed as I reached down, grabbed his wrists, and pulled his limp hands up, pressing them into my chest. He didn't fight me, but he didn't really help, so I held his hands while caressing my chest and stomach.

When the song finally ended, Tom announced "It's Sarah's turn now!"

Sarah was unsure at first, but then decided it would be funny. She took the place on the couch, and I did the same routine to her, caressing my boobs in her face, standing on the couch with one foot on the back, my pussy spread in her face, grinding my hips. When I turned around she quickly grabbed my boobs with her hands, caressing them and teasing my nipples expertly. I was getting turned on again. She ran her hands lightly down my stomach, below my naval, and back up to my shoulders, caressing every square inch of me while I ground my hips, thrusting my bare butt into her lap.

When the song ended Tom asked me if I was getting turned on. I shyly admitted it, blushing again.

"Show us how wet you are." He commanded.

I lifted a leg onto the coffee table and spread my pussy with my right hand. The moisture was clearly evident.

"Show off." He said.

Sarah and Mike laughed at this. I put my leg down and tried to cover up a little bit.

"Did I tell you to put your leg down?" Demanded Tom.

"No." I answered imploringly. "I just figured..."

"Go ahead and put your leg back up. We like to see how wet you are."

I blushed again as I complied. Even Sarah was checking out my pussy.

As I stood there, naked and spread legged, Tom and Mike told Sarah about the basketball game, and their individual contributions to the victory. After a few minutes I could feel the arousal starting to subside, and Sarah was the first to notice.

"Looks like this conversation isn't doing it for her."

Tom and Mike looked, and laughed. I blushed yet again, but remained in position.

"Should we let her get dressed?" Asked Sarah, obviously feeling sorry for me.

"I don't care." Said Mike, obviously trying not to get in trouble with either Sarah or Tom.

"Um... I guess she can put on her thong." Said Tom slowly.

"I have boy short panties." I reminded him.

"The thong you danced out of earlier." He said, smiling.

Sarah looked questioningly from Tom to me to Mike.

"They're imaginary panties." I said, sulking. "Tom made me dance for them before you got here, and he didn't think it looked right having me dance out of boy shorts, so he made me pretend I was wearing a thong and just dance naked, but pretend to strip."

Sarah nearly fell over laughing at this. They had me dress in my imaginary thong, and Sarah asked me to model it for them. I blushed again as I complied. Tom told me that I could wear the matching bra, too. More laughter - this time from me, too. I put on the imaginary bra, and was asked to model it, too.

Tom checked the clock, and decided we probably had a half hour until his parents got home. He and Mike decided that we would play video games until they got there. I had to put my shirts and jeans next to me on the floor so I could pull them on quickly. I practiced 4 times until they agreed that I could do it in less time than it would take his parents to get from the garage to the family room. 4 times I quickly dressed, and then was made to strip again. I think that removing the clothes, even after having them on for only 10 seconds, was more embarrassing. I then sat cross legged on the floor, exposing everything, and we played video games. It was a two player game, so when I was playing they were all watching me more than my character.

About 20 minutes later we heard the garage door go up, and I quickly dressed as I had practiced, my panties, bra and socks stuffed into the pockets of my coat in the front hall. I had on the 2 shirts, so the lack of bra was not at all obvious. I was fully dressed in more than enough time, and his parents suspected nothing.

Sarah and I left shortly after, and decided to go to her house. When we got to her bedroom I excused myself to go put my bra and panties back on, but Sarah insisted that I could do it in front of her. I barely argued when she grabbed my cell phone and called Tom.

"Sarah wants some privacy to put her underwear back on." She announced.

She listened for a moment and then handed me the phone, smirking widely. She then went to her desk and sat down. I turned my back to her and put the phone to my ear and listened to Tom.

"I'm still collecting, and I'm telling you that you have to obey Sarah for the rest of the night. When we hang up I want you to do whatever she tells you. I'll know if you don't. No arguing, no matter what. Now tell me that you promise."

I was silent for a moment, then meekly replied "I promise."

"Good. I miss you."

"I miss you, too."

He hung up. I turned around to Sarah, and she had her computer turned on, and was setting up her web camera. I got a sinking feeling in my stomach, but said nothing. A few seconds later I saw Mike's face. Tom appeared next to Mike in the same window - they were still at Tom's house. Sarah had me stand in front of her desk for a few minutes until they agreed that I was in the best position.

Sarah then went and locked her bedroom door, and then turned on the stereo. "Do a strip dance for us." She commanded. "Just sway and dance in place, don't move around so you stay in the camera range. And don't move too fast so it doesn't break up over the internet. Remember that you're wearing your invisible thong and bra, and you have to take them off, too. So don't take too long taking your jeans and shirt off."

I faced the camera and danced, yet again. I pulled my shirts off as one after only a few seconds, revealing my bare chest. I cupped my breasts, then danced for another 20 seconds or so. I then reached behind me and pretended to undo my make-believe bra. Another 20 seconds and I pulled my jeans down, then stepped out of them. I was now naked, but pretending to wear a thong. I turned my back to the camera and bent over remembering Tom's earlier instruction. I turned back to face the camera again, grinding my hips like I was doing a lap dance, since I couldn't move my feet for fear of leaving the camera's range. I then pretended to pull a thong down and off. When the song finished the guys applauded.

Sarah laughed and complimented me. After sitting on the bed and allowing Sarah to slowly pan the web cam over my whole body close up, I was allowed to retrieve my bra and panties from my coat and put them on. Then my jeans and finally my shirts. We signed off of the web cam, and Sarah and I talked – mostly she just made fun of my predicament. She owed me only 1/2 a day, and I owed her 1/2 a day, but I was on perpetual payment with Tom, and he wasn’t shy about collecting or wasting them on half hour collections. My only way out was to break up with him, but I liked him too much… and I think I liked him collecting, too.

Saturday evening Tom and I went on a real date, which was a somewhat rare occurrence. Dinner at Applebee’s and Fred Claus at the theater. It was a lot of fun, and we had a great time together.

Sunday and Monday were uneventful, and then on Tuesday after school Tom found Tiffany and I in the weight room working out. We didn’t have swim practice on Tuesday’s, but the coach liked us to hit the weight room on our off-days, so about half of the team was in there with us. Tom pulled us out into the hallway to talk privately.

“Rob and I came up with a great idea. I think it will be really incredible if he can do what he says. It’s a computer thing – beyond what I can do, but still…”

“What is it?” I asked.

“You’ll find out the details in stages. Right now only Rob knows exactly what he wants, and I gave him some of my ideas and have a pretty good idea. So on Friday can you go home with Tiffany and go over to Rob’s house? Mike and I have an away basketball game and Rick’s got a team meeting before their game on Saturday, but there’s no swim meet this weekend.”

“Our meet is Thursday night.” Amended Tiffany.

“So are you both available after school on Friday to go to Rob’s?” Persisted Tom.

“I guess…” I said slowly, unsure of what he wanted.

“Sure!” Chimed in Tiffany.

“Cool. Tiffany, can you tell Rob that it’s all good and set the time and stuff?”

“Sure! What’s going on, though?”

“Rob will fill you in a bit, and then you’ll find out the rest on Friday.” Then to me he said, “And you have to obey Rob all night, as though he was me. Okay?”

I had a sinking feeling. “You won’t be there? Can’t we do it some other time when you are?”

“I want it to be more of a surprise. It’s better this way.”

“And you trust him?” I was trying to weasel out of it. I trusted Rob, and I knew that Tom had no reason not to, but I was hoping to play on his insecurities.

“I’ll kick his ass if he does anything other than what we talked about, and he knows it. Rick’s on the football team, and he’s one of my best friends. Rob knows he’d have the entire basketball team and the entire football team beating him half to death every day if he pissed me off. I’m not worried. Besides, he’s a good guy. Even without knowing he’s scared of us I’d trust him. You trust him too, don’t you?”

“Yes.” I admitted. “It’ll just be weird if you’re not there. Like, I don’t know, just… you know. Weird.”

“Tiffany will be there, and you can both kick his ass if he gets out of line. He’s a good guy, but he really needs to hit the gym, you know?”

Tiffany laughed at this. I smiled, but didn’t really feel it. I was nervous about what was coming.

Wednesday Rob found me at lunch and handed me a note, telling me to read it in private. The note said simply “4:00. Bring your short blue running shorts, white thong and matching bra and a white t-shirt – one that will show some skin above your shorts.”

**\*\*\*\*\* November 16 \*\*\*\*\***

On Friday I rode the bus home with Tiffany, and after we freshened up a bit at her house we headed over to Rob’s. We got there right at 4:00, as instructed. Tiffany was driving me crazy – she knew a lot of what was going to be happening, but refused to clue me in to anything. I was really getting frustrated.

Rob ushered us in to his basement apartment and he had moved furniture around. He had one corner of the room cleared out, and had laid a white sheet on the floor and taped it down tight along the edges. It was about 4 feet square. The walls were white, too, and he had two ladders set up with bright lights on them, lighting the whole area. The lights were shining at the ceiling, but because they were so bright, there were no noticeable shadows. Rob told us that they were work lights from his dad’s shop.

He also had two tripods set up facing this “stage”, and on each tripod was a video camera. The cameras were wired to his computers, which he had moved to the coffee table in front of the couch. The monitors each showed the entire stage in a window that filled about ¾ of the screen, and the controls to play, record, rewind and fast forward were all just beneath that window. I also noticed on the sofa were two more camcorders, just sitting loose.

“I’ve got my camcorder, my dad’s, Tom’s, and Tiffany’s.” Announced Rob, seeing what I was focusing on. “Tom captured the webcam video of you last weekend, and decided that he wanted to make a real video. I told him that I have video editing software and we started talking about it, and I told him that I can do all of this cool stuff, so we collected a bunch of camcorders. I’m in the theater club at school, so I kind of scripted out what Tom wanted, and he made some suggestions, and I’m going to film it just like a real movie, and then edit it all together.” He sounded really excited, like I should be jumping for joy at the thought of being video taped doing… God only knows what.

“Great.” I said sarcastically. “This is really exciting.”

Tiffany laughed. “It’s nothing you haven’t done before, but now it will be on film. How cool is that?”

“Um, not cool at all, I would say.”

“Oh, come on.”

“So now Rob and Tom are going to have me on video, doing whatever. Blackmailed for life. It will end up on the internet.”

“It can’t end up on the internet.” Interjected Rob. “You’re only 16 years old. If anyone puts it on the web, they’ll go to jail.”

“Then it’s illegal to do this!” I thought I found my way out.

“I don’t think it is.” Said Rob. “We’re only 16, too, so it’s not illegal for us to do any of this with you. If we were older, then it could be.”

“I don’t know how comfortable I am with this.” I said after a moment.

“Well, Tom wants you to do this.” Said Tiffany. “And you agreed to do anything he told you to. That’s your thing with him.”

“And I give you my word that I will delete everything once we’re done. I wouldn’t keep it and stuff. That would be weird, and disrespectful. You guys have been cool to me, and you’re Tiffany’s best friend, and she’s mine, so I couldn’t be a prick to you.” Added Rob.

I feebly attempted to talk everyone out of it, but to no avail. Reluctantly I agreed.

“So what’s first?” I asked resignedly.

“Go on into the bathroom and put on your shorts and t-shirt over your white thong and white bra.” Instructed Rob.

I did as told, and a few minutes later was dressed as instructed. Rob was giving instructions to Tiffany on how she should film, and where she should stand to be sure that she’s not in the shot of either of the two tripod cameras or his camera, and how to ensure that she didn’t film anyone or anything but me.

“First you’re going to dance for the camera. Tom wanted to capture a good strip show, so the way I’m going to film it is just like in the movies, so I can cut it together later and make it perfect. So pick a song, and you’re going to dance to the whole thing without taking anything off. Then we’ll start it over and you’ll dance again, but this time you’ll take off your shirt. We’ll have you take it off a couple of different times to be sure we get a good one, and then we’ll start the song over and you’ll dance the whole song with no shirt. Then the same thing for taking off your shorts, and you’ll dance the whole dance with just your bra and panties. Then you’ll take your bra off, and finally your panties.” Explained Rob quickly.

“So you expect me to dance to the same song like, 5 or 6 times?” I asked incredulously.

“Something like that.” He was nervous. Even though Tom told him that I’d listen to him, I could tell he was unsure of upsetting me. I didn’t want Tom getting upset with me, and I knew he wanted this, so I just sighed in agreement.

Rob hooked my iPod up to his stereo and I selected the Kanye West song “Good Life”. I danced to the song once for practice, and Rob told me to do something that I could repeat over and over pretty close, if not exactly like the first time. It took me a few times before I was comfortable, and then they started filming. Rob clicked the two computers and the cameras started recording. He and Tiffany stood near the “stage” with their handheld cameras, so I was being covered from every possible angle. The lights were bright, and the white walls, ceiling and floor were reflecting, so I wasn’t really even casting any shadows anywhere.

When the song finished Tiffany restarted it and I danced again, quickly removing my shirt. I dropped it on the floor and Rob stopped me. I needed to throw it off of the stage so that it wouldn’t appear in the shots, and be missing in others. I put the shirt back on and danced out of it again, this time throwing it toward him. He had me do this twice more. Tiffany started the song over, and I repeated my routine, which was now becoming easier and easier to remember. I danced to the whole song, and Tiffany again started it over.

I then removed my shorts, repeating it 4 times, facing different directions so that the camera captured them coming down from all possible angles. Rob then fiddled with my iPod and set it on repeat, so that as soon as the song ended it would start over. I danced the whole song again in just my bra and thong, and it immediately started over. He had me remove my bra 5 different times, the last about 30 seconds before the end of the song. I danced out the last 30 seconds and then immediately started my routine over, this time topless. The song ended and immediately started over, and as instructed I removed my thong, again 4 different times, different ways. Bending at the waist and slowly shimmying it down to my thighs and then letting it drop to my feet, twice each, facing the cameras and facing the wall. I continued dancing for the remainder of the song, and as it started once again, I restarted my dance, now naked.

Once the song ended on what I thought was my final dance, Tiffany and Rob decided that it would be interesting to capture my strip in a different order. I put my thong, shorts and bra back on, and then danced out of my bra a few times, leaving me with two bottoms and no top. I then danced the entire routine that way, followed by another song during which I removed the shorts 4 different times.

I counted to myself and determined that I had danced to the song 10 times. The camera’s agreed, and a few minutes after my final dance one of them stopped recoding, having used up the entire 60 minute tape.

Rob changed the tapes in all 4 cameras and then explained the next phase. Tom wanted to film a version of my anatomy lesson. Rob explained that he would overdub the sound, so we could talk during the filming – but I shouldn’t talk at all because they shouldn’t see my mouth moving.

I dressed again in the full outfit – thong, bra, shorts and t-shirt, and while Rob fiddled with the cameras and the computers, Tiffany and I went and got a couple of sodas. When Rob was ready I resumed my place in the center of the “stage”. Rob explained what he’d be filming.

“So we’re going to film your body kind of like the way you showed it to us when you had to pay off the anatomy lesson, but I’ll tell you what we’re looking at. I’ll do the voice-over afterwards and explain stuff, but I’ll kind of do it now so you know what poses and positions to do.”

“Great.” I was less than enthusiastic.

“So first would be your legs. We’ll start with your feet.” It was a good thing I had painted my nails the previous night.

He had me sit on the floor and point my toes, flexing my calf muscles, and then flip over to show the soles of my feet. He then stopped the tripod cameras and picked up his handheld camera, having me repeat it for him to do a close up, panning from my thighs down, and then back up.

He left the stage and said “We’re going to do your legs now. Stand up and kind of point your toe and flex your thigh and calf. Turn around a couple of times, then slowly pull your shorts down and off and then repeat the pose, turning around again, then do the other leg.”

I felt myself blush but did as instructed. He stopped the tripod cameras again, had be put my shorts back on, and he had me do it two more times while he filmed it close up. First one leg, then the other, then take the shorts off, do it again. Take the shorts off again. Now face me when you take them off.

When he was finally satisfied he again restarted the tripod cameras and explained that we would do my back next. I turned to face the wall and pulled the t-shirt over my head and off per his instruction. I flexed my back a little, turning this way and that. He then had me reach behind me and unhook my bra, then repeat my poses. I then put my bra and t-shirt back on and repeated everything for the close-up shots.

Now it was my chest. He had me hold my final pose with my back to the cameras while he restarted the tripod cameras, and then I turned to face the room, tweaking my nipples and playing with my breasts, lifting them in the palms of my hands, gently squeezing, and turning from side to side so they could be seen from all angles. I then repeated the process for more close-ups.

They were really getting a good, long, thorough show tonight! It felt really weird with Rob – I had really only started hanging out with him socially less than 2 months ago, even though I’d known him for years. Plus, we’d never hung out without me being naked. To top it off, he was now giving me orders, getting a good, up-close and personal look at everything as much as he wanted, and filming it to boot!

When he was satisfied with that, it was on to my butt. I turned around again, and this time the focus was my butt. I flexed it, spread the cheeks a little, and bent over. Then I removed the thong as instructed, and repeated everything, showing a lot more than my butt when I bent over with my cheeks spread.

Then I put the thong back on and repeated everything for the hand-held camera close-ups. Tiffany was just sitting on the couch, watching this whole time. Her hand-camera duties ended when my dance was over, so she was just enjoying the show, throwing out the odd comment now and again, but mostly remaining silent. She chose this moment, however, to speak up.

“Do you want to do a different order, too? Like the dance?”

“What do you mean?” asked Rob.

“Well, like when she did it last time it was legs, butt, back, boobs, pussy. This time you’re going legs, back, boobs, butt, pussy.”

“Good point. But I can just change the order when I cut it together.”

“But she won’t be wearing the right things. If you go legs, butt she’ll go from dressed to naked, and then dressed again.”

I shot her a scalding look, but I don’t think she noticed. Rob reset the cameras and had me dress again in my thong, bra and t-shirt, then re-did my butt, repeating the whole process that I had just gone through, but this time leaving me bottomless with my t-shirt and bra still on at the end. He repeated both the tripod shots and close-ups.

We then re-filmed my back. Tripod and close-up. Now I was totally naked.

Then we re-filmed my boobs. Tripods and close-ups, but I noticed that the close-ups included a lot more shots looking down so that my pussy was in the shot, too.

Now it was time for my pussy. I did several poses to show my pussy. Even though the tripod cameras wouldn’t necessarily show much, he wanted to go through them all that way first. Then he moved in for the close-ups. Kneeling with my knees spread, lying on my back, kneeling and leaning back.

I thought I was finally done when Tiffany reminded Rob, “Last time she knelt over all the guys faces. Shouldn’t we do that one?”

I could have killed her.

“She did that for her tits, too, didn’t she?”

“Oh, yeah!”

Rob decided to use Tiffany for this part. He started the tripod cameras again and had me standing in the center of the stage. Tiffany walked into frame at his direction (fully clothed, the bitch) and laid down on the floor. I then knelt above her head, allowing my boobs to hang in her face. I gently squeezed them and played with the nipples, then put my hands on the ground and swayed back and forth, allowing them to swing freely. Then I turned around so that I was straddling her body, again allowing my boobs to hang in her face, and repeating my ministrations.

We then stood, and she walked away, then back into frame, laid down again, and I once again straddled her face, this time with my pussy, assuming several poses and even inserting a finger at her request. Then I turned around and did it all again. I was getting a little turned on, and Tiffany wasn’t shy about announcing it.

When Rob announced himself satisfied with that part of the filming, Tiffany kissed me gently on the inner thigh and stood up. Rob then laid a camera down on the ground, lens up, and had me repeat everything over the camera – boobs in both directions, then pussy in both directions, all positions, even the fingers.

Rob then declared a break while he checked the film of the unmanned camera. I tossed my shorts and t-shirt on, hoping I was done. It was 6:30, so we had been at this for 2½ hours already, and I was getting hungry.

The auto-focus on the camera was having trouble a couple of times when I got too close, so we had to re-shoot the close-ups. He decided to use one of the tripod cameras, which were nicer cameras, and would hopefully work better, so he took 10 minutes or so taking the camera down, while being careful not to move the tripod in the least, in case he needed to set something back up.

He left the cables all hooked up so that they could monitor the camera’s performance and see what the image looked like as they went using the computer monitor. He changed the tape and set the camera’s auto-focus and called me over.

I walked back over to the stage, stripped off my shorts and t-shirt, and knelt over the camera. He played with the controls on his computer while my boobs filled most of his screen, and finally announced himself satisfied. I then repeated all of my previous boob-displaying actions, redoing certain ones as he commanded based on what he was seeing on the monitor. After about 5 minutes we finally got it right, and he had me move on to my pussy. Tiffany giggled as my bare, wet pussy filled the computer screen in front of them, and I gave her the finger. Rob commented on how wet I was. My pussy was larger than life on the 17 inch monitor in front of him, and I could feel my whole body blushing, but was still turned on. 2 takes on most poses – 3 on others – satisfied Rob that it was all looking good, and by 10 after 7 we were finally done.

Rob allowed me to dress in my jeans and the t-shirt that I had been posing in, but would not allow panties or a bra. I wanted to say that this had nothing to do with the video that he was shooting for Tom, but figured it was pointless to argue, so I complied. While Rob put all of the camera batteries on their re-chargers, I ordered a pizza, and Tiffany kept reaching out and tweaking my nipples through my shirt. I slapped her hands away the first couple of times, until Rob told me not to move, and that if she wanted to do it, I should allow it.

We sat and talked, and eventually the pizza arrived. Rob paid for it without accepting money from Tiffany or I, which I thought was very nice, and we sat at the table in his kitchen area to eat. Tiffany reached over and tweaked my boob again, and as a pure reflex I swatted her hand away.

“Rob told you that you had to let me do that.” She pouted.

“I did say that.” He agreed.

I sighed and thrust my chest toward her as an invitation to get the full feel that she had been denied seconds ago.

“I think she should be punished for disobeying.” Said Tiffany, ignoring me.

“What do you mean?” asked Rob, a mixture of nervousness and excitement in his voice. He was obviously enjoying himself and the control that he could exercise over me, but he was probably scared that he was taking it too far, and worried that Tom would be upset that he was using that power and control beyond what he and Tom had discussed.

“Make her take her top off so I can grab her boobs, instead of grabbing her boobs through her shirt.” Insisted Tiffany.

“You can make her do it.” He said to her.

“She has to listen to me, too?” she asked excitedly.

“Sure. I’m telling her she does.” He was trying to shift the blame. If Tiffany told me to do something, he could tell Tom that it wasn’t his idea.

I could argue, I thought to myself, but what good would it do? They’d talk me into it, or Rob would just make me do whatever Tiffany wanted me to, anyway. I stripped off my shirt and offered my boobs to Tiffany just as I had before. She reached out and slowly caressed around my nipple, finally pinching gently.

We resumed eating, and Tiffany made me go get her another piece from the box on the counter. I stood and walked to the counter, my back to them as I extracted a piece and put it on her plate.

“She’s got a really cute ass, don’t you think Rob?” Came Tiffany’s voice.

I heard him turn in his seat. “Yeah, she does.”

“It’s a shame we can’t see it.”

Rob laughed at that.

“Take your pants off before you come back here.” Came her order.

I complied, feeling myself blushing again. I walked the few steps back to the table, handed Tiffany her plate, and then Rob wanted more. Then Tiffany wanted a soda. Then Rob. They finally let me sit and eat my own dinner, and Tiffany continued to reach over and tweak my boobs, which was really kind of turning me on.

When dinner was finished I started to clean up while they sat at the table and watched me, sipping their sodas. After a few moments Tiffany excitedly asked “What’s next?”

“Next I’m going to copy all of the video into my computer and then I’ll have to edit it all together into the complete video that I’ve scripted out.” Replied Rob.

“What’s that going to look like?” I asked, still doing the dishes.

“You won’t see that until it’s done.”

I begged a little, but it did no good so I dropped it. When I had finished the dishes it was about 8:30. I was sleeping over at Tiffany’s, so curfew wasn’t until 11:00, so we had some time. Rob wanted help loading the videos onto his computers, so he sat Tiffany and I each at a computer and showed us how to use the software. It was really pretty easy, and didn’t take much to do it. He then went into his bedroom to his “main computer” as he called it, and set up one of his own to record.

When he came back into the room I asked if I could dress. He had me stand up, turn slowly in place, and then decided that I could put on one thing on top and one thing on bottom. Tiffany decided I could put on my jeans and my bra. It was better than nothing.

While the tapes were playing into the computers Rob turned on the TV. He surfed the channels and we ended on the movie “Not Another Teen Movie”, which was playing on TBS or one of those channels. When it got to the first scene with the foreign exchange student, they had blurred out her boobs (for those of you who haven’t seen the movie, it’s a parody of all of the teen movies like American Pie, and there’s a hot foreign exchange student who spends the entire movie naked). Rob laughed that he didn’t mind because he’d been looking at my boobs all night, and live was a lot better than TV.

That started a whole discussion about movies and what they show. Tiffany and I were somewhat united in our assertion that they should show more naked guys in movies, but agreed that they’d have to do it in specific ways so they didn’t look stupid. Walking to the bathroom naked, or lying in bed with no covers would be cool. Dancing or running or something like that might look stupid. We agreed that a totally naked guy in the role of the foreign exchange student would look stupid. Rob argued that they don’t show naked girls in most movies, only topless girls.

“Girls like looking at guys butts,” he argued, “and they show guys butts a lot. It’s the same as boobs. They almost never show a pussy, and most of the time just the hair, so that’s kind of the same as a dick.”

Tiffany and I disagreed. “A butt is a butt. They show girls butts, and they show guys butts. Same thing. Girls have boobs and a pussy, guys keep everything in the same place – balls and dicks – so they don’t show anything.”

We went back and forth, each arguing our own points. Rob was getting frustrated, but not angry or upset… just a little flustered. I don’t think he was used to arguing with the popular people, and it was making him nervous. I tried to let him off the hook, and started to agree with him.

“You’re taking his side on this?” demanded Tiffany. “How could you take his side on this?”

“I guess he’s got a point is all…” I stammered. “I mean, you know, butts are butts, and they do show both, and we do like guys’ butts… and most guys like to see naked people more than most girls do…” I wished she would realize what I was really trying to do.

“The first tapes are just about done.” Interrupted Rob nervously, and he got up and went into the bedroom to change tapes in the camera and reset the recording to that PC. Tiffany and I reset our cameras as well, and I quietly explained to her why I had suddenly changed my stance.

“I just keep feeling sorry for him, because he’s so intimidated by most of us. He’s totally intimidated by Tom and Mike and Rick, and I feel like he’s a little intimidated by me and Sarah. You’re the only one that’s really been his friend.”

Tiffany was quiet for a minute or two, and then agreed.

Rob came back out of the bedroom and sat back on the couch.

“I don’t know…” said Tiffany as though there had been no interruption in our conversation. “I still don’t think it’s fair. Just because girls have 3 different places that guys like to look shouldn’t mean that we have to show 2 of them all of the time.”

“You don’t show them all the time.” Said Rob quietly.

“But I guess you do have a point, and guys do like to see girls an awful lot.”

“Yeah.”

“So Cheryl and I want to make peace with you. Make it up to you.”

“What?” I asked, a little shocked.

“So Cheryl is going to play the part of the foreign exchange student, and every time she’s on the screen, Cheryl will stand next to the TV and do whatever she does.”

“I’m doing what?” I almost shouted.

Rob just looked at me and smiled.

“Now, she’s always naked, so your outfit simply won’t do.” Tiffany said to me.

“She’s topless in the movie. You never see that she’s bottomless.”

“But part of what Rob was talking about was that even when the women on screen are naked, you never get to see their pussies. So Rob needs to get to see your pussy.”

I pouted for a moment or two, then relented. I stripped off my bra, then stood and slid my jeans off. A few minutes later came a scene with the foreign exchange student. She was walking with other students in the school hallway. I stood and walked to the TV, held imaginary books in my arms, and pretended to walk. The scene was brief, so I sat back down. This went on for the rest of the movie – brief scenes with her, and me acting them out next to the TV. Cheering at the football game, opening the window before prom. Being at prom.

When the movie ended I asked permission to dress. Rob let me put on my jeans and bra again. We changed tapes in the cameras again, and Rob channel surfed some more. He landed on a movie on Cinemax. I don’t know what it was called, but I think that the writer wanted to see how many times he could get the female lead naked on screen. In a couple of scenes there were some other naked girls too.

“See, sometimes you get to see pussy.” Announced Tiffany.

“That’s not pussy.” Countered Rob. “It’s… I don’t know… it’s pubic hair.”

“It’s pussy. You could totally see the slit.”

“But pussy is what’s inside the slit.”

“Pussy is the whole area.”

“But all you see is the skin and the hair. It’s different than seeing the good stuff.”

Tiffany rolled her eyes. “Show him the good stuff, Cheryl.”

“What?!”

“Show him the good stuff. He wants to see the good stuff. Take off your jeans and spread your legs in his face.”

I blushed and looked nervously from Tiffany to Rob. My cell phone saved me for the time being when it started to ring. I jumped up and ran to my purse in the kitchen area to answer it. It was Tom. He was on the street, just about to pull into Rob’s driveway.

Rob ran upstairs to answer the door without disturbing his parents. He came back down a few moments later with both Tom and Mike. They had won their basketball game again.

“Why’s she dressed like this?” Tom asked Rob after kissing me hello and a few minutes of small talk.

“Um, we’re done with the video, and Tiffany wanted her to not fully get dressed, and so…” he trailed off nervously.

“So I give you permission to strip her whenever you want, and you let her keep everything covered?”

Rob made a small noise, still unsure if he was in trouble, and still quite nervous.

“I had just told her to show Rob her pussy. The movie on Cinemax only shows pubic hair, and Rob thinks that’s lame.” Said Tiffany, bounding into the conversation.

Rob looked thoughtfully at the TV. The lead actress was soaping up her obviously fake boobs in a bathtub, her stomach and pussy hidden from sight by the bubbles. We all watched for a few minutes, until she stood to get a towel (without bothering to rinse off, I might add). Bubbles covered most of her pussy, and there was a very small, extremely short glimpse of dark hair before the camera cut, showing her boobs while she dried her arms. As she wiped the soap and water from her body, she stepped out of the tub, and the camera panned out, showing more of her body, but the towel continued to cover her crotch. Then another cut, and we got to see her dry off her butt, and then walk off screen.

“That’s pretty lame.” Said Tom. “A half second flash of part of her pubes.”

“That’s what I was saying.” Agreed Rob quietly, still unsure of his standing.

“Then Rob here is 100% correct. What were you going to have her do?”

Rob didn’t respond, so Tiffany jumped back in. “I wanted her to show her pussy – on the inside. Spread ‘em, you know?”

“Like the lap dance last weekend.” Piped in Mike.

“An excellent idea.” Concluded Tom. Then to me he said “You’re wearing far too much to give lap dances. Go turn on the music, and leave your clothes in the kitchen.”

I blushed as I went to the stereo. Tom, Mike, Rob and Tiffany all got comfortable. I set my iPod to a playlist of 2 Fergie Songs, another Kayne West song, and “Buttons” by the Pussycat Dolls. 4 songs for 4 people.

I slowly stripped in the kitchen, and was once again naked when I returned to the couch area. Tom insisted on being first, and had me pretty much repeat the lap dance of the previous Friday night, making me caress his face with my boobs, and making me put my leg up on the couch back next to his head, my pussy resultantly spread in front of his face. When the song was over I moved to Mike and repeated everything, rubbing his face with my boobs and grinding in his lap, which contained his hard dick, and then spreading my pussy in his face. Rob was next, and he couldn’t get the smile off of his face while I smashed and rubbed my boobs on him, and then spread my pussy in his face.

Tiffany was last, and really got into it. Although Tom had told everyone that they could touch only my hips, Tiffany didn’t seem to care, and was allowing her hands to roam over my butt, thighs, stomach and boobs. At one point she reached down between my legs and stuck a finger into my pussy, eliciting a gasp from me. “You’re REALLY wet.” She laughed, pulling her finger out and showing it to everyone before pushing it into my mouth.

When I got into position and put my leg next to her head, opening my pussy for her, she again commented “Look at how WET you are!”, and she leaned forward and licked once up my slit, lingering for a second on my clit before kissing it and pulling her head back, laughing. I nearly lost my balance while the guys stared in disbelief.

I shot a look at Tom, worried that he was going to be upset, but after a few moments he said “You’re not done… keep dancing.”

I realized that I had stopped moving, and immediately started grinding my hips again, while Tiffany licked her lips and giggled, staring alternately at my pussy in front of her face and then up at me. A couple of times she blew at my exposed clit, sending shivers up my spine while her hands roamed freely over my butt and boobs as I ground my hips in her face. The song seemed to be going on forever.

As the song was finally coming to an end, she leaned forward once more and kissed my pussy again, this time locking around my throbbing clit with her lips and gently flicking at it with her tongue. I grabbed the back of her head and moaned out loud, and her hands clenched hard on my butt, pulling me into her face. A few moments later I was coming on her face, bucking my hips and moaning, groaning and panting out loud.

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* 12/11/07 \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\***

**\*\*\*\*\* Start of Cheryl 35 \*\*\*\*\***

Thanksgiving came and went, and all of my inquiries about the video that Rob was making were ignored or brushed off. Tom and I went on dates almost every weekend, most often with little or no flashing. Basketball would continue after Christmas break, but swim season was coming to a close on the last Saturday before Christmas – the 22nd. We were eliminated from the finals, which would take place in January, so even if we won our last few meets, we wouldn’t be swimming in 2008. This didn’t dampen our coach’s desire for heavy training, especially for the underclassmen, like Tiffany and I. She was insistent that we were a good team, and that we could be in contention next year. She was working to get permission to continue twice-a-week clinics after the season for some of her swimmers who would not be in other sports and could attend. Week days were spent in practice, therefore, every day after school.

I was going to go to Tom’s house to watch The Santa Clause 3 with Mike and Sarah. The movie had just come out on DVD, and Tom’s mom had brought it home from BlockBuster. When I got there I found Tiffany and Rob there also. While we were all still talking with Tom’s parents, Rick showed up.

I figured that not much would be up – Tom’s parents were, after all, going to be home, and it was the middle of the afternoon, but I still got a little bit nervous. After about 15 minutes of talk about school, Christmas shopping, and other meaningless chatter, we all headed into the basement rec room. Tom’s dad put in the movie, and we all took seats – some of us on the floor, some on the chairs, and some on the couch. The movie was pretty lame, and only Sarah and Tom’s mom really liked it. Tom’s dad got up and left about ½ way through, and came back about 10 minutes before it was over.

When the film ended, Tom’s parents offered to buy dinner for everyone. After a short discussion we agreed on KFC, and his parents left together to go pick it up. I still wasn’t really worried, because I knew they wouldn’t be gone longer than a ½ hour.

As soon as Tom’s parents left, Rob ran up to his coat and brought down a DVD. The DVD.

Crap.

Tom put the DVD in and after a few moments it started playing on the big screen. An unfortunate thing here is that the TV in the rec room at Tom’s house is a 50 inch wide screen. The camcorders are formatted for the old, square TV’s, so not only was everything really big, but it was also stretched wider, making me look hideously fat.

Other than that, Rob had done a good job with the video. If it wasn’t me up there, exposing myself like that, I would have really been able to enjoy what he had put together. It started off with the Kanye West song “Good Life”, and me dancing. There were several cuts, but it looked like he had synched up everything really well, because I looked pretty well choreographed. I danced on screen, removing my shirt, then my bra, then my shorts, and finally my panties. The cuts took place right before and right after each item of clothing came off, and cut back and forth between close-up shots and far shots showing my entire body. The song is 3:27 (I danced to it 10 times that night, I should know!) and I’d guess that he had me topless by about 40 seconds in, and naked by about the 2 minute mark. He had several cuts back and forth showing me from different angles, close up and full body, dancing for the last minute and a half of the song.

Then the video went black for a second, and then we heard Tiffany’s voice.

“The female anatomy has long been studied and is considered to be artistically and erotically beautiful. We will now study the female form, in all of its glory, first broken down into the individual components, and then as a whole.”

As she spoke the last sentence, the screen faded in to show me sitting on the white floor, and the camera panned to my feet. Tiffany’s voice described everything that I was doing or about to do, as I showed off my feet, then stood and pulled off my shorts, showing my legs. The film cut several times, going to close-ups, and then full-body shots. Next I pulled my thong off while Tiffany started talking about the female butt, and the curves and so forth. She described several poses as I did them on the screen. Some were fairly tame, showing just my butt, while others had me spreading my cheeks, bending over, and quite a few of them allowed my pussy to come into view from behind.

Then it was a quick discussion about my back, and I noticed that all of the filming Rob had done of my back for close-ups kept my bare butt in the scene. I also noticed that the scene of me removing my bra that he had used was one taken more from the side, and you could see one of my boobs as the bra came off.

Next was my boobs, and Tiffany had a good 2 or 3 minute long monologue about them, and Rob had even shown me tweaking my nipples in slow motion. A good number of the close-up shots of my boobs included my pussy in the background because Rob had been sure to shoot at downward angles. All of the full-body shots included everything, since I was naked at this point.

Then it was on to my pussy. Tiffany described everything I was doing as I spread my lips, rubbed over the entire area, inserted fingers, and rubbed my clit lightly. She even talked about how it was evident that I was sexually aroused by the wetness, the puffiness of the lips, and the swollen clit. I could feel myself blushing as everyone was giggling watching the TV.

Then Tiffany’s voice started talking about how different viewing angles of the body parts were always a wonderful treat, and the film cut to show me standing naked, and her walking slowly into frame. She laid down on the floor, and I straddled her, my boobs in her face, my butt spread and facing the camera, my pussy clearly visible. The film then cut to show my boobs from her point of view, just as Rob had filmed it. My boobs filled the entire 50 inch TV screen, stretched a bit, but larger than life. After a good minute of that, with different poses at that close up angle, the film cut to show Tiffany still laying on the floor, and me straddling her with my pussy. I did a couple of poses, and then the film cut to show them from her point of view, my pussy now filling the entire 50 inch screen. I wanted to crawl into the couch cushions and hide from everyone. They were applauding and cheering loudly as I spread my lips, fingered my clit, and even pushed a finger inside. After about 2 minutes it cut to me turning around on Tiffany, and then immediately cut back to the close-up, but now in the opposite direction, and with my butt hole now in view. I had risen to new heights of embarrassment. Again the voice-over on the screen could not be heard over the cheering and laughter in the room, but there was my hand again lewdly pulling my pussy open, juices glistening and my swollen clit taking up almost 4 inches of screen space.

This scene then cut back to show me straddling Tiffany’s face, and she lifted her head, kissing my thigh. Then it cut back to show me standing, fully clothed again, and the song started playing and I started dancing again. He used different cuts this time, and some slow motion. This was more of a disjointed version, not intended to show me stripping, but just dancing in various states of undress. I danced fully clothed for about 10 seconds, then suddenly was dancing naked – the cut was almost perfect. Then after about 10 seconds of that shot it moved to a close-up of my pussy, I think from the anatomy lesson. Then I was dancing in my thong, pulling it down and off. This repeated from three different angles. Then I was dancing naked again, but in slow motion. Then I was pulling off my bra. Three times. Then a close up of my boobs. Then another (different) close-up of my pussy. Then me dancing naked again. Then me dancing in my thong, starting to pull it off. It continued like this, with each shot lasting anywhere from 1 second to about 15 seconds between cuts, showing me dancing or close-ups until the song ended.

Then he faded to black and did a split-screen, with me dancing naked in slow motion, running my hands up and down my body on one side, and “credits” on the other.

“Filmed by Rob and Tiffany. Shot on location at Rob’s apartment. Voiceover artist: Tiffany. Director of photography: Rob. Concept and story by Tom and Rob…” things like that. That part went on for about a minute, with the final 2 credits being “Starring Cheryl as the naked girl. Special thanks to Tom for supplying the naked girl.”

Everyone applauded when the screen finally went to black, and we discovered that Rob had burned it on a loop – it immediately started over. I tried to turn it off, but was outvoted, so we watched my first dance again. As the anatomy lesson was starting we heard the garage door start to open, and Tom quickly ejected the DVD and ran it up to his room while we went to the dining room to set the table.

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December went by quickly. I got to see Tom a lot, and whenever Mike or Rick were around I ended up flashing my boobs, but we didn’t really hang out as a group. Weekends were spent shopping or studying for finals, and week nights were spent at basketball practice for the guys and swimming and volleyball for the girls.

I got Tom a couple of movies and a sweater for Christmas. Sarah got Mike a gift card to iTunes and a watch. Tom gave me a really cute outfit that Sarah helped him pick out – a cute skirt with a nice matching sweater. Mike got Sarah candles, bubble bath, bath salts, and a robe from Bed, Bath & Beyond in a gift basket. Rob was planning a New Years party at his place, and I was starting to get nervous again. It had been over a month since we’d all been together, and quickly flashing my boobs was really nothing like being naked – I was still dressed, just showing stuff, and quickly. I knew that it would only be a few seconds. Being naked for hours at a time was a lot more embarrassing. And I knew that if we all got together for a New Years party, I’d be naked. Tom, Mike and Rick all had permission to spend the night at Rob’s, and Sarah and I had permission to spend the night at Tiffany’s. Tiffany said that her mom wouldn’t care if we all slept at Rob’s, because she knew that Rob was the “good kid” and trusted him so much. She figured nothing would happen with him around.

The weekend before New Years we planned to go to a movie on a double date with Mike and Sarah, and I was spending the night at Sarah’s afterward. Tom drove, and we saw the new Will Smith movie, “I Am Legend”. After the movie we stopped off at Applebee’s for a bite to eat. We were back in the car at 10:20 ish, and only about 5 minutes from home, so we had plenty of time before curfew. Mike reached over the back seat and pulled out a large gift-wrapped box.

“This is from the whole group for you, Cheryl.” Announced Tom.

I took the box, not knowing what to expect, but with nervous energy building. I held the box, which was fairly heavy, looking from face to face in the car.

“Open it!” demanded Sarah giddily.

I slowly removed the wrapping paper, wadding it up and putting it on the floor at my feet, then pulled the top off of the box. Inside was a pair of black knee-high patent leather boots and a long white “dress” that seemed more like a sheer bathrobe.

“It’s your outfit for the New Years party!” announced Sarah, unable to contain her laughter.

“At least I won’t be naked.” I thought to myself.

Tom and Mike had collected money from everyone and gone to Lovers Lane with Sarah to pick out something really revealing and sexy, and this is what they had come up with. We all had a laugh as the sheer dress was passed around, and I tried on the boots over my jeans (there was no way they were going on under them, and although it was discussed, it was agreed that they wouldn’t make me take my pants off in the parking lot at Applebee’s).

Tom drove Sarah and I home, and after some goodnight kissing, Sarah and I took the box and went inside. Luckily her parents didn’t meet us at the door, and we were able to deposit the box in her room before greeting them and watching a few minutes of Saturday Night Live. We headed upstairs at around 15 past 11:00 and Sarah immediately demanded that I try on my new outfit. I pulled the dress out of the box and tried to figure out how it worked. It had only one shoulder, and seemed to tie just below the breast on the left side (the side with no shoulder). That was the only closure, and the fabric was cut so that my entire left leg would be visible to my waist.

I pulled my jeans and sweatshirt off, and then stripped out of my bra. I pulled the dress on and tied it in place, and saw that the slit in the dress came almost even with my belly button, and it was very long – about 2 inches longer than my legs. Sarah insisted that I couldn’t wear panties with that dress, and I resignedly slipped them off. I then tested moving, and virtually any movements exposed my butt and pussy from the side, and quick movements would actually allow the dress to fall open in front, exposing my pussy fully from the front. The top was very low, and the side of the dress with no shoulder extended downward on my breast, just above the nipple. The other side covered a few inches higher, but the sheer white fabric was so thin that the outline of my nipple was clearly visible. It wasn’t nearly as sheer as the shirt they had bought me, but still a lot more sheer than anything I was used to wearing.

Sarah then had me put the boots on. They were 3 inch platforms with a 6 inch heel, so I stood about 5 foot 10 with them on. They zipped up on the insides of my calves, and ended just below the knee. The dress no longer dragged on the floor, but I was unable to stand with my legs as close together, needing them shoulder-width apart for balance. This widened the slit on the dress a bit, showing more skin.

The dress was also a tiny bit large for me. I had tied the two strings together as tightly as they would come, and there was a little play still. This meant that quick movements exposed my left nipple.

“I might as well be naked all night.” I said, looking at myself in Sarah’s full-length mirror.

“Those boots were way too expensive.” Joked Sarah. “You have to wear them. Let’s see how you look in just the boots!”

I looked at her, but knew it was an argument I’d lose. I untied the dress and let it fall off of me, tossing it onto the bed. I looked really slutty standing there in just the black knee-high boots, my bare pussy spread just a bit due to the position of my legs, and my erect nipples standing firmly against the white skin of my breasts.

After a few minutes I took off the boots, put on my pajama top and shorts, and we got into bed and went to sleep.

Then next morning when I woke up I thought of something that would help me get through New Years Eve. It made me smile, even in the face of what I knew would be another humiliating night. Before I left I took Sarah’s too-short Frederick’s skirt that I had bought her last summer and tucked it into my overnight bag.

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On New Years Eve I packed my overnight bag. In it I packed my short-short Frederick’s skirt as well as Sarah’s, and the sheer shirt. I dressed per Tom’s instructions in jeans and a sweater, no underwear of any sort. I had picked out some jewelry that went well with the dress, and put it on as well. Earrings, and silver choker and a tennis bracelet with fake diamonds. Then I completed the outfit with a pair of mules that I wear with Jeans a lot – no socks.

Tom picked us up at 5:00. The party was supposed to start at 5:30 and go until we went to sleep. Being New Years Eve, we figured that would be well after 1:00 or 2:00 in the morning. Mike and Rick were already in the car, so we got to Rob’s house just before 5:30.

Tiffany was already there, and we had to spend some time upstairs, talking with Rob’s parents. They ordered pizza for us, and we all ate together. His parents were going out at about 7:00 to the Marriott for a New Years party with friends of theirs, but would not be spending the night. Even though they had bought one of those package deals for $500 where you get a room and free appetizers and drinks all night, they wanted to come back home afterward “to keep us out of trouble.”

As soon as they were out the door Tom insisted I go downstairs to change into my New Years Eve outfit, and everyone was very excited to see me in it since Sarah had been the only one.

I went downstairs and put on the dress and boots, feeling very naked. I also grabbed the skirts and the transparent shirt and went back upstairs.

The movie of me was playing on the TV in Rob’s parent’s living room with the sound off, running on its endless loop. Everyone laughed when they saw my expression, realizing what it was.

I recovered fairly quickly. “Sarah, you owe me half a day still, so I’m collecting it tonight. You have to do anything I have to do. Here’s your skirt.” Then, turning to Tiffany, I said “And you don’t owe me anything, but we all know you’re a little freak, so if you want to play, too, you can wear this skirt and the see-through top.”

The guys all laughed while Sarah blushed. She realized she did owe me half a day still, so said nothing about that. “Tom, does she have to obey all of us?” she asked him.

“Of course, but I don’t think you can command her not to collect what you owe her.”

“No. I know.” Then, turning to me she said “But you have to do more than me. Whatever you make me do, you have to do something worse.”

“You can’t make that command.” I complained.

“But I can. I kind of like it.” Said Tom.

“Okay. I’ll do it if Sarah’s one worse than I have to be.” chimed in Tiffany, laughing.

So it was agreed. Tiffany had agreed to let anyone tell her what to do, but insisted that she would not take off her skirt. Since Tiffany had agreed to let anyone tell her what to do, I decided to command Sarah to obey everyone, too. And because they wanted me to wear my new outfit for at least part of the night, the other two girls had to wear shirts that covered more, so the transparent shirt I had brought was ruled out. Tiffany was wearing a cute white bebe-sport t-shirt under her sweater, so she kept that on with her bra and panties, and put on the skirt. She was wearing a light blue bra and matching lace boy short panties. Sarah borrowed an old t-shirt from Rob that was pretty good, but a little longer than Tiffany’s, and because Sarah had to be one worse than Tiffany, put on the shirt braless, and the skirt with nothing underneath. It was 7:30.

We then turned on the stereo, and the guys had us all dance in the living room. There was only casual flashing going on whenever I moved, but they weren’t asking for good looks yet.

“So, what’s considered more?” asked Tiffany. “I mean, if someone makes me flash my boobs, what’s one more than that, and then what’s one more still?”

“Good point. We should figure that out.” Said Tom thoughtfully.

So the rules were laid out.

If a girl flashed her boobs, the next girl had to either take her top completely off or flash both her boobs and pussy. If a girl took her top completely off, the next girl had to take her top completely off and flash her pussy. If a girl flashed her boobs and flashed her pussy, the next girl had to strip completely. And so it went.

“Okay, so what happens if the next girl doesn’t do it right away?” asked Rob.

“Then she has to do a punishment.” Answered Tom.

“Wait, what kind of punishment?” I asked.

“Well, she should have to do whatever she should have done, but hold it for twice as long as she should have.” Suggested Mike.

“Three times as long.” Interjected Rick.

“Three times sounds good to me.” said Tom.

“Oohhh.. ” Said Mike. “What if she also has to switch places with one of the other girls?”

“Huh?”

“Well, Tiffany is first, then Sarah, then Cheryl. If Sarah doesn’t do something, she becomes third, and Cheryl moves to second. Plus Sarah has to do the thing. And if it happens again and Cheryl doesn’t do it, she moves back to third.”

“What if Cheryl doesn’t do something? She’s already in third.” Chimed in Rick.

“Okay, she’d have to do the thing for three times as long, and then one more thing?”

“So two worse, but three times as long?”

“Yeah – that sounds good. So if Tiffany flashes her tits for 5 seconds, Sarah has to either take off her top or flash both her tits and pussy for 5 seconds. If she doesn’t, she has to take off all of her clothes for 15 seconds.”

“But what if we don’t know?” I asked.

“Well, if you’re sitting right there, you have to pay attention, but if you’re in the other room or something, we’ll tell you what the girl before you did.”

The 4 guys agreed to these rules, and Tiffany agreed very quickly. I thought it through and realized that she was in no danger from these new rules at all. Being at the bottom of the line, she wouldn’t have to do anything just because Sarah or I did. That sucked.

“So let’s test it out!” Tiffany said giddily. “Show me your boobs, Sarah!”

Sarah glared, but lifted her shirt, exposing her boobs to everyone. Her nipples started to harden as the air hit them.

I moved the fabric lower on my shoulder, allowing the dress to drop below my breasts, and then lifted the side of the skirt to put my pussy on display.

“This is great!” Rob joked. The guys all high-fived.

“Okay, thank you!” Tiffany laughed.

Sarah pulled her top back in place, and I let go of my skirt and pulled the dress back up, covering my breasts again.

“Now you show everyone your tits.” Sarah shot at Tiffany.

Tiffany quickly lifted her shirt and bra, exposing her bare chest to the room.

“You stupid…” I said.

Half a second later it struck Sarah, and she quickly stripped her shirt off completely. Sighing, I allowed the shoulder to drop, and then lifted the skirt so that the entire dress was bunched up in my hands at my waist.

“Oh, yeah. This is REALLY great!” said Rick, starting another round of high-fives.

Tiffany pulled her shirt and bra back into place, Sarah pulled her shirt back on, and I put the dress back in place.

“That’s enough for now.” Announced Tom, and he sent me to the kitchen to refill everyone’s soda. We all danced some more, my dress repeatedly falling off of my left nipple, and the slit opening to display the rest of me to anyone who happened to be looking. At 8:15 we decided to play a game, so we moved to the coffee table while Tiffany and Rob went to the closet to pick out something to play. They returned after a few minuets with Jenga.

“Tiffany, you should take off your bra.” Stated Rob. “Take off your shirt, then your bra, and then you can put your shirt back on.

She complied, and Sarah quickly pulled her shirt off. I pulled the dress down and up again.

“Sarah and Cheryl are in violation!” announced Tiffany. “I’ve got my shirt off. Sarah should be showing pussy, and Cheryl should be naked!”

Tom thought for a moment, and agreed, but since we were both in violation we couldn’t trade positions, so everyone agreed that we had to do double punishment for three times as long. Tiffany was still topless, so she put her shirt back on quickly. Sarah now had to get naked, so she stood and dropped her skirt to the floor, standing in front of us blushing. Everyone agreed that Tiffany had been topless for about a minute, so the punishment was to last 3 minutes.

“Do I pay now, or after she’s done, and do I have to do one more than I should have, or one more than she’s doing now?” I asked.

“You pay when she’s done, and you have to do TWO more than you should have.” Answered Tom without taking his eyes off of Sarah.

Once the three minutes was up, Sarah quickly pulled on her skirt and shirt and sat back down. Now it was my turn.

I stood and started to take off the boots, but Tom stopped me. “You can keep the boots on for now. I kind of like them.”

I untied the dress and allowed it to fall to the floor. What was two more than being naked? I put one foot on the coffee table and reached down and spread my pussy, blushing furiously, then slowly stroked my finger across my clit. The three minutes dragged on in silence, and my face still felt flushed when it was finally over, and I was very wet. I started to pick up my dress when I suddenly realized that Tiffany had taken off her bra. That means that Sarah should be, what, topless? That means I should be naked, I guess.

“I think I’m supposed to stay naked.”

“Huh?”

“Well, Tiffany had on a bra and shirt, so Sarah had a shirt, and I had about half of a top. Tiffany has a skirt and panties, so Sarah has just a skirt, and I have about half of a skirt that keeps flashing everyone my pussy. So now Tiffany is just wearing a shirt – with no bra – so Sarah should be, what, topless? And so I should be naked, I guess.”

“Hmm… Excellent point.” Said Rob. “I hadn’t though of that. I was just trying to get you guys to have to pay a punishment. But you’re right. So you’re doing the right thing and Sarah’s in violation.”

“So now Sarah’s third, and you’re second.” Said Tom. “So what does that mean?”

I stood there naked in my knee-high platform boots while we discussed it. It was decided that I would wear Sarah’s skirt, and Sarah would have to be naked. As her punishment, Sarah would have to stand for three minutes with her foot on the coffee table and her pussy being spread by her fingers.

Sarah was blushing furiously, and I was now dressed in a short skirt and knee high boots.

We then all sat at the coffee table and started playing Jenga. Sarah was so nervous about being naked that she toppled the tower fairly quickly the first game. Rick lost the second game, which lasted a bit longer.

“Let’s make bets.” Said Tom. “If a girl loses she has to take something off. If a guy loses, each girl can put something else on.”

“I have nothing to take off!” complained Sarah loudly.

“Okay, you can put on Cheryl’s dress.”

“Then can I put on the t-shirt?” I asked.

“Fine.”

“Then I have to put my bra back on or they’ll both be in violation.” Said Tiffany.

So the three girls stood. Tiffany pulled off her shirt, I lifted my skirt, and Sarah stood naked. Tiffany put her bra and shirt back on, I pulled on the t-shirt, and Sarah struggled to figure out the dress. When she finally got it on, she found, much to her dismay, that her boobs were too small to hold the dress up, and the left side drooped about an inch below her nipple, leaving it permanently exposed.

“So if I lose I’m naked, then?” asked Sarah sarcastically.

“You can pull the top down the first time, and then take it off if you lose twice.”

“Do the rules still count?” I asked. “If Tiffany loses, do we all lose?”

“Yeah! That’s not fair!” shouted Sarah.

There was silence for a moment.

“I can let the rules slip for the game, I guess, but we’ll only play for 1 hour.” Said Tiffany. It was 8:10, so we’d play until just after 9:00.

So we played. We ended up playing 5 games in the hour that we had. Sarah lost the first one, and played with the dress around her hips. I lost the second, and opted to remove the skirt, since we were sitting on the floor anyway. Mike lost the third, so I pulled the skirt back on and Sarah pulled the dress back up, trying again in vain to get it to stay above her left nipple.

Tiffany lost the fourth game and opted to remove her panties from under the skirt. She lost the fifth game as well, and removed her t-shirt, leaving her in her bra and skirt.

The game was over and I was still dressed. I never would have guessed it. Tiffany put her shirt back on, but declined to put her panties back on, saying it felt nice to be commando. Sarah immediately stood and dropped the dress to the floor, a move that confused me for a few moments. Suddenly I realized – I was supposed to be bottomless now that Tiffany wasn’t wearing panties. Sarah would therefore have to be naked. I was in violation.

“So you’re third again!!” shouted Sarah.

I stood up and pulled off my t-shirt and skirt, and Sarah quickly grabbed them. She almost put the skirt on, but instead just pulled on the t-shirt.

I put a leg up on the coffee table and spread my still-wet pussy for everyone to see. This was so humiliating.

“What do we want to do now?” asked Tiffany sweetly. “I could really torture you girls and decide to take off my bra, too!”

“Then what would I have to do?” I asked loudly.

“Well, Sarah would have to be naked, and you’d have to walk around masturbating all night.” Said Tiffany, laughing. “That would be funny, wouldn’t it?”

“Hilarious.” I said sarcastically.

“Show me your pussy, Tiffany.” Said Tom, winking at me.

Tiffany lifted her skirt immediately, showing her blonde bush. Sarah, lifted her shirt, showing her boobs. I put a leg on the table and spread my pussy.

“Now show me your tits!” said Mike.

Tiffany let go of her skirt, but was scolded by Tom. “I didn’t say you could stop showing me your pussy.”

She lifted her skirt again, and then used the other hand to lift her shirt and bra above her breasts. Sarah blushed furiously as she lifted her foot onto the coffee table, and I started to slowly caress my clit with my finger.

“You can’t make her do anything else!” I begged. “I can’t do more than masturbate!”

“You can drop your skirt.” Tom said to Tiffany.

“And your shirt.” Said Mike.

Sarah recovered and pulled her shirt back on. I put my leg down, feeling my moisture on my thighs.

“This is really a lot of fun!” giggled Tiffany.

“Oh, a real blast. Let’s put you in third position and see how you like it!” I retorted.

The guys ignored us. “So what is after masturbation?”

“Putting something in there?”

“Orgasm?”

“I guess either one would be.”

“So let’s see, Tiffany won’t take off her skirt, but if we get her to take off her shirt and bra and lift her skirt, that’s three more things. Sarah would have to take off her shirt, spread her pussy, and masturbate. Cheryl would have to spread her pussy, masturbate, and then either insert something or cum, right?”

“Technically taking the top completely off is one above flashing, so it would be 4 more things. Interrupted Tiffany.

I glared at her.

“So if Tiffany is topless and flashing her pussy, Sarah has to masturbate and either ?uck something or come… so what does Cheryl have to do?”

“Both?”

“Now just wait a minute!” I shouted. I had never put anything but a finger in there, and I wasn’t about to start running around Rob’s parents house looking for something that would fit.

“No, I agree with Cheryl… that might be going a bit too far. How about she just has to come twice?” said Tom, laughing.

“I guess that works.” Agreed Mike, Rick and Rob. I blushed furiously, and Sarah looked panic stricken. She had never masturbated in front of everyone before. She was already uncomfortable standing in just her t-shirt, her pussy exposed like that.

“Ooh, that does sound like fun. So what if I agree to just get naked?” asked Tiffany, obviously the most comfortable with her nudity.

“Then you’re doing it on your own.” I said. “Tom can already order me to masturbate for everyone, and I can make Sarah do whatever I want her to do, so we can just piss on the rules and if you’re just going to torture us you don’t have to play the naked games at all.”

“Well, piss on the rules. That’s an idea. How about Sarah lets us watch her pee and Cheryl pees for us and then masturbates a bit in return for Tiffany taking off her top?”

Everyone looked around, waiting for someone to agree.

“That sounds kinky. I’m in.” said Tiffany, pulling her t-shirt over her head and quickly unhooking her bra.

Sarah was blushing furiously has she pulled off her t-shirt and we all headed to the bathroom. She hovered over the toilet, everyone staring at her now-spread pussy as she concentrated and tried to pee. After a minute or two, she gave up. I took her place and very quickly was able to start peeing. When I finished and wiped, Sarah tried again, and after only about 15 seconds was able to start. She turned very bright red, but finished and wiped. We then went back to the family room, where I stood rubbing my clit.

So here we were, Tiffany wearing a short-short school-girl skirt, Sarah naked with her dark racing stripe pubic hair, and me naked and rubbing my bald pussy, the 4 guys fully dressed.

Tiffany excused herself to pee, and made me jealous when she closed the door. She came back and laughed that I was still rubbing myself. The moisture dripping from my pussy was very visible on my hand and thighs, and no one was shy about pointing it out. A combination of the stimulation, all of the nudity in the room, and the fact that I knew everyone was looking at my pussy pushed me over the edge. I squealed quietly and dropped to my knees. The orgasm lasted only 10 seconds or so, and wasn’t as intense as some, but it was an orgasm nonetheless. I had just come in front of all of my friends again. I felt myself blushing.

“Wow. Then I guess I owe this!” announced Tiffany, lifting her skirt and exposing her pussy to the room.

We all looked for a few moments, when she turned, her skirt still in the air, and said to Sarah, “You’re in violation. You should be spreading while I show my pussy.”

Sarah swore out loud, and turned red. She put a leg on the coffee table and spread her lips. As I stood I realized that I no longer had to masturbate. I was now in second position – Sarah was in third.

“You should be masturbating, girl. You’re in third position now.”

Tiffany laughed. Sarah looked like she was going to cry, but slowly started to stroke her clit.

“This is too much fun!” Announced Tiffany, and she tucked the front of her skirt into the waistband, leaving her pussy exposed and both hands free.

“Now am I supposed to do something else?” I asked.

“No, I’m showing my pussy because you peed and came for us. Now because I’m still showing it and Sarah’s in third position, she has to keep masturbating until she comes, too.”

“I have to come?! I don’t think I can!” Said Sarah, panic in her voice.

“Well, give it a good try. If you can’t come after a while, fake it.”

Everyone, Sarah included, had a good laugh, and Tom sent me to the kitchen to refill everyone’s sodas.

“Let’s play Jenga again.” Suggested Tiffany.

“Do I have to keep playing with myself, or are we going to bet again?” asked Sarah hopefully.

“Well, she would get pussy all over the Jenga pieces, and she’s right handed…” said Mike thoughtfully, closely watching his naked girlfriend stroking her clit. “Let’s hurry this along so we can play.”

He kissed her deeply, then turned her back to him and kissed her neck while rubbing his hands gently across her breasts and hard nipples. She had stopped masturbating, but he insisted she start once again. After about three minutes of this, all of us staring silently at them, she shuddered. Her knees fell together, and Mike had to hold her up. She groaned out loud, panting, and pressed her hand fiercely against her wet sex. The orgasm probably lasted 30 seconds or more, and when she finished, she opened her eyes with a mortified look on her face. Tiffany and I applauded, and soon Tom, Rick and Rob joined us. She and I went to the bathroom to wash our hands, and then came back to play Jenga.

“If the guys will agree to it, you guys don’t have to one-up me any more, and I’ll just take the skirt off. If they won’t agree, I’ll put it back right and you still do.” Offered Tiffany.

The guys quickly agreed, and Tiffany smiled as she pulled her skirt off. Now all three girls were totally naked.

We sat around the coffee table and started to play Jenga again. It was about 10:00 when we started playing. The games seemed to last longer this time, and by 11:00 we were in the middle of our 4th game.

Sarah noticed the time and announced “it’s been 4 hours. Your half day is collected.”

“Huh?” I was confused.

“I owed you half a day and it’s been 4 hours, so it’s paid. I don’t have to pay any more.”

“Not really.” Mike countered. You’ve had her on payment from like 9 in the morning ‘till midnight. That’s 15 hours. So half a day would be like 7 and a half hours. You’re on until 2:30.”

“Whose side are you on?!” she almost shouted.

“I’m on the side where there are a bunch of naked girls in the room.”

Everyone laughed at that. Sarah tried to argue, but was shot down at her every attempt. A day is 24 hours, so half a day is 12. Even if you sleep for 8 hours, the remaining part of a day is 16 hours, so half a day would be 8. No matter how she argued it, it wasn’t 4 hours.

“So you tried to cheat us out of seeing you naked for 3 more hours, so, I think you should be punished.” Said Mike. “Tiffany and Cheryl – you guys can put the skirts and shirts on while we play, but we’ll leave Sarah naked.”

Tom, Rick and Rob agreed to this, and Tiffany and I happily put on the skirts and shirts. Tom asked that I continue to wear the boots, which were starting to get hot.

We played a couple more games of Jenga, and then realized it was coming close to midnight.

“Everyone has to be naked for New Years!” Announced Tom loudly.

“Everyone?” I asked him, grabbing his hard dick through his jeans. “Cool!”

“Everyone with a pussy and tits.” He amended.

Tiffany and I quickly stripped out of our skirts and t-shirts, and Tom finally let me take off my boots. My legs were wet with sweat, so I ran down to Rob’s apartment bathroom to wash up. Tiffany followed.

“God, I want you.” She said once we were alone.

“I am so damned horny, and I want you, too!” I answered. “But I also want Tom, and I’m in love with him, and he doesn’t like me doing stuff with you.”

“I know. It sucks, doesn’t it?”

“I never said I didn’t like you doing stuff with her. Just not when I’m not there to watch!” came Tom’s voice from behind us.

I spun around, startled, to see Tom following quietly behind us.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” asked Tiffany coyly.

“Just what it sounds like. I figured I’d catch you two doing something down here, so I followed. I probably spoke up too soon, though.”

“Yeah, maybe.” Laughed Tiffany.

I continued toward the bathroom, where I sat on the edge of the tub and turned on the water to wash my legs. Tiffany followed and sat on the toilet to pee. Tom stood and watched us both.

“So Cheryl and I can make out and have fun with each other, but only if you get to watch?” Asked Tiffany, totally unconcerned that she was peeing in front of him.

“Sounds good to me.” He responded.

Tiffany finished peeing and took some toilet paper to wipe.

“But if you’re not around, it’s not okay?” she continued.

“Well, it’s kind of like cheating on me if I’m not around.”

“How is it different? It’s the same thing, but just you’re not around to watch. If we tell you about it before hand or afterward, you still know about it, but you just didn’t get to see it.”

“I guess seeing it makes it okay.” He said slowly.

Tiffany sat on the edge of the tub, her feet facing the room. I stopped washing my leg to look at her, to find out what she was doing. She put her arms around me and pulled me toward her, while she leaned toward me, and we kissed deeply, our bodies wrapped around each other.

“See, this is cool.” Said Tom quietly.

I reached down and caressed Tiffany’s breasts. She sighed into my open mouth, quickening her tongues caresses of my own tongue. She pulled one hand around to caress my breast, eliciting a similar moan from me. I had been aroused all night, and this was only pushing me closer to the edge.

“Very, very cool.” Said Tom.

Tiffany laughed at this, then grabbed my hand and pulled it down to her pussy, her legs already spread. She was just as wet as I knew that I was. I immediately started to caress her pussy, and her hips started to buck toward my hand. I continued the kiss, and inserted a finger, pushing the palm of my hand against her swollen clit. She cried out in surprise, and bucked her hips harder toward my hand. I curled my finger inside of her tight, wet pussy while rubbing my hand against her clit. It was so hard I could feel it against my skin. Within 2 minutes she broke the kiss, gasping, and came in and on my hand. Her pussy muscles were incredible, squeezing my finger as her hips bucked against my hand, driving her clit into my palm.

Her orgasm lasted over a minute. When she finished I was supporting most of her weight with my left arm, my right hand still buried in her soaking pussy, lingering muscle spasms still tightening around my finger. She was breathing hard with her eyes closed.

“That was awesome.” Said Tom simply.

This caused both Tiffany and I to start laughing. After a few moments we kissed again, and she jumped into the tub, sitting in the water and splashing it on her pussy to wash away the drying juices from her thighs and pubic hair. Tom stepped closer to watch, while I finished washing my legs.

I turned off the water, grabbed a towel and tried off my legs, and then Tiffany stood and dried her butt, pussy and legs off. I kissed Tom deeply as I passed him.

“Is that what Tiffany tastes like?” he quipped.

“I don’t know.” She replied. “Is it?”

And with that, she reached up and kissed him hard on the lips, forcing his mouth open and her tongue inside. I stood in shock for a moment, and he quite obviously didn’t try to kiss her back, being in shock himself. Maybe it was how horny I was, but watching her kiss him kind of turned me on.

“So, does she taste different than you thought?” I asked, laughing.

“Um… she… I don’t know.” He stammered. It was obvious he thought he was about to get in trouble – that the game had gone too far. I had to let him know that was not the case without coming right out and saying it. I wanted desperately to keep the game going.

“Kiss him again. And this time, kiss her back, for God’s sake. Don’t be rude.” I said, mock scolding to him. Then to her I said “He just doesn’t pay attention.”

Tiffany excitedly kissed him again, pressing her naked body hard against him, her tongue going deep in his mouth. He was still apprehensive, but this time kissed back, tentatively at first, then a bit harder.

When the kiss finally broke, I asked, “So, different?”

“Um, I guess.”

“Here.” I said, mocking frustration. I kissed him myself, as passionately and as hard as Tiffany had just done. When I broke the kiss, I asked again. “So, different taste?”

“Yeah.” He answered stupidly.

“Tiffany, come here.” I said, still mocking frustration.

She stepped toward me to kiss me, but I redirected her toward Tom, where I joined her. We both kissed each other at the same time as forcing our tongues into his mouth. The three of us entwined our tongues sloppily for a moment or two, then pulled away.

“So, different? Can you tell yet?” I asked, still mocking frustration. The bulge in his pants had neared the breaking point, after just having made out with two naked girls.

“Yes. Definitely different.” He said, still cautious.

“Now…” I started. I moved toward him and kissed him hard. “Okay, and…” I continued after the kiss. I then turned and kissed Tiffany the same way.

“Definitely different between you two. She’s much sweeter tasting. Cherry lip gloss, I think.”

“My turn!” said Tiffany excitedly. She first kissed Tom passionately, and this time he kissed back much more intensely, catching on that I was okay with this. When they broke their kiss she said” and now…” as she turned and kissed me again.

“Definitely different. I think you’re wearing strawberry.”

I laughed. “Raspberry.”

“Oh, shit! It’s almost midnight!” I said, and I grabbed Tiffany’s hand and led her back through Rob’s living area, laughing, and back up the stairs, leaving Tom standing behind frustrated and probably a bit confused.

As we ran through the kitchen I saw on the clock on the stove that we still had 6 minutes until midnight. The first thing I saw on entering the living room was my pussy filling the screen on the TV, Rob idly watching as the still-naked Sarah and Mike made out. Rick was watching Sarah and Mike, as Mikes hand made slow circles around her impressively large and erect nipple.

“Six minutes!” I cried giddily as Tiffany and I bounded naked into the room, still holding hands.

“Where were you guys, all having sex down there?” asked Rick jokingly.

“Not quite, we just made out.” I replied, giggling. Tiffany laughed out loud at that. It’s funny how giddy we had become, and how we really didn’t care any more about being naked.

Tom followed into the room shortly behind us, and Rick, Mike and Rob all just stared at him. He actually blushed! It was so adorable.

Rob opened a bottle of sparkling grape cider that we had bought for the New Years toast, and some of his parent’s champagne glasses. I know that some of you might think we’re just a bunch of nerds, and that we should have gotten a real bottle of champagne. A friend of ours tried to argue that one bottle split between the 7 of us would be like nothing, but 6 of us are athletes on school teams, and we’d all get kicked off of the teams if we were caught drinking anything – even if it was just half a glass of champagne on New Years Eve. Plus, we’re all in agreement about it, so there’s no peer pressure. Maybe when we’re 18 and in college.

Tom switched the TV to watch the countdown in Chicago, and we all waited excitedly for midnight.

10… 9… 8… 7… 6… 5… 4… 3… 2… 1… HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

Tom and I kissed and Mike and Sarah kissed while Tiffany, Rob and Rick drank their grape cider and shouted “happy new year!” Then I kissed Tiffany. Then Tiffany and I kissed Rob and Rick, and then all 3 naked girls kissed all 4 of the guys. I was a little jealous when Sarah kissed Tom, even though it was a simple peck on the lips kiss. Weird – Tiffany had her tongue in his mouth and it turned me on to watch.

I kissed Rick and Mike with a closed mouth, but felt mischievous and kissed Rob full on, with tongue, squeezing his butt with my hands as I pressed my naked body against him. I could feel how hard he was through his jeans. Tiffany followed my lead with him, but first grabbed his hands and put them both right on her boobs before kissing him and grabbing his butt. He was VERY red faced when she broke the kiss. Sarah kissed him like she did Tom and Rick; shyly with a quick closed mouth peck, like you’d kiss your auntie or something.

A few minutes later Rob suggested that we should get dressed again, not knowing when his parents would be home. Sarah jumped at the suggestion, but Mike made her keep her panties and bra off, allowing her to dress only in her jeans and t-shirt. Tiffany wanted to try on my outfit before dressing completely, so she pulled on my boots and then the dress. The effect was comical. She’s shorter than me, so the dress dragged about an inch and a half on the floor even with the boots, and because she has smaller boobs, the left side, which occasionally fell off of my nipple, would not stay up at all. The tie was slightly too loose on me, but noticeably more so on her, which meant that gravity pulled it a lot more than on me. This caused the slit to be more center than side, so that when she walked at all her pussy fluttered into view. She frolicked around the room a few times, pretending that she was wearing a full dress and that she just kept accidentally flashing people. She acted embarrassed, but would intentionally twist or pull the dress to expose more while trying to hide something. If she was trying to cover her boob, she would twist the dress to fully expose her pussy. She would hold this for a moment or two, then suddenly notice that her pussy was on display, and she would then violently pull the dress to cover her pussy, so that both boobs would be fully exposed. Then she would notice that, and throw her arms up in despair and pretend to run away, the result being that both her boobs and pussy would pop into view.

She was just about to dress fully when the Kanye West song that I had done my routine to, “Good Life”, came on the radio.

“Dance with me!” she shouted, pulling me, still naked, to my feet. We started dancing together, and I seductively rubbed up against her, pulling the tie undone as I did, and then pulling the dress off of her and tossing it to Tom. She was now 2 or 3 inches taller than me with the platforms and high heels of those boots, so she had to bend down a bit to kiss me. We continued dancing sensually with each other, rubbing against each other, running our hands over each others bodies, until the song ended.

Tiffany then pulled on her jeans and bebe t-shirt, while I gathered up the discarded sweaters and undergarments and brought them to Rob’s basement apartment where my clothes waited for me. I pulled on my jeans, but noticed that all I had was a sweater. At Tom’s instruction that night, I had worn only Jeans and a sweater, which was a bit bulky, long sleeved, and not at all revealing. Deciding that since Sarah and Tiffany were wearing only t-shirts, I would probably be required to do the same, so I called to Rob to come down.

“Do you have a t-shirt that I can borrow, so I don’t have to put on this bulky sweater?” I asked him.

“I’ll find something for you. Why don’t you go on upstairs like that, though? I think the guys will enjoy one more glimpse of boobs.”

I giggled and agreed, then offered “You probably enjoy it, too. I’ll stay with you, and we can go up together. You carry the t-shirt on up, and we’ll give everyone a last thrill.”

He went into his bedroom and I followed. He pulled out a couple of t-shirts that I held up to myself to test for size. They were all larger than he’d have liked, but he settled on a tighter Abercrombie shirt that was a few years old, and we went up.

“That’s a really nice look!” Tom commented as I walked into the room topless.

“Very nice.” Agreed the other guys.

“All I had was the sweater, so Rob’s loaning me a t-shirt to wear.” I said. “He insisted that I couldn’t put it on until I got upstairs, though.”

“Hey…” he started, but Tom cut him off.

“I think that ALL of you girls should all just keep all of your clothes handy, and if we hear the garage door go up you can put them on quickly.”

Sarah started to complain, but Tiffany quickly stripped off her t-shirt and jeans and folded them carefully, placing them on the table next to the couch, within easy reach. Rob handed her the t-shirt I was borrowing, I stripped off my jeans, and she placed them next to hers.

Sarah continued to complain. “Come on! We’ve been naked all night. Let’s give it a rest, for Christ’s sake!”

Mike finally let her off of the hook, and I didn’t want to kill the evening by arguing further, but Tiffany and I did get a last dig in before dropping it by saying that we’d play fair.

I ran over to the stereo and turned it way up, and Tiffany and I started dancing wildly. Soon most everyone else joined us. Rob ejected the DVD of me from the player, saying that he didn’t want to forget, and turned off the TV.

Tiffany and I danced non-stop until about 1:00. Everyone else split their time between dancing with us and sitting on the couch, watching us. We were both pretty sweaty and tired after all that exertion, so we decided to stop for a while. I refilled our sodas and we played Jenga for a while, Tiffany and I sitting cross legged on the floor, not caring that our pussies were lewdly spread. The others sat on the couch and chairs facing us. Sarah started to doze, and opted out of the second game. By the end of the third game, she was asleep. Rick was next to start to doze, so we decided to call it a night. It was around 2:30.

Tiffany and I helped Rob tidy up and put all of the glasses in the sink and put the game away. The sleeping arrangements were that Tom and I would sleep in Rob’s bed, Mike and Sarah in the guest bedroom, Rob would sleep in his parents’ bed, Rick would take the couch in the basement apartment, and Tiffany would take the couch in the upstairs living room where we had been partying.

Mike and Sarah grabbed their overnight bags and went upstairs. Rick slumped down the stairs and crashed on the couch while Tiffany, Rob, Tom and I continued to tidy. Rob grabbed a couple of spare blankets and set one on the couch for Tiffany, and then we all, Tiffany and I still naked, went down to Rob’s apartment. Rick was already sound asleep on the couch, and Tiffany covered him up. I handed the t-shirt back to Rob, and he returned it to his drawer, still clean and unworn. Tiffany tucked her clothes into her overnight bag, and the two of us headed to the bathroom to pee and brush our teeth.

Rob waited and watched the two of us while making small talk. It was obvious that he just wanted to continue being around the two naked girls, and we didn’t care. It was kind of flattering. When I finished brushing my teeth, I sat to pee, leaving the door open. Tiffany giggled and followed my example, sitting to pee without concern for her modesty. I stayed in the bathroom, leaning against the wall opposite Tiffany with my legs spread about shoulder width on the pretense of talking with her and Rob. The bulge in his pants was comical. Tiffany finished and we all went into the bedroom, where Tom had already changed for bed. He was wearing cotton blue and white striped pajama pants and a white t-shirt, and looked so incredibly hot. He excused himself and went into the bathroom and closed the door. Tiffany and I sat together on the bed as Rob hung out to keep talking (and looking at us, I’m sure).

Tom finished peeing and brushing his teeth, and came back into the bedroom and sat on the bed.

“Well, let’s get upstairs and I’ll make sure you’re okay on the couch” Rob offered to Tiffany.

“I think I’m going to stay up for a while and hang out with Cheryl and Tom.” She responded, rising and giving him a hug goodnight. “You go on up to bed, and I’ll see you in the morning.” She made it clear with her body language that she expected him to leave. He took the hint, said goodnight to us all (getting a hug from me in the process) and headed upstairs, presumably to bed.

Tiffany got up, closed the door and locked it before returning to the bed.

Without words we all fell into a mesh of bodies. I pulled Tom’s shirt off, and Tiffany and I took turns kissing and caressing his chest while the other kissed his mouth, neck and face. Tom’s hands, meanwhile had found their way to our boobs, and I was getting so incredibly turned on.

Tiffany pulled away slightly, panting, and cleared her throat slightly, blushing.

“I’m… I don’t… I just want to…” She couldn’t seem to speak.

“What? Is everything okay?” I asked, concerned, sitting up and putting my arm around her.

“I’m a virgin.” She said quietly, and a tear trickled down her cheek.

Tom laughed. “It’s no big deal. We both were a couple of months ago.”

“I know!” she said, crying a little harder now. “I just don’t want to… I’m not ready yet to…”

“Oh my God, Tiffany!” Tom and I both said in unison, Tom now sitting up to hug her, too. “You don’t have to feel that way! We’re not going to do anything you don’t want to do. Ever. You hear me?” he said, wiping tears from her face as I held her hand.

She blushed slightly, and a laugh escaped her. “I’m just scared.”

“Don’t be scared.” I said. “We don’t have to do anything at all, and no one will care.”

She hugged me, and I kissed her forehead. Tom hugged both of us. Eventually we all laid down on the bed, Tiffany on Tom’s left side, and me on his right, both snuggled up against him, still on the top of the covers. We were both lazily stroking his chest and stomach as he ran his hands over our backs and through our hair. Tiffany kissed his chest lightly, then pulled herself up a bit, planting more kisses around his chest and stomach, then moving over and kissing me.

I kissed her back, and before long we were making out, kneeling on either side of Tom, forming a big letter “A”. Tom was watching, running his hands along our hips and butts. My hands strayed to Tiffany’s chest to find her nipples erect, and judging by her gasp when I lightly pinched one, very sensitive. She returned the favor, and began caressing my breasts. The thought that Tom was lying there, watching us, was really turning me on a lot. I turned my body slightly toward him so that he would have a better view of both of us. He continued slowly and lightly caressing our butts and hips with his fingertips as Tiffany and I became more and more engrossed in each other.

Tiffany finally broke the kiss and dove down on Tom, kissing him deeply and playfully. I crawled behind her, and began stroking her pussy with my right hand while my left hand found its way into Tom’s pajama pants to find his already hard dick waiting. Tiffany was moaning into Tom’s mouth, and Tom let out a soft moan of his own. I could feel my juices starting to flow.

Tiffany broke the kiss with Tom to arch her back and moan out loud. Tom took the opportunity to peek at what I was doing, and then roll her over on her back. I was so horny, I wanted to try, so I bent down and tentatively licked her pussy. It didn’t taste bad, and didn’t feel as weird as I thought I would, so I started licking and kissing all around, teasing around her clit. Tom alternated between kissing her mouth, her breasts, and just watching me. Not 5 minutes later, Tiffany was virtually screaming out in orgasm.

Once it had subsided, I quickly tore Tom’s pajama pants down and off, and Tiffany’s eyes popped wide as she finally saw him naked, his extremely hard cock pulsing with his heartbeat. I jumped off of the bed to his overnight bag, and a few moments later found a condom. I tore open the package and roughly rolled it onto his cock, then climbed on and allowed him to slide into me. I was so turned on and wet that I took him all in immediately. Tiffany watched wide-eyed as I started to ride up and down on him, my hands behind me, resting on his knees to give me leverage. She got on her knees and kissed me, licking her juices off of my face, and allowed her hands to caress my bouncing breasts as I ?ucked Tom harder and harder. Tiffany then turned and knelt next to Tom, kissing him.

“Lick my pussy juice off of my face. Taste me.” She whispered as he obliged. God, this was erotic. I noticed that Tiffany had started masturbating while she was kissing Tom. I pulled her gently toward me, and I guided her up into a similar position to me. I reached over and started to masturbate her pussy, rubbing gently on her clit. She got the idea and reached over and started to gently flick my clit as Tom’s cock pummeled in and out of my hole just below. We were now positioned so that Tom could watch us masturbate each other, could see our entire naked bodies, and could watch his cock ?ucking my pussy. Just thinking about what we were showing him was bringing my orgasm closer and closer.

Tiffany felt me tensing up with my impending orgasm, and started to caress Tom’s balls instead, leaving me hanging on the edge, inching ever closer from the ?ucking Tom was giving me, but slightly slowing the unstoppable approaching freight train that was my orgasm. She started to pant and moan more, and I could tell she was getting closer. I forced myself to look at her, seeing that her eyes were fixed on my pussy, Tom’s hard cock slamming in and out as he bucked his hips and I rode up and down on him. I felt her start to tense just as she resumed stroking my engorged clit, the result that we both started coming – really hard – at almost the same instant. I could feel my pussy convulsing around Tom’s cock, and that, combined with the site of the two of us coming, pushing him over the edge. I felt him start to come inside of me, felt his cock twitching, and my orgasm intensified. Maybe it was another orgasm starting before the first had ended, I don’t know. Tiffany moaned out loud as her orgasm intensified, her hips thrusting against my hand, which had stopped its ministrations on her clit of its own accord as the orgasm that was wracking my body seemed to disconnect control of my body from my brain.

I came forever. Tiffany stopped before I did. Tom stopped before either of us, and I felt his cock stop its spasms inside me. When I finally finished coming, I slumped onto Tom, exhausted. Tiffany laid next to us, rubbing her hand across my back. Tom’s cock slipped out of me, and after a few moments I rolled off of him. He pulled the condom off and wrapped it in a Kleenex from the box on the night stand next to the bed. Tiffany was still enthralled with his penis, and knelt down to lick it before he could wipe the rest of the cum off of it. She then put his entire, now soft and smaller, penis into her mouth and licked it clean of his cum and my juices. I kissed his lips softly, then scooted down and joined her at his hardening dick.

“Can’t keep a good man down, can you?” I joked.

Tiffany laughed as she watched him rise to full erection again, gently teasing him with her fingers and tongue. She then asked me to kiss her, and pushed his cock in-between our mouths, so that our lips and tongues circled the shaft in order to meet each other.

“I only brought one rubber with me.” He said, sounding concerned.

“Then I guess you can’t ?uck either of us. We’ll just have to keep this up!” I said, teasing his balls with my fingertips.

Tiffany and I continued our tandem blow job as he laid back, very likely unbelieving his good fortune. It took a while, this being his second time in only a few minutes, but after about 15 minutes he finally tensed, and Tiffany shouted “I want to watch it!”

We stopped sucking and both stroked him, our hands pumping up and down on his saliva-slicked shaft, and moments later he shot his load onto his stomach and chest as Tiffany and I looked on. Tiffany then licked a large glob of it off of his stomach.

“Tastes better with pussy juice as a mixer.” She joked. I pushed two fingers into my pussy, then scooped up another glob and offered her my fingers. She laughed and sucked them clean.

Tom got up and cleaned himself off with Kleenex, then put his pajama pants back on to go into the bathroom in the hallway. Tiffany and I confirmed with each other that we were horny again, and started making out again. We fell to the bed and quickly our hands found the others wet pussy and clit. Tom left the bathroom, and stood by the door, watching Tiffany and I writhing on the bed, pushing each other closer to another orgasm.

“I want to watch you both do it.” He said quietly.

“Huh?” said Tiffany, breaking a passionate kiss.

“I want to watch you both masturbate.” He said.

Tiffany rolled off of me, and immediately we each started to rub our own clits and pussies, Tom standing in the open doorway watching us. I kept looking back and forth between Tiffany’s pussy, her face, and Tom. I tried to delay my orgasm, but in almost no time I was coming. My moans seemed to push Tiffany over the top. My eyes were locked on hers as she started to come, throwing her head back as she did. I looked down to watch her fingers on her clit, still lazily stroking my own. Tom had moved into the room, and was sitting now at the foot of the bed, watching us from only a couple of feet away.

“God, look at her pussy spasm!” he said out loud.

“I know. You should feel it on your finger.” I replied, remembering how strong her pussy muscles were, and how they had squeezed my finger.

“Shut… up… you… guys… I’m… trying… to… come… over… here.” Tiffany panted.

Tom and I laughed, and Tom leaned forward, inserting a finger into Tiffany’s still spasming pussy. This seemed to start another orgasm, and it appeared just as powerful as the previous one. She bucked her hips against Tom’s finger and pushed her fingers against her clit again, riding another wave.

“Holy shit! That could break my finger!” Tom said.

I laughed out loud at that. Tiffany tried to as well, but it came out as a squeal followed by a cough, since she was still in the middle of her orgasm.

When she finally finished, we all decided it was finally time for bed. Tiffany and I got up and washed our hands and peed one last time, then climbed under the covers with Tom. He was wearing his pajama bottoms again, but we didn’t want to get dressed, so we didn’t. I laid on Tom’s right side, Tiffany on his left. We all kissed each other good night, and I was asleep within minutes.

The next morning Rob came down to wake us up. He was rather surprised to walk into his room to see Tiffany and I in bed with Tom. Tom got out of bed in his pajama bottoms and went to pee, and when he pulled back the covers Rob got another shock when he saw that Tiffany and I were both naked.

“What the hell happened in here last night?” He asked, sounding a mixture of impressed and jealous.

“Tiffany is our new girlfriend,” I replied. “Tom and I are dating her now.”

Tiffany laughed at this, as did Tom from the closed bathroom door. I leaned over and gave Tiffany a quick kiss on one of her nipples, and jumped out of bed.

“I gotta pee! Hurry up in there!” I called, knocking lightly on the bathroom door.

Tom opened the door and grabbed me in a big hug. “I love you when you’re naked.” He said.

“Not when I’m dressed?” I pouted jokingly.

“Not as much, no.” He teased.

I slapped his butt as I ran past him into the bathroom to pee. Tiffany got up and Tom gave her a quick kiss, grabbing her butt as she passed him and joined me in the bathroom.

“Hurry! All this peeing is making me have to pee!” she said.

I finished peeing and she sat and started going even before the toilet was done flushing. Rob stood and watched in awe and wonder, trying to decide what really happened.

“Mind if I take a shower?” Tiffany asked from her seat on the toilet.

“Um… no. You know where the towels are.” Replied Rob, still in a bit of shock.

“Are your parent’s home yet?” I asked.

“It’s noon. They got home around 3:30.” He replied.

“Okay.” I said. “I’m going to shower, too.”

“Huh?”

Tiffany finished peeing, flushed, and jumped toward the bathtub. She turned on the water and climbed in. I joined her, and kissed her deeply before reaching back, closing the shower curtain and flipping the valve to turn on the shower head.

“You guys had better get upstairs to your parents don’t think we’re showering together.” I teased.

Tiffany and I washed each others hair and bodies, but nothing really sexual happened. It was nice feeling that close to her, and nice that there didn’t seem to be any weirdness from the night before. We dried off and took turns at the sink brushing our teeth and putting on our makeup, which was minimal. A little mascara, some eye liner, and lip gloss. I pulled my jeans and sweater on as Tiffany looked on.

“No underwear for you?” she asked, holding her panties in her hand.

“Tom wouldn’t let me wear any last night, and I didn’t think to bring any for today.” I replied simply.

“In that case…” she said, tossing her panties back into her bag. She pulled on her jeans, a clean t-shirt from her bag, and a sweat shirt.

“I’m going to be horny all day, knowing that you’re naked under there.” I quipped.

“You’re a horny little minx, aren’t you?” she teased.

“Only for you and Tom.” I replied.

“Mmmm. That’s the perfect answer.” She replied, and she came to me and kissed me.

We then headed out into the living area of Rob’s apartment where Tom and Rick were sitting, playing video games on Rob’s TV.

“Where are Mike, Sarah and Rob?” I asked.

“They’re upstairs having some food, I think.” Replied Tom.

“Did you already eat?” I asked.

“While you were showering.” He replied.

“I’m starving.” Said Tiffany, and we headed upstairs.

About 3:00 in the afternoon we said our goodbye’s to Tiffany, Rob and Rob’s parents, and Tom drove us all home. Rick, Sarah and Mike all wanted details about what Tom, Tiffany and I had done last night, but we were fairly mum on the subject, telling them only that we experimented a bit. Rob had told everyone how he’d found us all in the morning when he woke us up, and they had all been dying to ask us about it.

When we got home, Sarah came over to my house, and she pumped me for all of the details, which I gave her with instructions not to tell Mike or Rick. “If Tom wants them to know, he’ll tell them himself.” I said. She promised not to tell, but I’m guessing she never planned on keeping it a secret from Mike.

Sarah had trouble understanding how I could let Tiffany and Tom make out and stuff and not be jealous, and I tried to explain it, but I didn’t fully understand it myself. She was better about it than I thought she’d be as a whole, but she was worried that I wouldn’t be her best friend any more, that I was replacing her with Tiffany. I assured her that was not the case, and then joked that she just needed to have sex with me a few times a month to keep her “best friend” title. She hit me.

We had the rest of the week off of school, and Tom and I spent at least part of each day at Tiffany’s. Her parents were at work, so we spent a lot of time having sex together, but Tiffany remained a virgin. Tom fingered her, and we even broke him in on eating pussy (he’s really good at it, too!), but Tiffany still didn’t want to actually have sex with him. We did everything else, though!

During that week we decided how things would work. Basically, we would all be able to date the other two. Tiffany and I could go out together, hang out, whatever, and if the opportunity presented itself, we could make out or even have sex together. Tom and I, same thing, and pretty much the same thing for Tiffany and Tom, with the understanding that she still didn’t want to actually have sex. If the two of them were alone, it would be limited to blow jobs and hand jobs, and fingering and pussy licking for them. We all agreed that we didn’t feel weird about it, and that the jealousy factor wasn’t a big deal.

In the evenings that week I hung out with Sarah, and sometimes Mike and Tom were there, other times they weren’t. I also took a few hours every night to write about everything. It’s kind of cathartic, like having an online blog, but anonymously. I can write it all down, and post it on the web, and read all of the comments about it, but no one knows who I am. I let Tiffany and Tom know that I wrote it, and Tiffany has read it all. Tom says he will.

That’s all for now! Back to school next week, and swim practice and homework, and having to hide the fact that I’m dating Tom and Tiffany.

As more happens I’ll likely write about it. Be on the lookout!

-- Cheryl

Hi, everyone! This is Tom – you’ve read about me in the stuff that Cheryl wrote. She let Tiffany and me read what she’s been writing and posting online. I can’t believe what a good writer she is. I’ve always known she’s smart and a good student who gets good grades, but it’s surprising to see how well she tells the story.

She’s told it as accurately as possible for what she’s doing, too. Most of the conversations are paraphrased, of course, relating the important concepts of the discussion without necessarily getting every single word correct, but it’s still uncanny how well she’s captured the mood and retold the story. It’s also fun to see what she’s been thinking.

I decided to write the introduction to the next chapter in our story, and she’s going to let Tiffany and I read it before submitting it. She’s more of a bystander for most of this, but I think she will tell the story well.

It starts with Tiffany making a request. She wanted a copy of the DVD that Rob had made for us of Cheryl. Cheryl and I decided that we wanted a video of her, and that’s where the story starts.

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Hey! It’s Cheryl now. Like Tom said, Tiffany asked for a copy of the DVD that Rob had made of me. I agreed at first, but Tom suggested that we needed one of her. I thought that sounded cool, since I have a TV and DVD player in my room.

Rob got a Sony HD Camcorder for Christmas, so we asked him to film it again so that we could have a HD recording. We agreed to go over to his house on Friday, January 18.

“There’s a small problem.” Pointed out Rob while we were finalizing the plans. “Last time I used, what was it, 4, 5 cameras? If you guys want this in HD, I can only use the new one, so we can’t do everything from multiple angles like we did.”

“What if you film everything twice or three times? You could set the camera on the first tripod, film it, then move the camera and film it again, and then do it with the handheld camera.” Tom suggested.

“I suppose that could work, but it would be a long night of filming.”

“Yeah, it would take 3 times as long as it took with me.” I pointed out.

“And I’d be totally on display for all night!” pouted Tiffany.

“So there’s an upside to this!” I joked.

“Well, it could work if we keep everything to a minimum and if Tiffany can do some sort of routine so it’s almost the same every time.” Said Rob, apparently thinking through the logistics.

“Routine?” laughed Tiffany. “Cheryl and I can choreograph something.”

Over the next week after school Tiffany and I worked on a sexy dance that she could do for the video. “It’s going to be really weird.” She confessed on Thursday night, standing naked in my bedroom, having just gone through it again flawlessly. “It’s just going to be you, me and Rob. It’s going to be weird being naked in front of Rob when I’m the only one, and no one else is there.”

“I had to do it, if you recall.” I said, gloating that it wasn’t to be me this time. “Besides, he’s seen you naked a lot. Even before we all started playing these games.”

“But that was different. He was usually forced to get naked, too, and he was always really embarrassed to be naked. It was short. A couple of minutes tops.”

“He’s seen you naked for hours on end, though, like at New Years.”

“Yeah, but all of the girls were naked, and there were a whole bunch of people. It’s different. This is just more… intimate, I guess.”

“Yeah, it was a little tougher when I had to be filmed. Plus the damned camera. But you know you like it.”

“I like it, but I dread it, too. I don’t know. When it’s happening I guess it’s not so bad, but leading up to it I just don’t want to do it at all!”

Friday, Tiffany and Rob drove to school together in Rob’s mom’s car that he sometimes gets to use. After school was over, he drove the three of us back to his house. Tom had a Saturday basketball game, and would be at practice for a few hours Friday night.

We got there and talked to Rob’s parents for a few minutes, then went downstairs to work on our “group project”, which was the reason that Rob had given them for our coming over that night. Rob had already moved the furniture out of the corner of the room, and had set up the white sheet and the lights. We tried a couple of quick shots of Tiffany, still in her school clothes, and there were a lot more shadows than there had been when he filmed me. Rob said that the HD camera was more sensitive and picked up more detail. He went to the garage and came back with more of his dad’s work lights, which he set up on the floor, shining upwards. He quickly shot another minute of Tiffany dancing around, and after a couple of small adjustments, he had eliminated almost all of the shadows. The only problem was that now it was getting really warm in that corner from all of the lights.

Rob plugged his camera into his HD TV, and Tiffany groaned at the quality of the picture. It really was high definition, and looked like real life. We laughed at her renewed nervousness as Rob explained how we were going to film this time around.

We had choreographed a dance routine to a Justin Timberlake song - Love Stoned – which has a little bit more of a club beat to it, and is a longer song. There’s an interlude right at about 5 minutes, and the choreography has her naked right at that point. The song slows down there and becomes more erotic, so the last 2½ minutes of the song she dances naked.

We plugged my iPod into Rob’s computer while he set the camera on the first tripod. Tiffany went into the bathroom to change into her stripping outfit, which I had helped her pick out earlier in the week. She came out looking incredibly hot in my short school-girl skirt, a tight white button-down shirt and my knee high boots. She had tied the shirt tails in a knot just above her naval, and had buttoned only a single button, just above this knot. I knew that she was also wearing her black thong, and it was evident, although not obvious, that she was not wearing a bra. We had tried on my super-small black thong, but it didn’t look right with her pubic hair, even as sparse as it is.

We started the song and Tiffany did the entire 7½ minute dance without taking anything off. Rob moved the camera to the second tripod and she did it again. Then he took the camera as a handheld and she did the entire 7½ minute song a third time.

She was starting to sweat because of the hot lights, so Rob turned them off and she sat down to cool off. Rob plugged his camera into the TV and we watched the first dance, and it really looked good on the HD screen.

She regretted the song that we had picked. She had been thinking about performing a strip dance to the song, and the 7½ minute song length had not seemed all that extreme. Now that she was realizing that she would be dancing it 9 more times (three without the shirt, three without the skirt, and three without the panties), she was wishing it was a short 3 minute song.

Rob turned all of the lights on again, and she did her dance again, pulling her shirt off and tossing it to me, and then dancing for about 30 seconds. Then I would toss her shirt back, she would put it back on while Rob moved the camera, and she would do it again. We got 4 different shots of the shirt coming off, and then started the song over, having her do the entire dance topless, the camera on each tripod, then as a handheld. She was shiny with sweat by the end of the last dance, so we took another break.

I grabbed a towel from Rob’s bathroom and gently toweled her off while Rob plugged the camera into the TV again and she removed her boots because her feet were hot in them. The last topless dance, when Rob was holding the camera and moving around, showed just how sweaty she had been. He then jumped to the topless dance from the second tripod, and she looked perfectly dry.

“It’s going to be a problem in trying to cut this together.” He said. “You’re going to look normal, then sweaty, then normal again. It won’t mesh well.”

“So what do we do about it?” she asked.

“I think we have to wait for you to stop sweating, then redo the last one, and then stop before you get too sweaty as we go. Take more breaks.”

“Great.” She said, pouting a bit. I had denied her the shirt, so she had been topless while we watched her dancing topless and talked.

After about 5 minutes we confirmed that the area had cooled down, and she was not sweating any more, so she pulled the boots back on and Rob re-shot the final dance. He then had her remove the skirt a few times, just as we had done with the top. After 5 different angles of the skirt coming off, he turned off the lights again, allowing her to cool down in just her thong. She was just starting to perspire, so we figured that 2 songs was about the maximum length we could go.

Another 10 minutes or so of the three of us talking while Tiffany and the corner of the room cooled down, Tiffany in just her thong, and it was time to go again. Rob got the camera set up, and Tiffany put her boots back on and took her place before Rob turned the lights on again. I hit play on the iPod and the music started, and Tiffany did her full dance in just her thong and the boots. Then Rob moved the camera to the second tripod and I started the song over, and we watched Tiffany do her dance once more.

She was again just starting to perspire, so we turned the lights off, Tiffany took her boots off, and we took another 10 minute break, leaving Tiffany in nothing but a thong. It was a lot of fun being the dressed one for a change!

We turned the lights on and Tiffany did her final dance in her thong while Rob held the camera, walking around her and filming more close up. Then, while he was still holding the camera, we had her remove the thong, kicking or tossing it to me each time. I would toss it back after about 10 seconds, and she’d quickly pull it back on. She did this 6 times during the 7½ minute song, leaving her in just the boots at the end.

“It’s been 2 songs. Break time!” I announced happily, knowing that now she’d be sitting with us totally naked, after removing her boots. This seemed to enter her mind as I said it, because she suddenly blushed, but remained silent as she walked to the couch while Rob turned off the lights.

Rob turned toward us and stopped for a moment. I don’t think he had really thought ahead, either, about the fact that Tiffany was going to be just sitting there naked. I was loving it!

While we were talking I suddenly realized how late it was getting. Rob had filmed Tiffany dancing to the song 15 times already, and we had taken breaks, and time had flown by. It was almost 7:00!

“I’m starving!” I announced.

“I’m hungry, too!” confirmed Tiffany.

“You guys want to go out for something to eat, or order in?” asked Rob, still eyeing Tiffany.

“Let’s go out!” suggested Tiffany.

“You’re not quite dressed for going to a restaurant!” I joked. She slapped me on the arm.

“We can run to McD’s if you want, or something.” Offered Rob.

We agreed, and I let Tiffany put on her jeans and the white button down shirt. I did let her button it correctly, but didn’t let her put on panties or her bra. I was having too much fun with this!

We piled into Rob’s mom’s car and drove up the road to McDonald’s, and decided to eat there. We’d been there about 10 minutes when my cell phone rang. It was Tom.

“Where are you guys?”

“We’re at McDonald’s having dinner. Why?”

“I’m stuck here talking to Rob’s parents is why.” He whispered.

“What?”

“Basketball practice ended at 6:00. I took a shower, stopped at Burger King and came straight over. You guys aren’t here.”

Crap.

We quickly grabbed up our drinks, tossed the remainder of our dinner, and jumped in the car. We were back at his house in less than 10 minutes.

We went inside and apologized, laughing about the mistake with Rob’s parents, then made our way back downstairs.

“So how’s it coming?” asked Tom, grinning finally.

“You have perfect timing.” I said, laughing. “She’s got to do her last dance – the one where she’s naked – 3 more times.”

“3 times? Why 3 times?”

Rob explained about the camera angles, and the fact that he had only 1 HD camera.

“So let’s go, then!” insisted Tom.

Tiffany stripped off her shirt and jeans, and slipped her bare feet into the boots once again. Tom gave her a hug and a big kiss, then slapped her bare butt as she took her place on the “stage” once again. Rob placed the camera and started recording, then turned on the lights and I started the music.

Tiffany finished her dance, Rob moved the camera to the second tripod, and she started it again.

“Are you sweaty yet?” I asked after she’d finished the second dance.

“Not really. Let’s just go!” she insisted.

“Huh?” asked Tom.

I explained about the heat from the extra lights, and how she was getting to sweaty after too many dances. Tom laughed out loud, and asked what she was wearing for each break. I grinned widely as I told him.

“She was still fully dressed for the 1st break, then topless for the 2nd one, then in just her thong for the 3rd one. We were taking the 4th break and she was naked, and we decided to go to dinner.”

“So you owe everyone a naked break!” he exclaimed.

Rob turned off the lights, and Tiffany came over by us, slipping off the boots. Tom invited Rob to sit on the couch with me in the middle, leaving no place for Tiffany to sit.

“You look better just standing there, anyway!” Tom said happily.

After a few minutes we decided to film the last dance. Tiffany put the boots back on again, Rob turned on the lights and picked up the camera, I started the music, and then Tom and I sat on the couch together, snuggling, while watching our girlfriend dance naked for us again. It was really a surreal moment, and very erotic when I thought about it.

The song finally ended, and Tom stood quickly.

“Rather than giving the anatomy lesson like Cheryl did, I wanted a video of you masturbating.” He told her.

I jumped up and clapped my hands. “I love it!”

Rob and Tiffany both blushed. Rob quickly diverted his eyes from Tiffany and set himself to working with his camera. Tiffany looked more nervous than I had seen her.

“I’m glad you’re so excited about it!” Tom said to me, smiling his wicked little smile that tells me I’m in trouble. “You’re going to be her fluff girl.”

I had never heard the term before. “Fluff girl?”

“In porn movies they have a girl whose job is to get the guys hard before their scenes. They call them fluff girls. So your job is to get Tiffany all hot and bothered before her scene.”

I was not quite as excited as I had been. “What do you mean?”

“You and Tiffany just make out, and you get her all worked up. When she’s ready, you leave and she takes matters into her own hands, so to speak.” He laughed at his own joke.

I looked at Tiffany for help, but she was coming to grips with it. She knew she’d end up doing it anyway, and she could either enjoy it, or cause problems. It was the same logic that I always used when I talked myself into doing the things that I had done, so I recognized it on her face immediately. I resigned myself.

Tom pulled me to him and kissed me, and then quickly pulled my shirt up and over my head. Tiffany ran up and deftly unhooked my bra, which Tom grabbed and pulled off of me. Neither of them made any move to remove my pants, so I counted my blessings.

Tiffany and I went over to the stage area, and with the lights still off over there laid down on the floor and started making out. After a couple of minutes we were caressing each others breasts, kissing deeply, kissing each others necks, and getting into it. I pushed her onto her back and traced my fingers lightly down the front of her body, past her navel, lightly raking my finger nails through her sparse pubic hair, each of our tongues slowly caressing the others. When I finally brought my fingers between her parted legs, I found her very wet, waiting for me. She moaned lightly into my mouth, pulling away to catch a deep breath. I lightly dragged my finger up and down her soaking sex, teasing her clit but avoiding direct contact. I could feel myself getting wet in my pants, and wished I could take them off.

After about a minute I felt Tom’s hand on my shoulder, and the lights all turned on. Tom pulled me away from Tiffany as Rob settled between her legs with the camera. She quickly replaced my fingers with her own, never opening her eyes for fear that she would chicken out if she could see everyone watching her.

She started as slowly as I had been going, but quickly intensified her pace. Rob, meanwhile, laid perfectly still, his new HD camera just over a foot from her pussy as she continued to masturbate. Soon her hips were slowly rocking, matching the rhythm of her fingers as they stroked from the clit down, dipping shallowly into her spreading pussy, and back up.

It took a while. I’d guess 5 or 6 minutes, but she started to come. Even kneeling on the floor behind Rob, Tom’s arm around my shoulder and absently flicking and caressing my nipple, I was able to see her powerful pussy muscles contracting. I’ve written before about how strong her contractions are, and from this vantage point I could actually see what I had previously only felt. She was moaning and thrusting her hips, and her orgasm lasted close to a full minute. It was so erotic, and I was so incredibly turned on watching it. I reached down and confirmed that Tom was hard as a rock in his pants.

Tom then had me walk around with the camera and film her from multiple angles while she continued to masturbate so that Rob would have other footage to cut in. I did this topless, and it was turning me on that they were looking at me.

Tiffany came again after about 10 minutes. I was filming from above, and turned the camera so that in the wide-screen lens I was capturing her from her face to just above her knees. Her face was so incredibly erotic as she came, her eyes closed, her head tilted back, her mouth open, breathing shallow and peppered with moans, squeaks and groaning noises.

Tom announced himself satisfied with the filming, and I knelt and hugged Tiffany, who was blushing again now that she had opened her eyes. Tom wanted to see some of the film, so Rob once again plugged the camera into his HD TV. Tiffany still naked, and I still topless, watched with Rob and Tom. We watched Tiffany take her panties off several times, me tossing them back to her about 15 seconds after she took them off each time. We watched her take her shirt off. Tom didn’t know about her outfit, and was very excited by it.

“I love the skirt with those boots, and that shirt is perfect! I love that you didn’t wear a bra!” He hugged and kissed her. I was so horny, I so wanted someone to touch me. I was jealous. After they hugged I pulled her to me, wanting to feel her naked, hot skin on mine.

Then we watched her masturbating.

“Oh my God! I can’t believe you were filming that close up! Oh my God!” exclaimed Tiffany as her wet, spread pussy filled the wide-screen TV in front of us, her fingers slowly caressing her pussy and clit.

When she came on screen, she blushed and looked away, but quickly returned her gaze to the screen.

“God! Look at my pussy pulsing like that. You can see my butthole pulsing, too! Oh, God, turn it off, please.” She begged, still staring at the screen along with the rest of us.

“Little pulsating pooper!” said Tom, laughing.

She slapped his arm, pretty hard. He laughed again.

I was spending the night at Tiffany’s house, and I was in a hurry to get there. I was still very horny, and so wanted to have sex with her. Tom wanted to torture me.

“I don’t get to have sex tonight, I’m going to make you wait. I don’t have to be home until midnight, and I think that’s Tiffany’s curfew, too. Let’s hang out and see how Rob makes the video from all of the different clips!”

Tiffany and I both groaned, but for different reasons. I was horny and wanted to go have sex. She didn’t want to look at more video of herself naked.

After Tiffany had cleaned up a bit, Tom allowed her to put on her jeans, but insisted that we both remain topless for the rest of the night.

“I would make you both get naked, but then you wouldn’t be able to control yourselves and I’d get all jealous.” He joked.

Rob spent about ½ hour copying all of the individual files from his camera to his computer, and then showed us how he can splice together little bits from each full video file. It was really pretty interesting to see, like watching a real movie being edited together, except that it was like watching a porn movie being edited, because Tom had him start with the masturbation scene, which served to keep me just as excited as I had been.

When it was finally time for us to get ready to leave, Tom had each of us give Rob a hug, still topless, and had Tiffany thank him for being nice enough to help make her video. I thought it was kind of funny, and Tiffany was blushing furiously as she said it.

We put our shirts on, kissed Tom goodbye in the garage, and watched him drive away. It was still really cold outside, and we were in no hurry to make the walk to Tiffany’s house, even though it was only 4 houses away.

“No jacking off while you’re editing my video!” Chided Tiffany, shaking a finger at Rob.

“Perk of the job.” He said, trying to be cool but blushing all the same.

“Did you jerk off when you were making my video?” I asked, finally vocalizing what I had been wondering since I left that night.

“Hmm. Hours of footage of one of the hottest girls in my high school dancing naked and pointing out every inch of her anatomy loaded on my computer, and you’re wondering if I masturbated. A bigger mystery might be how I made it to school that month.” He blushed again as he spoke.

“You still have the files, don’t you?” I probed, already knowing the answer, but wondering if he’d have the guts to admit it. His downward glance and blush spoke louder than any words he could have uttered at that point.

“Don’t let anything happen to them, don’t let anyone see them, and I won’t care.” I said as sweetly as I could. I felt butterflies in my stomach, knowing that he probably watched that video over and over, touching himself. I kissed him on his cheek. “Let’s go, Tiffany.”

“You can keep my video, too. No one else can see it, though.” She whispered, then kissed his other cheek.

We quickly ran out of his garage and ran, full sprint, all the way to Tiffany’s house. Once inside we went straight to her room. I quickly stripped off my coat, and turned to see that Tiffany wasn’t stopping there. She had removed her coat and shirt, and was quickly stripping off her pants, under which there were no panties. I watched her get naked before quickly following her example. Without a word we fell onto the bed together. I lost track of the number of times we both came that night. One orgasm quickly faded into another, mine into hers, hers into mine. At times it was difficult to determine where I ended and where she began.

We didn’t fall asleep until after 2:00, and I woke at 4:30, horny as ever after a wonderful dream. I quietly pulled the covers back, and she was sleeping soundly, lying on her back. I inched the covers farther down, then finally off of her. She woke less than a minute later, my tongue gently caressing her clit. She was neither upset nor startled, and soon we were both entangled with each other again, tongues, fingers, legs, arms… bodies entwined.

At noon her mom was knocking on her bedroom door. “You’re going to sleep the whole day away. Do you want to live in bed?”

We looked at each other, groggy, sexually exhausted. The sheet was in a knot, pulled from the foot of the bed, tangled half on the bed, half on the floor. We were sleeping naked, her head on my chest, my legs around her, sharing our warmth with no covers left on the bed.

“It would be nice to spend the rest of my life right here.” She replied. Her mother made a “tsk” sound, and we heard her walk away.

“It would be nice.” I admitted. “But we have a date with Tom this afternoon, and I can’t wait to make him jealous over how much sex we had!”

We both laughed at that, and it was almost a minute before we could stop.

“I wish he could have been here.”

“I’d be dead. I don’t think I could have handled it!” I replied, laughing again.

We dressed, by unspoken agreement leaving bras and panties behind, and went downstairs to eat. My mom called on my cell phone, asking when I was coming home. She and my dad were leaving to go shopping for the afternoon.

Tiffany and I quickly packed up and headed to my house, where we showered together almost as soon as we got there. It was not sexual, but it was very sensual, if that makes sense. She watched me lather up the lower half of my body with Nair, as was my ritual on Saturday.

“I think I want to try!” she announced, grabbing the bottle from me as soon as I was done putting it on. “I think I like the bare look!”

After I rinsed, I helped her apply it to her pussy. 5 minutes later we rinsed, and she was just as bald as I am.

We finished our shower, toweled off, and stood naked in front of my full-length mirror on my closet door, comparing. Our pussies were virtually identical now; the only difference of note was that my skin color was half a shade darker.

“I can’t wait to show Tom!”

Neither of us wanted to get dressed just yet. Tiffany was too excited about her new look, and I was enjoying the attention she was giving me as she was comparing.

We finally decided to wear matching clothes on the date tonight. She had brought her low-rise Lucky brand jeans and a gray t-shirt that she was going to wear over a long-sleeved white t-shirt. She had brought a white bra and thong set. I hunted through my clothes and found a very similar outfit. I have the same jeans, although mine are a little more distressed.

Staying nude, we helped each other with our hair, and wore it as similar as we could with the two different cuts and lengths. We both decided to forgo the panties, and reluctantly pulled on our jeans, white bras, and tops.

We called Tom and asked him to meet us at Tiffany’s house instead of mine, so we could drop her mom’s car off. It was freezing outside – Chicago suburban wind chill was reportedly 20 below zero, Fahrenheit, and the air temperature was -5. We got to Tiffany’s house and while we were waiting for Tom, Rob texted her cell, wanting to know what she was up to tonight.

She texted him back that she and I were going out with Tom. We started to feel bad – he was stuck at home on a Saturday night, bored. We were about half of his friends, and we were busy. She asked him about his other friends, and they were all getting together to play poker at Chad’s house (a friend of Rob’s who is in the math club). Rob didn’t have much money and didn’t want to go play.

While they were texting back and forth, Tom arrived. He came in and we made small talk with Tiffany’s parents for a while, then excused ourselves to go out to dinner. We got into Tom’s car, and I took backseat tonight. Tom drove us to Lone Star for dinner, and we sat, talked, and had a great time. Tiffany and I quietly told him about our exciting time the night before, but did not tell him about Tiffany’s new look for her pussy.

We talked, joked and laughed for just over 2 hours. When we left it was even colder, and was almost 9:00. We rushed into Tom’s car to find that the battery was dead, and the car wouldn’t start.

Almost an hour, a lot of frustration, and a failed attempt at a jump-start later, we were all back at Tiffany’s house, Tom’s car still at the Lone Star parking lot. Tiffany’s dad had come to try to help get the car started, but couldn’t. I called my parents and told them I’d be spending the night at Tiffany’s again. Tiffany’s dad asked if Rob would let Tom sleep there. He was not comfortable with a guy spending the night, apparently. If only he knew!

**\*\*\*\*\* Chapter 48 starts here \*\*\*\*\***

We called Rob and explained the situation. He was still up, and invited the 3 of us over for a while. He was obviously bored – he had been playing PlayStation alone since we left for dinner.

We sprinted over to Rob’s as fast as we could, the wind and cold conspiring to burn our lungs as we ran, heads down, shoulders hunched against the vicious, biting wind. Rob was waiting for us in the garage, and showed us directly down to his basement apartment. It was nice and warm down there, and he had not cleaned up the lights from the previous night’s filming, so Tiffany and I turned them on and further warmed ourselves with the radiant heat that they put off. Tom asked how the video was coming, and Rob admitted that he had worked on it quite a bit. Tom decided he wouldn’t let Tiffany see it until it was a finished product, so I elected to stay with her in the warmth of the lights while they went to his computer to watch what he had completed already.

It took only about 10 minutes, by which time the lights were quite hot, and Tiffany and I were feeling very warm. We shut the lights off and moved to the couch, where we all sat. Tom and Rob kidded Tiffany a bit about her video, and I started regretting my decision not to watch. Now that I was warm and comfortable, I wished I had gone with them instead, but they refused to let me watch it until it was done.

We all chatted for a few minutes about the night, and how cold it was outside. Tiffany lamented “I wish we could have gone somewhere private and alone.”

“Sorry.” Mumbled Rob.

“I didn’t mean that. I’m sorry – that came out totally wrong. I just was looking forward to, you know, alone time.”

“All of our parents are home tonight. It’s too damned cold for them to decide to go to a movie or anything. We weren’t going to be alone anywhere.” I pointed out, also disappointed in the events leading us to our current situation.

“Let’s try to make the best of it!” Enthused Tom, trying to brush away the general malaise that had started to settle over Tiffany and I.

“Okay.” I said as cheerily as I could muster, trying to make the best of it. “What do we want to do?”

“Too bad the twister board is at your house.” Said Rob quietly. That got a laugh from everyone and helped to lighten the mood.

“We could go work on your video.” Suggested Rob.

“That wouldn’t be a whole lot of fun.” Tiffany countered. I agreed. It might be fun to watch it, but not to sit there editing it down.

“We could play video games.” Suggested Tom.

“I suck at video games, and there are only 2 controllers.” Tiffany complained.

“She does kind of suck.” Agreed Rob. “Last summer me and Mary talked her into playing strip Halo. We played head-to-head, and every time someone died, they had to take something off. I think that was the only time we played strip games that I didn’t lose something. Mary’s pretty good, too, so Tiffany got owned!”

“Yeah, that did suck.” She admitted, blushing a bit.

“Who’s this Mary chick we keep hearing about? Does she go to our school?” asked Tom.

“No, she’s home schooled.” Replied Rob. “She doesn’t have a lot of friends, so she hangs out with Tiffany and I in the summer when she sees either of us outside. We’re the only people her age on the street, so she just kind of joins us.”

“So how’d you guys end up playing strip games?”

“Well, we were, like, 13 or something, and we were hanging out in Rob’s driveway one summer playing with our bikes. Rob was trying to jump the flower bed and wiped out.” Started Tiffany.

“I totally wracked myself.” Rob agreed.

“So he’s laying there groaning in pain, and Mary and I ran over to see if he was okay. Mary just pulled his shorts right down. Said she wanted to see if he was bruised.”

“I couldn’t believe she did that.” Said Rob, obviously still embarrassed by the event.

“Just pulled your shorts down?” I asked, unable to stifle a laugh.

“I was wearing basketball shorts. Elastic waist. She just yanked them down, right along with my boxers.”

I laughed out loud at the image that painted in my head.

“I couldn’t believe she did it either. I was just staring.” Said Tiffany, giggling now.

“Yeah. It was hilarious.” Said Rob, sulking a bit, but still blushing.

“So Rob tries to pull his shorts back up, but Mary had her hand there on them and she had better leverage, so he’s just flopping around, trying to pull them up.” Continued Tiffany, laughing again. Tom and I laughed, too.

Rob finally broke a grin and a small laugh escaped his lips. “I guess it was pretty funny.”

“So he finally yells at her, and she was like ‘Oh, come on. It’s no big deal.’ She let go of his shorts and he pulled them back up and was all mad and yelling at us. Mary kept saying that it was no big deal, so finally Rob was like ‘then show me your boobs!’… and she did!”

“Just flashed him?” I asked, a little stunned.

“She just pulled her shirt and bra up and held them there while he stared at her. I finally made her put her shirt back down. I think she would have stood there like that forever.”

“Wow. I can’t believe that!” I said, a little stunned.

“Oh, you’re one to talk.” Chided Tom.

“It’s different!” I said, trying to defend myself.

“I’m sure it is. Let’s see.” He replied, smiling bigger. “Why don’t you show us your tits?”

I blushed a bit, but complied, pulling my shirt and bra up, the same way that I imagine that Mary did that day.

“Please continue.” Tom said politely to Tiffany.

She laughed, then took a minute to figure out where she had been in the story while Rob stared at my chest. “So then she dares me to do it, and Rob was like ‘yeah, you saw me. You should do it, too.’, but I was a lot more nervous.” She continued. “So then Mary said ‘We should play a game.’ And the next thing we knew, we’re playing this stupid game where we’re riding our bikes around the driveway, racing. 2 laps of the driveway. Losers have to flash the winner for 5 seconds. So we’re all getting sillier and sillier with it, and pretty soon we’re all flashing each other boobs and dick.”

“So the next day we’re all hanging out again and it starts raining. We come inside and go downstairs, down here.” Rob picks up the story. “I wasn’t living down here yet, but it was pretty much the same. It was just a rec room. Not as much furniture, and the bedroom was empty. So we’re down here and we start playing some board game.”

“Trouble.” Interjected Tiffany.

“Yeah. The one with the dice in the bubble. So Mary says that the loser has to flash everyone. No one says anything, so when the game ends she lost, so she pulls up her shirt again.”

“And it just kind of went from there. We’d get together a lot, but if Mary was there we’d always be betting on something and everyone would be flashing. Then she wanted 30 seconds. Then a full minute. Then we were taking stuff off.” Said Tiffany, taking over the story again. “And 3 years later, she still wants to do the same stuff all of the time.”

“So when’s the last time you guys played something where you’re all getting naked?” I asked seriously.

“Just after school started. She doesn’t come out much after the school year starts. Even in the summer she’s never out after dinner.”

“So is she cute?” Asked Tom.

“She’s not bad.” Replied Rob.

“She’s very cute. She’s really nice. A little weird, but very nice.” Corrected Tiffany.

“Well, she’s okay. She’s no you.” Said Rob, blushing after he’d said it.

“Can I put my shirt down yet?” I asked.

“Rob?” Said Tom.

“I guess she can.”

“Thank you, Rob.” I said, gratefully pulling my shirt down.

After a few moments of silence I spoke up. “So you guys want to play a strip game?”

“Huh?” said Rob, looking nervously around at Tom and me.

“I don’t know.” Said Tom. “Rob? Do you want to see me naked?”

“NO!”

“Yeah, and I’m not really all that stoked to watch you drop trou, either. No offense.”

“None taken.”

“So the girls might like to see us get naked, but we don’t want to see each other.”

“Oh, come on you guys. You’re just chicken.” Chided Tiffany.

“Yeah, come on.” I whined.

“But we don’t have to play strip games to get you guys naked.” Argued Tom.

“But isn’t it more fun to play games and stuff, rather than just sit here doing nothing?”

“Fine. I’m in if Rob’s in.”

“I guess.” Said Rob quietly, looking at the floor.

“Okay, we need to make things even.” Said Tom, taking control of the situation. “I’m wearing a t-shirt, sweater, jeans, boxers and socks. Rob?”

“Same.”

“So that’s 5 each. You girls are wearing 6 each, so you have to take off both t-shirts at the same time.”

“It’s only 5 things. We’re not wearing panties.” Corrected Tiffany, blushing slightly.

“Really?” Grinned Tom. “And why is that? What were you thinking about before our date tonight?”

“Nothing. So what are we going to play?” I asked, interrupting.

Tom let it go. “You guys want to play Trouble?”

“Ha. I don’t even think I know where that game is any more.” Replied Rob.

We settled on playing a card game called “Blink”. It’s a deck of cards that have different numbers of shapes of different colors. There are from one to five of the shape, and five different colors, and five different shapes. When you play 4 players there are 4 stacks going, and you can play on any stack. You have to match either shape, color or number, playing as fast as you can, all players playing their cards at the same time. The first one out of cards is the winner.

We decided that we’d go slow. We’d play until there was one loser (so three of us would go out), and then the loser would have to take something off.

I don’t recall the exact chain of events, but I think that I lost the first game, then Rob, then Tiffany, then me again, then Tiffany again, then Rob again, then me twice.

I remember that Tom had lost nothing at this point. I was in just my jeans, Tiffany had taken off her socks and grey t-shirt, so she still had on her white long-sleeved t-shirt, bra and jeans. Rob has lost his sweater and socks, leaving him in his t-shirt, jeans and boxers.

“So if Cheryl loses again are we done playing?” asked Rob.

“How about we play until there’s one sex victorious.” Suggested Tom.

“Huh?”

“So we play until both girls are naked, or until both guys are naked. It’s like guys against girls.”

“Okay.”

“Okay.”

Rob agreed too. I shuffled and dealt the cards. Tiffany lost, removing her long-sleeve t-shirt. Then Tom lost his first game. Socks. Big deal. Then I lost, and was the first one naked. Tom and Rob high-fived as Tiffany shuffled and dealt. She lost, stripping her of her bra.

Now it was Tom’s deal. Rob lost, and decided to take his pants off, leaving him in a t-shirt and boxers. Tom lost the next game, and took off his sweater, and then I lost again.

“So what does she have to do if she’s already naked?” asked Rob.

“I think she should have to pay a penalty. How about she has to play the next game that we play with one less thing for every hand she loses?” suggested Tiffany.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, so I’m going to lose soon, and the guys will win. So we all get dressed and we play another game, but she starts with one less thing if she loses. If she loses twice, she starts with 2 less things.”

“Is it still guys against girls, then?” asked Rob.

“Yes.” Answered Tom immediately.

“But that won’t be fair!” I chimed in. “If I have to start with 1 or 2 less things than everyone else, then Tiffany and I have less to lose, and you guys will win easily.”

“Yeah. Why should I be part of the losing team because she has to start with 1 less thing on?” Asked Tiffany.

“Okay, then after this game everyone’s on their own.”

“So do we play until there’s one winner or one loser?” Asked Rob.

“What do you guys think?”

“How about 2 of each?” Tiffany suggested.

So it was decided.

Tom lost the next game, and he took off his t-shirt, leaving his chest bare. God, he’s hot. I lost the next game, so I now had to play our next game with one fewer thing to start. Rob lost the next game, and he shyly pulled off his t-shirt. It was obvious that he was less than anxious to lose again in front of me and Tom. Tiffany had seen it all before, of course.

He was spared, however, when Tiffany lost the next game, stripping her of her jeans and ending the game. The guys were victorious, and neither of them had gotten naked at all. It took a couple of seconds to register, but suddenly Tom noticed Tiffany’s newly bald pussy.

“Woah! Let’s see this!” He exclaimed.

Rob was pulling his clothes back on and didn’t know what Tom was so excited about.

“I love it!” Tom continued, lightly rubbing the entire area with his fingertips. “It’s just like Cheryl!”

Rob moved over to see what he was talking about. The two seemed to marvel at it for a few moments before I finally broke in.

“Oh, come on. You’ve seen bald pussies before. And she didn’t have that much hair, anyway!”

“Oh, we still like your pussy.” Said Tom, switching his attention now to mine.

I decided to play it up. “You don’t act like it. All excited about hers. Like mine is old news.” I pouted, overacting to the extreme.

Rob and Tiffany laughed out loud at my academy award winning performance. Tom looked at me thoughtfully, hugged me, and then said “I’ll make it up to you. Since you have to leave something off for the next game, you can leave your jeans off. We’ll all look at your pussy the whole time, just to prove that we really do like it.”

“No! That’s okay!” I said loudly, mentally kicking myself for setting him up like that.

“No. I insist.” He said, lightly kissing my belly.

Tiffany and I dressed, and I left my jeans on the floor where I’d dropped them earlier. My white t-shirt came down almost to the top of my pussy, and if I sat the right way provided some coverage, but Tom insisted that I be on display at all times so I wouldn’t feel bad, so I had to wear it pulled up a bit anyway.

We played the same game with all the same rules. If someone was naked and lost again, they had to start the next game with fewer items. We agreed on a 2-piece limit per game.

Tom started off as the first loser, and pulled his socks off. Tiffany was next, also pulling off her socks. I was third. I knew my winning streak wouldn’t last. I pulled my socks off, leaving me bare below the waist.

Tiffany lost again, pulling off her gray t-shirt. I lost again, and pulled off my own gray t-shirt. Rob finally lost a hand, and pulled his socks off. Tom next, then me again. I was now sitting in just my bra. Rob lost again, pulling off his sweater. Then Tom again, leaving him bare-chested again. Tiffany lost again, leaving her in her jeans and bra.

So at this point in the game I was in just my bra, Tiffany was in her jeans and bra, Tom in his jeans and boxers, and Rob was winning in jeans, boxers and t-shirt.

I lost the next hand, making me the first one naked again. Tiffany lost next, and she decided to be just like me. She took her jeans off, leaving her naked except for her bra. Tom lost again, I think a little distracted this time by Tiffany and I, and was now in just his boxers.

I lost again, meaning that I’d be starting the next game with only 3 things. Rob lost next. I lost again. This meant two things. First, I could lose again with no penalty, but worse, that I’d be starting the next game with only 2 things.

Tom lost the next game, meaning that we finally had a naked guy. He stripped off his boxers while Tiffany and Rob dressed. Then Tom dressed while I pulled on my socks and bra, which were the 2 things that Tom said I could start with for the next game. This was going to suck.

I lost the first game, and pulled off my socks. Tiffany lost the second game, and pulled off her socks. Big deal. I lost again, unable to concentrate properly, and was now naked. It was going to be a long game.

“If I lose two more times, does that mean that I have to start next game naked?” I asked a little distraught.

“We’ll play this game. If you lose 2 more times before someone else is out, then you start next game with only 1 thing on. We’ll play 2 more games and that’s it.” Offered Tom.

“Can’t we make this the last game?” I tried.

Tom put it to a vote. I lost. We had to play 2 more games.

I tried really hard to concentrate the next hand, and it worked pretty well. I didn’t lose, anyway. Rob did. He and Tiffany were now barefoot while I was naked. I lost the next hand, though. Rob lost again, then Tom lost two in a row. I lost again, which meant that I would be starting the next game in just my bra. Wonderful.

We played a few more hands, and I lost a couple but it didn’t matter. Tiffany finally lost the game, and the two of us were naked while the guys slowly put their clothes back on.

“So does Cheryl get to put something of substance on this time, since she has to start with only 1 thing?” asked Tiffany, looking out for me while pulling her clothes back on. “Like her long-sleeve t-shirt?”

“I like the democratic method we’ve been using.” Replied Tom thoughtfully. “Let’s lay all of her clothes out and vote.”

My jeans, two shirts, bra and socks were laid out on the floor in front of everyone, where we had been playing the card game.

“I think we can eliminate the long-sleeved t-shirt.” Started Tom. “It covers no more than the short sleeve one, except for the arms, so it will make the voting easier.”

No one disagreed, so he put it aside.

“So let’s go around the room.” He said. “I’ll start with my vote. I vote for socks.”

Everyone laughed at that. I don’t think the thought had crossed anyone’s mind.

“Socks!” seconded Rob.

“T-shirt!” Voted Tiffany.

“2 against 1 for socks.” Said Tom in a mock-apologetic voice.

“Don’t I get a vote?” I asked.

“Have you ever gotten a vote on these things? We just know that you’ll vote wrong.” He said condescendingly, but jokingly.

Resigned, I pulled my socks onto my feet and took my place in the circle.

“So what happens if she loses more than 1 hand this game?” asked Rob.

“Another penalty?” suggested Tiffany.

“I’m already naked. I don’t give a crap about my damned socks. What more do you want?” I asked, a little irritated.

“How about a fashion show?” suggested Tom.

“All I have is the clothes I wore.” I stated reasonably. “It won’t be much of a fashion show!”

“Not tonight. Next weekend the 4 of us will get together and you have to give a nice fashion show. Lots of sexy clothes, just like last summer. For every hand you lose after your socks are gone you have to model 2 outfits.”

“Why 2? It should be 1!” I countered.

“If you lose 3 hands after you’re naked that’s only 6 outfits. 3 skirts, 3 of your underwear. You did more than that in the summer.” Replied Tom logically.

I could think of no more arguments, and Tiffany and Rob were both in agreement, so there was no more to say, really. They had heard about it, but neither had been there last summer to see it. I didn’t care much, really. I’d be less naked than I was tonight, anyway!

All agreed, we started the game. It was my deal.

Not surprisingly I lost the very first hand, stripping me of my socks. It was the closest game yet, with Tom and Rob both in their boxers and Tiffany in only her jeans. Any of the three of them could have been the other loser that game, along with me. Because my concentration wasn’t what it should have been, I ended up losing 7 more hands, too. While only 3 more than everyone else had lost, it seemed unreal, and had the unfortunate side effect of prolonging the game, as well as my fashion show.

Rob proved the least lucky, and finally joined me in the losers circle. He managed to pull his boxers off while not showing anything to us. Tiffany called him on it, and wearing just her jeans, tackled him and started to wrestle with him to expose him to us. At a smiling nod from Tom, I joined, jumping onto him myself and between the two of us we were able to wrestle him into submission. During the process there was a lot of naked skin touching, and he tried to push me off at one point to get a hand full of one of my boobs. When we finally had him pinned down it was to find he had a full-on erection and a full-body blush. It was very cute, and he was bigger than I expected him to be. I continued to sit on his legs and he just looked away, unable to make eye contact with anyone, while Tiffany and Tom dressed. When I finally let him up he quickly dressed while we all told him that he had nothing to be ashamed of.

“So you owe a fashion show with 14 different outfits!” said Tiffany, laughing and changing the subject away from a grateful Rob.

“Yeah. That’s going to be some show!” said Tom happily. “I’ll talk with Tiffany and we’ll pick out the clothes that you’ll model for us.”

Great. Why did I have the feeling that this wasn’t going to be as harmless as I had originally assumed?

When I finally got home on Sunday it was still bitter cold, so I went inside and spent the day at my computer writing and surfing the internet. I got a call from Sarah right around dinner time, and she was crying.

I went right over to her house, throwing my coat on but not taking the time to zip it up. It was a cold run over, but she lives next door, so it wasn’t bad. She and Mike had broken up, and it had been a big fight. Mike had become increasingly weird about everything since New Years Eve, and apparently had pushed things too far with Sarah. He had been pushing for a 3-way non stop since Tiffany and I had hooked up with Tom, and then the night before he had told a couple of the guys on the basketball team about some of the naked games we had played, and tried to get Sarah to flash them. Some date.

The clincher was that when she started to cry and demanded he take her home, he had instead called her a bitch and left the party without her. She had gotten a ride home from one of the cheerleaders who had been at the party, and had spent the night crying in her room.

It was a long night, and I felt horrible for her. After she had talked it all out, she wanted to hear from me about my weekend and my relationships to take her mind off of things. I didn’t know how much to tell her. I was nervous that I’d upset her, since I was living the life that had caused the breakup between her and Mike.

I needn’t have worried. Her attitude was astonishing to me at first, but started to make sense upon later reflection. Mike had been a jerk and had looked a gift horse in the mouth. Sarah, his girlfriend, was taking him to parties where her friends were stripping naked, and she didn’t care, but Mike wanted more. Sarah wanted more to happen so she could rub it in his face.

The more she and I talked about how my life had been going, the more animated she became, and the more she wanted to hear. I ended up telling her how I’d lost the game of blink, and that I now owed a fashion show with 14 outfits that Tom and Tiffany were going to pick out. She was interested, but more interested in the fact that we had actually played strip games with the guys, and that they had both ended up naked. She asked for details, which I happily provided. We hugged and cried some more, but it was a good talk, and I finally left for home after 11:00.

Sarah and I hung out a lot over the next week. She joined Tiffany and I in the weight room after school, and we had dinner together every night. It was nice to be best friends again.

Tom had gotten into a fight with Mike, and had pretty much kicked his butt. Mike had told some of the guys on the basketball team about Tiffany and I, and about New Years (although he had left Rob out, which made it worse in a weird way). Tom confronted him, and he punched Tom. Once. Although no broken bones, Mike doesn’t look too good. He’s benched on the basketball team, and none of the guys are speaking to him, anyway. The coach is mad at him, and everyone has sided with Tom.

The next weekend we all went out to the mall and hung out. Tiffany, Sarah, Tom and I. Tom didn’t have basketball practice that Friday, nor did he have a game the next day, so he had the whole weekend free. We had a great time, and Sarah joked around with us and was in the best mood I’d seen her in since New Years.

Friday night Tiffany and I spent the night at Sarah’s house, and it was a really good time, with very little hanky-panky between Tiffany and me (although Sarah said we could go in the other room and “have at it” all night).

Saturday’s plan was for Tom to pick Tiffany and me up around 3:00 and take us to Rob’s. Tiffany and I went back to my house and showered (separately – my parents were home) and got ready. When Tom got there, Sarah came out and joined us in his car. She was coming, too, and had a huge grin on her face.

“I wouldn’t miss this for the world!” she laughed.

We arrived at Rob’s house and went inside. His parents weren’t home, so we didn’t have to make small talk, and went straight downstairs. Tiffany and Sarah went into Rob’s bedroom and set everything up for me on his bed. They called me in after about 10 minutes and explained.

There was a pile of clothes laid out on the bed, and they handed me an envelope with a number 1 written on it. “The numbered envelopes have instructions inside them, and you have to follow them.” They explained to me.

“Okay…”

“So we’ll be out there with the guys. You come on out when you’re ready!” They were both laughing, now. “Oh, and you have to talk about the outfit when you come out. Explain what you’re wearing.”

Crap. That would make it all that much more embarrassing, but it was too late to argue. They were already gone.

As they closed the door I opened the envelope. It told me to wear the white, fluttery cotton skirt that everyone had liked over the summer, thigh-high white stockings with blue satin ties at the tops, my black patent leather Mary-Jane’s (shoes, for those who don’t know), a blue button-down shirt and my matching blue panties and bra. The panties are the boy-short panties, which are sexy, but not what I expected. I was a little surprised. “Roll the waist band” was also written on the paper. I recalled from the summer that I had rolled the waist-band of that skirt once to make it a little shorter, and to hide the elastic.

I stripped off my clothes, and pulled on the panties and bra. I then pulled on the skirt, rolling the waist-band, and the shirt. The two bottom buttons were missing, and it was very tight, but not all that revealing, although it barely came down to meet the waist band of the low-rise skirt. I then pulled on the stockings (they came to about midway between the knee and my crotch, and the ties at the top were purely decorative, as the stockings stayed up on their own) and shoes. It was a pretty good look, although too “little-girl-meets-hooker” for my taste.

Thusly attired I went out and danced around to the radio, which was just playing a random song. I did my standard runway strut-dance that I had repeated so many times last summer. “This is a nice cotton oxford-style shirt, size small, that ties in nicely to the decorative satin ties on the nylon stockings.” I started. “The skirt is from Forever 21, and is a cotton/poly blend.” I was stumped and didn’t know what else to say, but no one questioned me, so I just kept dancing around. At Tom’s request I flashed my panty-clad butt a couple of times by flipping the skirt up in back, but it was nothing major.

When the song ended Tiffany handed me an envelope with a “2” written on it, and I strutted back into the bedroom and closed the door. I was to wear the super-short school-girl skirt that they had bought me last summer, along with a black camisole and my micro black thong and my black lace bra, another pair of thigh-high stockings (this pair was black with white satin ties at the top) and my black strappy dress shoes, which have a medium-high heel of about 3½ inches. There were no special instructions.

I went out and performed my strut/dance around the room to encouraging comments and appreciative cat-calls. The song that was playing ended after only 30 seconds or so, so I was told to stay out for another, which I did, feeling a little silly and blushing a bit.

“This is a plaid skirt made of light-weight breezy cotton to allow it to ripple and flow” I said, flipping the skirt up and down to show its lightness. “The cami is a cotton/silk blend, and comes from the closet of Tiffany, which is why it’s so tight and short on me.” The cami ended about 5 inches above the waist band of my skirt, baring my belly-button when I lifted my arms. It was pretty tight, too, so that my bra was clearly outlined underneath it. “The matching stockings are nylon, and the shoes are leather.” I finished stupidly.

When I finished that dance and retrieved envelop number 3 from Sarah, I returned to the bedroom again. I read the note, which said simply “model the blue bra and panty set.”

I was a little surprised at how quickly they were turning this show risqué. I knew that it would happen, but with 14 outfits to model I didn’t expect it so soon. Nonetheless I stripped down, and pulled on the blue boy shorts and matching bra. I opened the door and walked out, performing my little dance and strutting around the room. I was a little surprised to find myself a little embarrassed. I think part of it was that I didn’t know what to say about the “outfit”, and was nervous that they’d call me on my silence. I had spent so much time naked in front of these people, but for some reason this seemed almost worse. I was on my own, still at the beginning of the night, I was doing a show, which I always hated, and I was already very exposed, strutting around the room. I felt myself blush as everyone whistled and applauded. I noticed that they all now had pieces of paper and pens. I asked about them and was told that they would tell me later.

“So tell us about your outfit!” called Tiffany, obviously enjoying herself.

“The bra and panties are from Victoria’s Secret. The panties are ‘boy-short’ style because they’re cut similar to the guys old tighty-whitey’s.”

“My old tighty-whitey’s never looked that hot!” exclaimed Tom to the laughter of everyone else.

After the song I returned to the bedroom, a little flushed. I could feel my heart beating harder and a little faster. I took a moment before opening the 4th envelope and reading the card inside.

“Model the black thong and black bra”. I pulled on the thong that was barely any material at all, and then the black lace bra, through which my nipples were partially visible. I steeled myself with a deep breath, and walked out.

Everyone was applauding again as strutted around the room, and I could feel the thong sliding down in front, exposing the top of my slit. “This tiny little thong that doesn’t really cover anything was a gift from Frederick’s of Hollywood, and the bra is from Victoria’s Secret.” I said while dancing around.

“What’s unique about that bra?” Asked Tiffany.

“What?” I looked at her, unsure of what she was talking about, but aware of my exposure. The song was coming to an end by this point.

“Where does it clip?” she asked, smiling.

“Oh.” I said, blushing because I knew what would be expected of me. “It’s a front clip bra, so instead of clipping in back, it can do this.” I forced myself to do it to save myself the further humiliation of being told to do it, and unhooked it, pulling the two sides away from each other and exposing both boobs, dancing in a complete circle before pulling it closed again. Everyone cheered.

Back in the bedroom I could again feel myself flush, but I quickly tore open the envelope that Sarah had handed me. “Model the white skirt. Nothing else. Roll the waistband once.”

I felt myself blush as I realized what this meant. First, I’d be topless out there. Second, the most likely next outfit was going to be the other skirt. Third, I’d be asked to lift my skirt at least a few times. And last, it wasn’t really likely that I’d be much more covered for the rest of the show, and pausing for a moment to stare at the “5” written on the envelope I realized that I wasn’t even half way done.

I stripped off the bra and thong and pulled the skirt on, rolling the waist as instructed. I then walked out feeling very, very self conscious. After about a minute Tiffany reminded me to talk about my outfit. “Tell us about what you’re wearing, and about what you’re not wearing!” she said giddily.

Feeling myself blush, I stammered “The skirt is from Forever 21. In order to highlight the skirt, I am wearing nothing else.”

“Nothing at all?” pressed Tiffany, goading me.

I lifted my skirt, showing that I was indeed wearing nothing but the skirt. “Nothing.” I felt myself flush again.

When the song ended Tiffany handed me the next envelope and I went back into Rob’s bedroom to confirm what I already knew. Number 6 called for the other skirt, and nothing else.

This time I volunteered the information about the skirt and the fact that I was commando beneath it. Everyone asked me to repeatedly prove that there was really nothing underneath it, even Sarah.

When the song finally ended I almost ran back to the bedroom. When I read the note for number 7 my heart jumped into my throat. “Model the blue shirt. Button only the bottom button. Wear nothing else.” The blue shirt barely came down to the top of the skirt when I wore them together. That meant that my entire butt would be exposed, and because the bottom two buttons were missing, I’d be exposed in the front from above the naval.

I dressed, if you could call it that, in the blue shirt and tried to look at myself in Rob’s mirror. He had a mirror mounted on the wall above his dresser, so I could see only from my boobs up. There was a lot of cleavage showing. I stood on his bed and was able to see from my waist down. Everything was clearly on display, framed nicely by the blue shirt tales that separated farther from each other as they descended, drawing the eye directly to the flesh between.

Swallowing my fear and my pride, I proceeded to head on out to do my little show. “This is a nice cotton oxford-style shirt.”

“We didn’t want everyone to be looking at the skirt and missing how nice the shirt is!” giggled Sarah. This elicited a laugh from everyone.

At the end of the song I headed back to the bedroom clutching envelope number 8. I was correct in my guess. The black camisole, and nothing else. Checking my reflection in the mirror as before, I was dismayed to see that my erect nipples were very obvious under the thin, tight material, and with little movement at all the bottom of the shirt inched its way north of my exposed belly button, leaving everything below that completely exposed and on display.

Wondering and fearing what would be next, I waited for a new song to start to keep my dance out there to a reasonable time. When I heard the current music end, I strutted into the room to renewed cheers from the guys. I realized that only Tiffany and Sarah knew what I’d be wearing each time – they had organized this whole thing, and had shared none of the details with Rob or Tom.

I described the cami, and Tiffany then commented “And it’s quite obvious that you’re not wearing anything underneath it… in both senses of the word ‘underneath’!”

This got quite a laugh from everyone, including me, although I felt myself blush again.

When the song ended and I had collected envelope 9, I returned to the bedroom. I took a deep breath and looked inside. I think I actually gasped out loud.

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The note inside of the 9th envelope read “Model the white stockings and your Mary-Jane’s.” I was going to go out there wearing nothing but thigh-high stockings and little-girl shoes. Basically, I was going to be naked. Why was it so much harder this time? I had spent so much time being naked WITH someone (Tiffany had been naked right along with me ever since New Years, so it was hard being the only one. Plus putting on a show like this…

I pulled on the stockings and slipped my feet into the shoes, then peeled off the shirt. I think I wanted to feel covered for as long as possible. Without looking in the mirror for fear I’d chicken out, I opened the door and went into the room where everyone was waiting. Tom and Rob laughed out loud before cheering my new attire. I haltingly strutted around the room, feeling very self conscious about my exposure. After about a minute Sarah reminded me to describe my outfit.

“I’m wearing white nylon thigh-high stockings with a decorative blue satin tie.” I said, pointing to the band of color just above my knees. “And I’m wearing black patent leather shoes.”

I strutted around the room, slowly gaining courage and moving more fluidly, until the song ended and Tiffany handed me the next envelope.

Back in the bedroom I opened the envelope, and reading it suddenly knew what the next 2 would say after this. Maybe I should have figured it out before, but my mind had been elsewhere. This one told me “model the white stockings with the black high heels.” I knew that the next two would have me in the black stockings with each pair of shoes. I resigned myself that I would be naked for the remaining 5 shows. God, was it really 5 more that I owed? This was number 10, so yep. 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 left to do.

I slipped off my shoes and slipped into the heels, affixing the strap on each one, and then, head held high, strutted out into the room where the guys applauded again.

“I’m wearing the same white nylon stockings with a pair of black dress shoes. The heel is about 3½ inches high.”

Tom asked to see the shoes closer up, so he had me stand in front of him and put one foot on his lap, thereby spreading my legs in front of him. Then the other leg. Rob, Tiffany and Sarah all requested their chance to see the shoes the same way, so I grudgingly complied.

When the song had ended and I had the 11th envelope in my hand, I returned to the bedroom. “Model the black stockings and your Mary-Jane’s.” My suspicions were confirmed. The only thing I couldn’t figure out was what would be after this? There would still be 2 more “outfits” that I had to model. One could be nothing, I supposed, but that still left 1 more.

I caught myself daydreaming and quickly changed to the black stockings and Mary-Jane’s, and almost ran out to the other room. The guys once again made their approval of my attire known, and after I explained that I was wearing stockings and shoes, they all requested close-up views of the shoes again. I admonished Rob that if he wanted to see my shoes, he really should look at them instead of staring at my pussy. He blushed and everyone else laughed.

“Go ahead, Rob. You can look at her pussy as much as you want!” Tom said, reaching over to pat him on the arm.

This made Rob blush, but he did return his stare to my pussy, making it even more obvious and getting a laugh from everyone, including me.

Collecting the 12th envelope, I returned to the bedroom, opening it as I went. It called for the heels, no surprise there. I quickly changed shoes and walked back out, quickly explaining that I was still not really wearing anything except for thigh-highs and shoes. Without being prompted this time I offered close up inspection of my shoes. I started with Rob, and as I put my foot up onto his lap, I reached down and spread my pussy a bit with my fingers.

This got the laugh I was looking for, but it also made it so that I had to do that for everyone – a side effect I had not thought of.

So after I had completely exposed myself to everyone in the room, I turned to Tiffany to collect the next envelope.

“It’s 5:30. You guys want to order dinner?” she asked, ignoring me.

“I guess.” Replied Tom. “Or we could go out.”

“Let’s go out!” agreed Rob.

“So do you guys want to go now, or finish the fashion show first?” asked Sarah.

“Well, she’s got 2 left?” asked Tom, still staring at my naked and flustered body.

“Yeah. 2 more.”

“Let’s get them done and then go.” He replied.

I snatched the envelope and went to the bedroom. “Model your boots for us. Nothing else.”

I looked around, and saw, on the floor on the side of Rob’s bed, my knee-high black boots.

I kicked off the shoes and pulled the stockings off, then slid my bare feet into the boots and zipped them up, then headed out to get it over with.

The guys were pleasantly surprised that I was still pretty much completely naked, and after I told them that I was wearing stripper boots and nothing else, Rob asked if he could get a closer look.

Once again I put each foot in turn on everyone’s lap, and was made to pull my pussy open with my fingers while doing so.

Once I had finally finished and the song was over, Sarah handed me the last envelope.

I went to the bedroom and opened it up. “Take off the boots and come back out. We have all been taking notes on each individual item, and will tally up the votes to determine what you model for your final show.”

Those little sneaks. They were going to get all 14 shows from me, plus they were going to make me stand around naked while they decided what I’d wear for the last one.

Knowing that I’d be in more trouble if I tried to get out of it, I stripped out of the boots and walked out to them. The guys thought I was modeling naked this time, and applauded their approval. Tiffany interrupted them.

“So you’ve all been rating each item as she’s modeled everything individually. We’ll tally up the votes and have her come out and do the final show as a strip tease, taking off the outfit that got the most votes!”

“Hey! I was supposed to do a fashion show, not a strip show!” I argued.

“You did a strip show as part of your fashion show last summer.” Corrected Sarah. “You told me that you lost a fashion show ‘just like last summer’. That would include a strip.”

I could think of nothing to respond, so I remained silent. Tiffany collected the papers from everyone and shuffled them up in her hands. Sarah pulled out another piece of paper and poised herself to tally the results.

“Everyone rated each item of clothing on a scale of 1 to 5, and they couldn’t give more than one thing in the same category of clothing a 5. So, like, they couldn’t rate the white stockings and the black stockings both a 5. If they rated one pair a 5, the other pair had to be a 4 or lower.” Tiffany explained. “And everyone knew why they were doing it.”

She then proceeded to read off the results from the first voting page. The voting sheets, I could now see, were arranged simply, with the description in a column going down the left side of the page, and the score (1-5) next to it. It looked a little like this:

Blue bra and panty set

Black bra and panty set

White skirt

Plaid school-girl skirt

Blue shirt

Black camisole

White and blue thigh-highs with Mary-Jane’s

White and blue thigh-highs with heels

Black and white thigh-highs with Mary-Jane’s

Black and white thigh-highs with heels

Boots

Tiffany read off the first scorecard. “5, 4, 4, 5, 5, 4, 4, 4, 4, 5, 4.”

Sarah wrote the numbers down as Tiffany flipped to the next sheet of paper. “2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 5, 2.” And the next “4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4.” And finally “2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 5, 2.”

Sarah did some math and reported the results.

Blue bra and panty set 3¼

Black bra and panty set 3¼

White skirt 3

Plaid school-girl skirt 3½

Blue shirt 3¼

Black camisole 3¼

White and blue thigh-highs with Mary-Jane’s 3

White and blue thigh-highs with heels 3½

Black and white thigh-highs with Mary-Jane’s 3

Black and white thigh-highs with heels 5

Boots 3

“Looks like everyone only agreed on one thing.” Sarah reported, grinning.

“Everyone liked the black thigh-highs with the high heels.” Tiffany confirmed, looking thoughtfully over Sarah’s shoulder at the list with the final tallies. “The only other one that was even close was the plaid school-girl skirt. Since the two shirts and the two bra and panty sets tied below 4 points, it’s obvious no one really liked them, and since they’re a tie, if we vote again they’ll probably be a tie again.”

“So just the skirt?” asked Sarah, smiling at Tiffany.

“I don’t know. Guys? Do we want to vote on it? The skirt didn’t even average 4 points, so what do you think?”

“I say leave it off.” Said Tom, catching on.

“Agreed.” Chimed in Rob.

“I think so, too.” Said Tiffany. “Care to make it unanimous?”

“It’s unanimous.” Giggled Sarah.

I found out later that the girls had planned this whole thing from the beginning. They had intentionally rated everything a 2 except for the black thigh high stockings with the high heels. They knew that the guys would love those, and they figured that the guys would try to rate a 5 in each category, so the 2’s would pull the averages down. That way there would be only 1 clear winner. Their plan had worked flawlessly.

“So that’s your final show for us. Go put on the black thigh-highs and the high heels and then come dance for us. We’ll get the music set.” Instructed Tiffany.

Frustrated and a little nervous, I headed for the bedroom. There I put on the required “outfit” and looked at myself in the mirror. I looked pretty hot, I guess, but I felt really slutty. The black thigh-highs made me look even more naked than if I was wearing nothing, because they really contrasted with my bare skin, highlighting the fact that there was nothing at all above them.

“Are you coming?” called Tiffany from the other room.

Sighing, I opened the door and walked out. Tiffany started the music. Justin Timberlake’s “Love Stoned”; the song that Tiffany and I had choreographed the dance to for her to strip for the video. Great. They had picked a 7½ minute song.

Since I had helped her choreograph the dance, and had practiced with her, I knew it by heart, and was able to do it without really thinking about it. After about a minute and a half, Sarah reminded me “this is supposed to be a strip dance, remember?”

“Oh, yeah.” I answered sarcastically. “Imagine if no one got to see anything!”

Nonetheless, I bent down and pushed the stocking on my left leg down to my ankle, then repeated it on the right leg, all the while continuing to “dance” by bouncing to the beat with my knees and hips. I loosened the straps on my shoes at the same time, then stood back up.

After another 30 seconds or so I kicked my shoes off, and a few seconds after that bent at the waist and pulled the stockings the rest of the way off.

3½ minutes into the song and I was already naked. I hoped that they were happy. I danced the rest of the song for them, following the choreography, and then asked if I could dress for dinner.

“Thigh highs, jeans, heels and your long-sleeve t-shirt. No underwear.” Said Tom.

I picked up the stockings and went to the bedroom. There I pulled them back on and then pulled on my jeans over them. I pulled on my long-sleeve t-shirt and went back into the other room, where they were all now standing around. My jeans were longer, and although they weren’t exactly jean shoes, the heels didn’t look horrible with them, but they were certainly not winter shoes. They had a closed toe, but were open on the sides and had just a strap around the ankle, leaving me essentially barefooted to the wind, cold and snow.

We all put our coats on and walked upstairs. Tom’s jeep was roomier than Rob’s car, so we all climbed inside. Tom drove us to Applebee’s, which wasn’t that busy yet, being only 6:30 on a Saturday. After a short 10 minute wait, we got a table for the 5 of us. We talked and laughed and joked, and then Sarah quieted us down from the ears of other diners.

“So, Cheryl, you still owe me half a day. I think I want to collect tonight after dinner. It’s not the full 8 hours that you guys made it be when you collected my last half day, but I think it’s enough time.”

“Oh, come on!” I complained. “Wasn’t that whole show enough for you guys?”

“I believe the response is ‘naked chicks rule’!” Quipped Sarah, quoting the guys from last summer. Tom and Sarah laughed at that, while Rob and Tiffany looked at us questioningly.

“Last summer, after she’d been naked for like half the day, the guys didn’t want to let her get dressed. I was like ‘don’t you guys ever get tired of it?’ and Rick was like ‘naked chicks rule!’”

More laughing and joking, and I noticed us getting louder. Worried that people would hear what we were talking about I tried to hush the group, when suddenly Rick appeared at our table.

“What are you guys doing here and why wasn’t I invited?”

“Hey, buddy!” said Tom, greeting his friend heartily.

“You guys were talking pretty loud. If I understood correctly Cheryl’s going to be getting naked again. I was half-way across the restaurant, so I might not have caught all of the details.”

I was mortified, but he didn’t leave me in that state for too long. “I’m just kidding. Me and Chris are sitting right behind you guys!”

I looked and our old friend Chris was sitting at the table just behind us. He had been our friend in grade school and middle school, but his parents had moved and sent him to a private high-school on the other side of town, about an hour and a half away. Chris and I had been on a park district swim team together for 3 years before high school, and he had hung out with me and Tiffany a bunch of times after meets or practices when Tiffany and I were spending days together during summer vacation. Tom and Rick had stayed friends with him, and saw him when they played his school in basketball or football, and he went to the same summer football camp that Rick went to.

“What the hell are you guys doing here?” asked Tom.

We were at Scott’s house, over by Tiffany’s and Rob’s, but his parents didn’t know he was having people over and kicked everyone out.

Scott is another old friend of the guys’. He goes to school with Chris, and before that had played on the same little league team as Tom before high school. I hadn’t seen him since the summer after freshman year, two summers ago, but he was always really nice, if not a little quiet and shy for a jock.

We pulled the tables together and started chatting like old times. It was nice to see Chris again, and he was still a really nice guy, just like I remembered him. It was a shame that he had moved and fallen out of our circle. The conversation, thankfully, steered very clear of my fashion show and my payment to Sarah. I was hoping it would all be forgotten.

After we had eaten, while we were waiting for the check, Tom excused himself to pee. Sarah and Tiffany got up, too. While they were gone the check came, and we all pooled our money to pay for it. When Tom, Sarah and Tiffany got back they threw in their money, but sat back down to talk.

“So Rick, Chris, you want to come back to Rob’s house, assuming it’s okay with Rob?” asked Tom, looking questioningly at Rob, then Chris and Rick.

“It’s fine with me.” said Rob, still a little uneasy with the new jock at the table.

“Yeah, that could be cool.” Said Rick.

“I’m in.” said Chris.

“Excellent.”

I was silently relieved. Looks like Sarah won’t be collecting tonight!

Chris and Rick got into Rick’s dad’s car, and we all got into Tom’s car, and they followed us to Rob’s. Rob’s parents were still not home, so we went straight into the basement apartment. I undid my shoes and kicked them off, but Tom insisted I keep them on, and had Rob get a towel to dry the snow off of them so I wouldn’t mess the carpet. Chris looked a little questioningly, but said nothing, and I felt the butterflies all take flight in my stomach. Had I been watching, I likely would have seen Sarah and Tiffany exchange a grin.

“Let’s give Chris the tour of the place.” Offered Tiffany brightly while I was busy wiping off my shoes, ensuring that they were both clean and dry so that I didn’t ruin Rob’s carpet.

Sarah, Rob and Tiffany headed off with Chris into the kitchenette, then the TV Area, then to the bedroom, Rick tagging along, mostly out of curiosity and boredom.

Panic suddenly welled up in me. They brought Chris into the bedroom where all of my clothes were strewn all over the bed. How would they explain that to him?!

I dropped my nearly dry shoes, and jogged quickly into the bedroom, Tom following behind at a walk.

“… fashion show.” I heard Sarah saying as I walked in. “And she lost a bet to me and has to do anything I tell her to for the rest of the night.”

I stopped short, and felt my face burn bright red. I was speechless. Rick was smiling and chuckling to himself, knowing where this was going, and Tom came up behind me and put his arm around me.

“What are you guys talking about? I heard some stuff at the restaurant before Rick went over there, but I thought you were kidding!” Chris sounded incredulous.

“Why don’t we go out to the couch and sit down. Cheryl can explain the whole history to you.” Offered Sarah.

Tiffany, Tom and a confused Rob escorted Rick and Chris out, leaving me alone with Sarah in the bedroom.

“So I talked to Tom and Tiffany when we all went to the bathroom, and they both think it would be really funny to have you do some of your stuff with Chris. Since Mike is out of the group, we need another guy. Chris doesn’t have a girlfriend, and he’s a good guy and Tom trusts him.” She explained.

“Don’t I get a say in this?” I said a little too loudly.

“Well, I suppose if you want to Welch on the bet you could back out, but Tom and Tiffany are both okay with it.” Said Sarah in an annoyingly calm voice.

I was near panic, and wanted her to feel the same. It was infuriating.

“For now we’ll just go out there and you can explain some of the things you’ve done in the past. You can keep it more on the tame side – just tell about the fashion shows and the nudity. You don’t have to tell about the video, or the close-up inspections or anything. Then you ask him if he wants you to show him any of your outfits.”

“What? You’re going to make me tell him and then ask him… What?!”

“It’s what I’m making you do for payment of the half day you owe me. Unless you want to Welch on the bet.”

“Oh my God” was all I could say.

“Tom and Tiffany both think this is a really good idea. They think it will be funny. Plus they know it will turn you on.”

“You guys all suck.” I said, physically shaking. I felt cold, even though I knew that Rob kept it warmer than normal when we were going to be doing naked things here. He had his own thermostat and furnace, so he was able to kick the heat up to 75 without really affecting his parent’s part of the house.

Sarah opened the door and stood back for me to lead the way out. I felt like a condemned prisoner walking the hallway to the electric chair as I walked down the short hallway and across the room to the group, now gathered comfortably on the couch, the stereo back on playing music from Rob’s iPod.

“So I’m supposed to tell you what this is all about.” I started, addressing Chris nervously. “Well, I guess it starts with my and Sarah’s bets. We make these bets, and the loser has to clean the other ones room, or stuff like that. Whatever the winner wants. So at my birthday party I was feeling silly and I made her flash everyone her boobs.”

Silence. Chris didn’t know where this was headed. I think he got it, though.

“So she decided to get even with me, and she made me get topless in front of Tom, Mike and Rick.” I saw Sarah’s face scrunch up a bit at the mention of Mike’s name. “And then they kind of pushed it farther and so she made me give this fashion show for them where I’d wear these short skirts, and then just my underwear, and stuff.” I trailed off.

“So then the guys wanted to see her topless again, so I had her just model her thongs.” Picked up Sarah. “And then a skirt with nothing on underneath, and stuff like that.”

“Yeah.” I said, lamely, looking at the floor.

“Tell him about your fashion show from tonight.” Prodded Sarah.

“So I lost another bet to Tom.” I lied a bit to save myself from having to recount our game of cards from last weekend. Luckily no one called me on it. “And he wanted me to do a fashion show tonight. So I did that before dinner.”

“So now Cheryl has a question to ask you.” Said Sarah, nudging me.

“So I’m supposed to ask you if you want me to do some of it again so you can see.” I said quietly, still looking at the floor.

“Rick told me about this stuff last summer, but I thought he was bullshitting me!” said Chris, dumbfounded.

“You told?!” I shouted at Rick, looking up now.

“I didn’t figure it would be a big deal. He doesn’t really hang out with anyone you know.”

“I didn’t tell anyone else. Like I said, I figured it was bullshit. It was a good story, but, you know… who’d believe it?” explained Chris quickly, trying to keep his friend out of trouble.

“So now you know it’s not bullshit.” Interrupted Tom, indicating by his tone that we were done talking about who told whom what. “So Cheryl owes Sarah for a bet, and Sarah wanted to collect tonight with all of us. If you have a problem with it, we can do it another night.”

“Like I’d have a problem seeing one of the sexiest girls I know running around half naked? No problem here!”

Without a word, Sarah took my hand and we walked together to the bedroom. There she gathered up all of the cards from the numbered envelopes, and sorted them into two piles, not allowing me to see any of them. I just stood mutely at the foot of the bed.

Once she was satisfied with her two piles, she took them both and walked over to Rob’s desk in the corner. She grabbed a pen and scribbled something on a few of them, then handed me one.

She took the remaining cards from both piles and walked out of the room, saying only “remember, each outfit is a dance to a full song.”

I looked down at the first card in my hand. It told me to wear the first outfit of the night – the white skirt, the blue shirt and the white stockings with the blue ties. A couple of changes had been made by Sarah at Rob’s desk. She had crossed out the blue bra, indicating that I was to wear the panties, but no bra, and she had written “button only the bottom button with an arrow pointing to the shirt. Lastly, she had crossed out the Mary-Jane’s and written in the heels.

She was tarting it up a bit, but at least leaving me covered for the beginning. I didn’t know how far this was going to go, but I hoped that she’d have a bit of mercy on me. I pulled off my jeans and t-shirt, leaving me in just the stockings, which I pulled off. Crap! The shoes were still by the door where we came in!

“Sarah?” I called. “Can you come her for a second?”

I pulled on the panties and the skirt and was rolling the waist when she opened the door wide. Instinctively I covered my chest.

“Can you get me my shoes? They’re by the door.” I whispered.

She smiled, and walked away to get them, leaving the door wide open. Thankfully no one approached, but I crouched down to hide myself anyway.

She tossed them into the room and said “Now hurry up. We’re getting bored out there.”

I shot her a half-smile and she closed the door and left. I pulled on the shirt, buttoning the one button, and then pulled on the white stockings and slipped into my shoes. I took a quick look in the mirror, and then opened the door, doing my little runway strut/dance with a few butterflies, but still pretty smoothly. They had turned the couch to face the bedroom door, and had 3 of the kitchen chairs on either side to make a box. Sarah was on one chair, Chris on the other, facing her, and Tom, Tiffany and Rob were on the couch, and Rick was in the third chair, his back to the bedroom, facing the couch. So most of them could watch me walk out of the bedroom and then back in. I danced around the room several times, flipping up the skirt and allowing my cleavage to show as I explained the outfit again. Chris had a permanent grin on his face, and just kept looking between me, Rick and Tom in disbelief.

When the song ended Sarah made a show of shuffling through the cards before choosing one and handing it to me. I read it as I went to the bedroom, feeling their eyes on my butt as I walked away from them.

This card called for the school-girl skirt and black cami. The only change was that she had crossed out the bra again.

I quickly stripped down and dressed again in the short skirt and cami with the other stockings. I then pulled on the micro-thong and lamented it’s incredibly limited coverage. I checked myself in the mirror and confirmed that my hard nipples and the swell of my breasts were very clearly highlighted by the tight thin material.

I opened the door and danced down the hall and into the TV area, dancing around and flipping up my skirt as instructed. Once again, Chris’s expression was one of shock and disbelief, and if I hadn’t been so nervous I would have likely laughed.

When the song ended, Sarah again made a show of sorting through the cards before almost handing me one. She stopped before I was able to grab it and pulled it back. Addressing the room at large, she asked “How many outfits do we want to see?”

“What were you thinking?” Asked Tiffany and Tom together.

They huddled together while I was sent to the bedroom to wait for them to bring me the next card.

After almost no time Tiffany entered the bedroom. She closed the door and gave me a quick kiss, then handed me the next card. “You’re being a really good sport. I’m so turned on by you. We decided that you’ll do a total of only 5 outfits. You’ve got 2 down.”

I felt myself blush, but I enjoyed the compliment. I knew I didn’t want to let her down.

As she left the room I read the card. It was the 4th card from before that read “Model the black thong and black bra”. Not showing anything major yet, and hopefully they’d keep it that way and keep me mostly dressed for Chris. Sarah had written additional instructions on the card. “Wear the black stockings with the heels.”

I was already wearing them, so I stripped off the skirt and cami, located and put on the bra, and was “dressed”.

I opened the door quickly, before I chickened out, and strutted down the hallway. I had made the same mistake again, and the song ended less than a minute after I had come out. That meant that I ended up dancing around to another full song in just my bra and panties with the thigh-highs on.

Chris was noticeably enjoying my show, and had to shift in his seat a few times. I caught him out of the corner of my eye adjusting his erection in his jeans when he thought no one was looking, and that gave me a much needed ego boost and a bit more confidence.

When the song finally ended I went to Sarah for the next card. She again took her time looking for it, all the while Chris was staring at my butt, bisected by the thong, but otherwise bare. She finally decided on the next card and handed it to me. I walked into the bedroom without a backwards glance and read the card after closing the door. So much for retaining my modesty. It was the 6th card, unmodified. “Model the school-girl skirt and nothing else.”

I swallowed hard, but the image of Chris adjusting his erection in his jeans and the thought of what he’d be thinking when I came out topless gave me the confidence to push myself. I stripped everything off, pulled the skirt on, zipped it and shimmied it down into place, and closed my eyes standing at the door. I pulled it open before allowing my eyes to open, and then, feeling myself flush from head to toe, strutted and danced out into the room.

“Holy shit, dude!” came Chris’s voice.

We all broke into laughter as I tried to continue to dance sexily while laughing. After I had calmed down I finished the dance and started towards the bedroom.

“Aren’t you forgetting something?” asked Sarah.

“Huh?” I asked, confused.

“Your next card.”

“Oh, shit.” I said, turning around and running back. Only after I’d gotten back did I realize the show that I’d just given Chris, running topless right towards him.

Sarah pulled the card out and handed it to me. Without another word I headed back to the bedroom and pulled the door shut. They hadn’t asked me to flip my skirt up, so I had managed to get through it without showing him my pussy.

I quickly looked at the card. It was the one that had called for just the black thigh-highs and heels, but Sarah had added the black micro-thong. Thank God for small favors.

I pulled off the skirt, put the thong on and then the stockings and shoes. Steeling myself once again, I opened the door and danced out.

“Wow.” Came Chris’s voice again. Not as much laughter this time. I strutted around the room several times, conscious that my thong was riding down in front and exposing the top of my slit, but I refused to look for fear that I would be mortified at how much I was exposed.

When the song ended I almost ran into the bedroom. Tiffany had said that I had to model 5 outfits, and that was my 5th.

“Get back out here!” called Sarah.

“Let me put something on first!” I called.

“Get out here NOW or you’ll be taking something off.” She snapped.

Embarrassed and blushing I walked back out, still wearing only my thong and stockings. I had kicked off my shoes already.

“Tiffany said I only had to model 5 outfits. That was 5.” I simpered.

“I guess she was wrong.” Said Sarah coldly, not looking at me. She had the score-card in her hand from the fashion show earlier. She wouldn’t, would she?

“So earlier we all voted on our favorite things of hers and had the final show be the ones we liked best.” She told Chris, who could hardly keep his eyes off of me. “The decision was that our favorites were the black stockings and the heels. I didn’t want to have her do the final in our favorites if you have different choices, so I wanted to give you a chance to vote.”

I’m not sure that Chris understood fully what she was saying. I think he thought that I’d be wearing the stockings and heels with something else.

“I like the look she’s got going on right now, but I really like her legs. I think they look better without the stockings.” He said bashfully, not staring at my naked breasts for the first time since I’d been out there.

“Interesting. So nothing on her legs. No shoes, either?”

“I don’t know. I guess she could put them on barefoot. I don’t know.”

“Cheryl, why don’t you take your stockings off and then put your shoes back on and let him see how that looks.”

I wanted to kill her. I started to pull the stockings down but she stopped me, and in a condescending tone said “In the bedroom. Change in the bedroom, silly.”

Of course, how stupid of me. How inappropriate it would be for me to take my stockings off out here while I was wearing just a thong and everyone had been staring at by bare boobs for the past 10 minutes.

I went into the bedroom, pulled the stockings off, and then stepped back into the shoes. This was humiliating.

I went back out and stood there for him to stare at me again. Sarah had me turn around slowly. I shot her a dirty look when I was facing her, but she just smiled at me.

“So what do you think?” Asked Sarah, looking at Chris.

“I don’t know.” He answered meekly. I started to feel sorry for him. Sarah was really putting him on the spot, and I certainly knew how that felt. He was new to this, and he was probably not sure what was expected of him. I pulled off my left shoe, and then stood on my right foot, the bare one bent at the knee and pulled up.

“With the shoe…” I offered, and then a couple of seconds later I switched feet, standing on my bare foot with the shoe hidden from his view “… or barefoot.”

“Barefoot.” He mumbled.

“So did you like any of the tops?” Asked Sarah, as though they were discussing how he’d spent his weekend.

“The black one was okay.” He said sheepishly.

“Or do you prefer her topless?” Asked Tom.

“Topless!” he shouted, before realizing it. He blushed deeply. It was kind of cute.

“So did you like the skirts, or the thong, or what?”

“Um, I guess the thong is pretty cool.” He offered.

“Very cool, perfect, or just pretty cool?” Sarah pushed.

“It’s pretty cool. It’s good. I mean, it’s nice.” He stammered.

“So you like the thong better than the skirts and stuff.”

“Yeah.”

“Okay,” Sarah said. “so your final show is the same as last time, with just the thong.”

“The exact same as last time?” I asked nervously.

“Exactly the same. I’ll even put on the same music for you.”

“I mean, do I have to do the same thing?”

“Come here.” She said. “Tiffany, will you get the music ready?”

She took my hand and took me into the bedroom, while I walked unevenly on 1 shoe, carrying the other. There she laid out what I was to do, and had me repeat it to her to ensure that I understood. This was going to be humiliating.

She left, and a few moments later I was ready. The music started and I walked out. I was wearing the high-heel shoes, black stockings, my black micro-thong, and the black Camisole.

After dancing for about 15 seconds I looked directly at him and said “I remember that you didn’t like the stockings at all, so let me take those off.” I bent at the waist and rolled each stocking to my ankle. I then stepped out of the shoes and pulled the stockings the rest of the way off.

After another 30 seconds or so I again turned to him. “You preferred me topless, didn’t you. I’m sorry.” And with that I pulled my shirt up and off, dropping it on the floor with my shoes and stockings, leaving me dancing in just my micro-thong.

“Was this the outfit that you liked best?” I asked him.

Mutely he nodded, his eyes wide and unblinking as I danced and swayed seductively in front of him. It was a 7½ minute song, and I was probably 2 minutes or so into it.

“I remember that you weren’t sure about the thong. You didn’t seem 100% sold on it. I don’t want to disappoint you, so let me just…” I hooked my fingers into the waistband and bent at the waist again, pulling it to my feet in one quick movement. Then, as I stood and kicked it off of my feet I finished my sentence “… take it off for you. If you don’t like this look, I can put it back on. You just tell me if you want me to.”

I was now totally naked in front of him for the first time. Tiffany, Tom and Rob were cheering and applauding. Sarah was laughing, and Chris was staring blankly, his eyes locked on my hairless pussy gyrating in front of him.

I danced the rest of the song, which seemed to take a lot longer than 5 minutes. When the song ended I gathered up my clothes and went to the bedroom.

“Put on the school-girl skirt and the cami.” Sarah called after me.

Great.

A moment later she laughingly called back in to me. “Chris has requested that you wear your thong and black cami.”

I dropped the skirt and pulled on the thong instead. I was already wearing the cami, so I was now done, I guess.

I walked out to them and Tom rose to greet me. He gave me a hug and kiss, and squeezed my butt.

There was no place for me to sit immediately so I stood uncertainly in the center of the room.

“So what did you think, Chris?” asked Sarah.

“Wow. You really weren’t bullshitting, were you, Rick?”

“It gets better.” Rick responded slyly.

I shot a harsh look at Sarah, but she wasn’t looking at me.

“I don’t know, dude.” Said Tom, addressing Chris. “The skirt is sweet when she’s commando underneath. Lot more to see.”

“I don’t know. I like her butt.” He responded.

Everyone laughed at that. Tom was then reminded of the original discussion about who likes what body parts.

“Yeah, I’m more of a pussy man.” He said. “Rob here is a butt man. Rick’s a boob man.”

“I think I’m a pussy girl.” Said Tiffany, blushing slightly. “Or at least Cheryl’s pussy.”

Tom and Rob laughed while Chris looked on questioningly, but no one offered an explanation.

Sarah then went on to explain the “outfits” I had modeled earlier, and how I had modeled just the skirts, then just the shirts, then just the stockings. “If you’re a butt man, you would have loved some of those. In just the stockings there’s nothing covering it. In just the shirt, same deal.”

“There’s nothing covering it now!” he argued.

“No, we’ve been over this before. It’s different. The thong frames it and cuts it down the center. It’s still a good look, but it’s not the same as a completely bare butt.”

“I guess.”

“No, seriously. Cheryl, turn around.”

Blushing, I turned to show my butt to Chris. I could feel him staring, but did not turn to watch him.

After about 30 seconds came the command I knew was coming. “Now take the thong off.”

I pulled my thong down and stepped out of it, knowing that I had just exposed my pussy and a peek at my butt hole to him as I bent at the waist. I stood back up, holding my thong and feeling awkward.

“See what we mean?” Asked Sarah.

“Yeah, I guess. I mean, yeah. There’s a difference.”

“So which do you prefer?”

“Well, they’re both good, but I suppose without the thong is better.”

“Okay, then.” She held out her hand, and I suddenly realized what she meant. Defeated, I handed her my thong.

“Seriously?” Asked Chris, stunned. “This is insane!”

“What?” Asked Sarah as though it was commonplace for guys to ask for girls to give up their clothes and for them to comply.

“We’re just going to hang around while she’s bottomless?”

“You’re right, that seems weird, doesn’t it?” Asked Tom, and I knew the tone; it was the tone that meant that my shirt was about to come off.

Sarah caught on.

“Stand over here and let’s take a look at you.” She said. I stood where she indicated, so that I was easily visible to everyone in the room. “Now turn around slowly and let’s get a really good look.” She commanded.

I turned slowly, my arms outstretched at my sides.

“You’re right, that does look weird.” Sarah confirmed to Tom.

‘Try rolling the shirt up just under your boobs.” She suggested.

I complied, making the shirt very short. She had me turn slowly again.

“Still looks a little weird.” She said.

“But better.” Said Tom. “I think it’s the shirt.”

“You think so?” Asked Tiffany, getting into the act.

“It seems to be.” Answered Sarah, as though they were solving a science problem in the lab.

“I think you’re right. So what should we do?”

“Let’s try it without the shirt on and see if that’s better.” Suggested Rick, fighting back a laugh.

“That’s an excellent idea.” Agreed Sarah. “But let’s make it more fun. I’m thinking of a number between 1 and 20. Chris?”

“12”

“Rick?”

“9”

“Tiffany?”

“8”

“Rob?”

“13. Unlucky for Cheryl.”

“Rob guessed it! Rob, please go take Cheryl’s shirt off for her. Cheryl, arms over your head, please, and hold them there until I say you can move.”

I blushed again, but closed my eyes and raised my arms. Rob nervously stood in front of me and gently grabbed the hem of my shirt as everyone shifted in their seats to get a better look. The shirt was very tight fitting, and he was forced to touch my skin in order to get a good grip on the bottom of the shirt. He was trying to be such a gentleman and his feather-light touch was driving me crazy. I suddenly shuddered and felt my skin break out in “goose pimples” or whatever you call them.

This got a laugh from everyone, caused Rob to blush and let go of my shirt, and got Rob some praise from Rick and Tom, but my eyes remained firmly shut.

At Sarah’s prodding he once again took hold of my shirt, this time a little more forcefully, and slowly pulled it up. His hands grazed my breasts lightly, and then I felt my them fall free of the material as he continued to slide it up my body. I felt it graze lightly past my face, and then felt him step closer to me to pull it over the tops of my outstretched arms, and I felt his shirt graze my sensitive nipples, and felt his breath on my face.

Once the shirt cleared my fingertips he stepped away from me, presumably still clutching my shirt in his hands. I had to fight my instincts to keep my hands in the air.

“Please turn around slowly.” Commanded Sarah.

Leaving my hands stretched over my head, I slowly turned on the spot. I had to open my eyes to keep from toppling over, and everyone was staring wide-eyed at me. I felt myself blush again. When my back was to the majority of the room, I quickly looked down at my breasts, unsurprised but still dismayed to find that my nipples were rock hard. Sarah caught me looking, and once I had returned to my original position facing the group, she asked me what I was looking at.

“What?”

“What were you looking at? When you turned around you looked down. What were you looking at?”

“My boobs.” I replied, unable to effectively lower my gaze without lowering my arms.

“Why?”

“I wanted to see if I had NHO’s.”

“NHO’s?”

“Nipple Hard On’s” She knew what it meant, she was just trying to humiliate me further.

“Rob, did you make her nipples hard?”

“They were already that way!” He replied defensively, likely afraid of repercussions from Tom.

“Dude, don’t worry about it. I’ll stop it long before I get pissed at you.” Tom said quietly to him.

Rob blushed slightly.

“Can I put my arms down?” I asked. They were starting to get sore.

“Oh, yeah… put them down and then turn really slowly so we can get a good look.”

I put my arms at my sides and turned slowly around.

“Slower.” Commanded Sarah.

I slowed down to about half the speed I had been turning at. She said nothing further so I assumed this was acceptable. Everyone was staring at me.

“So is that better?” asked Sarah to the group.

“A lot better.” Answered Rick.

“I like it.” Said Rob.

“I’m just not sure.” Said Tiffany coyly. “Can I see it the other way again?”

“Rob, will you please put the shirt back on her?” Said Sarah.

Rob blushed, but walked determinedly up to me. I raised my arms again, and he put the shirt over my head. One strap fell to the wrong side of my arm, so he had to pull it back up and try again. Once it was properly over my head he quickly and clumsily pulled it down over my breasts so that it hung to my belly-button, and stepped back.

“You can put your arms back down and turn around for us.” Sarah told me.

“Rob, will you roll the shirt up under her tits again?” Asked Tom.

Nervously Rob obliged, and the backs of his hands brushed my boobs a couple of times.

Again they had me turn in a circle.

“I’m just not sure.” Complained Tom. “Rob, will you please take her shirt off again, but this time, do it this way.”

Tom walked up to me and knelt in front of me. He put his hands firmly against my stomach and wiggled his fingers under the front of my shirt that Rob had rolled up.

“You watching?” he asked Rob, pausing.

“Yes.” Said Rob nervously.

“You guys are insane.” Laughed Chris.

Tom then slid his hands up my breasts, rubbing first his fingertips, then his palms against my hard nipples. When his hands were fully extended the shirt was up around my neck, and my breasts were fully exposed. He then stood and pulled the shirt up, but not off of my up stretched arms.

“You got that?” he asked Rob, leaving me standing there.

“Yeah.”

Tom then pulled my shirt back down, rolled it under my breasts again, tweaked my nipples through the shirt, and then stepped aside for Rob.

“I think we all need another quick look at this outfit.” Interrupted Tiffany giddily.

Once again I turned slowly on the spot. Then Rob knelt in front of me. His hands were shaking slightly as he put his fingers under my shirt. I looked down and saw that his face was lined up almost even with my bare pussy. Trying to pull the material away from my breasts so that his hands weren’t violating me, he slowly worked his way up. His fingers, pushed against me by the tight material of the shirt, brushed against the lower swell of my breasts. He stopped and backed off. I whispered so that only he could hear “it’s okay.”

Emboldened that I had granted my permission, he allowed his fingers to relish in the feel of my breasts as he slowly lifted his arms, His fingertips slowly slid up my breasts, his hands now snaking under the shirt. When his fingertip found a nipple he paused, then spread his fingers, likely of concern that he shouldn’t be touching there. As his hands continued to rise more slowly his palms came into contact with my hard nipples. His wrists finally caught the shirt material and started to pull the shirt upwards.

Being shorter than Tom, his fully extended arms were not quite to my neck. He knelt higher, and then tried to stand. His balance was a bit off, his hands up over his head and trapped in my shirt, and he ended up grabbing a handful of boob with each hand as he stood. It was very obvious, and everyone laughed out loud as he blushed furiously.

He finally pulled the shirt up and off of my arms, and I was again instructed to turn slowly on the spot.

Sarah was apparently having fun with this new game, and asked Rob to please put my thong back on me. Rob looked quickly to Tom who simply gave a thumbs-up sign and smiled.

Sarah tossed my thong to Rob, who knelt on the floor in front of me. Sarah had me raise my arms once again while he held the thong at my feet and I stepped into it one leg at a time. He pulled it up my legs, letting it snap into place against my hips rather hard. While he was doing this Sarah turned to Tom and they whispered back and forth for a second. When Rob released the thong he stepped back, and they looked at it. It was off center on my pussy and pulled way too high in the front, so that the small piece of material was actually completely above my pussy, and the g-string portion was riding up on the side, just to the left of my pussy slit.

“That’s not right at all. Straighten that out.” Instructed Tom.

Rob nervously pulled at and adjusted my thong until it was pretty much in place. In the process his fingers had grazed my moistening mound several times.

Once again I was instructed to turn around again. “So which is better? Shirt only, shirt pulled up, shirt off, or thong only?”

“What about the thong and the shirt?” Asked Tom. “Rob, why don’t you put her shirt back on her?”

Chris and Rick laughed out loud. “When’s my turn?” Asked Rick.

His question was ignored.

Blushing, Rob picked up my shirt and stepped towards me. I didn’t wait for Sarah to tell me, and I raised my hands over my head. Rob pulled the shirt on and down my body. He stepped back and Tiffany noticed “It’s on inside-out.”

I looked down and sure enough, it was.

“You’d better fix it, Rob.” Instructed Tom. You remember how I showed you to take it off?”

Rob blushed but knelt in front of me and pushed his hands up the front of my shirt more boldly this time. He allowed his fingers to caress my nipples this time as his hands went up, and once again grabbed a handful of boob with each hand as he stood. He pulled the shirt off of me and fumbled with it for a moment while he turned it right-side-out. He then put it back over my head and pulled it down into place and stepped back.

After I had turned slowly in place, Sarah announced “Alright, vote time.”

“Naked.”

“Totally naked.”

“Agreed.”

“Yep. Naked.”

Everyone agreed that I looked best totally naked. No surprise there.

**\*\*\*\*\* Chapter 60 Starts here \*\*\*\*\***

“New contestant! Rob’s going to pop in his pants soon!” Joked Tom, causing Rob to blush bright red.

“Everyone pick a number between 1 and 10.”

This time Tiffany won. I’m wondering if Tom didn’t pick his number until after Tiffany picked hers.

“What comes off first?” she asked inquisitively, walking slowly around me, dragging a finger lightly across the exposed skin above my thong and below my shirt.

“Hmmm… good point.” Answered Sarah, smiling at the new possibilities. “Let’s try the shirt first and see how that goes.”

“Rob, can you show me how I’m supposed to take the shirt off again?” she asked innocently.

Rob looked once again to Tom, who laughing gave another thumbs-up.

Once again I stood in humiliated silence with my arms over my head as Rob pulled my shirt off of me, feeling me up in the process. He then put the shirt back on me, copping a quick feel in that process, too, before turning me over to Tiffany.

Tiffany slowly and expertly repeated Rob’s actions, caressing my breasts and tweaking my nipples just the right way as she pulled my shirt off of me. Once that was done she took a step back and had me turn slowly on the spot again, and then she knelt in front of me and pulled my thong slowly down, then off, and they had me slowly turn again.

“Now let’s see how it looks taking off the thong first.” Said Sarah.

Tiffany arranged my thong and had me step into it, pulling it slowly up my legs. She took quite a bit of time arranging it on my pussy, touching me quite a bit to the shock of Chris and the amusement of everyone else. She then put my shirt back on me the same as Rob had done.

Once again I spun in place for everyone to look at me, and then Tiffany knelt in front of me, hooking her thumbs in the waistband of my thong.

“Wait!” she said. She then scooted around behind me so that no part of me was blocked from view. She reached up and slowly pulled my thong down, exposing my pussy slowly to everyone. As soon as it was completely on display, she pulled the thong down to my feet.

“Wait!” she said again as I lifted a foot to step out of the thong. She unceremoniously pulled the thong back up, and it was once again not really covering my pussy. The front was pulled way back, so more than half of the slit was showing over the top, and it was a little cantered to one side. She left it that way and adjusted my shirt so that it was again rolled to just under my boobs.

“Better or worse?”

“Fix the thong.”

She peeked around front and laughed, then set about the task of fixing the thong, once again touching me several times, making me more wet.

“There. So is the shirt better or worse?”

“Much better. Good.”

With that she again took her place behind me and slid the thong slowly down. This time she allowed me to step out of it, and she threw it to Sarah.

She then stood behind me and asked Tom “Can I do it a little different this time?”

“Sure. Let’s see how it looks.” He replied, smiling. Chris’s face was a hilarious combination of stunned and turned on.

She slowly worked her fingers under the front of my shirt and pushed it up, over my breasts, but kept them covered from everyone’s view with her hands. She kneaded them softly for a moment, then gradually eased her hands around to my sides, allowing my nipples to slowly come into view. She then lifted the shirt over my head and off. And tossed it to Sarah.

“So what did you guys think?”

“Definitely the second way!” Came Chris, Tom and Rick’s replies simultaneously.

“I agree.” Said Rob.

“Me, too.” agreed Sarah, making it unanimous.

“So are we done?” I asked, a little frustrated.

At that moment the door at the top of the stairs opened, and Rob’s mom called down. “Rob? We’re home. Who’s here with you?”

I quickly grabbed my clothes and silently ran into Rob’s bedroom while he called upstairs. “It’s Tiffany, Cheryl, Sarah, Tom, Rick and one of their friends, Chris.”

“Well come on upstairs and say hello.”

In less than a minute I was back out of the bedroom wearing my jeans and t-shirt. I had put on the black bra, but no panties, and was carrying my socks in my hand. I pulled them on between steps and we all went upstairs.

We spent about 20 minutes talking with Rob’s parents. They had been out to dinner with old family friends that I didn’t know, but that Tiffany and Rob did. We all had some sodas and Rob confirmed that Tom might spend the night, but he didn’t think anyone else would. We went back downstairs, and Rob locked the door this time. It was just after 10:00 when we went back downstairs, and Tiffany, Sarah and I had to be at Tiffany’s by midnight. That gave us 2 hours still. Tom was indeed planning to spend the night, and Rick and Chris both insisted that they could stay until midnight as well.

As soon as we got downstairs Sarah resumed her little game. “If I recall, we had agreed that Cheryl was supposed to be naked, and that it worked best when we started with her bottoms and then did her top. So who is going to undress her this time?”

“Well, I get to do it all the time, and Tiffany and Rob have already gotten to do it, so that leaves you, Rick and Chris.” Said Tom, clearly enjoying himself.

“Oh, I am just the puppet-master here.” Said Sarah. “I don’t need to participate. So that leaves just Rick and Chris. Guys, pick a number – 1 or 2.”

“2” said Rick quickly.

“2 is correct.

Chris looked almost relieved. Rick was almost immediately at my side. Sarah had me stand with my legs shoulder width apart and put my hands up straight over my head again. She then instructed Rick to remove my socks, which he did clumsily, almost toppling me over. Then she had him move behind me and reach around front and unbutton and then unzip my jeans. It felt very intimate and personal, and I was very aware that his face was pressed against my butt. She then had him pull the fly open, exposing the top of my slit.

“That shirt is too long.” She complained, stopping him. “Reach up inside and tell me if she’s wearing a bra.”

Ricks hands quickly snaked up inside my shirt and found my boobs, which were (thankfully) clad in the black bra.

“Yes.” Came Rick’s disappointed reply.

“Then she doesn’t need the t-shirt. Go ahead and take it off of her.”

Rick, still standing behind me, pulled my t-shirt up and off of me, allowing his hands to feel my bra covered breasts for a few seconds on the way.

I was now standing with my hands over my head wearing my black lace bra and my jeans, which were unbuttoned and showing part of my pussy.

“Okay, go ahead and pull her jeans off.” Instructed Sarah.

Rick quickly pulled them down my legs, and again roughly lifted a foot to pull them off one side. Again I almost lost my balance and toppled, but caught myself. He was just as rough with the other leg, and this time I fell forward, my jeans still caught on my left foot.

Tom jumped forward and caught me before I fell completely over. “Okay, Rick, you’re done. You have to be much more gentle and go easy. Chris, will you please finish up here?”

Rick apologized to me, and didn’t argue with Tom about being fired from his duties as Cheryl Undresser. Chris stepped nervously forward as I once again put my arms up over my head. He knelt on the floor and gently put his hand around my calf, exerting a little upward pressure to indicate he wanted me to lift my foot. I complied, and he quickly slipped the jeans off of my foot.

“You were supposed to be behind her.” Corrected Sarah, unable to stifle a laugh. “Put them back on her and try it again.”

Chris and I both blushed bright red as everyone else laughed. Chris moved around behind me and I could tell he was staring straight at my bare butt. He set my jeans in front of me and gently lifted my foot again, sliding the jean onto it and then pulling the leg up until my bare foot poked out the bottom of the pant leg. Then he looked up at Sarah, wondering if he was supposed to put them all the way on, or just to where he took over.

“Why not put them all the way on.” Said Sarah thoughtfully.

He repeated his actions with my other foot, then slowly pulled the jeans up my legs and over my butt so that they were completely on.

“Don’t forget to zipper and button them up.” Reminded Sarah.

Once that was done she had me turn around slowly for everyone again. My arms were getting tired above my head so she allowed me a rest for a few minutes and had me go get everyone a drink.

Once everyone had their soda and had taken a sip she had me assume my position again, and then instructed Chris to once again remove my pants. He stood behind me and reached forward. He unbuttoned and then unzipped my jeans, pulling them slightly down and apart until once again my pussy was in view.

Then he tugged them gently but swiftly down until they were bunched up just below my knees. Once again he lifted a foot and slid the jeans off of one leg, then the other. He then took a step back as I turned around for everyone.

Now it was time for my bra. Sarah gave careful instructions for every step of the way. My arms still straight up over my head, he stood behind me and unclasped my bra. He then brought both hands around to my front and gently placed his palms and fingers on my stomach, just below my ribcage. He then slowly, and I do mean slowly, slid his hands up my skin until he was gently pushing my bra up by the cups, his hands replacing the bra on the swell on the underside of my breasts. This continued until the bra had fallen back over his hands, which were cupping both breasts, my hard nipples pushing against the skin on his fingers. His hands continued their slow trek northward until the bra and hands had both risen above the nipples, then to the collar bone. She then had him take the bra and pull it up over my head and off of my arms.

I was naked again. Sarah had me turn slowly again in a circle.

“That was a fun game!” said Sarah in an irritatingly cheery voice.

“Yeah. We should let everyone feel you up next!” I said sarcastically, putting my arms down to my sides finally.

“Careful. You don’t want to make me mad at you, do you?” She responded in a mock-scolding tone.

I glanced at the clock, and it was 10:39. They had taken about 20 minutes to strip me, but we still had over an hour before we had to end the evening, and I was not looking forward to being naked for all that time. I knew that Chris had seen most everything already, but didn’t really want to just be naked eye-candy all night.

“So what’s next, Mistress of Ceremonies?” Tom asked Sarah, as though reading my thoughts.

“Oh, I like that title!” She joked. “I kind of liked watching people undress Cheryl. That was fun!”

“I don’t know.” Replied Tiffany. “Everyone’s done it already, and I hate when she covers up.”

“Yeah, the covering up is kind of a bummer.” Agreed Sarah. “What do you guys think?”

“The covering up is bad, but the uncovering is fun!” said Rob.

“Yeah it is!” agreed Rick.

“Okay.” Interjected Tom. “Rob likes doing the uncovering, so we’ll do it once more, and we’ll give him a few things to take off of her.” He then whispered something in Sarah’s ear, making her smile widely.

Sarah took me by the hand and took me to the bedroom without another word. There she instructed me to put certain things on that Rob would be removing.

A few minutes later Sarah and I left the bedroom, and I was quite embarrassed. They had come up with quite the compromise to the competing philosophies. It was fun to take my clothes off of me, so they had put clothes on me, but they had agreed that it wasn’t fun to allow me to cover up, so they had done it in such a way that I was still completely exposed.

I was wearing the black thigh-high stockings, high-heeled shoes, and the blue button-down shirt, completely unbuttoned. The shirt was kind of covering my boobs, but we had tested it in the bedroom – when my arms were up over my head the shirt would actually pull wide open and up, allowing both breasts to be totally visible. I was wearing clothes, but everything – my boobs, my butt and my pussy – was on complete display.

Rob blushed when he saw me and realized what he’d be taking off of me.

“Top down or bottom up?” asked Sarah to the group.

There were different opinions, but she took a vote and top down won this time.

I was made to stand facing the group with my arms down at my sides. The shirt was falling in such a way that both nipples were covered but the boobs were very noticeable. Rob stood behind me and, at Sarah’s instruction, put his hands on each of my hips, just under the shirt. He then ran his hands up my body and around the front so that he was pushing my shirt open and running his hands over my boobs at the same time. He then brought his hands around to my sides again, and lifted my arms up over my head, so that when he was done the shirt was standing wide open and my boobs were once again on display. My pussy had never left its position of display.

Sarah then instructed Rob to run his hands up my back inside the shirt until his hands were going into the sleeves, pulling the shirt up my arms. He continued this until the shirt had come off of my arms and he dropped it to the floor in front of me.

Sarah then had him kneel on my left side and take off my left shoe. She then made me turn around so he could take off my right shoe, and everyone could stare at my butt for a minute. Then she had me turn around again, and she once again started to direct Rob.

He started with his left hand on my stomach by my belly-button and his right on the small of my back. She then instructed him to run his right hand down so that it came to the outside of my leg just above the stocking, and to run the left hand down so that it came to the inside of my leg, once again just above the stocking. She had me spread my legs a bit wider before telling him to go. I looked down and saw him blush as he realized where his hands would be going.

Once Sarah was satisfied with my stance, she told him to go. He slowly moved both hands at the same time. His right hand caressed down and left across my butt and down to my leg as the other hand descended straight down, lightly brushing over my pussy and inner thigh until it came to rest just above the stocking. She then had him slowly pull the stocking down my leg to the ankle, lift my leg and pull it off.

She then told him move to the other side of my body and get into position to start again. His nervousness and the intimate contact of my butt and pussy were turning me on, and I had started to get wet again. Sarah pointed this out to everyone, and made him stop before he started so everyone could get a look. My pussy was starting to open up, and there was visible moisture glistening on the outer lips. I was so embarrassed.

Sarah then had Rob reassume his position on my right side, put his hands on my stomach and back, and then once again run them down my butt and pussy to my stockings. His fingers picked up some moisture crossing over my pussy, and it made a small but visible trail down my thigh. Sarah laughed out loud at that, and once again stopped the proceedings. Tiffany grabbed some tissue from the bathroom and Sarah had Rob dry my skin off, which made him blush even more than it made me blush.

Once that was done and everyone had finished laughing at us for turning so red (and at me for being so horny) she had him start over. Again his hands caressed my butt and the outside of my pussy on their way to my stocking, and this time he was allowed to complete the job, pulling it down and then off.

Sarah then made me turn around again for everyone, and then had me tell everyone that I was turned on, and then show everyone how wet I was getting. I was spared the indignity of having to get as graphic as I had in the past, but she did make me put a finger inside and then show everyone how wet it was when I pulled it out. I’m not sure which would have been worse. I guess it would have been worse to have to spread wide, because it would have lasted longer.

I went to Rob’s kitchenette and opened a bag of pretzels and poured them into a bowl for everyone to share while the guys moved the couch back to its position in front of the TV. While I was in there I checked the clock again. Just after 11:00. In the other room they turned on Saturday Night Live, but it was a rerun because of the writers strike.

Tom then decided that I’d had enough for the night, and pulled rank on Sarah, who I think would have happily kept me naked until 11:59. Tom wasn’t as kind as I’d have hoped, however. He had me lay on the floor on my back in the middle of the room, and had everyone sit in a circle around me.

He then went into the bedroom and gathered up the outfit that I would wear for the rest of the night, since he didn’t think I should have to be naked for the next hour. He came out with my blue boy-short panties, black knee-high leather boots, and the black camisole. The compromise he made with Sarah, since she wanted to keep me naked, was that I could dress in the clothes that he had picked, but that at 11:40 I would get up, unasked and unreminded, and turn off the TV, turn on the stereo, put on a couple of good dance songs, and do a strip dance and a reverse strip dance… I would dance and strip during the first song, which I would finish out by dancing naked. I would then dance the first half of the second song naked, and then I would start to dress while dancing. Sarah would toss me clothes to put on, so she would be in charge of what order I dressed in, and timing.

I wanted to argue but it was made clear that they were in charge, so I just let it happen.

Tom pulled the panties up my legs as I laid on the floor. He had me lift my hips so he could slide them up over my butt. Then he put the boots on each foot and pulled the zippers up, and then he had me sit up and raise my arms over my head again so he could pull the camisole on.

Isn’t life a funny thing? A year ago I would have been mortified to be found sitting in a pair of panties and a thin silky camisole in front of my friends. Now I was sitting here thankful for the clothes and the coverage they provided.

All too quickly it was 11:39. Not wanting to be late and receive some sort of punishment, I stood and turned on the stereo. I selected 2 songs on the iPod and created a quick playlist for just those two songs. Then I walked back and turned off the TV, walked over to play the iPod, and started my dance.

At Sarah’s instruction, I started the stripping by pulling the panties off, which was more difficult over the boots. Then I pulled the shirt up under my boobs and danced for about 45 seconds before she had me pull the shirt off. Another 30 seconds and it was time for the boots. I had to turn away from the group and spread my legs a little wider than shoulder width. She then made me bend at the waist, keeping the beat of the song by bouncing one knee, then the other, and unzip both boots. I was very embarrassed knowing the view that they all had. So much for keeping a modicum of my modesty in front of Chris.

Once the boots were unzipped I stood back up and turned to once again face the room. Another 10 seconds and she allowed me to kick them off. I continued to dance as the song ended and the next started. About a minute in to the second song Sarah tossed me a sock. I bent and put it on. Then she tossed me the other sock and had me turn around and bend at the waist to put this one on, once again showing my pussy and butt hole to the room.

Next she tossed me my white bra that I had worn over. I put that on while I continued dancing. She left me go for another 30 seconds before tossing me my t-shirt, which she told me I could put on but had to tie into a knot just below my boobs so everyone could still see my pussy.

I blushed as she said that, but did as instructed. She continued to let me dance bottomless, and the song came to an end.

“Darn it!” she said in mock disappointment. “I screwed up. Tiffany, will you start the song over? We’ll just have her do it again. We still have time.”

I shot her a dirty look that had absolutely no impact as Tiffany happily started the song over on the iPod. I started dancing again as they all just sat and watched. When the song was within a minute of once again coming to an end, Sarah finally tossed me my jeans with the instruction “Turn around and face away from us. Bend at the waist again to step into them with your legs as far apart as they can get. Pull them up to your knees and then turn around and let us see your pussy again. I’ll say when you can pull them up.”

I blushed but complied. Happily I couldn’t spread my legs all that far and still step into the jeans, but I know I was still giving quite a show. Once I had my feet in the jeans I turned back around and continued to sway to the music. As the final notes were playing she finally called out “You can pull them up now.”

I pulled my jeans the rest of the way on, buttoned them and zipped them up, but the song ended before I had finished.

“You were too late.” Sarah scolded. She made me drop the jeans to my knees again while the iPod started playing the second song in the playlist. She then had me untie the knot on the shirt, grab the front hem and pull it up, over and behind my head. This allowed the shirt to cover my two arms and most of my back, but left my bra showing. Of course my butt and pussy were still on total display.

She had me then unhook my bra and pull it up and around my back along with the shirt, putting my boobs back on display.

Once again I found myself “wearing” clothes, but with everything that mattered on complete display to the room.

I swayed and bounced to the music, unable to do much more than shuffle my feet because of the jeans falling to my knees and ankles. Sarah had me bend down and pull the jeans back up some, then told me to let them go but not allow them to fall below my knees for the next minute. This required that I spread my legs pretty far apart and bend my knees, which had the intended side effect of spreading my pussy even more.

After I had made it the full minute I was allowed to replace my bra and t-shirt, then finally pull my jeans the rest of the way on. I just barely beat the end of the song this time. It was 11:55, anyway, so it’s not like I could have done it again.

We all hugged goodnight, grabbed our coats and shoes, and promised Rob we’d come back in the morning to gather up all of my clothes that were scattered around his place from my various strippings.

Back at Tiffany’s house Sarah continued to be her cruel self. I think she really enjoys it! She stripped me naked as soon as we were in Tiffany’s room, and had me lay back on the bed and spread my legs, proving that I was still turned on. She then made me masturbate while she and Tiffany sat and watched.

She didn’t want me and Tiffany getting together with her in the room, so she took the bed with Tiffany, both in their pajamas, and let me sleep on the floor with a sleeping bag and nothing else.

The next morning after breakfast we went over to Rob’s house to clean up and grab our things, and so that Tom could give Sarah and I a ride home. Tiffany and I went into the bedroom to pack the clothes and Tom came in and closed the door. The three of us made out for a while, but finally decided we’d better get out there before Sarah and Rob broke in on us.

We opened the bedroom door to see Rob and Sarah laying on the blanket that Tom had slept under on the floor, both topless, making out. We stood in stunned silence for a minute, then Tiffany started clapping. Tom laughed at that, and I said “Alright Sarah!”

Sarah blushed at the intrusion and tried to cover up. Rob whispered in her ear and she bashfully lowered her hands. Tom laughed again and asked “You want us to leave you two alone?”

“I have to go with my parents to my grandma’s house in like an hour, and I haven’t showered yet.” Said Rob sadly, his eyes going back and forth between us and Sarah’s boobs.

“We should go, too.” said Sarah. “I had fun, though!”

“Me too!” said Rob, grabbing Sarah’s boobs lightly and eliciting a giggle from her. They kissed and then she picked up her bra and t-shirt and walked to the bathroom.

Tom went immediately over to Rob and high-fived him. “What’s that all about, stud?” he asked.

Rob smiled proudly. “She just started flirting with me when you guys left us alone, and she said she liked me. Then she just started kissing me.”

“And why was her shirt off?” I said in a severe tone, as though scolding.

“She pulled my shirt off of me and was kissing my chest, so I figured I’d try to pull hers off. She didn’t stop me, and then she took her bra off by herself.”

“Nice!” Said Tom.

“Stop talking about me!” called Sarah laughingly from the bathroom.

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On the drive home Tom and I got Sarah’s side of it. Last night she had suddenly realized that Rob got a bad deal because everyone thought of him as a nerd or a geek. Even us, to a point. He was kind of cute, he was smart, and he was a really sweet guy. She’d just suddenly developed this huge crush on him, and wanted to make out with him. He was a good kisser, too.

She was going to try dating him. She liked him, was attracted to him, and he already treated her better than Mike did. Plus, he didn’t think that Tiffany and I were sluts who would just have a 3-way with her and him, which was the initial cause of their breakup in the first place.

I was very happy for her, and for Rob. Tom thought it was great – he really was starting to think of Rob as a cool guy, even though he spent a little too much time with his computer and knew a little too much about Star Trek.

The next couple of weeks went by wonderfully. Sarah continued to join Tiffany and I in our evening workouts in the weight room at school, and so did Tom and Rob. Tom had been helping Rob since New Years by taking him up to the weight room in the evenings and working out with him. It had only been a month, so Rob’s confidence was growing much faster than his strength, but he was making gains there, too.

On a random Tuesday the three girls were upstairs lifting weights when Rob and Tom showed up. “Hey, Chris called last night.” Announced Tom. “His parents are going out of town on a business trip weekend after next and leaving him and his brother home.”

Chris’s parents are like that. Even when he was younger, before he moved, his parents were always going out of town on business trips. They own some sort of consulting company that deals with computers, and they have something like 50 employees that go out of town for months at a time installing software and stuff. 5 or 6 times a year his parents have to go out of town to work with a customer or to go to some conference or something, and they have been leaving Chris and his brother home alone since Chris started high school. I should mention here that Chris’s brother, Curt, is a freshman. I have met him a few times, but I’ve never been to their new house.

When Chris’s parent’s company started doing really well, they moved across town to a really nice neighborhood, and I’ve heard that their house is huge. It was built in the early 1970’s, but they completely remodeled it before they moved in, so everything is pretty new.

We all quickly decided that we’d go.

“How many people are going to be there?” asked Sarah.

“I don’t know. I’ll ask him and find out who all is coming.”

Now at this point in the story, because it’s already happened, I have two choices for the direction I take in the telling. The first is that I could tell the events as they unfold and keep you all in suspense. But then I’m thinking that you all already know that something has happened if I’m bothering to post the story on this site. I mean, I’m not going to write 5 pages about how we all sat around and watched TV and then went home, but not before helping to clean up. So I’ll take the second option and tell you what I learned later. Tom, Rob and Chris talked and they decided that it would be a lot more fun to have a few people over and have female nudity than it would be to have a ton of people over and worry about the house getting trashed.

Of course they clued Sarah in. Rob told us later that he had no problem with Sarah getting naked around the small group of us, but didn’t like it to go beyond us. He confessed that Tom was really the only other guy he was really all right with, but would feel okay with Rick if it had to be that way.

So Sarah made a bet with me. It was a sure thing that I would win. I agreed that I wouldn’t strip her when I won, but she made no such deal with me. I was sure I’d win, so I didn’t argue.

I lost. Are you surprised? Again, what fun would the telling of this story be if I’d won? Three pages on how she cleaned my room and painted my toenails.

So I wasn’t thinking much of it. I figured we’d end up at Rob’s house at some point and I’d be put through some humiliating display or another, but until we made plans to meet at Rob’s, I was safe.

So on Saturday early afternoon Tom picked Rick, Sarah and me up and drove to Chris’s house. It was amazing. It was set back in the woods so you could barely see the house from the street. There was a really long driveway that split off to a loop in front of the house, and a 4 car garage. The house was really cool inside. The floors were all dark wood and black tile, and the kitchen was all stainless steel. There were 2 refrigerators. Chris and his brother took us around the first floor and we were all just amazed. On one end of the house there was a theater. I mean a real theater. The floor was stepped down with 4 chairs on each level, and there was a huge screen on the wall. In the back of the room was a projector, and Chris said that the image was 81 inches in high definition.

The basement was a big rec room with a full sized bar, a pool table, an air hockey table, two pinball machines, and an electronic dart board. Behind the bar was a set of double doors that led outside, and across the room on the same wall was another set that led to a different patio. There were speakers in every room in the house, and there was music playing through all of them, and there were volume controls in every room so you could change the volume in each room.

Chris and Curt could not have been more different for brothers that were only 2 years apart. Chris was a jock, although not the cocky, loud kind that you think of with the stereotype. Sure, he was smart and got good grades, but he was athletically built and tall and handsome. He took after his mom, who was 5 foot 8 and was a college athlete. His brother takes after their dad. Curt is only about my height, and probably weighs less. He is a straight A student, but not at all athletically inclined. He makes Rob look like a super-jock.

On the opposite end of the house from the theater on the first floor they opened these double doors that I thought led outside to the back yard, but they led into a giant indoor pool. The pool was a little shorter than the pool at school, but still huge, and surrounded by a stone deck with 6 lounge chairs and 2 tables, each with 6 chairs around it. At the far end of the pool there was a hot tub that was bubbling and steaming. The ceiling had a whole bunch of skylights in it, and the rest was light colored wood. The back wall was the same brick as the house, and the other three walls were huge glass windows. They looked out to the back yard and forest behind them. It was incredible.

“I didn’t know you had a pool.” I complained. “I would have brought a bathing suit!”

“Oh, you won’t need a bathing suit.” Said Tom, smiling.

Curt’s eyes lit up. He had been told what would happen, though not in any great detail, but didn’t believe it. Hearing that seemed to enforce that it might really happen.

I felt my stomach drop. “Who all is coming tonight?” I asked nervously.

“Well, we’re all here, and Rob is bringing Tiffany, and Scott is coming, and Curt is going to have 1 friend.” Answered Tom.

“What?!” I asked, horrified. That made 2 freshmen and Scott as new people, and would be by far the largest number of people I had ever been naked in front of.

“Oh, and I’m collecting on my bet tonight. Half a day.” Announced Sarah.

“What?! No! You can’t!” I was panicked at this point.

Tom and Sarah took me by the hand while Rick, Chris and Curt went back into the main part of the house, leaving us alone at one of the tables around the pool.

I can’t remember exactly what was said here, but they calmed me down. It was all in fun, nothing really bad would happen, and all of my friends would be there to ensure that nothing got out of control. They know as well as I do that I like it and it turns me on, and blah-blah-blah. I finally, although reservedly, agreed, but begged for them to go easy on me.

No promises were made. It was only 3:00. I was in for a long night.

A little while later Rob and Tiffany arrived with Scott following. Curt’s friend was not far behind. His name was Justin, and he was about 2 inches taller than curt, but just as much of a non-athlete.

We were all standing in the kitchen talking when Tom called everyone to attention. “So… we all know what’s happening tonight. I don’t want to have to remind anyone…” and here he looked straight at Curt and Justin “… to mind their manners, and that what happens here tonight never gets talked about.”

Everyone agreed, and Scott spoke up. “So what’s the deal, exactly?”

Sarah answered the question, and explained most of the history the same as it had been explained to Chris. She explained about the bets, the escalation of the flashing, an abbreviated version of the fashion show over the summer, and then the subsequent betting and escalation that led us to the current situation.

“And she owes me right now, and has to do anything I say tonight.” Sarah finished.

“Like, anything?” Asked Justin timidly.

“Anything I want her to do. And she’s my best friend so I don’t want to hurt her or have her do anything too horrible.” She answered. Even though I knew she was going to be mean to me tonight, that comment made me feel a swell of affection for her.

“Wow. That’s cool. Anything you tell her to do.” Responded Justin, mostly to himself.

“Let’s prove the point. Cheryl, show everyone your boobs.”

The room fell silent as everyone stared at me. I blushed slightly, but lifted my shirts and bra, flashing them my boobs. After a few seconds I looked to Sarah, who nodded slightly, and I pulled my shirt back down. The room erupted in chatter immediately.

Here I should say what I had worn to the party. I was wearing my Lucky brand jeans, blue socks (I had taken off my shoes at the door), my black thong and matching bra from Victoria’s Secret (not the micro-thong, the regular one), a plain white long-sleeved T-shirt and a light pink t-shirt with “bebe” in rhinestone’s on the chest.

Tiffany came over to me and pulled me aside.

“I had no idea they were going to do this to you!” she whispered.

“Did they tell you there’s a pool?” I asked. Everyone else had arrived at the same time so there had been no time to take the new people on another tour of the house.

“There’s a pool?”

“They didn’t tell you to bring a suit?”

Tiffany’s face turned a bit red and she looked nervous. “They didn’t tell me. Is Tom going to do the same thing to me?”

“Let’s go find him.” I said, feeling a little better that I might not be alone in my misery.

My relief was short lived. Tom had driven Sarah to Tiffany’s house after school one day and she’d lied to Tiffany’s parents. Tiffany’s birthday is coming up at the end of February, so she’d told her parents that she needed to look in her closet to figure out what size, and what to buy her. Sarah had stolen a bikini from her drawer and hidden it in her jacket.

“We just knew you’d tell Cheryl if you knew.” Said Tom apologetically.

Sarah laughed at me. Not cruelly, but out of genuine amusement. I was her plaything for the evening.

“Let’s go swimming!” suggested Curt. It was pretty obvious that he and Justin had been talking and just wanted me to get naked. I was hoping it was obvious to Sarah, too, and that she’d put a stop to it.

“We’ll go swimming later.” She answered, as if reading my mind. “Let’s go downstairs and play some games.”

Relieved, we headed down to the rec room. Behind the bar were two flat-panel TV’s, probably 35” or so, and they had a trivia game with handheld controllers. The trivia game was hooked up to the internet, and you could play against people all over the world, or just play a private game.

“We’re going to play a trivia challenge.” Announced Sarah. “Cheryl is a smart girl, so we’re going to play against her. The counter runs down from 1,000 points, and takes about 10 seconds. She’ll play against each of the guys except Rob and Tom in turn, and I’ll hold the controller. Cheryl has 5 second to answer the question. If she calls out an answer I’ll press the button and answer it. If it’s the right answer, she wins. If it’s the wrong answer, she loses. If she can’t answer it in the first 5 seconds, whoever she’s playing that round can shout out their answer. If it’s the right answer, she loses. If it’s the wrong answer, she wins. Everyone got it so far?”

“So, she’ll play just against me, then she’ll play against Justin, and like that?” Asked Curt.

“Exactly. So if she loses, the person she’s playing against draws a piece of paper out of this bowl.” She indicated a bowl full of scraps of paper.

“What’s on the paper?” Asked Scott.

“Numbers.” She replied. “1 through 10, since there are 10 questions in a round of the trivia game.”

“But what do they mean?”

“We’ll find that out after the game.”

“So she has to play against each of us twice? Is Tom playing?”

“Nope, just Curt, Justin, Scott, Rick and Chris.”

She started the game, and the round began. I played each guy in the order I wrote above. The first one was easy and I answered it quickly and correctly. Second one I answered wrong, so Justin drew the number 6. Third question I couldn’t answer and Scott guessed wrong. 4th question I got correct. 5th question I guessed wrong.

I guessed wrong on the 6th, so Curt picked the number 2 from the bowl. I didn’t guess in time on number 7, but shouted out the answer so Justin got it right. Stupid me. Justin drew the number 4. I got the 8th question right. I didn’t guess on the 9th and Rick got it right away, and drew the number 9. I got the last question correct.

Chris turned off the trivia game and we all looked to Sarah to explain the numbers. She asked the 3 winners to lay their numbers on the bar. In order.

Curt 2

Justin 4, 6

Rick 9

“The winners of that game each get to remove 1 thing from Cheryl.” She announced to a cheer from the two younger guys, one of whom had 2 numbers. “I counted jewelry so that I could get her up to 10 things, so it’s not as exciting as you’re thinking, but let’s go now. I have here a list of the order things come off of her, so no one can complain.” She produced a sheet of paper. On it was the following list.

1. socks

2. watch

3. outer t-shirt

4. earrings

5. jeans

6. rings

7. long-sleeve t-shirt

8. necklace

9/10. bra

9/10.panties

I quickly looked down at the first 4. I wouldn’t be losing anything important. The guys scanned the list, too, and looked disappointed. I also noticed that my bra and panties were both number 9/10, but chose not to ask about it right then.

Sarah had me stand in the center of the room, and Curt was first. He pulled my socks off of my feet unceremoniously and quickly. Thankfully I had just given myself a pedicure. Justin was next with 2 in a row. He fumbled with my watch for almost a minute before he was able to get it off of me. Then it was time for the t-shirt. As he lifted it, the white long-sleeve started to come with it. I grabbed the hem to keep it down, but was immediately scolded by Sarah, who stopped the whole thing.

“I’ll stop him from taking it off, but you can’t move a muscle. Now put your arms straight up over your head.”

I felt myself blush, being bawled out in front of a freshman, but complied. He eagerly lifted my pink t-shirt, making no effort to keep the white one down. The two of them went up together, and were covering my face, my belly and bra exposed completely. I then felt the white one being pulled back down and as the pink one came up over my head I saw that Sarah was holding the white one in place. Justin finished removing the shirt and handed it to Sarah, who was collecting my clothes.

Now it was Rick’s turn to remove my earrings. Remembering how rough he had been pulling my jeans off last time, I was a bit nervous, but he did it without any problems at all.

“That was a fun first game.” Announced Sarah, satisfied with herself and the proceedings. “I didn’t want it to go too far the first game, but it was all up to Cheryl.”

I shot her a crooked smile, and she smiled genuinely back at me.

“Now let’s play some other games. No more betting just yet.”

Everyone kind of wandered off. Tom and Chris played pool against Rick and Scott, Justin and Curt played air hockey, while Sarah, Tiffany, Rob and I played pinball. After about half an hour Sarah called everyone over. She had decided it was time for more fun.

“This time we’re going to play a game of complete chance. The three guys who won last time are out of the game this time, so it will just be Scott and Chris playing. We’re going to play a game of over/under for pinball. There’s a piece of paper here with either the word “over” or “under” written on it. One of you two needs to take it from me.”

Scott and Chris looked at each other, shrugged, and then Chris reached out and took it. It said “under”.

“Chris is ‘under’, so Scott is ‘over’.” Sarah announced. She then told me to pick a number – 1 or 2. I picked 2.

“I just scored 1,243,800 points in pinball (or however many points it was). Cheryl is going to play the same game. On this piece of paper…” she produced another piece of paper, this one folded, “… I wrote over and under, and assigned each a number, 1 or 2. Cheryl picked 2, but we don’t know if she picked over or under.”

Everyone nodded, indicating they got it so far.

“So if she plays and is over my score, and if the number 2 is ‘over’, then she wins. If 2 is ‘under’, then she loses, and the guy who had ‘under’ wins and takes off her jeans.”

It took a couple of times explaining it, but everyone got it. I started playing, and did pretty well on the first ball. I didn’t do too well on the second ball, and it seemed like I had the third ball going forever. When I finally lost it, my score was 1,411,000 (or something). I was over her score.

Sarah then opened the folded piece of paper.

1. over

2. under

“So what does that mean?”

“You picked 2, so you bet that you would be under my score. You were over my score, so you lost. Scott had ‘over’, so he won, because he bet you’d be over, so Scott gets to take off your jeans.”

I wanted to stomp my feet and yell that it wasn’t fair, but I knew that would do me no good at all, so I swallowed my pride and returned to the spot in the center of the room. Sarah got behind me and showed him the way that we had devised for removing my jeans a few weeks before (miming the actions, not actually removing them), and then he took the place and actually did it. I regretted wearing a thong, but all of the guys enjoyed it.

Sarah added my jeans to the bag of my clothes and jewelry that she was collecting

Sarah then sent me to the bar to get drinks for everyone. There was Coke, Pepsi, Diet Coke, Sprite, Dr. Pepper and 20 different kinds of beer. I got everyone their choice of drink (no beer) and then Sarah said we should play more games.

Tom told me to play pool with him, and Curt and Justin decided to watch me play so they could see my butt as I bent over to take pool shots.

After a couple of games of pool it was about 5:00. We were 2 hours into the evening and I was still about half dressed. That was something, anyway.

I opted to sit out the third game of pool, so Sarah challenged Tiffany and me to play darts. Justin and Curt tagged along, and were whispering back and forth. Finally Sarah turned around and asked them what they were whispering about.

At first they lied and said nothing, but she eventually got it out of them.

“Justin wanted me to ask you if you’d make her show us her boobs again.”

“No, you wanted to ask!” Yelled Justin.

“Whatever!” Said Sarah, holding up her hands to stop them from bickering. “If I have her flash you, will you leave us alone for half an hour?”

“They can stay.” I said, not wanting to flash them.

“30 seconds.” Said Justin.

“No, half an hour.”

“No… I mean she has to show us her boobs for 30 seconds. I count.”

“10 seconds, and I count.” Said Sarah.

“No seconds, and I count.” I sad.

They ignored me.

“20 seconds.”

“5 seconds. Last offer.”

“Okay. 10 seconds.” Said Justin quickly.

“Sorry.” I said. “5 seconds was your last offer. You didn’t take it.”

“No, I made the 10 second offer, so I’ll stick with that.”

“Someday I’ll have a say in who gets to see me naked.” I said. Tiffany and Sarah laughed.

Sarah had me stand facing the boys with my arms straight up over my head, and had Tiffany stand behind me. She unclipped my bra, and then lifted my shirt until she was able to grab it and the bra together. Sarah said “Go” and Tiffany lifted my shirt and bra in front of my face. Sarah counted out loud. 1 look-at-the-boobies. 2 look-at-the-boobies… all the way to 10 look-at-the-boobies, when Tiffany pulled my shirt back down. I opened my eyes and all 5 guys were standing there with stupid grins on their faces.

They all wandered off after Sarah shooed them away, and I reached under my shirt and fixed my bra. I was safe for half an hour, I figured.

The guys continued to play pool and air hockey, and it took the full half hour before Sarah finally won at darts. We all suck.

“So it’s 5:30. You guys want to order a pizza or something?”

“Who delivers out here?” Asked Tom.

“There’s a Lou Malnatti’s Pizza that’s really good.” Replied Chris.

Lou’s it is. We called and ordered the pizza. It would take an hour to get here.

“Let’s make Cheryl answer the door naked!” Said Justin.

“Let’s not. No more opinions from you or we’ll call the whole thing off tonight.” Said Sarah. I was starting to like her again.

“Yeah, shut up before I send you home.” Said Chris threateningly.

Sarah carried my bag of clothes and we all went upstairs. Most of the guys fell in behind me so they could watch my thong-clad butt as we walked up the stairs. Chris called in the pizza and charged it to his parent’s credit card, and insisted that we didn’t need to chip in for it.

“You got any cards?” Asked Sarah after Chris had hung up the phone.

He went to the family room and opened a closet door. Inside there were shelves of games. Board games, card games, electronic games… all kinds of games. There was a jar full of dice of all sorts. He pulled out a deck of poker cards and handed it to Sarah.

We all returned to the kitchen and Sarah explained the new game.

“My dad taught me this game. It’s kind of like blackjack, but it’s called 10 and-a-half. All of the cards are worth whatever number they are, and the aces are worth a half. The object is to be the closest to 10 and-a-half without going over.”

“It’s just like blackjack.” Said Scott.

“Kind of. The dealer plays one-on-one in the circle instead of one hand against everyone else. So I’d play Tom, then Tiffany, then Scott… each time I’d deal a new hand. One card per person.”

Justin and Curt didn’t get it, so she dealt a demonstration hand.

One card to Tom, one to herself.

Stay.

Stay.

They both stayed, so they showed their cards. Sarah had a Jack, Tom had a 9. Sarah wins.

Then she dealt one card to Tiffany, and one to herself.

Stay. Stay.

She had an 8, Tiffany had a Queen.

One card to Scott, one to herself.

Hit. Scott wanted another card. She gave him a 10 face up. 10 and-a-half. He’d won.

Everyone got it now. “So what happens on a tie?” asked Tiffany.

“Re-deal.” Answered Sarah simply.

As she gathered up all of the cards and shuffled the deck, she continued. “So Cheryl is going to be the dealer. She’s going to play each one of us, and take off something for every hand she loses.” She put the list with the order of my clothes on the island countertop.

“What if I win?”

“Then you win the right to not take anything off.”

“So it’s dumb luck of the cards telling me how much I’m going to have to take off.” I complained.

“If you’d prefer the winner can take your clothes off when you lose a hand.”

I didn’t say anything. I picked up the cards and dealt to the person on my left, Chris. I had an 8, he had a 9. I took off my rings and put them in the middle of the counter. Sarah scooped them up and put them in the bag with my other clothes.

The next deal was to Rob. Both of us had crap, but my crap was better, and I won.

Next deal to Justin. Jack to 7, I won. Curt got a 4 and asked for another card. It was a 9, so I won with a 6. Sarah got an 8 to my Queen. I was doing pretty well. I dealt to Tom and gave myself a 2. I took a chance on another card, and it was a 6. 8 wasn’t so bad. Tom had a King.

I looked at the list and grimaced. I pulled my long-sleeve t-shirt over my head and handed it to Sarah, who added it to her bag. I was now in my bra and panties, unless you count my necklace. I was thankful that I still had that to take off, but it wasn’t covering very much.

Tiffany got a 9 to my Queen. I dealt myself an ace against Scott, so I took a second card. It was a 9, so I had 9 and-a-half. Scott had a 10, so I took off the necklace.

Rick was last. I dealt the cards. I had a 7 and I was very, very nervous. I stalled for time.

“Why do both bra and panties have a 9/10?” I asked Sarah.

“I figured we could take a vote on which comes off first, if it comes to that.” She answered. “Got a bad card there?”

I blushed and looked up at Rick. He didn’t look really confident, but was still smiling. I flipped my 7 over to let the chips fall where they may. Rick flipped his card. It was another 7. What were the odds?

There was a gasp from the table, and Sarah called out “Re-deal.”

I dealt 2 new cards. I had a King, and flipped it up right away. Rick had a Queen. Another tie!

I dealt myself a 10. I waited for Rick. He made me turn up first. He had a 9. I had managed to not lose.

A collective groan went up from the circle. I think everyone was routing for me to lose that hand.

“Next game is after dinner.” Announced Sarah.

I knew that my luck had really held out well, and was surprised. If they hadn’t been games of chance, I would have thought that Sarah had planned them this way. It was almost as if it was scripted.

Pizza came about 45 minutes later, and I was offered the option of eating in just my bra and panties or changing into my jeans and t-shirt. I was about to jump on the offer, but thought better of it. “Where would I change? I asked.

“Right here.” Grinned Sarah.

“I’ll eat in my bra and panties, thanks.” I replied.

We made fast work of that pizza, it was so good. I could barely eat a whole piece, but the guys each had 2 or 3. They were huge, with a slab of meat on the top. Not 15 minutes later everyone was done eating.

Sarah made me clean the dishes and put away the leftover pizza in the refrigerator, then called us to the family room. She went into the closet and brought out 5 dice.

“Alright.” She announced. “Everyone roll one die to see who is going to play. 2 highest rolls get to play.”

Everyone rolled a die, and after tie-breakers Scott and Curt were the winners.

“We’re going to go swimming after this game, so why doesn’t everyone go change. Cheryl, you just wait here. When we get back you’ll play a game with Scott and Curt to decide if you get to swim in your underwear, or if you get to skinny-dip.”

Everyone wandered off to get their bathing suits on. In about 10 minutes everyone was back. The guys were all wearing their swim trunks and t-shirts. Sarah had on a 1-piece, and Tiffany had on a blue bikini. Both girls were wearing shorts. I was so jealous.

Once everyone was back in the family room milling around, Sarah suggested that we all head out to the pool area. She grabbed the dice and led the way to one of the tables. She then explained the game.

“Scott and Curt are each going to play poker with Cheryl. Each of you roll a die.”

Scott rolled a 4, Curt rolled a 6.

“Curt, you got high roll. Do you want to play her for her bra or for her panties?”

“Bra!”

“Okay. Scott, you’re playing her for her panties.” Curt, you go first since you rolled higher. You’re playing for the best 2 out of 3 hands.

It was kind if like Yahtzee. Curt rolled all 5 dice, decided what to keep, and rolled the rest once more. That was his poker hand. A pair of 4’s. I did the same, and ended up with 3 6’s.

Next hand he beat me with 3 3’s and 2 5’s.

This was the deciding hand for my bra. He rolled a pair of 2’s and didn’t get any more. I rolled a pair of 5’s on my opening roll. Yeah! I was keeping my bra!

Now it was Scott’s turn. He won the first hand with another full house. I got a full house on the second hand and beat his 3 4’s.

Again, it was down to one hand for the fate of my panties. He rolled 3 6’s on the opening roll, and that was as good as it got. I threw the dice and panicked. No pairs at all. As I was staring trying to figure out what to do, I realized… 2, 3, 4, 5, 6… I had a straight.

“A straight beats 3 of a kind, right?!” I almost yelled.

I had kept my bra and panties. For now.

The guys complained and asked Sarah for a rematch, but she refused and simply dropped her shorts and dove into the pool. Tom and Chris followed, and soon everyone but me was in the water.

“Come on, Cheryl. Get in the water.” They called to me.

“I want to keep these dry.” I said. “I don’t have anything to change into.”

That got a laugh.

“You wanna race?” Chris taunted. We had always raced each other when we were on the park district swim team together. We had always been very evenly matched.

“No.” I called back.

“No, that’s a good idea.” Said Sarah. “You race Chris for your bra. You win you get something back. You lose, you lose the bra.”

“And I don’t get to decline, right?”

“You know me so well!” she laughed.

Everyone got out of the pool, and Chris and I took our places on the edge at the deep end, one of us on either side of the diving board, ready to dive in on Tom’s signal.

“Ready… Set… GO!”

The first thing I noticed when I dove in was that my panties slid right down to my knees. The second thing was that I couldn’t kick like that. I lost big time.

I struggled to keep my panties on as I swam to the end of the pool, where Chris was smiling and egging me on.

“That wasn’t fair.” Called Sarah. “She gets a do-over.”

Everyone was shocked. I was grateful… until she continued.

“You can’t race with your panties on, so this time just take them off and race without them.”

I wanted to get sucked into the filter.

Chris climbed out of the water, but I walked over to the stairs. The thong was made of lacey nylon, so it wasn’t that heavy, but it seemed to have gotten 2 sizes larger, and didn’t want to stay up. It felt as though I had broken the elastic. I walked around to the starting area and blushing, let my panties fall down, and I kicked them aside.

Sarah didn’t make me do anything really humiliating, and just had Tom start the race again.

“Ready… Set… GO!”

I did much better this time. It was almost a photo finish, but I lost. Rematch? Nope.

Sarah made me take off my bra right there in the pool and toss it up to her. “No covering up!” she scolded.

“You want to race, Tiffany? Same bet?” Joked Chris.

“Why don’t you race Cheryl to see if she gets to put her panties back on?” Suggested Sarah.

“How about we make it really interesting. My panties against your bikini bottoms.” I offered.

“She doesn’t have to…” Started Sarah, but she trailed off.

“I’m on my period.” She whispered to me so only I could hear her. Then out loud she said “Yea, I don’t have to.”

“Let’s race for your top, then. You think you can beat me? Let’s make it interesting. I just raced, you’re rested. I’m naked, you have a suit on. Let’s see who’s better. Or are you chicken?”

“Not chicken, but why should I bet? I’ll just race you, and if you should happen to beat me then we’ll know, but I won’t have to take anything off.”

“I agree.” Said Tom quietly. “If Tiffany wins, you’re naked.”

“I’m already naked.” I said.

“But you can have your thong back if you win.” Said Tiffany.

“Then let me win.”

“Sorry, babe. I love it when you’re naked. You’re so damned cute when you’re embarrassed.”

I swam to the deep end and pulled myself out of the water and onto the pool deck. Tiffany and I got ready, and I could feel everyone staring at me.

“Ready… Set… GO!”

I got a good start, and I felt good in the water. I didn’t look for her, I just swam as hard as I could. I touched the wall and looked over. She was touching the wall, too. I looked up for a judgment. I won.

The guys couldn’t decide if they were upset or not.

I swam back down to the deep end, where my panties were sitting in a puddle of water. I pulled myself out of the pool and, covering my crotch with my hand, carried them to the table I had been sitting at, all the while trying to ignore the Curt and Justin, who were about 5 feet behind me. I wrung them out standing with my back to the pool and the boys, and then stepped into them. They were all out of shape and still very lose on me. I think I did do something to the elastic.

“Are you going to swim with us?” asked Sarah.

“My panties are ruined.”

Sarah got out of the pool and came over to me. She looked at them briefly, then held out her hand. “Give them to me.”

“What?”

“Take them off and hand them to me.”

I slowly complied. She flattened them out on the chair seat where it was dry, and then took my hand and pulled me around to face the pool.

“Cheryl is nervous to swim naked, so let’s get her over the initial embarrassment. Everyone come on over here.”

Everyone swam or walked toward us while I cowered, holing my hand over my crotch. Sarah said nothing at first.

“So let’s just get this over with. Everyone is going to take a nice long look at your naked body so you can be at ease with it, and then we can just swim for a while.”

She had everyone line up, and Curt and Justin pushed their way to the front. She then pulled a chair over and made me stand on the seat with my arms straight out at my sides. Of course everyone in the room could see everything, but she acted like only the person right in front of me could see anything.

“Curt, you’re first.” She said, taking his hand and pulling him forward. She walked him slowly around the chair, and then left him stand in front of it for a moment before sending him off pulling Justin forward and repeating the slow walk around the chair.

I felt myself blush as I realized how long I’d be standing here. She walked every single person around the chair, and even pretended not to notice that Curt and Justin both got in line again, and walked them around a second time at the very end.

After Justin’s second trip, while he and Curt were still standing there staring at me, she announced loudly “There. Now everyone has seen her and it’s no big deal any more, so she can swim with us and not be all nervous that someone’s going to see her butt or something.” She said this as though I had no right or reason to be nervous about being naked in a room with 7 guys.

It actually was easier in the water, although Curt and Justin kept going under the water, and even went and got swim masks and snorkels. I tried to complain, but Sarah said they were fine and that I should ignore them.

After about an hour in the pool I was getting a bit waterlogged, and legitimately wanted to get out. I swam over to Sarah, hearing Justin and Curt following, and asked “Do I get to have any clothes back when we get out?”

“If they’re dry, you can put your bra and panties back on.”

“Can we get out? I’m getting all pruney.”

She looked at her fingers and agreed. We walked out of the pool and grabbed a couple of towels. Sarah let me keep the towel covering me only long enough to rub the water off, and Curt and Justin stayed in the water with their chins resting on the pool deck watching me. When I tried to turn away Sarah turned me back toward them.

Sufficiently dry, Sarah took my towel from me and I walked over to the table where my bra and panties were drying. They were both almost completely dry now, with only parts of the elastic still moist.

“I can put these on?” I confirmed.

“Are they dry?”

“Mostly.”

She came over to check and they met her approval.

I pulled the panties on, and they still didn’t fit quite right. They stayed on a bit better, but slid down quite easily. I put the bra on and then jumped up and down a couple of times. The thong slid halfway down my butt and fell off my pussy in the front. I tried to ignore it while I brushed my hair out, but they kept sliding down.

I inspected it again, when Sarah found the problem. The seam in the back where the waistband meets the string that comes up the butt crack had split, and the elastic wasn’t holding.

“Chris, do you have any string?” she called. Chris and the other guys were already out of the pool and drying off.

“Yeah, why?”

“Cheryl broke her thong. I want to see if I can fix it.”

“Let’s see it.” said Chris, walking over with the other guys and Tiffany in tow. Justin and Curt were now anxiously scrambling out of the pool.

“Here, give it to me.” Said Sarah.

“Can’t I go into the bathroom?” I asked.

“Oh, for crying out loud. Didn’t we go through this already?” She admonished. “Take it off now.”

I gave it a small push and it fell to the floor. I picked it up and handed it to her, keeping my legs demurely together with one hand blocking my pussy from view.

“What did I say about that. Everyone has already seen it. Christ.” She said in mock frustration. “Up on the chair again. You seem so concerned about your pussy, so let’s cure you of that. Rob, can I borrow this?”

She had walked over and picked up Rob’s t-shirt.

“Sure.”

She tossed it up to me. “Put this on, and tie it just below your boobs.”

Almost shaking with humiliation, I complied. I was now perfectly descent from just above my belly button up, wearing both a bra and a t-shirt, but bottomless and standing on a chair.

“Now spread your legs apart. Put your feel right on the edges of the chair.” She commanded, making me spread my legs, putting my pussy on even more prominent display. “Arms straight out from your sides.”

“Now everyone can see your pussy, and no one will be distracted by your boobs, so that’s all they’ll look at. You stay right there while I go fix this. Justin, you’re in charge. If she moves, you tell me about it when I get back.”

Justin and Curt stood transfixed in front of me, staring at my now-spread pussy, which was right at eye level for them. Scott kept stealing furtive glances, but didn’t want to be caught staring. Rick, Tom and Rob positioned themselves so they could look without having to turn their heads.

About 5 minutes later Sarah and Chris came back. Sarah was carrying my thong.

“You should take a good look before we put this back on her.” Sarah offered to Chris. “You didn’t get to see anything while you were helping me with it.”

“I’m okay.” He replied, laughing and looking directly at my pussy.

“Okay.” She said, shrugging.

“Did she move Justin?” Sarah asked.

“Not really.” He said.

“Good. I knew I could trust you not to take your eyes off of her.” She chuckled at her own joke.

She reached between my legs with the thong and positioned it, then grabbed the two strings on my right side and tied them in place. Then she did the same on the left side. She had cut the waistband on both sides and had tied a piece of string to each piece, so it was now a side-tie thong.

The panty back in place, she allowed me to get down off of the chair, and had me return Rob’s t-shirt.

Justin and Curt finally grabbed towels and dried off the little water that hadn’t evaporated, and then put their t-shirts on. The guys now all had their t-shirts back on, Tiffany and Sarah put their shorts back on, and I actually felt pretty dressed in my bra and Franken-thong.

Chris offered us drinks, but Sarah made me go and get them. Curt decided to help me, and was actually subdued. He showed me where the drink tray and the plastic pool-side glasses were kept, and if you ignore him staring at my butt, was a perfect gentleman. When I got back they had turned the music up a bit louder, and had pushed the two tables together. They were teak wood tables, and were very well made. They looked really expensive.

10 of the chairs were set around the tables, and I set the drink tray down in the center. I took a towel and put it on my chair so I didn’t get wood-slat lines on my bare butt, and then sat down.

Everyone talked for a while, when Chris suddenly looked up at Justin. “When do you have to be home?”

“10”

“It’s almost 9:00. No more swimming. Go get dried off and dressed. I don’t want your parents coming looking for you.”

“I don’t wanna go, though!” He complained.

“Tough shit.” Said Chris firmly. “Both of you, go get dressed.”

Curt and Justin moped away, afraid they were going to miss something cool. Sarah called after them just as they were leaving “Hurry back before you miss something!”

They broke into a run, and were back in less than 5 minutes, their hair still wet.

“Good enough.” Sighed Chris.

Sarah got up and took all 10 of the towels we had used to dry off and laid them out on the floor.

“Last summer Cheryl lost her first bet like this to me, and I decided to use the opportunity to teach Tom and Rick all about girls.” Sarah said, addressing Justin and Curt. I noticed that she left Mike out of that.

“We know about girls.” Justin said defensively.

“Well, if you don’t want to learn…” Teased Sarah.

“Shut up, dick!” Said Curt, elbowing his friend in the ribs.

“So we’ll give you two the same lessons that these guys had. It’s made them the men they are today.”

I suddenly realized where this was going. Crap. Oh, well. I resigned myself.

Sarah positioned the two boys on the floor facing each other, and had me come over and stand between them.

“Now a lot of guys really like to look at girls’ legs. They just love them. Cheryl has pretty nice legs, don’t you guys think?”

I began to pose, first standing and pointing my toes, then at Tom’s prodding on my back with my legs in the air, then on my stomach. After a couple of minutes of guiding me through poses, Rob, Tom and Rick all reminding Sarah of ones she may have forgotten, Sarah moved on to my butt.

“Now then some guys really like girls butts.” She said, as I laid on my stomach between them and flexed and unflexed my butt for them.

“And a thong is really a good way to see a girls butt so you can appreciate it, but it’s not the same as a naked butt. Why don’t each of you grab one of the strings on the bows there and give a tug.”

I closed my eyes, waiting. Two quick tugs and the thong was untied. Sarah bent down and pulled it off of my butt, indicating that I should lift my pelvis, and she pulled it out from under me. The boys were speechless.

“Now you see it looks a little different when it’s not framed by the thong. Stand up, Cheryl.” She instructed.

She had me stand directly between them, facing the table full of my friends while I flexed and unflexed my butt again. Then she had me turn to face Justin so Curt could get a close-up look at my butt, and then turn around and face Curt. Of course the other boy was getting an eyeful of my pussy, but I think that was part of the point.

Then she had me bend over with my legs spread so they could see my butthole (and of course my pussy), facing each boy. Tom and Rick reminded her of a couple of poses for the butt before she moved on.

“Now most guys really like boobs.” She said. She had me kneel with my back to each boy and she taught them how to unhook and rehook my bra. Each did it several times until they had it down, and the she had me allow it to fall off completely, leaving me totally naked.

“So there are several areas to the boobs” she said, having me point out the swell of my breasts, the areola, the nipple and push them together to show my cleavage. “And boobs act differently in different positions.” She continued, having me stand, put my arms up, down, out, back, forward, jump up and down, and then lay on my back between them and repeat all of the same positions.

“You forgot our favorite!” Reminded Tom.

“How could I forget that one?” laughed Sarah.

She had Curt lay down on his back, his feet facing Justin. She then had me straddle Curt, my back to Justin, and lean forward so that my boobs were right over his face. I heard Justin say “wow”, and I knew he was looking right at my pussy.

After I climbed off of Curt, she had Justin lay back, his feet toward Curt, and had me repeat the position for Justin.

“I don’t know which position is cooler to be in!” said Curt, and I felt myself flush again.

That position finally done, Sarah moved on.”

“And of course, there’s the pussy. She started me off by having me lay down between them so that my waist was even with them, giving them and the people at the table a great view between my legs. She discussed my mons, outer lips, and the lack of pubic hair before having me switch positions. She had Justin move back a few feet, then had me lay with my head almost in his lap, and my legs spread on either side of Curt, so he was sitting about even with my knees. Justin’s point of view, of course, showed quite a bit, too. She had me point out my clitoral hood, my pee hole, the vagina itself, and then had me pull back the clitoral hood to expose my clit.

Then she had me switch my position to give Justin the same show. Then she had me pose several different ways, including bent over forward and laying on my back with my legs spread in my hands.

“Now you need to get a good close-up view before we call it a night.” Said Sarah. She then had me straddle each boys face, my bare, spread pussy hovering only a few inches above.

They were both pretty much speechless the entire time.

“What time is it, Chris?” Sarah asked.

“It’s 20 ‘till.” He replied.

“When’s Justin got to leave?”

“About 10 minutes if he’s going to be home on time.”

“Okay, boys. The last thing we’ll show you is the whole female form in motion. Cheryl, go ahead and get up. Chris, do you have any good dance music or anything?”

“What do you want?” He laughed. He went to the wall where the volume control was and opened a panel in the wall with a touch screen behind it.

As I stood awkwardly on the towel with Justin and Curt, Sarah walked over to Chris. A few seconds later the music changed and the Luv Me Luv Me song from How Stella Got Her Groove Back soundtrack came on. If you don’t remember, that’s one of Sarah and My favorite movies, and the 7 minute song I had danced to last summer.

“Go ahead and dance for the boys. Make it sexy.” She instructed.

I started to dance, and the guys continued to stand there. Sarah grabbed their shoulders and moved them off of the towels while I danced to the whole song, grinding my hips a lot and letting my hands caress my chest and stomach occasionally.

When the song ended everyone applauded. Sarah had me hug Justin goodbye, and I could feel his boner press against my thigh. Curt then walked him to the front door while Sarah allowed me to put the thong and bra back on.

Curt was back in a flash, and seemed disappointed that I was dressed.

“Go to bed now, twerp.” Commanded Chris.

“I don’t have to.” He retorted.

“Let him stay.” Said Sarah. “Cheryl doesn’t mind.”

I blushed but smiled at her.

“So we’ve got a few hours before anyone else has to leave.” Announced Chris. “You guys want to go back inside and play more games or something?”

“Sure!” Everyone agreed.

We went back inside and I sat in the family room with Curt while everyone else went to change back into jeans and stuff. On her way out of the room Sarah said to me “Keep him entertained. Tell him anything he wants to know.”

I tried talking about other stuff, but Curt was too interested in my body.

“Do you get embarrassed being naked?”

“Yeah, but it’s not that bad after a while.” I admitted.

“Can I see your boobs again?”

“No.”

“Sarah said you had to show me if I wanted to see.”

“She said I had to tell you anything you wanted to know.”

“I want to know more about your boobs. Will you show them to me?”

“No. Tell me what you want to know about them and I’ll tell you.”

We went around in circles like that, him trying to get me to undress again and me arguing it. The guys all came back to the room at about the same time, and overheard us arguing.

“What’s all that about?” asked Tom.

“He wants me to take my clothes off again.” I said.

Tom just laughed and walked away, which Curt took as a sign to keep bothering me.

Sarah and Tiffany joined us less than a minute later, fully dressed again.

“Ask her.” He said to me.

“Ask me what?” said Sarah, walking over.

Sighing, I asked her “What did you mean when you told me to ‘keep him entertained’?”

“Why?”

“He wanted me to take my clothes off again.”

“That would be entertaining.” She said, laughing.

“Is that what you meant?”

“No.” She admitted. “But let’s take a vote.

She got the attention of all of the guys. “By show of hands, who wants Cheryl to take off her clothes again?”

Everyone guy in the room raised his hand, and after a few seconds, so did Tiffany.

“Wow. It looks like I screwed up when I let you get dressed!” Sarah said. “Thanks for point out my mistake, Curt. Why don’t you be in charge of getting her naked again?”

“Huh?”

“Tell her exactly what you want her to do. How you want her to stand, where you want her to be, you know… be in charge.”

“Um… stand up, I guess.”

I stood. I couldn’t believe that Sarah had put the biggest pervert here in charge of this.

“I don’t know what you mean.” He said quietly.

“Here. Let me show you.” She said. “Stand up on the coffee table, Cheryl… Turn around so your back is to us… Now squeeze your butt cheeks as hard as you can… Now untie your thong on the left side only… Now squeeze it… now the right side…. Squeeze your butt together so the thong stays there.”

The thong had fallen down in the front, and only the string in the back was being squeezed between my cheeks holding the thong up.

“Now shake your butt around. More… Okay, now turn around and face us, but don’t let go! Okay, now drop it.”

It was totally humiliating, but everyone else seemed to enjoy it.

“Put your thong back on and tie it in place. You can get down, too.” Then to Curt she said “See, like that. Anything you can think of to make it more fun while she’s getting naked. Take your time with it. Have fun. Just telling her to get naked is boring.”

While I was putting my thong back on one of the strings came off and I couldn’t tie that side. Curt and Sarah noticed this at about the same time.

“Give it to Tiffany to fix,” Instructed Curt, “and while she’s doing that take your bra straps off of your shoulders and let your bra fall down so we can see your boobs.”

I handed the thong to a grinning Tiffany and pulled the shoulder straps off of my shoulders, then pulled the cups down so that the bra was inside-out just below my boobs. Tiffany seemed to take her time tying the string back onto the cut waistband of the thong, but finally handed it back to me.

“Okay, put that back on so I can think of a good way to make you take it off.” He said, getting into it. The guys all laughed at that comment.

I tied it in place on both sides, then looked to him for my next command.

“Okay, so stand up on the coffee table again. I liked that… Now turn around with your back to us again… Now bend way over. Spread your legs… wider… now pull the string out of the way… pull it away from your body…”

I was pulling the string and the front material away from my body, and the string broke off again, leaving the thong tied only to one hip.

“Wait… let go!” He said quickly. “Stand up for a second.”

I stood and the thong was hanging basically inside out off of my hip. My pussy was pretty much completely exposed.

“Perfect!” he said excitedly. “now jump around and bounce. See if you can get it to fall off!”

I felt really stupid, but jumped and bounced around until it finally slid down my hip far enough to become loose and just slide down. He then let me kick it off.

“Now bend over again…. Spread your legs wider… touch your hands to the coffee table between your feet…”

Finally Sarah stepped in. “Her thong is off. Now let’s get her bra off so we can go play games.”

He had me bounce around again so my boobs would shake to see if he could get the bra to fall off my feet, but the elastic was too tight and it wouldn’t happen. Finally he conceded and let me take it off.

“Let’s go downstairs and play games now!” said Sarah.

“Um, can I get dressed?

“Vote?” Called Sarah.

“NO!” came the chorus of voices.

“Sorry. The masses have spoken.”

We went downstairs and Curt, still in the spirit from his brief stint in control, had a suggestion. “How about we play games, and the winner gets to pose Cheryl!”

“That’s actually not a bad idea.” Said Sarah, thinking out loud.

“What do you guys think?”

They were all in agreement. Big surprise there.

Chris challenged me to a game of Air Hockey. Sarah decided that we’d play to 3 points so that the game wouldn’t take forever.

I hit the puck-thing to him, he hit it back and scored immediately. I started again, he hit it back and I completely missed it again, but it bounced off the back and toward him. He hit it back and I struck wildly at it and knocked it off the side wall, back into my handle, and into my own goal. 2-0.

The third point was just as quick. Serve, return, miss, return, point. 3-0, I lost. Total playing time was probably just about a minute. Everyone was laughing. “You could have played a full game in under 5 minutes!”

Chris had me lay on the floor on my back while he sat between my spread legs, and I pulled myself open with my fingers. Nothing like starting off slow, is there? Of course Chris had been the winner, and this was supposed to be payment to him, but everyone else was standing or kneeling right behind him getting the same show.

“How long do I have to hold each pose?”

1 minute was the majority vote, although 5 minutes and half an hour was also suggested.

Scott was next, and challenged me to pinball. Sarah decided that we’d each play 1 ball, and the high score at the end of 1 ball would be the winner.

“Can I at least put something on while I’m playing the games?” I asked.

“Vote?” called Sarah.

“NO!”

Why do I bother?

I went first, and scored something like 80,000 points.

Scott let his ball drop after he hit 200,000 points. He wanted me to stand on 2 chairs for his minute. He placed them about 3½ feet apart, so that I was almost doing the splits to keep a foot on each one. Of course everyone gathered around again, even though I was “paying” him. I expected it, but was coming to realize that I would likely be displaying myself quite explicitly for everyone the rest of the night.

Rick and I threw darts. 3 darts, most points wins. I actually did hit a 20 on my second dart, but ended up with only 34 points. Rick’s first dart was a double 20. He didn’t even throw the other 2.

“I think I want the boobs in my face pose that you did for Curt and Justin upstairs.”

He laid on the floor on his back and I straddled him, which caused me to spread my legs around his hips. The rest of the room was getting an excellent view of my butt and pussy while he got a good view of my boobs.

After the minute was up it was Rob’s turn. He wanted to play poker dice, so Sarah tried to send me upstairs to get the dice that were still on the table in the pool area. The guys complained and asked her to leave me there and send Tiffany or her. Tiffany volunteered to go, and Sarah had me lean against the bar so that I was very on-display until she got back.

Tiffany brought the dice and put them on the bar. Rob immediately picked them up and moved to the middle of the room, where he sat cross-legged on the floor. Sarah caught on immediately, and instructed me to sit identically straight across from him. All of the guys knelt or sat behind him. Now I wasn’t even paying off a loss and I was sitting with my pussy spread for everyone.

I ended up winning the hand, and didn’t have to pay anything to Rob, but I kind of felt like he had already collected anyway because of the way he had me sit while we were playing.

Curt was next, and he challenged me to another 3-point game of air hockey. He was just as good as his brother, but cockier. He insisted on serving first, and I never touched the puck. The second and third points were just as quick. Rob pulled him aside and whispered something to him. They whispered back and forth for a few seconds, and then Curt turned to me with a huge smile on his face.

“I want you to do a handstand against the wall over there, and then put your legs into the splits.”

That was one of the poses that Rob had thought up a while ago, and it was a very embarrassing one to be in. You couldn’t see the guy’s faces as they’re looking at you, and they have the perfect angle, since your pussy is about even with their chests.

“Thanks, Rob.” I said.

“Well, you beat me, and I wanted to see it.”

“I’m just supposed to be paying Curt.” I complained.

“Oh, and we all promise that we won’t enjoy it.” Interjected Sarah.

I walked over to the wall and got into a handstand. I can do one without the wall supporting me, but I’m not sure about doing it for a full minute, or with my legs in the splits position. Once I was balanced I slowly spread my legs until I was feeling a good stretch. They weren’t quite straight out, but they were pretty close.

Curt stepped forward and everyone else crowded around behind him. I’m pretty sure that Sarah allowed 2 full minutes to go by before calling “time”, and I wouldn’t have been surprised if Curt had actually drooled on me. Everyone else really liked that pose, too.

The last 3 were Tom, Sarah and Tiffany. Tiffany volunteered to go next. She challenged me to poker dice again, and once again I was instructed to sit cross-legged on the floor, putting everything on display for everyone.

Once again I won, so I didn’t find out what Tiffany would have liked to see me do. I was actually kind of curious.

Tom and Sarah argued over who would go last, but after a whispered conference, probably about what they would make me do when they won, Tom agreed to go next. He challenged me to a game of 9-ball in pool, and he let me break.

I got to break and shoot one other time before Tom had cleared the table.

Tom had me lay on the floor in the middle of the room. He sat by my feet and had me spread my legs while everyone gathered behind and on either side of him. He than made me masturbate for the full minute.

I could feel myself blushing the entire time, and I kept count in my head to ensure that Sarah didn’t go overtime. When I had counted 90 seconds I asked about Time, and Sarah said “10 more seconds.” I counted those in my head, and got to 30, so by my count she had me go for 2 minutes.

Everyone really liked that one, and I was now officially wet and turned on, and everyone knew it. My clit was poking just a little bit out of the hood. Tiffany pointed that out, and everyone was craning their necks to get a look.

Sarah said “Leg wrestling.”

For those of you who don’t know, leg wrestling is when two people lie flat on their backs side-by-side, with their heads in opposite directions, near arms joined. You raise your legs to touch the others, one… two… three. On the third raise you lock legs with each other and try to turn them over by pulling with just your leg. The winner is the person who pulls the other one over.

So Sarah wanted me to lie naked on the floor and leg wrestle with her, spreading and flailing my legs around, while everyone watched. Win or lose, the guys were going to get a great show!

We took our positions, and started to go. We’re both pretty strong. We both work out a lot, and I swim and she plays volleyball. We both run. We were pretty evenly matched, but after about 45 seconds in a back and forth stalemate, she reached out and tickled my bare skin just above my hip and made me laugh, and she easily pulled me over.

I tried to claim “foul”, but since I had to listen to her anyway, it was a halfhearted complaint.

“I think it will be interesting to see how turned on you really are. Why don’t you do another headstand?”

I felt myself blush as I walked over to the wall.

“Not at the wall this time.” She corrected me. “If you’re going to fall we’ll have someone hold your legs.”

I blushed again, and she made the “tsk” sound. “Why are you blushing? Didn’t we cure you of that earlier tonight? You’ve been naked for quite a while, you can’t still be embarrassed, can you?”

“Let’s see you run around naked in a house with 7 guys and see if you’re embarrassed.”

“This isn’t about me, this is about you. Now do your handstand, and then we’ll see if the guys will be nice enough to help you overcome your shyness.”

I hated it when she got like that.

I kicked my legs up into a handstand on my first try. When I started to lower my legs I could feel myself start to lose my balance. I walked on my hands a couple of steps and regained my control.

“She’s going to fall and hurt herself. Um… Curt, and Scott. Will you two please each come and take a leg?”

If the blood wasn’t already rushing to my head I would have probably blushed even deeper. I felt their hands on my calves, just below the knees. I allowed my legs to spread wide open, and they did their part by holding me up and not letting me fall. Sarah then milked it, allowing everyone a prolonged view.

“Are you all set?”

“Fine.” I grumbled.

“You’re okay, you’re not going to fall?”

“I’m fine.”

“You don’t need them to hold tighter, or loser or anything.”

“It’s all fine.” I said. “Can we just get this over with?”

“There’s that embarrassment again.” She said in a mock-serious voice, but she couldn’t stifle a giggle.

She then proceeded to point out all of the visible signs of arousal on my spread and displayed pussy. It was beyond humiliating.

I could tell that Curt was absolutely enjoying every minute of it, and the fact that he had been “chosen” to hold one of my legs. I don’t think that was random selection for even a second.

Finally the minute (more like 3) was up, and I got down.

“Chris, can I see you for a minute?” Said Sarah, steering him away from the group and up the stairs. A few seconds later I heard Chris call for Curt, who pried his eyes off of me and ran up in response.

About 5 minutes later Sarah called me upstairs.

“You have a problem with your nudity, so we’re going to get you over it. The ‘total immersion’ therapy we’ve been using doesn’t seem to have worked, so we’re going to do it a little at a time.” She announced.

She produced an old blue warm-up suit. It was the kind with the elastic legs, drawstring waist, and matching plain sweatshirt. It had the name of the private grammar/middle school that was around this area. It was Curt’s old warm-up from gym class. Apparently they had gym uniforms that included sweats for colder days.

“I outgrew it, but never threw it away.” He announced proudly.

Sarah had modified it quite a bit. She first handed me what looked like a pair of boy-short panties, but they were actually the sweat pants. She had cut them off right at the crotch, with only about a ½ inch of fabric between the two legs. Once I had put them on she handed me the first of two legs. She had cut 4 slits in the fabric about 4 inches below where she had cut them off, and run a shoelace through the slits. I pulled the leg onto my own leg, and tied the shoelace. The fabric draped over a bit, so there was about 2 or 3 inches of bare skin between the “shorts” and the pant-leg.

I repeated this with the second pant leg, and then she handed me the shirt. It was tight, but not obscenely so. She put a couple of safety pins in around my breasts, then had me take the shirt back off. She cut out the area surrounded by the safety pins, then pinned the fabric back into the shirt, and had me put it back on.

“Now we’re going to be checking you out one area at a time.” She told me. “I don’t want you to argue, so I’m going to just tell you to not say a word about your body, your outfit, or anything unless someone asks you a direct question. Then you can respond only to the specific question. Do you understand?”

I nodded, blushing furiously.

Then she called everyone else back upstairs.

“I really appreciate you guys helping Cheryl get over her shyness.” She said when everyone was gathered, looking at my new outfit questioningly. “When she just stood on the chair and let everyone see her nudity, I thought that would get her over it, but she still gets embarrassed when we look, so I thought maybe the problem is that we’re not focusing on each area until we’re very, very familiar with it. Chris and Curt were nice enough to help me make this new outfit for her so we can see if we can help her with her problem.”

I could feel myself blush, and Sarah noticed and pointed it out. “You see! She’s even embarrassed to hear us talking about it!”

“So,” she continued, “we’re going to spend some time with only part of her body exposed, and hopefully she’ll get used to us looking at that one part, so when she’s naked again it won’t be as big a deal to her. Will everyone help her out like that?”

Everyone laughed and readily agreed.

“So what does everyone think is her most sensitive area that needs the most work?” she asked.

“Her pussy.” Said Curt quickly.

“I think so, too. Anyone else?”

“Either that or her butt.” Said Chris.

“Okay, so we’ll focus on that area first. Cheryl, please uncover your pussy for us by removing the shorts, and only the shorts.”

I felt myself flush again as a I untied the drawstring and pulled the shorts down over the pant legs that were tied to my thighs and then off. I was now naked from mid thigh to the waist, but covered everywhere else.

“Now let’s all sit on the floor and play cards. We’re going to play 10-and-a-half again. Cheryl, you’re going to play each of us as dealer again, and you’re going to move to sit in front of each of us with your legs spread apart while we’re playing.

I could have killed her. The command of silence was almost as hard as the exposure.

I played each person, though. She had me play everyone twice, and then let the people who won pose me for further inspection. Of course Curt won both games I played him, so I ended up doing the hand-stand for him twice. I also spread my legs while Scott sat between them, and Tiffany had me spread everything as wide as possible and point out all of the different parts; pee hole, clit, vagina and labia.

Sarah then decided that it was time to put my boobs on display. She had me put my shorts back on, and unfasten the safety-pins, removing the center panel of the modified sweat-shirt. I was now fully clothed except for the area immediately surrounding my boobs in the roughly cut hole. We played 10-and-a-half again. It wasn’t as bad.

After two rounds she had me put the panel back in my shirt, and then made me remove the shorts again so that I could get used to people looking at my butt. This time she had me stand facing the person I was playing, and had everyone else sitting behind me. She then had me bend at the waist, leaving the cards on the floor. I had to keep one palm flat on the floor between my feet and use the other hand to deal the cards and look at my own card. Of course this was putting my pussy on display just as much as my butt for everyone behind me, but I couldn’t say anything. The winners again got to pose me. Most of them had a similar position to the stance I was taking to play the game, but Curt, when he won 1 of the 2 games I played him, decided on the same handstand he’d seen 3 or 4 times before, but this time he stood on the opposite side under the guise of looking more at my butt.

When that was finally finished Sarah had me pull the shirt off, then take the pant-legs off, leaving me totally naked again.

It was late and Scott had to leave. He argued that he’d risk getting in trouble, but Chris insisted that he leave, because he didn’t want Scott’s parents calling or coming over and discovering that we were all here with no parents. I hugged Scott goodbye at the front door, once again feeling how excited he was that I was naked. That part was kind of flattering; knowing how turned on I was making the guys.

Rob, Tom and Rick were all spending the night with their parent’s permission – their parents didn’t know that Chris’s parents were not home. Sarah and I told our parents that we were spending the night at Tiffany’s, and Tiffany told her parents that she was spending the night at my house. One nice thing about being an honor roll student, athlete, and a member of MADD and DARE was that your parents tended to trust you and didn’t often check up on your whereabouts when you were with trusted friends.

People were starting to get tired, so Chris suggested we all get into the hot tub and relax before bed. Sarah sent Curt to go change first, and when he returned in his trunks and t-shirt she told me to keep him entertained however he wanted to be entertained as long as it didn’t involve letting him touch me. I groaned inwardly at what that would mean.

He wasted no time, and before everyone had left the room he had me standing with one foot on the coffee table and the other on the couch while he knelt on the floor between my legs.

Once everyone had returned to the family room we grabbed clean towels and walked out to the pool area. Chris turned on the jets on the hot tub, the guys all stripped off their t-shirts, Tiffany and Sarah dropped their shorts, and we all got in.

After about 5 minutes I complained that the water was hot, so Sarah told me to sit on the edge of the hot tub and spread my legs, with just my calves and feet in the water. She’s kind of a cruel person, you know? Over the next 20 minutes I kept moving one space over until I had been all the way around the tub, sure to sit directly across from all of the guys.

We got out of the tub and dried off. We sat in the chairs around the table and talked for a bit, and then decided to call it a night. Tiffany, Tom and I got our own room. Sarah and Rob decided to share a room, and Rick slept in Chris’s room with him, while Curt went off to sleep in his own room. Tom had me give everyone a hug goodnight, which was made more interesting because everyone was wearing just swim trunks with no shirts, so my bare boobs were pressed against their bare chests.

Sex was good that night. Tiffany refused to take her panties off because she was on her period and didn’t want Tom to see the tampon string, but we still made her come a couple of times.

The next morning I woke up at around 10:00, and could hear noises downstairs of someone in the kitchen. Tom and Tiffany woke up, probably because I was stirring. Tom got up to use the bathroom, and when he came back he told us that Curt was in the kitchen with Justin eating breakfast. They were talking about last night. He then said that Tiffany and I should both go downstairs, dressed exactly as we were (I was still naked, Tiffany was wearing a pink thong) and get some doughnuts and juice to bring back upstairs for us to have for breakfast.

We both giggled at the prospect, and having Tiffany there seemed to make it easier for me. We both got out of bed, checked our faces and hair in the mirror (nothing major to fix) and snuck out of the room. Giggling and shushing each other the entire way down the stairs, we finally made it to the hallway and peeked around the corner into the kitchen.

“… and then Sarah made Cheryl sit on the edge and spread her legs and sit in front of everyone with her legs spread for like 10 minutes!” We heard Curt saying. The two were alone in the kitchen.

“Tom specifically told you that what happened last night was not to be discussed!” I scolded, walking out from behind the wall that had been hiding Tiffany and me with my hands placed firmly on my hips, still stark naked.

Justin dropped his doughnut on the floor, and Curt stopped and just stared.

Tiffany walked out from behind the wall wearing nothing but her pink thong and struck a similar pose, but pointing with one hand. “You guys are in trouble now!” she said in a stern tone.

“Holy shit, dude!” Said Justin, his eyes lighting up at the sight of two naked girls.

“I can talk about it with him! He was there!” said Curt defensively, thinking we were really mad.

“We’ll see about that. Right now we need some doughnuts.” Said Tiffany, and we both walked past them to the counter. We filled a plate with 4 doughnuts, asked Curt where the glasses were and poured juice. I walked over to them and said “We’re just messing with you, but don’t tell all of your friends about it or we’ll never come over again.”

Then I hugged both of them and gave each a kiss on the cheek, picked up the plate of doughnuts and 1 glass of juice, curtseyed a bit, and Tiffany and I left the room, giggling uncontrollably. On the stairs we ran into Chris and Rick, which set us off even more. Back in the bedroom Tom bit into his Boston cream and some of the cream fell out onto his chest… but what happened next is a whole other story.

The next couple of weeks went by wonderfully. Sarah continued to join Tiffany and I in our evening workouts in the weight room at school, and so did Tom and Rob. Tom had been helping Rob since New Years by taking him up to the weight room in the evenings and working out with him. It had only been a month, so Rob’s confidence was growing much faster than his strength, but he was making gains there, too.

On a random Tuesday the three girls were upstairs lifting weights when Rob and Tom showed up. “Hey, Chris called last night.” Announced Tom. “His parents are going out of town on a business trip weekend after next and leaving him and his brother home.”

Chris’s parents are like that. Even when he was younger, before he moved, his parents were always going out of town on business trips. They own some sort of consulting company that deals with computers, and they have something like 50 employees that go out of town for months at a time installing software and stuff. 5 or 6 times a year his parents have to go out of town to work with a customer or to go to some conference or something, and they have been leaving Chris and his brother home alone since Chris started high school. I should mention here that Chris’s brother, Curt, is a freshman. I have met him a few times, but I’ve never been to their new house.

When Chris’s parent’s company started doing really well, they moved across town to a really nice neighborhood, and I’ve heard that their house is huge. It was built in the early 1970’s, but they completely remodeled it before they moved in, so everything is pretty new.

We all quickly decided that we’d go.

“How many people are going to be there?” asked Sarah.

“I don’t know. I’ll ask him and find out who all is coming.”

Now at this point in the story, because it’s already happened, I have two choices for the direction I take in the telling. The first is that I could tell the events as they unfold and keep you all in suspense. But then I’m thinking that you all already know that something has happened if I’m bothering to post the story on this site. I mean, I’m not going to write 5 pages about how we all sat around and watched TV and then went home, but not before helping to clean up. So I’ll take the second option and tell you what I learned later. Tom, Rob and Chris talked and they decided that it would be a lot more fun to have a few people over and have female nudity than it would be to have a ton of people over and worry about the house getting trashed.

Of course they clued Sarah in. Rob told us later that he had no problem with Sarah getting naked around the small group of us, but didn’t like it to go beyond us. He confessed that Tom was really the only other guy he was really all right with, but would feel okay with Rick if it had to be that way.

So Sarah made a bet with me. It was a sure thing that I would win. I agreed that I wouldn’t strip her when I won, but she made no such deal with me. I was sure I’d win, so I didn’t argue.

I lost. Are you surprised? Again, what fun would the telling of this story be if I’d won? Three pages on how she cleaned my room and painted my toenails.

So I wasn’t thinking much of it. I figured we’d end up at Rob’s house at some point and I’d be put through some humiliating display or another, but until we made plans to meet at Rob’s, I was safe.

So on Saturday early afternoon Tom picked Rick, Sarah and me up and drove to Chris’s house. It was amazing. It was set back in the woods so you could barely see the house from the street. There was a really long driveway that split off to a loop in front of the house, and a 4 car garage. The house was really cool inside. The floors were all dark wood and black tile, and the kitchen was all stainless steel. There were 2 refrigerators. Chris and his brother took us around the first floor and we were all just amazed. On one end of the house there was a theater. I mean a real theater. The floor was stepped down with 4 chairs on each level, and there was a huge screen on the wall. In the back of the room was a projector, and Chris said that the image was 81 inches in high definition.

The basement was a big rec room with a full sized bar, a pool table, an air hockey table, two pinball machines, and an electronic dart board. Behind the bar was a set of double doors that led outside, and across the room on the same wall was another set that led to a different patio. There were speakers in every room in the house, and there was music playing through all of them, and there were volume controls in every room so you could change the volume in each room.

Chris and Curt could not have been more different for brothers that were only 2 years apart. Chris was a jock, although not the cocky, loud kind that you think of with the stereotype. Sure, he was smart and got good grades, but he was athletically built and tall and handsome. He took after his mom, who was 5 foot 8 and was a college athlete. His brother takes after their dad. Curt is only about my height, and probably weighs less. He is a straight A student, but not at all athletically inclined. He makes Rob look like a super-jock.

On the opposite end of the house from the theater on the first floor they opened these double doors that I thought led outside to the back yard, but they led into a giant indoor pool. The pool was a little shorter than the pool at school, but still huge, and surrounded by a stone deck with 6 lounge chairs and 2 tables, each with 6 chairs around it. At the far end of the pool there was a hot tub that was bubbling and steaming. The ceiling had a whole bunch of skylights in it, and the rest was light colored wood. The back wall was the same brick as the house, and the other three walls were huge glass windows. They looked out to the back yard and forest behind them. It was incredible.

“I didn’t know you had a pool.” I complained. “I would have brought a bathing suit!”

“Oh, you won’t need a bathing suit.” Said Tom, smiling.

Curt’s eyes lit up. He had been told what would happen, though not in any great detail, but didn’t believe it. Hearing that seemed to enforce that it might really happen.

I felt my stomach drop. “Who all is coming tonight?” I asked nervously.

“Well, we’re all here, and Rob is bringing Tiffany, and Scott is coming, and Curt is going to have 1 friend.” Answered Tom.

“What?!” I asked, horrified. That made 2 freshmen and Scott as new people, and would be by far the largest number of people I had ever been naked in front of.

“Oh, and I’m collecting on my bet tonight. Half a day.” Announced Sarah.

“What?! No! You can’t!” I was panicked at this point.

Tom and Sarah took me by the hand while Rick, Chris and Curt went back into the main part of the house, leaving us alone at one of the tables around the pool.

I can’t remember exactly what was said here, but they calmed me down. It was all in fun, nothing really bad would happen, and all of my friends would be there to ensure that nothing got out of control. They know as well as I do that I like it and it turns me on, and blah-blah-blah. I finally, although reservedly, agreed, but begged for them to go easy on me.

No promises were made. It was only 3:00. I was in for a long night.

A little while later Rob and Tiffany arrived with Scott following. Curt’s friend was not far behind. His name was Justin, and he was about 2 inches taller than curt, but just as much of a non-athlete.

We were all standing in the kitchen talking when Tom called everyone to attention. “So… we all know what’s happening tonight. I don’t want to have to remind anyone…” and here he looked straight at Curt and Justin “… to mind their manners, and that what happens here tonight never gets talked about.”

Everyone agreed, and Scott spoke up. “So what’s the deal, exactly?”

Sarah answered the question, and explained most of the history the same as it had been explained to Chris. She explained about the bets, the escalation of the flashing, an abbreviated version of the fashion show over the summer, and then the subsequent betting and escalation that led us to the current situation.

“And she owes me right now, and has to do anything I say tonight.” Sarah finished.

“Like, anything?” Asked Justin timidly.

“Anything I want her to do. And she’s my best friend so I don’t want to hurt her or have her do anything too horrible.” She answered. Even though I knew she was going to be mean to me tonight, that comment made me feel a swell of affection for her.

“Wow. That’s cool. Anything you tell her to do.” Responded Justin, mostly to himself.

“Let’s prove the point. Cheryl, show everyone your boobs.”

The room fell silent as everyone stared at me. I blushed slightly, but lifted my shirts and bra, flashing them my boobs. After a few seconds I looked to Sarah, who nodded slightly, and I pulled my shirt back down. The room erupted in chatter immediately.

Here I should say what I had worn to the party. I was wearing my Lucky brand jeans, blue socks (I had taken off my shoes at the door), my black thong and matching bra from Victoria’s Secret (not the micro-thong, the regular one), a plain white long-sleeved T-shirt and a light pink t-shirt with “bebe” in rhinestone’s on the chest.

Tiffany came over to me and pulled me aside.

“I had no idea they were going to do this to you!” she whispered.

“Did they tell you there’s a pool?” I asked. Everyone else had arrived at the same time so there had been no time to take the new people on another tour of the house.

“There’s a pool?”

“They didn’t tell you to bring a suit?”

Tiffany’s face turned a bit red and she looked nervous. “They didn’t tell me. Is Tom going to do the same thing to me?”

“Let’s go find him.” I said, feeling a little better that I might not be alone in my misery.

My relief was short lived. Tom had driven Sarah to Tiffany’s house after school one day and she’d lied to Tiffany’s parents. Tiffany’s birthday is coming up at the end of February, so she’d told her parents that she needed to look in her closet to figure out what size, and what to buy her. Sarah had stolen a bikini from her drawer and hidden it in her jacket.

“We just knew you’d tell Cheryl if you knew.” Said Tom apologetically.

Sarah laughed at me. Not cruelly, but out of genuine amusement. I was her plaything for the evening.

“Let’s go swimming!” suggested Curt. It was pretty obvious that he and Justin had been talking and just wanted me to get naked. I was hoping it was obvious to Sarah, too, and that she’d put a stop to it.

“We’ll go swimming later.” She answered, as if reading my mind. “Let’s go downstairs and play some games.”

Relieved, we headed down to the rec room. Behind the bar were two flat-panel TV’s, probably 35” or so, and they had a trivia game with handheld controllers. The trivia game was hooked up to the internet, and you could play against people all over the world, or just play a private game.

“We’re going to play a trivia challenge.” Announced Sarah. “Cheryl is a smart girl, so we’re going to play against her. The counter runs down from 1,000 points, and takes about 10 seconds. She’ll play against each of the guys except Rob and Tom in turn, and I’ll hold the controller. Cheryl has 5 second to answer the question. If she calls out an answer I’ll press the button and answer it. If it’s the right answer, she wins. If it’s the wrong answer, she loses. If she can’t answer it in the first 5 seconds, whoever she’s playing that round can shout out their answer. If it’s the right answer, she loses. If it’s the wrong answer, she wins. Everyone got it so far?”

“So, she’ll play just against me, then she’ll play against Justin, and like that?” Asked Curt.

“Exactly. So if she loses, the person she’s playing against draws a piece of paper out of this bowl.” She indicated a bowl full of scraps of paper.

“What’s on the paper?” Asked Scott.

“Numbers.” She replied. “1 through 10, since there are 10 questions in a round of the trivia game.”

“But what do they mean?”

“We’ll find that out after the game.”

“So she has to play against each of us twice? Is Tom playing?”

“Nope, just Curt, Justin, Scott, Rick and Chris.”

She started the game, and the round began. I played each guy in the order I wrote above. The first one was easy and I answered it quickly and correctly. Second one I answered wrong, so Justin drew the number 6. Third question I couldn’t answer and Scott guessed wrong. 4th question I got correct. 5th question I guessed wrong.

I guessed wrong on the 6th, so Curt picked the number 2 from the bowl. I didn’t guess in time on number 7, but shouted out the answer so Justin got it right. Stupid me. Justin drew the number 4. I got the 8th question right. I didn’t guess on the 9th and Rick got it right away, and drew the number 9. I got the last question correct.

Chris turned off the trivia game and we all looked to Sarah to explain the numbers. She asked the 3 winners to lay their numbers on the bar. In order.

Curt 2

Justin 4, 6

Rick 9

“The winners of that game each get to remove 1 thing from Cheryl.” She announced to a cheer from the two younger guys, one of whom had 2 numbers. “I counted jewelry so that I could get her up to 10 things, so it’s not as exciting as you’re thinking, but let’s go now. I have here a list of the order things come off of her, so no one can complain.” She produced a sheet of paper. On it was the following list.

1. socks

2. watch

3. outer t-shirt

4. earrings

5. jeans

6. rings

7. long-sleeve t-shirt

8. necklace

9/10. bra

9/10.panties

I quickly looked down at the first 4. I wouldn’t be losing anything important. The guys scanned the list, too, and looked disappointed. I also noticed that my bra and panties were both number 9/10, but chose not to ask about it right then.

Sarah had me stand in the center of the room, and Curt was first. He pulled my socks off of my feet unceremoniously and quickly. Thankfully I had just given myself a pedicure. Justin was next with 2 in a row. He fumbled with my watch for almost a minute before he was able to get it off of me. Then it was time for the t-shirt. As he lifted it, the white long-sleeve started to come with it. I grabbed the hem to keep it down, but was immediately scolded by Sarah, who stopped the whole thing.

“I’ll stop him from taking it off, but you can’t move a muscle. Now put your arms straight up over your head.”

I felt myself blush, being bawled out in front of a freshman, but complied. He eagerly lifted my pink t-shirt, making no effort to keep the white one down. The two of them went up together, and were covering my face, my belly and bra exposed completely. I then felt the white one being pulled back down and as the pink one came up over my head I saw that Sarah was holding the white one in place. Justin finished removing the shirt and handed it to Sarah, who was collecting my clothes.

Now it was Rick’s turn to remove my earrings. Remembering how rough he had been pulling my jeans off last time, I was a bit nervous, but he did it without any problems at all.

“That was a fun first game.” Announced Sarah, satisfied with herself and the proceedings. “I didn’t want it to go too far the first game, but it was all up to Cheryl.”

I shot her a crooked smile, and she smiled genuinely back at me.

“Now let’s play some other games. No more betting just yet.”

Everyone kind of wandered off. Tom and Chris played pool against Rick and Scott, Justin and Curt played air hockey, while Sarah, Tiffany, Rob and I played pinball. After about half an hour Sarah called everyone over. She had decided it was time for more fun.

“This time we’re going to play a game of complete chance. The three guys who won last time are out of the game this time, so it will just be Scott and Chris playing. We’re going to play a game of over/under for pinball. There’s a piece of paper here with either the word “over” or “under” written on it. One of you two needs to take it from me.”

Scott and Chris looked at each other, shrugged, and then Chris reached out and took it. It said “under”.

“Chris is ‘under’, so Scott is ‘over’.” Sarah announced. She then told me to pick a number – 1 or 2. I picked 2.

“I just scored 1,243,800 points in pinball (or however many points it was). Cheryl is going to play the same game. On this piece of paper…” she produced another piece of paper, this one folded, “… I wrote over and under, and assigned each a number, 1 or 2. Cheryl picked 2, but we don’t know if she picked over or under.”

Everyone nodded, indicating they got it so far.

“So if she plays and is over my score, and if the number 2 is ‘over’, then she wins. If 2 is ‘under’, then she loses, and the guy who had ‘under’ wins and takes off her jeans.”

It took a couple of times explaining it, but everyone got it. I started playing, and did pretty well on the first ball. I didn’t do too well on the second ball, and it seemed like I had the third ball going forever. When I finally lost it, my score was 1,411,000 (or something). I was over her score.

Sarah then opened the folded piece of paper.

1. over

2. under

“So what does that mean?”

“You picked 2, so you bet that you would be under my score. You were over my score, so you lost. Scott had ‘over’, so he won, because he bet you’d be over, so Scott gets to take off your jeans.”

I wanted to stomp my feet and yell that it wasn’t fair, but I knew that would do me no good at all, so I swallowed my pride and returned to the spot in the center of the room. Sarah got behind me and showed him the way that we had devised for removing my jeans a few weeks before (miming the actions, not actually removing them), and then he took the place and actually did it. I regretted wearing a thong, but all of the guys enjoyed it.

Sarah added my jeans to the bag of my clothes and jewelry that she was collecting

Sarah then sent me to the bar to get drinks for everyone. There was Coke, Pepsi, Diet Coke, Sprite, Dr. Pepper and 20 different kinds of beer. I got everyone their choice of drink (no beer) and then Sarah said we should play more games.

Tom told me to play pool with him, and Curt and Justin decided to watch me play so they could see my butt as I bent over to take pool shots.

After a couple of games of pool it was about 5:00. We were 2 hours into the evening and I was still about half dressed. That was something, anyway.

I opted to sit out the third game of pool, so Sarah challenged Tiffany and me to play darts. Justin and Curt tagged along, and were whispering back and forth. Finally Sarah turned around and asked them what they were whispering about.

At first they lied and said nothing, but she eventually got it out of them.

“Justin wanted me to ask you if you’d make her show us her boobs again.”

“No, you wanted to ask!” Yelled Justin.

“Whatever!” Said Sarah, holding up her hands to stop them from bickering. “If I have her flash you, will you leave us alone for half an hour?”

“They can stay.” I said, not wanting to flash them.

“30 seconds.” Said Justin.

“No, half an hour.”

“No… I mean she has to show us her boobs for 30 seconds. I count.”

“10 seconds, and I count.” Said Sarah.

“No seconds, and I count.” I sad.

They ignored me.

“20 seconds.”

“5 seconds. Last offer.”

“Okay. 10 seconds.” Said Justin quickly.

“Sorry.” I said. “5 seconds was your last offer. You didn’t take it.”

“No, I made the 10 second offer, so I’ll stick with that.”

“Someday I’ll have a say in who gets to see me naked.” I said. Tiffany and Sarah laughed.

Sarah had me stand facing the boys with my arms straight up over my head, and had Tiffany stand behind me. She unclipped my bra, and then lifted my shirt until she was able to grab it and the bra together. Sarah said “Go” and Tiffany lifted my shirt and bra in front of my face. Sarah counted out loud. 1 look-at-the-boobies. 2 look-at-the-boobies… all the way to 10 look-at-the-boobies, when Tiffany pulled my shirt back down. I opened my eyes and all 5 guys were standing there with stupid grins on their faces.

They all wandered off after Sarah shooed them away, and I reached under my shirt and fixed my bra. I was safe for half an hour, I figured.

The guys continued to play pool and air hockey, and it took the full half hour before Sarah finally won at darts. We all suck.

“So it’s 5:30. You guys want to order a pizza or something?”

“Who delivers out here?” Asked Tom.

“There’s a Lou Malnatti’s Pizza that’s really good.” Replied Chris.

Lou’s it is. We called and ordered the pizza. It would take an hour to get here.

“Let’s make Cheryl answer the door naked!” Said Justin.

“Let’s not. No more opinions from you or we’ll call the whole thing off tonight.” Said Sarah. I was starting to like her again.

“Yeah, shut up before I send you home.” Said Chris threateningly.

Sarah carried my bag of clothes and we all went upstairs. Most of the guys fell in behind me so they could watch my thong-clad butt as we walked up the stairs. Chris called in the pizza and charged it to his parent’s credit card, and insisted that we didn’t need to chip in for it.

“You got any cards?” Asked Sarah after Chris had hung up the phone.

He went to the family room and opened a closet door. Inside there were shelves of games. Board games, card games, electronic games… all kinds of games. There was a jar full of dice of all sorts. He pulled out a deck of poker cards and handed it to Sarah.

We all returned to the kitchen and Sarah explained the new game.

“My dad taught me this game. It’s kind of like blackjack, but it’s called 10 and-a-half. All of the cards are worth whatever number they are, and the aces are worth a half. The object is to be the closest to 10 and-a-half without going over.”

“It’s just like blackjack.” Said Scott.

“Kind of. The dealer plays one-on-one in the circle instead of one hand against everyone else. So I’d play Tom, then Tiffany, then Scott… each time I’d deal a new hand. One card per person.”

Justin and Curt didn’t get it, so she dealt a demonstration hand.

One card to Tom, one to herself.

Stay.

Stay.

They both stayed, so they showed their cards. Sarah had a Jack, Tom had a 9. Sarah wins.

Then she dealt one card to Tiffany, and one to herself.

Stay. Stay.

She had an 8, Tiffany had a Queen.

One card to Scott, one to herself.

Hit. Scott wanted another card. She gave him a 10 face up. 10 and-a-half. He’d won.

Everyone got it now. “So what happens on a tie?” asked Tiffany.

“Re-deal.” Answered Sarah simply.

As she gathered up all of the cards and shuffled the deck, she continued. “So Cheryl is going to be the dealer. She’s going to play each one of us, and take off something for every hand she loses.” She put the list with the order of my clothes on the island countertop.

“What if I win?”

“Then you win the right to not take anything off.”

“So it’s dumb luck of the cards telling me how much I’m going to have to take off.” I complained.

“If you’d prefer the winner can take your clothes off when you lose a hand.”

I didn’t say anything. I picked up the cards and dealt to the person on my left, Chris. I had an 8, he had a 9. I took off my rings and put them in the middle of the counter. Sarah scooped them up and put them in the bag with my other clothes.

The next deal was to Rob. Both of us had crap, but my crap was better, and I won.

Next deal to Justin. Jack to 7, I won. Curt got a 4 and asked for another card. It was a 9, so I won with a 6. Sarah got an 8 to my Queen. I was doing pretty well. I dealt to Tom and gave myself a 2. I took a chance on another card, and it was a 6. 8 wasn’t so bad. Tom had a King.

I looked at the list and grimaced. I pulled my long-sleeve t-shirt over my head and handed it to Sarah, who added it to her bag. I was now in my bra and panties, unless you count my necklace. I was thankful that I still had that to take off, but it wasn’t covering very much.

Tiffany got a 9 to my Queen. I dealt myself an ace against Scott, so I took a second card. It was a 9, so I had 9 and-a-half. Scott had a 10, so I took off the necklace.

Rick was last. I dealt the cards. I had a 7 and I was very, very nervous. I stalled for time.

“Why do both bra and panties have a 9/10?” I asked Sarah.

“I figured we could take a vote on which comes off first, if it comes to that.” She answered. “Got a bad card there?”

I blushed and looked up at Rick. He didn’t look really confident, but was still smiling. I flipped my 7 over to let the chips fall where they may. Rick flipped his card. It was another 7. What were the odds?

There was a gasp from the table, and Sarah called out “Re-deal.”

I dealt 2 new cards. I had a King, and flipped it up right away. Rick had a Queen. Another tie!

I dealt myself a 10. I waited for Rick. He made me turn up first. He had a 9. I had managed to not lose.

A collective groan went up from the circle. I think everyone was routing for me to lose that hand.

“Next game is after dinner.” Announced Sarah.

I knew that my luck had really held out well, and was surprised. If they hadn’t been games of chance, I would have thought that Sarah had planned them this way. It was almost as if it was scripted.

Pizza came about 45 minutes later, and I was offered the option of eating in just my bra and panties or changing into my jeans and t-shirt. I was about to jump on the offer, but thought better of it. “Where would I change? I asked.

“Right here.” Grinned Sarah.

“I’ll eat in my bra and panties, thanks.” I replied.

We made fast work of that pizza, it was so good. I could barely eat a whole piece, but the guys each had 2 or 3. They were huge, with a slab of meat on the top. Not 15 minutes later everyone was done eating.

Sarah made me clean the dishes and put away the leftover pizza in the refrigerator, then called us to the family room. She went into the closet and brought out 5 dice.

“Alright.” She announced. “Everyone roll one die to see who is going to play. 2 highest rolls get to play.”

Everyone rolled a die, and after tie-breakers Scott and Curt were the winners.

“We’re going to go swimming after this game, so why doesn’t everyone go change. Cheryl, you just wait here. When we get back you’ll play a game with Scott and Curt to decide if you get to swim in your underwear, or if you get to skinny-dip.”

Everyone wandered off to get their bathing suits on. In about 10 minutes everyone was back. The guys were all wearing their swim trunks and t-shirts. Sarah had on a 1-piece, and Tiffany had on a blue bikini. Both girls were wearing shorts. I was so jealous.

Once everyone was back in the family room milling around, Sarah suggested that we all head out to the pool area. She grabbed the dice and led the way to one of the tables. She then explained the game.

“Scott and Curt are each going to play poker with Cheryl. Each of you roll a die.”

Scott rolled a 4, Curt rolled a 6.

“Curt, you got high roll. Do you want to play her for her bra or for her panties?”

“Bra!”

“Okay. Scott, you’re playing her for her panties.” Curt, you go first since you rolled higher. You’re playing for the best 2 out of 3 hands.

It was kind if like Yahtzee. Curt rolled all 5 dice, decided what to keep, and rolled the rest once more. That was his poker hand. A pair of 4’s. I did the same, and ended up with 3 6’s.

Next hand he beat me with 3 3’s and 2 5’s.

This was the deciding hand for my bra. He rolled a pair of 2’s and didn’t get any more. I rolled a pair of 5’s on my opening roll. Yeah! I was keeping my bra!

Now it was Scott’s turn. He won the first hand with another full house. I got a full house on the second hand and beat his 3 4’s.

Again, it was down to one hand for the fate of my panties. He rolled 3 6’s on the opening roll, and that was as good as it got. I threw the dice and panicked. No pairs at all. As I was staring trying to figure out what to do, I realized… 2, 3, 4, 5, 6… I had a straight.

“A straight beats 3 of a kind, right?!” I almost yelled.

I had kept my bra and panties. For now.

The guys complained and asked Sarah for a rematch, but she refused and simply dropped her shorts and dove into the pool. Tom and Chris followed, and soon everyone but me was in the water.

“Come on, Cheryl. Get in the water.” They called to me.

“I want to keep these dry.” I said. “I don’t have anything to change into.”

That got a laugh.

“You wanna race?” Chris taunted. We had always raced each other when we were on the park district swim team together. We had always been very evenly matched.

“No.” I called back.

“No, that’s a good idea.” Said Sarah. “You race Chris for your bra. You win you get something back. You lose, you lose the bra.”

“And I don’t get to decline, right?”

“You know me so well!” she laughed.

Everyone got out of the pool, and Chris and I took our places on the edge at the deep end, one of us on either side of the diving board, ready to dive in on Tom’s signal.

“Ready… Set… GO!”

The first thing I noticed when I dove in was that my panties slid right down to my knees. The second thing was that I couldn’t kick like that. I lost big time.

I struggled to keep my panties on as I swam to the end of the pool, where Chris was smiling and egging me on.

“That wasn’t fair.” Called Sarah. “She gets a do-over.”

Everyone was shocked. I was grateful… until she continued.

“You can’t race with your panties on, so this time just take them off and race without them.”

I wanted to get sucked into the filter.

Chris climbed out of the water, but I walked over to the stairs. The thong was made of lacey nylon, so it wasn’t that heavy, but it seemed to have gotten 2 sizes larger, and didn’t want to stay up. It felt as though I had broken the elastic. I walked around to the starting area and blushing, let my panties fall down, and I kicked them aside.

Sarah didn’t make me do anything really humiliating, and just had Tom start the race again.

“Ready… Set… GO!”

I did much better this time. It was almost a photo finish, but I lost. Rematch? Nope.

Sarah made me take off my bra right there in the pool and toss it up to her. “No covering up!” she scolded.

“You want to race, Tiffany? Same bet?” Joked Chris.

“Why don’t you race Cheryl to see if she gets to put her panties back on?” Suggested Sarah.

“How about we make it really interesting. My panties against your bikini bottoms.” I offered.

“She doesn’t have to…” Started Sarah, but she trailed off.

“I’m on my period.” She whispered to me so only I could hear her. Then out loud she said “Yea, I don’t have to.”

“Let’s race for your top, then. You think you can beat me? Let’s make it interesting. I just raced, you’re rested. I’m naked, you have a suit on. Let’s see who’s better. Or are you chicken?”

“Not chicken, but why should I bet? I’ll just race you, and if you should happen to beat me then we’ll know, but I won’t have to take anything off.”

“I agree.” Said Tom quietly. “If Tiffany wins, you’re naked.”

“I’m already naked.” I said.

“But you can have your thong back if you win.” Said Tiffany.

“Then let me win.”

“Sorry, babe. I love it when you’re naked. You’re so damned cute when you’re embarrassed.”

I swam to the deep end and pulled myself out of the water and onto the pool deck. Tiffany and I got ready, and I could feel everyone staring at me.

“Ready… Set… GO!”

I got a good start, and I felt good in the water. I didn’t look for her, I just swam as hard as I could. I touched the wall and looked over. She was touching the wall, too. I looked up for a judgment. I won.

The guys couldn’t decide if they were upset or not.

I swam back down to the deep end, where my panties were sitting in a puddle of water. I pulled myself out of the pool and, covering my crotch with my hand, carried them to the table I had been sitting at, all the while trying to ignore the Curt and Justin, who were about 5 feet behind me. I wrung them out standing with my back to the pool and the boys, and then stepped into them. They were all out of shape and still very lose on me. I think I did do something to the elastic.

“Are you going to swim with us?” asked Sarah.

“My panties are ruined.”

Sarah got out of the pool and came over to me. She looked at them briefly, then held out her hand. “Give them to me.”

“What?”

“Take them off and hand them to me.”

I slowly complied. She flattened them out on the chair seat where it was dry, and then took my hand and pulled me around to face the pool.

“Cheryl is nervous to swim naked, so let’s get her over the initial embarrassment. Everyone come on over here.”

Everyone swam or walked toward us while I cowered, holing my hand over my crotch. Sarah said nothing at first.

“So let’s just get this over with. Everyone is going to take a nice long look at your naked body so you can be at ease with it, and then we can just swim for a while.”

She had everyone line up, and Curt and Justin pushed their way to the front. She then pulled a chair over and made me stand on the seat with my arms straight out at my sides. Of course everyone in the room could see everything, but she acted like only the person right in front of me could see anything.

“Curt, you’re first.” She said, taking his hand and pulling him forward. She walked him slowly around the chair, and then left him stand in front of it for a moment before sending him off pulling Justin forward and repeating the slow walk around the chair.

I felt myself blush as I realized how long I’d be standing here. She walked every single person around the chair, and even pretended not to notice that Curt and Justin both got in line again, and walked them around a second time at the very end.

After Justin’s second trip, while he and Curt were still standing there staring at me, she announced loudly “There. Now everyone has seen her and it’s no big deal any more, so she can swim with us and not be all nervous that someone’s going to see her butt or something.” She said this as though I had no right or reason to be nervous about being naked in a room with 7 guys.

It actually was easier in the water, although Curt and Justin kept going under the water, and even went and got swim masks and snorkels. I tried to complain, but Sarah said they were fine and that I should ignore them.

After about an hour in the pool I was getting a bit waterlogged, and legitimately wanted to get out. I swam over to Sarah, hearing Justin and Curt following, and asked “Do I get to have any clothes back when we get out?”

“If they’re dry, you can put your bra and panties back on.”

“Can we get out? I’m getting all pruney.”

She looked at her fingers and agreed. We walked out of the pool and grabbed a couple of towels. Sarah let me keep the towel covering me only long enough to rub the water off, and Curt and Justin stayed in the water with their chins resting on the pool deck watching me. When I tried to turn away Sarah turned me back toward them.

Sufficiently dry, Sarah took my towel from me and I walked over to the table where my bra and panties were drying. They were both almost completely dry now, with only parts of the elastic still moist.

“I can put these on?” I confirmed.

“Are they dry?”

“Mostly.”

She came over to check and they met her approval.

I pulled the panties on, and they still didn’t fit quite right. They stayed on a bit better, but slid down quite easily. I put the bra on and then jumped up and down a couple of times. The thong slid halfway down my butt and fell off my pussy in the front. I tried to ignore it while I brushed my hair out, but they kept sliding down.

I inspected it again, when Sarah found the problem. The seam in the back where the waistband meets the string that comes up the butt crack had split, and the elastic wasn’t holding.

“Chris, do you have any string?” she called. Chris and the other guys were already out of the pool and drying off.

“Yeah, why?”

“Cheryl broke her thong. I want to see if I can fix it.”

“Let’s see it.” said Chris, walking over with the other guys and Tiffany in tow. Justin and Curt were now anxiously scrambling out of the pool.

“Here, give it to me.” Said Sarah.

“Can’t I go into the bathroom?” I asked.

“Oh, for crying out loud. Didn’t we go through this already?” She admonished. “Take it off now.”

I gave it a small push and it fell to the floor. I picked it up and handed it to her, keeping my legs demurely together with one hand blocking my pussy from view.

“What did I say about that. Everyone has already seen it. Christ.” She said in mock frustration. “Up on the chair again. You seem so concerned about your pussy, so let’s cure you of that. Rob, can I borrow this?”

She had walked over and picked up Rob’s t-shirt.

“Sure.”

She tossed it up to me. “Put this on, and tie it just below your boobs.”

Almost shaking with humiliation, I complied. I was now perfectly descent from just above my belly button up, wearing both a bra and a t-shirt, but bottomless and standing on a chair.

“Now spread your legs apart. Put your feel right on the edges of the chair.” She commanded, making me spread my legs, putting my pussy on even more prominent display. “Arms straight out from your sides.”

“Now everyone can see your pussy, and no one will be distracted by your boobs, so that’s all they’ll look at. You stay right there while I go fix this. Justin, you’re in charge. If she moves, you tell me about it when I get back.”

Justin and Curt stood transfixed in front of me, staring at my now-spread pussy, which was right at eye level for them. Scott kept stealing furtive glances, but didn’t want to be caught staring. Rick, Tom and Rob positioned themselves so they could look without having to turn their heads.

About 5 minutes later Sarah and Chris came back. Sarah was carrying my thong.

“You should take a good look before we put this back on her.” Sarah offered to Chris. “You didn’t get to see anything while you were helping me with it.”

“I’m okay.” He replied, laughing and looking directly at my pussy.

“Okay.” She said, shrugging.

“Did she move Justin?” Sarah asked.

“Not really.” He said.

“Good. I knew I could trust you not to take your eyes off of her.” She chuckled at her own joke.

She reached between my legs with the thong and positioned it, then grabbed the two strings on my right side and tied them in place. Then she did the same on the left side. She had cut the waistband on both sides and had tied a piece of string to each piece, so it was now a side-tie thong.

The panty back in place, she allowed me to get down off of the chair, and had me return Rob’s t-shirt.

Justin and Curt finally grabbed towels and dried off the little water that hadn’t evaporated, and then put their t-shirts on. The guys now all had their t-shirts back on, Tiffany and Sarah put their shorts back on, and I actually felt pretty dressed in my bra and Franken-thong.

Chris offered us drinks, but Sarah made me go and get them. Curt decided to help me, and was actually subdued. He showed me where the drink tray and the plastic pool-side glasses were kept, and if you ignore him staring at my butt, was a perfect gentleman. When I got back they had turned the music up a bit louder, and had pushed the two tables together. They were teak wood tables, and were very well made. They looked really expensive.

10 of the chairs were set around the tables, and I set the drink tray down in the center. I took a towel and put it on my chair so I didn’t get wood-slat lines on my bare butt, and then sat down.

Everyone talked for a while, when Chris suddenly looked up at Justin. “When do you have to be home?”

“10”

“It’s almost 9:00. No more swimming. Go get dried off and dressed. I don’t want your parents coming looking for you.”

“I don’t wanna go, though!” He complained.

“Tough shit.” Said Chris firmly. “Both of you, go get dressed.”

Curt and Justin moped away, afraid they were going to miss something cool. Sarah called after them just as they were leaving “Hurry back before you miss something!”

They broke into a run, and were back in less than 5 minutes, their hair still wet.

“Good enough.” Sighed Chris.

Sarah got up and took all 10 of the towels we had used to dry off and laid them out on the floor.

“Last summer Cheryl lost her first bet like this to me, and I decided to use the opportunity to teach Tom and Rick all about girls.” Sarah said, addressing Justin and Curt. I noticed that she left Mike out of that.

“We know about girls.” Justin said defensively.

“Well, if you don’t want to learn…” Teased Sarah.

“Shut up, dick!” Said Curt, elbowing his friend in the ribs.

“So we’ll give you two the same lessons that these guys had. It’s made them the men they are today.”

I suddenly realized where this was going. Crap. Oh, well. I resigned myself.

Sarah positioned the two boys on the floor facing each other, and had me come over and stand between them.

“Now a lot of guys really like to look at girls’ legs. They just love them. Cheryl has pretty nice legs, don’t you guys think?”

I began to pose, first standing and pointing my toes, then at Tom’s prodding on my back with my legs in the air, then on my stomach. After a couple of minutes of guiding me through poses, Rob, Tom and Rick all reminding Sarah of ones she may have forgotten, Sarah moved on to my butt.

“Now then some guys really like girls butts.” She said, as I laid on my stomach between them and flexed and unflexed my butt for them.

“And a thong is really a good way to see a girls butt so you can appreciate it, but it’s not the same as a naked butt. Why don’t each of you grab one of the strings on the bows there and give a tug.”

I closed my eyes, waiting. Two quick tugs and the thong was untied. Sarah bent down and pulled it off of my butt, indicating that I should lift my pelvis, and she pulled it out from under me. The boys were speechless.

“Now you see it looks a little different when it’s not framed by the thong. Stand up, Cheryl.” She instructed.

She had me stand directly between them, facing the table full of my friends while I flexed and unflexed my butt again. Then she had me turn to face Justin so Curt could get a close-up look at my butt, and then turn around and face Curt. Of course the other boy was getting an eyeful of my pussy, but I think that was part of the point.

Then she had me bend over with my legs spread so they could see my butthole (and of course my pussy), facing each boy. Tom and Rick reminded her of a couple of poses for the butt before she moved on.

“Now most guys really like boobs.” She said. She had me kneel with my back to each boy and she taught them how to unhook and rehook my bra. Each did it several times until they had it down, and the she had me allow it to fall off completely, leaving me totally naked.

“So there are several areas to the boobs” she said, having me point out the swell of my breasts, the areola, the nipple and push them together to show my cleavage. “And boobs act differently in different positions.” She continued, having me stand, put my arms up, down, out, back, forward, jump up and down, and then lay on my back between them and repeat all of the same positions.

“You forgot our favorite!” Reminded Tom.

“How could I forget that one?” laughed Sarah.

She had Curt lay down on his back, his feet facing Justin. She then had me straddle Curt, my back to Justin, and lean forward so that my boobs were right over his face. I heard Justin say “wow”, and I knew he was looking right at my pussy.

After I climbed off of Curt, she had Justin lay back, his feet toward Curt, and had me repeat the position for Justin.

“I don’t know which position is cooler to be in!” said Curt, and I felt myself flush again.

That position finally done, Sarah moved on.”

“And of course, there’s the pussy. She started me off by having me lay down between them so that my waist was even with them, giving them and the people at the table a great view between my legs. She discussed my mons, outer lips, and the lack of pubic hair before having me switch positions. She had Justin move back a few feet, then had me lay with my head almost in his lap, and my legs spread on either side of Curt, so he was sitting about even with my knees. Justin’s point of view, of course, showed quite a bit, too. She had me point out my clitoral hood, my pee hole, the vagina itself, and then had me pull back the clitoral hood to expose my clit.

Then she had me switch my position to give Justin the same show. Then she had me pose several different ways, including bent over forward and laying on my back with my legs spread in my hands.

“Now you need to get a good close-up view before we call it a night.” Said Sarah. She then had me straddle each boys face, my bare, spread pussy hovering only a few inches above.

They were both pretty much speechless the entire time.

“What time is it, Chris?” Sarah asked.

“It’s 20 ‘till.” He replied.

“When’s Justin got to leave?”

“About 10 minutes if he’s going to be home on time.”

“Okay, boys. The last thing we’ll show you is the whole female form in motion. Cheryl, go ahead and get up. Chris, do you have any good dance music or anything?”

“What do you want?” He laughed. He went to the wall where the volume control was and opened a panel in the wall with a touch screen behind it.

As I stood awkwardly on the towel with Justin and Curt, Sarah walked over to Chris. A few seconds later the music changed and the Luv Me Luv Me song from How Stella Got Her Groove Back soundtrack came on. If you don’t remember, that’s one of Sarah and My favorite movies, and the 7 minute song I had danced to last summer.

“Go ahead and dance for the boys. Make it sexy.” She instructed.

I started to dance, and the guys continued to stand there. Sarah grabbed their shoulders and moved them off of the towels while I danced to the whole song, grinding my hips a lot and letting my hands caress my chest and stomach occasionally.

When the song ended everyone applauded. Sarah had me hug Justin goodbye, and I could feel his boner press against my thigh. Curt then walked him to the front door while Sarah allowed me to put the thong and bra back on.

Curt was back in a flash, and seemed disappointed that I was dressed.

“Go to bed now, twerp.” Commanded Chris.

“I don’t have to.” He retorted.

“Let him stay.” Said Sarah. “Cheryl doesn’t mind.”

I blushed but smiled at her.

“So we’ve got a few hours before anyone else has to leave.” Announced Chris. “You guys want to go back inside and play more games or something?”

“Sure!” Everyone agreed.

We went back inside and I sat in the family room with Curt while everyone else went to change back into jeans and stuff. On her way out of the room Sarah said to me “Keep him entertained. Tell him anything he wants to know.”

I tried talking about other stuff, but Curt was too interested in my body.

“Do you get embarrassed being naked?”

“Yeah, but it’s not that bad after a while.” I admitted.

“Can I see your boobs again?”

“No.”

“Sarah said you had to show me if I wanted to see.”

“She said I had to tell you anything you wanted to know.”

“I want to know more about your boobs. Will you show them to me?”

“No. Tell me what you want to know about them and I’ll tell you.”

We went around in circles like that, him trying to get me to undress again and me arguing it. The guys all came back to the room at about the same time, and overheard us arguing.

“What’s all that about?” asked Tom.

“He wants me to take my clothes off again.” I said.

Tom just laughed and walked away, which Curt took as a sign to keep bothering me.

Sarah and Tiffany joined us less than a minute later, fully dressed again.

“Ask her.” He said to me.

“Ask me what?” said Sarah, walking over.

Sighing, I asked her “What did you mean when you told me to ‘keep him entertained’?”

“Why?”

“He wanted me to take my clothes off again.”

“That would be entertaining.” She said, laughing.

“Is that what you meant?”

“No.” She admitted. “But let’s take a vote.

She got the attention of all of the guys. “By show of hands, who wants Cheryl to take off her clothes again?”

Everyone guy in the room raised his hand, and after a few seconds, so did Tiffany.

“Wow. It looks like I screwed up when I let you get dressed!” Sarah said. “Thanks for point out my mistake, Curt. Why don’t you be in charge of getting her naked again?”

“Huh?”

“Tell her exactly what you want her to do. How you want her to stand, where you want her to be, you know… be in charge.”

“Um… stand up, I guess.”

I stood. I couldn’t believe that Sarah had put the biggest pervert here in charge of this.

“I don’t know what you mean.” He said quietly.

“Here. Let me show you.” She said. “Stand up on the coffee table, Cheryl… Turn around so your back is to us… Now squeeze your butt cheeks as hard as you can… Now untie your thong on the left side only… Now squeeze it… now the right side…. Squeeze your butt together so the thong stays there.”

The thong had fallen down in the front, and only the string in the back was being squeezed between my cheeks holding the thong up.

“Now shake your butt around. More… Okay, now turn around and face us, but don’t let go! Okay, now drop it.”

It was totally humiliating, but everyone else seemed to enjoy it.

“Put your thong back on and tie it in place. You can get down, too.” Then to Curt she said “See, like that. Anything you can think of to make it more fun while she’s getting naked. Take your time with it. Have fun. Just telling her to get naked is boring.”

While I was putting my thong back on one of the strings came off and I couldn’t tie that side. Curt and Sarah noticed this at about the same time.

“Give it to Tiffany to fix,” Instructed Curt, “and while she’s doing that take your bra straps off of your shoulders and let your bra fall down so we can see your boobs.”

I handed the thong to a grinning Tiffany and pulled the shoulder straps off of my shoulders, then pulled the cups down so that the bra was inside-out just below my boobs. Tiffany seemed to take her time tying the string back onto the cut waistband of the thong, but finally handed it back to me.

“Okay, put that back on so I can think of a good way to make you take it off.” He said, getting into it. The guys all laughed at that comment.

I tied it in place on both sides, then looked to him for my next command.

“Okay, so stand up on the coffee table again. I liked that… Now turn around with your back to us again… Now bend way over. Spread your legs… wider… now pull the string out of the way… pull it away from your body…”

I was pulling the string and the front material away from my body, and the string broke off again, leaving the thong tied only to one hip.

“Wait… let go!” He said quickly. “Stand up for a second.”

I stood and the thong was hanging basically inside out off of my hip. My pussy was pretty much completely exposed.

“Perfect!” he said excitedly. “now jump around and bounce. See if you can get it to fall off!”

I felt really stupid, but jumped and bounced around until it finally slid down my hip far enough to become loose and just slide down. He then let me kick it off.

“Now bend over again…. Spread your legs wider… touch your hands to the coffee table between your feet…”

Finally Sarah stepped in. “Her thong is off. Now let’s get her bra off so we can go play games.”

He had me bounce around again so my boobs would shake to see if he could get the bra to fall off my feet, but the elastic was too tight and it wouldn’t happen. Finally he conceded and let me take it off.

“Let’s go downstairs and play games now!” said Sarah.

“Um, can I get dressed?

“Vote?” Called Sarah.

“NO!” came the chorus of voices.

“Sorry. The masses have spoken.”

We went downstairs and Curt, still in the spirit from his brief stint in control, had a suggestion. “How about we play games, and the winner gets to pose Cheryl!”

“That’s actually not a bad idea.” Said Sarah, thinking out loud.

“What do you guys think?”

They were all in agreement. Big surprise there.

Chris challenged me to a game of Air Hockey. Sarah decided that we’d play to 3 points so that the game wouldn’t take forever.

I hit the puck-thing to him, he hit it back and scored immediately. I started again, he hit it back and I completely missed it again, but it bounced off the back and toward him. He hit it back and I struck wildly at it and knocked it off the side wall, back into my handle, and into my own goal. 2-0.

The third point was just as quick. Serve, return, miss, return, point. 3-0, I lost. Total playing time was probably just about a minute. Everyone was laughing. “You could have played a full game in under 5 minutes!”

Chris had me lay on the floor on my back while he sat between my spread legs, and I pulled myself open with my fingers. Nothing like starting off slow, is there? Of course Chris had been the winner, and this was supposed to be payment to him, but everyone else was standing or kneeling right behind him getting the same show.

“How long do I have to hold each pose?”

1 minute was the majority vote, although 5 minutes and half an hour was also suggested.

Scott was next, and challenged me to pinball. Sarah decided that we’d each play 1 ball, and the high score at the end of 1 ball would be the winner.

“Can I at least put something on while I’m playing the games?” I asked.

“Vote?” called Sarah.

“NO!”

Why do I bother?

I went first, and scored something like 80,000 points.

Scott let his ball drop after he hit 200,000 points. He wanted me to stand on 2 chairs for his minute. He placed them about 3½ feet apart, so that I was almost doing the splits to keep a foot on each one. Of course everyone gathered around again, even though I was “paying” him. I expected it, but was coming to realize that I would likely be displaying myself quite explicitly for everyone the rest of the night.

Rick and I threw darts. 3 darts, most points wins. I actually did hit a 20 on my second dart, but ended up with only 34 points. Rick’s first dart was a double 20. He didn’t even throw the other 2.

“I think I want the boobs in my face pose that you did for Curt and Justin upstairs.”

He laid on the floor on his back and I straddled him, which caused me to spread my legs around his hips. The rest of the room was getting an excellent view of my butt and pussy while he got a good view of my boobs.

After the minute was up it was Rob’s turn. He wanted to play poker dice, so Sarah tried to send me upstairs to get the dice that were still on the table in the pool area. The guys complained and asked her to leave me there and send Tiffany or her. Tiffany volunteered to go, and Sarah had me lean against the bar so that I was very on-display until she got back.

Tiffany brought the dice and put them on the bar. Rob immediately picked them up and moved to the middle of the room, where he sat cross-legged on the floor. Sarah caught on immediately, and instructed me to sit identically straight across from him. All of the guys knelt or sat behind him. Now I wasn’t even paying off a loss and I was sitting with my pussy spread for everyone.

I ended up winning the hand, and didn’t have to pay anything to Rob, but I kind of felt like he had already collected anyway because of the way he had me sit while we were playing.

Curt was next, and he challenged me to another 3-point game of air hockey. He was just as good as his brother, but cockier. He insisted on serving first, and I never touched the puck. The second and third points were just as quick. Rob pulled him aside and whispered something to him. They whispered back and forth for a few seconds, and then Curt turned to me with a huge smile on his face.

“I want you to do a handstand against the wall over there, and then put your legs into the splits.”

That was one of the poses that Rob had thought up a while ago, and it was a very embarrassing one to be in. You couldn’t see the guy’s faces as they’re looking at you, and they have the perfect angle, since your pussy is about even with their chests.

“Thanks, Rob.” I said.

“Well, you beat me, and I wanted to see it.”

“I’m just supposed to be paying Curt.” I complained.

“Oh, and we all promise that we won’t enjoy it.” Interjected Sarah.

I walked over to the wall and got into a handstand. I can do one without the wall supporting me, but I’m not sure about doing it for a full minute, or with my legs in the splits position. Once I was balanced I slowly spread my legs until I was feeling a good stretch. They weren’t quite straight out, but they were pretty close.

Curt stepped forward and everyone else crowded around behind him. I’m pretty sure that Sarah allowed 2 full minutes to go by before calling “time”, and I wouldn’t have been surprised if Curt had actually drooled on me. Everyone else really liked that pose, too.

The last 3 were Tom, Sarah and Tiffany. Tiffany volunteered to go next. She challenged me to poker dice again, and once again I was instructed to sit cross-legged on the floor, putting everything on display for everyone.

Once again I won, so I didn’t find out what Tiffany would have liked to see me do. I was actually kind of curious.

Tom and Sarah argued over who would go last, but after a whispered conference, probably about what they would make me do when they won, Tom agreed to go next. He challenged me to a game of 9-ball in pool, and he let me break.

I got to break and shoot one other time before Tom had cleared the table.

Tom had me lay on the floor in the middle of the room. He sat by my feet and had me spread my legs while everyone gathered behind and on either side of him. He than made me masturbate for the full minute.

I could feel myself blushing the entire time, and I kept count in my head to ensure that Sarah didn’t go overtime. When I had counted 90 seconds I asked about Time, and Sarah said “10 more seconds.” I counted those in my head, and got to 30, so by my count she had me go for 2 minutes.

Everyone really liked that one, and I was now officially wet and turned on, and everyone knew it. My clit was poking just a little bit out of the hood. Tiffany pointed that out, and everyone was craning their necks to get a look.

Sarah said “Leg wrestling.”

For those of you who don’t know, leg wrestling is when two people lie flat on their backs side-by-side, with their heads in opposite directions, near arms joined. You raise your legs to touch the others, one… two… three. On the third raise you lock legs with each other and try to turn them over by pulling with just your leg. The winner is the person who pulls the other one over.

So Sarah wanted me to lie naked on the floor and leg wrestle with her, spreading and flailing my legs around, while everyone watched. Win or lose, the guys were going to get a great show!

We took our positions, and started to go. We’re both pretty strong. We both work out a lot, and I swim and she plays volleyball. We both run. We were pretty evenly matched, but after about 45 seconds in a back and forth stalemate, she reached out and tickled my bare skin just above my hip and made me laugh, and she easily pulled me over.

I tried to claim “foul”, but since I had to listen to her anyway, it was a halfhearted complaint.

“I think it will be interesting to see how turned on you really are. Why don’t you do another headstand?”

I felt myself blush as I walked over to the wall.

“Not at the wall this time.” She corrected me. “If you’re going to fall we’ll have someone hold your legs.”

I blushed again, and she made the “tsk” sound. “Why are you blushing? Didn’t we cure you of that earlier tonight? You’ve been naked for quite a while, you can’t still be embarrassed, can you?”

“Let’s see you run around naked in a house with 7 guys and see if you’re embarrassed.”

“This isn’t about me, this is about you. Now do your handstand, and then we’ll see if the guys will be nice enough to help you overcome your shyness.”

I hated it when she got like that.

I kicked my legs up into a handstand on my first try. When I started to lower my legs I could feel myself start to lose my balance. I walked on my hands a couple of steps and regained my control.

“She’s going to fall and hurt herself. Um… Curt, and Scott. Will you two please each come and take a leg?”

If the blood wasn’t already rushing to my head I would have probably blushed even deeper. I felt their hands on my calves, just below the knees. I allowed my legs to spread wide open, and they did their part by holding me up and not letting me fall. Sarah then milked it, allowing everyone a prolonged view.

“Are you all set?”

“Fine.” I grumbled.

“You’re okay, you’re not going to fall?”

“I’m fine.”

“You don’t need them to hold tighter, or loser or anything.”

“It’s all fine.” I said. “Can we just get this over with?”

“There’s that embarrassment again.” She said in a mock-serious voice, but she couldn’t stifle a giggle.

She then proceeded to point out all of the visible signs of arousal on my spread and displayed pussy. It was beyond humiliating.

I could tell that Curt was absolutely enjoying every minute of it, and the fact that he had been “chosen” to hold one of my legs. I don’t think that was random selection for even a second.

Finally the minute (more like 3) was up, and I got down.

“Chris, can I see you for a minute?” Said Sarah, steering him away from the group and up the stairs. A few seconds later I heard Chris call for Curt, who pried his eyes off of me and ran up in response.

About 5 minutes later Sarah called me upstairs.

“You have a problem with your nudity, so we’re going to get you over it. The ‘total immersion’ therapy we’ve been using doesn’t seem to have worked, so we’re going to do it a little at a time.” She announced.

She produced an old blue warm-up suit. It was the kind with the elastic legs, drawstring waist, and matching plain sweatshirt. It had the name of the private grammar/middle school that was around this area. It was Curt’s old warm-up from gym class. Apparently they had gym uniforms that included sweats for colder days.

“I outgrew it, but never threw it away.” He announced proudly.

Sarah had modified it quite a bit. She first handed me what looked like a pair of boy-short panties, but they were actually the sweat pants. She had cut them off right at the crotch, with only about a ½ inch of fabric between the two legs. Once I had put them on she handed me the first of two legs. She had cut 4 slits in the fabric about 4 inches below where she had cut them off, and run a shoelace through the slits. I pulled the leg onto my own leg, and tied the shoelace. The fabric draped over a bit, so there was about 2 or 3 inches of bare skin between the “shorts” and the pant-leg.

I repeated this with the second pant leg, and then she handed me the shirt. It was tight, but not obscenely so. She put a couple of safety pins in around my breasts, then had me take the shirt back off. She cut out the area surrounded by the safety pins, then pinned the fabric back into the shirt, and had me put it back on.

“Now we’re going to be checking you out one area at a time.” She told me. “I don’t want you to argue, so I’m going to just tell you to not say a word about your body, your outfit, or anything unless someone asks you a direct question. Then you can respond only to the specific question. Do you understand?”

I nodded, blushing furiously.

Then she called everyone else back upstairs.

“I really appreciate you guys helping Cheryl get over her shyness.” She said when everyone was gathered, looking at my new outfit questioningly. “When she just stood on the chair and let everyone see her nudity, I thought that would get her over it, but she still gets embarrassed when we look, so I thought maybe the problem is that we’re not focusing on each area until we’re very, very familiar with it. Chris and Curt were nice enough to help me make this new outfit for her so we can see if we can help her with her problem.”

I could feel myself blush, and Sarah noticed and pointed it out. “You see! She’s even embarrassed to hear us talking about it!”

“So,” she continued, “we’re going to spend some time with only part of her body exposed, and hopefully she’ll get used to us looking at that one part, so when she’s naked again it won’t be as big a deal to her. Will everyone help her out like that?”

Everyone laughed and readily agreed.

“So what does everyone think is her most sensitive area that needs the most work?” she asked.

“Her pussy.” Said Curt quickly.

“I think so, too. Anyone else?”

“Either that or her butt.” Said Chris.

“Okay, so we’ll focus on that area first. Cheryl, please uncover your pussy for us by removing the shorts, and only the shorts.”

I felt myself flush again as a I untied the drawstring and pulled the shorts down over the pant legs that were tied to my thighs and then off. I was now naked from mid thigh to the waist, but covered everywhere else.

“Now let’s all sit on the floor and play cards. We’re going to play 10-and-a-half again. Cheryl, you’re going to play each of us as dealer again, and you’re going to move to sit in front of each of us with your legs spread apart while we’re playing.

I could have killed her. The command of silence was almost as hard as the exposure.

I played each person, though. She had me play everyone twice, and then let the people who won pose me for further inspection. Of course Curt won both games I played him, so I ended up doing the hand-stand for him twice. I also spread my legs while Scott sat between them, and Tiffany had me spread everything as wide as possible and point out all of the different parts; pee hole, clit, vagina and labia.

Sarah then decided that it was time to put my boobs on display. She had me put my shorts back on, and unfasten the safety-pins, removing the center panel of the modified sweat-shirt. I was now fully clothed except for the area immediately surrounding my boobs in the roughly cut hole. We played 10-and-a-half again. It wasn’t as bad.

After two rounds she had me put the panel back in my shirt, and then made me remove the shorts again so that I could get used to people looking at my butt. This time she had me stand facing the person I was playing, and had everyone else sitting behind me. She then had me bend at the waist, leaving the cards on the floor. I had to keep one palm flat on the floor between my feet and use the other hand to deal the cards and look at my own card. Of course this was putting my pussy on display just as much as my butt for everyone behind me, but I couldn’t say anything. The winners again got to pose me. Most of them had a similar position to the stance I was taking to play the game, but Curt, when he won 1 of the 2 games I played him, decided on the same handstand he’d seen 3 or 4 times before, but this time he stood on the opposite side under the guise of looking more at my butt.

When that was finally finished Sarah had me pull the shirt off, then take the pant-legs off, leaving me totally naked again.

It was late and Scott had to leave. He argued that he’d risk getting in trouble, but Chris insisted that he leave, because he didn’t want Scott’s parents calling or coming over and discovering that we were all here with no parents. I hugged Scott goodbye at the front door, once again feeling how excited he was that I was naked. That part was kind of flattering; knowing how turned on I was making the guys.

Rob, Tom and Rick were all spending the night with their parent’s permission – their parents didn’t know that Chris’s parents were not home. Sarah and I told our parents that we were spending the night at Tiffany’s, and Tiffany told her parents that she was spending the night at my house. One nice thing about being an honor roll student, athlete, and a member of MADD and DARE was that your parents tended to trust you and didn’t often check up on your whereabouts when you were with trusted friends.

People were starting to get tired, so Chris suggested we all get into the hot tub and relax before bed. Sarah sent Curt to go change first, and when he returned in his trunks and t-shirt she told me to keep him entertained however he wanted to be entertained as long as it didn’t involve letting him touch me. I groaned inwardly at what that would mean.

He wasted no time, and before everyone had left the room he had me standing with one foot on the coffee table and the other on the couch while he knelt on the floor between my legs.

Once everyone had returned to the family room we grabbed clean towels and walked out to the pool area. Chris turned on the jets on the hot tub, the guys all stripped off their t-shirts, Tiffany and Sarah dropped their shorts, and we all got in.

After about 5 minutes I complained that the water was hot, so Sarah told me to sit on the edge of the hot tub and spread my legs, with just my calves and feet in the water. She’s kind of a cruel person, you know? Over the next 20 minutes I kept moving one space over until I had been all the way around the tub, sure to sit directly across from all of the guys.

We got out of the tub and dried off. We sat in the chairs around the table and talked for a bit, and then decided to call it a night. Tiffany, Tom and I got our own room. Sarah and Rob decided to share a room, and Rick slept in Chris’s room with him, while Curt went off to sleep in his own room. Tom had me give everyone a hug goodnight, which was made more interesting because everyone was wearing just swim trunks with no shirts, so my bare boobs were pressed against their bare chests.

Sex was good that night. Tiffany refused to take her panties off because she was on her period and didn’t want Tom to see the tampon string, but we still made her come a couple of times.

The next morning I woke up at around 10:00, and could hear noises downstairs of someone in the kitchen. Tom and Tiffany woke up, probably because I was stirring. Tom got up to use the bathroom, and when he came back he told us that Curt was in the kitchen with Justin eating breakfast. They were talking about last night. He then said that Tiffany and I should both go downstairs, dressed exactly as we were (I was still naked, Tiffany was wearing a pink thong) and get some doughnuts and juice to bring back upstairs for us to have for breakfast.

We both giggled at the prospect, and having Tiffany there seemed to make it easier for me. We both got out of bed, checked our faces and hair in the mirror (nothing major to fix) and snuck out of the room. Giggling and shushing each other the entire way down the stairs, we finally made it to the hallway and peeked around the corner into the kitchen.

“… and then Sarah made Cheryl sit on the edge and spread her legs and sit in front of everyone with her legs spread for like 10 minutes!” We heard Curt saying. The two were alone in the kitchen.

“Tom specifically told you that what happened last night was not to be discussed!” I scolded, walking out from behind the wall that had been hiding Tiffany and me with my hands placed firmly on my hips, still stark naked.

Justin dropped his doughnut on the floor, and Curt stopped and just stared.

Tiffany walked out from behind the wall wearing nothing but her pink thong and struck a similar pose, but pointing with one hand. “You guys are in trouble now!” she said in a stern tone.

“Holy shit, dude!” Said Justin, his eyes lighting up at the sight of two naked girls.

“I can talk about it with him! He was there!” said Curt defensively, thinking we were really mad.

“We’ll see about that. Right now we need some doughnuts.” Said Tiffany, and we both walked past them to the counter. We filled a plate with 4 doughnuts, asked Curt where the glasses were and poured juice. I walked over to them and said “We’re just messing with you, but don’t tell all of your friends about it or we’ll never come over again.”

Then I hugged both of them and gave each a kiss on the cheek, picked up the plate of doughnuts and 1 glass of juice, curtseyed a bit, and Tiffany and I left the room, giggling uncontrollably. On the stairs we ran into Chris and Rick, which set us off even more. Back in the bedroom Tom bit into his Boston cream and some of the cream fell out onto his chest… but what happened next is a whole other story.

A few weeks later we were all going to go to Rob’s for a party. His parents were going out of town for a long weekend with old friends of theirs. “They told me that I could have a couple of people over, but not to let it get out of hand.” He told us.

That Friday Tiffany didn’t show up to school. I texted her from my locker at lunchtime, the only time of the day that we’re allowed to use our cell phones in school. She had woken up in the middle of the night with a stomach virus and a fever. I felt really bad for her.

I was getting nervous as the week drew to a close and without Tiffany there it was even harder on Friday. Sarah just kept reminding me that she was collecting her other half day. Saturday brought more anxiety as I sat at home alone, and the day passed in fits. First the time seemed to drag slowly, then suddenly an hour would shoot by like a minute, and before I knew it Tom was picking Sarah and me up to take us over to Rob’s. It was before dinner time.

We left early so I could stop at Tiffany’s house first. I brought her some magazines and a get well card that I had picked up for her. We spent about 15 minutes there and then left and went to Rob’s.

Sarah had been texting someone while we were there, and when we got to Rob’s I found out who it was. The garage door opened as we pulled in and Rob and Curt met us.

“Who else is here?” I cried, surprised at seeing Curt again.

“You’ll find out.” smiled Sarah, turning her back and getting out of the car. I scrambled out after her as Tom and Rob turned around and walked inside. That left me alone in the garage with Curt and Sarah.

“When we decided to do this again I thought it would be fun to include Curt, since he seemed to enjoy it so much last time.” Sarah told me. Curt blushed slightly but didn’t look away. “So we’ve been talking for the past week and he and I are both going to be in charge tonight. I’ll still direct the activities, but you should know that we came up with them together.”

I stood stock still and said nothing, although my brain wanted to scream a hundred things and my feet wanted to run away as fast as they would carry me. Sarah reached over and pressed the button to close the garage door.

“Tonight is going to be different than everyone’s used to. I think it will be a lot more fun.” Said Sarah brightly. “Your first instruction is that you’re going to explain everything to everyone when we go downstairs. That was my idea.”

“What do I have to explain?” I asked a little apprehensively.

“Tonight, instead of playing strip games, you’re going to play games to earn your clothes back. If you win, you get back the thing that you’re playing for.”

“What?!” I asked rather loudly.

“Yep. Those are the rules. So first you need to strip. I will inventory everything you take off and we’ll make sure that you have a chance to win everything back. Jewelry, too.”

Curt smiled at me and blushed slightly, but his excitement and expectation of what was coming was evident on his face.

“What do I have to explain?” I asked, stalling for time.

“We’ll let you know as soon as you’re done stripping and we’ve got everything inventoried.”

“It’s cold out here!” I complained. “Can’t I just strip right before we go inside?”

“We thought of that…” said Curt, speaking for the first time. He pointed out a long terrycloth robe and slippers that were laying on the workbench nearby. They were Sarah’s “You can put these on until we’re ready to go inside.”

It was better than nothing. I kicked off my shoes and socks. The floor was excruciatingly cold under my bare feet. “Can I have the slippers? This floor is freezing!”

“You might want to leave your socks for last, then. You can’t have the robe or the slippers until you’re done.” Said Sarah, smiling that evil smile of hers. I wish Tiffany was here. I’d talk her into joining me so I wouldn’t have to be the only one naked again. She wasn’t on her period this week!

I knelt down and pulled my socks back on, then shrugged out of my jacket. I thought for a brief moment and decided on my sweater next. Then came my jeans. I had dressed kind of sexy tonight at Tom’s instruction. Because he requested it I had on my black micro-thong and the black bra. Curt stopped me and stared in disbelief at the micro-thong. He couldn’t get over it. After a minute and after I complained about the cold, he finally allowed me to continue and take off my bra, and then my panties. My skin was purple with cold, and I was covered in goose bumps.

“Can I have the towel and robe, please.” I whined.

“You still have your socks and all of your jewelry on.” I had worn a bit more jewelry than normal so I’d feel sexier and more sparkly.

I pulled my earrings, necklace, bracelet and rings off and handed them to Sarah, who irritatingly inventoried each one, putting them all together into a Ziploc baggie before asking for my socks. They did make good on their word, though, and Curt immediately handed me the slippers and robe, which I wrapped myself in, shivering slightly. I did notice that he handed me the slippers first, and held onto the robe until I had stepped into them.

“Now for your instructions.” She said after depositing my socks into the bag with all of my other clothes. “First, no one knows that you’re about to walk down the stairs naked, so you’ll need to explain that, which will be a pleasant surprise.”

“Who is down there?” I asked hesitantly, still shivering slightly from the cold. The robe was no match for the chill of the air.

“You’ll find out when you get down there.” Replied Curt.

“Anyone that hasn’t seen me naked before?”

“Um… I don’t know… Curt?”

“Um, I don’t think so…”

I guessed they were just messing with me, but it wasn’t helping me get over my nerves.

“Now, what you’ll explain,” continued Sarah, “is that we’re playing games tonight for you to win your clothes back. The more games you win, the more you can wear, and the faster you win them, the quicker you’re able to get dressed.”

“Then tell them that their job is to make sure that they beat you if they want to keep you naked.” Interjected Curt.

I shot him a snide smile and looked back to Sarah.

“Curt and I have a whole list of games that you will play tonight. You can opt out of playing them, but then you have no chance of winning your clothes back. Something that bothered me about last time was how embarrassed you get, so tonight we’ve decided that you’re not allowed to act embarrassed at all. Take a minute and find your inner strength reserve and just suck it up. Get over it. We’ve seen it all before, and we’ll see it all tonight, and probably again and again.”

I blushed as she said that. The garage suddenly didn’t feel quite as cold; I guess that was one positive about my embarrassment. They let that sink in before Sarah spoke again.

“Curt is going to tell you what your speech is going to be. He wrote it, I approved it and we both memorized it. It’s short, so you should be able to memorize it pretty quickly.” She then motioned for Curt, who began a little nervously but without preamble.

“When you get downstairs, after you explain the rules to everyone, you have to say ‘I’m sorry that I was so shy last time we all got together. I should be flattered that you guys like my body so much, and it was rude of me to try to hide it all night. If anyone wants to see anything or have me pose for them, please just ask. As long as it won’t interfere with a game I’m playing, I’ll be happy to do it for you.’”

“What!” I screamed. “Oh my god! You can’t make me do that!”

“Sure we can. You struck just about every pose imaginable last time. This time we’re just making it clear that they can ask for it.”

I blushed harder, and swallowed the lump that had risen in my throat. It was even harder coming from Curt, who I had met only once before, and who was 2 years behind me in school.

Curt repeated my speech, and I repeated it back a few times until I did it without pausing or missing anything. I was still not able to do it without blushing.

“Now let’s put it to the test. Remember, no hesitation, and no controllable sign of embarrassment.” Said Sarah.

On cue, Curt spoke. “Open your robe and face me.”

Feeling the heat rise in my face, I opened my robe and turned to face him directly. I stood there for about 30 seconds before he thanked me and told me I could close my robe.

“Now let’s run through everything quickly before we tell you the last part.” Said Sarah.

I went through the speech. I explained why I was naked, that we were playing games and if I won them I would win back my clothing. I explained that it was in their best interest to prevent me from winning since that would keep me naked longer. I took a deep breath and repeated, verbatim, the last part of the speech, about how they could pose me at any time.

“Good.” Said Sarah after I finished. “The last part is that after you deliver that speech you should go around the room to every person including Curt and me and ask “As a gesture of good will, do you want to see my tits, my ass, or my pussy?” When they answer, show them what they want to see.

I flushed again, and tried to complain.

“What did we just say?” asked Sarah sternly. “No complaining, no acting embarrassed. We’re not even down there yet and you’re already doing both!”

I stood silent, my mind racing but unable to argue. I would lose anyway, unless I wanted to just call the whole thing off. I was willing to go through with all of this for some sick reason, even though I hated it when it was happening. Tom loved it, and everyone else enjoyed it, and when I thought back on it, even I liked it. The only time it sucked was when it was happening.

Sarah correctly interpreted my silence as acceptance.

Let’s practice once more. It’s cold, so you can keep your slippers on. We know you have the first part, so take off the robe and do your speech again, and then make the offer.

Flushing again I stripped the robe off and handed it to Rob.

I repeated the speech flawlessly and then turned to Sarah. “As a gesture of good will, do you want to see my boobs, my butt, or my pussy?”

“Say ‘tits’ and ‘ass’, not ‘boobs’ and ‘butt’.” She corrected.

“Do you want to see my tits, ass, or pussy?” I asked through slightly gritted teeth.

“I’d like to see your ass, thank you.” She replied brightly.

I turned around and gently patted my butt.

“Not like that.” she admonished. She instructed me to bend over and spread my legs, so that the view included my butt hole and my pussy.

After a few seconds she thanked me and I proceeded to Curt.

“Would you like to see my tits, ass or pussy?” I asked him.

“Pussy.”

I stood facing him and slightly spread my legs.

“No, no, no.” corrected Sarah again. Curt squatted down as though he were sitting in a chair, and Sarah had me put my foot up on his shoulder and spread my pussy with my fingers.

“Now practice with me again.”

“Would you like to see my tits, ass or pussy?”

“Tits.”

I stood, thrusting my chest into her face.

“Good. Shake a little bit.”

I complied.

“Okay, one more practice round and I think we’ll be ready. Ask Curt 3 times. I’ll watch and make sure everything is correct.” She said. Her cheery attitude was kind of irritating. I’m sure it was intended to be.

I repeated the speech, then turned to Curt. “Would you like to see my tits, ass or pussy?”

“Tits.”

“Would you like to see my tits, ass or pussy?”

“Pussy.”

“Would you like to see my tits, ass or pussy?”

“Ass.”

Sarah could find no complaints about the way I complied. “When you start making that offer, start with Curt, even if you have to walk past other people to get to him.” That was her only comment.

She gave me a minute to warm up in the robe before taking it and the slippers and stuffing them into the bag with my clothes, and then I led the way inside and downstairs while Sarah followed last, locking the door behind us.

Downstairs things were set up a little different than normal. The couch was moved more to the side than it normally is, and the chairs from around his kitchen table were on either side. Additionally there were cushions on the floor for others to sit on and against, leaving a fairly decent sized area in the center. Tom and Rick were on the couch. Scott and Chris were on two chairs to one side, their backs to the TV, and Justin was on a chair on the other side, which Curt took. I assume that was the chair he had abandoned to come upstairs to greet me. Rob was sitting on a cushion leaning up against the wall on the floor on the opposite side of the room, where Sarah joined him. On a positive note there were no new people here. I knew that they had been messing with me about that. On the down side, there were still 8 people here, and Sarah was the only other girl, and two of the guys were Justin and Curt. I felt sure that I was the only girl either of them had ever seen naked, and they were getting quite a good view. Everyone seemed a bit surprised that I was already naked, and it was obvious that they had been truthful in their assertion that no one else knew what was going to happen tonight.

I hesitated for only a moment as I scoped out the room, then stepped into the center of the circle.

“Make sure you’re talking to all of us.” Reminded Sarah, giggling and stealing a quick kiss from Rob.

Slowly turning in a circle and making eye contact with everyone in turn, I started my speech. “Tonight we’re trying something a little different. Instead of playing games to get me naked slowly through the course of the evening, I’m going to start naked tonight, and we’ll play games so I can try to win back my clothes. The more games I win, the more clothing I will get to wear, so it’s your job, if you want to keep me naked, to try to beat me. Curt and Sarah will be telling us what the games are as the night goes, and will be setting the rules.”

High fives and murmurs broke out around the circle, and I caught Sarah and Rob kissing again as I continued to slowly turn in place so I could keep making eye contact with everyone in the circle. After a moment of silence I continued with my prepared speech. “I’m sorry that I was so shy last time we all got together. I should be flattered that you guys like my body so much, and it was rude of me to try to hide it all night. If anyone wants to see anything or have me pose for them, please just ask. As long as it won’t interfere with a game I’m playing, I’ll be happy to do it for you.”

More murmuring broke out as the guys tried to verify what they’d just heard.

“What did you just say?” asked Rick finally.

Sarah nodded so I repeated that part of the speech. There was more laughter and murmuring, and then I walked directly over to Curt. “As a gesture of good will, would you like to see my tits, ass or pussy?”

“All 3, I think.” He replied, grinning. This was obviously planned. He would let everyone know that was an option, and I was required to go along with it without complaint.

“Do you have a preference which is first?” I asked.

“Pussy first, ass last, I think.” He replied, still smiling from ear to ear. It was obvious that he was nervous, but he was playing his part well.

I assumed each of the 3 poses I had practiced upstairs for him while Justin craned his neck to be able to look, too.

Once finished, I moved to the next chair and asked Justin. “Would you like to see my tits, ass or pussy?”

“Can I see all 3, too?”

I looked to Sarah and she nodded slightly, almost imperceptibly.

“Of course, if that’s what you’d like.”

“All 3 then.”

I repeated each of the three poses. On the inside I was screaming, wishing I could be anywhere else, doing almost anything else. On the outside, little more than a blush to my skin betrayed my abject embarrassment.

I dutifully asked the question of each person, and everyone in the room, Sarah included, followed the lead that was set and requested all 3 poses. By the end I was starting to get a little wet despite myself, and my nipples had remained as rock-hard as the cold air in the garage had made them initially, probably a combination of the chill I was still feeling and my budding arousal.

Once I had completed the circle and graphically displayed myself to each person, showing no embarrassment other than an almost constant blush, I stood awkwardly in the center of the circle waiting for Sarah to give me instructions.

She pulled a bag toward her, different than the one my clothes were in, and pulled out the twister game that we had taken from Rob’s house all those months ago. She had me lay it out on the center of the floor, which required quite a bit of bending and squatting down. I tried to be as demure as possible at first, but Curt called me on it.

“We said not to try to cover up or be embarrassed at all.”

“I’m just trying to be more ladylike.” I retorted.

“Does anyone want her to be ladylike?” called out Sarah before Curt had a chance to argue back.

Resounding “no’s” from everyone.

“Don’t worry about what people might see when you bend over.” She instructed quietly. “And if we have to remind you again, there will be a penalty.”

Flushing again, I finished laying out the twister board without bending my knees once.

“Justin and I want you to come over again and show yourself like you did before.” Said Curt, still a little nervous but enjoying the power.

Without hesitation I stepped over to them. “What would you like to see first?”

“Tits first, then ass.” Said Curt.

I complied, doing all 3 poses for almost a minute each, and then repeated the process for Justin. Rick requested his own show, and then Tom told me to repeat it for Scott, Chris and Rob as well. Sarah declined, and Tom asked for 2 minutes of pussy. He moved his face so close that I could feel his hot breath on me, and I was getting more aroused no matter how hard I tried not to.

“Now,” announced Sarah when I had finished and was once again standing awkwardly in the center of the room. “Cheryl is going to play Twister, but she needs to play against someone. We’re all going to roll a die to see who gets to play.”

She produced a die from the bag and everyone rolled. Justin and Scott both rolled 6’s. Justin won the tie breaker.

“You should take your shirt off.” Whispered Sarah in his ear. He seemed a little embarrassed, but understood why and did.

“If Cheryl wins she will get to put something back on. If she loses, we’ll move that thing into this empty bag. Every time she loses we’ll put the clothes that she would have won into this bag, and she won’t get a chance to win them back at all. She’ll have to be without them until the night is over. Loser is the first person to fall.”

Left hand red. Right foot blue.

He was pretty flexible, and he gave me a run for my money. I ended up in positions several times where my bare chest was pressed against his stomach, face, arms or back. At one point I spread my legs pretty far apart and his shoulder kept bumping into my pussy as he positioned his own feet. This was doing nothing to help my building arousal subside. Everyone laughed at the glistening wet spot on his shoulder.

Right hand green. Left foot yellow.

He finally fell, being slightly less flexible than me. Everyone applauded the end of the first game, and applauded even louder when Sarah announced that I had successfully won back my earrings. Diamond studs that were a 16th birthday present from my parents. Wonderful – about 1% of my earlobes were now covered. I felt so much less exposed. I really hope you’re all catching my sarcasm here.

I almost said something out loud, but I remembered that I wasn’t allowed to say anything or do anything to show that I was embarrassed or bothered by my nudity. I simply put my earrings in their holes and remained silent.

Sarah had me show everyone my ears. I think it was just to drive home how little winning had done.

“Next we’re going to have a short competition between you and me.” Sarah said, smiling. “We’re going to do a sort of obstacle course while walking on our hands. I got the idea watching you walk on your hands last time we were all together.” She smirked.

We had to get into a handstand, which both of us were pretty good at, and walk around the room. We had to start in the middle of the room, where the twister board had been, walk in front of each person in his seat and do a quick turn-around, then walk to the kitchen and back. If we both succeeded, it would be a tie.

We each rolled a die, and Sarah got a 4 to my 2. She would go first. She got up on her first kick, and walked to Rob, turned in place, and then repeated it for each guy in the room. She then walked to the kitchen and back without falling. She had gotten it fully. If I fell at all, I would lose.

I kicked up and overbalanced, falling backward. I kicked up again and stabilized myself, and then imitated Sarah’s hand-walking perfectly. We had tied!

“You lost.” Said Sarah simply, fishing in the bag of clothes.

“What do you mean I lost?” I said defensively. “I didn’t fall!”

“You fell before you even started.”

“Then why did you make me do the whole thing?” I asked, a little angry.

“I just assumed you wanted to see if you could do it.” She pulled my jeans out of the bag and transferred them to the losing bag.

“Are you saying I would have won my jeans back if I had won?” I asked incredulously.

“It sure looks that way. Now the next game will be a lot of fun. Come stand here.”

She put me against the wall with my hands at my sides, and then put a black ski-cap over my head, covering my eyes. She then tied a scarf around my eyes to be double sure.

“There are 8 of us here. 4 of us are going to grab, squeeze and hold your boobs for 30 seconds each… Sorry, your TITS. You have to identify 3 of the 4 people in the right order.”

I felt myself blush, but said nothing.

“So if you guess that I grabbed your boobs, and I did, but you said I was the first person when I really went second, you’d be wrong.” She continued. “All set?”

I said nothing.

“Are you all set?”

Again, I remained silent.

“Tell us that you’re ready.”

“I’m ready.” I said quietly.

There was whispering. Sarah was obviously selecting the participants.

Suddenly there were hands on my boobs. At first I was shocked and just dumbstruck. After about 10 seconds I remembered that I would need to try to identify this person. They were squeezing gently, and the hands felt a little rough. I ruled out Sarah – she’s the lotion queen, and her hands are always really soft. Rough hands. They seemed like large hands. God, why did my nipples have to be so hard? Large, rough hands. It had to be either Scott or Chris.

Before I could think more about it, Sarah called “time.”

A couple of seconds later there were two more hands on my boobs. These were smaller, and a little more clumsy and forceful. They seemed to be coming in at a different angle, too. A shorter person, I think. More bend in the elbow. Had to be Justin or Curt. I tried to listen to the breathing, but the music was playing and people were whispering around the room.

“Time!”

Two more hands. Small hands again. Justin or Curt again. The other one. Same bend to the elbow. Who was taller? Justin was maybe an inch taller than Curt. This was Justin. That meant that the second one was Curt.

Scott or Chris, Curt, Justin. I repeated it to myself.

“Time!”

Two new hands. Rough, larger hands. Very strong grip, even though he was squeezing lightly. Chris or Scott again? Could be Rick. The large hands. Two fingers pinched a nipple. They were very thick fingers. It was Rick.

Scott or Chris, Curt, Justin, Rick.

“Time!”

“Thanks, guys, for helping with the game.” Came Sarah’s voice. “Thank them, Cheryl.”

“Thanks, you guys.” I said it quietly and through Gritted teeth. Sarah let it go.

“So who was it?”

Scott, Curt, Justin and Rick, in that order.

“Hmm…” She stalled. “Scott, Curt… who did you say next?”

“Justin and Rick.”

“Scott, Curt, Justin and Rick. You have won this game. Congratulations!”

“How many did I get?” I asked.

“I’m just telling you that you won.”

I reached up and pulled the scarf and hat off, squinting my eyes to the relative brightness of the room.

She allowed me to put my rings back on, and had me show my hands to everyone to show them my winnings. Then she instructed Curt to put the hat and blindfold back on me. He didn’t mind getting close to me again, I could tell.

“Now you need to turn around and bend at the waist.” She instructed. “Put your palms flat on the floor, and keep your knees straight, legs about shoulder width apart.”

I complied nervously.

“Now 4 of us are going to grab, squeeze and rub your ass for 30 seconds each. Same deal – you have to identify 3 of the 4.”

I couldn’t believe this. More whispering, longer this time, and suddenly there was a hand on each cheek. A quick squeeze and then slowly caressing down and around. The hands were respecting me by not touching my exposed pussy or butt hole, but I was still extremely embarrassed, knowing what they could see, and where these hands were.

Small hands, delicate. Soft hands. Sarah?

“Time!”

Whispering. Shuffling of feet. Two new hands.

These hands followed the same path, caressing all over my butt. One finger strayed close to my pussy, lightly brushing the soft mound on one side. I clenched at the contact. I could tell I was still wet, and I could feel myself getting wetter. I hate the fact that my body has a mind of its own.

Soft hands. Strong. Scott again? Was Scott right the first time? These felt like the same hands, I think.

“Time!”

New hands. Same path. Dangerously close to my pussy. More bold. These hands were moving faster, but not harder. Once around, barely missing my pussy. Second time around and closer this time. Third time around, definite contact, light and brief, but contact. Fourth time around, dragging wetness behind the finger. Fifth time around, lingering longer, moving away. More moisture. Right next to… oh, my, he grazed right over my exposed butt hole!. OH MY GOD! It’s Rob!! Rob is basically fingering me!

“Time!”

Two more hands. Less bold. Slower movement. Smaller hands. Softer. Not Sarah again. Curt? Justin? Staying respectfully away from my pussy. Can’t tell anything from the angle. Who is it?

“Time!”

I stood up.

“Don’t stand up!” she hollered.

I resumed my position with my palms on the floor. I could feel my face blushing. I wondered if the rest of my body was blushing, too.

“Guesses, Cheryl?” Asked Sarah.

“Um… You, Scott, Rob… and… Curt.” I was unconvincing.

She drew it out again. “Me, Scott… did you say Rob? And then Curt?”

“Yes. In that order.”

“You won again! I can’t believe you have such a sensitive butt!”

“Who did I get right?”

“I guess I can tell you now. Scott, Curt, Justin and Rick felt your tits. You got all of them right. Me, Chris, Rob and Curt felt your ass. It looks like we need to make it more difficult.”

“Didn’t I win something back?” I asked.

“Oh, yeah. We’ll give you your necklace after this next game.”

Now there would be 6 people touching my butt. Same 30 seconds, but I needed to get 5 of the 6 correct.

More hands caressing my butt, most, but not all, keeping respectfully clear of my pussy. 30 seconds later “Time!” 6 pairs of hands, 30 seconds each. Then a 7th pair of hands.

“Hey!” I said.

“Some people wanted to go twice.” Giggling laughter.

8 sets of hands. 9 sets of hands. 10 sets. I was losing tract of who I thought was who. Despite myself I was getting more and more excited, and I’m sure it was visible. Finally they were done and I could guess.

I was so confused. I got 3 correct. I had lost, and Sarah decided that my sweater would be out of play. Now it just couldn’t be coincidence. There was no way that every time I lost it was something major, but ever time I one it was a earring or something useless. Still I remained silent.

Now it was time for round 2 of “guess who’s grabbing your boobs.” The first touch made me shudder and I could feel my body respond with goose-bumps. Everyone laughed, and I felt myself blush. No pretenses this time, all 8 people were going to feel me up for 30 seconds each, and I had to put them in the right order. 6 correct to win the game.

As turned on as I was, I focused my brain and was able to pretty easily identify the same 4 I had gotten right last time. Sarah was easy to pick out, and the feeling of Tom’s hands on my skin was so familiar to me that I knew in the first 5 seconds; the last 25 were just for fun. Rob was pretty obvious, too, because his hands are smaller than most of the other guys.

Finally time to guess. I got everyone right. They were really impressed – I don’t think they thought I could do it. On the down side I was so incredibly wet and turned on now.

“Okay!” Said Sarah officially. “6 games down, and Cheryl has won 4 and lost 2.”

“She seems awfully turned on. Come over here and show me your pussy.” Interrupted Tom.

Blushing, I was led over to him, and he pulled my leg into position in my pussy pose, putting my foot up on his shoulder as he sat on the couch. He gently grazed my clit with his finger to watch it erect and pop out of the hood, and my juices got flowing even more. After about a minute he proclaimed himself satisfied, and asked if anyone else wanted a look before the next game.

No one turned him down. I was positively dripping, my pussy was swollen, and my nipples were aching by the time the last person had taken his turn staring at my pussy. It was so incredibly erotic but 100 times more embarrassing to be doing this while still blindfolded.

“If that doesn’t prove that she secretly likes this, I don’t know what will!” said Sarah, laughing when it was her turn. She was last.

“What’s the next game, and can I take the blindfold off yet?” I asked hoarsely.

“Anxious, are you? Okay, then. You’re going to need to keep the blindfold for a little while longer. I’m just going to watch this game, and you’re going to be the one doing the work.” She said seriously and quickly. “Each guy’s going to take his shirt off and lay on the ground. You’re going to be in a pushup position over his chest and you’ll rub around on him without your hands or mouth and you have to identify everyone.”

“Are you going to take your shirt off and let me identify you?” I asked.

“I’m too easy, so I’m sitting this one out.” She replied, laughing.

After a few moments the game started. I stood and heard someone lay on the floor. Sarah grabbed my hands and someone directed my legs to step up and over so I was straddling the person on the floor. Then I knelt and was helped into the pushup position, except with my legs spread lewdly. I could hear people whispering behind me, but couldn’t make out who was talking.

“Look at how wet her pussy is!”

“Her clit is still sticking out!”

Things like that. It was so embarrassing, but I couldn’t do anything about it. I held myself up on my arms for a moment and then lowered myself. My spread pussy was the first to make contact with jeans, and because I was lowering myself so slowly, the contact was light and erotic. I squealed out loud and my elbows buckled, dropping me onto the guy laying under me. Half of me was so embarrassed I wanted to run away, and half of me wanted to just hump his leg until I came.

I did neither, of course. After a moment I regained my composure amid everyone’s laughter and slowly traced my boobs and stomach across his chest.

“You can feel his face, too.” Sarah said, the smile on her face obvious in her voice.

Blushing slightly, I walked my toes and hands up either side of his body until I felt his face come into contact with my boobs. The razor stubble gave it away. It was Rick.

One down.

I was aching for sexual release, but was trying hard to ignore it, even thought they were all still whispering about it. I guessed Curt on the next guy.

I guessed Tom on the third, then Scott, Chris, Justin, and finally Rob.

I got 4 of 7 correct. I had lost the game. Sarah allowed me to take my blindfold off as I sat panting on the floor, my body flushed from the extended half-pushups and the sexual energy coursing through me, the light forcing me to shield my eyes with my hands. She made quite a show of taking my bra from the bag of items I could still win back and putting it in the bag of things I’d lost for good for the night. She then gave me my bracelet that I had earned back and had me walk around and show it off, and then again with the necklace.

I had won 4 games and was still virtually naked. I had won back my earrings, rings, necklace and bracelet. I don’t think the plan was to ever let me put anything of substance on.

Justin wanted to see how turned on I still was, and made me pose with my foot on his shoulder again. Curt decided on a different tactic and asked for me to show my ass pose. He then asked Sarah and Tom if he could touch. They both shrugged and told him that the same rules that had applied during the game were in play, and in no time his hands were caressing my butt and upper and inner thighs, steering respectfully away from my pussy, but still heightening my arousal.

Everyone else followed suit, and Rob took it to the next level by requesting first the tit pose, during which his hands were roaming all over my boobs, and then the ass pose, during which he again was the only one to actually allow his fingers to touch my pussy and ass hole. I couldn’t believe that Sarah was okay with this, but she just laughed and egged him on.

After being passed around the group a second time for everyone to fondle me, I thought I was going to faint. Sarah finally stopped everyone and instructed me to lay on my back on the floor, my legs spread and knees slightly bent, feet flat on the floor.

“The next game is going to be like a game of hot potato. We’re only going to play one round, and here’s how it will work. Each person will take turns being directly between her legs. We all get 1 minute. Then we rotate around the circle and the next person is there. Cheryl is going to masturbate the whole time.”

“What?!” I asked, sitting up and pulling my legs together.

“You heard me. Thankfully such a thing won’t embarrass you…” she said, emphasizing the word “embarrass”, highlighting the overriding command for the evening.

I remained silent but glared at her.

“So Cheryl is going to masturbate. The person in between her legs will make sure that she is actually doing it, and will call her on it if she’s not. Each person will have 1 minute on duty there. If she can masturbate for 8 minutes, 1 minute for each of us, and still not have come, then she wins. If she comes before 8 minutes is up, then she loses.”

I doubted I’d last 30 seconds, but I was determined to try. I prepared myself by thinking of math word problems, which helped a little bit. Sarah looked at her watch, and promised me that she’d keep accurate time. Justin fought for first place in line, so was positioned directly between my legs, laying on his stomach and propped up on his elbows. His chin was resting in his hands about 6 inches from my pussy.

“Go!”

I couldn’t believe how wet I was. I stroked my clit for a few seconds and realized quickly that I wouldn’t even last 30 seconds if I kept that up, so fighting my desire to finish myself off I allowed my finger to instead trace the folds of my pussy, and then dip lightly into the hole.

Repeating this, concentrating with all my available brainpower on holding off my orgasm, and avoiding my clit as much as I could I was only vaguely aware of Sarah calling time. My eyes were closed tightly and I almost lost it a couple of times, but fought with my whole body against the orgasm that was building up with such intense, incredible power.

“Time!”

Was that the second or third time she’d called that? There were… 8 of them? 7 of them? How many people were here? I couldn’t recall. I tried listing them in my head, my fingers working on their own, my hips bucking, my butt and thighs clenching tightly. Tom is here. Shit! Don’t think about Tom! Sarah’s here. She’s a bitch. Sarah’s my best friend, and I love her, but she’s a bitch for making me do this. Rick is here. I’ve known Rick a long time. He’s a really good friend of mine. He’s like a brother. My brother is watching me masturbate. That’s sick, but it’s funny.

“Time!”

Oh, god, I hope that was 4! Rob is here. He’s dating my best friend. He touched my pussy, and my best friend thought it was funny. I have to talk to her. She’s a bitch. GOD, this feels good. I want to come. Don’t come. Scott is here. Chris is here. Chris used to be on the swim team with me. I was the skinny little girl that he picked on. He used to make fun of me. He was watching me masturbate, too. He was going to watch me come.

NO! I’m not going to come yet!

“Time!”

I can’t come yet. Chris’s little brother is watching me ?uck my own hand. He’s a virgin. I’m the first girl he’s ever seen naked, and he’s watching me ?uck myself. Him and his friend. What the hell is that kids name? I’m masturbating in front of a kid whose name I can’t remember! That’s almost funny! JUSTIN! The kid’s name is Justin. I want to come in front of Justin. I just want to come!

“Time!”

Who else is here? How many people did I just go through? Did I forget someone? I was trying to count, wasn’t I? Focus on math. Multiplication tables. 2x2=4. 2x3=6. 2x4=8. There are 8 people here. Am I one of the 8? Let’s see. Oh, god I just want to come! NO! Okay, Sarah and Rob and Chris and Scott and Justin… hey, I remembered his name this time! How many people is that. Shit! I remembered their names but forgot to count them. I could count them on my fingers, but my fingers are busy! That’s funny!

At this point I suddenly realized that my left hand was ferociously kneading and pinching my breasts and nipples. It was almost to the point of being painful, but I couldn’t seem to stop myself. This realization seemed to bring me outside of my head and I could hear people talking. I didn’t understand what they were saying. I think they were in the room.

“Time’s up!” called Sarah. “I can’t believe you made it!”

“What?” My voice was gravelly and dry and deep.

“You won. It’s been 8 minutes. You made it!”

“I won?”

“You won.”

It took a few seconds before I realized what she meant. We were playing a game. I wasn’t allowed to come. I had been forcing myself not to. I was still masturbating. My fingers were in my pussy, my hips were about a foot off the floor. I was nearly tearing my own nipples off. I won. If I won, then the game was over. If the game is over, I can come.

I CAN COME!

I did. I came hard. I came long. Oh, my GOD did I come. I became aware of someone screaming. Then I became aware that it was me. I had a death grip on my nipple and it hurt. Bad. I had 4 fingers buried in my pussy and my palm pushed against my clit, and I was bucking my hips against my hand.

They told me that I came for almost 2 minutes. It was over 5 before I was completely done with the aftershocks. I realized after about 3 minutes that there were 7 guys watching me, but I couldn’t do anything about it. I couldn’t move, I couldn’t remove my fingers. I was able to let go of my nipple. It was tender and very sore. It would bruise before the night was over, and the bruise lasted 3 days.

Rob and Tom helped me stand and go into the bathroom. Tom helped me clean my butt, pussy and legs. Everyone else stood outside the bathroom door watching. I had to pee, and I didn’t care. I sat and peed while everyone watched. I had never been that wet before. With my hips in the air, the moisture had run with gravity. It had flowed between my butt cheeks and down my back. I had pussy juice by my shoulders. Seriously. On my back, all the way up my spine. I was wet up to my wrist, and three of my fingers were shriveled and waterlogged as though I had been swimming. It was insane, and my mind was in a fog.

Sarah handed me my thong when I got back out. I had actually won something that covers something! I had guessed she’d be handing me my socks, so I could look like an idiot wearing brown jean socks and maybe my Diesel’s and nothing else.

The thong didn’t cover much, but it felt like a lot. For the first time all night my pussy was not on display. Scott, Chris, Curt and Justin, none of whom had seen the micro-thong before, had me show it to them in close-up detail. Finally Sarah pulled me away from them.

For the next game they had me lay on the floor on my back. I dealt a game of 10 and a half, dealing my opponent’s card onto my right boob, and holding my own in my hand. I would put the deck on my belly. They allowed me to leave the left boob uncovered, it’s bruised and sore nipple untouched.

Of course my opponents took the opportunity to feel my boob as they took their card, but I didn’t really care at this point. I beat 5 of 8 people, so I won at the game. I actually won another one.

“You won socks, but instead of giving you your own socks, which would look silly with your thong, we’ll give you these.” Said Sarah, producing the black thigh-high stockings that they had gotten for me for the fashion show of a few weeks back.

I’d had enough.

“That’s not fair!” I said a little angrily. “Every time I won tonight you give me a ?ucking earring or some bullshit like that. I lose, and it’s ‘jeans!’ and ‘sweater!’. Now I win and you’re going to dress me up like a slut. It’s not fair!”

Sarah just looked at me.

“You agreed that you would not complain, or act embarrassed or ashamed to show yourself naked all night.” She said quietly.

“I’m not.” I replied. “I’ve been naked all night. I’ve been spreading my pussy all night. I’ve let everyone feel me up all night. I’ve let everyone do anything they want.”

“Tom and Tiffany both said that it was okay to let people touch your boobs and your butt. You liked it, and you know it. You liked it a couple of weeks ago when everyone grabbed your boobs, and you loved it tonight. You came all over the room! And the point is that you promised not to complain, and you complained. You won socks. They come to just above your ankles. I’m giving you socks that come to your thigh. If I was trying to give you just a sleeve instead of a shirt, fine. Be pissed. I’m giving you long sleeves instead of a tank-top.”

“You’re giving me whore-hose.” I said.

Everyone laughed at the term.

“But you did promise, didn’t you?”

I didn’t respond.

“Didn’t you?”

“I did.” I finally replied, meekly.

“So now you have to pay a penalty. We’ll put it to a vote. Guys… we can take something away from her. We can take away her socks, her thong, her jewelry, or we can prevent her from winning her shoes. Which do you vote for?”

It was unanimous. I stripped the thong back off. I’d had something covering my pussy for 10 whole minutes.

“Now go around the room and apologize. Ask everyone what they want to see to make it up to them.”

I walked to Rob, who was closest to me. “I’m sorry that I acted that way. To make it up to you I could show you my tits, my ass, or my pussy. Would you like to see anything?”

“Or everything!” added Sarah.

“Oh, I think everything, then!” responded Rob.

8 times my friends picked the “everything” option. They all wanted to look closely at my bruised nipple, which was turning darker all the time.

Now, to win back your shoes you’re going to do a handstand, with your legs in the splits. Someone is going to stand between your spread legs and hold each calf and hold you up. You’ll be staring in-between their legs. They’re going to try to keep your legs apart, and you have to try to push them together. If you can push them together in 30 seconds, you’ll win. You have to beat 4 of us or more to win your shoes back.

Based on the game, I had to assume that she’d planned on me playing this bottomless all along. I wonder what she would have said if I hadn’t complained. How would she have gotten the thong off of me?

Curt was first. Once I was in position he clowned around and stared at my pussy, which was spread just below his chin. Finally Sarah gave the word.

“Go!”

His hand slipped off of the nylon of the thigh-highs and I easily and quickly closed my legs. Tom had to catch me to keep me from falling over.

Tom went second. After almost a minute it was obvious he’d won.

Chris beat me, too.

Rob gave it a good run, but I think he was worried about hurting my calves and seemed to give up. 2-2.

Justin beat me.

Sarah went next and held me firmly spread for a count of 28, then pulled my legs together, letting me win.

“What fun are ‘whore hose’ without your slut shoes?” She asked, laughing.

She pulled my spike-heeled patent leather pumps from the bag and dropped them at my feet.

The games were now over, and I was dressed in my jewelry, thigh-highs and my sluttiest shoes. I had won 7 of 10 games, but was still virtually naked.

It was almost 11:00, so after I retrieved a round of sodas for everyone, they put on music and had me dance for them for a few songs. At 11:30 Sarah had me do a strip dance, taking off my shoes and stockings (yeah… nice strip dance, right?). She told me I didn’t have to take off the jewelry. Then I danced another song naked, and then she tossed me my clothes little by little. Socks. Thong. Next song. Jeans. Next song. Bra. Sweater. Done.

Finally dressed we all said our good-bye’s and called it a night. Tom drove Sarah and I home, and Chris drove Rick, Justin, Curt and himself home.

The next Friday night Sarah and I were working on a school project together at my house. Tom and Tiffany had been out on a date and called from the car on speaker phone. They were talking about our relationship, and the games we played. Tiffany admitted that she was jealous of Sarah. She wanted to be able to be in control like that. That prompted the call.

“Cheryl still owes me some time. We can collect together!” Sarah suggested to Tiffany happily. I started to get an uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach.

If I had to define the structure of the three-way relationship that Tiffany, Tom and I share, I would say that Tom’s 100% the alpha. He’s definitely the leader. Then would come me. Even though I am the one who is exploited for the enjoyment of the group most often, I’m a stronger person than Tiffany, and usually in charge. Tiffany is the follower of the group. She has always been that way in our friendship, even before this whole love triangle started up. That was making it even harder for me to get over. Tiffany wanted to command me at the next party. She wanted to be in control. I’d be giving up my position in our relationship with her and Tom.

Of course, these thoughts weren’t hitting me then, while we were on the phone laughing and joking, but on later reflection I think that’s part of what was making me feel so uneasy. I’m a very introspective person, and I like to think through things a lot. I think that’s why I enjoy writing this all down so much; it helps me to understand my feelings.

Tiffany decided to give me tasks to do before the next gathering. She would be in charge of them, and ensuring I completed them. It was her idea. Sarah’s got nothing on her.

“Could be fun!” That was Sarah’s opinion. Tom made it unanimous among those with a say in the matter.

The next morning I asked Sarah at the bus stop about the tasks. “You’re very anxious to get started. That’s nice.” She quipped.

“I’m only anxious to find out what Tiffany’s got planned for me.” I answered. She already knew that, but I wanted to defend myself anyway. She likes to twist things to make it look more like I want this all to be happening to me. If I was going to suffer for their entertainment, I at least wanted it known that it was all their idea and their doing.

“You’re going to have to wait until lunchtime. Tiffany wants to give the list to you personally.”

Great. Our school has three different lunch periods. Tiffany, Tom and I all have lunch 5th period, and as it happens so does Rob. Sarah has lunch 4th. Rick and Mike have lunch 6th.

I texted Tiffany as soon as we were on the bus. She texted back a smiley face. Nice.

Morning classes crawled by at a snails pace, but lunch period finally arrived. We ate first, and then Tiffany, Tom and I wandered off to find some moderate privacy before I was handed my list. Tiffany had typed it into her computer with detailed instructions.

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Before the end of school Friday you have to complete the following tasks.

1. Wear a skirt to school Wednesday and Thursday of this week with no panties underneath. You need to prove to one of us at least once each at different times of the day that you followed through and haven’t cheated. Signatures must be obtained for as proof that you have complied. Random spot checks may be given. Proof may be obtained by sight or feel.

- Before school

- Morning classes

- At lunch

- Afternoon classes

- After school

2. No bra allowed while lifting after school. You must prove it to Rob and Tom BOTH if they are in the gym. Proof may be obtained by sight or feel.

3. Invite a new guy to join our group. This must be someone that you know and trust, and that me, Tom and Sarah will trust. You must tell him about the bets, how you have to pay, and ask if he would like to come to the next party. If he accepts, you must ask him if he wants a preview. If he does, you must strip completely for him and remain nude until he tells you to dress or until you have to leave. I must be with you when you’re inviting him, but I don’t have to pre-approve of him.

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I couldn’t believe the last one. The first one was, at first glance, kind of tame. I wondered what they meant about random spot checks. The no bra while working out thing wasn’t that big of a deal, really. There was rarely anyone else in the weight room after practices when we worked out, and I could just wear a sweatshirt. But the last one was insane.

I have to pick a guy, get him alone somewhere, tell him that me and my friends make bets, and when I lose I have to strip. Hard enough. Then I have to tell him that I want him to come to the next party we have so he can watch me strip and see me naked. Then I have to ask him if he wants a preview!

I’m sure that Tiffany wanted to be there for me as a safety in case the guy decides he can attack me, but still…

Tom left us alone, and at first I just stared in stunned silence at the list. We made plans to get together after school to discuss it. I was too speechless just then.

There was no swimming practice tonight I wanted to leave right after school, but Sarah, who has class with me last period, stopped me and asked me if I liked the tasks.

“I can’t believe this!” I said a little too loudly. “It’s insane to ask me to do these things!”

“Well, figure them out!” she laughed. “Let’s go work out. Tom and Rob are excited to lift with us tonight!”

Just then, Tiffany and Rob walked up. After a couple of minutes and a few jokes from Rob, the three girls headed for the locker room while Rob headed for his own, presumably to meet up with Tom.

Tiffany had another surprise for me. She had a t-shirt for me to wear while lifting. It was a white Haines men’s t-shirt, size XL. The thinner white material allowed a faint outline of my nipples to show through if you knew what to look for and looking at the shoulders and back made it obvious I was not wearing a bra. The shirt was comically large on me, and the neck was almost twice as big as it should have been. The sleeves were almost ¾ length, but so voluminous that you could clearly see my boobs by peeking in the sides.

“When you’re spotting Rob or Tom on the bench,” Tiffany said brightly, “You can just pull the front of your shirt out so they can see that you’re not wearing a bra!”

So with me clad in my sweatpants and this insanely oversized t-shirt we all went up to the weight room. Right after school it was busier than we were used to after practice. The JV wrestling team was working out, so there were about 20 freshman and sophomore guys wandering around, and the coach sitting in the corner at the teacher’s desk, controlling the chaos. Tom and Rob were there, and there were a couple of guys from the basketball team. Sarah, Tiffany and I were the only 3 girls.

We have a good sized gym in our school, so there was enough equipment to accommodate the large crowd, but I was not pleased to see the number of people there. Sarah called attention to us by calling across the room to let Tom and Rob know we were there.

After a minute or two of small talk Rob and Tom insisted we get to work. Rob laid down on the bench and Tom asked me to spot him. I stood at the top of the bench and leaned over to get a grip on the bar. Tom cleared his throat and looked at me. Blushing, I grabbed the bottom hem of my shirt and pulled it out, forward, over Rob’s face, so he was staring up inside it. I looked down and could see through the extra large neck hole. There were my boobs, and there was Rob, smiling broadly. Sarah and Tiffany were laughing out loud.

I spotted him the first set. He didn’t need my help, but did insist on another show before he got up.

Tom was next. Very similar to Rob’s show. Then Sarah. When I automatically pulled my shirt open for her to peek, she said, rather loudly, “I don’t need to see that!” I blushed hard.

Tiffany was next, and she insisted on the show. She even snaked her hands up inside my shirt and grabbed me, causing me to squeal, drawing more attention to myself.

My turn. I laid down on the bench and Tiffany giggled. I looked down to see that the shirt, now laying directly against my skin, was a lot more revealing than I had realized. I felt my face blush as the others laughed along with Tiffany.

Now it was Rob’s turn again. Once again I was the spotter for everyone.

4 sets on bench total. Then chest flies, then pushups, then incline bench and cable flies. Then triceps. A couple of different times Rob and Tom asked for proof that I wasn’t wearing a bra. The fact that they had already seen and that I hadn’t left their sides was moot. As was stated in the rules, they both took opportunities when we were not being watched to grab a feel under my shirt.

I’m sure that most of the guys in the gym caught on to what was happening, but the fact that I was there with Tom prevented anyone from saying anything to me or our group. I was certain at one point that a couple of guys had positioned themselves to watch me do the cable flies so they could stare straight into the balloon-like sleeve of the shirt, where my boobs were pretty easily visible.

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When I got home, after dinner, I logged onto my computer and checked my buddy list. Allan was online.

Allan goes to a rival high school, but goes to the same private swim coach as I do in the summers. He’s a pretty good friend, although we didn’t really hang out much. We’d email and IM a lot, and talk about swimming and stuff.

I didn’t want any more guys from our school finding out about this. Most of the guys I was friends with were jocks, and even though most of them were pretty smart guys, when they got together they were loud and got pretty stupid. It was a wonder that Rick hadn’t told the whole school, but I suppose that Tom had something to do with that. I’d known Allan for years. He lives about as far from me as Tiffany does, but in the opposite direction. About half way between our houses is a community clubhouse with a pool, tennis courts, and a rec center. Both of our parents pay dues to belong, and there’s a swim coach there that teaches a clinic all summer. There are about 10 people that go to it every year, and Allan and I have both been in it for the last 4 or 5 years. Tiffany has met him before, but doesn’t really know him that well.

We IM’d some small talk back and forth before I finally got to the meat of why I’d contacted him. I explained to him that I’d lost a bet, and that I needed his help in order to pay it off. He was a little leery at first, and kept asking me what I needed him for. I promised him that he wouldn’t have to do anything except come to my house, and I even told him that I’d pay for the gas if he needed me to.

He was reluctant, but finally agreed. I gave him directions to my house from the community pool, and he agreed to come the next day after dinner.

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My mom thought I was crazy going to school in a skirt in the middle of February, but she didn’t stop me. My legs were freezing at the bus stop, and Sarah asked for a spot check twice before the bus came. She signed the paper next to the words “before school” without a hassle, though, once we were on the bus.

I had Calculus with Tiffany third period, so she signed my paper next to “morning classes” after fingering me for 20 seconds or so, giggling the entire time.

Lunch came and Tiffany and I found Tom in the cafeteria. He was sitting at a table with some of his other friends, including Rick. After about 10 minutes he looked at me and quietly said “don’t you have something to prove to me?”

“Right here?” I asked, shocked.

“The rules are that I can validate by sight or by feel.” He said, smiling.

I swallowed hard and allowed my legs to fall slightly open as he ran a hand up my thigh under the table. He pushed my legs farther apart as his fingers traveled their way higher, until he found what he was looking for. He lingered there for a few moments, and then suddenly thrust a finger inside.

I almost screamed, but caught myself. I did jump, however, which got everyone’s attention. He held his hand still, his finger buried in my pussy, and I could do nothing but blush and stare across the table, trying to explain that he had tickled me. Tiffany, who was sitting on Tom’s other side, could see where his hand was, and I think she knew what really made me jump. She was laughing harder than anyone else.

I tried to squirm around a bit to force his finger out of me, but he held it firmly in place and I only managed to make myself get very wet.

After a few minutes he unceremoniously pulled his finger out, wiped it on his napkin (which was even more embarrassing still), and then signed my paper. Luckily no one noticed or questioned what he was doing.

I excused myself to the ladies room, and Tiffany followed quickly behind. I told her what had happened. She tried not to, but couldn’t help but laugh. I cleaned up, but I could totally smell my juices. Tiffany said it was all in my head.

Rob is in my physics class right after lunch, so during the chaos that precedes the arrival of the teacher I asked him to sign my paper.

“You want to show me, or want me to feel?” he asked.

“Can’t you just trust me?” I begged.

“Sarah would kill me.” he said, but I don’t think he was all that upset.

“I’m not going to flash you in the classroom.” I whispered.

“Here, stand over here.” He said, leading me toward a table. Our physics classroom has high-top tables that you can stand at, and metal barstools to sit on. Each table holds 3 people. He leaned me forward as though showing me an experiment, and I suddenly felt his hand going up the front of my skirt. He quickly brushed his fingers across my slit and brought them back out again. A matter of only a second or 2.

“I couldn’t tell.” He said, grinning a bit. He pushed his text book onto the floor and quickly knelt to pick it up. Under the table he briefly flipped up the front of my skirt, and I know he got a good look.

“Sorry. I couldn’t see. You have gym next period with Rick. Maybe he’ll sign it for you.”

Class was starting so I couldn’t argue, but I was mad. I could see him laughing, and he looked back at me several times during the class. By the end of the period I wasn’t mad any more. I knew that Sarah had probably put him up to that, and she’d probably be really disappointed that he’d only barely grazed my pussy.

My mind was occupied by other thoughts. Specifically, that I’d have to change for gym class. I would have to put on my gym uniform with no panties underneath, and all the girls in my row would see me take off my skirt and see that I was commando underneath.

I needn’t have worried. At the last second, standing in front of my locker, it struck me, and I did the most natural thing. I pulled the shorts on and up before dropping the skirt. No one even noticed.

We were playing volleyball in gym class. The whole gym was set up with two nets, and we divided into 4 teams. Rick was on a different team on the other side of the gym, and I couldn’t get near him.

Half way through class the teacher had us switch. My team moved to now play against Rick’s team. The second game we played I ended up getting rotated out while Rick was rotated out, and I was able to sit near him on the bleachers.

“Will you sign my form?” I whispered.

“Show me.”

“Not here!” I hissed.

“Then I can’t sign it.”

“You can tell I don’t have panty lines!” I whispered.

“That’s not the rules.” He responded, clearly enjoying himself.

“Meet me by the drinking fountain after class.” I said.

The exit to the locker rooms was on the north side of the gym, and there was a drinking fountain right next to the door.

About 10 minutes before the bell would ring to end class, the gym teachers dismissed us to go change. I stopped and took a long drink at the fountain. I could sense another person behind me. When I stood up and looked around I found that I was almost alone in the gym with Rick. One other kid was gathering up the volleyballs and putting them into a bag for the teacher.

“I want to verify by feel.” Rick whispered, standing between me and the other kid. I closed my eyes and pulled the waistband of my shorts away from my body. Half a second later I felt his fingers on my pussy. After about 5 seconds I pulled away. “That’s enough. I proved it.”

He was smiling, and slowly brought his fingers to his face, and gave a sniff.

“You’re a pervert.” I said a little disgusted, but unable to suppress a grin.

“Give me your form and I’ll sign it.”

“It’s in my locker. Meet me outside of the English classroom.” I begged.

We both ran to change, and only a few minutes later I was standing outside of my English classroom. Rick met me and without further hassle, signed my form.

Sarah wanted to check my form, and laughed when she saw all of the signatures. I whispered about what had happened with Rob, knowing that she’d want to know that he’d followed through. Her smile told me that I was right – she’d put him up to it. She asked for a spot check and I surreptitiously flashed her before class started.

After school we met up with the whole group – Tiffany, Rob, Rick and Tom joined Sarah and me on our way to the locker room. Tiffany and I had swim practice today. “You need to prove the after school one, first.” Tom said.

“I was going to have Tiffany sign it in the locker room.”

“No good.” Tom said. “We’ll all sign it. Show us.”

The back hallway by the locker rooms was somewhat deserted, so I quickly lifted my skirt.

“I could barely tell.” Said Sarah. “The lighting in here sucks.”

They made me hold my skirt up for about 10 seconds before they were satisfied, and Tiffany and I finally broke away from them and went to the locker room. By the time swim practice was over everyone was gone. I quickly changed into my warm-up pants and threw on my bra, t-shirt and jacket and my mom picked us up. Allan was pulling into the driveway just as we got home.

The butterflies hit my stomach by the dozens.

“Is that Allan from your summer swim clinic?” my mom asked.

“Yeah. I asked him to come over tonight. I had some questions for him about his school for a project I’m doing.” I lied.

Inside we made small talk with my mom for a bit, and then Tiffany and I brought him downstairs into the basement where we could get some privacy. We’d never be allowed to bring him upstairs to my room.

“So what’s this bet all about? What do you need from me?”

He was still suspicious. Boy was I nervous. My voice was actually shaking.

“You remember my friends Sarah and Tom?” I started.

“Yeah.”

“And of course you know Tiffany.”

“Yeah…”

“Tom and I are dating now, and we kind of have this weird game we play. It’s harmless, but we bet stuff, and I have to do stuff when I lose.”

He was looking at me kind of strangely, and it wasn’t making it any easier.

“What kind of stuff?”

“Um, you know. Embarrassing stuff. Sometimes…” I took a deep breath, closed my eyes and plunged forward. “… sometimes I have to get naked.” The words rushed out of my mouth.

He was silent for a minute, then finally said, “I think I should leave.” He stood up.

“No, don’t go. Wait… let me explain the whole thing.” I could feel my face flushing red as I grabbed his arm.

He sat back down and looked questioningly from Tiffany to me. Tiffany was just smiling.

“Okay.” I started again, less shaky. “It all started last summer. Sarah and I make these bets all the time, and the loser has to do whatever the winner wants. We’ve been doing it forever. Since we met when we were little kids. We’d have to do the other girls chores, or clean her room, or paint her nails and stuff like that. So at my birthday last year I got silly and Sarah was paying a bet and I made her flash her boobs at my party. It was really quick, and it was funny.”

He nodded his understanding, and I could see his mind working, trying to figure out where this was going. He still looked a bit apprehensive and judgmental.

“So she decided to get even. Next time she won a bet from me, she made me get topless in front of our friends Tom and Mike and Rick…”

He nodded slowly.

“… and it just kind of escalated from there.” I didn’t know where to go from there. It felt like a lame finish.

“So you’re dating Tom now, and he makes you do stuff like that now?”

“Um, well, I started dating Tom in the middle of Sarah collecting. I owed her a bunch of days, and she kept making me get naked in front of the guys. Tom and I started dating and he told her not to stop collecting. He thought it was funny. So now it just kind of keeps going.”

“So, what, you’re swingers?”

“No! No one gets to have sex or anything. It’s just, you know, people looking at me.”

“It still sounds weird. Really weird.”

We were all silent for a moment. Then he asked “So why did you call me?”

He wasn’t trying to leave any more, but he was still a little freaked out.

“Um, okay…” I looked to Tiffany who just smiled an encouraging smile and nodded. “So, I have a list of tasks that I have to complete this week. By Friday… to pay off part of a bet… and one of the things on the list is that I have to pick a new person to come to our next party when I have to pay a bet.” I said the last part quickly and quietly, staring at my feet.

“Okay…”

“So, um… do you want to come?”

“What, do I want to come to a party with you and your weird friends and your weird boyfriend to watch you get naked or something?”

I just stared at him, unable to answer.

“You guys are really weird, you know that?”

This time there was a little smile in his voice. I looked up, and there was a hint of a grin on his face. I think he was still having trouble with this, but he was thinking there was a joke.

“So, um, I’m supposed to ask you if you want a preview. It’s so that you’ll believe me.” I was staring at my feet again.

“What do you mean, a preview?”

“Please don’t make me explain it. Do you want a preview of what could happen at the party?”

“Is she serious?” he asked Tiffany.

“She’s serious.”

“This is messed up!”

“Are you going to come to the party?” I asked him.

“When?”

“Next Saturday.”

“Where?”

“Our friend Rob’s house.” I told him what town Rob lives in.

“I don’t know. This is messed up. Really messed up. Explain it to me again?”

I repeated the story, about the bets and last summer and gave a bit more detail, and then the fact that I had to invite someone.

“What other things are on this list?”

I pulled the list out of my pocket and handed it to him.

“So you have to go to school with a skirt and nothing under it?”

“She did that today, and has to do it again tomorrow.” Interrupted Tiffany.

“No shit?!”

“No shit.” I laughed. Then it occurred to me… I still wasn’t wearing panties!

“But this can’t be for real.” He said, still staring at the list in his hand and shaking his head, a combination of disbelief and awe on his face.

“If you still don’t believe it and want proof, she’s supposed to strip, right here and right now, to prove to you it’s real.” Said Tiffany, cutting to the chase.

The look on his face was now a cross between disbelief and scorn.

“Will you come to the party if it’s for real, if she proves it?” Tiffany asked him.

“I still don’t know. It just seems messed up.”

“Give him a preview.” She said to me. “See if you can convince him.”

I stood up. My hands were shaking as I bent down and untied my running shoes. I kicked them and my socks off of my feet, and then unzipped the jacket of my warm-up suit. Once it was off I pulled the t-shirt over my head, all the while Allan sat in stunned silence, staring.

“Do you believe me yet?” I asked, hoping we could be done.

“I guess so.” He said, still in shock.

“The rules say you have to go all the way.” Reminded Tiffany.

I closed my eyes and reached around behind my back and unhooked my bra. I hid my breasts with my arm as I pulled the bra off and let it fall to the floor with the rest of my clothes. Next I clumsily pushed my warm-up pants down with my free hand, then covered my pussy as soon as they were free of my hips. I allowed them to fall to the floor, then stepped out of them and was now naked, covered only by my arms.

“I can’t believe this shit.” Said Allan, looking from me to Tiffany.

Tiffany was almost laughing at the shock on Allan’s face. I sat back down. At least that position hid my pussy. Now both hands were covering my boobs.

“So, you’re just going to sit here naked?” he asked finally.

“I’m not allowed to get dressed until you ask me to or until you leave.” I responded, blushing.

“This is really messed up.”

“So you’re coming on Saturday?”

“I don’t think so. This is too messed up.”

“What?! I asked, stunned.”

“It’s just too weird. I don’t know. Your boyfriend is going to be there. Put your clothes on, would you? You’re weirding me out.”

I was crestfallen. I had gone through all of this and he wasn’t going to come. “Are you sure you won’t come?” I asked, forgetting for a moment that I was naked, and panicked about the possibility that I had just done this for nothing, and would have to do it again with some other guy. I found myself standing to meet him, holding him there with both hands, no longer covering myself. I blushed.

“This is all just too freaky. You guys are nuts. I’m not really comfortable with it.”

“Please!” I begged. “You have to. You can’t make me call someone else and do this again!” I was still holding onto him. He was trying not to, but he was looking at me. Every inch of me.

“So why me?”

“Didn’t we already go over that?” I asked.

“I mean, why not one of your other guy friends. Someone who you hang out with more. I mean, we just know each other from summer swimming.”

“I didn’t want people talking in my high school. I figured I can trust you, and you don’t seem like the kind of guy who would be a dick and go and ruin my reputation and tell everyone.”

There was another moment of uncomfortable silence, and he finally pushed past me to leave. “You’re really not going to come?” I asked, near tears.

“It’s just too weird. I’m really sorry.” He said, and he walked up the basement stairs. I almost chased him, but retreated when the basement door opened and the light from the kitchen spilled down the stairs. I was dumbfounded. I kind of forgot I was naked until Tiffany reminded me that I should get dressed. I think she genuinely felt bad for me.

Sarah saw him leave and came over. She nearly wet her pants as I told her the story. I borrowed my mom’s car to drive Tiffany home, and Sarah tagged along to keep me company. She made me recount every detail two or three times. I was less upset by the time I got home. It still sucked, but it was getting kind of funny.

Allan IM’d me later that night. He was sorry, but wouldn’t tell anyone. He thought I had a good body, and he couldn’t believe I had done that. I asked him not to talk about it. I asked him again to PLEASE come to the party. I begged him not to make me go through that with some other guy.

His answer was the same. It was too weird, he couldn’t come.

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The next day I wore a longer skirt, almost floor length. I was still humiliated and embarrassed about what had happened with Allan and I wasn’t thinking. Sarah made me lift the skirt at the bus stop, and I quickly realized that the long skirt was a bad idea because it was a lot more obvious to those around me when I had to prove that I was indeed bare underneath.

3rd period calculus Tiffany once again insisted on getting a feel, and then signed my paper. At lunchtime Tom repeated the previous days fingering, but this time I was expecting it and didn’t squeal. It was harder to do with as much subtlety as he had done the day before because he had to bunch the skirt way up to get his hand in there. Sarah and Tiffany had told him about Allan, but he didn’t give me a hard time about it.

I didn’t even ask Rob to sign my afternoon form, and I could tell he was a little upset. He demanded a spot check after class, but then refused to sign the form, telling me that he could only sign it if I had approached him. Rick met me by the drinking fountain again, and again jammed his hand into my shorts until I felt he’d had enough.

The whole gang arrived after school once again for the final flash of the day, and they all got quite the show. Tom made me lift the skirt completely, baring both my butt and pussy, before he would agree that I’d made good on that task.

Lifting was another night similar to Tuesday night, except that there were far fewer people in the gym, and everyone kept requesting spot checks of my pantyless situation, as well as frequent peeks up my shirt.

We left school at 5:00 and went to Tiffany’s house. I changed into a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt, and Tiffany put on jeans and a t-shirt. I had asked Tiffany to ask Frank for homework help at school, and he was expecting her after dinner.

Frank was probably Rob’s best friend. He was in the theater club with Rob, and although Rob had quit the chess club this semester, Frank was still in it. He was a little geekier than Rob, and really quiet. He was shorter, and had thick black hair that never seemed to be styled well. I figured that Tiffany and Rob both knew him really well because he’s Rob’s best friend. I guessed we could totally trust him because he knows Tom would kill him with one hand if he told anyone. He was in my gym class, but I was ashamed to admit I had never really spoken to him at any length, even though I was now very close friends with his best friend.

Although Tiffany and Frank weren’t “friends”, they did occasionally speak because of the summers spent hanging out together with Rob, so Frank didn’t find it too terribly odd that she would ask for help with her homework, even though she had never done so before. At around 6:30 we borrowed Tiffany’s mom’s car and followed the directions that Frank had given to his house. He lived less than a mile away from her. It was amazing that he and Rob didn’t hang out even more frequently than they did.

Frank’s mom greeted us at the door, and although he showed initial surprise at seeing me there with Tiffany, he said nothing. We made small talk for only a minute or two before Frank brought us upstairs to his bedroom. He had a good sized room, and one wall was completely full of computers, printers, monitors and other computer related stuff. He must’ve had 5 or 6 different monitors on shelving units, and a rolling stool on wheels that he could use to sit in front of any one of them. There were 4 different keyboards and as many mice, and 3 or 4 different printers. Then there was a whole shelf of stuff that was humming and flashing different colored lights. I recognized a modem and router, but I had no idea what most of the rest of it was. I wondered how he slept in there with the lights and noise.

His walls were decorated with movie posters from several different genres. He had a poster from The Bourne Supremacy, one of the Star Wars movies, Spiderman 3, Shrek, Pirates of the Caribbean, and a couple of other science fiction looking posters that I didn’t really recognize. There were also a few posters of bikini-clad models or naked girls strategically posed to tease rather than reveal anything.

There were a couple of models of space ships hanging from wires on the ceiling, and a few more on shelves and his dresser. The paint on the walls behind all of the posters was a light gray, and the ceiling was a half shade darker gray, and the lighting was mostly directional, which made the room seem a bit more dank and dark than it really was. He had positioned torchiere lamps in the corners to point light at certain models or posters, and clip-on desk lamps on the shelving units pointing at the keyboards. The last light was on his desk, which was the least cluttered area in the room, containing his backpack slung over the chair, and a spiral notebook and pen on the writing surface, and a Dell laptop computer. The room was packed with electronics and stuff, but neat and clean, and I had the impression that he’d quickly tidied up after school, knowing he’d have female company.

“So what did you need help with?” he asked Tiffany, too polite to ask why I had tagged along, but eyeing me as he asked her.

“Can we sit down?” Tiffany asked.

“Sure!” he responded, indicating the neatly made bed for Tiffany and I. He sat on the leather chair behind his desk.

I took a deep breath and spoke. My voice shook a little, but I didn’t feel like I was flushed. “I have a favor to ask you, and we lied about it being school work. I just didn’t want to talk to you about it until we were alone here.”

I think he sensed the nervousness in my voice, because he became more serious and leaned in. “Are you okay?” He really was a nice guy, you know?

“I’m fine.” I actually laughed a bit. “It’s nothing like that. Nothing wrong. It’s just really embarrassing.”

“I don’t understand.” He said, looking to Tiffany.

“I arranged this meeting for Cheryl. She has a favor to ask you, but we figured you’d get really weird if she asked you at school.” Tiffany said, trying to turn his focus back to me.

“You’re dating Tom, aren’t you?” he asked me, now a little on his guard.

“Yes, but it’s not about that. I need your help with something.” I was trying to get it out. I felt myself start to blush.

“Why don’t you go to Rob? You’re friends with him now, aren’t you?” There was a trace of bitterness in his voice. Just a trace.

“It’s… I can’t for this. He knows, but I have to go to someone else, and I picked you.”

He looked confused, but leaned forward in a concerned manner and nodded for me to continue, finally letting me talk.

“Me and my friends… we kind of make bets and stuff. And so I kind of lost a bet, and I have to do a bunch of things.”

He sat back, a little less concerned, but still confused.

“…And one of the things I have to do is to explain about all of the bets, and then invite someone new into the group. I was trying to think of people I trusted to not talk around the whole school about it, and that might fit into the group. You’re Rob’s best friend, so I know you would fit in, and then you seem like someone who can be trusted. If Rob trusts you, then we should, too.” I couldn’t think of what to say next, so I just kind of trailed off.

“So who’s in this group of friends?” Frank inquired, now a little guarded. I think he already knew – he talked to Rob all of the time. He just wanted to hear it from me.

“Rob, and Tom and Rick and a couple of other guys named Chris and Scott and Curt and Justin.” I told him what school they went to, and how Curt was Chris’s younger brother, a freshman, and Justin was Curt’s best friend. “And me and Tiffany and Sarah.” I finished.

“So the only people I would really know would be Rob and Tiffany.” He said fairly.

“Yeah, I guess. You know Tom and Rick and Sarah, though. And you know me.”

“Yeah, but I haven’t spoken to any of them, like, ever. Or you.”

“I suppose. I’m sorry about that.” I said trying to sound more than a little sorry.

“But we’re not bad people. Our group of friends is cooler than that. We don’t hang out at the mall and do stupid stuff. We hang out at Rob’s house a lot… and stuff…” I finished lamely.

“We have gym together, don’t we?” He asked me.

“Yeah. All year this year.” I answered.

He studied me for a moment, then said, “So let’s say that your group accepts me and no one gives me a hard time because I don’t play football… So what’s the deal? Why do you need to add a person?”

“It’s not like that. Tom and Rob have become really good friends. No one in our group has EVER given Rob a hard time because he’s not a jock. He’s a really great guy, and he’s really smart, and he just started dating Sarah… all because of our group.”

“I know he’s dating Sarah, but I didn’t know that he was friends with Tom. Tom’s like the biggest jock in the school.”

“Tom’s also a straight A student and a really nice guy.” I said, defending him.

“Oh, I know that. But I’m a straight A student and I think I’m a nice guy. It’s the jock thing that impresses me.” he said, quickly forcing a smile from me.

There was another moment of awkward silence. Tiffany was just kind of leaning back, seeming to enjoy this exchange.

“Before I continue, are you interested in joining the group?” I asked. I wasn’t going to make the same mistake again.

“I don’t know. Is there some sort of initiation thing or something? I mean, I’m not the coolest guy in school, but I don’t need friends so bad that I’m going to humiliate myself.”

“Nothing like that!” I said quickly and firmly. “Nothing at all. Before I tell you the rest, let me ask you again. If I can guarantee that you won’t be humiliated or picked on, and if I can promise that everyone will be nice, would you be interested in joining us?”

“I can’t really answer that,” he said, apprehensively, “because I still don’t understand.”

I sighed. “Okay, that’s the next part, then… I guess I have to explain.” The nervousness was coming back into my voice, and I found that I was sitting on my hands. “I told you about the bets. We make bets, and, like, if Sarah or Tom loses they have to drive us around or help us clean our room or something like that. But if I lose, they make me do… other stuff.”

“What other stuff?”

“Um… well… WOW. This is really hard!” I said, laughing a nervous little laugh. It was really hard with Frank for some reason. “They make me flash them, and stuff like that.” My face burned hot as I blushed. The words came out really quiet.

“That’s so wrong! You shouldn’t be friends with them!” he said indignantly, rising to his feet.

“No!” I said, standing to calm him down. Tiffany was smiling, almost laughing. “No… it’s not like that. It’s funny. It works in our group. It sounds bad the way I said it, but it’s, like, it’s just… I don’t know… it’s just what we do. It’s no big deal.” I finished quietly.

He sat back down, still looking a little upset. “Look, I don’t hang around people who are mean to me and treat me bad. I’d rather have no friends than have friends who shit on me.” He said. “And you shouldn’t either.”

“These people are my friends. I love them all. It’s just what happens in our group. It started as a joke, and it’s just grown from there. Everyone in our group respects everyone. Everyone in our group loves everyone else. If I said I didn’t want to do it any more, no one would care. No one would give me a hard time. Sarah wanted to stop, and she did. She used to do this stuff, too. She’s still in our group, and we still hang out with her all the time. She’s just doesn’t do it any more. It’s no big deal.” I insisted, defending my friends and myself.

“Are you sure?” he asked.

“I’m sure.”

“So do the guys flash everyone?” he asked, suddenly nervous.

“No. It’s not like that.”

“Not that we’d mind.” Tiffany added.

“I don’t get it. So you just flash everyone?” he said after a moment.

I explained. “It started last summer. Sarah and lost a bet to me, and she had cleaned my room and she did my hair for me and stuff, and she was still paying the bet at my birthday party and I was being silly and I made her flash her boobs.”

He smiled, despite himself. I think he was picturing it.

“So then she made me get topless a few weeks later in front of a few of the guys, and it was funny, and it just kind of grew from there.”

“So Sarah used to get topless, too?”

“Yeah, but she doesn’t like it and didn’t want to do it any more.” I said.

“So you do like it?”

I blushed. “I don’t mind it.”

“Don’t lie!” scolded Tiffany, laughing.

I shot her a look, then turned back to Frank. “I guess I like it.”

“So, then you want me to do what?”

I took another deep breath. “I lost a bet last week, and now I have to do a couple of different tasks before tomorrow. One of them is to invite another guy into the group. Everyone thinks it’s more fun with more guys.”

“Yeah, but what do I have to do if I join the group?”

“Nothing. Just show up.”

“So that’s it? So what do you guys do, just sit around and talk and stuff?”

“Yeah, kind of. I sometimes entertain everyone. I do strip tease dances, or… stuff like that.” I blushed again.

“Okay, now I know you’re lying. Why are you doing this? What’s the joke?”

“She does.” Tiffany said, laughing.

“I’m supposed to offer to prove it to you if you don’t believe me.” I said shyly. “But only if you’re in for sure.” I added hastily.

“What do you mean, prove it to me?”

“If you don’t believe that I do that stuff, I’m supposed to show you so that you believe.”

“What, just strip in my room?”

“Something like that, yeah.” I said quietly, staring at my feet and blushing. I wonder if it was noticeable even in the dim light.

“You guys are full of shit.” He said. “What’s the deal? I know there’s some joke in here, but I can’t figure it out yet.”

He was so used to being picked on and mistreated that he found it hard to trust us.

“We’re not full of shit. This is real. All we ask is that you don’t tell anyone at school. Come to our next party. If you hate it you can leave. It will be at Rob’s house. You know Rob. He’s your best friend. He’s one of my best friends.”

“How can you expect me to believe this?” he asked. “It’s like something out of a bad porno.”

That made both Tiffany and I laugh out loud.

“It’s not like that, either.” Said Tiffany, still laughing. “It’s more like something out of a weird R Rated movie.”

Laughter from all 3 of us, now.

“Why are you doing this, though?” he asked.

“Doing what?”

“Why are you doing whatever you’re doing to me?”

“I don’t understand.” I said, genuinely confused.

“Why are you playing this… trick, I guess… why are you playing this trick on me?”

“It’s not a trick. It’s all true… every word I said.”

“That kind of stuff doesn’t happen in real life. It happens in weird R Rated movies, but it doesn’t happen in a little place I like to call ‘reality’.”

I sighed. “If I strip right now, will that prove it to you?”

“Yeah, that would be very nice. Why don’t you just turn on some music and do a little strip dance for me right now.” He said, his words dripping with sarcasm.

I blushed, but stood and looked around the room.

“Where’s your stereo?”

“I don’t have one. I use my computer.” He said, looking at me curiously, waiting for the punch line.

Tiffany walked over to what looked like the main computer and wiggled the mouse to wake up the PC. It asked for a password. He was quickly at her side. “What are you doing?”

“I’m going to turn on some music.”

“Come on. Get real.” He said. He picked up his cell phone and pressed a speed dial. He was calling Rob. The conversation was quick – maybe 10 seconds.

“Rob says that he can’t talk to me about this.” He said, now looking a little nervous. I think he thought maybe Rob was in on the joke, whatever it was, and that he, Frank, was the target.

“Just put on some music.” Tiffany told him.

He entered his password revealing a deep space background on his computer, with stars and a black hole in one corner drawing light like it was going down a drain. He launched iTunes and Tiffany scrolled through looking for music. She laughed and selected Brittany Spears “Slave 4 U”. I got the feeling that she was about to make fun of him for it, but thought better of it, considering how hyper-sensitive he was, thinking he was the brunt of some joke. But a 17 year old guy with Brittany Spears on his computer? Really?

She led him to the bed and they sat down. I slid off my sandals and then started dancing. Pretty quickly I peeled off my t-shirt to reveal my blue lace bra. I still wasn’t wearing panties, so 30 seconds or so later I turned my back to them and reached around behind me and unhooked my bra. I pulled it unceremoniously off and tossed it over my shoulder so it hit him in the face. That was an accident – I just meant to toss it toward him. He stared at it for a moment before returning his stunned gaze to me. The song was beyond half way over as I turned to face them, my hands covering my bare breasts. Another few seconds and I dropped my hands to my sides then quickly turned my back to them. I unbuttoned my jeans and pushed them down to my knees, then stepped out of them one foot at a time. I was now completely naked, dancing with my back to them. He suddenly stopped me.

“I believe you. You can stop. You don’t have to do this!”

I paused and looked back over my shoulder. “Are you sure?”

“It’s okay.”

He was blushing furiously, trying not to stare at me standing in front of him, my bare butt completely on display.

“Rob told me once that you guys played strip games one summer, but I thought he was full of shit.” He confessed, talking to Tiffany now.

“Rob told?!” Tiffany said in mock surprise.

“Don’t be mad at him!” Frank started quickly.

“Don’t worry… I’m not mad.” She interrupted.

“So you believe everything?” I said, still talking over my shoulder.

“Yeah. So now what?” he asked nervously.

“So you believe her now?” Tiffany asked.

“Yes.”

“And you’ll come to Rob’s on Saturday?”

“Yes.”

I stood awkwardly in the middle of the room. “Why don’t you get dressed?” he asked.

“She can only get dressed when you tell her to.” Tiffany said.

“Oh, shit! I’m sorry! Go ahead and get dressed!”

I knew he was a nice guy.

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Friday at school we told Sarah and Tom about the successful invitation extended to Frank. Sarah wanted to hear details, and was very disappointed that I had stood with my back to him the whole time. I also had all of the necessary signatures on the first task.

“And I didn’t wear a bra in the weight room, so we’re done!” I said, relieved that this part was finally over.

“Aren’t you working out tonight?” asked Sarah, smiling.

“We never work out on Friday nights!”

“We can hang out tonight, and if we really want to see her boobs, she’ll show them to us, deal?” offered Tom.

It was a deal.

We all decided to go on the equivalent of a double date, except that Tom had both of his girlfriends along, whereas Rob had only Sarah. We went to see a movie and hung out for a while. Sarah made me flash Rob and/or Tom about 5 different times during the night. In the car, in the driveway, in the parking lot, in the movie theater. It was funny, I have to admit in hindsight.

Saturday plans were set and we called Frank to let him know the correct time. 3:00, and Rob asked that only Tom should park in his driveway. His parents were starting to get a little annoyed that he was having “parties” all the time. They would be out until around 5:00, and he’d lie and say that just Tom, Sarah and I were there. My parents were going to the wedding of one of my dad’s coworkers, but Sarah’s parents would be watching my house and would know if I had people over. It wasn’t worth the risk.

Tom drove Sarah and me over. Frank walked over, and Chris and Curt came in Chris’s car and parked on the street down the block. Justin was grounded, and apparently VERY pissed off that he couldn’t come. Scott couldn’t come for one reason or another, either, and Rick had to stay at home with his parents for his dad’s birthday party. That meant that it was going to be 8 of us tonight – 5 guys and 3 girls.

Once we were all downstairs everyone was just kind of standing around talking. Sarah and Tiffany pulled me into Rob’s bedroom, away from everyone else, and Tiffany explained part 1 of the festivities.

She had my school gym uniform, which consisted of a pair of short, red shorts and a light gray t-shirt with our school’s mascot on it. I was supposed to put it on with nothing else at all, including jewelry, and walk out into the party and find Frank. I was supposed to say to him, out loud so everyone could hear me, “I really appreciate you coming tonight. You’ve seen me in this uniform 100 times, so I wanted to let you watch me take it off. If you never imagined it before, I know you will every time we are in gym class together!” and then I was supposed to start dancing and take it off as sexy as I could. I should strip right after the first chorus. The same rules as had been put into place last time applied – I was not permitted to act embarrassed or reluctant at all to strip. No telling me twice.

I couldn’t believe it. She was really being cruel! I didn’t argue, but it took a good deal of self control.

“You come back in here when you’re done… after you thank him for watching you.” She told me. Cruel bitch!

She had me repeat my line while I changed into the gym uniform. After less than a minute I was standing there, barefoot, wearing just my unflattering school gym shorts and t-shirt. The shirt was thick enough that it wasn’t extremely obvious I had no bra on underneath.

Tiffany and Sarah walked out, and a couple seconds later I heard the music go up a little bit. “Is this a party, or what!” Sarah called out, masking her true intentions at turning up the volume, and drawing attention to her and away from my entrance. She was really going for the greatest shock value.

I pushed my nerves back down inside and walked out into the room. At first only Tom seemed to noticed me, and I think he was expecting it, because he just grinned. By the time I’d gotten to Frank, Curt and Chris were both watching me, too. He had his back to me talking to Rob, who didn’t alert him to my approach. I felt my face flush as I tapped his shoulder to get his attention.

“I really appreciate you coming tonight. You’ve seen me in this uniform 100 times, so I wanted to let you watch me take it off. If you never imagined it before, I know you will every time we are in gym class together!” I said, surprised at how steady my voice sounded, considering the embarrassment I was feeling.

Sarah took the cue and skipped to a fresh song. Miss Independent, by Kelly Clarkson. It’s a slower song with a good beat, but the chorus gets faster, which forces me to dance a little more wild during that part. I followed instructions, and was naked within 20 seconds or so of the first chorus, which wasn’t tough, considering I was wearing only a t-shirt and pair of shorts. I peeled off the t-shirt first, then pushed the shorts down and kicked them off. Frank’s eyes were wide and glued to me the entire time, except for the first 10 seconds when he was looking to Tom to make sure that he wouldn’t get his butt kicked. I’d been pretty successful in hiding my body from him the other night, but he was certainly getting an eye full right now, and I knew that this was just the beginning. “You guys are really wild!” he said quietly, but I think everyone heard him. He was answered my general whoops and cheers from the group, and I couldn’t help but to laugh as I felt myself flush a little bit.

When the song ended Sarah turned the music down, and I said “Thank you for watching me”, and then slowly walked back into the bedroom. Sarah and Tiffany followed.

Tiffany started handing me clothes to put on. First was my black micro-mini thong, then the school girl skirt that barely covered my butt. Then she gave me the black thigh-high stockings and my black patent leather heels, and finally a white, ¾ sleeve button down shirt with the buttons cut off. It now looked a lot like the transparent shirt they had bought me for this outfit originally, but this one was not see-through. They had me tie the tails just below my boobs.

Thusly attired I led the way back to the party to much cat calling and whistling of the appreciative guys. Even Frank was starting to overcome his nervousness.

Tiffany quieted the group down as Rob went over and turned on his TV. He had it connected to his laptop computer and he had written a program of some kind. They told me later that he wrote it in Flash.

“Me and Rob and Sarah searched on the internet for adult party games with nudity, and we found this video on youtube that was from some sort of Dutch game show.” Tiffany told the group. “They took, like, 5 or 6 guys and put them behind a wall, and they opened doors up that just showed their dicks. Then his girlfriend had to pick out her boyfriend just from looking at the dicks. So we’re going to play a version of that game.”

“Since we don’t have a bunch of other naked girls, we got some pictures off of the internet and we’re going to show you all pictures of various body parts. Everyone is going to vote, one at a time, on which one is Cheryl.”

At least it was just pictures.

Rob launched his computer program and the TV came alive with some images of my strip show while Kanye West’s “Good Life” blared out the speakers. It was just a quick compilation – maybe 40 seconds or so to the chorus. Then it faded to black and the music faded out. A second later the words “Welcome To Cheryl’s Naked Body Part Challenge” appeared on the screen. The word “Naked” was larger and in a bright red so it stood out. Subliminal embarrassment for me.

They had me stand in front with Sarah and Tiffany. The game would be played by Tom, Chris, Curt and Frank. Rob had programmed it, and Sarah and Tiffany had both seen it already. Rob pressed a key on his computer and it asked him to enter the number of players. He’d really done it right! He entered 4, and then entered each of their names in turn.

The screen displayed short directions. “You will see 5 different pictures. One of those pictures will be of Cheryl, and the others will be pictures from the internet. You each must select the one picture that you believe is Cheryl.”

Everyone agreed that they understood the rules, and the screen changed again. There was a large picture of boobs on the screen. They were bigger than mine, but only slightly. They also looked a little darker skinned. About 10 seconds later the picture changed. I was pretty sure these were mine. It was a picture from the video, from when I was doing the boob presenting show. 10 more seconds, and another picture. They were all very similar looking boobs to mine.

After the final picture displayed, the screen faded to black again and then came back with all 5 pictures shown at the same time, 3 across the top and 2 across the bottom, each with a number next to it. The theme from Jeopardy started playing, and the name “Chris” appeared to the side, and Rob had Chris select a number, 1 through 5, by typing it on the keyboard. It didn’t register on the screen, but the name changed to “Curt”. This repeated for Frank and Tom, too.

Then the screen went to black again and fell silent, and a couple of seconds later a big picture of a girls legs came up on screen. Just the hint of her butt could be seen and long legs leading to bare feet. Every 10 seconds, a new picture. I was pretty sure that one of the pictures was of Tiffany’s legs! In each picture he had cropped out the background of the image so that didn’t give it away. They were all equally cropped and proportioned, and pretty similar angles. I wonder how much surfing he had done to find all of these pictures!

Then there was a repeat of the voting process, and then the screen showed 5 pussies, one at a time. I thought it was obvious which was mine, and I felt myself blush a bit, but was determined not to give it away too much. Another round of voting.

Then the screen showed butts. 5 of them, all in similar poses, showing very little back and very little leg, and more than a little pussy. Again, the backgrounds were cropped out. More voting.

Then came 5 shots of spread pussy. I blushed violently when the first picture came up because I knew what was coming. There was no cropping of backgrounds at all for this one – the close-up pictures were zoomed enough that all that was visible was skin, pussy and butt hole. All 5 pictures he had found were shaved or bald. I couldn’t believe they were doing this.

Once that voting was complete, the screen faded to black again, and came up with a score total. 65% correct answers.

“65%!” said Tiffany in a mock scolding tone to the guys. “That’s pathetic!”

Rob then clicked another button and a grid appeared on screen.

Tits Legs Pussy Ass Spread Score Chris • • • 60.00% Curt • • • • 80.00% Frank • 20.00% Tom • • • • • 100.00%

Tiffany walked up to the screen and pointed things out. “Looks like everyone knew which tits were hers except for Frank. No surprise there, tonight’s the first time he’s ever seen them. He did get her legs right. He sees her in gym every day, so that could explain that. Curt, you missed her legs! I surprised at you!”

Everyone laughed as she continued. “Tom, it looks like you’re the only one who got 100%. You skewed the average up! It would be like only half right without your numbers. That’s pathetic!”

Sarah interrupted here. “That is disgustingly low. It looks like no one is all that familiar with Cheryl’s body. We don’t expect it from Frank, but the rest of you have seen her over and over again. Are you trying to insult her?”

I just stood there feeling stupid and blushing.

“Alright, we’re going to give everyone a chance to redeem themselves.” Said Tiffany, quieting the guys again, as they started to murmur to themselves about their scores. “Cheryl is going to give a thorough anatomy lesson, and we’re going to have her describe the specifics of her body to you so you should have an easier time identifying her next time.”

“I’m going to do what?” I asked incredulously.

Ignoring me, Sarah picked up the flow. “Tom, did you want to sit this one out, since you got everything right the first time?”

“I’ll reserve the right to join in if the mood hits me.” He grinned. Rob elected to participate fully.

“Alright.” Said Tiffany. “Let’s get this started.”

She had me help her move the coffee table out of the way, and then had me help her lay a sheet on the floor in front of the couch. Tom sat a bit out of the way on one of the kitchen chairs that was to the side. Curt, Rob and Frank sat on the couch, and Chris sat on another kitchen chair next to it. Sarah and Tiffany took perches on their chairs near Tom. I stood awkwardly on my “stage” waiting for instructions. Everyone started to laugh and point. At first I thought it was me. I quickly looked down at my outfit to ensure that nothing had popped out. Seeing nothing amiss, I turned around, and saw what had grabbed their attention. Rob’s screen saver on his notebook had kicked in, and was displaying different pictures of me in various states of undress. Each picture stayed for about 10 seconds before transitioning to another.

After about 5 different pictures Tiffany finally turned off the TV so we could continue with the festivities of the evening.

“Your tits was the first thing on the screen,” started Sarah. “So why don’t we start there?”

I nervously untied my shirt, pulled it open and allowed it to slide off my shoulders and down my arms.

“Describe your tits to us.” Instructed a smiling Tiffany. She was really getting into this role. I wasn’t sure how I felt about that.

“Um… they’re 34B’s, and, um, I don’t know. They’re boobs.”

“Tits,” corrected Sarah, “and point out the areola and the nipples and the details.

Blushing, I complied. “I have lighter colored areola and nipples that are only a little bit darker than my skin. The areola is only a little bigger than a quarter…”

“What’s the difference between the areola and the nipple?” Asked Rob.

“Um, the areola is the darker skin around the nipple. The nipple is just the… nipple part.” I answered lamely.

“Point out the nipple.” Instructed Sarah.

I tweaked my nipples a little bit until they were fully erect, and then pointed them out. “Everything that’s not nipple, but that’s darker than my boob…”

“Tit.” Corrected Sarah.

“… darker than my TIT… is areola.”

“Walk around and show everyone.”

I walked over to Chris, who was at the end of the line (or the beginning), and closest to me. I pointed out my nipple, and the surrounding skin.

“Does the areola feel different than the rest of your tit, or than your nipple?” asked Tiffany.

I knew where this was heading. I lightly caressed the skin of my nipple and traced my fingers outward onto my breast.

“A little.”

“I think we should give everyone the opportunity to feel the difference.” She offered.

I smiled sarcastically at her, then nodded to Chris. He lightly and gently caressed my breasts, paying good, close attention to my nipples. “It is different feeling.” He offered.

Once he’d finished I moved on to Curt, who was first in line on the couch. He unceremoniously grabbed for my boobs and roughly handled them for a few moments. Tiffany reminded me to show him the detail up close, which I did while Frank and Rob looked on. Frank was blushing and squirming nervously, and I could tell he was a bit apprehensive about what was coming his way. The guys were all wearing looser jeans, so I couldn’t really see the erections that I knew were there. Shorts in the summer had afforded me more of a display of how appreciated my shows were, since the lighter material would tent more easily than jeans.

I repeated my show with Rob, who was much more gentle, and apparently very well practiced at breast caressing, and did quite a bit to heighten my arousal. Frank was nervous and at first turned down the offer to feel. He finally reached out and gently ran his open palm over them briefly before announcing himself satisfied. I think Sarah wanted to teach him the right way to fondle boobs, but didn’t want to embarrass him, so she bit her tongue. Tiffany and Tom both requested a show of their own, and both of them know exactly the right way to tweak my nipples to turn me on.

Tiffany then had me go through a couple of different poses to show how my boobs change shape in different ways. When I raise an arm over my head, the muscle in my shoulder and pec pulls the breast upward, making it a little flatter and elongated. When I put my arms out to the sides, the boobs pull outward, extending my cleavage.

“Does anyone have any questions about her boobs before we continue?” asked Tiffany.

Everyone remained silent.

“Now, will everyone be distracted from the next body part if we leave her shirt off as we move on, or will it help to reinforce the visual of her tits?” she asked.

“I’d say leave the shirt off.” Offered Tom. “We can keep referring back if we need to.”

“Excellent idea.” Seconded Sarah.

“Works for me.” Added Rob.

“It’s settled then.” Said Tiffany. I don’t know that I expected a different outcome. Oh, well.

“The next thing was legs. Take your stockings off, Cheryl.”

I kicked off my shoes and pulled the thigh-high’s down and off, tossing them over with my shirt and shoes.

“The pictures included part of a butt.” Objected Rob. I think it was scripted that way between he and the girls – I couldn’t imagine him being that bold on his own.

“You’re right!” Exclaimed Tiffany. The overacting of her surprise confirmed my suspicions about Rob being in on it. “Take the skirt off, too, Cheryl.”

I sighed and unzipped the skirt, letting it fall to my feet. I kicked it over with the rest of my clothes and stood there wearing only my micro-thong, barely covering anything at all.

“Holy shit!” said Frank automatically. He then covered his mouth with his hands and turned bright red. Everyone in the room laughed out loud, including me. Rob smothered him with a friendly wrestling, and Tom patted him on the back, still laughing. “Couldn’t have put it better myself!”

“Now show us your legs.” Sarah instructed, once the room had calmed down a bit.

I stupidly turned in a circle, not knowing what to say. I flexed my legs a bit as I had done in the previous anatomy lessons I had been forced to give.

“Tell us about them.” Admonished Sarah.

“Um… these are my knees, and my thighs, and my calves…” I said lamely, pointing them out.

“No!” she scolded. “Talk about your skin tone, your muscle definition, and the swell of your ass where it meets the upper thigh.”

“Um, okay. Aaah, I swim a lot and I run and lift weights and stuff, so I have kind of muscular legs.”

“They’re hot legs.” Interrupted Curt.

“Very nice.” Seconded Rob, making me blush again.

“Yes. They’re muscular but feminine. Very nice. They feel really good wrapped around my hips and legs, too.” Added Tiffany, eliciting laughs from the room. Frank looked perplexed, but no one let him in on the joke.

Sarah nodded for me to continue once the laughter had died down again, and I clumsily picked up my train of thought. “… so, they’re muscular, but still feminine. I use Nair on them so I don’t have any hair… And they’re the same color as the rest of my skin… and… um…”

“Flex each muscle and show us the muscle tone and definition.” Instructed Tiffany.

I started with my calf, then my hamstring, and then turned and flexed my quadriceps.

“Other leg, too.” Said Tiffany, smiling.

I repeated it with the other leg in reverse order.

“Now talk about where your butt meets your hamstring.”

I was already facing away from the group so I simply ran my fingers down to the bottom of my butt. “Um, so you can see where my butt stops here.” I said.

“Bend over and really show it to us.”

I complied, staring at their awestruck and smiling faces from between my knees.

“Wow, she’s flexible.” Said Frank, who immediately started blushing again. More laughter from the group.

I reached up between my legs and traced my fingers across the crease between butt and leg again, repeating “You can see where my butt stops here.”

Everyone laughed at that, and Tiffany called out a few more poses for me before asking if anyone had any questions.

“Her legs look very firm and muscular. Are they soft to the touch like some girls legs?” asked Rob. Again, it was pretty obvious that it was scripted. Once again I made the rounds, letting everyone run their hands up and down my legs, touching each muscle as I both flexed and relaxed it on each leg. Curt and Rob had the guts to allow their hands to wander up to my butt, but I said nothing. Tiffany and Tom, of course, allowed their hands to wander pretty much everywhere, including under the thong. Tiffany allowed a finger on each hand to caress my pubic mound under the thong, and Tom surreptitiously inserted a finger into my now fairly moist pussy.

Once everyone was done, I returned to the center of the room, and the center of attention.

“What was then next thing on the game, Cheryl?” asked Tiffany.

“Um… my pussy.” I said, meekly.

“And can we see your pussy right now?”

Knowing what was coming, I simply hooked my thumbs into the waist band of my thong and pulled it down and off quickly, tossing it over in the pile with my other clothes. “Yes.” I answered, smiling slightly. I hadn’t won anything, but I’d made a joke. That was something.

Everyone else appreciated the joke, and away we went.

“Now remember, your spread pussy is later. Right now we’re just looking at the basic shape and appearance of your outer pussy area.” Instructed Tiffany, causing me and Frank both to blush.

“Okay, so my pussy is just, um… I don’t know.”

“Do you have hair?” asked Tiffany, prodding me along.

“No. I use Nair every week to get rid of all the hair so I don’t have to worry about it when I’m wearing a swim suit for the swim team or practice. I’ve been doing that for about 5 years.”

“You started to get pubic hair when you were 11?” asked Rob, a bit surprised.

“Um, yeah. I got boobs when I was 10.”

Tiffany chimed in. “I didn’t start getting hair ‘till I was about 12.”

“I was about the same time as Cheryl, I think.” Said Sarah. “About 11.”

“Shit! I was 13 I think!” Said Tom.

“Me, too. 13.” Answered Chris.

After just a little prodding Curt and Frank admitted to being about 13, too. Rob blushed when he said he’d been 14.

“It’s okay, honey.” Laughed Sarah, getting up and kissing him, her hand grabbing his hard dick through his jeans and showing me the outline. “You’re more than man enough now!”

Tiffany and Tom laughed appreciatively at that while Curt and Frank just looked on jealously.

Order restored itself soon enough and everyone took their seats again. I stood feeling awkward and repeated myself. “So I don’t have any hair.”

“So describe your lips; the cleft; your pubic mound.” Offered Sarah proddingly. She enjoyed this too much.

I blushed fiercely as I looked down at my pussy, but forced myself to speak before I lost the nerve. My voice shook slightly. “Some girls pussy lips are darker colored, but mine are pretty much the same as my skin. They’re also closed, touching each other. Some girls are more open, but mine aren’t.” I rushed through it.

“Are your lips always that color?” asked Tiffany.

“They turn redder when I get really turned on, and they swell up a little bit.” I answered, knowing what she wanted me to say.

“Is there razor stubble?” Asked Tom, smiling.

My eyes shot open wide, and Tiffany and Sarah both jerked their heads in his direction. He was smiling. “I was just thinking that we should all get to feel right above it, on the skin, to see how smooth you get it. I know that there’s no stubble, but it’s really amazing how soft the skin is.”

Sarah laughed out loud and agreed, and Tiffany simply nodded, blushing. I walked over to Chris and took his hand in mine, and ran his fingers across the skin about an inch above my slit. “Wow, it is soft. I expected it to feel at least a little rough!” He said.

“I use moisturizing lotion every day.” I answered, blushing anew.

I repeated this with each guy, no one having the guts to try to break their hand free and take it anywhere else. Tiffany ran her hand all the way down from my belly to my slit. “There’s no difference between her belly and her pussy. They’re both just as soft!” she announced.

Tom did the same, and agreed, so Sarah sent be back to Chris to allow him the same test. Everyone remained a gentleman and stayed at least an inch north of my slit.

Once everyone was done, and Tiffany and Tom had had their second turns (even Sarah quickly felt the skin above my pussy, and was equally impressed with the softness), I returned to the center of the room.

“Any questions about her pussy?” Asked Tiffany.

“Is she starting to get turned on?” Asked Sarah giddily.

Tiffany looked closely at my pussy, and then looked into my eyes. “Are you, Cheryl?”

“A little bit.” I answered meekly, but unable to break eye contact.

“Well, good! You can show us how your lips get darker when you’re turned on!” she said brightly.

I looked down finally. They were slightly darker, but not very much. “I’m afraid it’s not very noticeable.” I said.

“I have an idea!” offered Tom.

“Let’s hear it!” said Sarah quickly.

“Well, we could do a quick review of her tits and legs, and then see if she’s more turned on afterward.” He said, smiling at me.

“That’s an excellent idea!” said Tiffany, overacting again.

Now stark naked, I was forced to repeat the breast show I had given earlier, and allow everyone the opportunity to feel my breasts, areola and nipples. I could feel my pussy getting wetter as each guy felt me up. Frank was a little more bold this time, but still by far the most timid. Tiffany and Tom both took their sweet time, and really ratcheted my arousal up a notch.

Then I was made to repeat my leg show, this time with no thong to hide my pussy. I could see that it was now darker red and starting to spread on its own, but forged ahead with the leg show, even allowing everyone to feel my leg muscles (and butt). This put my bare pussy up close to each guy as they ran their hands over my legs only inches away. By the time Tiffany was done, I could feel a trickle of moisture starting to seep down my inner thigh.

Now I was back to the center of the room, and Sarah made me say it. “Are you more turned on now?”

“Yes.”

“We can see that. Now you can explain the changes.”

Embarrassed, I started to point out the darker lips, the fact that they had spread, and at Tiffany’s urging, pointed out the moisture.

“Is that your clit we can see poking out the top?” asked Tiffany.

“Yes.” I answered meekly.

“I’m sure we’ll see more of that later, but if you could just point it out to everyone so they know exactly where it is…”

I walked around the room and pointed directly to it with my index finger. Curt alone asked me to repeat myself, the little bastard.

“Excellent!” said Sarah again. “Now it’s on to her ass!”

Once again standing center stage in the room, I started to show and talk about my butt. “Not a whole lot to talk about. I swim and do squats and stuff, so it’s pretty solid and muscular.”

“But feminine!” Chimed in Tiffany, to appreciative laughter from the audience.

“But feminine.” I added. “Otherwise, it’s just a butt.”

“Bend over a bit, show us your butt from different angles.” Directed Tiffany.

My legs shoulder width apart, I bent at the waist and was once again viewing my audience upside down from between my knees. I knew that my wet pussy and butt hole were now on display to them. Frank’s eyes were nearly bulging out of his head.

After a few such poses, Tiffany sent me around the room once more to allow everyone to feel my butt flexed and relaxed. Frank was once again the most timid of the group.

“Any questions about her butt?” asked Tiffany.

No one spoke, so she announced, “Okay, time for the spread pussy lesson.” She was blushing slightly, but smiling brightly.

“Cheryl, we’ll leave this one to you. Why don’t you first explain that there are a lot of different poses that can show off a pussy, and then walk us through as many of them as you can think of?”

What a bitch.

“Um, so I guess there are a lot of different poses for a pussy.” I said lamely. “You already saw one from behind when you were supposed to be looking at my butt.”

“Show us all of the poses.”

“But I already did that one!”

“So do it again.”

Sighing, I turned my back to the group and bent at the waist, once again displaying everything.

I also laid on my back with my legs spread, knelt on the floor and arched into a pseudo back-bend, put a foot on each of their shoulders, and spread my lips with my fingers. I was drenched, and everyone had noticed.

“Did she forget any, guys?” Asked Sarah.

“The head-stand one!” said Curt quickly.

“Squatting over our faces.” Added Rob.

“Kneeling with her chest on the floor and her back to us.” Chimed in Chris.

“Cheryl?” Sarah indicated that I should execute each pose. I started with the head-stand, slowly bringing my legs out as far as they would go. Once each guy had taken a good long look, I moved on to the kneeling pose, showing my butt to the guys, with my pussy visible underneath from behind. Then I had each guy lay on the floor and I squatted over his face, which allowed my pussy to spread wide.

“Now you need to point out all of the parts of your pussy to us, and then each guy will pick his favorite pose for you to do so he can see them all close up, and study them.” said Tiffany, blushing again. She was really liking it, but was still nervous about ordering me around.

I laid on my back and spread my legs, and started with my clit, figuring to work my way down. “This is my clit” I said, pointing to it. The second I touched it an electric-type shock went through me, and I felt the hood immediately retract, and my clit pop out. My arousal had just doubled. Tiffany alone laughed when that happened.

Regaining my composure, I moved on to my pee hole, my actual vaginal opening, and then at Sarah’s crude prompting, my butt hole, which everyone could see anyway.

I then stood and asked Chris which pose he wanted. He wanted the squatting over his face one, which I did. He announced himself satisfied after about a minute, and I moved on to Curt. He wanted the headstand. After 3 minutes Tiffany told him that he was done, and allowed me to move on to Rob. Rob wanted my foot on his shoulder, and proclaimed himself satisfied after only about 30 seconds. Frank tried to pass, but Sarah wouldn’t allow it so Rob selected the foot on the shoulder for him, and he quickly said he was done – after maybe only 10 seconds.

Tiffany had me lay flat on my back on the floor with my knees bent and legs spread and moved her face in so close that I could feel her hot breath on my clit. I was so embarrassed, but so turned on just then. She stared for about a minute, and then turned me over to Tom, who kept me in the same pose and moved in just as close as Tiffany had. Another minute or so later and he proclaimed himself done.

Sarah tried to pass, but Tiffany pointed out that if she wouldn’t let Frank pass, she couldn’t pass, either. When Sarah was reluctant to select a pose Tiffany insisted on the squatting over her face pose. Tom and Rob each pulled her to the floor when she tried to protest, and then I squatted over her face. Tiffany told me not to move until she said I was done. Sarah refused to open her eyes, and it was turning into a battle of wills – Tiffany against Sarah.

“Open your eyes or else. Just 10 seconds.” Said Tiffany.

“Or else what? No way!” Answered Sarah stubbornly.

Tiffany whispered very quietly in my ear, so that no one else could hear. Blushing, I nodded my understanding and reluctant agreement.

“Open your eyes. You have 3 seconds.” Said Tiffany to Sarah.

“Bite me.” Answered Sarah.

“3… 2… 1…”

She nodded to me. I closed my eyes and relaxed my legs, allowing my spread, soaking wet pussy to fall onto Sarah’s face. Everyone laughed hysterically, and she screamed out loud as Tom and Rob continued to hold her struggling body to the floor under me. I raised back up, and Tiffany said to her, through her laughter. “Now open your eyes or she’ll do it again!”

“3…2…”

Sarah opened her eyes and stared straight into my pussy for about 2 seconds when suddenly…

“Rob? Who’s there? I heard a scream.”

Shit! Rob’s mom!

Everyone quickly ran into Rob’s bedroom. Sarah ran into the bathroom to wash her face. I ran along with everyone else and pulled on my jeans and the button-down shirt I had worn over. I couldn’t find my bra right away, and didn’t want to dawdle. Rob came sprinting in carrying the other clothes I had worn, and pulled me and Tom out into his living room. “My socks!” I whispered as we sprinted past the bathroom door. The sheet was gone, but the coffee table was still out of place. The computer was unplugged from the TV, and the TV was tuned to the DirecTV channel called “Chill”, which was the horror channel. It pretty much just played horror movies.

His mom came down the stairs seconds later.

Sorry, mom. Sarah fell asleep on the couch while we were watching a horror movie. I thought it would be funny to scare her, and she screamed.

“Oh, you kids. Where is Sarah?” she asked, looking around.

“She went to the bathroom. I think I scared the piss out of her!”

“Robert! That is no way to talk in front of girls!” his mom admonished as I fought to stop laughing.

Tom and I said hello to her and we made small talk until Sarah came out of the bathroom. She said hello, too, and had taken her socks off in there. Now both girls were barefoot, which would bring less attention to me.

Rob’s mom invited us upstairs to chat for a while, and although Rob tried to refuse, she was fairly insistent. With a nervous backward glance at the bedroom door, we all followed her up the stairs.

I was never so nervous. This had happened before, but this time I was sitting at the kitchen table drinking a can of coke and eating pretzels with Rob’s parents wearing only jeans and a button down shirt with no bra on. I felt certain that everyone could totally tell.

“It’s almost 6:00, have you kids had dinner yet?” Rob’s dad asked us.

“Um…”

“Not yet. We were going to just go out or something.” Offered Rob.

“Nonsense. Why don’t we order something? Or we could treat if you really want to go out.”

We all looked nervously from one to the other. “Let’s order in, then.” Said Rob, finally.

Rob’s dad wanted a sandwich from Alfredo’s, so they grabbed the menu and we all chose our meals. Sarah and I both got a grilled chicken sandwich with marinara and side salad. Rob asked if he could order a large pizza, so he’d have leftovers for snaking later. His parents laughed and agreed. Tom ordered a burger. Delivery was going to take over an hour, so Rob’s dad offered to go pick it up. Rob excused himself to go turn off the TV downstairs, and I said I had to use the bathroom. Rob’s mom said I could go upstairs, but I said my feet were getting cold and I wanted to grab my socks.

“Robert always keeps it so warm down there. You’d think was cold blooded!” she joked.

“Grab my socks, too!” Said Sarah, remaining at the table with Tom and Rob’s parents.

Rob and I went downstairs and quietly explained the situation to everyone. Tiffany insisted that I put my bra on in full view of everyone, despite the buzz-kill that had entered the party with the surprise arrival of Rob’s parents, and our almost getting busted. Rob also explained that he’d ordered a large cheese pizza that he’d share with everyone down here after we’d eaten with his parents.

Rob turned the TV remote over to Frank and left Tiffany, Curt and Chris with him and we headed back upstairs. I tossed Sarah her socks and we all moved to the family room. 10 minutes later Rob’s dad left to get the food, and we helped his mom set the table for dinner. 40 grueling and extremely long minutes later we were done eating and making our way back downstairs. Rob locked the door from the inside and turned on the stereo to mask any noise that might find its way upstairs.

“It’s 7:15! I’m starving!” complained Chris.

Rob tossed the now cold cheese pizza onto the table, and it was quickly devoured by the 4 who had remained in hiding. I grabbed sodas for everyone from Rob’s fridge.

Once everyone had finished eating, Tiffany called the room to order. “The party was interrupted, but I hope it’s not over.” She started.

“No, I don’t think it has to be.” Said Rob, smiling at Tom.

“Good. We had some time to talk while you were upstairs, and we decided what we wanted next.”

This wasn’t going to be good.

“Frank seemed kind of shy the whole night, and we finally got him to admit that he was nervous that you weren’t comfortable with all of this. So first, you need to tell him that you are fine with it, and that you enjoy it.”

I rolled my eyes, then turned to Frank. “I told you already, I could stop this if I want to. I don’t exactly LIKE it, but I don’t hate it.”

“Tell the truth. You know it turns you on.” Scolded Tiffany. Sarah was just smiling like the Cheshire cat.

“It does. It turns me on.”

“When you masturbate, do you think about it?”

I couldn’t believe she just said that.

“Yes.” I admitted, quietly looking down.

Curt laughed out loud, but stopped quickly when he realized he was the only one.

“So tell him all of that.” She pushed.

“Frank. I don’t want you to think that I hate this. I don’t. I get embarrassed when it’s happening, but it turns me on. And later, afterwards, I think about it and it’s really erotic. It helps me get off. Sometimes I wish I didn’t get embarrassed. I wonder if it would be better if I didn’t.” I managed to keep eye contact the entire time, but I could feel my face burning red as I said it.

“Feel better, Frank?”

“Yeah. I guess. But you guys are still really weird!”

More laughter from around the room.

“So because he was so shy earlier, we want to be sure that he got everything out of this that everyone else has. So we’re going to run through it all quickly, just for him. We’ll all just watch.”

She walked us over to the stage area, and Rob and I laid the sheet out again. Rob had hastily stuffed it into the couch cushions when his mom was coming down.

Everyone took their seats, but Tiffany had Sarah sit between Rob and Curt, and took the kitchen chair she’d been sitting on and put it under the TV, facing the room. She sat Frank in this chair.

“So first Frank is going to strip you.” Said Tiffany, taking her seat next to Tom.

I blushed but said nothing.

Frank nervously stood in front of me and whispered “Are you sure you don’t mind?”

“I’m sure, but thanks. You’re sweet.” I leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek. I don’t know why, but he was just so nice.

He blushed but moved ahead with the plan that had been set up while we had been upstairs eating. He unbuttoned each button on my shirt, somewhat smoothly for a guy with as little experience as I’d guess him to have, and then put his hands inside the shoulders and pushed it off of me, letting it fall to the floor. He then reached behind me, as though hugging me, and with both hands fumbled with my bra clasp. In almost no time he’d gotten it undone. Again, I was surprised at how adept he was.

Next he knelt in front of me and unbuttoned, then unzipped my jeans. He pulled them gently down my legs, then lifted each foot and pulled them off one leg, then the other. He then pulled my socks off, leaving me naked once again.

“Very well done.” Complimented Tiffany.

I found out from her later that she had taken Frank into the bedroom privately and allowed him to practice removing the shirt and bra on her, since he was so nervous. She’d kept the bra covering her boobs, but had allowed him to take her shirt off a few times, and unhook the bra 5 or 6 times until he had it pretty down.

“Now turn her around and show her to us.”

Frank took my hand and slowly turned me in place until I was once again facing him.

“Now the first thing we had done was look at her tits. You recall the lesson about the areola and the nipples, but I don’t think you were bold enough to get a good feel. Why don’t you do that now?” Said Tiffany.

Frank, much more boldly than before, caressed and gently squeezed both of my breasts, causing my nipples to once again erect fully. When he finally finished Tiffany had him turn me to face the room to show everyone what a good job he’d done. She then had him reach from behind me to point to my nipples and areola to remind everyone else. She then had him cup my breasts again, and then turn me back to face him once again.

“How were you on the legs?” She asked him.

“I think I was okay, but not perfect.” He responded as though scripted.

“Why don’t you go ahead and point everything out to us and we’ll let you know.” Tiffany offered.

Frank gently touched every inch of both legs while pointing out my calf muscles, quads, hamstrings, and the area where my butt meets my hams. He had me flex and relax each muscle, and gently traced the curves and indentations of the muscles where the calves formed the inverted “V”, and where the inside of the quad ran longer than the outside as it approached my knee. The little shit was starting to turn me on!

Everyone applauded his lesson on legs, and he moved on to my pussy. He turned me to face the room, then knelt to my left side and framed my pussy with his fingers, as though he was a TV spokes model showing soap. He talked about the lips and my slit, and then boldly caressed the skin above my cleft, reminding everyone how soft it was. He then ran his hand up from my pussy, past my naval, and to the bottom of the swell of my breast, and then slowly back down, stopping only millimeters short of my slit.

“And we can see that she’s now pretty aroused.” He said.

I looked down and saw, to my dismay, that he had successfully turned me on. My lips were darker red, and were pulling slightly apart. My clit had swollen slightly and was starting to push out of the folds of skin, and there was a slight glistening of moisture. He pointed all of this out to everyone, but thankfully did not touch anywhere other than about an inch above my clit, on the skin.

“Now let’s move to her butt.” He said without prompting from Tiffany. He was starting to get into this. He once again turned me to face him and then asked me to bend at the waist. He walked around, placing his hands on my bare butt, explaining the muscular definition and softness of the skin, and even pointing out the butt hole. “This is also a pretty good position to see her pussy again.” He offered, “But we’re going to go with a better one to get a really good view.”

I couldn’t believe how bold he’d become. I guess the right mixture of peer pressure and coaxing from Tiffany had won him over and opened him up. Seeing that Tiffany had been the one in charge all night, and then her taking him aside personally and making him feel more comfortable was the right combination.

He laid me on my back on the sheet, spread my legs, my knees bent with my feet flat on the floor. Here he started to get a little nervous. Tiffany whispered something to Tom, who got a bit of a quizzical look on his face, then shrugged and smiled at Frank.

Frank smiled a nervous smile back and proceeded.

“So here we have her pussy in all its glory. The main parts to look for are the clit, the pee hole, and the vaginal opening.”

It all sounded rehearsed. I think he’d been going over it in his head since they’d discussed it.

“First, here’s the clit.” He said, and I couldn’t believe it. He touched me. His finger touched my clit. The feeling was electrifying, and I felt it pop again. The hood retracted, the clit fully erected. But he actually touched it. Tiffany and Tom had agreed to let him. I couldn’t believe it. I couldn’t decide if I was okay with it or not. I guess that because I hadn’t jumped up and slapped him, I was more okay than not. Oh, my god.

“As you can see it’s now fully erect.” His voice was shaking slightly, and the other guys were all murmuring, probably in disbelief that he’d actually done that.

“And her pee hole is here, just below her clit. You can’t really see it unless you’re close up, but you’ve all seen it earlier tonight.”

He touched my pee hole, sending another shock through me, and causing my hips to buck slightly. Tiffany and Sarah laughed.

“And her vaginal opening is…” He looked to Tom, who nodded again, smiling brightly.

“Here.” He said, and he slowly pushed his middle finger in all the way. I sucked in a deep breath, a combination of embarrassment and arousal, but I didn’t move.

He quickly pulled his finger back out, accompanied by a slurping sound that got some good chuckles. Then, unbelievably, he put his finger to my face. Knowing what was expected of me, I took his finger into my mouth and licked it clean. Tiffany was such a bitch.

Tiffany instructed me to stay still, and thanked Frank for his help. She knelt on the floor next to me and waited for Frank to return from the bathroom, where he had gone to wash his hand, which embarrassed me even more. He took the seat next to Tom, who patted him heartily on the shoulder and laughed “good job, dude!” Frank smiled weakly and nervously.

“Now, as you all know… except for maybe you, Frank… Cheryl and I are… what would you call us? Bisexual lovers?” Stated Tiffany.

I blushed, but nodded mutely.

“What?” asked Frank.

“Seriously?” asked Curt. “I thought that was bullshit!” he added, looking at his brother.

“No, it’s true.” Offered Tom.

“And Tom’s dating both of them.” Interjected Rob, a bit of awe apparent in his voice. I think this was news to everyone, as it started a bit of a commotion.

Tiffany kept me in place on the floor through it all, and a few minutes later had restored order.

“So now we’re going to show you how Cheryl Comes. But instead of letting her masturbate, I’m going to do it for her.” She said.

Oh my God. Tiffany’s going to get me off in front of everyone. I don’t know what would be worse! Masturbating, or being masturbated by your girlfriend!

She sat me up a bit and got behind me so that she was half sitting, half laying with her back against the wall. The roughness of her jeans and the cold buttons of her shirt against my bare skin only served to highlight that I was the only one naked here. She pulled my back against her so that she could reach my pussy from her position, and my spread legs were facing the guys. She gently kissed my ear and my neck as her hands slowly traced circles around my breasts and nipples. The silence in the room was thick – the stereo seemed suddenly louder than it had been.

After a few minutes, she slowly guided her right hand down my stomach and dipped a finger into my soaking pussy. She slowly brought that finger back up and ever so lightly caressed it over my clit, causing me to gently buck my hips toward her, craving more contact.

Over and over she teased. At some point the thought hit me; it was worse having her do it. When I did it, half of my pussy was covered by my hand. When she did it, nothing was covered. She was doing it that way on purpose. She was making it so that everyone could see absolutely everything she was doing to me.

Her left hand was still expertly fondling and caressing my nipples as her right middle finger continued to slowly and agonizingly make its way between my dripping hole and my throbbing clit. Every once in a while she would kiss my neck or my ear, bringing new sensations into the mix.

Finally my hips were thrusting in a rhythm faster than her ministrations, and I was aching to climax. I brought my own hand to my pussy, but she pushed it away, holding it in place at my side and leaving me painfully untouched down there. She bit my ear. It felt great. She returned her hand to the slow, lazy stroking of my pussy. I opened my eyes to see that Curt and Frank had moved to the floor, and were a lot closer to the action. Chris and Tom were now on the couch with Rob, leaning forward. Sarah was even watching.

I locked eyes with Tom. He smiled, then looked back to my pussy to watch Tiffany’s hand. I looked down to watch the show myself. Her finger was glistening to the knuckle and my pussy was wet from thigh to thigh, and about an inch above my clit. “How did it get wet way up there?” I found myself wondering.

It could have been a minute, or it could have been 10, but some time later I felt my orgasm approaching. Tiffany sensed it, too. She increased her stimulation on my clit, circling it gently and lightly, 4, 5, 6 times before returning to my hole. My hips were bucking and my clit was aching. I was reaching the point of no return. Tiffany knew right where that point was. She stopped. She pulled her hands away leaving me totally bared to the group. My hips were locked, my butt off the floor, my pussy spread wide. I moaned at the sudden loss of stimulation, but that didn’t stop my orgasm. It slowed down the approach, though. Almost a full minute later I started to come. I came hard. Not the hardest. Not as hard as I would have come if she had kept playing with my clit, but I was too far into it not to come hard. My orgasm lasted about a minute. I moaned and groaned and thrust my hips, bucking into the air.

Tiffany made me suck her finger before my orgasm had ended. I did so eagerly. Then I opened my eyes.

I had just come in front of 5 guys with a bare pussy – not even a finger to block the view. They could see my vaginal muscles spasming, my hole opening and closing in rhythm. They could watch my clit. They could see everything.

I started to blush, but Tiffany moved to the side and kissed me deeply. I still didn’t close my legs. I could feel my juices on my butt and on the sheet.

The guys all broke in to a quiet murmur of discussion, but I couldn’t focus. Tiffany and I went to the bathroom to clean up a bit. We made out more in there. “I’m so ?ucking horny right now!” She whispered into my ear.

“Tough shit for you, you mean little bitch.” I whispered back, grabbing her boob through her shirt with one hand and her butt with my other.

She slapped my bare butt. “You’ve got your work cut out for you tonight, bitch.” She laughed.

We walked back out to the living room and Rob had just finished connecting the computer to the TV again. He restarted the game, and reentered the 4 players names.

This time I was made to stand naked next to the TV, in a pose to show off whatever was being displayed on the TV. When it came to the spread pussy, I put one foot up on Tiffany’s knee as she squatted under the TV, and then I spread my lips with my fingers.

Each guy scored 100% on the game. Rob had built in a bonus for that. Each picture replayed itself, and then zoomed out to show the original. Tiffany didn’t know about this – the one with her legs zoomed back to show her fully naked from behind, just a hint of her pussy visible between her legs, and her face, looking back over her shoulder. She blushed, but laughed it off along with everyone else. All of the pictures he had chosen of me were full body shots, except for the spread pussy one. That one already was zoomed out, so it just sat there like that.

The game finally stopped playing and we checked the time. 9:20. Chris had promised his parents he’d have Curt home by 10:00, so they had to get going. Curt complained that he didn’t want to leave and didn’t care if he got grounded, but Tiffany told him that the games were done and I would be getting dressed soon, anyway.

He was all too happy to give me a hug goodbye, and managed to cop a feel of my butt before letting go. Rob snuck them up the stairs and out the side door of the garage, and then watched them run down the street to their car.

Rob quietly came back downstairs, a little surprised to see me still naked. Tom had refused to allow me to get dressed.

“I think the only person tired of seeing her naked is Sarah.” Said Tom.

“I don’t know about that. It’s still kind of fun.” Said Sarah, once again overacting, this time in contemplation.

Laughter from the group.

“Well, I never tire of it, but Sarah’s the one I really want to see.” Said Rob, grabbing her and kissing her deeply.

She lightly slapped his arm, but giggled just the same. He grabbed her boob through her shirt. Frank couldn’t decide where to look. It was almost funny.

Tom grabbed Tiffany and I both into a hug and kissed each of us in turn. Franks eyes were open wide.

Pretty soon Tiffany and Sarah were both flashing Frank their boobs. Tom and Rob eventually confiscated their bras, but they both still had their shirts on, or mostly on, anyway, while I was left running around naked.

The three of us girls roughhoused until we were exhausted. I wrestled with Sarah trying to pull her shirt off, and kept sneaking up behind Tiffany and pulling her shirt open until a few buttons broke off and she agreed to stop buttoning it. Frank was laughing along with Tom and Rob, and when we finally collapsed into a heap on the floor I didn’t feel weird about being naked any more. Tiffany blew a raspberry on my stomach, which caused another fit of hysterical laughter from me.

At 11:00 Rob’s mom knocked on the door. “Isn’t it time your friends went home, Rob?” she called.

Tiffany, Sarah, Frank and I made a dash for the bedroom, clothes in hand. While the girls pulled their bras and socks back on, I put on my bra, shirt and jeans. Sarah got a sweatshirt from Rob’s closet for Tiffany to put over her button-down with the now few-missing buttons, and Sarah and I left Frank behind to join Rob and Tom, who were slowly walking up the stairs. We opened the door and went into the kitchen with his parents, who were getting ready to head up to bed. Tiffany and Frank used that time to sneak out and hide in the garage.

“Tom’s driving Sarah and Cheryl home, so they have to leave.” Said Rob, cutting the conversation short after he was sure that Tiffany and Frank would be safely outside.

We went outside and found Frank and Tiffany on the side of the garage, just out of sight of the windows. Tom started the car and everyone climbed inside. He drove Frank home first, and all three of us girls gave him a goodnight hug. Then we started to drive home, where Sarah and Tiffany were supposed to spend the night at my house.

“This isn’t fair.” Said Tom. “I’m always getting horny when I’m out with you girls, and you go home and do your lesbian thing and I get left on my own.”

“Sarah never lets us do stuff.” I pouted.

“It was kind of cool to watch tonight. I might let you do that again.” Said Sarah.

“Oh, that’s bullshit! That’s not fair!” yelled Tom.

“What?” I asked, stunned.

“For real?” Asked Tiffany, also a little shocked.

She just grinned a little embarrassedly. When we got home it was only 11:20. We invited Tom to come in for a snack, since he was only 5 minutes from home.

When we got inside, we found the house deserted. They weren’t home from the wedding yet.

We all looked at each other, and Tiffany and I and ran upstairs without saying a word, Tom and Sarah following. In my bedroom with the door closed and locked Tiffany and I started making out.

“Whoa, guys, this isn’t what I had in mind!” said Sarah, laughing, but not looking away. “It’s weird, me sitting here with Tom watching you two go at it.”

“I’m sorry Rob couldn’t come!” I said.

“And this still sucks for me.” Said Tom. “I get nothing.”

We all sat and talked for a while when my phone rang and scared the hell out of us. It was 12:30. Tom was late, and we were locked in my bedroom for an hour with a guy when my parents could be home at any minute.

“Hello?” I answered. I didn’t recognize the number.

It was my mom. They got over-served at the wedding, and were getting a hotel down there. They couldn’t drive home. Tom got up without saying a word as I ended the call with my mom. I heard him go downstairs and open the garage door, and then heard the overhead door go up. He was going to pull his car into my dad’s spot in the garage, so no one would see his car in the driveway all night. He was going to stay!

I quickly whispered to the girls. Sarah was unsure of my plan… uncomfortable. I head Tom’s car start. “Call Rob. Ask him.” I offered. His car was pulling into the garage. Backing up to straighten out. Must be harder to do with no headlights.

Sarah relented and texted Rob with the highlights of my plan. A second later came the response. “LOL! Send a picture!”

I grabbed her phone from her. The garage door was going down. She was still unsure, but was following along.

Then I heard Tom on the phone in the hallway downstairs, telling his parents he was spending the night at Rob’s.

Tom came back up the stairs and opened the door to my bedroom. All three of us were half sitting, half lying, naked on the bed, our legs facing the door, our upper bodies propped up on our arms.

“What took you so long?” I asked him.

He just stared in shock.

“Rob wants you to send him a picture of this.” I added, laughing.

“Is that a Harry Potter thing?” asked Tom.

I had no idea what the hell he was talking about, but I followed to where his eyes were staring. Sarah was blushing fiercely. The thin strip of pubic hair that she normally kept above her pussy was now shaped into a Harry Potter lightening bolt.

“It’s my and Rob’s favorite books and movies.” She said, giggling embarrassedly. This set us all on a laughing spree.

Tom finally calmed us down and set us back up in our pose and took the picture with my digital camera. Then he set my copy of Harry Potter 7 on Sarah’s stomach and took another picture. More laughter.

We emailed Rob. Sarah opted to wear my terry cloth robe, but Tiffany and I stayed naked. Rob responded immediately. “OMG, that’s the funniest ?ucking thing I’ve ever seen! Love the HP book!”

We didn’t actually get to sleep until well after 4:30. It was a really weird night. Sarah and Tom watched me finger Tiffany. Then Sarah was horny. I offered to finger her. She didn’t want to do that. Tom offered to finger her. She said that would be cheating on Rob. She finally said “?uck it!” and tore open the robe, laid on the bed and took care of it herself. She was really horny – it only took about 2 or 3 minutes before she was coming.

“Well, shit. Now I’m the only one who doesn’t get to come tonight!” Complained Tom.

“If I get involved, it would be cheating, but I can watch.” Sarah announced.

It was a free-for-all. Tiffany and I took turns blowing him, I had sex with him twice, Tiffany jerked him off. He was like a machine, and just kept staying hard, or coming back right after a minute or two. Sarah must have masturbated 3 or 4 times while watching us. She said it was like watching live porn.

At about 3:40 or so I had to pee. I got back to the room to find Sarah watching Tiffany grinding on Tom’s chest and face. Tom was lying across the bed with his knees bent and feet on the floor, and Sarah was just staring at his hard dick. Tiffany had come at least 6 times already that night, and was insatiable. She was dripping wet and hornier than I’d ever seen her. Every orgasm just seemed to make her hornier.

“I want to ?uck him. I want to lose my virginity.” She said, panting, staring into my eyes while still grinding on Tom’s chest.

“Are you sure?” Tom and I both asked her.

Sarah just grew silent, still allowing her hand to gently caress her clit, the robe long ago discarded and lost on the floor.

“Positive.” She growled.

I grabbed a condom and tore it open. I put it on his hard dick while Tiffany continued to grind her crotch on his chest. Sarah watched me intently, unable to take her eyes off of Tom’s crotch.

I moved Tiffany down his body and lined her up over him. She leaned down and kissed me hard as I guided him into her. She squealed softly into my mouth and popped back up, then down again, this time deeper. Her squeal turned to a lower moan as she finally took him all the way inside. She stopped kissing me and looked down. She slowly moved her hips, allowing him to come halfway out of her and squealed again as she took him back inside. She panted and sat mostly still, barely moving, her eyes closed.

Sarah had moved to get a better view.

I reached out and caressed Tiffany’s breast as she started to slowly increase her rhythm. After only a minute or so, she started coming. She was almost screaming with the intensity of her orgasm, and he was moaning out loud. I know that her pussy muscles squeeze really hard, and I could only imagine what that was feeling like at that moment. He started to come, too, and thrust hard against her, which only intensified her orgasm. Sarah surprised me when she started to come, her own fingers buried in her pussy.

After a few minutes Tiffany rolled off of him with a squishing sound. Her pussy was open and red, and Tom was finally soft. I pulled the condom off of him and cleaned him up with tissues. We all sat and talked about how incredible that had all been. Tiffany cried briefly, but not of regret.

Tom set his cell phone alarm to wake him at 7:00, and we all drifted to sleep, all still naked.

At 7:00 his phone went off. He didn’t wake us and slipped quietly from the bed. He dressed in silence and saw himself out of the house. My parents got home just after 10:00 and woke us up. My room reeked of sex. I lit a couple of candles as Tiffany and Sarah dressed hurriedly. I tossed on my pajamas and we all quickly washed in the bathroom together, getting the pussy smell off of our hands, faces and other body parts.

We ate breakfast with my parents, and by the time we went back to my room we found the candles had done their job. I had a text message on my phone. “Check your email.”

I did. There was a picture of the three of us girls, sleeping naked on the bed, our bodies entwined. Tom had taken my camera with him. We were CC:’d. The TO: field had Rob’s name in it. There was a reply already from Rob.

“You girls owe me one!”

The next weekend was Tiffany’s birthday. Rob and Sarah and Tom and I went out with her and her parents to a nice dinner and a comedy show at Second City downtown in Chicago. It was actually pretty good. We stayed out until about 2:00 that night with her mom and dad, and then all spent the night at her house. Sarah and I slept in her bedroom, so I got to give Tiffany a quickie for her birthday, which was fun. Sarah pretended to be totally uninterested but I caught her watching a few times.

The next day, after we had gone home, Tiffany called with really exciting news. Her parents had gotten a new car for her mom, and Tiffany had been given the 2004 Corolla. It was a really nice, blue 4-door car, and it meant that Tiffany could come visit us more often, now that she had a car!

It was an exciting couple of weeks. The 3 of us girls were going out a lot together, to the mall, to the movies, and just driving around and hanging out.

Rob, meanwhile, had been filling Frank in on the details of our games in the past, now that he could finally talk about it with his best friend. Tom hung out with the 2 of them a couple of times, but he complained that on their own, each guys was okay, but they got too nerdy when they were together. They just laughed at that, but didn’t deny it.

Rob had shown Frank the written accounts of our previous parties, and Frank had read them all. Rob, I guess, also found out that I had posted them on this site – the ASN Story Board – and he read the suggestions made by iionly and Petey. He told Sarah about them, and the two of them put their heads together.

As spring arrived, the warmer weather and longer days had me longing for school to end for the summer. The last day of June 6 this year, and although it’s pretty much the same as last year, it seems like a longer school year. Maybe it’s because I’ve got more to look forward to on the weekends and summer break, now. Why do we have to go back after Memorial Day? We go back for 2 weeks, and then school’s done. Move finals to the week before Memorial Day, graduation can be that weekend, and it would be so much better for everyone.

Even though March didn’t bring summer-like weather, the 40’s and 50’s that did arrive felt downright balmy compared to the sub zero weather that Chicago had just gone through, and I was happy to be able to spend weekend days and more temperate evenings after school outside running for a change. The treadmills and the indoor track at the high school were fine for staying in shape, but were so incredibly boring. The time finally arrived, however, and Chris got in touch with Tom. Chris’s parents were going to be out of town again on business over a long weekend, and Chris wanted to have us come over on Saturday the 15th.

We all knew what was coming. I had resigned myself to it. I still didn’t really enjoy it all that much when it was happening, but I always had such good sex afterwards, and such good orgasm thinking about it afterwards, that I always just let it happen. And there was a small part of me that kind of liked being the center of attention.

During the week leading up to the party Tiffany pulled me aside during one of our after school workouts.

“Sarah and I want to do something different this time. Tom doesn’t know about it, but we know he’ll be behind it.”

I was starting to get nervous. “What do you mean?”

“This time you have to come up with all of the stuff that you’re going to do by yourself. You will be in charge all night. Write up an agenda and give it to me and Sarah before school on Friday. We’ll all hang out after school on Friday and make sure that it’s okay.”

This was unbelievable. “What are you talking about?”

“Well, you know how you write up the details after every party and post them on that site on the internet? Well a guy who call himself iionly suggested it. I think it’s hilarious, and so does Sarah. So we decided to make you do it.”

“Do what?!” I asked, starting to get that panicky feeling.

“They said it would be nice to make you come up with all of the things to do one night by yourself. Kind of like you said you had to do last summer.”

The previous summer, Sarah had written down a single action that I had done at a party once before. I had 3 hours to repeat that action. If I figured it out and did it, I would be done for the day and paid up in full. If I couldn’t figure it out, I would be under her command for the guys’ amusement for the rest of the day. I had figured it out, but not before completely humiliating myself.

“So is there a prize or something, like last time?” I asked, hopeful that there would at least be some light at the end of the tunnel.

“Nothing like that.” she replied. “We just think it would be funny to make you come up with your own tasks and stuff. Make you be in charge. If we don’t like it, you have to come up with different stuff.”

“So what’s in it for me?” I asked, thinking I could find a way out of this. To make me do it was one thing, but to make me come up with my own torture? That was too much.

“Well, the party is going to start early, and I’m sure it’ll go late. No one has to go home, no one has a curfew. It could be a 10 hour event. If you’re creative and do a good job coming up with stuff, I’ll ask Sarah if we can put a stop time on the night.”

“Great. So I figure out the most humiliating things I can think of and you’ll let me do them for only 6 hours instead of 10.”

“It’s either that or let Sarah be in charge for the whole 10. Or more.” She replied grimly. “I’d take the offer and get creative. We’re going to make you think stuff up, even if Sarah decides to get mad at you and be mean because you didn’t play nice.”

“And what do you think of all of this.” I asked, pouting a bit.

“I think it’s a creative idea, and I think it will be funny. I want you to do it.”

“But I’m not creative like this!” I said, feeling nervous all over again. “Sarah’s good at thinking this stuff up. The time that I had her I just made her do all of the same stuff she made me do.”

“Well, think of something by Friday morning. We want it all written up so we can look at it and make changes if we need to.” She said.

My complaints fell on deaf ears, and Tiffany went back to finish lifting weights. I tried talking to her, but to no avail. She breezed through the locker room afterwards, stopping long enough only to grab her coat and gym bag. She didn’t change or wash up or anything. She was gone in only a few minutes, leaving me alone to wait for my mom to pick me up. I wish I had a car.

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On Friday morning at the bus stop I handed Sarah her copy of what I’d written up. She smiled, but didn’t say anything. She didn’t open it up and read it in front of me, either. As soon as we got to school Sarah found Tiffany, and I gave the second copy to her. The two of them excused themselves and went off alone toward the parking lot. They found me again before school had started. I was in the cafeteria with Tom, where he was having breakfast. They pulled me away from him.

“Not horrible for your first try, but you have quite a few changes to make. You can hand write them and get a copy back to Tiffany at lunch.” Sarah told me. “We’ll all go to your house after school together to finish it up.”

Sarah handed me a copy of the list I had made up. They had made several markings all over it, crossing out things completely, circling others, making smiley faces in places, and there were hand written notes almost everywhere.

“I can’t have this out during class!” I hissed. “If I get caught with this I’ll be so incredibly busted!”

They looked at each other. I think they were torn between the fact that I would be so nervous with it in school and the fact that I’d probably be grounded for life if my parents ever saw what was written here.

“You can work on it during lunch, and give it to Tiffany at the end of lunch period.” Said Sarah, compromising as much as I guess I could expect.

And that’s what we did. I bought my lunch and went off alone to a small table in the lunch room. I spread out text books as though I was working on a lot of homework, and Tiffany sat 2 chairs away from me doing the homework she had been assigned in her first few classes of the day. At least she was getting a jump on things. She had explained things to Tom as far as she cared to, so he and Rick left us alone. I felt myself flushing red as I continued to think up new things and write them down.

As the bell rang to announce that we had only 5 minutes to get to the next class, I handed Tiffany the paper, as done as it would be until after school.

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After school Tiffany drove Sarah and I to Sarah’s house. Her parents were both still at work, so we had the house to ourselves for a couple of hours. Her mom called her when we were in the car on the way home and asked her to make dinner.

Tiffany and I helped as we all talked in the kitchen. I went over all of the notes they had made, all of the notes I had made on top of them, and cleaned everything up, retyping it all into my notebook. They made a couple of suggestions, but largely left it up to me to come up with everything.

“Can I tell everyone that you’re making me come up with everything?” I asked.

There was discussion. Sarah thought it would be funny if we made it seem like everything was my idea, and I wanted it that way. Tiffany thought that was both going too far and a bit unbelievable. Tiffany finally won, so I was allowed to say that they made me come up with everything, but the compromise to Sarah was that I had to remind everyone that what I was doing was my own idea. This was going to suck. The only difference this time was that I knew what was coming, I think that made it harder.

We heard the garage door start to open and I stuffed the papers and my notebook computer back into my backpack. Dinner was almost ready. Tiffany and I set the table as Sarah’s mom came inside. About 10 minutes later her dad came home, and about 10 minutes after that we sat down to eat dinner.

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The story was simple. We were going to go out tonight, just the girls, and then spend the night at Tiffany’s. Tiffany was spending the night here at my house. The guys all had similar lies figured out. Justin had worked something else out so even he didn’t have to go home. Everyone was going to be spending the night at Chris and Curt’s house. That meant a late party, and a lot of time to plan for.

Tiffany went home at about 9:00. She normally would have stayed later, but we didn’t want anything to interfere with the next night, and didn’t want to risk her parents getting irritated with her. She was back at my house by about 2:00 helping me make last minute fixes to my agenda, and talking me down from my borderline panic attacks. I was so incredibly nervous, knowing exactly what was coming, and that I’d be leading the activities. I would literally break into a cold sweat whenever I thought about it. Tiffany felt sorry for me, but couldn’t help but to laugh at me, too. It was maddening.

Sarah was at my house by 3:00, ready for the party, and I dressed. I put on jeans and my white bebe Sport t-shirt, no bra or panties. I pulled on my gray hoodie to hide the fact that I wasn’t wearing a bra, and I put on white socks and my running shoes. Lastly I put on a new belt I had. It was more decorative than functional. It’s thick black leather with chrome accents, and it’s looser. The buckle is off-center and the belt goes through and turns down, hanging about 6 inches down on my hip. The only jewelry I wore was my diamond studs in my ears and my thumb ring that I almost always have on. I picked up the bag I had packed the night before and we left.

We got to Chris’s house at 4:00. There were a few cars there already. “Who all is coming tonight?” I asked for what was probably the 20th time, trying not to sound as nervous as I felt.

“I’m not sure who all is going to be here.” Laughed Tiffany, taking my hoodie from me before allowing me to exit the car. She was getting more comfortable in her new role.

Chris had heard us pull up and opened the door for us. He was standing there waiting for us to come inside. We were the last to arrive, and I got a few more surprises as I walked into the kitchen, where everyone was gathered.

Surprise number 1. Allan was there. I had to do a double take, then looked helplessly toward Tom, who was standing there talking to him. I barely had time to register that when I saw Ryan, another guy from our summer swim team. Tiffany just laughed and she and Sarah walked away, leaving me alone by the entrance to the kitchen.

Still confused, reeling, trying to figure out what was happening, Tom called me over to thank Allan and Ryan for agreeing to come to the party.

“Thanks for coming…” came out of my lips, emotionless. I only have a vague recollection of saying it in the first place.

Tom, Allan, Ryan, Chris, Curt, Justin, Scott, Rick, Frank, Rob… 10 guys were here. And Tiffany and Sarah. And me. This was my largest audience ever. Why did the word “audience” come into my head just then? I was really getting nervous.

Ryan is a little shorter than Tom, probably right around 6 feet tall. He’s got medium brown hair, green eyes, and he’s almost as built as Tom. He’s very cut from swimming, and I have always thought he was hot, especially in the summer swim camp when he wears his racing suit. Normally guys aren’t attractive in that kind of suit, but when they have to wear them for the team, it’s nice to look at.

“Does everyone have a soda?” She asked. Sarah, Tiffany, Ryan, Justin and I did not. I fetched fresh glasses and drinks for them while Tiffany and Chris escorted everyone into the spacious family room and the sectional seating there. The furniture created a natural horseshoe shaped stage for me. “How wonderful” I thought.

I stood nervously in front of the group as they quieted down. It wasn’t long at all before I had everyone’s attention.

“Sarah and Tiffany decided that I should be in charge tonight. They wanted me to come up with all of my own torture for the evening, so everything that will happen tonight is my own idea.” I told the group. There was a slight, low murmuring as a couple of the guys discussed it. Tom was laughing. Allan and Ryan were looking a little confused.

“I decided that I would start off the day by telling everyone the story of how this all got started. I had been searching the internet for ideas on how to get even with Sarah and I found this web site where people posted stories like this. So I wrote the whole thing down and posted it myself. A lot of people seemed to like it, so I just kept writing about stuff as it happened.” I explained. “So I went through the whole thing. It’s really long, and I’m not going to read the whole thing. I rewrote the story and condensed it so everyone knows what happened and I’m going to read it to you all.”

I looked around nervously. No one said anything – they were all just looking at me, watching me and waiting for me to do something. I picked up the papers I had brought and cleared my throat.

“I suppose it starts when I was 6. We moved into our house that year, and I met my next door neighbor, Sarah. Sarah is 3 months older than me, and we’ve been best friends since the first time we met.” I read.

“We started making bets with each other when we were around 10. At first the loser had to clean the winner’s room, or do some of the other girl’s chores. Eventually it grew into doing whatever the winner said for an hour, then a whole day. And there were rules. First, you couldn’t make the loser do anything that she’d get in trouble for unless the chances of being caught were very, very slim, and the trouble would be almost nothing. Second, you couldn’t make the loser do anything illegal, and lastly you couldn’t make the loser spend any money. Other than that, anything goes.”

There was cheering and laughter when I said “anything goes”, but the room calmed down quickly and I continued.

“During my 16th birthday party I made her sing happy birthday to me a bunch of times in front of everyone really loud, and then we all got really silly, and I told her to flash everyone her boobs. At first she just flashed her bra, but I made her do it right. I knew at the time that I was raising the stakes of our bets, but I didn’t really think about it, and it just seemed funny at the time.”

“Sarah got her revenge. She made me play against Rick, Mike, Tom and her in pool and darts, knowing I would lose. She made me bet my clothes. I ended up in just my panties, and the guys got to see my boobs for the first time.”

“Is this show and tell?” Called Rick from his spot on the couch. “Let’s see your tits!”

I blushed slightly. “You’ll get to see everything later.” I replied.

Rick started to boo. He was quickly joined by a few of the other guys. Blushing, I put down the papers and lifted my shirt, showing my boobs. The booing turned immediately to laughter and cheers. Allan and Ryan looked a little stunned, but I noticed they didn’t look away.

“Good girl.” Said Sarah condescendingly. “Now keep reading to us. I think we like this story.”

I continued reading. “I got dressed and played everyone in darts. Sarah bet on the guys and I bet on me. I lost to all 3 guys, so I lost 3 days that I had to owe Sarah. She promised the guys that they could help her collect. And that’s how it all started.”

Rick and Tom high-fived. “Last summer was the best, man!” said Rick.

“And I got a girlfriend out of it!” said Tom.

There was more laughter and talking before I regained control and resumed my reading.

“Sarah made me give the guys a fashion show with a bunch of sexy outfits. It was supposed to be so they could dress me up sexy for the rest of the summer, but they never did. It was just an excuse to have me run around the room half naked.”

Sarah laughed out loud at that, and admitted that it had worked out that way. “I really did think that we’d just play dress up with her, though.” She stated adamantly. “It’s just that once the guys saw her topless, they didn’t want her to put a shirt on. They wanted her more and more naked, and then naked longer and longer.”

“Naked chicks rule.” Said Rick. He, Tom, Sarah and I all laughed out loud. Most everyone else looked a little confused.

“I had spent the whole morning naked last summer, and Sarah told me I could get dressed. The guys begged her to keep me nude.” I explained. “She was like ‘haven’t you seen enough?’ or whatever, and Rick said ‘Naked chicks rule!’ So now it’s a running joke.” I was starting to blush a little bit again.

Everyone else now got the joke and laughed at it.

“So I finally won a bet against Sarah. Tom helped me.” I read loudly, trying to get the party back on track.

“He helped you?!” shouted Sarah in mock surprise. She had read this part yesterday, so we’d already had the conversation.

Tom just smiled at her snidely.

“Tom helped me and lost a game to me on purpose so Sarah would owe me a day. I got even with her. I made her do all of the same stuff she had made me do. She didn’t suffer alone, though, and she collected a day at the same time, so we were both naked.” I continued.

“Then, when we went back to school we were at the homecoming dance and I guess we were talking too loud and Tiffany and Rob overheard us. And we found out that they had been playing strip games every summer with some home-schooled girl in their neighborhood.”

“Mary!” interjected Tiffany. “She had a big crush on Rob, here, and always just wanted to see his junk!”

Everyone laughed. Rob blushed.

“She’s got good taste!” shouted Sarah.

More laughter and banter.

Finally everyone calmed back down and I was able to continue. “So Tiffany and Rob invited us over to play strip games, but Tom and Rick said that it was just the girls who played. I’m not sure why Tiffany agreed, but she did, and we all got together and the girls got naked.”

“I don’t know why I agreed, either.” Said Tiffany, eliciting more laughter from the group.

“So we did that a couple of times, and then we had a new-years party at Rob’s house and the three girls were naked again, but then Sarah decided she didn’t want to do it any more. So then we all kind of got in a weird place, and me and Tiffany started dating, and I was still dating Tom and Tiffany started dating him…”

Here the room broke out in a huge rush, with almost everyone talking at the same time. It took about 10 minutes to explain it all to everyone. Chris and Scott kind of knew, but didn’t really know, and Curt and Justin were confused, and Allan and Ryan were totally shocked, and Frank didn’t know what to think, but Tom, Tiffany and I explained it as much as we could, and finally everyone just decided to accept it for what it was.

“So we stopped hanging out with Mike and Sarah for a while, and it was just me and Tiffany and Tom and Rob.” I continued. It was uncomfortable to talk about this chapter in our lives, even though it only lasted for a few weeks. Maybe a month.

“And Rob and Tom made videos of me and Tiffany. But I don’t know what ever happened to the one of Tiffany. I’ve never seen it.” I added.

“I made the video with my new HD camcorder,” Explained Rob, “and then I put it all together, but I can’t burn it to anything because I don’t have a high-def DVD burner.”

Curt, Justin and Frank thought that was disproportionately funny.

“So now I’m going to talk about the video we made of me, and then show it to you.” I said. There was appreciative murmuring when I said I’d be showing the video.

“They had me to a strip dance, and then do the anatomy lesson that Sarah had invented. The anatomy lesson is just a way to make me show off every inch of my naked body, but they think it’s funny.” I explained.

“So who wants to see the video?” I asked. Everyone whooped and cheered, including Allan and Ryan, who were finally starting to get into it after hearing the whole history. Chris turned on the TV and I put the DVD into the player. It started playing almost immediately.

It started off with the Kanye West song “Good Life”, and me dancing. I danced on screen, removing my shirt, then my bra, then my shorts, and finally my panties. There were cuts right before and right after each item of clothing came off, and it switched back and forth between close-up shots and far shots showing my entire body. The song is 3:27 and Rob had spliced it together so that I was topless by about 40 seconds in, and totally naked by about the 2 minute mark. He had several cuts back and forth showing me from different angles, close up and full body, dancing for the last minute and a half of the song.

Then the video went black for a second, and then we heard Tiffany’s voice.

“The female anatomy has long been studied and is considered to be artistically and erotically beautiful. We will now study the female form, in all of its glory, first broken down into the individual components, and then as a whole.”

As she spoke the last sentence, the screen faded in to show me sitting on the floor, and the camera panned to my feet. Tiffany’s voice described everything that I was doing or about to do, as I showed off my feet, then stood and pulled off my shorts, showing my legs. The film cut several times, going to close-ups, and then full-body shots. Next I pulled my thong off while Tiffany started talking about the female butt, and the curves and so forth. She described several poses as I did them on the screen. Some were fairly tame, showing just my butt, while others had me spreading my cheeks or bending over, and quite a few of them allowed my pussy to come into view from behind.

Then it was a quick discussion about my back as I removed my bra, and then Tiffany was talking about my boobs, which were now filling the screen. A good number of the close-up shots of my boobs included my pussy in the background because Rob had been sure to shoot at downward angles. All of the full-body shots included everything, since I was naked at this point.

Then it was on to my pussy. Tiffany described everything I was doing as I spread my lips, rubbed over the entire area, inserted fingers, and rubbed my clit lightly. She even talked about how it was evident that I was sexually aroused by the wetness, the puffiness of the lips, and the swollen clit.

Then Tiffany’s voice started talking about how different viewing angles of the body parts were always a wonderful treat, and the film cut to show me standing naked, and her walking slowly into frame. She laid down on the floor, and I straddled her, my boobs in her face, my butt spread and facing the camera, my pussy clearly visible. The film then cut to show my boobs from her point of view, just as Rob had filmed it. After a good minute of that, with different poses at that close up angle, the film cut to show Tiffany still laying on the floor, and me straddling her with my pussy. I did a couple of poses, and then the film cut to show them from her point of view, my pussy now filling the screen. After about 2 minutes it cut to me turning around on Tiffany, and then immediately cut back to the close-up, but now in the opposite direction, and with my butt hole now in view.

Then it cut back to show me standing, fully clothed again, and the song started playing and I started dancing again. He had used different cuts this time, and some slow motion. This was more of a disjointed version, not intended to show me stripping, but just dancing in various states of undress. I danced fully clothed for about 10 seconds, then suddenly was dancing naked – the cut was almost perfect. Then after about 10 seconds of that shot it moved to a close-up of my pussy, I think from the anatomy lesson. Then I was dancing in my thong, pulling it down and off. This repeated from three different angles. Then I was dancing naked again, but in slow motion. Then I was pulling off my bra. Three times. Then a close up of my boobs. Then another (different) close-up of my pussy. Then me dancing naked again. Then me dancing in my thong, starting to pull it off. It continued like this, with each shot lasting anywhere from 1 second to about 15 seconds between cuts, showing me dancing or close-ups until the song ended.

Then he faded to black and did a split-screen, with me dancing naked in slow motion, running my hands up and down my body on one side, and “credits” on the other.

“Filmed by Rob and Tiffany. Shot on location at Rob’s apartment. Voiceover artist: Tiffany. Director of photography: Rob. Concept and story by Tom and Rob…” things like that. That part went on for about a minute, with the final 2 credits being “Starring Cheryl as the naked girl. Special thanks to Tom for supplying the naked girl.”

I ejected the DVD right after it ended, and Chris turned off the TV as everyone applauded both the gratuitous nudity and Rob’s work with the camera and computer in putting it together.

I took my place in the center of the room again and after a moment to calm everyone down, I continued reading my recap. “It had become pretty much a monthly thing to get together and for me to strip for everyone, and the Sarah came back to us. She had dumped Mike and left that part of her life behind, and realized that it was more fun to be in control than it was to be the naked girl. By this point it was just part of what we all did, so I didn’t really care. It’s really embarrassing for me, but I kind of like it.”

There. I had confessed it to the whole group. Everyone knew that I kind of liked it. The murmur started immediately.

“Did you really think she didn’t like it?” Sarah was asking snidely to no one in particular.

“I just figured she went along with it. I didn’t know she actually enjoys it!”

“It’s not that I ENJOY it.” I argued. “I just don’t hate it, so I put up with it. If you guys didn’t want to do this stuff, I wouldn’t miss it.”

“But you said you like it!”

“I meant that I don’t hate it. It’s kind of the same thing. It’s not that it would be my first choice of stuff to do, like I’d rather get naked in front of everyone instead of going to a movie or something. It’s really embarrassing. But I get turned on a little bit and it’s not so bad, you know?”

“I’d say you get turned on more than a little bit!” said Rob, laughing. Tom and Rick joined his laughter.

“So you actually don’t care about getting naked in front of everyone?” asked Scott.

“It’s really embarrassing, and when it’s happening it’s really hard to force myself to do, but afterwards, it’s not so bad. Once my clothes are off, it’s okay. It’s just forcing myself to do it.”

There was a pretty lengthy discussion over this topic. Everyone wanted to understand, but no one could unless they were put in the same position. Tiffany alone remained silent throughout this discussion. I wanted to pull her into it, hoping she’d be on my side, but I respected her right to remain silent. She had her reasons for not speaking up.

Tom finally stopped the argument by asking “Does anyone care why she does it? Do we want her to stop?”

Everyone was silent for a few seconds. No one wanted it all to stop, and it really didn’t matter why this game was played, only that it was. Everyone agreed that it didn’t matter.

Curt pushed it one farther. “But she said she actually likes it.” Chris punched him on the arm.

“Please continue, Cheryl.” Chris said, scowling at Curt.

“Um… So then Sarah came to the next party and arranged another fashion show. And she bought a bunch of slutty clothes that I wore. Most of you guys have seen them all.” I resumed, shakily at first, but keeping my flow because I was reading. “Here they all are.”

I opened the bag and pulled out the clothes that Sarah had bought me ever since this had begun. “I think the guys chipped in on this stuff.” I added, unscripted, as I pulled everything out and laid it on the coffee table.

There was the transparent white shirt and matching mini thong, and the micro-mini black thong, and the super-short school-girl skirt. I pulled out the dress from New Years Eve and the knee high boots, and both pair of thigh-high stockings, the super tight t-shirt from the summer, and even the button down shirt that they’d just taken the buttons off of.

Allan and Ryan were shocked at how much there really was there. I think it was sinking in how seriously our group took this whole thing. I wished I could explain why I was the center of this whole thing. I know that if it had started with Sarah, it would be over by now. She might have played along at first, but it never would have gone as far as it did with me, and it would have ended long ago. Maybe Tiffany would have let it go, but somehow she had escaped it, too. She didn’t seem as uptight as Sarah, but somehow she had just jumped to the other side, and no one cared. She went from being the other naked girl at the party to being the one telling me how to take my clothes off, and no one cared.

“Are you going to try any of this stuff on for us?” Asked Frank, holding up one of the boots.

“I had originally put that in my list of stuff to do tonight, but Sarah and Tiffany said it’s been done too much. They wanted more originality.” I said, blushing slightly.

“So what is next?” He asked.

“Well…” I returned to my script. “That night we ran into Chris and Scott when we were out to dinner. They came back with us and Sarah made me give them their own version of the fashion show, so they got to see me nude for the first time. Then we had a party over here, and you guys” here I indicated Justin and Curt, “… got initiated. And then Tiffany made me do those tasks a couple weeks ago, and I had to invite someone new. I tried to invite Allan…” I said, blushing as I looked toward him, “… but he thought it was too weird.”

“I drove by and had a long talk with him. I’m not sure that he fully understands yet, but he’s okay with it.” Tom explained. “And Ryan was at his house when I stopped by, and I found out Allan had already told him about when you tried to invite him.”

Everyone laughed, and Allan blushed. Ryan smiled shyly.

“So I was your second choice?!” yelled Frank.

“I was trying to make is someone who didn’t go to school with us.” I said meekly. “I am scared to death that everyone is going to find out and everyone’s going to think I’ become the school slut.”

More laughter. “That’s a good point.” Said Tom over all of the other talking. “No one talks about this outside of our group.”

Everyone quickly agreed.

“And then…” I continued, “I invited Frank. And he was there a couple of weeks ago for that party. Which brings us to tonight.”

“And you are in charge of our entertainment tonight.” Called Sarah. “So entertain us!”

“Okay, um, so the thing is that I figured we could play games in the rec room. It will be fun. But Tiffany and Sarah said it would be stupid to play strip games for me. So I came up with something else.”

It was a little easier reading from the script, but still hard to do this. Everyone was leaning forward expectantly. I pulled my shirt off quickly, before I lost my nerve, and then unbuttoned and unzipped my jeans, pulling them down and stepping out of them.

I was now standing in front of the group wearing my new decorative belt and my white gym socks, and nothing else (unless you count my earrings and my thumb ring).

“So this will be my outfit for tonight. If we go swimming later I will take off the socks and belt, but only temporarily. If I end up alone with anyone, that person has to strip me of what I’m wearing. Take off my belt and my socks. I will help you but I won’t remind you.” I explained. “If you forget or don’t do it and we’re alone, then I get to put something else on.”

This started a whole new uproar of conversation. “What do you mean alone?” “How long are we talking about?” “You mean we’re the only 2 people in the room, or we’re off in a corner?”

Tiffany and Sarah were just smiling. They had been through all of the questions when you try to set rules around something.

“I’m going to try to get each of you alone at some point tonight.” I said loudly, trying to calm everyone down. “If I end up alone with you, so it’s just you and me in a room, then you need to take my socks and my belt off. I’ll put it back on after we’re done being alone. If you forget, or you don’t try to do it, then I win something back.”

There were a few more questions, but everyone seemed to get it pretty well. I heard Curt and Justin planning to watch each other. If the other one disappeared with me, the other should follow. They didn’t want to be the ones that lost and let me put something on.

I checked my notes and the clock. It was just after 5:30, so we were pretty much on time. I had planned on this part lasting until 6:00, and I figured I could milk another 10 minutes out of it, which would put me really close.

“Does anyone need another pop?” I called out. Frank and Tiffany both joined me in the kitchen to help me get pops for everyone. Tiffany walked away carrying the first two, and Frank was suddenly on the floor at my feet. I was confused for a second when I realized I was alone with him, and he was trying to take my socks off. I laughed and lifted each foot so he could pull them off of me. Tiffany came back in the room and laughed when she saw us. He was kneeling on the floor, my foot lifted and his face inches from my pussy. He straightened up a big and began fumbling with my belt.

“You’d probably have an easier time if you were looking at the belt instead of her pussy!” Joked Tiffany, causing Frank and me to both blush. A few seconds later he had it undone and pulled it off of me.

“He got it just fine.” I said. I picked up the final pops and carried them into the family room, with Tiffany and Frank following, each carrying their own pops. Curt noticed immediately that I was no longer wearing my socks and belt, and called out “What happened to your socks?”

Frank explained that he had been left alone with me in the kitchen, and had taken them off of me. everyone congratulated him as I handed Tom his glass of pop. He whispered in my ear and I blushed, but nodded.

I had planned everything out, but had not accounted for Allan and Ryan being new to the group, so I pushed my nerves down and walked boldly over to where they were standing, everyone else watching me.

“I hadn’t planned on you guys being here tonight.” I started. “So I had nothing planned for introducing new guys to the games. But I should familiarize you with everything.” I said. They were both making a concerted effort to maintain eye contact, but I could tell it was all they could do to not allow their eyes to drop lower on my body.

“So this is everything!” I said, holding my arms out and turning around until I was once again facing them. “My boobs are 34 B’s.” I said, and I grabbed one breast in each hand, giggling them around a little bit. “And I use Nair on my pussy and my legs every week so I never have to worry about pubes sticking out of my suit when I’m swimming.” I said, taking a half step back and lowering my hands to frame my pussy, indicating that it was okay for them to look there. “The guys were all really weird about that at first. They thought only girls in porn movies that went hairless.” I added.

They were silent and a little uncomfortable. Curt and Justin had both wandered over and were using the opportunity to look as well. I think Allan and Ryan were still a little unclear on the rules.

“So I’m not a slut or anything, but you’re supposed to look. You’re supposed to look as close as you want.” I said, sensing their hesitation. “It’s part of the deal.”

Allan laughed. “Remember when I said you guys were too weird? Well I didn’t even know how weird you are!”

I laughed, and after a moment of uncomfortable silence I walked back into the kitchen and put my socks and belt back on. Justin and Curt had followed me, but Chris had stopped Curt to ask him something.

Justin watched me with interest as I pulled my socks on and then fastened my belt, turning it slightly to the side. “Are you guys having fun tonight?”

“Yeah. I can’t believe that you don’t care about being naked, though.” He said.

“I care, but you get used to it. Kind of, anyway.” I shrugged. He was having trouble keeping eye contact with me – the opposite problem to Allan and Ryan.

I was about 10 steps back toward the family room when I suddenly realized. I had been alone with Justin and he hadn’t tried to take my socks and belt off. Justin was trotting behind me as we entered the family room.

“Justin and I were just alone in the kitchen, and he didn’t try to take off my clothes.” I said. “So I already get to put something else on.”

“That’s not fair!” he cried, running the last few steps into the family room. “You were just putting everything on!”

“I put everything on and we talked for a while afterwards.” I countered. “Besides, I make the rules, so I make the decisions.”

There was a murmuring of discontentment around the room until I raised my hands to silence everyone. “Of course, I was instructed to come up with games and rules that everyone would enjoy for the night.” I said. “And that means that when I win the first time, I’m still going to be mostly exposed. Sarah and Tiffany never would have approved it if I was going to throw my jeans on right now.”

I walked to the coffee table where all of the clothes that had been bought for me were laid out. I picked up the black thigh-high stockings. I pulled the white gym socks off and pulled the thigh-highs on.

“Now the same rules apply.” I said out loud. “If I’m alone with you in a room, you have to take these stockings and my belt off of me. If you don’t, then I get to put something else from this table on.”

Relief flashed through the room. This was even better as far as some of the guys were concerned. And it certainly wasn’t worse.

“It’s 6:00, so we’ll do our next activity.” I said. This was one I had gone back and forth with Sarah and Tiffany about. They wanted something that would embarrass me, and they said I was getting off too easy. I disagreed, and I finally won. Not that I won a lot – it was still embarrassing, and I thought even more so than some other stuff they had me do in the past.

“Everyone go on downstairs and play games. I’m going to meet with each of you, one-on-one here in the family room.” I said. “We’ll go in alphabetical order by first name, and the other contest will be on hold. You don’t have to strip me if we’re alone until after this is over. Allan, since you’ll be first, you should take my stockings and my belt off of me before we start.

Allan nervously took my belt off of me, trying not to be obvious about eyeing my boobs in the process. Then he knelt in front of me, turning red in the process, and pulled my stockings down my legs and finally off of each foot.

“Now what everyone is going to do is to go through all of the clothes that are laid out here, and everyone is going to pick out their favorite outfit. It can be as much or as little as you want, from everything to nothing at all. Each of you will dress me in those clothes – whatever they are. I will not help you, though. You have to dress me. I will lift my foot, or lie on the floor, or do whatever you say, but I won’t dress myself. Once you have me in the clothes that you like we’ll set the camera to take some pictures. You can pose me however you want, but you have to be in the picture with me. We’ll take 5 pictures, and then you have to undress me completely and send up the next person.” I explained. There were a couple of questions, and everyone pretty much understood.

“Everyone has to leave us alone now. I’ll send him down when we’re done.” I announced.

Everyone was kind of slow to leave, but eventually everyone did file down the stairs to the rec room and bar, leaving Allan and I alone.

Allan nervously looked at all of the clothes on the table while I set up the camera on the tripod. I had brought my digital camera and Tiffany had lent me her portable tripod for this. Allan selected the black dress and the thong. I assume he figured he was doing me a favor by allowing me to be completely covered. I reminded him that he had to dress me when he handed me the thong to step into.

“I can lie on the floor and you can slide it onto my legs, or I can stand here and step into it, but you have to put it on me and position it.” I told him.

He blushed red, but knelt in front of me, holding it out so I could step into it.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked.

“Lift your foot.” I complied, and he pulled it onto my foot and to my ankle. “The other foot now.” We repeated the process. He pulled the thong up my legs quickly which caused it to twist around. Now he had to unwind it while it was up at around mid thigh. He was trying really hard not to touch my skin, and was blushing beet red the whole time. It would have been comical if I wasn’t so nervous and embarrassed myself. He finished untangling my thong and pulling it the rest of the way up. I don’t think he expected it to be as small as it was. He left it half off my pussy, with the string to one side of my slit.

“It’s still twisted.” I said, blushing a bit. “You need to fix it.”

“Can’t you fix it?” he begged, glancing quickly at my pussy again to see how messed up it was.

“That’s not the rules.” I said. “I promised to play by the rules.”

He blushed again, but quickly fixed my thong with as little touching as he could manage. Then he picked up the dress and pulled it on over my head. He had to touch my boob because it fell out of the dress when he pulled it down, and this caused him to blush all over again.

Once I was dressed he had me pose for the pictures. We simply stood next to each other, and the camera took 3 pictures about a second apart after he set the timer.

“Do you want more pictures?” I asked him.

“No, I’m fine.” He said quickly.

“Okay, then you have to take these clothes off of me for the next guy.”

He blushed again, but didn’t argue. He had me lift my arms over my head and pulled the dress off. Then he quickly pulled the panty down and had me step out of them. I arranged each item on the coffee table as he went downstairs with instructions to send Chris upstairs.

Chris came up and was a lot more into this than Allan had been. He eyed the table before selecting the white thigh-high stockings with the blue ribbon top and the transparent thong and shirt.

I had to teach him how to put a stocking on, because he was trying to have me step into it like it was a pair of pants. It likely would have torn if he had tried to pull it up that way. He successfully got the stocking on me, but there was a lot of tugging and touching of my thighs and legs the whole time. Then he asked how to put on the thong.

“That’s up to you. You can tie it and try to put it on like normal, or you can have me lie down and put it on me, or you can try to put it on me while I’m standing.” I replied.

He looked at it for a minute, and decided to try to put it on me while I was standing there. He put it between my legs and somehow managed to grab the two left strings in one hand and the two right strings in the other. He now couldn’t tie it, so he dropped the left side and tried to tie the right side. The thong slipped down my leg and caught on the lace on the top of the stocking. He tried again several times, and actually tried to hold it against my body with his hand before he realized that he had his hand right on my pussy. He quickly dropped it, unsure of what was out of bounds. I said nothing.

“Why don’t you try laying on the floor.” He suggested. I laid down on the floor on my back, and he had me lift my butt while he slid the thong under me. This worked, and he was able to tie both sides of the thong onto me. When I stood, however, he found that he’d tied it a bit loose and it slid down a few inches, so it was just barely hanging on.

Flustered he asked for help.

“I’m sorry, I’m not allowed to help you. You have to put it on by yourself.”

He untied one side and retied it tighter. That worked. Then he did the other side, and it held.

Next he pulled the shirt onto me and tied the tails so that they came just under my breasts.

“How do you want me to pose for the pictures?” I asked. He wanted to pick me up and hold me in his arms. I complied, and he lifted me with one arm behind my neck and the other behind my knees. The camera clicked off its 3 shots.

“Do you want any more pictures?” I asked.

“I can take more?”

“Sure. What other poses do you want?”

He took 2 more sets of 3, one with me standing with my back to the camera, standing on my tip toes like I was about to kiss him, and the other with me facing the camera, him standing behind me with his arms around my waist.

“Now you have to take all of this off of me and then send up Curt.” I told him, checking the list to see who would be next. The clothes came off of me a lot faster and easier than they went on, and I put them all back on the table as he went downstairs to get Curt.

Tiffany told me later that everyone was having a pretty good time playing games and talking about what outfits they wanted me in while all of this was going on.

Curt came bounding up the stairs 2 at a time, and already knew what he wanted me to wear. He wanted to put the micro-mini skirt on me and the t-shirt. That way he could get really close to my boobs and my pussy. He made no secret about it, either.

“Alright, so what’s first?” I asked him.

He stared at my naked body for a few seconds before deciding. “Skirt first, I think.”

I nodded, and he looked confused. “So you have to put it on me.” I reminded him.

He picked it up and knelt in front of me, staring straight at my pussy. I just stood there. After a few seconds he said “Well?”

“Well what? You haven’t told me to do anything.” I replied.

“Oh. Step into the skirt, then.” He said.

I complied, but didn’t tell him that he’d have to unzip it in order to pull it up. He figured that out when it got stuck just below my butt. He finally got it up and zipped it, being a bit more clumsy about it all than he needed to be and using that as an excuse to grab my butt a couple of times. I said nothing – that was what this was all about, after all, as much as I might not like it.

He finished putting the skirt on, and it was sitting up at my hips, so that the bottom hem was about 2 inches above my pussy. At first he didn’t seem to notice. “Is it on wrong?”

“Why?”

“I can still see your pussy.”

“It’s too high, then. You have to pull it down.”

He wiggled it down, again grabbing my butt a couple of times. “Is that good?”

“However you want me to wear it is right.” I answered.

He flipped it up in front to get another good look at my pussy. “I think it’s okay.” He said.

Then it was time for the t-shirt. He had me raise my arms over my head and he pulled the shirt on. I don’t think he was prepared for how small the shirt was. It ended just above my belly button, and my boobs were a little squished. He adjusted them, copping a quick feel in the process. The poses he chose for the pictures had his back to the camera, and him on his knees in front of me. I stood facing him and in the first pictures I was lifting the front of my skirt, showing my pussy to him and the camera. The second pictures were of me lifting my shirt, flashing my boobs to him and the camera.

He undressed me, copping a couple of feels in the process.

Frank was next, and his choice in clothing consisted of the black thigh-high stockings and nothing else.

I think Curt and Justin had talked, because Justin went with the exact same outfit and camera poses as Curt had done.

Rick went with just the boots.

Rob opted for my black micro thong, transparent shirt and the knee high boots. Once again he was among the boldest while dressing and undressing me, allowing his hands to liger on my boobs, butt, and grazing my pussy a couple of times.

Ryan was next. He seemed very nervous as he walked up the stairs, as though he was being led to the principal’s office to be punished for some wrongdoing. I was starting to get turned on from all of the attention and from people copping their accidental or not-so-accidental feels. I felt bad for him, and just a little horny. “Don’t be nervous.” I said. “This is supposed to be fun!”

He smiled unconvincingly. “What is it about this that makes you so uncomfortable?” I asked him.

“I don’t know. I just feel like a perv or something.” He said. “It’s like, if you were my sister, I’d be kicking my ass for looking at her.”

Ryan has a twin sister. She’s something like 40 minutes older than him or something. They look almost nothing alike. She’s got dishwater blonde hair and darker skin, and she’s about 5’5”. He’s close to Tom’s height, probably just over 6 feet, and has dark brown hair. They both have darker skin – Italian looking, I guess – but she has green eyes. His are brown. It’s like he took after his dad and she took after her mom.

“I guess I can see that.” I said. “But what if your sister was okay with it, and safe?” I asked.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, it’s not like I’m letting everyone have sex with me and stuff. It’s just guys checking me out. And I don’t mind, really. Sure, it’s a little embarrassing, but it’s kind of fun, too. I could stop this all if I wanted to, but everyone else likes it, and since I don’t mind, I guess I just let it go.”

“I don’t know. I don’t really think about that. I just think about my sister. A whole bunch of guys checking out my sister without her clothes on, I’d want to kick their asses.”

“Well, I’m not your sister. I’m not going to make you do anything you don’t want to, but you should know that I don’t care, and no one thinks you’re a perv.”

“No, I know. It’s hard to remember that you don’t care, though. I keep thinking that I should help you. Do something, you know?”

“That’s sweet.” I told him. “Really sweet.” I got up on my toes and kissed his cheek. “So do you not want to do this?” I asked him.

“No, I’ll do it. I don’t want to catch crap from everyone. Just help me out. I’ll take it easy on you and this one can be a cake walk for you.” He offered.

“I have to follow the rules.” I said. “You can do whatever you want, but I can’t do more than I’m supposed to.”

He sighed. “Just promise me you’ll tell me if you’re embarrassed by something I am doing or ask you to do so I can stop.”

“I promise.” And I meant it. “You’re really sweet.” I said, and I kissed his other cheek, causing him to blush slightly. “So what do you want me to wear?” I asked after an awkward moment, trying to sound cheerful.

He looked at the table. “What’s your favorite outfit?” He asked me.

“Mine? I don’t know. I think the white see-through thong is pretty sexy. And the guys seem to like the thigh-highs. I only have 2 tops, and to be honest I’m not a big fan of either of them. The see-through shirt is kind of weird and scratchy, and the t-shirt is so tight I feel like a sausage.” I said, trying to be as honest as I could.

“Do you like the boots?” He asked.

“They’re cool and all, but I don’t like wearing them for a long time. My feet get all sweaty.”

“So you’d be okay with them for long enough to take a picture?” He asked a little shyly.

“That’s not too long at all.” I said, smiling at him.

“Then let’s put on your favorite outfit.” He said, smiling genuinely for the first time since he’d come up the stairs. He picked up the thong and tried to hand it to me.

“Remember, you have to put it on me.” I said.

He blushed slightly, but dropped to his knees. He tied the sides and then held it out for me and I stepped into it and allowed him to pull it up my legs. He was a perfect gentlemen about it, and actually got it on me correctly on the first try, with very little touching. He helped me into the boots and zipped them up, and then posed for the camera by standing next to me with his arm around my shoulder.

“You’re the most gentlemanly of the guys so far.” I complimented him. “Thank you.”

“You’re the most naked of the girls I’ve hung out with.” He replied, bowing dramatically. I laughed.

“Who’s next?” He asked, stepping back toward the stairs.

“You need to take this off of me if you’re done taking pictures.” I reminded him.

He blushed again. “Are you sure you don’t care?”

“I’m sure.” I said. It was really weird how affectionate I was feeling toward him, standing there in just a thong and knee high boots. It was surreal. I think that’s the best word to describe it.

He knelt and unzipped both boots, lifting my feet to help me out of them. Then he hooked his thumbs into the waist of my thong and pulled it down, lifting each foot and taking it off of me.

“That wasn’t so bad, was it?” I asked him, blushing a bit.

“It wasn’t bad at all. I’m going to have to take sandpaper to my eyes, though. I’m not supposed to be checking you out like that!”

I laughed and took a step away from him, lifting my arms over my head and twirling around in a circle. “Come on, is it so bad to look at me?” I asked, pouting.

“Not at all!” he said. “I just feel guilty!”

I couldn’t help it. I grabbed him without really thinking about it and hugged him. “You’re sweet.” I said.

He blushed, but didn’t respond. We stood awkwardly for a moment, and then he took off, heading down the stairs. “Send Sarah up next!” I called after him as he turned the corner.

Sarah came up a few moments later. She didn’t want to have to do this part, but I insisted. “Why would I want to dress you up?” she asked me snidely.

“Doesn’t matter. You told me I had to come up with the plan for the night, and this is what I came up with and you approved. Everyone has to play.”

She didn’t argue much. She picked up the boots and smiled snidely. “Here’s your outfit.”

She held the boots while I stepped into them, and then she had me pose bent over, my butt facing the camera, with my pussy spread wide. She stood by my head so that she was in the picture.

Sarah sent Scott upstairs. He was a little nervous, but quickly selected the white transparent side-tie thong and the school girl skirt. He opted to have me lie on my back on the floor and he put the thong on me like a diaper on a baby. It was a little more intimate than I think he was comfortable with – I know we both blushed several times – but he did get it done fairly quickly. Then he had me stand and he pulled the skirt on. He stood behind me with his hands around my waist for the picture. As he was pulling the skirt down and off of me, the thong snagged and one side came untied, leaving it hanging around my thigh. He pulled the string on the other side, apologizing, and went downstairs as I was putting everything back on the table.

Tiffany came excitedly up the stairs. She selected absolutely nothing for my outfit, but instead kissed and made out with me for about 5 minutes, turning me on incredibly. She selected a special pose for the camera, and ended up taking 4 sets of 3 pictures with the timer. She left me giggling as I stood in the center of the room, my pussy dripping wet and extremely turned on.

Tom came up the stairs a minute or so later and caught me masturbating. He pulled my hand away from my pussy and kissed me, which did nothing to calm me down. He decided to put the school girl skirt on me, which he did with a lot more touching than was necessary. I was so incredibly turned on when he lifted me into his arms for the picture. For the second set of pictures he lifted me like a cheerleader, with his hands supporting me under my butt. The difference being that I wasn’t wearing panties and two of his fingers were buried to the second knuckle in my dripping pussy. He almost dropped me when I came on his hand.

He took the skirt off of me and went to go wash up. I called and ordered a couple of pizzas, and the guy said it would take about 40 minutes. Not too bad.

I donned my black thigh-highs and belt again and called everyone upstairs. “It’s time to look at the pictures we all took!” I announced. “And I ordered pizza. It should be here by about 8:00.”

I think the guys might have been more excited about the pizza than the pictures. I think I might have been a little bit hurt by that! I plugged my camera into the front inputs on the TV with Curt’s help and started the slide-show mode on the camera. It showed each picture for about 3 seconds and then transitioned to the next.

Everyone was whooping and cat-calling as the different pictures came up on the screen. The others seemed impressed with Curt’s inventiveness in having me flashing him for the pictures, but then made fun of Justin for being unoriginal. When the pictures came to Tiffany’s the room exploded with noise.

If you recall, she had elected that I would wear nothing for her. She had also taken her clothes off, so in the first set of pictures her boobs were barely covered by her own hands and my hand was covering her pussy. In the next picture she was standing kind of behind me and to the side. My body was covering her left boob, and my arm was raised so that my open palm hid her right boob. Her hip was exposed quite a bit, but her pussy was hidden behind me.

In the third set of pictures she was facing me, and everyone could see her bare butt. I was sitting on the couch in front of her with my legs spread wide, and everything visible. The fourth and final set of pictures she took of us had us sideways. We were locked in a kiss, and I had one hand on the boob closest to the camera and the other on her pussy. I was standing a little askew so I wasn’t facing her directly but turned slightly toward the camera. The breast closest the camera was fully visible, and a little of the top of the slit of my pussy was seen.

The noise everyone was making continued through the first couple pictures of Tom’s, and started again when they saw his hand buried inside my pussy. The skirt had pulled up when he lifted me, so everything was quite visible.

We watched the slide show 3 times, and then watched the Tiffany and Tom pictures a few more times before I unhooked the camera. I went to the kitchen to get everyone sodas, and Tiffany followed me in. “Everyone seemed to like our pictures together.” She giggled.

“Why wouldn’t they?” I quipped back. “Two naked chicks making out? What’s not to like?”

We laughed for a moment before I busted her. “We’re alone together and you haven’t tried to undress me. I get something else back.”

She tried to argue but I walked briskly back into the family room with her following at a trot. It seems like the whole room figured out what was going on as I walked in. Tiffany knew and approved the plan for what order I would dress, but still didn’t want to be the cause of me putting anything on.

“Now, calm down, everyone!” I called, raising my hands. “I learned a little something from how everyone played dress up with me. I kept a running tally, and the most popular items were the boots, the skirt, and the transparent thong. No one really seems to like it when I cover my boobs. 2 people put the transparent shirt on me, so they could still see everything. The 2 people who put the t-shirt on me made me flash them my boobs for the pictures.”

Everyone was unusually silent, waiting for what I was going to tell them.

“So it seems that I was wrong about the thigh-high stockings being popular with everyone. Only…” I consulted the tally again, “… only 1 person picked the black ones and 1 picked the white ones.”

“So what I’m going to wear, now that I am supposed to have 3 things instead of just my 2, is I’m going to wear my knee socks again, and the boots, and my belt. That way my feet won’t sweat in the boots.”

I bent at the waist per my agreement with Sarah and Tiffany and pulled the stockings down and then off. I put them back on the table and grabbed the socks, which I pulled on, and then the boots. The socks stopped about 2 inches below the top of the boots, so you couldn’t see them.

“When the pizza comes, I’m going to answer the door. I’m going to be wearing the school-girl skirt and this shirt.” I said, picking up the button-down shirt that they had cut the buttons off of. “I’d like to put it on now so I’m ready when the pizza gets here.”

No one argued so I pulled the skirt on, shimmying it down and into place once I had it zipped, and then put the shirt on, tying it below my boobs. It showed a lot of cleavage and the skirt was obscenely short, but I was covered. The boots really helped to make me look like a whore. Everyone agreed I should take the belt off. It’s funny, but I was more nervous about answering the door for the pizza wearing this outfit than I was about what I had already done.

We hung around joking and laughing for a while. The guys kept suggesting that I untie the shirt, or “accidentally” drop the money on the floor and bend over to pick it up when the pizza guy gets there. They were all having a good laugh about my nervousness.

The doorbell rang and my heart started racing. I took a deep breath and admonished the group to “shut the hell up!” and I went to the door.

It wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. The delivery person was an older guy, mid 20’s I’d guess, and although he smiled when he saw me, he didn’t say anything, and didn’t prolong the time he’d stand there. He took the money, gave me the change, and accepted the $3 I handed back as a tip without real comment.

“You kids have fun.” He smiled as he was ready to walk away. That was the worst of it. I blushed when he said that, but he didn’t see me.

Everyone broke out in laughter as soon as the door was closed. Tiffany took the pizzas from me, and they all agreed that I could keep my outfit on while we ate. We took the food out to the pool deck and ate at the two tables by the indoor pool. In less than 20 minutes, all of the pizza was gone, and most of the guys had gone through at least 2 drinks, which I had run and gotten for everyone. I only got 2 pieces of pizza. I wasn’t starving any more, but I could have put away 3 that night with all of the nervous energy I had expended.

When we were done eating and I had cleaned up the tables, thrown away the garbage and cleaned the dishes, I stopped in the family room and picked up my folder with the printout for the evening’s plans. Before heading back out to the pool deck I stripped off the shirt and skirt and put the belt back on. This received cheers when I walked back out.

I announced that we could play games, go swimming, or move on to the last activity I had planned. Chris overruled everyone and said we should go play more games downstairs, and we could swim later.

Curt, Justin and Frank wanted to know what the last activity I had planned was, but I wouldn’t tell. We went downstairs and I asked Curt, Justin and Frank to help me put the clothes away. The outfits were still spread out on the table in the family room, where everyone had dressed me up earlier. They were eager to help, since it gave them an excuse to stay with the virtually naked girl. I made no effort to cover myself, and they made no effort to be quick at all about putting the clothes back in the bag I had brought them in.

“I have to pee. I’ll meet you guys downstairs.” I sad when we were finally done cleaning everything up.

“Is it true that you’ve let some of the guys watch you pee?” asked Justin shyly.

I looked at him for a minute before answering. “Yeah, I guess so.” I said quietly.

He and Curt exchanged glances. Frank excused himself and headed downstairs, leaving me alone with Justin and Curt.

“I’ll let one of you watch. The other one can watch later.” I said, knowing the question that was sure to follow. “I have a hard time peeing in front of people.”

Curt and Justin looked at each other excitedly. For a moment they argued over who could go first.

“Justin is first.” I said, immediately silencing their bickering.

“Why does he get to go first?” asked Curt, sounding more like a child than a high school freshman.

“Because he had the guts to ask.” I replied.

Curt opened his mouth to argue, but closed it without saying anything. He sulked off to the basement while I turned and headed to the bathroom.

Justin followed eagerly, and I kept him distracted. “I’ll kind of hover and you kneel down in front of me.” I instructed, positioning myself over the toilet. It worked, and his mind was focused only on what was happening in front of him as I emptied my bladder as he watched, awestruck.

After I wiped I walked back into the family room with him following close behind. “So according to the sheet, you guys liked the skirt and the see through thong best. Which one should I put on?” I asked, causing some momentary confusion.

“What? Wait! That’s not fair!” He said loudly. “You were peeing. I couldn’t undress you while you were peeing!”

“You could have done it before I peed, or afterwards. You were alone with me and didn’t even try. You forgot. Admit it.”

He turned red; obviously concerned about the crap that he would catch when I came down with more clothes on.

“So what’s it going to be? The thong or the skirt?” I asked again.

He tried to argue again, but finally gave in. “Can we let everyone else decide?” he asked, obviously unwilling to make more mistakes.

I pulled both out of the bag and carried them downstairs, Justin following.

I explained the situation to everyone, and they were all a little upset, but settled on the skirt. I put it on and almost immediately Tiffany said “Flash me your pussy.”

I looked at her and then lifted the front of my skirt.

“So we can still see everything.” She told everyone. “So that’s nice.”

Everyone laughed at her joke. Curt kept asking me to flash him, and Justin was too ashamed to say anything.

We played games – pool, pinball, darts, air hockey – for about an hour, and then Justin asked if we could go swimming.

We all went upstairs and the guys headed up to the bedrooms to change into their suits. Tiffany and Sarah took turns in the bathroom out by the pool. I just stripped off the skirt, belt, boots and socks and hung out by the pool and waited for everyone to come back.

The nice thing for me was that the wet suits on the guys did little to hide their excitement, so I could really appreciate how much they enjoyed seeing me naked all night.

Some of the guys were making quite the effort to hide themselves from me, but a few of the others seemed almost proud of it. I noticed Sarah and tiffany were looking at the same things I was, and I confirmed afterwards that they were very distracted by all the bulging swim shorts.

I raced Chris again, and this time I beat him. I beat Tiffany, too. Ryan didn’t want to race – I think he was a bit embarrassed to get out of the pool. I was still embarrassed to be naked in front of everyone, but they didn’t seem to stare as much when they were in their swim suits, so it was almost like getting a rest.

After a while in the pool I was sent to the kitchen to grab some bottled waters for everyone. It took 2 trips, and I noticed that none of the guys wanted to get out of the pool to help.

I decided to stop swimming at this point, and dried off with a towel that Chris had brought out for me. I wrapped it around myself and sat in one of the chairs for a few minutes. Justin whispered something to Tiffany, and she whispered something back to him. He got out of the pool and walked with his hands covering his crotch to get a towel. Keeping his back to the room, he dried off quickly and then wrapped the towel thickly around his waist, then walked over to me.

“Tiffany says that you shouldn’t be allowed to cover up with the towel.”

“Were you tattling on me?” I asked him.

He blushed and looked to Tiffany, who was watching from the edge of the pool. She just nodded and made a “be strong” face, and he turned back to me.

“I just asked her what she thought.” He said. “And she agreed with me. You shouldn’t be covering up.”

“Fine, I said, standing up.”

“Wait!” he said, holding out his hand and forcing me back to my seat. By now the rest of the guys had noticed something was going on and were all gathering around the edge of the pool by Tiffany, still in the water.

I looked at him, slightly amused. “What am I waiting for?”

“Since you’re breaking the rules, I think I should get to take the towel off of you.” He said, blushing slightly.

Thinking this was no big deal, I stood back up. “No problem.” I said.

“Stand on the chair!” Called Tiffany from the pool.

“I thought I was in charge tonight!” I called back.

“Fine. You are in charge. You broke the rules, so you need to be punished. You decide what your punishment should be. If it’s not good enough, Sarah and I will make you do it again.” She called back.

I blushed as I realized what this meant. I had to come up with something good. If I came up with something too easy, I’d have to do 2 or 3 things – or more – until they were satisfied that what I did was sufficiently hard. I’d rather do one really humiliating thing than do 3 or 4 mildly humiliating things and then one big one.

I stood silent, my brain thinking of a hundred different things, until Tiffany called out again. “Get on with it already!”

“Okay.” I said, still trying to figure out exactly what I was going to do. “Hang on a second.”

I pulled another chair over and stood straddling them so my legs were just a little wider than my shoulders.

“Everyone get out of the pool!” I called, keeping the towel on for now. “Chris, come here for a minute!”

All of the guys got out of the pool and walked awkwardly to the towels, trying to keep their erections hidden. Chris put his towel around his waist and walked over to me. I leaned down and whispered in his ear, Justin straining to hear. Chris quickly figured out what was going to happen and went off to comply with my request.

“Justin, you can take my towel off of me. I want everyone else to line up behind Justin.” I said.

The guys fell into a sort-of line while Justin eagerly stripped the towel off of me.

“We’re going to have a limbo contest.” I announced, blushing furiously. “I’ll be the limbo pole.”

Just then Chris found the correct song in the music jukebox and the song “Limbo Rock” started playing. Everyone laughed.

With Tiffany’s help we finally got started, and everyone limboed between the chairs and under my legs. Once everyone had gone I had Chris and Justin pull the chairs apart, spreading my legs farther and lowering my crotch and butt for the next pass. On the third time through Rick, Scott and Allan touched the floor with their hands and were “out”. Ryan was surprisingly flexible, and he, Tiffany and Sarah were the last three standing 4 rounds later when I complained that they couldn’t pull the chairs farther apart without me falling. I was almost doing the splits.

Tiffany insisted on one more round and they pushed the chairs a little closer together to ease the strain on my ligaments and muscles and all of them did one more round of the limbo under my spread crotch. The only up side was that Tiffany and Sarah agreed that it was good enough, and didn’t even joke about making me do something more.

Since Tiffany, Sarah and Ryan were the winners, I called them forward. Sarah and Tiffany both said that they would allow Ryan to be the sole winner, so I asked him to collect my clothes and dress me, as much as that entailed.

He shyly walked off and returned with my socks, boots, skirt and belt. He looked at me imploringly, still embarrassed and apprehensive about this whole thing. The bulge in the front of his towel told me that he did, however, enjoy the view. I had moved so that I was standing only on one chair. He helped me to step into my socks and then boots, and then pulled my skirt on. He helped me step down from the chair, adjusted my skirt at my request, and then put the belt around my waist.

The rest of the guys wandered back upstairs to dress, and Tiffany and Sarah went off to the bathrooms to do the same. I fixed my hair and makeup in the powder room off the kitchen. Curt was the first person back downstairs, and found me in the bathroom.

“You have to get undressed because we’re alone.” He announced.

“Can it wait?” I said, a little irritated. “I’m trying to fix my hair.”

“If you don’t, then you’re breaking the rules again.”

“Fine. Go ahead, then.” I said a little frustrated.

He eagerly unzipped my skirt, pulling it to the floor. The belt came next, and then he knelt directly in front of me, staring at my pussy as he unzipped each boot. He finally had me lift my feet and he pulled the skirt, boots and socks off of each foot. He stayed in the bathroom and watched me fix my hair, and a couple of other people wandered up.

“Why’s she naked again?”

Curt explained, and received congratulations for remembering.

“Can everyone leave now?” I asked. “I have to pee.”

“I get to watch. You said!” said Curt.

I rolled my eyes and shut the door, closing Curt and I in the bathroom. I squatted over the bowl as Curt knelt in front of me, and I again emptied my bladder with an audience.

After I finished I gathered up my clothes and walked out into the kitchen, where most everyone else had gathered. I pulled on the skirt, belt, socks and boots.

“It’s only 10:30!” announced Sarah, dressed in her jeans and sweatshirt once again, her hair mostly dry and her makeup refreshed. “Let’s see what this final activity you have planned for us is all about!”

I blushed, remembering that I still had the finale to go. Tiffany and Sarah had insisted that things get harder as the night went on, and they had also been insistent that people be allowed to touch me. At least as much as had been allowed in the past, so this was the tough one.

Everyone gathered in the family room again, and we moved the large coffee table out of the way, opening up the area in front of the U-shaped sofa group, where I stood. “This last activity of the night,” I read, “is kind of like the anatomy lesson that I’ve given. The only thing is that this time you’ll be giving the lesson using me as the model.” I felt my face flush red as I read the words out loud. The guys all started to talk at once.

“So I’m going to play the DVD again to remind you all of everything, and then we’ll go around the room and everyone will pick a body part out of the hat.” I said.

I had made up 4 sets of “anatomy cards” as I called them. Tiffany and Sarah had approved of it. I thought there were going to be 8 guys, and there are 4 body parts – legs, butt, boobs, pussy – so I figured I could make up 4 sets, and there would be a chance that there’d be 3 legs shows and no pussy show. They approved the multiple sets with a stacked deck caveat. I was allowed 4 boobs and 4 pussy, 3 butts, and only 1 legs.

The cards were numbered, as well. 1 through 12, along with each body part.

I played the DVD, and everyone paid attention to the anatomy lesson. When the DVD ended I ejected it and put it away, and pulled out the index cards that I’d made up. They were all folded into quarters and in a small makeup pouch I no longer used. I walked around the room and let everyone pick a card. Sarah declined, as I knew she would, but Tiffany drew, along with the guys.

I had made the cards with a number, a body part, and then a specific thing about that body part. Some were the same, some were different.

When all was said and done, they drew in the following order.

1. Legs. Rick

2. Butt. Tom

3. Boobs. Justin

4. Pussy. Rob

5. Butt. Scott

6. Boobs. Chris

7. Pussy. Ryan

8. Butt. Allan

9. Boobs. Curt

10. Pussy. Frank

11. Boobs. Not picked.

12. Pussy. Tiffany

I think that Tiffany cheated somehow, but I didn’t watch her. I think she traded with someone to ensure that she had my pussy and was last. I knew I was in trouble with that. She still hasn’t admitted to it, although she won’t come right out and deny it, either.

So I called the person with the number 1 card forward. Rick came up and I had him take my boots and socks off. He lamely described my legs to everyone, and at my instruction (because Tiffany and Sarah made sure to tell me to do so before hand) I had him run his hands all over my legs.

Tom was next with my butt. The note on the card said “cheeks and butt hole”, which meant that was supposed to be his focus. He turned my back to the group and slowly slid the skirt off of me. The belt was hanging over my hips, so he pulled that off of me, too, leaving me totally naked once again. He bent me forward and positioned my feet so that my butt was fully on display, as well as both the butt hole and my pussy. He then proceeded to talk about my butt while caressing it with his hands, and he finished with my hole, which is lightly caressed with his fingers, causing it to pucker and everyone to laugh.

Justin was next and had to describe my boobs. He seemed a little bummed until I reminded him that he was supposed to touch them in order to properly describe and show them. He found dozens of silly things to say about my boobs, all the while rubbing, caressing and pinching them.

Finally he was done and it was on to Rob and the first pussy show of the night. Rob’s card said “general outer pussy and pee hole”, indicating his focus. He tried several different positions for me before deciding to move me onto the couch. He displaced a couple of guys and had me sit on the edge of the couch with my legs spread as far as they would go. He then proceeded to describe my pussy in great detail. I had to remind him that he was supposed to touch the areas he was describing, which made both he and I blush. He allowed his fingers to gently trace around the outside of my pussy as he described it again, and then he tried to find my pee hole. He ended up having to pull my lips apart with his fingers in order to find it, and then hold them that way while everyone took a close look. It was really humiliating, and I felt extremely uncomfortable. It was bad enough when I had to do it myself, but having him do it was just really weird.

Sarah thought it was funny. I guess we’re all a little weird. I don’t mind sharing my boyfriend with Tiffany, and Sarah doesn’t mind her boyfriend getting his hands all up in my business, if you catch my meaning.

Scott was next up with my butt. The card said “cheeks and how the pussy is visible from behind” on it, which was another request of Tiffany’s when I was making up this game. He was a bit nervous and didn’t touch much until I once again had to remind him that he was supposed to. He kept his touching to a minimum, and then had me bend over so that my pussy became visible. He found that in several different poses you could see my pussy from behind, so he had me do each one. Standing and just kind of sticking out my butt worked. Bent over worked. Half bent over. Standing with my legs spread wide and pushing my butt up a little bit worked.

Tiffany pointed out that I was getting wet, and then reminded Scott that he’s supposed to be touching as he points things out. He blushed slightly, but allowed his fingers to touch the outer part of my pussy as he pointed it out in the final pose.

Chris was next with my boobs again. He sat me on the arm of the couch on one end of the U, so my legs were spread over it. He leaned me back a bit and talked about my boobs, nipples and areola, touching and caressing the whole time. The guys seemed to be getting bolder as this went on. Sarah and Tiffany were just giggling the whole time.

Ryan was next, and was very apprehensive coming up. He whispered “I’m sorry” to me as he stood next to me. I tried to give him an encouraging smile, but was kind of nervous myself. For some reason, having him touch me was going to seem weirder – I think because I knew how much he didn’t want to. Because he seemed to respect me more. Not that I don’t’ think my other friends don’t respect me, but it’s a different kind of respect. They seem to respect me, but have no problem humiliating me and stuff in the name of fun. Ryan has a general respect for all women that I get just because I was born without a penis. It’s different – somehow a little sweeter and more innocent. So I felt like he was about to give me his innocence. I know that probably sounds stupid, but that’s how it felt.

I took the card from him and read it. I already knew what it said, but I hoped I was wrong. I wasn’t. It said ““general outer pussy and clit”. I handed it back to him and whispered, “How do you want me to pose?”

I think he had resigned himself to doing this. I think he was getting a bit of peer pressure because the other guys, even the younger ones, were all into this whole thing, and he probably felt like he was the only one who had a problem with it. “Why don’t you lay back on the arm of the chair like you just were?” he said, a little flustered. I saw sweat forming on his brow, indicating just how nervous he really was.

I quickly got into position. For the first time I was more concerned about making him less nervous than I was about exposing myself to a bunch of guys. It was kind of weird – I didn’t think about it at the time, but afterward I realized it. He knelt next to me and I heard unsteadiness and unease in his voice as he spoke. I couldn’t watch, and just stared at the ceiling.

“You can see that she keeps herself shaved.” I felt his fingers lightly graze my pubic area above my pussy. “She’s a swimmer, so she doesn’t want hairs showing around her suit, I guess. So then, um, there are her, um, lips, and stuff, and it’s all kind of nice.” He stammered. Everyone laughed when he said “kind of nice”, and even I broke a smile. I lifted my head and looked at him. His flop sweat was worse, and he was still flushed red (or maybe again).

“Just get to the clit and we’ll be done.” I whispered. I knew a couple of other guys heard me, but most of them were gathered behind him, so I don’t think everyone did.

“Um, and this up here at the top part is her clit.” He said.

“Point it out to us.” Said Tiffany.

I glared at her, and Ryan looked helplessly at me. I smiled at him and nodded encouragingly. His hand was actually shaking a little bit as he lightly touched my clit with his index finger. “It’s right here.” I was already turned on and a little wet, and the contact sent a shiver through me, and I felt my clit erect a bit under his finger, which he kept in place.

Once everyone had taken the opportunity for the free show, he removed his hand. I sat up and whispered “thank you” to him. I think he was confused, but he smiled weakly back at me.

Allan was next. I took his card from him and read it. “Firmness of cheeks, area between pussy and butt hole”. That was another of Tiffany’s ideas. It ensured that everyone would get a good view of everything, but wouldn’t seem repetitive.

Allan seemed a little nervous, too, but not nearly as much as Ryan had been. He had me stand with my back to the room again. “She’s a swimmer and I think she runs, too, and you can tell she lifts weights. Her butt is really firm.” He said. To emphasize the point, he roughly grabbed my butt and then let go quickly, so it wiggled for a second. “See? It barely wiggles.” He said. I think he was less nervous than I had originally thought. He slapped a cheek to emphasize the point. I felt my face flush, and I wondered if my whole body was blushing. I was afraid to look down.

“Now I’m supposed to…” he paused while he looked at the card again, “… talk about the area between her pussy and her ass hole.”

I noticed he used the much more vulgar term. I hate that term. I wrote it here only as I quoted him, and was uncomfortable with that!

“Spread your legs a bit and bend at the waist.” He instructed, pushing the small of my back into position as he did.

I complied, but a little stiffly. When I was in position I was able to see the rest of the group from between my legs. He suddenly moved directly behind me to look closely. “Um, so there’s about an inch, inch and a half of skin between her two holes,” he said, talking directly into my butt. “And it looks kind of pinkish. Pinker than the skin on her butt, but not as pink as her pussy. And…” he poked it with a finger, tentatively at first, then a little harder, “… it’s kind of soft.”

He moved aside so everyone could get a good look. Tiffany and Sarah were almost on the floor laughing as I was bright red. I could blame part of it on the fact that my upper body was upside down, but not all of it!

Once everyone took a good look (Ryan, I noticed, actually did come forward for this one), it was on to Curt and my boobs again. Curt was less elegant and well spoken, and basically used it as an excuse to feel me up. But I suppose that was the point that Tiffany and Sarah had in mind, or at least partially. Embarrass me by letting a freshman feel me up.

Frank was next, and was supposed to do my pussy (so to speak). His card said “general outer pussy and actual hole.” This was Tiffany’s idea, too.

Frank walked up to me and I couldn’t help but notice that his jeans were tented quite a bit in front. Maybe I was just noticing it, or maybe he was excited about what was coming. He decided to have me lay on the floor with my knees bent and my feet flat on the floor, about shoulder width apart. He sat between my legs and described how I was hairless, using the excuse to run his fingers around the entire area. Then he paused to look at the card, as if it was a way to blame the card for what he was about to do, rather than taking responsibility for it himself.

“And I’m supposed to talk about and show you all her, um, actual hole.” He said softly. “It’s where a dick would go for, like, sex.” I actually had to suppress a giggle. Tiffany and Sarah both laughed out loud. The guys just pushed in closer behind him to get a better look as he put a finger inside me. I closed my eyes, not believing that this was happening. He pushed his finger in and out a couple of times, probably under the impression that it would feel really good to me. I could hear my wetness in his motions. It was so humiliating to be this turned on by what was happening.

Finally he finished his show and Tiffany asked that both frank and I stay as we were as she bounded forward. Her card, I knew, had no special instructions. It contained only the number 12 and the word “pussy”.

“I get to show you guys her pussy, too, so I figured I’d let Frank help me!” She said happily. “Frank, could you move to the side. Leave your hand where it is.”

She helped him move so that he was kneeling on my left side, his finger still buried in me. I couldn’t believe that she was doing this. She even moved his hand so that it was not blocking me from everyone else’s view. She then instructed him on how to rub the top inner wall of my pussy to stimulate me best. It was nice, in a horrible way.

She then reminded everyone about my clit, and a couple of seconds later Frank’s stimulation on my g-spot had the desired effect. My clit fully erected and popped out of the hood, untouched. Everyone made and involuntary “ooohh!” sound, and I knew just what had happened. Tiffany then licked a finger and lightly caressed right around the clit, forcing a moan from my lips. She instructed Frank to keep up with what he was doing, and she increased the stimulation on my clit until I started to buck my hips slightly in response.

She knows me well, so she could tell when I was getting close to orgasm. She slowed things down a bit, and instructed Frank to do the same. She waited for a moment, and then slowly increased her ministrations. She did this four different times, until my arousal was insanely high. The crowd around me was either pretty quiet, or I was so in a zone that I had tuned them out. I heard her ask Frank to remove his finger, and then she said “now watch what happens.” A few seconds later I came. I came really hard. I locked my hips and it was incredible.

Tiffany was telling everyone how the muscles in my pussy were contracting with my orgasm, and that the biological design of that was to milk the sperm out of the guy’s penis inside me. I felt so stupid, laying there, still having aftershocks, while she was being all clinical about what my pussy was doing. And I had just come in front of all of my guy friends, AGAIN!

With that event over, I was allowed to “dress” again. I put on my socks, boots, skirt and belt. I went into the kitchen to get a drink, and Allan joined me, followed a few seconds later by Tiffany. “You’re a good sport.” She said to me, and she kissed me while caressing my boob.

Allan just kind of watched, a little bit in awe.

“It’s all just in fun, you know.” She said to Allan. “There’s nothing wrong with it. I know you think we’re weird.” She said.

I felt a little uncomfortable. Tiffany was trying to defend our group to Allan while I stood there wearing slutty platform, knee-high boots and a school girl skirt that was so short you could see part of my butt, topless.

“I don’t know if I’ll ever really get it, but I don’t think you guys are all that bad.” He said to her, but looking at me. “It’s certainly unusual, but you guys were right. It works.”

“We all love her. It’s not mean or anything.” Tiffany replied.

“I know. I can tell she likes it, as much as she might protest.”

I blushed at that statement. I didn’t want him to think that I was the victim of a gang blackmailing or something, but I wasn’t really happy thinking of it in terms of me enjoying it. I liked to think of it as something that I did grudgingly, but in the spirit of fair play and being a good sport.

“I don’t hate it, but I’m not sure I LIKE it.” I said.

“Right. You get that turned on from stuff that’s okay. I’d hate to see how hard you’d come if you enjoyed something!”

I flushed dark red from head to toe. I couldn’t believe that Allan just talked that bluntly about my orgasm.

“She gets turned on from people touching her all night.” Replied Tiffany, her voice going a little snide on him. “Just because she came hard when I fingered her doesn’t mean that she loves running around naked all night.”

“I’m not sure if I could come in a room full of people. That’s all I’m saying.” He replied.

“Maybe next weekend. We’ll get 10 girls together and you can jerk off for us.” She said quickly.

He threw up his hands and laughed. “I’m not trying to start anything. I was just saying. You know? I was just saying that it works for you guys. I’m not sure if I’m into it, is all.”

“Just don’t you dare judge her.”

“I’m not judging anyone! Sarah likes volleyball, and I’m not that big a fan. It doesn’t mean I judge her. We’re just different, you know?”

“Can we talk about something else? I feel weird with you guys arguing about my nudity while I’m standing here almost naked.” I said.

They both laughed. Tiffany moved to stand behind me and put a hand on each of my boobs. “Now you’re wearing a skirt and a hand-bikini. He can’t see anything!” she said, still laughing.

“That’s almost sexier than topless.” Replied Allan, openly staring at us. “Almost.”

Tiffany laughed and quickly moved her hands away then back, flashing him my boobs.

“Again!” he laughed.

Tiffany dropped her hands to my stomach and hugged me from behind, then moved them back.

“I thought you weren’t into it. So why are you staring at her boobs?”

“I didn’t say she wasn’t hot. I just don’t get how Tom doesn’t care that all of us guys are checking out her body. Touching her. Stuff like that. I don’t get how you and her are dating each other and Tom and stuff. I don’t get how Sarah and Rob are supposed to be a couple, but Sarah thinks it’s funny when Rob plays grab-ass… or grab-tit… with her. If I had a girlfriend I could totally not come to a party like this. That’s what I’m not into. That’s what I don’t get.”

“So you don’t think I’m a whore?” I said meekly.

“No! Is that what you guys thought? Oh, my God! I’m sorry! No! I just meant I don’t get the whole… whatever. I don’t get how no one kicks anyone’s butt over this.”

“Well, it’s hard to explain.” I said slowly. “I fell in love with Tom last summer. I had a crush on him for a while, and being naked gave me courage. And he was so sweet. So I kind of went for it. And he did, too. So we became a couple. And he liked seeing me naked all the time, and it just kind of was like that. It was his two best friends. No biggie. They had seen me naked before we got together. Then Tiffany and I… I don’t know…”

Tiffany picked it up here. “She was so cute. A combination of incredible courage, but so vulnerable. She really trusted us all. And at first I was getting naked at the parties, too. I was so much more nervous than she was. And she was so nice to me. Took the heat off of me when it was too much, you know?”

“And she was so damned sexy. I didn’t think I liked girls, you know, but I just was infatuated with her body.” I said, looking over my shoulder. She still had her hands covering my boobs. “At first it was too weird, but then it felt so comfortable, and I was so relieved that she wasn’t weird about it. I felt guilty, though. I was kind of cheating on Tom.” I looked at the floor, feeling a pang of guilt, even though Tom had never gotten mad about it. “And then she kissed Tom, and it felt right. And we’re all okay with it, and no one feels guilty. I can’t explain why. I get to be with Tom, and I get to be with Tiffany. And she gets to be with me, and her and Tom get to be with each other, and it’s just nice.”

“It’s very nice. Especially when all 3 of us can be together.” Tiffany agreed, hugging around my waist again.

“Stop staring at my boobs, you perv!” I joked, catching Allan’s gaze locked on my chest.

He blushed, and Tiffany said “Yeah, stare at her pussy for a change!” and she lifted the front of my skirt as high as it would go. Involuntarily, I screamed.

We all started laughing, and the tension in the room disappeared. I went to the bathroom while Tiffany and Allan got drinks. I looked at myself in the mirror and decided to take my belt off. It looked kind of stupid with the skirt.

It was right around midnight. I walked out to the family room where everyone was gathered. Justin and Curt were fading, I could tell, but no one wanted to go to sleep yet.

“Am I allowed to get dressed yet?” I asked Tiffany quietly, off to the side.

“I’m enjoying the view too much.” She replied, twirling me around. “I’m going to vote no.”

Tom walked over just then. “You did a great job tonight, babe.” He said to me. “You’re very brave with this. I love it.”

I blushed but hugged him. Tiffany hugged us both. “Can you believe she wanted to get dressed?” Tiffany asked him.

“She wanted to do a strip show for us in the middle of the room?” Tom replied.

“That’s what she said to me!” Tiffany said, smiling. “She asked me to put on the music for her!” She ran off to find Chris to ask for a specific song.

I sighed and kissed Tom. “You’re a butthead, you know that?”

“I’ve heard that somewhere, but at least I get to see you naked.” He said, and he kissed me back.

Chris put on a Kanye West song – Gold Digger – and I announced to everyone that I wanted to dance for everyone. Tom smiled at me when I said it was my idea.

I started dancing and I asked everyone “Do you want me to strip out of everything, or should I leave the boots on?”

Only two or three guys responded, but Tom and Rob both said “leave them on!” so I told everyone that I would. No one complained.

About a minute in to the song, I unzipped the skirt and quickly closed my legs. The skirt fell immediately to the floor, and I stepped out of it, kicking it toward Tiffany. Sarah whispered to Rob, and a few seconds later he held up a dollar, waving me over. I danced over to him and Sarah told me that he was paying for a lap dance. I started to give him a lap dance and Sarah took the dollar from his hand. I was kind of grinding on his lap with my hips, my boobs right there in his face, when Sarah pointed out that Frank now had a dollar. I knew it was the same dollar, but I played along.

The dollar passed around the room a few times, and I ended up dancing to 4 full songs, most of that time spent either on someone’s lap, or dancing between guys (or Tiffany). I was getting a little sweaty so I put a stop to it finally.

I suggested that we go swimming again. Only Curt, Justin and Scott thought that sounded fun. Tom suggested that I could swim with them, and everyone else would just hang out by the pool. Scott backed out, so just Curt and Justin put on their suits and I took off my boots and socks. This was not the outcome I had hoped for.

Justin and Curt were back downstairs and out by the pool pretty quickly. I didn’t really want to swim, so I just kind of stood in the shallow end of the pool. Even though they’d seen me all night, the two of them still put on masks and snorkels so they could check me out under water. I gave them a thrill by standing with my legs spread wider, and let them swim between them. After about 20 minutes I was able to escape the water without argument. They stayed in for a few minutes, then got out themselves.

Tiffany had unilaterally decided that I didn’t need to dress again, and I was too tired to argue, so I just sat on top of my towel on my chair.

About half an hour later we all decided to head off to bed. Rob and Sarah were sharing a room, and Tiffany, Rob and I got the same room we’d had last time.

Sex was really good that night. Sex with Tiffany and sex with Tom. And watching Tiffany and Tom together. It was all wonderful. The next morning I talked Tiffany into breaking in to Sarah and Rob’s room to wake them up. Too late – they were already up… and doing it… when we both walked in there naked. It was actually pretty funny.

Sarah’s birthday had come and gone, and Tom’s was fast approaching. Mine is still about 5 weeks away. Everyone had been kind to Sarah on her birthday, with our circle of friends expanding. Most of the guys went in on a speaker system for her iPod, which had to be a $300 gift. It sounded awesome in her room, and she was thinking about getting rid of her stereo and CD player. It had batteries, so she could even bring it to other rooms in the house or outside to play music. I gave her an outfit from Abercrombie – jeans, a long-sleeve t-shirt and a pullover. I wanted to keep it myself, but that’s not what birthday presents are all about, is it?

Tiffany and Tom had gone in together and gave her a $100 gift card to iTunes. Her parents gave her money and gift cards to a couple of stores. No car for Sarah. We didn’t really think she would get one, but it was fun to fantasize about it.

I came home from our after-school workout about a week after the last party at Chris and Curt’s house. Tiffany had driven me home, and she was going to stay for dinner. The weather was getting nicer, and the days were getting longer, and that was nice. We had lifted weights really quickly and then gone outside to run on the track around the football field. It’s so nice to get outside and run again. There was a car I recognized in Sarah’s driveway, but I couldn’t quite place it.

“Oh, my God!” said Tiffany after a few seconds. “I think that’s Allan’s car!”

“No, he was driving that red truck.” I replied. This was a blue pickup truck.

“That’s the same car that was at Chris’s house last time.” She insisted. I hadn’t paid much attention to the cars in the driveway. I was a little nervous that night.

We got out of the car and at almost the same instant Sarah came out of her house, Ryan and his twin sister following closely behind. Sarah ran over to my driveway, while Ryan seemed to hang back a bit. His sister was more bold and walked, or strode, over behind Sarah.

“Ryan and Ronnie came by to talk to you.” Said Sarah, grinning widely. “Can you guys come over for a while?”

Tiffany and I looked at each other as Ronnie walked up. I had seen her before, but I was glad Sarah had said her name. I’m not sure I would have remembered it. I really only knew her brother.

Ronnie was tall, almost the same height as her brother, with the same medium brown hair color and the same green eyes. She plays basketball, so she’s in pretty good shape. She’s probably built like Sarah, which is just a little less cut than Tiffany or me.

We said our hellos and I said we’d be over as soon as I dropped off my book bag and told my mom that we were home. Tiffany waited outside with Ronnie and Sarah. Ryan was still standing in the middle of Sarah’s yard, no longer walking toward us. I went inside with my book bag and called to my mom. “Tiffany and I are here. We’re going to Sarah’s for a few. When’s dinner?”

We had about a half hour before dinner would be ready. I ran back outside and joined the group. They were already inside Sarah’s house, but they had left the door open. Sarah’s parents weren’t home yet from work, so we had the house to ourselves. Tiffany had a weird look on her face.

“Ryan told his sister about our party the other weekend.” Blurted Tiffany, laughing a little bit as she did so. “And she thinks it’s hilarious.”

“I think my brother is a liar or a fag.” Ronnie said. “Is it really true?”

I felt my face flush red as I looked to Tiffany and Sarah for guidance.

“Every word of it. I already told you that.” laughed Sarah.

“I want to hear it from Cheryl.” Ronnie replied. “Is it true that you just get naked at these parties?”

I couldn’t believe this. I didn’t know exactly where this was headed, either. “Look, don’t get mad…” I started.

“Who’s mad?” She said, smiling hugely. “I think it’s freaking hilarious! I just want to know if it’s true!”

I blushed again, but said “Yeah, it’s true.”

“So you just hung out naked at this party with 10 guys around, and let them touch your boobs and stuff?” She laughed.

“Yeah.” I was staring at the floor. I still didn’t know where she was going. Did she come over to make fun of me?

She laughed quite a bit when I admitted it. “No freaking way! That’s awesome!”

I was confused, so I just stared at her.

“Was my brother really a wimp?” she asked, still laughing, but not as hard.

“No!” I exclaimed. “He was really nice.”

“He told me he tried not to look, and said you were all embarrassed.”

“Of course I was embarrassed.” I said defensively. “Your brother was very polite and very nice.”

“So he’s a fag.” She said, pushing his shoulder.

“I’m not a fag. I just wasn’t going to stare at her. I mean, she was embarrassed, and it seemed rude.” He said, pushing her back. It was obvious that they had a really close relationship and could joke around together. They were more like friends than any brother and sister I knew.

“You’re a fag. You’ve got some hot naked girl in front of you and you’re looking at her eyes.”

Sarah and Tiffany laughed along with her.

“So I’m confused.” I said finally. “You came over because you didn’t believe him?”

“I came over because I want to know if I can get an invitation next time.” She said, suddenly serious. She was a bit different than Ryan. He was respectful and quiet, and she seemed loud and more “in your face”. She was definitely the Alpha of the two of them.

“What do you mean?” asked Tiffany.

“Well, he told me you guys are, like girlfriends or something.” She said. “I’m not hot for her. I just want to see this, you know?”

“So you want to come to a party to see Cheryl naked?”

“I think it would be fun to help torture my brother. This kind of crap makes him uncomfortable all the time. He hates watching movies with boobs if I’m in the room.” She said.

Ryan blushed a bit, but said nothing.

“What did you have in mind? We need to talk!” Said Tiffany, an evil grin forming on her face.

Ronnie laughed and grinned back. I looked at Ryan. He just rolled his eyes.

“We’ve still got 10 minutes until Cheryl and Tiffany need to be home.” Said Sarah, laughing as well. “Why don’t we put that time to good use?”

“Are you serious?” chuckled Ronnie, looking back and forth between Tiffany, Sarah and me.

“Why not?” Giggled Tiffany.

“You guys…” started Ryan.

“Come on!” I said.

Sarah jumped up and sprinted up the stairs. She was back in less than a minute with her new iPod speakers and iPod. She quickly found the song she was looking for and said to me “Give us a good show!”

I looked to Tiffany, but she simply said “Did you remember to put panties on after your workout?” and she laughed.

“This is freaking awesome!” repeated Ronnie, still a bit unbelieving.

I had, in fact, put my panties back on after running, but not a bra. I was wearing my black low-rise workout pants, blue boy-short panties from Victoria’s Secret that I had worn under my jeans to school, a t-shirt and my gray hoodie. I stood up and started to dance, a bit tentatively at first.

“I said a good show. This is bullshit!” announced Sarah, and she started the song over.

I danced better after I kicked off my running shoes. I was wearing ankle socks, so I used the friction of the carpet to pull them off by just sliding my feet backwards one at a time. I unzipped my hoodie and shrugged it off my shoulders, depositing it on the floor behind me.

“Faster!” Commanded Tiffany. “The song is half over!” Ronnie laughed at that.

I thought for a second or two, and decided to take my pants off first. I pulled them down and stepped out of them, kicking them back with my hoodie.

“Too slow!” Complained Sarah, looking at the display on her iPod. “Only a minute left of the song!” She reached over and restarted the song again.

I glared at her and stopped dancing for a second. “You’ve got 30 seconds to have something else off. I can keep restarting this all day!” she said, glaring back.

Ronnie was beside herself. She thought this was absolutely hilarious. I continued dancing, turned my back to the three of them, and pulled my shirt off.

“She’s not wearing a bra!” shouted Ronnie. I felt myself blush hearing that, but I forced myself to turn to face them, keeping my arms loosely by my sides as I danced.

“Now are you looking?” asked Ronnie to Ryan. “She’s doing this for you, you know.”

Tiffany and Sarah laughed. Ryan seemed to be keeping eye contact with me. Ronnie punched his arm gently.

I hooked my thumbs into my panties and pulled them down and kicked them back with my other clothes, now dancing naked for them.

“Now you’re supposed to look at her pussy.” Said Ronnie, laughingly, to Ryan.

I finished out the song and stood awkwardly.

“This is too freaking funny!” repeated Ronnie. “Look how embarrassed he is!”

Ryan was trying not to look at me, and was a little red. Sarah and Ronnie took his head and aimed it at me, while Tiffany stood behind me, using her hands to highlight my boobs and pussy. I’m not sure who was blushing more, me or Ryan.

Just about that time, we heard the garage door start to open. I quickly dove on my clothes and pulled on my pants, t-shirt and socks. I stuffed my panties in the pocket of my hoodie and was tying my shoes as Sarah’s dad came inside.

“Hey, kids!” he said jovially. “I’m not sure that I know you two!”

Sarah introduced Ryan and Ronnie as friends of mine and Tiffany’s from summer swim camp, and he stayed and chatted for a few minutes before heading upstairs to change before dinner. Tiffany and I had to get home pretty soon, but her dad called downstairs. “Are your friends staying for dinner?”

Ronnie and Ryan looked at each other and shrugged. Ronnie called out “We’d love to. Thank you.”

Tiffany and I went home for dinner, and Sarah finished making their dinner. Her mom got home just as we were walking in the front door.

After we had eaten dinner and I had cleared the table we headed back over to Sarah’s house. She, Ronnie and Ryan were in the basement watching TV, and her parents were upstairs in the family room watching a different show.

Sarah and Tiffany quietly filled Ronnie in on the details of the things they had made me do in the past, and Ronnie thought it was all hilarious. She asked me to flash her brother a couple of times, which I grudgingly did. Then she told me to take off my shirt and hoodie, and just put the hoodie on. I could zip it up if someone came downstairs. I looked to Tiffany for help, but she thought that was a great idea. When I took the hoodie off, Tiffany took it and turned the sleeve right-side out again.

“What’s this?” she said, more to herself than anyone else. She had found my panties in the pocket. “You’re still not wearing panties?” she laughed.

“When exactly was I going to put them back on?” I asked, my t-shirt in my hands but otherwise topless. “During dinner with my parents?”

Everyone ignored me. “She’s not wearing panties?”

“Really?”

Ronnie interrupted. “Ryan, feel her butt for panty lines.”

Frustrated, I turned and presented my butt to him. He quickly ran his hand across my butt and said “She’s not wearing anything.”

“Oh, come on. Get a good feel.” Tiffany said.

“Like this.” Ronnie said, taking his hands and pushing them against and all around my butt and thighs. On her third pass, she hooked her fingers under the waistband of my pants and, using his hands, pulled them down. I squealed and dropped to my knees, pulling my pants back up as I did.

“Stand up and stop being a baby!” Admonished Sarah.

Blushing, I stood back up, and Ronnie moved his hands back in place and pulled them down to my knees. Then she ran his hands all over my bare butt, including in my crack.

“Turn around.” She commanded.

Embarrassed, I shuffled my feet and turned to face him. He was blushing slightly, too. “Now just look. This is as close as you’re going to get to a naked woman until you’re in college and your roommate brings one home.” Ronnie joked.

I stood there for over a minute while he just stared at me. Finally I said “This is stupid. I’m going to get dressed.” But I didn’t move.

“You can pull your pants up and put on your hoodie, but let him see your pussy if he wants to.” Sarah replied.

I quickly pulled up my pants and grabbed my hoodie from Tiffany. I stuffed the panties back into the pocket and was reminded not to zip it up and to leave my boobs visible.

After about 10 minutes Ronnie whispered something to Ryan. He whispered back, and then a few seconds later he turned to me. “Can you please show me your pussy again?”

Blushing once again, I stood and walked in front of him. I pulled my pants down to my knees again and stood there, hands on my hips, for almost a full minute before I was allowed to pull them back up.

Tiffany, Sarah and Ronnie all thought this was just a scream.

During the next commercial break Ronnie whispered to Ryan again. “NO!” he said out loud. She whispered harshly to him. He looked at Tiffany, who went over to hear what they were whispering about. Frank whispered to her, and then Ronnie. Tiffany laughed out loud. “It’s a great idea!”

Ryan, defeated, turned to me. “From now on, I want you to show me your pussy during every commercial.”

“And we don’t want to have to remind you.” Giggled Tiffany. Ronnie loved that add-on.

Sighing, I stood in front of Ryan and dropped my pants again. About a minute and a half later the commercial ended and the show came back on. I pulled my pants back up and sat on the couch. Sarah and Tiffany had moved so now I was sitting next to Ryan. Ronnie took his hand and placed it around my neck, resting on my exposed boob.

A few minutes later the show ended, and commercials started. I stood again and dropped my pants, standing in front of Ryan again.

“Why don’t you pull one leg out and put it on his shoulder. Give him a real show.” Suggested Sarah.

I knew I’d lose an argument about this, so I kicked off my shoes and pulled my right leg out of my pants. I had to lean in and stretch a bit to get into the correct position, but once again Ronnie was beside herself laughing at my exposure and her brother’s embarrassment.

Because we were between TV shows, the commercial break was longer than usual – probably about 5 minutes. My leg was getting sore by the time the next show started. Much to my dismay, the opening minute of the show played, then the opening credits and theme song, and they cut to another commercial. I stood again, and without being asked I pulled the pants off of one leg and put my foot on his shoulder again. More laughter from the three girls.

About 10 minutes later Sarah’s mom called downstairs. “You should send your friends home soon so you can get your homework done and get to bed. Your dad and I don’t want to be up late again tonight.”

Sarah grumbled something and then called her acknowledgement back upstairs. No one was really into the show that was on, so Sarah turned the TV off. They had me stand and pull my pants completely off, then they had me pull the hoodie off.

Ronnie made Ryan give me a hug, and made him grab my butt. I could feel the hardness in his pants as he pressed against me, and it made me smile a little bit.

I pulled on my t-shirt and my pants and then finally my hoodie, and we all went upstairs. “We have to get together more often.” Sarah joked to Ronnie at the door. “This was a lot of fun.”

“A ton of fun.” Agreed Tiffany.

“I want to do this all the time.” Was Ronnie’s reply.

“Bitches. All three of you are bitches.” I said, laughing.

All of us laughed at that comment, and Ronnie replied “You watch how you treat me. I can be very creative.”

Sarah high-fived her at that comment, and after everyone hugged everyone else, Ronnie and Ryan went to their car, and Tiffany and I went home to my house. Tiffany said goodbye to my parents and got in her own car and left.

Sarah and I talked on the phone for a while that night, and Ryan IM’d me to say that he was sorry about his sister.

“No worries.” I texted back. “My girlfriend and my best friend are right there with her, and I forgive them week after week.”

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The following weekend Tom went to visit his sister, who is older and married already. She had just gotten pregnant with her first baby and the family was going to visit her for the weekend. She and her husband have been married about a year and a half, and live in Indianapolis. They met at school and moved to Indianapolis after graduation because that’s where his family is from. They even got married down there. I’ve only met her once over Christmas break.

Rob and Frank were having a poker night with their friends, Rick, Chris and Scott were going to a friend’s house to watch the NCAA tournaments, and Curt and Justin were hanging out with their friends playing laser tag or something. Sunday was Easter, so Saturday night was going to be an early night for everyone.

Friday night Sarah, Tiffany and I had planned a girls’ night, and we were going to go to the mall and spend some of Sarah’s birthday money and gift cards. We were all spending the night at Tiffany’s house; her parents were still not comfortable with her having the car out all night long, but did allow it sometimes. I can’t believe that it snowed again. I really felt like spring was coming. We got about 6 inches of snow after it had been in the 50’s all week. That made her parents even more nervous about her being out with the car. It was just easier if we all went back there. Tiffany came by early and we spent the afternoon hanging out and at the mall. Sarah bought a couple of cute tops and a pair of jeans, but didn’t spend all of her gift cards. We ate at Cheesecake Factory, which is nicer than we normally do, but we all had money and decided to splurge.

We got in the car to go back to Tiffany’s, and we were all talking and laughing, when suddenly I noticed that we weren’t heading to her house. We were actually heading back towards my house.

“Where are we going?” I asked, a bit confused.

“It’s a surprise!” Said Tiffany cryptically. “You’ll find out.”

I’m not sure what I was thinking. I remember going through the checklist in my head. Tom’s out of town, Rick and Scott and Chris are watching basketball. Rob and Frank are playing cards with their friends. I had that uneasy feeling in the pit of my stomach, but I couldn’t think of what they might have planned.

We pulled up at a nicer house in a neighborhood only a few miles from my house. I didn’t know who lived there. It was about 7:30, and getting dark. It had snowed late in the season in Chicago, and a lot of people were still outside shoveling and using their snow blowers. The driveway of the house we pulled up to had been cleared, and the sidewalk was freshly shoveled and salted.

We all got out of the car and the door opened as we started up the sidewalk. Sarah had text messaged that we were there from the car, apparently. Ryan opened the door wide and welcomed us inside. Allan and Ronnie were there, too.

“Hey, guys!” Said Ronnie cheerfully. “C’mon in!”

I looked sharply at Tiffany, but her face was impassive. Just a smile. Sarah was equally unexpressive. I wasn’t sure what was planned, but the nervous feeling in my stomach was much worse. I would have laughed at myself if I wasn’t so uneasy. The first thought in my head was “why did I have such a big dinner? Do I look fat now?”

We all went inside, and Ronnie and Ryan introduced the three of us to their mom. Their parents were divorced, and they lived with their mom. Their dad had moved to Wisconsin with his girlfriend about five years ago, I found out later.

“Cheryl is on the same summer swim team that Ryan and Allan do every year.” Said Ronnie, explaining us to her mom. “And Tiffany swims with Cheryl at school. Sarah is their friend, and I know her from basketball.” She lied. Sarah didn’t seem surprised at the news that she plays basketball, and I tried not to let my expression give anything away.

“It’s a small world!” Said her mom jovially. “It’s nice to meet you all.”

Ronnie explained that we were going to hang out in the rec room, and her mom offered us drinks or snacks, which we declined.

The house was a split level. The main level had a living room, kitchen and bathroom. There were 6 steps up to the bedrooms, and 6 steps down to a lower level that had an office-type room with a desk and a computer in it, a laundry room, and a family room with a biggish but older TV, the square tube kind. Then there was another set of stairs behind a door that went down another 8 stairs to what they called the rec room. It was a basement that was under the main level of the house. It was partially finished, but old looking. The ceiling was tiled with florescent panels in it, and the walls were light wood paneling. The floor was covered with old indoor/outdoor carpet that was red. The whole basement was one giant area, and the “rooms” were divided by furniture. There was a TV against the far wall, and there were 2 couches set together in an L shape facing a TV, with one couch running along the wall, and the other extending into the room, making a dividing point between the TV area and the rest of the large basement. There were shelving units along two of the walls that were filled with old toys and books and magazines. There was a ping-pong table in the middle of the room, about 10 feet behind the back of the couch. In the final section of the basement there was a dart board on the wall in a nice wooden cabinet with chalk scoring boards on the inside of each door.

Ronnie led us straight to the couches by the TV. “My mom never bothers us down here.” She said, matter-of-factly.

I looked around at the group. Ryan and Allan looked a little nervous, but Ronnie, Sarah and Tiffany were all smiling.

“Ronnie wants to break Allan and Ryan of their embarrassment.” announced Sarah.

“Their embarrassment? What about my embarrassment?” I asked, a little taken aback.

Sarah, Tiffany and Ronnie laughed when I said that.

“Aren’t us girls supposed to stick together?” I pleaded.

“Oh, come on. You know you don’t mind. We just like messing with you!” Sarah laughed.

Ronnie had written a sort-of script with Sarah and Tiffany’s guidance and approval, and Ryan and Allan were supposed to follow it. Tiffany had given Ronnie all of the original word documents that I had written about all of our adventures, and she’d spent every night reading through them, so she knew the whole history, and everything that had happened. She told me that she thought it was all hilarious!

Allan started things off. He reached behind the couch and pulled out a wad of blue material. As he unfolded it, I realized what it was. It was the warm-up suit of Curt’s that Sarah had cut up a few weeks back. If you recall, it was the kind with the elastic legs, drawstring waist, and matching plain sweatshirt, and Sarah had modified it quite a bit. She had cut the legs off right below the crotch, and threaded shoe-laces around the tops to hold them up. Then she had cut the chest out of the sweatshirt and fastened it back on with safety pins.

“You have to put this on.” He said, holding it out to me without looking at me.

I didn’t take it from him. “Your mom is upstairs!” I whispered. “I can’t wear that thing!”

“My mom NEVER comes down here. She’d call from the top of the stairs if she wanted something.” Ronnie was very animated in her response. “Ryan, has she ever come down here when we have friends over?”

“No.” replied Ryan simply, looking apologetically toward me.

“But what if she does?” I pleaded.

Ronnie pointed to a door that stood just off to the right of the couches. “You can go in there and hide.” She said. “But she won’t come down.”

I looked in the door. It was a storage room, the walls lined with shelves and boxes. There was a small area in the center that a person could stand in. Probably 4 feet by 3 feet. The ceiling was unfinished and there were cobwebs on most of the boxes.

“I’m not going to hang out in there!” I said, still speaking quietly.

“You’re not going to have to. She doesn’t come down here.”

Ryan silently agreed with her again.

“Allan, have you ever seen her come down here?”

“No.”

I looked toward Tiffany and Sarah, but didn’t really expect their help. I didn’t get it, either.

Reluctantly I held out my hand and Allan handed me the warm-up suit. I laid it out on the couch where I had been sitting, between Tiffany and Ronnie.

“Do you have special instructions for her?” asked Ronnie, smiling at her brother.

He blushed. “Before you put it on, you have to undress. Take off all of your clothes, fold them neatly and hand them to me. Then Allan and I will help you put on your track suit.”

I thought about arguing, but I knew that would get me nowhere. I unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it off. I was wearing brand new yellow Victoria’s Secret bra and boy-short panties. Tiffany prefers the boy-shorts, and I was hoping to have her help undressing later tonight. Once I’d folded my shirt neatly and handed it to Ryan, I pulled off my socks, which I rolled and tossed on top of my shirt. Then I unbuttoned my button-fly jeans and peeled them down my legs.

I was now standing uncertainly in just my yellow bra and panties. I was feeling more nervous than normal for so many reasons. Ryan and Ronnie’s mom was right upstairs, Tom wasn’t here, and for the first time ever the girls outnumbered the guys. There’s something intimidating about getting naked in front of girls. The guys are more appreciative. I felt like the girls would just judge me. They had all seen me naked before, but this felt different somehow.

At a look from Ronnie Ryan cleared his throat. “Everything off.” He said shyly, looking at the floor.

I reached around behind me and unhooked my bra, allowing it to fall off and down my arms, catching it in my hands. I wasn’t going to make this erotic for them. I folded it in half and handed it to Ryan, and immediately hooked my thumbs into the waist of my panties. I closed my eyes and pulled them down, realizing only after they were at my knees that I wasn’t ready for this mentally. I felt myself flush beet red, and I paused, hiding myself with my upper body, the panties stuck at my knees. I couldn’t bring myself to pull them the rest of the way down, and I knew I didn’t dare pull them back up.

Ronnie laughed out loud, but I didn’t look up. I just stared at my feet. I heard whispering. Back and forth. Ronnie and Ryan, I think. Then Ryan spoke, his nervousness and unease evident in his voice. “Three seconds. No stalling. 3… 2…”

I forced my hands to my feet, the panties coming with them. I stepped out of them, still bent double, and folded them. I took a deep breath and stood up, my hands and the panties gravitating to hide my crotch, my legs forcefully held together.

Ryan, at a look from Ronnie, held his hand out to take the panties. It took me a couple of seconds, but I finally handed them to him, revealing myself completely to them.

Ryan put the panties on top of the pile of clothes, and then looked helplessly at the script. He pointed to something, and he and Allan stood together. They each walked in a circle around me.

“I need your necklace,” said Allan, “and your bracelet.”

“And your rings and your earrings.” Said Ryan.

I looked pleadingly at them, but to no avail. I quickly pulled off the jewelry, and Ryan took it. He unfolded my socks and tucked it safely into one of them before putting them back on the pile.

They each then took one leg of the destroyed warm-up pants and knelt in front of me, one to either side. “We have to put these on you now.” Ryan started.

They each had me step into one leg, leaving only the elastic at the ankle holding them on. They then both pulled them up as high as they would go, so that I had to spread my legs a bit for them to fit. They tied the strings in the front, only about an inch below my pussy, which was now right in their view.

Next came the sweat shirt. The front panel was missing. Arms over my head, they each pulled an arm on, then pulled it over my head and onto me.

“I really liked when Sarah tried to get you over your embarrassment by making just one body part be on display at a time.” Said Ronnie. “I liked that you couldn’t say anything.”

“That rule stands tonight.” Interrupted Sarah. “Not a word about your body, your outfit, or anything that we tell you to do. You can talk about school, and your birthday, and everything else, though.”

I nodded. If I had opened my mouth I might have cried.

“So we’re going to go back and forth a couple of times until she doesn’t seem so shy around you guys. And there’s the added bonus of making you guys less shy around her!” Tiffany said brightly, as though we were all going to watch a movie about a puppy and rainbows. I hate it when they adopt that tone.

Tiffany and Sarah decided that everyone would check out my butt first. Ryan and Allan nervously pinned the panel onto the sweatshirt. It was impossible to do without touching me, but they kept it to a minimum.

Allan flipped to the page that had his directions for when I was supposed to show my butt. He looked uneasy. “You need to come over here and lay across our laps.” He instructed me.

I felt myself blush, but walked over. The guys moved a little farther apart on the couch and I laid down, my butt between them, my legs across Allan, giving him the best view. “One foot on the floor” read Allan.

This spread my butt a bit, putting my butt hole and pussy on display, which was the intent. I could feel both of them, hard under me. Allan under my thigh, and Ryan under my chest, just below my boob. It’s still kind of flattering to know that I have that affect on them.

“I’m supposed to lightly rub your butt now.” He told me. He didn’t want to just do it, I guess. I nodded. Ronnie stood and guided his hand around to show him where he was supposed to move his hands. She watched him a few times, then returned to her seat.

So there we all sat. It was weird. We talked about school, life, swimming this summer, vacations, and stuff like that, all the while Allan was rubbing my butt gently, which was starting to feel good. He kept respectfully clear of my hole and pussy, but I knew that meant that he was watching where he was going. He came as close as he was supposed to from Ronnie’s instructions.

After about 10 minutes Ronnie said “Time to switch.”

Allan had me stand, and he and Ryan switched seats, and I laid back down in the same position. Now it was Ryan with the good view and who had to (or got to) rub. I looked back and noticed that Allan was no longer concerned about looking. He was watching me get into position, and watching Ryan’s hand as Ronnie gave him the same tutorial.

So it continued. Ryan was less obedient of his sister, and steered wider around my more sensitive areas, but kept in contact with my butt the whole time.

Another 10 minutes passed and there was another vote. Pussy or boobs? The guys didn’t want to vote. Ronnie made me lay there, and made both guys put a hand on my butt – one on each cheek, until they did.

Allan spoke first. He wanted to see my pussy. Ryan quietly agreed. Tiffany agreed with them, making a majority consensus. Sarah and Ronnie chimed in anyway to make it unanimous.

Ryan was in charge this time. He had me stand up and then he and Allan moved to the end of the couch, leaving about a space and a half between him and Ronnie. He had me sit on the couch in that space with my legs spread. The foot closest to Ronnie up on the couch, the other foot flat on the floor. I was almost laying on the couch, so that my butt was way up near the edge of the cushion, with just enough room for my foot between it and the edge. Tiffany stood now, taking Ryan’s right hand. She moved him closer to me, and had him rub all around my pussy with two fingers, but without touching the most sensitive areas. One finger on either side of the slit, running up and meeting at the top, then rubbing up a few inches, then running lightly back down, meeting on the little strip of skin between the pussy and the butt hole.

I’m not sure who was blushing more, Ryan or me. He was forced to keep his eyes on my pussy the whole time to avoid violating me. The conversation was less lively, but still continuing. Ronnie was telling about a basketball camp she is thinking about going to this summer. It’s co-ed, with different dorms for the boys and girls, but she thinks it will be fun.

After about 10 minutes I was pretty wet, and my lips had spread and turned darker colored. Ryan had watched this all happen right in front of his eyes. I was so embarrassed.

Allan was now moved into Ryan’s seat, and Tiffany again instructed him on how and where to rub. It was torture, and Ronnie kept asking me questions about mundane things. I couldn’t concentrate.

10 minutes finally passed, although it seemed like an hour. I was so wet, and Ronnie kept talking about it. I was not allowed to answer back, or talk about it, so I kept quiet. She decided that I might make a wet spot on the couch, so she decided that I would not be allowed to put the shorts back on, but should instead sit on them to prevent me from leaking on the cushion. I tried to point out that wearing them would serve the same purpose, but was warned about talking back.

So I stood and Allan and Ryan removed the safety pins from my shirt, They placed the panel and the shorts on the couch under me and I sat down in my spot next to Allan. He turned his back to Ryan and faced directly to Ronnie, and used both hands, one on each breast. Tiffany once again instructed him on the correct way to feel me up, and conversation continued, once again everyone ignoring my nudity.

The stimulation was keeping me aroused, and Tiffany asked Ryan a couple of times while Allan was fondling me to check my pussy to see if I was still turned on. He didn’t seem as reluctant as he had been, and that kind of turned me on. Maybe it’s because I was so horny that everything was turning me on.

10 minutes later it was time to switch. Ryan was taught how to fondle my boobs, and Allan was on periodic pussy check to see how wet I still was. They told me to retell the story of the first time I had sex with Tiffany while this was going on, which made me so incredibly wet that I thought my juices would soak through the material I was sitting on.

When I finished the story they decided that part was done. Ronnie took control and had me stand.

“Wow! She’s really wet!” said Ryan, catching himself and blushing. I knew that he always looked, but he had always pretended not to.

The three girls laughed out loud. “Good! You’re not embarrassed any more!” Said Ronnie. “Now let’s see if Cheryl’s still shy!”

I looked at her expectantly. When I was this horny I was always more pliable, and could be more easily talked into doing wilder things. “Think of three things that you think the guys want to see, and then do them. They’ll tell you if you’re right.”

I stood apprehensively for a moment, then pulled the shirt off. It wasn’t covering much, anyway. I thought for a second, then stepped forward. “Untie my pant legs for me.” I demurred.

Ryan and Allan each reached out and pulled the strings, their fingers dangerously close to my soaking pussy. I shuddered involuntarily, and the strings untied, the pants fell to my ankles. I stepped backwards and pulled them off.

Now, standing naked in front of them, I asked “That was the first thing. Was that correct?”

They both nodded. The girls smiled.

I turned around and bent at the waist. I reached between my legs and spread my wet pussy. I could feel the moisture on my butt hole, too, and I knew they could see it. I didn’t care at that point. I pushed a finger deep inside, then pulled it out and sucked it into my mouth.

“Was that okay?” I asked.

Again, nods and smiles.

I now asked Sarah and Tiffany to move to the 1½ spaces I had been sitting in. I took a half seated, half laying position on the couch where they had been, my spread legs facing all of them, and I started to masturbate. Part of me couldn’t believe that I was doing this without being forced, but I was so turned on.

It didn’t take long. Less than 10 minutes. I came hard. Really hard. I had my fingers buried in my pussy, my other hand stroking my clit. I came for a good minute – maybe longer. Tiffany had to put her hand over my mouth so their mom didn’t hear me.

When I finished I realized that there was no bathroom downstairs. My thighs were wet. My hands were soaked. There was pussy on my nipples.

I wiped myself off as well as I could with the warm-up suit, and then threw on my jeans and shirt. Ronnie made Ryan accompany me upstairs. His mom was watching TV in the family room and didn’t hear us come up, or at least didn’t stir or comment. We went into the bathroom together. Ronnie had insisted that he accompany me, and Ryan was no longer arguing. I think that before he would have let me go in alone, and offered to lie about his part in joining me. Apparently he was less embarrassed about this all now.

Once in the bathroom Ronnie had wanted me to strip completely again. Ryan waited patiently. He had just seen it all – and more – but I was uncomfortable suddenly. I think it’s because we were now one-on-one in such a small space, and because he was so recently just as nervous as me, but suddenly seemed more eager to ogle me.

He stood against the back wall, and I started to unbutton my shirt. I turned my back to him, but that did no good. The entire wall over the sink and toilet was a mirror. I slid the shirt off and turned on the water. He picked up my shirt and folded it.

I wet my hand and washed off my chest and stomach, and then dried myself with the hand towel.

I turned around to face him, and he just nodded at my pants, making it clear that I couldn’t have my shirt back yet. Resigned, I unbuttoned my jeans again and pushed them down and off. I didn’t bother to turn my back to him this time.

I handed my jeans to him and then proceeded to wash my thighs and pubic area. The water on my skin made me realize I needed to pee. “Any chance you’ll leave while I pee?” I asked.

“Ronnie wanted me to stay.” He replied simply, making no moves at all.

I sat on the toilet and a few seconds later I started to pee. He didn’t make me spread my legs or kneel down to watch closely, but it was still embarrassing; perhaps even more so. He watched with interest, but somewhat detached, making him seem almost disdainful of me. That’s not the right word. Maybe making him seem so much more superior. It was emphasized by our physical positions. Me sitting nervously on the toilet, naked, peeing, and him standing, fully clothed, a slight grin on his face, mild interest in his eyes, a relaxed posture, leaning casually against the wall, watching me.

I finished and wiped, trying to be as nonchalant as possible, and maintain a bit of modesty. I flushed and then stood. I didn’t want him to see my pee for some reason. “Can I have my clothes back?” I asked. He was holding them now.

“Are you still wet?” he asked. I couldn’t believe he asked that.

“I’m fine now.”

“Show me.”

“This is a lot different than last time.”

“Ronnie’s right. I was being weird about this. If you really hated it, you’d stop it, and if you don’t really hate it, then why shouldn’t I look?” He said. “You’re really hot. I could look at you all day long.”

I felt myself blush, but I also felt a tingle in my pussy. He was still sweet, even though he had joined everyone else in wanting to see me naked all the time. I put a leg on the counter and showed him that I wasn’t too wet. He looked closely for a minute then handed me my jeans. I pulled them on and buttoned them and he immediately held out my shirt. I pulled it on and buttoned it. He opened the bathroom door and walked out. His mom was still watching TV. We went downstairs and Allan had my bra and panties on his lap.

“Hey! Ronnie told me about the reverse strip tease you did once. I think that would be cool.” He said. “Give me your clothes, and we’ll turn on some music. Then you can dance for us and I’ll toss you stuff to put on. It will be fun!”

I wasn’t allowed to complain, so I remained silent, but I felt my face flush once again. I wonder if your body can have some sort of permanent damage or something from blushing all the time. Does it help blood flow, or does it cause rosacea?

I stood awkwardly, waiting for specific instructions.

“Come on! Take off your clothes and give them to me.” said Allan after a brief moment. I guess he was over his discomfort with this, too.

I once again unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it off, tossing it to him, and my jeans quickly followed.

Ronnie, laughing, turned on the TV. They had DirecTV, and she went to the music channels and selected a dance station. The song was about half over, so they just had me dance to it as a warm-up. The next song started up after about a minute and a half, and I continued dancing for them. After about a minute Allan tossed me my panties. I stepped into them and pulled them on, and then continued dancing around for another minute or so. He tossed me my jeans. I was trying to step into them while still dancing, and I got my foot caught. I fell forward, barely catching myself on my hands as I did.

Everyone, including me, laughed out loud at that. Tiffany, Allan and Ryan all jumped up to see if I was okay. I was, but Allan pulled my jeans off of the one leg that they were actually on, and said we needed to try again. By now the song had ended and another had started.

Once we calmed down again I continued dancing. Another minute or so and he tossed me my jeans. “Now be careful this time!”

I was able to remain standing and got them all the way on. I continued dancing. The song ended, and another started. 2 minutes or so into that song I asked “Can I have my bra?”

“I don’t know. I kind of like this look!” he replied.

And so I continued dancing. Sarah, Tiffany and Ronnie eventually joined me. Ryan and Allan joined in and sat down, then joined in again. We danced for about half an hour, and I remained topless and barefoot, dancing in just my jeans.

Finally it got late enough that Ronnie and Ryan’s mom called downstairs. “I’m going to go up to get ready for bed. Keep it down. Are your friends leaving soon?”

I dove into the store room upon hearing her voice. Ronnie was laughing at me when she called back up to her mom. “We’ll probably wrap it up pretty soon.”

But they were right. Their mom never took one step down the stairs to the basement. I needn’t have been concerned, in hindsight. Of course, I probably wouldn’t have done anything differently even knowing that.

I came out of the storeroom looking sheepish to their laughter. After a minute or two they allowed me to put on my bra and my shirt, and a few minutes after that Sarah, Tiffany and I were leaving, but not before we had promised to invite them all to the next party. Allan and Ryan were looking forward to it, but not as much as Ronnie. She kept whispering to Sarah and Tiffany, which would cause them all to laugh or grin evilly. I was definitely getting nervous.

Back at Tiffany’s house, finally in her room with the door closed, they made me strip again. I sat back on the bed with my legs spread. They talked about the night, watching me. My arousal betrayed my humiliation and embarrassment. I’m not sure that they understood that I could feel both. I think they assumed that the embarrassment was an act to make me feel less like an exhibitionist. I was coming to the realization that the humiliation and the embarrassment were part of the turn on for me. It was okay being naked, but it was exciting when they made me do stuff that was embarrassing. That’s why I kept doing it.

I still couldn’t decide if I was looking forward to the next party, though.

It’s been over a month since we were at Ronnie and Ryan’s house. It’s nicer, but it’s been rainy lately. I can’t want to run on the trails outside, but when it’s not raining it’s so soggy that it’s just no good. I slip and get home muddy and slimy, and don’t seem to get as good a run. The track at school is getting old fast, but it beats the treadmills in the school fitness room!

Tiffany and I are closer than ever. We’ve had sleepovers almost every weekend, and our parents suspect nothing. The sex is still awesome. It’s weird, but I still don’t feel like what we’re doing together is gay. I guess it is, or at least bi. We both love Tom, and both love having sex with him. We both check out hot guys at the mall and stuff, total girl stuff, but then we go home and make out and do stuff with each other.

Tom’s birthday is coming up soon, and his parents want to take him and me out to a fancy dinner and maybe a show of some kind. They heard about the comedy show that Tiffany’s parents took us all to, and were thinking along those lines. Tom is hoping that he can talk them into taking more people so that Tiffany can come, too. She’s being cool about not being officially invited, but it’s still hard on her, I can tell. There are times when this whole relationship thing we all have going on gets tricky, and this is one of them. I think it totally sucks that 99% of the time it’s Tiffany that gets the short end of the stick.

We’ve all hung out a couple of times, but in benign situations where there was little or no nudity. I think I end up flashing my boobs at least half the time we’re all out together, but like I’ve said before, it’s so different. I lift my shirt for five seconds, and I’m done. There’s an end. There’s protection. There’s comfort – I am still wearing my shirt, after all, it’s just not covering my boobs for five seconds. Not such a big deal. Getting topless or naked, though, takes away that safety, and takes away the mental safety valve of “four seconds left… now three…”. It should be easier by now, but it’s not. It still feels a bit awkward and a bit strange to me. Dirty; nasty. It’s a secret from everyone outside of our no-longer-so-little group, which helps to make it feel more taboo. But I like how happy it seems to make Tom and Tiffany. And the others, to an extent. And I feel like I’m special in the group. Maybe it’s too needy to feel that way at the expense of my dignity, but I don’t feel like they think less of me because of this. In a way, I think they respect me more because of the guts it takes to do what I do at our parties.

Ronnie has been chomping at the bit for us to get together in a party situation. She’s excited about something. Tiffany and Sarah both know, and I have the feeling that Tom does, too, but no one will tell me anything; nothing, no matter what I promise in return for information, or how much I withhold to try to get it. It might be even more frustrating than being forced to strip naked in front of 10 of my guy friends for the amusement of my best friend and my girlfriend… typing that is like having an out of body experience. I can’t believe that I do this stuff.

Sarah and I have started hanging out with Ronnie and Ryan a bit more. Allan joined us on a few occasions, as well. It’s always been the same frustration for Ronnie – she wants us to all be alone for a while so we can get nutty, but it never works out, and they have to be satisfied with a couple of quick boob flashes.

When Rob emailed everyone and said that his parents were going to be out of town overnight with friends, most of the group was psyched. Rob’s cousin Amanda is the lead in a play, and his parents are invited to go. His mom’s sister lives in Florida (his cousin is his mom’s sister’s daughter), and his parents decided to make a mini-vacation out of it. Rob couldn’t go because of school, so they’re going Wednesday through Sunday.

I think I was the only one who was less than thrilled. It seemed that everyone could come. Rob was getting worried about having fourteen people over, so Tom promised to help him keep everyone in line. They also came up with a parking plan: everyone would park in the parking lot of the Lone Star Steak House that’s about a mile away from Rob’s house, and Tom would drive everyone to Rob’s in two trips so that there would only be Tom’s car in the driveway. That way neighbors wouldn’t report back to Rob’s parents that he’d had a party.

So the plan was set. Ronnie sent me taunting text messages and emails over the next few days, revealing nothing about her plan. More frustration.

I told my mom that I was going to spend the night at Tiffany’s that Saturday, but for the first time ever, she said “no.” She had been alerted that Rob’s parents were out of town, and didn’t trust that we’d “behave.” She offered that Tiffany and Sarah could spend the night here.

“But we’re going out to a friends house over by her house, and Tiffany’s parents don’t like her staying out all night with the car.” I pleaded.

Mom said she’d think about it. She called Tiffany’s parents to discuss it with them, and then all hell broke loose. “Where is the party you’re going to? Can we talk to their parents? What’s their phone number?”

We had talked together enough so that our answers to our parents were similar enough, but now we had to come up with something. Rob, Tom and I were talking about what to do, and Rob ended up being the savior of the group. His mom is the second youngest of five kids, and her younger sister was a surprise baby – she’s eleven years younger than Rob’s mom. That sister is married to a guy who is Rob’s cool uncle. He’s the bad influence. He let Rob stay up late when he was a little kid, and he would give him extra cans of Coke when his mom set a one can per day limit. Rob called his uncle and asked for a huge favor.

“Me and my friends are trying to have a party at the house. Mom and dad are out of town so we can’t tell everyone’s parents, so we’re telling them it’s a party at Frank’s house.” I heard him say on the phone after a warm and friendly greeting and some joking around. It was cool that he had that close a relationship with his uncle. “So we were going to say that the party is at Frank’s house. Can I give the other parents your phone number and have them call you? You would have to pretend to be Frank’s dad, and tell everyone that you’ll be there and stuff.”

Silence. Then back and forth talking. Rob walked away from us, talking quiet.

“He’s not really happy about it, but he said he’d do it for me. He’s afraid we’re going to get drunk or something.” He told us, returning a few minutes later.

I was still nervous, but took Uncle Tom’s cell phone number and passed it along to Tiffany and Sarah later. It worked. My mom talked to Rob’s uncle, and got off the phone satisfied that the party would be small and supervised, and that she’d spoken to Frank’s dad. It helped that none of our parents really knew Frank. Tiffany’s mom had seen him outside with Tiffany and Rob over the summer, but hadn’t really met him. We could spend the night at Tiffany’s, but had to call when we got there, and let our mom’s talk to Tiffany’s mom.

So the plan was salvaged. All this trouble to make sure that they got to see me naked. Again. I should be flattered, I guess.

Tom drove Sarah, Rick and me to Rob’s house early on Saturday. About 2:00. We brought a case of pop and a couple of bags of chips and pretzels and stuff. Rob didn’t want to burn through all of the party stuff at his house and make it obvious he’d had a bunch of people over, so we all chipped in and brought stuff.

At about 5:00 Tom left to go to the Lone Star parking lot. He stuffed Chris, Scott, Curt and Justin into his car and drove them back. They all ran into the garage as he pulled back away. This time he brought back Ronnie, Ryan, Allan, Tiffany and Frank. The gang was all here. Tiffany and Frank had walked there from Frank’s house; about a mile walk.

The party started pretty tame, actually. There was a lot of teasing and joking being done, but they hadn’t so much as made me flash anyone for the first half hour or so. At around 6:00 we put some frozen pizzas in the oven. They were brought by Chris and Curt so we didn’t have to worry about Tiffany’s parents seeing a pizza delivery car in Rob’s driveway.

We had 40 minutes to wait for the pizza to finish (deep dish). We kept just talking for all that time, and I was a little surprised. Pizza was ready and everyone started filing into the kitchen. Sarah stopped me and led me down into Rob’s bedroom, where she had laid out an outfit for me. The transparent shirt, school-girl skirt, knee-high boots, and the micro-mini thong. Sighing, I dressed as she watched me, and then we went upstairs. My appearance was met with a lot of enthusiasm, and everyone stared at my boobs while we ate.

Rob turned on the stereo in the family room and put in a CD. He turned it up pretty loud, so it was really thumping. Sarah had me start dancing. The transparent shirt was, of course, showing off my boobs, but nothing much else. I hadn’t started to strip yet, I was just flashing my butt and my thong-clad pussy.

That’s right when I just about died. A strange older man walked into the room. I didn’t notice him at first, and when I did, I was stunned. I just froze. I even forgot that he could see my boobs through the shirt.

Uncle Tom had decided to drive by the house to check on us. He thought it would be fun to sneak inside to see what we were up to. He wasn’t expecting what he found.

Rob went over and turned the music off, visibly shaken, and just stood there, staring at his uncle, his face crimson.

“I can’t believe this!” he scolded Rob. “I covered for you, and I find out you’re having a stripper at your party! And you have girls here, too! Are you guys drinking?” He was looking around for signs of alcohol.

I was in shock. Everyone was. Ronnie was the first to recover. “It’s Tom’s birthday, and we all chipped in for a stripper for him. We thought it would be funny.” She said.

I stared at her.

Uncle Tom looked around the room. “I scared the hell out of you, didn’t I?” he asked, smiling now and looking less menacing. Then he motioned to Rob to follow him, and he walked into the kitchen. Tiffany and Tom came over to me, Tom peeling off his sweat shirt as he did. He was wearing a t-shirt underneath. I looked down at myself and suddenly realized how I was dressed. I pulled on the sweatshirt and asked Tom and Tiffany in a whisper “Should I go apologize to Rob’s Uncle?”

Everyone else in the room was silent. It was the palpable kind of silence you feel when you’re just waiting for the pain to come. How much trouble were we going to be in? How busted is Rob?

I was just entering the kitchen when Uncle Tom and Rob were coming back from there. I tried to say something, but Rob shot me a pleading, warning look, so I said nothing, but I was nervous.

“I want to talk to the stripper for a minute.” Rob said to his uncle, and he turned away and walked back to the kitchen. His uncle looked at me a little strangely. It made me a little uncomfortable, but then he walked back into the family room. I stood still for a second before I walked after Rob.

I heard Uncle Tom start to talk to the group, but couldn’t make out what he was saying. “I’m sorry.” Rob said in an urgent but hushed voice. “He thinks you’re a stripper that we hired for Tom’s birthday party. That’s what Ronnie had thought of. He was kind of mad because I promised him that it wouldn’t be a wild party, but he’s not going to tell on us. We’re not going to be in trouble.”

I breathed a huge sigh of relief. “That’s excellent. He’s really cool.” I said. I was still upset that I had stood there in my transparent shirt for him to see, but that was honestly the least of my worries at that time.

“Um… yeah.” Said Rob. “But he wants to stay for your show. I couldn’t think of anything to say. If you don’t want to,” he added quickly, “it’s no big deal. I’ll tell him the truth and I’ll take all the heat.” He trailed off. He had said it all very quickly, as though he had to just get it all out.

“What?” I asked, almost talking too loud.

“I’m sorry!” he repeated in hushed tones. “I was just explaining that we got a stripper, and it was just supposed to be for fun and stuff, and that the girls didn’t mind, and you were only going to be here for 20 minutes or so, and the next thing I knew he said that he wanted to stay. He thinks you’re a stripper.” He was begging now.

I couldn’t believe this. He was asking me to go back into the other room and do a real, honest-to-goodness strip show with lap dances and everything in front of his uncle. I already knew that I wasn’t going to let Rob get in the kind of trouble that would happen if the truth, and the lies he’d told, came out, but that didn’t make it easier.

I nodded mutely, and asked him to give me a minute. He just stood there, looking almost as nervous as I felt. I pulled off the sweatshirt and fixed my transparent shirt so it was tied correctly. I asked him how my hair looked.

I was almost shaking when we walked back into the family room. The CD that Sarah had made the previous summer was in the CD player, so I knew that I had 4 good dance songs, and just over 25 minutes of music. The CD had Pussycat Dolls "Beep", Britney Spears' "Slave 4 U", Christina Aguilera's "Candyman" and Shaggy's "Luv Me, Luv Me".

I think that Uncle Tom had been talking to everyone, and most people had figured out what was going on. Everyone looked to be in a bit of shock about the situation. Rob turned the stereo back on and I took a deep breath. He was still blushing.

“So who is the birthday boy?” I said in a loud but shaky voice. “Get out here!” I was trying to sound bubbly instead of scared to death.

Rob ran into the kitchen and grabbed a kitchen chair, and Tom walked nervously forward. I sat him in the chair and nodded to Rob, who started the CD at the same high volume it had been at. I started dancing around Tom, first shaking my boobs at him, then my butt, then dancing around behind him and running my hands down his chest over his t-shirt.

About halfway through the first song I untied the shirt and pulled it off, putting it over Tom’s head. He left it there for a minute before pulling it off and dropping it on the floor under his chair. Uncle Tom was the only one whooping and cheering as I danced. I think everyone else was still too nervous. I was still in a little bit of shock, so I couldn’t exactly say that I was nervous. I was kind of numb, which was probably helping me.

I continued dancing around Tom while Uncle Tom was trying to loosen everyone up. “It’s a party! There’s a stripper! Enjoy yourselves!” he was saying. “I’m just as guilty as you all, now, so if anyone gets in trouble tonight, I’m going down with you!”

The first song ended and the second started right up. I kept dancing, changing it up a bit for the new rhythm of the new song. About halfway through that song I unzipped the skirt and let it fall to the floor. I kicked it at Rob, but my aim was a little off. It hit Uncle Tom in the face. He grabbed it and cheered.

I sat on Tom’s lap facing him and danced a bit, brushing his face with my boobs before getting back up and dancing around his chair again.

Slave 4 U ended and Candyman started up. Uncle Tom held out a $10 bill and waved it at me. I wasn’t sure what to do or what he wanted, but to stay in character I danced tentatively toward him. He tucked it into the waist of his jeans and thrust his pelvis out. I was confused for a moment, but then figured out what he must mean. I put my hands on his hips and shimmied my body down his until my mouth was level with his crotch. I gently bit his jeans, then bit the $10 and slowly pulled it out of his pants. I then took it in my hands… I didn’t have any pockets, so I just held it while I danced for a moment. I remembered seeing some cheesy movie where the stripper had money tucked into her g-string, so I did that. I pulled the waistband of my thong away from my body and tucked the bill in.

More dancing. Chris held out another bill. I couldn’t see what it was. More guys were going for their wallets. I danced over to each of them in turn, mostly repeating what I had done with Uncle Tom.

I was halfway through Luv Me Luv Me before I’d gotten around to each and every guy there. Some had gone twice.

I finished by giving Tom another lap dance. The song ended and the stereo fell silent. I thanked everyone and tried to walk away to retrieve my clothes, trying not to look concerned that I was almost naked in front of Rob’s uncle.

“How much more to get the rest of the show?” he asked, stepping in front of me and stopping me.

“What? Rest of what show?” I asked, confused. I kicked myself mentally right after I said it. I didn’t want to sound stupid. We were all in way too deep now, and I’d get everyone in big trouble if I was found out.

“To get the g-string off. How much more?”

Oh, crap. He wanted me to strip completely! “I… um… have another show.” I stammered stupidly.

“Oh, come on. How much?”

I looked to Tom for help. He just shrugged almost imperceptibly and looked a little scared. I think everyone was a little stunned by how this was going; even the bolder or more “mean” ones who might otherwise have been laughing seemed scared to death that we’d be found out and in the biggest trouble of our lives.

“I really have to get to my other show.” I said quietly, nervously. I wasn’t convincing at all. I wished I could have just been confident and in charge. I felt like a stripper wouldn’t be so docile, but I couldn’t do it. I was too scared to even pretend I was confident.

“I’ll give you an extra $100 on top of what they already paid you for the show.” He offered. I saw the eyes of several of my friends light up at the mention of that kind of money. I knew that I should counter-offer. I knew that a stripper would. I was still so nervous, standing there in just my tiny thong. Then the thought that I was about to start negotiating for how much money my friend’s uncle would give me to take that off was not helping. Somehow I found my voice. “I really have to go.”

“Oh, come on!” he was irritatingly cherry and forward. “$120, then!”

I felt my face start to flush, and it took all of my willpower to maintain eye contact with him. I heard myself speak before I realized what I was going to say.

“$150, but I’ve got to get going right after.”

He pulled out a wad of cash. “One… forty.” He said. “And the whole show. Don’t try to screw us.” He was still cheery, but almost threatening now.

I swallowed and looked around. No one knew what to say or do. I looked back to him and the money in his hands. It wasn’t worth it to me. I would have given him $140 of my own money to make him leave. I would have given him twice that amount to make it so that he had never arrived at Rob’s house.

“It’s a deal.” I took the money and tucked it into my boot.

“Hey, kid. Will you start the CD over?” I said in Rob’s direction. Then to no one in particular, “Sorry, it’s the only music I brought.”

“I don’t think we mind.” Replied Uncle Tom, thinking he’d been the cool uncle and had just proved his coolness to all the kinds by springing for the naked stripper.

I pulled Tom back into his seat of honor. I turned around to face him again, with my back to Uncle Tom, and just did it before I lost the nerve. I pulled the thong down and over my boots in one quick motion, then stepped out of it. I tossed it to Tiffany.

Uncle Tom cheered, and there were a couple of unenthusiastic, nervous cheers from some of the other guys. “Nice shaving job there!” called out Uncle Tom. I fought not to blush, but I felt my face turn hot anyway.

The room seemed to have entered some sort of time warp. The music played at the normal speed, but it seemed like hours. Uncle Tom laid on the floor on his back and held a $10 in his mouth. I tried to take it with my own mouth, but he scolded me “You’re not getting off that easy!” he laughed.

I realized what he wanted. I stood back up and danced over him. I squatted down until I felt the bill between my cheeks. I clenched my butt and stood, pulling the bill from his teeth. I took it in my hands and put it in my boot, blushing furiously. Uncle Tom didn’t say anything about that, thankfully. He just laughed.

Chris and Curt both requested the same treatment. I was really humiliating myself. It SO wasn’t worth the money.

Finally, mercifully, the music ended. No one tried to stop me as I collected my clothes and dressed again. Uncle Tom was talking to Frank and Rob off to one side of the room. A sudden realization hit me. I was expected to leave, but I didn’t have a car.

I walked up to Tom. “Happy Birthday, stud!” I said as cheerfully as I could, considering the fear that I was feeling. “I need your car keys” I whispered urgently as I leaned in to give him a quick hug.

“They’re in my coat downstairs.” He whispered back, understanding where my thought process was going. I had to leave driving his car. It was the only one in the driveway, and Uncle Tom would have deduced that it was mine.

“Hey, kid.” I said to Rob, trying to sound the part I was playing, slightly more confident now that I was dressed and at least somewhat covered. “Where’d you put my coat and my purse?”

He looked at me for a second, as though trying to decide if he needed to lie. “They’re downstairs. I’ll get them.” His voice was tentative.

I grabbed his arm as he passed me. “Get Tom’s car keys out of his jacket.” I whispered. He looked at me oddly for a second before I saw understanding in his eye.

He was back in a minute with my purse and my coat. The keys were in the purse, right on top. Thankfully I had worn a nicer coat, and it wouldn’t look totally stupid with the skirt, although when I put it on I realized you couldn’t tell I was wearing anything at all under it. The skirt was so short that the coat extended a good two or three inches below the bottom hem.

I said a general “Thank you” to the room, and Uncle Tom escorted me out the front door. I had never used this door before. We had always come in and out through the garage, because we were usually going straight downstairs to Rob’s basement apartment. He walked me to the car, and I tried not to be obvious as I readjusted the seat so I could reach the petals. Tom is a lot taller than me.

“Can I get a business card?” He asked, walking back to the car after a few seconds. “I know a guy at work who’s getting married and was looking for some entertainment for the bachelor party.”

There was that feeling of panic again. “I ran out last weekend. They’re being printed. Rob has my info. He can give it to you.” I heard myself telling him the lie, once again unaware of what I was going to say until I heard it come out of my mouth. It was a pretty good lie, but I was kicking myself for using Rob’s name. I had been careful about it inside, but screwed up out here. He didn’t seem to notice. Would I really know Rob’s name if I was a stripper? I guess if he’d hired me. But Uncle Tom blew it off, even if he did find it odd.

“Hang on.” He said, digging into his pocket and pulling out his wallet. He fished out 2 business cards and handed them to me. “You got a pen? You can write your information down on one of these. You can keep the other. Call me on my cell next week if you haven’t heard from me. I really think the guys would like you. You look amazing.”

I glanced at the card. Uncle Tom is a Strategic Sourcing/Procurement Director, whatever the hell that is. He works for a big company that’s headquartered in Chicago. I dug into Tom’s glove compartment and pulled out a pen, and started to write. I’m surprised my hands weren’t shaking more. I got as far as C-H-E-R when I realized I shouldn’t use my real name. I stared for a second and then finished R-Y. I had just created my stage name – Cherry. I wrote my cell phone number. I didn’t know what else to do. I thought about using a fake number, or putting one digit off, but I was afraid of tipping him off to the rouse. I didn’t want everyone to get busted after I’d been through all of that embarrassment. I handed back the card.

“Thanks. I’ll be in touch when I know the dates. Call my cell next week if you haven’t heard from me.” He reminded.

“Okay.” I said, not sure what else I should say. “See ya.”

“Okay, thanks!” he said. He turned and walked back toward the house.

I felt like crying. I started the car and backed out of the driveway. I didn’t know where to go. I didn’t know why Uncle Tom was going back inside, or how long he was going to stay. I was dressed like a whore, and couldn’t go anywhere. If I merely opened my coat, anyone could see my boobs right through the shirt. More panic.

I drove around the block. His car was still there. Then I panicked that he’d see me drive by again. I reached into my purse to grab my cell phone. It wasn’t there. I had pulled it out at Rob’s house and left it on the counter upstairs in case my mom called. Crap.

What if my mom calls while I’m out driving around? More panic still!

I was now on the verge of a nervous breakdown and unsure of what to do. I was paranoid about being pulled over, and I was scared to keep driving around the neighborhood. I was scared to go anywhere, and I was scared to stop somewhere. I was the epitome of indecision, and I was more upset, nervous and uncomfortable than I had been any of the times I had been made to be naked or humiliated in front of my friends. I was on the verge of crying, and so incredibly frustrated on top of it all.

I drove to the Lone Star parking lot and pulled up next to Chris’s car. I looked at the clock for the first time. It was just after 8:30. I sat there for about 5 minutes, unsure of what to do, and then, just as I was starting to feel a fresh wave of panic, I saw what I was SURE was Uncle Tom’s car drive past on the main road. I quickly pulled out of the spot and drove back past Rob’s house. Uncle Tom’s car was gone. I can’t even describe how relieved I was. I actually let out a huge sob, and started crying. It surprised the heck out of me, even though I knew how emotionally frayed I was at that point. It just came out of nowhere.

About 5 minutes later I had recovered enough to go into the house. Everyone had been so worried about me, even Ronnie. I had gotten the impression that she was enjoying the situation more than anyone, but she was genuinely concerned for me. Everyone could tell I had been crying. Tom and Tiffany tried to take me aside and steer me down to Rob’s apartment. I stopped them. I didn’t want to be alone. I was full of manic energy at this point. Full of relief and joy that the ordeal was over. I wanted to be with the group – I wanted to have my friends around.

Rob pulled Tom away, and the two of them left together almost immediately after I got back. Tom drove to the Lone Star parking lot and Rob followed – they didn’t want Uncle Tom to come back and find the strippers car back in the driveway, although they didn’t expect him. He had found no evidence of alcohol, which was his main concern. I was inwardly surprised at how cool he was that his nephew had a stripper, but it was the one thing that no one brought up.

Everyone started talking at once. In almost no time we were laughing about the “adventure”, and everyone was bringing up the “what could have been” scenarios. I kept reminding everyone – no matter how bad it could have been, it was WAY worse for me. Tom and Rob were back within 15 minutes, tops, but we all just kept right on talking. Before we even knew it half an hour had gone by. I still hadn’t even unbuttoned my coat.

Then I suddenly remembered. I told the story about how Uncle Tom had asked for my card, how he wanted to hire me for another party. This started a new round of laughter and questions. Was I going to do it? “NO!!!”

“But you could make a lot if money!”

“I don’t even want this money!” I said, pulling all of the cash from my boot and tossing it onto the floor. The guys all silently collected their own money back, while I turned to Rob. “What am I going to do when he calls?” I asked.

“Say you’re booked.” “Say you’ve quit.” “Don’t answer your cell phone when you see his number on caller ID.”

Everyone was tossing out helpful ideas for me. They wanted details of the discussion. How had he asked? What did he say? What did I say? They wanted the whole play-by-play.

As I related the story, I remembered writing my name. “I told him my name was Cherry.” This brought all new rounds of laughter from my friends. I explained how it happened. “I was writing my name and suddenly realized I didn’t want him to have my real name. I had already written half of it, so I just finished it to make it “Cherry”.

They all loved it. The name stuck, and became my alter ego. Cheryl is the good girl who goes to school and gets straight A’s, who’s one of the best swimmers on the school swim team and goes to practice and does all of the stuff that makes her parents proud. Cherry has both a boyfriend and a girlfriend, has sex in her parents’ house, strips for her friends’ amusement and enjoyment, and does things that would break her parents’ heart if they learned of it.

Suddenly I had a thought; my voicemail greeting! It has my name on it! I stood to go and grab my phone, realizing for the first time that I still had my coat on. I was warm; uncomfortable. I pulled my coat off as I ran into the kitchen where my phone was sitting on the counter. I dialed my voicemail and listened to the greeting.

“Hey! It’s Cheryl …” I stopped it there.

I shushed everyone and changed the outgoing message. “Hey! I’m either in class or I saw your number on my caller ID and don’t want to talk to you! Leave a message, and maybe I’ll call you back!”

I felt a little better. Now it didn’t say my name, so it would work for friends or for Uncle Tom.

“You think he’ll stop bothering me if I tell him I’m busy, though?” I asked nervously; now back on the subject of Uncle Tom.

“I don’t know!” admitted Tom, and most of the other guys agreed. It could go either way.

“We’ll just have to deal with it if it happens.” Announced Tiffany confidently. “He might not even call you, and we’re just getting all worked up for nothing.”

“Do you know we can all see your boobs?” Tom asked, smiling genuinely for the first time since he’d gotten back from hiding his car.

I looked down, realizing I was still wearing the transparent shirt. After the happenings of earlier, I found that I didn’t care at all. I said as much to the group. “For the first time, I don’t really think I care!” I untied the shirt and shrugged it off. “Now you can see them better.” I was still full of that manic energy I had felt when I got back here, and I was so pumped up with adrenaline that it wasn’t bothering me. I laughed out loud.

This seemed to tell everyone that I was okay. Everybody had seen everything that night already, which was part of the plan, but the weirdness that had followed had definitely not been planned for. Everyone was a little tentative.

Now that I was up and moving around, I seemed to have even more energy. The pent up nervous energy I had been feeling since returning to Rob’s house was being released, and made me realize just how much of it there really was. I couldn’t sit still. I was in a silly mood. I was in a mood to shock people. I was in a mood to be wild.

Tiffany thought of it first. She could sense my mood better than anyone there, and I think she could tell how I was feeling… how tightly wound I was. “Since you seem to have all of this energy, I think we should take advantage of it.” She said. Then, to the room at large, she said “What does everyone think? I think we should have her be in charge again – like we did a few months ago. But no script. Everyone here can still tell her what to do, but we should give her the chance first.”

There was a majority agreement. The younger guys – Curt and Justin – seemed disappointed. I think they thought I would be less entertaining left on my own. I was in the mood to prove them wrong. I sensed that Ronnie was disappointed, but I didn’t care.

I thought for a minute, then I called Curt and Justin to the front of the room. They followed me up there. Everyone else grew silent and watched us.

“You guys seem disappointed that I’m going to be in charge tonight.” I said. “Is it because you think I’m going to try to go easy on myself?”

They nodded slowly, each staring at the other, wondering if they should confess that.

“I’m going to prove you wrong.” I said. My mind was racing with all sorts of things I could do. I knew I had to get my skirt and thong off pretty quickly before they insisted on taking over, but I wanted to play with these two guys first. Once again I heard myself talking before I realized I’d made a decision. “First, to show that I can be just as wild as anyone, I want each of you to take hold of one of my boobs. Curt, you with your right hand, Justin with your left. Curt is right handed, and Justin is left handed. I remember this from watching them play air hockey. Don’t ask me why that stuck in my head, but it did.

They stared at each other for a second, then each put their hands on my boobs.

I let them hold them there for a minute before continuing. “Now you each have one hand free. I want you to take my skirt off without letting go of my boobs.” I commanded. “Under no circumstances are you to let go of my boobs.”

They looked excited at the prospect, and a lot of the other guys were looking a little envious. They each tried to be the one to remove my skirt, and ended up getting in each other’s way. It was almost comical. Curt actually allowed his hand to slip down and off of my boob after almost a minute of struggling at the zipper. Neither would be the one to hold the fabric tight to allow the other to pull the zipper down.

“You let go! You go sit down. Justin, you keep your hand right there on my boob.” I said. Curt looked a little dejected, but joined the others without comment. “Ryan, come on up here.”

Ryan looked a bit nervous but came up nonetheless. “Are you right handed or left handed?” I asked him.

“Right Handed.”

“Then put your right hand on my boob.”

He did so, but very tentatively.

“Not like that. Grab it like you mean it!” I corrected, pushing his hand firmly against my skin, feeling my erect nipple pressing between two of his fingers.

“Now. You two take off my skirt. No letting go of my boobs!” I commanded again. Ryan was much more logical, and instructed Justin to hold the fabric while he pulled the zipper down. In less than 30 seconds, my skirt had fallen to my ankles.

They each looked satisfied with themselves and released my boobs.

“I said off, not down. Can’t you guys do anything right?” I reprimanded. “Go sit down. Allan and Frank, front and center!” I commanded. I pulled my skirt back into position and zipped it back up.

They both admitted to being right handed, so I had each of them grab a boob with their right hands. After I corrected their grips, I challenged them. “Now, let’s see if you can get my skirt off with just your left hands.”

They repeated the actions of Ryan and Justin, and in less than 20 seconds my skirt was once again at my ankles. Allan then dropped to his knees, keeping one hand raised and on my boob, and tried to get the skirt off. He tried to lift my foot, but I pushed him a bit with my leg and he lost his balance, and pulled his hand off of my boob to keep from toppling over.

“You’re out.” I scolded. I had Frank keep his hand covering one boob while I bent over and pulled my skirt back up and into place, and then I called Chris up. He’s also right handed, so once his right hand was firmly in place on my boob, they started again.

This time they were successful in removing my skirt, having watched and learned from everyone else. I sent them both back to sit, and called up Scott and Rob. Both are right handed, so each grabbed a boob with their right hand.

“Take my thong off using only your left hands. Neither of you can let go of a boob.” I instructed, to the enjoyment of all.

They hooked a finger into each side of my thong’s waistband and pulled it down to my ankles in one motion. First Scott, then Rob lifted a foot and successfully pulled it off of my feet.

I congratulated them, and then sent them to sit again. I called up Rick and Tom. Tom declined, so I called up Ronnie. She tried to decline, but I, along with everyone else, insisted. She was tentative.

“My boots need to come off. So what do you think you need to do?” I asked.

“Grab your boobs?” asked Rick hopefully.

“Are you right handed or left handed?” I inquired, looking at him.

“Right handed.”

“And Ronnie”

“Right handed.”

I nodded. Rick grabbed my boob too hard. It almost hurt. Ronnie didn’t grab a boob.

“Ronnie?” I said, looking her square in the eye.

She closed her eyes and slowly, gently put her hand on my boob. I corrected her and made her do it right. She finally had a good grip on my boob. She was extremely not comfortable. “Now, if anyone takes their hand off of my boob, they have to flash everyone. Does everyone else agree?” I asked.

The room exploded with concurrence. Only Ronnie disagreed. Rick seemed torn between not wanting to show his dick, and wanting Ronnie to flash her boobs.

“Okay, if you take your hand off of my boob, Rick, everyone gets to see your dick. And if you take your hand off of my boob before I say, then your shirt comes off, Ronnie.” I said, to be sure everyone understood. “2 minutes. Your dick is visible for two minutes, or your boobs.” I told Rick and Ronnie.

The group was cheering. Rick’s grip on my boob was firmer than ever – he didn’t want to let go now for sure! Ronnie was looking a little pale, and the normal power and command that she portrayed was visibly absent. She was nervous and I was loving it.

“Oh, crap.” I said. “I had wanted the people taking off my boots to grab my ass!”

Rick and Ronnie looked at me questioningly, but neither one of them let go of my boobs. They had passed the test. “I guess I’m going to have to get two more people up here to help me, since they can’t let got of my boobs!” I said.

Only Tiffany and Tom had not yet come up and grabbed anything. They politely declined, and no one had a problem with that. I left it to them to decide who would help me get my boots off.

Tom decided on a game after whispering back and forth with Tiffany. She looked a bit dejected. “Guess the color of Tiffany’s bra and panties. Winners get to help Cherry get her boots off.”

Everyone laughed when Tom called me “Cherry.”

Allan guessed black. Curt guessed red. Everyone else guessed black, white or blue. She was wearing jeans and a dark blue t-shirt, so it was really anyone’s guess. Tom had everyone who had guessed black guess again, saying that the bra and panties were different colors, and one of them was black. Allan guessed black bra, red panties. Everyone else guessed some combination of black and white or black and blue. Rob guessed red bra, black panties.

Tom made her remove her shirt and pull her jeans down to show. She was wearing red boy-short panties and a black bra, so Allan and Curt were the winners. Tom said that she could dress again in a minute, depending on the outcome. He had a wicked gleam in his eye, and I could tell he was thinking something. Tiffany looked suddenly nervous.

Curt and Allan ventured forward and each put a hand firmly on my bare butt. They then each pulled a zipper down on my boots, but didn’t work together. Allan managed to get his mostly off of my foot, but I almost fell over. If Rick and Ronnie didn’t have a firm grasp on my boobs, I probably would have. Allan let go of my butt to help steady me. Tom declared him the loser, and Ronnie tried to insist that he had to show everyone his dick for 2 minutes.

“That was only the punishment for you and Rick if you let go of my boobs.” I corrected.

The guys in the room well outnumbered the girls, and since none of the guys really wanted to see Allan drop his pants, he sat down fully dressed. Ronnie was none too happy, so I turned toward her and kissed her on the lips. She pushed me away and came REALLY close to letting go of my boob before she figured out what I was doing. The room was going wild now.

Once calm was restored, Tom selected Justin to take Allan’s place, and once his left hand was on my butt, he and Curt successfully worked as a team to remove both of my boots. I was now naked, and I allowed Rick and Ronnie to release my boobs. Ronnie was happy to be letting go, and relieved that she’d made it through without having to show her boobs, but Rick gave a final squeeze before letting go.

Tom then announced his surprise.

“Curt and Justin, since you were the winners who got her boots off,, you guys get to hold Tiffany’s bra and panties until the night is over.” Then, to me he said, “Cheryl, you take the three of them into the other room and make sure that Tiffany plays fair. They’re the only ones who get to see her, since they’re the winners.”

Everyone laughed at Tiffany’s misfortune, and I happily led them through the kitchen and into the dining room, well separated from the rest of the group. Tiffany shot me a look, until I pointed out that I was completely naked already, and that she’d get no sympathy from me.

Curt and Justin didn’t know where to look. I was naked, but they had seen me before and knew they would again. Tiffany was fresh meat to their lustful young eyes. She won.

She shyly stepped out of her jeans. She was so cute, wearing her panties, bra and white socks. I kissed her briefly.

“Take off your bra,” I instructed, “and hand it to Curt.”

It was kind of fun being the one in charge. She did as told, and stood topless in front of the two drooling freshmen.

“Now give your panties to Justin.” I commanded, a bit more confident.

Once again, she complied. She was now pretty much just as naked as I was. She was standing in the dining room in just her white socks in front of Justin and Curt, the two youngest guys in our group. I knew that Tom had to have planned it to work out this way.

Justin and Curt were spellbound, staring at both of us in our naked splendor in front of them.

Tiffany pulled her jeans back on and came to the realization that she had no shirt to put on.

We argued. I didn’t want to go back into the other room alone and naked, only to go back in there again with the three of them. Curt and Justin should get to check out Tiffany’s naked boobs for as long as they want to, and probably don’t want me to leave, either.

Back and forth it went.

Finally I suggested that each guy put a hand on one of Tiffany’s boobs. She could then go back into the family room and retrieve her shirt without anyone else seeing her boobs, and without Curt or Justin missing a second of it. They’d keep their hands there until after she’d pulled her shirt back on and it was covering her boobs.

She was mortified. Curt and Justin were fully on board, big fans of this plan.

I tried for 3 against 1, majority rules. She wouldn’t agree. She didn’t want them grabbing her boobs.

I called Tom. He came in after only a few seconds wait, an amused look on his face when he saw Tiffany still topless.

“What’s up?” He asked, smiling.

I explained the situation and the possible solutions. Tom agreed that Tiffany shouldn’t have to go into the other room topless and let everyone else see her boobs.

“Did you take your panties off, too?” he asked.

“I’ve got them here.” Came Justin’s reply, holding them up.

Tom turned slowly toward Justin. “I was asking Tiffany if she’d taken her panties off.” He said firmly. “I don’t care what you have there.” Justin looked genuinely scared.

Turning back to Tiffany, he repeated the question. “Justin has them.” She said quickly. “I took them off and gave them to him.”

“I already said that I don’t care what Justin has.” He said. I was finally catching on, and I saw realization hit Justin’s face, too. “I asked you if you took your panties off. Take off your jeans and show me if your panties are on or off.”

“But Justin has them!” she said, a tinge of panic in her voice now.

“Last chance before I give your jeans to Cheryl for the night.” Said Tom quietly. “She can go out there topless, and you can go out there bottomless, and between the two of you we’ll still have a naked girl.”

Tiffany quickly unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them to her knees, trying to hide from Justin and Curt’s gaze.

“Take them off and show me properly.” Replied Tom, smiling at Justin and Curt.

Tiffany blushed furiously, but stepped out of her jeans.

“I want the two of you to give these two boys a good look while I go get your t-shirt, Tiffany.” Said Tom. “Any position they ask you into, you do. If they say you were not cooperative when I get back, then I’m keeping all of your clothes until the night is over. Understood?”

Tiffany nodded, and turned toward Curt and Justin, who were now in heaven. These two fifteen year old boys had two hot naked girls, 16 and 17 years old, who had to do whatever they said.

They had us pose a couple of different ways to show off our pussies as much as possible before Tom came back with Tiffany’s shirt.

He tossed it to her and allowed her to pull it on. “Is she wet?” he asked me.

I knelt in front of her. “Only a little. Not much.” I confirmed.

“She doesn’t like this as much as you do. Tiffany, is Cheryl wet?”

Tiffany and I switched positions. “Very!” she confirmed.

“Good. Now show the guys the difference and you can have your jeans back.”

“What!” Exclaimed Tiffany.

“Or I could just keep them all night.”

Tiffany stood next to me, wearing her shirt, her bald pussy as bare as mine. The guys knelt in front of us.

“See the difference?” inquired Tom, enjoying himself.

Once the show was over, he tossed Tiffany her jeans. “You guys get to see Tiffany again at the end of the night when you give her back her underwear.” He promised.

And with that, the five of us paraded back into the family room, Curt and Justin waving Tiffany’s underwear like a victory flag, me still naked.

Tom instructed everyone to not talk about Tiffany’s nudity, and since he’s definitely the strongest personality of our group, no one questioned him, although everyone was visibly a bit envious of Justin and Curt.

“It’s getting late, and Ryan and I have to be home by midnight.” Ronnie announced. It was already almost 10:00. Uncle Tom had sucked a good deal of time from our evening.

Taking charge again, I cut Ronnie off. “Looks like people need to leave in the next hour-and-a-half if we’re all going to make it home by curfew. You’ve all seen me dance already tonight. What did you guys have planned for tonight?”

Ronnie stepped forward. “If we’re going ahead with it…”

I nodded, assuming she was asking me.

“I’m in home-ec at school, and I’ve gotten pretty good with a sewing machine.” She announced. “So I took the liberty, with Tiffany’s permission, of course, to make… um… Cherry… a new track suit.”

She ran to the kitchen and returned with her bag. She pulled out a bunch of material. It was all folded and at first I could just tell it looked a lot like the warm-ups that they had cut up to show off various parts of my body.

“It’s one of my old track suits, actually, since you guys had cut up the other one pretty good. The old one is still fine if you ever want to use it, but I made this one for her. I read all of the stuff she posted online and I thought it could be fun to do something like what you guys did last summer.”

Everyone looked a little confused, but she didn’t stop to clarify or explain. She handed me a small scrap of fabric. It was the drawstring waist of a warm-up suit cut off, with a little material sewn on to make a kind of tiny, thin thong. I laughed when I saw it. She had done a really good job with it, and had sewn it everywhere it had been cut to prevent fraying. It looked great. The waistband was wide, probably three inches thick, with a drawstring. The back was little more than a string triple stitched onto the center of the back of the waist band. It was about twice as wide as a shoelace. The front was maybe an inch wide, and tapered quickly to just the string that ran up the back.

She had me pull it on. It provided a lot more coverage than my tiny black thong, but because there was no elastic anywhere, it hung loose on the sides. I tied the drawstring to keep it in place, and turned around to model it for everyone.

Next she handed me one leg. It was barely higher than knee high, and had a bit of lace to tie to hold it up. Again, the top, where it was cut, was hemmed nicely. The other leg was the same. The bottoms were the wider, flared bottoms that are meant to touch the floor. Ronnie made sure that they were the correct length after I had tied them in place. This left about 8 inches or so of bare thigh between the top of the legs and the thong.

Next she pulled out the sweatshirt. It had been cut off very short. The arms were cut off, leaving a wide arm hole and only about an inch of fabric between the bottom of the arm hole and the bottom of the shirt. The collar, too, had been removed and it had been cut into a v-neck; a very deeply plunging v-neck. Again, there was maybe an inch of fabric between the bottom of the V and the bottom of the shirt. The shirt itself came about an inch-and-a-half below my boobs when I pulled it forward. If I adjusted it with the shoulder seems (what was left of them) on my shoulders, the bottom of the swell of my breasts showed. The shirt was very large and loose, and my breasts were pretty much visible from every angle – through the arm holes, down the front, and from underneath.

The guys were all cheering at the new outfit. They loved it.

“So…” said Ronnie over the noise in the room, “I figured we could have her do another one of her anatomy lessons, one body part at a time, with this to cover what we’re not examining.”

More cheers from the guys. Ronnie took her place on the couch between her brother and Allan as I did another quick spin to show off my outfit. I took a minute to run into the bathroom to see the outfit for myself. It was pretty revealing. When I moved my legs around, you could see glimpses of my pussy quite easily, and almost any movement at all exposed a breast.

I felt a flush of nervous energy, and blushed. I ran back into the other room and asked “What does everyone want to see? Do we work bottom up…” I lifted my right leg out in front of me and waved with my bare toes. “…or top down?” Here I pulled on the front of my shirt to flash both boobs.

There was a lot of talking, some guys yelling “Top down!” and others yelling “Bottom up!” Tom called for silence and mediated. “We’re going to compromise. We’re going to go middle out.

Everyone laughed while he clarified. “We’ll start with her butt. Then her legs, then her pussy, then her tits.” This order was very well received by the group.

“Just to clarify,” I started, “do you want me to give an actual scientific-type anatomy lesson, or are you guys going to pose me to see what you want to see?”

There was a short discussion and Ronnie said “I was thinking like the time last summer when it was just the three guys and Sarah. When they posed you.”

Tom, Tiffany and Sarah agreed, so that was how it would be. Tom decided to put Ronnie in charge of posing me, but said she could take suggestions from everyone.

“I read about the other times you’ve done this, so first we need to get your ass uncovered.” She said, unable to stifle a giggle. “Get your new thong off!”

I untied it, pulled it down and stepped out of it, feeling a new rush of nervous energy. My back and bare butt facing the room, I waited for instructions. “Flex your butt for us.” Instructed Ronnie. I did as told, and soon we were off and running. The guys were all shouting instructions, and Ronnie was repeating many of them. I found myself doing some of the poses the guys were calling out, and Ronnie soon stopped repeating them. I was moving pretty quickly from pose to pose as they thought of new ways to view me. Almost every pose was designed to ensure they had a view of my butt hole, and therefore my pussy, too. And about half of the poses put me in a position so that my boobs were peeking out, if not completely falling out, of my shirt.

I was lying on the floor on my stomach and side, with my legs together and spread as wide as I could get them. When I was on my side I was made to lift my top leg as high as I could get it, so it was actually past ninety degrees. Then I stood and bent at the waist to touch my toes. Then with my legs spread further apart. Then kneeling. Then Rob had me do a handstand – his favorite. Ronnie told Allan and Ryan to help hold my legs to keep me from falling over. The shirt fell completely off, down to my wrists, and when I put my legs down afterward it was lying on the floor. They didn’t stop me from putting it back on, though.

After about ten minutes of poses, Ronnie decided it was time to move on to my legs. “Do I get the thong back?” I asked.

Ronnie turned to the guys. It was an overwhelming vote of “no”, so I undid the lace on the tops of the pant-legs and let them fall to the floor.

The guys had me in several poses for my legs, but most of them were allowing them an unobstructed view of my pussy, which was getting wetter and wetter as this game went on. They wanted o see my legs from the front with my thighs flexed, and then they wanted me to lie on my back and lift both legs in the air, ninety degrees from my body. Then they wanted me to spread them apart to see the inside of my thighs, which of course also spread my pussy and put it on display.

This went on for about ten minutes until the pretense of seeing my legs was gone. At this point Ronnie suggested that we move on to actually view my pussy. Again, they voted against me putting the leg coverings back on, and immediately they were calling out poses to show off my pussy. Many of them were repeats of ones they had used to view my butt or legs. They had me repeat the handstand face toward the room, and the shirt fell completely off again, this time getting stuck briefly on my chin, and blocking my view of the room. I shook my head and it fell the rest of the way off to my hands.

Tom had each guy kneel on the floor, and had me put one foot up on his shoulder and then spread my pussy lips with my fingers right in front of his face. This instantly became another favorite of the group.

About fifteen minutes of pussy viewing, and I was very, very wet. The moisture was spreading to my upper thighs and had completely coated my pussy and the pubic mound. I could even smell my arousal, and it was VERY embarrassing. I had asked if I could go into the bathroom to wipe off, but Tom said no. I knew that they could all smell it, too, but no one said a word.

Ronnie proclaimed that it was time to move on to my boobs, so off came the shirt. I hadn’t expected it, but I asked anyway. “Can I cover up below the waist?”

They actually laughed at me for asking. They all called out different poses for me to be in to show off my boobs the best. Arms up! Arms to my sides! Jumping jacks! Curt asked me to jog around the room. Then they had me lying on my back with my arms in every imaginable position. Then on my hands and knees. Then on one hand sideways with the other arm reaching for the ceiling. Then Rob suggested another handstand, and I know for a fact that they were looking more at my wet pussy than at my boobs. I jokingly called them on it while I was upside down.

“Hey! You’re supposed to be looking at my boobs! Why are you looking at my pussy! LOOK AT MY BOOBS, DAMN YOU!”

Everyone laughed out loud, and then they let me back down. It was now about 11:15. Ronnie, Ryan, Allan, Curt, Scott, Chris, Justin and Rick all needed to leave by 11:30 to be home in time for their midnight curfew, leaving no more than 15 minutes. Frank had about a 5 minute walk home, Tom was spending the night at Rob’s, and Sarah and I were sleeping at Tiffany’s, so we had to leave at about 11:55.

Tom took charge again. “Justin, Curt and Tiffany, follow us into the other room.”

I had almost forgotten that Tiffany had to strip again for Justin and Curt. Everyone else started cleaning up, and Tom led us into Rob’s basement apartment. He took the bra and panties from the guys, and instructed Tiffany to strip.

She blushed deeply, but complied, pulling her shirt off first, and then her jeans.

“Take off your socks. That looks stupid.” Scolded Tom jokingly.

Blushing deeper, naked Tiffany bent over and pulled her socks off.

“Damn, man. You are really lucky!” said Justin, awestruck. “You have got two really hot girlfriends who will just strip naked for you any time you tell them to!”

“Yeah. It’s kind of fun, but Cheryl is the one who really seems to like it. Look at how wet her pussy is still!”

The guys glanced at my pussy.

“I mean really look! Tiffany, spread her pussy, show them how wet your girlfriend is.”

Tiffany knelt in front of me and pulled me open with her fingers, as I spread my legs wider to give a better view. Tom made us turn around so the light was better. After a minute or so, during which Tiffany was lightly caressing my dripping sex, Tom let us up. Tiffany was given her panties back, and then her jeans. After turning slowly around to give them one last look, she was given her bra, and finally her t-shirt. Then she pulled her socks back on and we all headed upstairs.

The group that was leaving was ready to go, and I hugged each of them goodbye, still dripping wet and naked. Rob stuffed everyone into his car so he could do it in one trip. When he got back five minutes later, it was just Sarah, Frank, Tom, Rob, Tiffany and me. We had about twenty minutes or so until we all had to leave, and they decided I couldn’t get dressed until the last minute. Rob and Sarah fell almost immediately onto the couch where they started making out, so we felt we should leave them alone. We ventured into the kitchen and stood around the island, just kind of chatting. It was kind of weird, me standing there naked, still a bit turned on, with Frank, Tom and tiffany. Frank was trying not to look at me, but I caught him staring when he thought no one else could tell.

“It’s okay to look. That’s why I’m naked.” I said.

Tom looked at me questioningly. I didn’t want to embarrass Frank, and I wasn’t sure what to say. Tiffany was a little less tactful. “Are you staring at Cherry’s boobs?” Because I was standing across from Frank all he could see was my boobs.

We all giggled again at the use of my new “stage” name. Frank blushed and didn’t respond.

Tom picked up on what I had said. “She’s right. You’re allowed to look. We’ll make it easier for you.” He walked behind me and lifted me easily into his arms, depositing me on the countertop of the island. He positioned me so I was laying on my side, facing Frank, my knees bent, one foot flat on the countertop so that my legs were slightly spread. Frank was now staring directly at my body, which was laid out in front of him, nothing hidden.

Tiffany laughed at my exposure while Frank blushed scarlet. I was still a little turned on, so I kind of enjoyed it. I know I enjoyed seeing him blush like that.

Tom asked Frank a question about Physics, a class that they had together, and soon they were off on a conversation about school, with Frank unapologetically staring at my naked body. Tiffany was chiming in where she could, but was mostly just lightly stroking my arm, my side, or my stomach. I sat statue still, enjoying Tiffany’s caresses and knowing that Tom and Frank were enjoying my exposure. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the feeling.

After what seemed like only a minute or two, Tom announced loudly that it was time to get ready to go. I opened my eyes and looked at the clock. It was 11:50. I had been up on the countertop for almost ten minutes!

Tiffany was now sitting on one of the barstools, still resting her hand on my stomach. Had I fallen asleep?

Tom helped me down, and I trotted unthinking into the family room, where I was greeted by the sight of a topless Sarah struggling to pull her pants up, and Rob pulling his own shirt on. I laughed out loud and grabbed for Sarah’s shirt and bra, running back into the kitchen. Tiffany, her purse now in hand, and Frank were walking toward me while Tom was gathering his cell phone and keys from the counter on the other side of the room. They all stopped to watch as I sprinted through the room, still stark naked, waiving Sarah’s shirt and bra over my head and whooping loudly as a topless Sarah chased after me, not even trying to cover her breasts.

It was only after she’d entered the room and seen frank and Tom that she seemed to realize that she was topless. She screamed, covered her breasts, and retreated to the family room.

I heard Rob laughing. “Come on.” He said to her. “Cheryl’s been stark naked all night, and everyone’s seen your boobs before.” He was still laughing, and I heard her voice talking softly, but couldn’t understand what she was saying.

“Frank has seen boobs before, even if he hasn’t seen yours. He’s my best friend. I’ve talked about them with him, so he already knows what they look like!”

Frank turned scarlet, and Tom just laughed. Tiffany was smiling at me as I danced in the corner, still holding Sarah’s bra and t-shirt over my head.

“Come on, Sarah!” called Tom. “Tiffany will take her shirt off, too. Then you’ll all three be topless. It will be no big deal.”

“I’ll do what now?” asked Tiffany, half joking.

“I don’t see you guys pulling your dicks out!” Sarah called from the other room.

“Yeah, well my pussy’s been on display all night, and you’re the one who started all of this shit last summer!” I called back.

“You started it. I just raised the stakes!” she called back, but her voice was closer. A second later she walked into the kitchen, her arms crossed against her bare chest.

“Come on, honey. Drop your arms.” Said Rob, a hint of pleading in his voice.

“I’ll put my arms down if Tiffany gets topless, too.” She said, blushing. I could tell that she wasn’t happy about this, but was doing it for Rob.

Tom looked at Tiffany and nodded. Tiffany quickly stripped off her shirt, and took only a few seconds to muster up the courage to remove her bra, which she tossed onto the kitchen island. Frank was staring openly and unashamedly.

When he finally pulled his eyes away from Tiffany’s bare breasts, he was treated with the sight of Sarah, now with her arms at her sides, blushing and standing stiffly.

A few moments passed in silence when I asked “So… can I put my pants on so I’m not the only one who’s completely naked?”

Tom laughed and walked over to me. He lightly slapped my bare butt and said “We all like you naked too much. You get to be naked whenever we want you to be naked.”

Sarah laughed and ran over, grabbing her bra and t-shirt from my hand before I knew what she was doing. She quickly put both on, making no attempt to shield her bare breasts from view as she did. Tiffany then picked up her t-shirt, pulling it on braless, and then stuffed her bra into her purse.

“So now I’m the only one naked again. Can I get dressed? We have to go!”

Tom had me give everyone a nice, long goodbye hug (including Sarah and Tiffany, who I would be spending the night with) and then allowed me to go into the bathroom to wipe off my pussy. Once back in the kitchen he allowed me to pull on my jeans and shirt, putting my bra and panties in his pocket.

We left, Frank turning the opposite direction at the end of the driveway, and less than a minute later Tiffany, Sarah and I were up in Tiffany’s bedroom. Sarah was a lot less uptight about our relationship now, and although she still wasn’t into the lesbian thing, she did strip down to her panties and masturbate while sitting in a chair and watching Tiffany and I have sex. Tiffany and I were planning to sleep naked, and Sarah joined us in the bed wearing just her panties. Tiffany and I each kissed her goodnight on the cheek as she complained about our pussy breath. I stuck a finger into my still moist pussy and wiped it across her face, just under her nose. This started a laughing fit between all three of us that got a bit loud. So loud, in fact, that Tiffany’s mom knocked on the door. “Keep it down in there, girls!” she called. “And why is this door locked!”

“Sorry mom! No reason. Goodnight!” called Tiffany back through the door. She quickly turned off the light.

Luckily her mom didn’t press the issue and walked away. We lay quietly, listening until we heard Tiffany’s parents’ door close and the squeak of the bed as her mom got back in. My eyes had adjusted to the moonlight coming in the window, and I was focused on Tiffany’s and Sarah’s breasts, uncovered and gently rising and falling with their breathing.

Breaking me out of my reverie, Sarah slapped me lightly on the arm, and got out of bed, put on her long t-shirt. She listened at the door briefly and then opened it, walking into the hallway and to the bathroom. The bitch left the door wide open!

I jumped up, being next closest to the door, and closed it gently. Tiffany decided to dress, in case her mom decided to get up again, so we regretfully pulled on long t-shirts. Tiffany pulled on her panties, but mine were at Rob’s house, likely still in Tom’s pocket.

Sarah came back in, her face freshly washed, and she slapped me again. I waited for her to walk past me, on her way to bed, and I slapped her butt. She giggled, but didn’t retaliate. I climbed over her, stalling with my bare butt in her face, and the three of us all quickly fell asleep.

The next morning we woke almost simultaneously at about 9:30. I used the bathroom first, peeing and washing up. I pulled my hair back and looked presentable. My makeup hadn’t smeared much. I really just wear a little mascara and some lip gloss, anyway. Tiffany went next, and came out a few minutes later, her face freshly washed and her hair pulled back, too.

Sarah took a bit longer, and had freshened up her makeup. We had a quick breakfast and walked over to Rob’s after I texted Tom to make sure they were awake. Rob met us in the garage and led us straight downstairs, where Tom was waiting. Sarah and Rob went into Rob’s bedroom and closed the door, and Tiffany, Tom and I immediately started making out. Tom wanted to know what we had done last night. Between kisses and clothing being removed, we told him how we had taken turns eating each other while Sarah watched and played with herself.

Tiffany made me cum while Tom was inside her from behind. She came just after me, and then Tom switched. I took Tiffany’s place, and she took mine. Tiffany came again while Tom was inside me, and then Tom came before I could reach my second. I reached down and played with myself while Tiffany and Tom watched. I was almost there when the bedroom door opened, and Sarah and Rob walked out. Both were fully dressed and looked like they had just had sex. They laughed, Tom quickly covered up, and I climaxed, all at the same time.

Tiffany and I both went naked into the bathroom to clean up a bit while Tom dressed, Sarah looking on, trying to see as much as she could.

“Can I have my underwear?” I called out.

“It’s out here. Come and get it.” Replied Tom.

Tiffany and I walked back into the main room a few moments later to find Sarah, Rob and Tom sitting comfortably on kitchen chairs, angled toward us, our clothes laid out in a pile in front of them.

They tossed us clothes in random order. We had to put them on as we got them. If a shirt was on before the bra, we had to take the shirt off and toss it back in order to put the bra on. It took a few minutes to dress us this way, and they intentionally stripped each of us once in the process.

I was tossed a sock first.

Tiffany was tossed her jeans.

I got my t-shirt.

Tiffany got a sock.

I got my bra. I had to toss my t-shirt back.

Tiffany got her panties. She had to toss her jeans back.

I got my other sock. I was now wearing two socks and a bra.

Tiffany got her t-shirt. She was wearing 1 sock, her panties and her t-shirt.

I got my jeans.

Tiffany got a sock.

I got my t-shirt. I was wearing everything except my panties.

Tiffany got her jeans. She was wearing everything except her bra.

They tossed me my panties. I had to toss back my jeans.

They tossed Tiffany her bra. She had to toss back her t-shirt.

Now that all of our good parts were covered and couldn’t be uncovered again (in the course of the game, anyway) they tossed me my jeans and Tiffany her t-shirt, and the game was over. It had taken only a few minutes.

“We have to remember to play that some time with the group.” Said Sarah, thinking out loud. “I think we could have Cheryl wear layers. Two or 3 tops, panties, bike shorts and shorts… keep dressing her and making her strip to put something else on. Could be fun!”

I just smiled. “Cheryl doesn’t play those games any more. You have to address me as ‘Cherry’ if you want me to get naked again.” I said, laughing.

This broke everyone up. We all had a good laugh.

Sarah and I rode home with Tom, and spent the rest of the day together. We went for a run in the afternoon, since it was finally dry and not freezing cold. It was nice.

**Prologue**

I have been communicating rather regularly with another user on this board, Feline, and partially through that communication I gained the courage to start writing and posting fiction, through which I am exploring fantasy and desire. I had confessed to Feline that I was unhappy with some of the fictional turns my postings had taken. Some of these were in an effort to keep the story more interesting, some to explore fantasy, and some to explore “what if” thoughts that had been in my head, and the heads of some of my friends, or even in the heads of some of the other posters on this board.

I have become increasingly unhappy with the fictional parts of my writing for various reasons, and through my communication with Feline found that I was actually bothered by it. I had added to, changed, and embellished a life that I love, with friends that I could never replace, and in doing so had somehow cheapened and diminished some of the best experiences of my life… uncomfortable and humiliating, sure, but erotic and loving and truly unforgettable.

I have decided to post only a slightly embellished truth from here on out. I still may combine events, if I spend half an hour one day, twenty minutes the next with my friends alone, but I’m going to make only those changes to reality that will enhance the telling of the story, but not the story itself. For this reason, the stories may become more tame, or may stop altogether. I will continue to keep this “journal” of my times with my friends and the people who I hope to spend the rest of my life with, even if I stop posting here. I hope that the stories don’t stop; I hope that the fun we have together as friends can continue, but if the truth becomes too boring, the postings will cease. I hope to continue to write fiction, too. I enjoy the exploration and self discovery that the fictional writing affords me. It’s what originally made me embellish my “true” stories to the point that I did, I think.

Since I’ve recovered from my mono I seem to have found myself busier than most summers. I think I’m making up for lost time! It’s taken me three weeks to get this done, and it’s not even that long! I just seem to have no time to sit alone at my computer, other than to quickly check my email or IM with friends while I’m getting ready or listening to music.

Here’s hoping you all enjoy this latest chapter! Please provide feedback, positive or constructive; it will be the best way for me to know if I should continue posting.

~Cheryl

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I guess this part of the story starts just after part 112, which explains, in large part, why I’ve numbered it 113 (sorry for the bad humor, I’m in a weird mood right now).

The experience with “Uncle Tom” was weird, scary, and I still get chills when I think about it. It isn’t, in any way, shape or form, sexy or erotic to look back on. I want that to be clear, and if that ruins a fantasy, then I’m sorry. The bizarre rush that came over me afterward I can describe only as elation that it was over. I’m very surprised I reacted that way. If you were to have forced me to tell you, before any of that had happened, how I would react to such a thing, I would have guessed that I would have felt dirty, violated and ashamed. I did feel those things, but what I didn’t expect was the feeling of relief when it was over. The feeling of calm and of comfort I got from my friends, and from their reactions. They didn’t care about the party, about the plans, or about anything. They cared about me – not Cherry, but about Cheryl. It was genuine, and it was unanimous. I think that comfort and that feeling of calm acceptance let me know that it was okay. I had so much energy, so much nervous tension built up in me, and when they reacted the way they did, and made me know how safe I was, I felt so free, so giddy, and so alive. I crashed hard at the end, though. I think now that I really did fall asleep.

Tiffany played along, making sure I wasn’t the only one in that situation. It was actually quite a sacrifice for her to make, and I love her even more for having done it.

But by no means is it a happy memory. It’s full of panic, guilt, embarrassment (and not the good kind), and shock. I still worry that one day Rob’s uncle will be at his house, and will recognize me. No one can allay that fear, and Rob actually shares it with me.

If I wasn’t so practiced in dancing from all of the strip shows the guys have made me do, I’m sure that he would have seen through our rouse. He actually did call me about a week later, asking me about the bachelor party for his friend. Tom had come up with the idea to go online and look for strippers in our area. We found a company called “Grin ‘n Bare It” in Chicago, and I just wrote down a couple of names of girls from the site – their pictures are on line. When he called, I told him that I was out of town the weekend that he needed me, but then I gave him the phone number to Grin ‘n Bare It and told him to ask for two of the girls I had written down. He was a little disappointed, but he didn’t press me too hard, and I got away with it. Rob told me that he hired one of the girls I had directed him to, and that she gave an even better show than me. No surprise there.

But one unexpected thing did come out of that experience. Uncle Tom had given me one hundred fifty dollars during the course of my show, and Tiffany had pocketed it, knowing I was in no mood to talk about it at the time. She offered it to me later, but I felt weird taking it. It made me feel like a whore if I took it, even though I didn’t have sex for it. I told Tiffany to keep it, to spend it on herself, because that would make me happy. She dropped the subject and never brought it up again.

Nothing has happened since then, though. Even though I “got right back on the horse”, as the saying goes, I think everyone’s been a bit intimidated. Ronnie and Ryan moved right after the school year ended, so our group is down to ten, including me.

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In late June my parents took me on a cruise vacation with them. We went to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, on Saturday, June 21, and the cruise left on Monday, June 23 on the Enchantment of the Seas. We went to Key West, Cozumel, Mexico, and Belize. I missed my friends, and I especially missed Tom and Tiffany, but I still managed to have a pretty good time. I went snorkeling, and wandered around the ports, and the ship was really nice, although the rooms were tiny. I came home and started to not feel good, and found out that I had mono. It’s not fun, and I strongly recommend against it if you ever have the opportunity to contract that particular disease. My parents did feel sorry enough for me that they got me a Nintendo Wii game system and the Wii Fit, but I had to promise not to wear myself out playing with it. It actually did get tiring, but it was nice to feel at least a little active.

When I started feeling better, I did start to think about doing some of the Wii activities naked; especially the ski slalom, the hula hoop, and some of the yoga poses. I tried a few of them, and the feeling of doing something like that completely naked in my family room was really indescribable, but I wished that Tom and Tiffany could have been there to watch me. Maybe someday…

On July 16 my mom took me to the doctor for a follow-up. She gave me a clean bill of health, with a warning that I shouldn’t overdo it and could relapse. I understood that to mean that I was well and could go out with my friends again, but my mom focused more on the warning half of her statement and insisted that I still take it easy. I was allowed to have Tiffany and Sarah come over on Thursday while my parents were at work, but they had to leave after dinner, and my mom wanted me to go to bed early. On Friday I begged and pleaded, and my mom agreed that if I stayed home and took a nap on Friday afternoon, that I could go out on Friday night on a date with Tom, but I had to be home by 11:00. I took what I could get.

By Saturday I had done a pretty good job of convincing her that I was really well, although I did still feel pretty tired sometimes and did sleep later than normal almost every morning. She let me go out again, and this time I went on a date with Tiffany and Tom both. It was a lot of fun, and we had a great time, although we couldn’t be alone and have “real” fun.

Sunday I still felt fine, and I went out for a run with Sarah and Rick. Tom was mowing the lawn and has some other yard work to do and didn’t want to come. I got in four miles and felt pretty good, although my pace was a little slower than it had been, and I felt more tired afterward that I remembered normally feeling.

When my mom found out that I had gone for a run she was mad, and she wouldn’t let me go out Sunday night. Tom and Sarah came over and we watched a movie on TV and then my mom made me go to bed early.

Monday came and my parents went to work. Tom called me and asked if I was feeling up to a bit of fun for the day.

“What do you have in mind?” I asked him gamely, unsure where this was headed but also highly unconcerned. I wanted to go have fun.

“Tiffany’s on her way over. She’s going to park at your house, I’m going to pick you both up, and we’ll go to the store really quick. I need condoms. Then we’re coming back here.”

Ten minutes later Tiffany was pulling into the driveway, and Tom was almost immediately behind her. We jumped into his car and went to the store. We picked up a couple of things and were back at his house in less than half an hour. He parked in the garage, so any neighbors casually looking outside wouldn’t see him leading two girls into the house when his parents were at work.

It was a wonderful day. I got a little jealous when I thought about them doing this while I was on the cruise and home sick, but I got over it pretty quickly. I really do love them both, and even though I want to always be there, I try really hard to remember that I don’t love either of them any less, and don’t think about either of them any less if I have sex with just one of them. It kind of works, anyway.

We were all snuggling in Tom’s bed, Tiffany’s and my head on either side of his chest, when he brought up the two fiction stories I had written. He and Tiffany had read them with great interest, and really enjoyed them. They saw a lot of me in the characters I had created, and Tom saw a bit of him and a bit of Sarah in the twin boys in the babysitter story (Ali’s Babysitting Job). Tiffany said that she loved the way I wrote, and she loved the way I had put Ali and Andrea in those situations. She said that she saw a lot of Sarah and herself in Amy, Andrea’s tormenter in the Truth or Dare story.

They wanted me to tell them what I liked about the stories, and what made me write the different things. I could tell that they had rehearsed this conversation; they led it and steered it in a practiced way, if a little stunted. Finally they wanted to know if I was up for some fun the next day, which would be Tuesday, July 22. I was so content and a little horny still, so I readily agreed.

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I was nervous when I got out of bed Tuesday morning. It had been a while since I’d done this, and I felt a bit fat because I hadn’t worked out properly all summer. My clothes still fit fine, but every time I looked in the mirror I felt like my tummy was pudgy. I had to flex harder to get my six-pack muscles to show, too, which proved that I was carrying more fat over them. The scale said that I was only two pounds heavier than the end of the school year, but I felt like it was much more.

Tom picked Sarah and me up just after 10:00 and we met Tiffany and Rob at Rob’s house. Tom wanted to try this out in a smaller group first, to get my reaction and figure out the logistics. The plan was to play Truth or Dare Cherry with similar rules to the Truth or Dare story I had written.

Rob hugged me firmly and warmly when he saw me, and commented on how much better I looked than when he had visited me with Sarah when I was still really sick. He asked how I was feeling, and offered me a chair. It was really, really sweet, and made me blush a bit, thinking about how I was going to be stripping for him shortly. Even though he’s seen me naked a whole bunch of times, it’s still strange for me to do it under the circumstances that it happens.

Once we were settled and the talking had come to a natural lull, Tom explained what we were going to do. “We’re going to play ‘Truth or Dare Cherry’ just like in the story she wrote.” he said, “and the only rules are ‘no touching her pussy’.”

“No one can dare me to kiss her with tongue.” Added Sarah. “I’ll kiss her with a closed mouth, but that’s it.”

“What about Rob?” I asked.

Sarah shrugged. “It’s you! I don’t care if he kisses you!”

Rob looked a bit apprehensive. I was trying to figure out if he was nervous about kissing me, or about kissing someone who wasn’t his girlfriend.

“We’ll let Rob and Sarah figure out what’s okay there.” Said Tom, cutting me off before I could reply. “As for me and Tiffany, we don’t care if Cherry kisses Rob at all.” He emphasized the name, indicating to me that it was okay only in the context of the game. I knew that, but it was nice to hear him specify it; it’s nice that he admits jealousy sometimes.

“Oh! I almost forgot!” Exclaimed Tiffany, jumping to her feet. She whispered with Rob and then pulled me up and into his bedroom with her. There was a gift bag on the bed.

“Now, don’t get upset,” She said tentatively, “but I didn’t feel right keeping the money from Rob’s uncle, so we all decided to use it to buy you stuff.”

I recoiled slightly at the recollection of Uncle Tom, but I think I kept my face passive. Tiffany saw no reason not to continue, in any event.

“We bought you some cute things and some sexy things. There’s still some money left, and you can have it or we’ll buy more stuff. Most of it’s at my house in my closet, but I had to give you this today to make it more realistic for the story.” She said, clearly relieved that I wasn’t upset about the memory of Rob’s uncle, or the fact that they’d bought me clothes to strip out of with the money.

I’m not sure how I feel about that, honestly. I know that I should feel weird about it, and I kind of do, but I also feel pretty sexy. They had a lot of money that I told them they could have. Tiffany could have kept it, or she and Tom could have split it, or the four of them each could have taken $37.50, but they wanted to spend it on me. They bought me a pair of really cute jean capri’s from Abercrombie that have to be $50, and a really cute bikini. The sexy stuff I haven’t really seen yet.

The gift bag contained a cute pair of cotton cover-up shorts with a drawstring waist, and a blue midriff baring t-shirt that says “Art Major – I Do Nudes” on it. The shorts, I later found, match the bikini they had bought me. I don’t think I can wear the t-shirt in front of my parents, though.

“In the story, you made Andrea do a strip dance out of her shorts and t-shirt after every break, and you had them break once an hour.” She said. “So you have to do the same. This is your shorts and t-shirt for today!”

I recalled that in the Truth or Dare story I had Andrea dressed in short cotton shorts with an elastic waist and a shorty t-shirt, so this was indeed the correct attire. I smiled at the same time I felt the familiar butterflies and beginnings of sexual tension. Just thinking about the upcoming strip dance sent my conflicting emotions running. The nervousness, the dread of what’s to come mingling with the slight arousal and the increased energy I always got from the adrenaline rush that accompanied it.

Tiffany left me to dress, reminding me that Andrea wasn’t allowed a bra or panties, and closed the door. I was almost disappointed, since I had worn a really cute thong set that no one had seen yet – I bought it for the cruise. The panties are white with rhinestone lips on the front, like a kiss mark, and the bra is white with glitter kisses over each nipple. If you can believe it, I got them at Target.

Because there was little to remove and even less to put back on, I was back out in Rob’s main room with the others in less than two minutes. Knowing that they didn’t want to have to remind me, I stopped at Rob’s iPod on the way out and skipped to the next song. I danced, feeling more aroused as I pulled my t-shirt over my head, baring my breasts to someone I wasn’t sleeping with for the first time in almost four months. A minute later I pulled my shorts down, kicking them off, finishing the last 40 seconds or so of the song totally nude.

They were all smiling widely when I finished.

“Now be a good girl and fold your clothes up all neatly, you don’t want them to wrinkle!” chided Sarah, making Tiffany, Tom and I all snicker.

Tiffany was sitting immediately to my left, then Tom, then Sarah, and finally Rob. Tiffany, therefore, was first.

“It’s been a while since you’ve been naked in front of us. Tell us, truthfully, how you feel.” She said, starting with a truth question.

I had to think about it. I had to phrase my answer. I felt even more on display than I had a moment ago, feeling a bit awkward just standing there naked with everyone waiting for me to answer. I felt my face blush slightly.

“I, um…” I stammered, “I feel… I don’t know!”

I blushed harder. I felt as if steam had risen rapidly inside me from somewhere around my belly, and I knew my face was bright red.

Tiffany smiled at me. “You have to answer the truth question!” she said simply.

“I feel like I’m blushing.” I said a bit too loudly.

Everyone laughed at this.

“You look like you’re blushing, too!” laughed Sarah.

“How do you feel about being naked for us to play with you?” Asked Tiffany. Something about the way she worded it made me tingle, and renewed the deepness of my blush, which I had felt was starting to fade.

“I don’t know.” I tried again.

“You do know, but you’re not willing to tell us.” Corrected Tiffany. “You’re willing to stand here naked in front of us, but you’re not willing to share your feelings.”

She held up her hands to stop Rob, who was about to speak.

I knew what she wanted me to say. I closed my eyes and took a breath. The blush was fading again, or at least I felt like it was.

“I’m feeling myself starting to get horny, and I’m really nervous and I’m fighting to keep my hands from covering myself, but at the same time I want everyone to look.” I said, and I blushed yet again, feeling the heat rising in my face. I felt a small bead of perspiration at my hairline, and wondered if everyone else could see it. Funny, it had felt cold in the room when I had first arrived.

“You’re horny?” asked Sarah, laughing.

“Not yet.” I said loudly, defensively. Then, in a quieter voice, I finished, “I can just tell I’m starting to… you know… feel like it.”

It was really embarrassing to put that out there.

Tom stemmed any further questioning by loudly saying “I want to dare her to let everyone touch her ass.”

I think we all looked at him in a little shock, and he actually flushed a bit as he laughed it off.

“I mean,” he started, “come over here.”

I walked tentatively to him, and he had me turn around, my back now facing him. “Like this.” He said simply, and he cupped both of my butt cheeks in his hands, kneading them slightly.

Everyone, including me after a few moments, laughed, and Tom then sent me around the circle. I was surprised a little bit that Sarah didn’t balk at this, but she actually grabbed on pretty hard, and then slapped my butt when she sent me to Rob. Rob, as I knew he would be, was the most timid, but with a little prompting from Sarah he played along. Tiffany gently ran her fingers across my backside, extending from the mid-point between my knees and butt and almost halfway up my back. Tom allowed her to do this for close to a minute, making my skin react with goose pimples again, before reminding her to squeeze.

I was now officially starting to get aroused. I had been a little turned on before, but mostly that was psychological arousal. This “intimate” contact and the reactions of my closest friends, coupled with their reactions and expressions had made it physical. I could feel my body starting to react. It was nothing major yet, but it was building. I forced myself to let it happen. I wanted it to, and I knew that they all wanted it to, and expected it, but it was still hard to not be embarrassed by it.

“Truth or Dare Cherry.” said Sarah in a playful voice, thinking as she openly stared at me, bringing more attention to my naked state and making me feel more exposed than I had already.

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I normally don’t address the reader, and I try to keep the story flowing, but here I want to editorialize for a moment, and beg that you forgive the interruption. When I wrote the Truth or Dare story, I never anticipated how Andrea would feel, standing there waiting for her next dare. Doing the dare is like any other party, and while I’m doing it, I’m focused on the actions and requirements of what I need to do, still mindful of my nudity, but not fully consumed by it. It’s not exactly easy, but the standing and waiting is harder in a way. The anxiety over what will be called for with the next dare, or what intimate secret I’ll be asked to reveal with the next truth, coupled with the unease of standing, doing nothing, waiting to be commanded is quite unnerving. I have decided that I like the games my friends and I play enough to allow them to continue for over a year now. I have allowed the group of people who witness my displays during the games to expand, and I’ve slowly expanded my range of what’s acceptable, what’s “comfortable”, and what I allow myself to enjoy. This was a whole new feeling, and made me probably more nervous, more anxious than almost any other experience I’d had. The fact that it was just this small group was a huge blessing. I think I may have had to stop it if it had been the larger, full group. The anticipation was so heavy on me, and it felt like I was putting myself more at their mercy than ever before, even though it was no different, really, looking back.

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“I dare you to bend over in front of Rob and teach him the best and most intimate way to play with your ass.” Sarah said finally.

I know that I blushed again, but walked to Rob. Sarah helped me into position; at first I didn’t understand what she had meant. She had me stand with my back to Rob, about a foot in front of him with my legs about shoulder width apart, and bend at the waist. She had me reach my hands around and touch my own butt gently, kneading and lightly caressing the way that I enjoy it. Then it was Rob’s turn, and I was instructed to talk him through it, and even take his hands if necessary.

“Lighter pressure, just the fingertips. Just drag your fingers across the skin… yeah, like that. Okay, now take hold and squeeze gently. Thumbs a little farther apart. Put your fingertips lower, more toward my thighs.”

I guided him through what I enjoy, what felt good. I stopped speaking a few times to allow myself to feel his hands more. I know that he could see that I was getting aroused. I could feel that I was moist already, but not as wet as I knew I would be getting. And I knew that he could see everything.

Finally Sarah announced herself satisfied. It seemed like it had been a few minutes, and the blood had all rushed to my head, having been bent over and reaching behind myself for all that time. I stood and returned to my spot in the front of the room as Rob decided what he wanted.

“I dare you to do the same for Tiffany. I want to see her play with your ass again.” he said quietly, looking at the floor.

Tiffany and Sarah laughed out loud. Tom chuckled and Sarah playfully slapped Rob on the arm. “You men are all alike, aren’t you?” she joked. “You just can’t get enough girl-on-girl action!”

“There’s never enough of that!” joked Tom to more laughter around the room.

Tiffany evidently decided to play it up for everyone, and moved to her knees on the floor in front of me, rather than having me move to her. She grabbed my hip and turned me around, and then made me spread my legs a bit wider before having me bend over.

“Oohh… someone’s getting turned on!” she said playfully in a sing-song voice.

Had I not been bent over, the blood already rushing to my head, I would have blushed again. She touched my spread pussy to feel my wetness, making me jump, and making everyone else laugh. No one corrected her to remind her that she was supposed to confine her touching to my butt. I repeated my show, touching my own butt while Tiffany watched, occasionally leaning forward to kiss my thigh or my butt, her hands lightly and continually caressing my calves as she watched.

Then it was her turn, and she did it much better than even I can do to myself. I guess it’s like not being able to tickle yourself – it just felt so much nicer when she did it. But after about twenty or thirty seconds, she allowed a finger to stray back to my pussy, making me jump again. She was intentionally teasing, using light pressure but carefully avoiding my clit, focusing instead on my mons and lips.

“Hey!” I joked. “I thought the rules were that no one can touch my pussy!”

“You mean I can’t do this?” she asked, sticking a finger unceremoniously into my hole, making me squeal and almost fall over from the surprise. When I jumped, her finger immediately pulled out, but she chased my body, forcing it back inside.

Everyone laughed at the show we were putting on, and I once again found myself more turned on than embarrassed, but specifically embarrassed because of that fact.

She wiggled her finger inside me for a few quick seconds, then announced herself satisfied and left me frustrated and much more aroused as she stood and returned to her seat. She waited for me to stand and turn around before slowly and exaggeratedly bringing her right hand to her mouth, licking the finger that had been inside of me and was still glistening with my juices. Sarah had a look of mild amusement mingled with one of “I just ate something very tart”, Tom was smiling broadly and staring at her, and Rob’s mouth actually dropped open; like in a cartoon, his eyes were bugged out and his mouth hung open. It was comical, and I actually giggled a bit.

Tiffany used her next turn to as a truth question. “How much is this turning you on?”

I didn’t know how to answer. If she had asked “is this turning you on?” it would have been easy to answer. But how do you quantify something like that?

“Kind of, I guess. I replied shrugging slightly.

“What does that mean?” she asked, smiling at me to let me know that we were going to talk it out.

I sighed. I was feeling that “on display” feeling again. “I don’t know. I mean, it’s hard to say. It’s turning me on, but it’s hard to, you know, I don’t know…” I trailed off.

“Hard to put a finger on?” she asked, smiling broadly and suppressing a giggle as she held up the still-glistening finger she had just licked clean.

I blushed, Tom and Sarah laughed, and Rob chuckled nervously and blushed a bit, which was a little surprising and endearing. I didn’t respond.

“So, think about the thing that would turn you on the most, and then think about something that doesn’t turn you on at all. If the first thing is a ten, and the thing that doesn’t turn you on is a one, then where is this?” she asked.

I had to think about it. If I was alone with Tiffany and Tom and we were all making out, and I was being caressed and touched by both of them, and touching and caressing them both, and watching them touch each other, that would probably be a ten. Maybe a twelve. “I guess like a six or seven.” I said. Thinking about being with them had pushed me to a full, solid seven.

“We’ll have to fix that!” she giggled, motioning that Tom could take his turn.

“Hmmm…” he said, allowing his eyes to wander slowly from my head to my feet, and then back up. He was doing it intentionally and obviously, knowing I would feel self conscious, but excited by it. I love it when he looks at me. He still calls me his little show off. “I think I want you to make out with Tiffany for a while. You’re not allowed to touch her.”

He made me lie on my back on the floor, my arms straight out to my sides, my legs spread, but not painfully wide. Tiffany moved to the floor, kneeling next to me, and bent low to kiss me. After a half minute or so, she laid on her side, freeing a hand to caress my body. She let her fingers trace slowly from just above my pussy to my neck as her tongue and lips teased my mouth, neck and throat. She would stop just short of touching my pussy, and although she would caress or gently squeeze my breasts, she intentionally avoided contact with my nipples.

My arousal was ratcheting upward, probably toward eight or nine now. I was still very conscious of where I was, and that there were people watching. I didn’t care that Tom was watching, I was used to Tom watching and then joining in; Sarah had watched before, but in difference circumstances, when Tiffany was naked, too. Rob had seen us do stuff, but this was intimate, and it was weird with me being the only one naked.

After a while – I honestly can’t say if it was two minutes or five – Tom stopped us. I stood, a little light headed at first, while Tiffany returned to her seat after whispering in my ear “I love you.”

I was smiling broadly, therefore, which I think Sarah mistook somehow. She hadn’t heard what Tiffany had whispered in my ear. “I dare you to do the exact same thing with Tom.” She said without any pause.

Tom smiled and stood, as I immediately laid back on the floor, moving my arms and legs into the familiar position. I was at that point of arousal where I cared less and less about who was seeing things. I always think of graphs, like in science or in trig, where as arousal increases, humility and modesty both decrease.

Tom was as tender and teased just as much as Tiffany, although he did not completely ignore my nipples, allowing his fingers to stray over them and to gently pinch them a few times, but passing them by completely on other passes up and down my body. His kisses focused mainly on my mouth, although he did kiss the tip of my nose when he abruptly stopped, standing quickly and returning to his seat, leaving me laying on the floor a bit confused and frustrated for a moment.

Rob was hesitant and looked a bit flustered now that it was his turn. He dared me simply to kiss Sarah on the lips. I tried to kiss her hard, but she pulled away after only a few seconds, laughing, but indicating by her body language that that was it.

Back to Tiffany. She asked another truth question, “How turned on are you now?”

“About a nine.” I replied. Maybe it was an eight, but it was a high eight at least.

Everyone chuckled at this. Rob, I think, was the least comfortable. I don’t think anyone expected it to go this way this quickly.

Tom whispered to Sarah, who laughed and whispered back, loudly enough for me to hear parts of it. “Yeah… blah blah… funny!”

“I dare you to lay on the ground again and let Rob do what Tiffany and I just did.” said Tom.

I felt a little bad for Rob. I don’t know if his nervousness was due to the fact that he was worried about me, Sarah, or his abilities, but he looked like he’d really rather not. It’s really cute, when you think about it, that for whatever reason he’s turning down the chance to fondle a naked girl.

I laid down in position again, and he came next to me. He kissed me, his tongue firmly in his closed mouth, and he let his hands caress my belly, coming as high as the bottom swell of my breasts, and as low as my naval. I did manage to slip my tongue into his mouth, but then his kisses quickly moved to my cheeks and my neck. He stood after only a half minute or so, blushing.

As mild as that had been, it turned me on even more because it was Rob. He was so shy and polite with me, always concerned about taking things too far, always concerned about the others, so it was fun to have him touching me, and it was the first time I’d really kissed him.

I stood again, and it was Sarah’s turn. “I dare you to bend over and spread your legs. I want to see if you’re wet enough that your ass hole is wet, yet.”

I blushed fiercely at the crudity of that statement. Tiffany giggled slightly, her hand over her mouth. Tom shook his head, chuckling with his hand over his eyes, and Rob flushed slightly, staring at Sarah in shock.

“I just figured ‘to hell with pretenses’,” she said, shrugging. “I want you to show everything.”

I turned around, bent at the waist, and spread my legs a bit wider than normal. “Yep!” Sarah confirmed. “That’s a wet ass hole!”

Tiffany laughed again, while Tom still sat, shaking his head. I did notice that no one turned away, and everyone took the opportunity to take a good look.

“Can I stand up now?” I asked.

“Um… everyone had a good look?” she asked, looking around the circle and chuckling again. “I suppose so.”

I stood back up, and the fact that the blood had once again rushed to my head hid the deep blush that I know was present.

Rob was embarrassed by Sarah’s crude show, and couldn’t know how it had turned me on even more. Tiffany and Tom know, but the rest do not; the more intimate my exposure, the more personal and private, the more sexual energy I get from it. I think it’s the combination of the embarrassment and the fact that it’s so personal. It can translate to sheer horror for me, or to arousal. Since I love these people to much to be utterly horrified, it takes the other route.

“Your turn, honey.” reminded Sarah, playfully prodding Rob.

“Um… I don’t know.” He said.

Sarah whispered in his ear. He blushed furiously. “No!” he said out loud.

Sarah giggled and slapped him lightly on his arm, whispering more. Finally she spoke out loud, addressing me. “Rob wants you to finger yourself with all ten fingers, one at a time, and then lick off your fingers.” she said.

“That’s what you want!” he shot back at her.

“You know you want to see it.” She chided.

He blushed but said nothing.

“Unless he can come up with something else in five seconds, that’s what she has to do.” said Tiffany, giggling and obviously liking the suggestion. “Five, four, three, two, one.”

Rob sat stammering, but said nothing intelligible, and the five seconds was up. Tom was just smiling and shaking his head, highly amused at Sarah and Tiffany. It remember thinking that I was amused (or is that amazed) that the two girls were my biggest tormenters, where you would think the guys would be more anxious to put me on display.

I squatted slightly and inserted three fingers in rapid succession before Sarah stopped me. She took over for Rob, and wanting to get it over with, I didn’t complain. She had me lay once again on my back with my legs spread, and had me insert one finger, hold it for a few seconds, then pull it out and lick it off. I then repeated that with each finger, then switched to the other hand.

Remember what I said about intimate exposure turning me on?

I was now visibly wet, and my hands had spread the moisture around my pussy and thighs, but Sarah refused to allow me to wipe myself dry.

It was now Tiffany’s turn. She surprised me by not asking me some sort of humiliating truth question, but instead decided to torture me by seeing just how intense she could make my arousal.

“I dare you to do exactly what you had Andrea do in your story. Teach us how you want us to play with your boobs, and let us all play with them!”

I know I blushed again, but quickly complied. I brought my hands to my breasts and slowly and softly kneaded and caressed them. Tiffany reminded me to explain what I liked.

“I like a gentle touch, I guess.” I said. “You can squeeze a little firm, but not hard. No pinching. I like touching around the nipples more than on them, but you can rub across them when I’m really turned on”

I demonstrated as I spoke, and then walked to Tiffany. She intentionally did it wrong, even though I learned a lot about what I do like from her hands, forcing me to correct her. She made me feel wonderful, and when I closed my eyes and just allowed myself to feel her hands, she removed them, slapped my butt, and pushed me in front of Tom.

Tom is quite adept at breast play, and quickly made my knees weak, my sexual arousal hitting a new high. I was coming close to the point where I would just want to orgasm without concern for who or how, and I think they knew it.

Tom sent me to Sarah, who surprised me a bit by taking her time and actually allowing herself to caress and really fondle my breasts. She hadn’t even touched them since last summer, and even then confided that it made her feel weird.

Next was Rob. I was so turned on by the time I stood in front of him, and looked down at his face staring at my breasts, his hands nervously moving toward them, as though in slow motion. I was so aroused at this sight, I don’t even remember thinking about it; I just reached out and pulled his hands to me, kneading my own breasts using his hands.

Sarah laughed out loud, which brought be back a bit to reality, and I released his hands. To his credit, he continued to do what was expected of him, was very gentle, and it was extremely erotic for me.

Finally it was Tom’s turn. He decided to put me out of my misery, in a manner of speaking. He could tell how turned on I was, and he knew where my arousal was, and what my body was capable of.

“I want you to lay on the floor again.” He started.

I quickly complied.

“Spread your legs again, feet flat on the floor.”

This position bent my knees and opened me up to them a bit more.

“Now… you have ten minutes for three orgasms. If you make it to three, you get a reward.”

“What happens if I don’t?” I asked.

“Nothing at all.” he replied, smiling at me.

He knew that I was already turned on to the point where masturbating in front of everyone would not be a problem. I am also proven multi-orgasmic, and sometimes have three or four orgasms in a span of two or three minutes, but I had never “raced” before.

Nonetheless, I laid flat, bringing my right hand to my pussy to find it soaking wet and already open. I lightly caressed the folds of skin, teasing the opening, and then allowed my now-lubricated finger to find my clit. After only a minute or two I started my first orgasm. Opening my eyes during that orgasm, my hips bucking off the floor, to see the faces of my closest friends hungrily watching me only served to increase my arousal. The first orgasm ebbed as the second started.

I heard Tiffany shout out “TWO!”

I wanted to giggle, but it came out as a cross between a cough and a moan.

After my fourth orgasm, I started to come down. I was lazily stroking my outer lips, my whole hand and all around my reddened, glistening sex wet with my juices.

Tom broke my reverie, “Three minutes left. You got any more in you?”

I laughed hoarsely, a single “ha” that came out extremely throaty. “I think I’m done.”

Everyone else chuckled, both at the exchange and my condition. This is my closest group of friends, and they’ve all watched me masturbate before on several occasions. While it’s still not “comfortable” for me, as long as I go into it already excited there is little or no danger of me getting stage fright and finding myself unequal to the task. They are not exactly used to watching me, but it’s not anything shocking for them, so all-in-all it’s not as uncomfortable a scenario as it might otherwise be. It was nice that no one felt too awkward.

“Well, in that case, the first hour is up and you can dress,” he started, “but just like Andrea in your story, your pussy is just too wet to allow you to put your shorts back on.”

“Would anyone be offended if she just left them off?” laughed Tiffany, taking a line from my story.

Everyone laughed, and Rob blushed fiercely when he was the only one to actually answer what was posed as a rhetorical question.

I got to my feet and was allowed to put my shirt on. “Art Major -- I Do Nudes”. Rob and Tom kept trying to find the perfect punch line for a girl wearing that shirt and nothing else, but they found little success.

Just as I had done to Andrea in the Truth or Dare story, they refused to let me clean up. What no one had counted on was that when it dried, it got a little sticky and flaky, and was pretty embarrassing.

Tom dared me to go take a shower. I tried to dare him and Tiffany to join me, but they came only as far as standing in the bathroom with Rob and Sarah and watching me wash myself.

After I had dried myself, Tom told me that it was time for my reward. I had forgotten about that promise. Sarah and Rob left the bathroom and walked into Rob’s bedroom, closing the door. I hear the lock click. Tiffany pulled her shirt off and pushed her shorts and panties down in one movement, stepping out of them as she reached behind her to remove her bra. Tom, just as quickly, pulled his shirt off, then stepped out of his shorts.

The three of us fell into an embrace, kissing and caressing one another. Tom lifted me and carried me into Rob’s main room while Tiffany followed alongside, playfully swatting Tom’s butt.

About an hour later Rob knocked on their door and called out to us, and we hurriedly dressed. I put on my new shorts and “I Do Nudes” t-shirt. Tiffany put on Tom’s t-shirt and her own shorts, leaving Tom to put on only his boxers and cargo shorts. Rob and Sarah came out of the bedroom when we called back to them, similarly dressed. Sarah was wearing Rob’s long t-shirt and her panties, Rob was wearing just his cargo shorts. I was a little surprised at how much muscle he had put on since he started working out with Tom at the beginning of the year. He looked really good! We microwaved some canned ravioli and all ate lunch together.

I was still in a sexy mood. When lunch was done I stood and stretched. “I think I need to have more sex!” I announced. “Who’s wants to do it with me?” I pulled my t-shirt off, and dropped my shorts to the floor. “Or am I on my own again?”

Rob and Sarah smiled at each other. Rob kissed her, and after they quickly whispered back and forth, Rob pulled Sarah’s t-shirt up and off of her. They kissed again and walked back to Rob’s bedroom as we all watched them, closing and locking the door once more. Tiffany was naked again in seconds as Tom walked over to me and kissed me deeply.

My mom relented and allowed me to spend the night at Tiffany’s house. Tiffany’s mom promised to make sure that the two of us were in bed before midnight. We couldn’t help but giggle as we assured her it would not be a problem.