## The Wheel (exhib)

"It's a beautiful morning," Crysta declared. Her reddish brown hair shone in the morning light, and her blue-green eyes sparkled. Crysta wasn't skinny, but she sure wasn't fat, either. She was "nicely padded", her boyfriend liked to say, and she liked to show off her figure by wearing sexy clothes, always flirting with the edge of slutty, favoring tight clothes, especially micro-minidresses. Crysta enjoyed the thrill of risking an accidental flash, so she often went out in public without any knickers.

"Is this dress long enough?"  Crysta asked. She turned her back to Donna so she could gauge the length of her minidress. "It has to cover my ass, because today I want to keep people guessing whether I'm wearing a thong."

"Yes, that's perfect, just like that," Donna replied, admiring Crysta's figure. She thought to herself, *what beautiful cheeks Crysta has.*

Donna was six inches taller than Crysta, with long, dark brown hair.  Donna liked to a wear sweater vests with a blouse or man-tailored shirt, always ironed, and hip-hugger blue jeans or jeans shorts that always looked brand new.  Her belly was as flat as a board, and she liked to show it off. But today she wanted to be just a bit more daring, so she put on her pastel colored minidress. Unlike Crysta, Donna's sense of adventure had some limits: she always wore knickers. Today, she wore a thin white thong.  Although it was semi-transparent, she felt sufficiently covered up by it to go out in public.  After all, she reasoned, the thong was her second line of defense, after the minidress, which would cover her up most of the time.

"So what do you want to do today?" Crysta asked.

"I don't know. What do you want to do?"

Crysta didn't have much patience for the I-don't-know-what-do-you-want-to-do game. "Let's go to the shore", Crysta decided, putting an end to an aimless discussion before it even started. "We'll bring Eric and Billy." Eric was Crysta's boyfriend, an outdoor type.  Billy was Eric's friend who always goes along to keep Donna company.  Besides, Billy owns a car.

Crysta called up the boys, and they were eager to come with them to the shore.  Soon Billy and Eric arrived at the girls' apartment.  Billy held the door of his old beat-up car, and Crysta got in the back seat with Eric.  She looked terrific in her animal print dress.  Its top was nothing more than a pair of straps to hold in her boobs. It looked like she wasn't wearing anything under the dress, and it was so short it didn't even cover the sides of her thighs when she sat down.

Donna knew Billy's passenger door didn't open, the result of a traffic mishap some time ago, so she would have to slide in from the driver side.  Donna hesitated because her minidress was so short, there was just no graceful way for her to get in the car.  Billy waited patiently for Donna to get in.  She did her best to get in the car without showing too much skin.  In spite of herself, she got a little excited when she saw Billy admiring her knickers, and even more excited when she remembered they're semi-sheer.

As Billy backed out of his parking spot, he craned his neck pretending to look where he was going, but Donna knew he was really checking out Crysta's legs. Maybe he was trying to figure out whether Crysta was wearing knickers.  *He would find out soon enough*, Donna thought.  Crysta just can't keep herself covered up for long.

It was a hot day.  No air conditioning in that old car.  And the traffic on the Parkway didn't help.  So all the windows were opened to get some ventilation.  When the traffic picked up, a gust of wind blew through the car, swirling papers, candy wrappers, and, most notably, Crysta's dress.  She threw her hands in the air, laughed that easy laugh of hers, letting her dress billow in the wind. Donna turned around to see Crysta's dress completely upside down, covering Crysta's face but not much else, and couldn't help laughing, too.  She noticed that Billy stepped on the brake just a little, which caused his rear view mirror to tip forward.  The original mirror had fallen off some time ago, and this one was hanging precariously from a screw driven into the molding above the windshield. Using this trick, Billy's question was answered: Crysta had on a black thong.

As they neared the first toll booth on the Parkway, Donna said, "Billy, I dare you to run the toll."

Billy said, "OK, I'll take that dare. What will you give me if I do it?"

Donna said, "A big wet kiss," and she giggled. She liked Billy, and the thought of kissing him dampened her thin knickers.

Billy said, "That would be nice, but I'm looking for something more tangible." Billy eyed Donna carefully, resting his eyes on her beautiful long legs.  Donna's minidress was so short that it left her leg exposed almost up to her waist.  And her knickers had a high French cut, so they couldn't be seen from Billy's angle.  For a minute, he fantasized that Donna was naked under that tiny dress.

Donna saw the lustful look in Billy's eyes, and it made her even wetter. She said, "No, not my dress.  I'm not going to let you have my dress."  She crossed her arms over her breasts as if to protect them.

"Your knickers, then," Billy said. "If I go through the toll booth without paying, then you give me your knickers, OK?"

Donna hesitated. Her dress was so tiny, it just didn't cover her. "No, I can't," she said. "This dress just doesn't cover me. Maybe if I were wearing a different dress..."

"Chicken!" Crysta cried.

"Wimp!" Eric joined in, laughing.

Donna objected, "I am not a chicken, Billy's the chicken. He'll pay the toll. He always does."

Billy said, "Not this time. I'll go through the toll without paying, and you'll give me your knickers."

Desperate to think of a way to hang on to her precious knickers, Donna said, "OK, but only if you agree to get naked if you lose this dare." Billy won't agree to that, Donna thought.

"OK, no problem," Billy said.  Donna gaped at Billy's quick acquiescence.  *He must have some trick up his sleeve*, she thought.

"Today," Donna said, "This minute.  You agree to get naked as soon as you lose this dare."

"OK, I said.  No problem," Billy repeated.  *Well this much is certain,* Donna thought.  *One of us will be showing some skin in just a few minutes.*  She absently fingered her wet knickers as she thought about this.

When they came upon the toll both, Billy went to the manned lane. Seeing this, Donna said, "Isn't it easier to run the exact change lane?"

"I'm going to *talk* my way out of paying," Billy replied.

Donna breathed quite a bit easier. She knew the hard-nosed reputation of Parkway toll-takers, and was quite sure Billy would lose this dare. As Billy approached the attendant, she became even more certain.  The attendant was a middle-aged overweight man who looked like he's heard every excuse already.  Donna though about Billy's hard body, naked, and became more excited. "I'll gladly give you my knickers as soon as you get *that guy* to agree to let us go without paying." She laughed at the absurd idea as she absently stroked the soft, damp folds of skin under her knickers.  She pictured Billy naked, with the huge erection she was going to give him when she would run her hands all over his hard body.

The attendant waited for Billy to pay the toll, but Billy just looked at him, not certain how to begin. "Thirty-five cents, please," the attendant said, gruffly.  Donna giggled.

"I'm sorry, I don't have thirty-five cents. Would you take a pair of knickers instead?"

"What?!" Donna exclaimed.  She stopped laughing.

The gruff toll-taker suddenly grinned. "Whose knickers are you going to give me?" he asked, eyeing the two girls in the car.

Billy looked at Donna, who snapped her legs together, and cupped both hands on her lap.

The toll-taker's grin widened. "Let's see 'em, honey." Caught off guard, Donna didn't know what else to do, so she slowly lifted up her minidress, revealing her tiny little knickers. Donna kept her legs clamped together, so all the attendant could see was a small, white triangle of fabric covering her little bush.  Her knickers were semi-sheer to begin with, and now that they were damp, they were almost completely sheer.  Craning his neck, the attendant said, "I still can't see your knickers, darling."  Donna lifted her dress higher and higher, even flashing her breasts, hoping this would satisfy him, but the attendant kept craning his neck.  "I need to see your knickers, sweetie," he said.  Donna sat for a minute with her dress hiked up around her shoulders, the folds of fabric resting on her breasts.  The attendant didn't seem to want to see anything else except what was between Donna's legs.  Donna didn't see any way out of it, so she relaxed her legs, revealing quite clearly the outline of her lips.  "Oh, yes," said the attendant. "They'll do just fine."

Donna's heart was beating fast and her head was reeling. She was getting sexually charged by the way everyone was eyeing her crotch, and this was clouding her thoughts. She hated to part with her knickers, but felt it was inevitable -- she didn't see any way out of it.  She hooked her thumbs under the waistband, desperately trying to think of a way out of this predicament even as she slid the waistband down over her cheeks.  She lifted her butt off the car seat, and worked the waistband down to her thighs.  She sat down again, and was about to start lowering the front of her knickers when she suddenly had a thought.  "Wait," she said to Billy. "I don't have to give up my knickers until *after* we get through the toll booth.  That was our agreement."

"No, you said you would gladly give them to me as soon as..." Billy turned to inspect the man's nametag, "...Steve, here, *agrees* to let us go without paying."

"That's right, Donna", said Eric, eager to help.  "You promised to give 'em up when he *agrees* to let us through."

"Oh, you're through, Donna," said Steve the toll-taker, "I agree. Hand 'em over."

Crysta ignored the pleading look in Donna's eyes.  "I think they've got you on a technicality, Donna," she said, smiling. "Sorry."

Donna looked from one person to the next, and they were all looking back at her little knickers. *How did I get myself into this?*  She wondered.  Not seeing any way out, she sighed, and took off her wet knickers, and handed them to Billy.  She crossed her legs, then pulled the tiny dress over her lap as much as it would go.  Billy handed the knickers to Steve the toll-taker, and off they went.  Billy smiled as he saw the toll-taker in his rear-view sniffing the wet knickers.

Billy said, "It's OK, Donna. Don't worry about it." He patted her bare leg, and glanced at her, hoping to get an eyeful.  But Donna kept her legs crossed, and the tiny dress stayed in place.

"Thank you, Billy," she said softly.  She uncrossed her legs, leaned her head back and relaxed, allowing her legs to spread apart slightly.  She looked down, and was grateful to see that the front of her minidress covered her lap, though just barely.  Although she had never been out in public without knickers -- and certainly not with a dress this short -- she felt secure that the dress would keep her mostly covered.  Anyway, she thought, in the car there's no problem.  It's just us friends here, so I can loosen up a bit.  She put her right foot up on the seat, and absently rubbed her thigh.  Without even thinking about it, she stroked the moist area between her legs and thought to herself, it feels good to go without knickers once in a while.  As they got off the Parkway, Donna took a deep breath. "Smell the salt air," she said. The trees were farther apart, and the ground was sandy.

"We need gas," Billy said, hoping Eric would cough up some money.  But everyone was silent.  Donna and Crysta never had any money at all, so Billy waited to see if some money would materialize.  When it didn't, he said, "Eric, can you spare a few bucks?"

"Sorry," Eric said, "I just have ten bucks, and we'll need that for lunch".

"Let's not worry about gas now," Crysta said. "Let's have some fun!"

Billy saw an excellent parking spot, and made a beeline for it. Billy held the driver door open for Donna, and waited while she scooted across the seat. She had no hope of being ladylike because the dress was just too short, and her knickers were long gone. She made the best of it, trying to nonchalant.

After she got out of the car,  Donna smoothed the dress, and pulled on the hem to make sure she was covered up. She was satisfied that the dress was long enough.  As long as she didn't bend over, no one would be able to see that she had "forgotten" her knickers.  Oh-oh, she remembered she had left her beach bag on the floor in front of her seat, and now she had to get it.  So much for not bending over.  She looked left and right.  No one was looking at her.  Maybe she could get away with quickly reaching into the car for her bag.  She smoothed the back of her dress and pulled it down as far as it would go.  It barely covered her cheeks, but it would have to do.  Billy could see the look of apprehension on Donna's face, but he pretended not to notice.  Donna leaned into the car as carefully as she could.  Billy saw Donna's pussy as the back of the dress started to rise.  She could feel Billy's eyes on her as it seemed to take forever for her to reach the bag.  "Don't look at me," she said, with her back still turned.   As the dress rose further, Billy saw Donna's beautiful asshole between her firm young cheeks.  She finally reached the bag, and pulled it out of the car.  Billy looked away at the last second, cleared his throat, and took the bag from Donna.  Donna noticed the bulge in Billy's pants, and flushed as she realized he saw everything.  When they got to the beach, they saw a sign that said each person had to pay $3 for the day. They were standing by the sign, doing a little mental math (three times four is twelve, twelve minus ten is two -- two dollars more than they had) when a group of girls, some wearing t-shirts, others naked, walked by.

One girl, whose only item of clothing was a T-shirt she was carrying over her shoulder, noticed Billy and Eric looking at the sign, and said, "There's a free beach just a quarter-mile this way." She pointing in the direction she was walking, then she quickly caught up to her friends. Billy and Eric followed the naked girls, not taking their eyes off their bare asses.  Crysta punched Eric in the shoulder, so he slowed down, and put his arm around her.  Donna brought up the rear, and Billy slowed down to walk with her.

Sure enough, there was a free beach just where the naked girls said it would be. A sign at the entrance said "nude beach -- no gawkers". The sign went on to say the beach was maintained by a nudist club.  Under that, it explained that all men must get naked to stay on the beach, no exceptions.  Donna and Crysta exchanged a smile.  *This is starting to get interesting,* Donna thought. Billy and Eric looked nervous.  It did seem a little unfair to single out men this way.

Crysta said, "Well, boys, let's see 'em." Billy had been pitching a tent in his pants ever since Donna lost her knickers.  Crysta noticed his hesitation, and then noticed his package.  She said, "Up or down, it doesn't matter.  It's natural either way.  Don't dawdle."

"Here," Eric said, handing Billy his shorts and shirt. "Could you put these in Donna's bag? Thanks." Now everyone was waiting for Billy. He gulped, and stripped. He was so nervous that by the time he got everything off his excitement no longer showed.

Crysta and Eric walked together ahead of Donna and Billy. Eric's arm was around Crysta's hips. Crysta gave Eric's butt a squeeze, to which Eric responded by giving Crysta a hug around the waist underneath her short dress, raising it up. Crysta has a nice ass, Donna and Billy both thought at the same time, but neither one said anything. The four friends got to the edge of the ocean, and Billy set down the bag. Donna took out some towels and laid them on the sand. Crysta took off her dress and put it in the bag. No thong, Donna noticed, wondering when Crysta took it off.

Next, Donna took off her dress, folded it neatly, and set it down on towel.  She's gorgeous, Billy thought, as she straightened up, completely naked.  Then, bending only at the waist, she rummaged in her bag, and found a sheer red bikini bottom. The boys could see through it as she pulled it up.  She paused with her legs slightly separated because her bikini had gotten twisted as she tried to pull it up.  Billy admired her pussy and her asshole as Donna straightened out her bikini.

The water was cold, so the four friends didn't stay in long. The girls ran back to their towels, and Eric and Billy followed them. Now that Donna's bikini was completely wet, the boys could see through it. "I like your bathing suit," Billy said.

"It's a 'tan-through' bikini," she explained as she lied down on her stomach with her legs slightly parted. *A very nice bathing suit,* Billy thought, as his dick saluted.

"Eric," Crysta said, "would you please give me some sunscreen?" Eric squirted some white liquid onto Crysta's stomach and breasts, then her thighs and "bikini area". Crysta could have reached these parts herself, but she enjoyed Eric's touch as he smoothed it in.

"How about you, Donna," Billy said hopefully. "Do you need any sunscreen?"

"No thanks," Donna replied. Her bikini was once again nearly opaque.

"I'm thirsty," Billy said after a few minutes of sunbathing. "Let's go to the boardwalk and find something to drink." The others agreed. Eric and Billy got their clothes on, and Crysta put on her little dress. Donna gathered up the towels and put one over her shoulders, and the rest in the bag. Donna looked gorgeous in the tiny red bikini bottom and no top.  She was very casual about it, allowing the towel to rest over her shoulders, not really covering anything at all. They stopped at a place on the boardwalk and got lunch -- pizza and soda -- which they ate on a bench overlooking the ocean.

After lunch, they got up and started walking along the boardwalk. Eric and Crysta walked in front of Donna and Billy. Eric had his hand around Crysta's waist, and every now and then Eric would tickle Crysta, who seemed to enjoy the attention. Donna and Billy both enjoyed the view of Crysta's cheeks when Eric pushed her dress up. Crysta giggled and told Eric to "cut it out", but she said that just for form's sake.  She actually enjoyed showing off her ass for whoever might be following behind her.

Billy could see that Donna was chilled from the cool breeze, so he asked her if she would like to put something on. "Yes," she said, and stopped at the edge of the boardwalk. She reached in the bag, and found a pair of shorts and a man-tailored shirt, which she put on. She handed Crysta her thong, which Crysta eagerly donned, as if it would somehow keep her warm.

Then Crysta pointed and said, "Look! The Wheel." Sure enough, the four were standing outside of a bar called *The Wheel*. Billy and Eric just looked at each other and shrugged. The windows were painted black, so they couldn't see inside. Crysta explained that this was a way to get the money needed for gas to get home. "It's a stripping competition, and winners get up to $100 depending on how long they can stay in the game."

Donna said, "You can count me out. I've done enough stripping for one day. I already lost my knickers for thirty five cents."

"Besides, there's a cover charge," Eric said, "and we don't have any money."

"No problem," Crysta said, reading a sign by the door. "It says any girl who agrees to play the game gets in free with guest. Come on." She took Eric by the hand, and went in.

Eric said "Come on, you two," as he and Crysta disappeared inside.

That left Donna and Billy outside. Billy looked at Donna, and tilted his head inquiringly.

"Oh, no," Donna said. "I already said I'm done stripping for one day."

"But if you don't play," Billy said, "then I can't go in, and I want to see Crysta win the hundred dollars."

"So do I, but..." She paused a long time, thinking. "Oh, OK," she said.  "But I'm just going to take off one article of clothing, and then I'm quitting.  I'm not going to go all the way, and no matter what happens I'm going to keep my bikini on."  At the entrance, the guy at the door took Donna's hand and put a red wrist-band on her.  When she caught up to Crysta, she saw she had one, too.

Inside, people sat at tables on all four sides of a raised stage.  At one end of the stage was a wheel of the type used at carnivals. It was marked into four sections. Two of them were labeled "Bottom". The other two were labeled "Top" and "Special".  *Seems like a simple game,* Donna thought.

As the four took their seats, a spotlight lit up a tall blonde holding a microphone. She was wearing only shoes and an apron, which covered her front, but was completely open in the back.  As she explained the rules of the game, she paced back and forth along the raised floor.  Every so often her legs parted, and she leaned forward to address the people closest to the stage.  This afforded those on the opposite side quite a view.

"Donna," Billy whispered, looking at Donna's red wristband, "You are required to play this game, right?"

"Yes," Donna said. "I'm getting excited just thinking about it."

"I thought you didn't want to play," he said.

"It's hard to explain," she replied. "I don't want to play, but I'm excited to be *forced* into playing."

"The rules are simple," the hostess began. "Each of the contestants will begin the game wearing two or three items of clothing. Each item can be a top, a bottom, or a larger item covering both top and bottom, such as a dress, leotard or overalls." She spoke quickly, and the crowd ignored her. Apparently, she'd explained the rules a hundred times before. But this was the first time Billy heard the rules, so he listened intently as the hostess continued. "Players take turns, spinning the wheel, and removing articles of clothing called out by the wheel.  Since a larger item covers both top and bottom, it must be removed if the wheel lands on either 'top' or 'bottom'. You can't have more than one top. You may have at most one larger item. You may have two bottoms, but no more than three items altogether."

As the hostess paused, Billy replayed the rules in his mind, and thought about what the girls were wearing. Donna was wearing the little red bikini bottom, shorts and a shirt. *That's three things, and two of them are "bottoms".* Crysta was wearing a minidress and knickers. *That's a larger item and a bottom.*

The hostess continued, "A player begins her turn by giving the wheel a spin.  Depending on the spin of the wheel, the player must remove an item of clothing.  If the wheel lands on 'top', the player removes her top, if she's wearing any.  If the wheel lands on 'bottom' the player must remove one of her bottoms. When a player is naked, the game is over for her."

Sounds simple enough, Billy thought. It's too bad Donna doesn't want to go all the way.  If Donna tried to win, she might be able to beat Crysta, because she's wearing more items of clothing.

"Besides stripping, the players have another way to stay in the game. If they have a 'top' card, they can turn it in to stay in the game when the wheel lands on 'top', but only if she's already topless."

*It's a kind of "get out of jail free" card*, Billy thought.

"If the wheel lands on 'bottom' and the player is bottomless and has a 'bottom card' she must hand it in. So a naked player can stay in the game until she runs out of cards."

This will be fun, Billy thought. The girls will get naked, and somehow accumulate 'top' and 'bottom' cards to stay in the game. It'll be fun to watch naked girls vie for the championship. He pitched a tent just thinking about it.

"A player who starts with just two items of clothing is at a disadvantage, so she is given special consideration. There are three ways for a girl to start out wearing just two items. She can be wearing a large item and a bottom, such as a dress and knickers, for example. Or she can be wearing just two bottoms, and nothing on top. Or she can be wearing some other combination of two items. In the first case -- dress and knickers -- she gets a free wildcard. A wildcard entitles the player to choose her first spin. If she is topless, she receives a free top card. Any other two items of clothing entitle her to a free bottom card.

Oh, this is good for Crysta, Billy thought. She is wearing a dress and knickers, so she gets a wildcard, and so she can choose her first spin.

"If the wheel lands on 'special' then the player can do one of three things: pass, remove one item of clothing and receive a 'top card' or 'bottom card', or exchange all her clothing for an equal number of cards."

*These are interesting possibilities,* Billy thought. *A girl can postpone getting naked as long as possible by passing. But to win the game, she must accumulate cards by stripping early. So a smart girl will try to get as many cards as possible. There's only one 'top' on the spinner, and two 'bottoms', so 'top cards'  must be more valuable -- they will keep a girl in the game longer. But if she's wearing a large item or a bottom, she might have to take these off before she lands on 'special'.  So the rules are geared to encourage the girls to strip as soon as possible to stay in the game, stark naked, as long as they can.  This will be fun!*

"The last player to be eliminated wins! If more than one player is eliminated in the last round, they share the top prize, which is $100. With three exceptions, a player may drop out after any round, pick up her clothes and sit down..."

"Do you have a strategy, Donna?" Billy asked.

"What do you mean?" Donna replied.

"I mean, you don't have to get naked. You could just quit.  Is that what you're going to do?"  Billy was hoping Donna would change her mind, and take off at least two items of clothing.

"But then Crysta would have to win the $100. That's not fair to put that responsibility all on her, is it."

The hostess continued, "The first exception is for players wearing a white wristband, who may drop out any time, but have agreed to have their clothes shipped home, so they must step down wearing what they have on when they either quit, lose or win the game."

Billy looked around to see if any girls were wearing white wristbands. He didn't see any.

"The second exception is for players wearing a red wristband, who have agreed not only to have their clothes shipped home, but have also agreed not to drop out during the game. The third exception is for players wearing a black wristband, who have agreed to all these things plus to remain naked on the boardwalk for an hour after the game is over."

Eric and Billy quickly looked at the red wristbands worn by the girls. The girls exchanged a smile, but showed no other reaction. Eric and Billy expected them to be upset about this rule. Had the girls known all along they would have to go home naked?

"Crysta," Donna whispered, "I have done some mental calculations, and I know what your best strategy is to win the $100. Since you're wearing just two items, you'll get a wildcard in the beginning of the game. I hate to tell you this, but your best chance of winning is to turn in your wildcard, choose 'special', and strip naked on your first turn to receive two top cards.

"Please, no," said Crysta. "I don't want to be the first to be naked. Do I have to?" Donna nodded sadly, but couldn't help smiling as she imagined Crysta stripping.

"Now let's meet the players." announced the hostess. Just then, three beautiful girls strode up a stairway onto the floor. "They have drawn lots to decide the starting order."

"Hello, my name is Ann" said the first one as she stepped forward.  "I'm wearing a shirt and shorts." The shirt was a skimpy light pink shirt with spaghetti straps. Billy noticed her hard nipples.

"Thats all?" inquired the hostess. "Let's see under the shorts."

Ann said quickly, "I'm wearing knickers too."  But it was too late.  Ann would soon find out that she shouldn't lie, or even try to color the truth in this game.

"Let's see them." When Ann didn't make any move, the hostess said, "Listen, Ann, if you are going to be shy you can step down right now." Ann slowly started taking off her shorts as the audience whooped and hollered. They were very tight, so as she pulled them down, her knickers came partway down, too. Ann straightened up, and adjusted her clothing. Her shirt partly covered her knickers as she handed her shorts to the hostess. "You shirt is covering your knickers, so I can't see them, Ann." It was true that the shirt covered the waistband of the knickers, but the rest of Ann's knickers were clearly visible.

Ann blushed as she lifted up her shirt, revealing lace knickers. "Keep going." Ann lifted the shirt higher, almost revealing her small but perky breasts. After a minute, the hostess made a gesture that meant keep going. Ann sighed, and took her shirt off, and handed it to the hostess.  She stood still, wearing only her lacy knickers, and waited for further instructions.  She covered her face with her hands, and her breasts with her arms.  One arm covered each nipple.

"Ann, you have a problem," said the hostess, examining Ann's shirt.  Ann uncovered her face to look at the hostess.  "This shirt is too long, so it has to count as a dress, which puts you at a disadvantage. Would you prefer to start with just two items of clothing and a card?" Ann thought about this. The hostess added, "It'll give you a better chance to win if you do."

"OK, I'll just wear two items: the shirt and knickers, and I'll take a wildcard."

"OK, Ann.  You've chosen to wear two items.  But I'll pick which two items you get to wear."

This is getting fun, Billy thought, as Ann was so shocked she forgot all about covering her cute breasts.

"You'll wear the shirt and shorts. No knickers."  Ann was relieved. She was afraid the two items would be shorts and knickers.  At least this way she would start the game fully covered.  But her relief was short lived.  The hostess said, "Take your knickers off first, and then I'll give you your shirt and shorts."

"That's not--" Ann was about to complain that the game hadn't even started yet and she was already naked, but thought better of it. After weighing her options, Ann took off her little knickers. Ann was a natural redhead.  She waited defiantly with her legs parted.  She told herself, I just need to play along, and I'll get my shirt and shorts back, and I'll be fully covered again.

"Now, Ann, I'll give you back your shorts if you promise to leave them unzipped" the hostess said, and handed Ann her shorts and shirt and a wildcard. "Number two, introduce yourself." Ann put her clothes back on, but left the shorts unzipped. Unfortunately for Ann, the shorts slipped partway down her legs, exposing wisps of red hair.  She pulled them up once, but the hostess glared at her.  When they slipped down again, she decided she had better not pull them up, even though she hated to show her pussy to this unruly audience.

The second one said "My name is Frances." She looked at Ann, who looked very uncomfortable, and thought very carefully about what she was wearing. She didn't want to repeat Ann's mistake. "I'm wearing a shirt, overalls, and knickers."

The hostess said, "Frances, your shirt isn't too long, like Ann's was, is it?"

Frances looked at Ann, who was struggling to keep her shorts from slipping any further down her legs.  "No, I don't think so," Frances said.

"You'd better be sure, Frances.  If your shirt covers your knickers, then it would count as a dress.  But since you're already wearing overalls, you can't have two large items.  That would be a big problem.  I think you should let me check now if that is the case."

Frances looked at Ann, whose pussy was no open to public inspection because her legs were now spread far apart to keep her shorts from slipping any further.  "No, please don't," Frances pleaded.

"OK, Frances. Don't say I didn't warn you." Then turning to the next girl, she said "Number three?"

"My name is Paulette," said the third player. "I'm wearing a white minidress covered by a blue skirt."  Her minidress was really a shirt, but Paulette knew the rules.  To get a wildcard, she must be wearing a dress and a bottom.

"No knickers?" said the hostess.

Paulette blushed.  "No," she said, then she covered her face with her hands. When the hostess smiled and paused, Paulette said "Please, can you just trust me? Don't make me show you."

"Sorry," said the hostess "it's important for the audience to be sure."  The audience went wild. Paulette sighed, and lifted her skirt, revealing to everyone that she was not wearing any knickers.  For a few seconds she hoped this would be enough.  But the hostess was not satisfied.  The audience made even more noise.  Slowly, Paulette began spreading her legs apart.  The audience went wild when they saw her pussy opened up like a flower in bloom, but the hostess remained silent.  She stood this way for what seemed like a very long time, but the hostess was not satisfied.  Finally, she began stripping.  She took off all her clothes, and handed them to the hostess. She stood that way for half a minute while the audience made a lot of noise.  Finally the hostess spoke.  "That's fine. Here is your wildcard," she said, handing Paulette a card.

"Is there anyone else?" the hostess asked. Just then both Crysta and Donna jumped up, and took their places on the stage. Paulette was still naked, with her pussy still blooming.  Long enough, the hostess thought, so she handed Paulette her clothes. "Number four, introduce yourself."

"My name is Crysta. I am wearing a dress and knickers."

"Spin around for me, Crysta." Crysta turned slowly, holding her dress down at her sides. "Faster." This time she did a pirouette, causing her dress to fly up, so everyone could see her black thong.

"Your dress is so short, Crysta, that it might not qualify for a wildcard. You can't get a wildcard for a shirt. It must really be a dress. Take off your knickers." Crysta did as she was ordered, and handed them to the hostess. The hostess waited while Crysta stood and fidgeted.  Addressing the audience, she said "Is she covered up?"  The audience screamed and yelled while Crysta smiled nervously. The hostess slowly lifted Crysta's dress an inch or two, revealing her naked bottom, and then her naked front. "You'll do," the hostess said, and handed Crysta back the thong and a wildcard. "Number five, introduce yourself."

"I'm Donna. I am wearing shorts and a shirt and a bikini bottom."

"I have to see your bikini bottom." said the hostess. So Donna took off her shorts, and handed them over, and stood with her legs apart. "Are you excited to be here?" asked the hostess, tickling the damp spot on the front of Donna's bikini. It was nearly transparent from moisture.

"Yes, I am," Donna said politely.

"Donna, I'm afraid your shirt may be too long to qualify as a shirt. Maybe it's a dress." This was clearly not true, as the shirt didn't even touch the top of her bikini. The hostess was trying to bait Donna. The hostess picked up her drink from the table at the edge of the stage, and moved behind Donna. While Donna stood at ease, the hostess peeled down the back of her bikini, and the crowd screamed, but Donna didn't move. The hostess massaged the front of Donna's bikini.  "You're hot," she said.  "You need to cool down."  Then she pulled open the front of Donna's bikini, and dropped an ice cube into it. Donna wanted to close her legs, but she knew she would be punished if she did that, so she held her ground.

"The ice cube hurts my pussy," Donna said.  "Can I please take it out?"

"No, you may not," the hostess replied quickly.  "But you may lower your knickers, if that would make you feel a little more comfortable."  Donna pulled her bikini down a few inches, so the ice cube was no longer resting on her tender pink skin.  That was quite a relief.  Unfortunately, this left her completely uncovered.

"Give me your shirt," the hostess demanded. Donna did as she was told.  The hostess began pulling buttons off the shirt when Donna said "Please don't!" so the hostess stopped and said "you can have your shirt and pants back if you don't do them up." She dropped two very large ice cubes in Donna's sheer bikini.  Donna looked at the redhead, Ann, whose shorts had now slipped to her knees. Donna said OK, and put on her shirt, but did not button it, and pulled up her shorts part way, but did not zip them. She tried to cover up as well as she could under the circumstances.

"Let's begin the game!" announced the hostess. "Ann, would you like to play your wildcard?" Ann's cute little breasts were barely covered by the spaghetti straps.

"Yes," she said. "I choose 'special', and I pass," she said, delaying the inevitable by one round. Ann stood still, waiting for permission to return to her place.

"Very good, Ann." said the hostess, patting Ann on her red hair that showed through the opening of her shorts. Then the hostess moved on to Frances. "Give the wheel a spin"  Frances walked over to the wheel and gave it a good spin.  As it slowed down it almost landed on 'special' but then went on to 'bottom'.  So Frances had to remove her overalls.  Now she was wearing a T-shirt and a pair of bikini knickers with little flowers on them.  Suddenly, Frances remembered what the hostess had said: that if her shirt covered her knickers, she would have to take it off, too. So she tried to be casual as she lifted the shirt up so it didn't cover her knickers. "Let your shirt go, Frances." Frances let it go.  The bottom of the T-shirt touched the top of her little knickers. "I thought you said your shirt wouldn't cover your knickers, Frances. You must take off your shirt."  Frances took off her shirt, revealing firm round breasts. She stood straight and proud wearing just her flowered knickers. "Well, you're not getting the shirt back, but that's not all.  You misled me, so you will need to be punished. Here is your choice: take off your knickers now, and lose the game, or else put on a black wristband." Billy remembered that the black wristband means she agrees to remain naked on the boardwalk for one hour after the game is over.

Frances thought it over, and said "I'll take the wristband."

"OK, Frances," the hostess said as she slipped a black wristband on Frances. For good measure, she tugged on the back of Frances' knickers, pulling them down almost to her knees. Frances knew better than to adjust them right away.  She hobbled back to her place on the stage, and waited there for the next player to go before pulling them up.

Paulette was next, wearing her white minidress and blue knickers. She handed in her wildcard and said "pass".

Not smart, Billy thought.  Paulette is just delaying the inevitable.  He was happy that the other players' lack of strategy was helping Crysta win.

Now it was Crysta's turn.  Crysta said "I will play my wildcard, choose 'special'".  Crysta looked at Donna hoping to avoid getting naked so early in the game, but Donna was gesturing for Crysta to strip.  *That is your best strategy,* Donna had said.  So Crysta slowly took off her thong, bending at the waist as she lowered it down her long legs.  Her dress was so short, the people standing behind her could see everything. Then she stood up, and slowly started lifting the front of her dress, revealing her clean-shaven pussy.  She wasn't sure she wanted to do this, so she hesitated, and clutched the dress to her chest. Slowly she pulled the top off her large breasts, and let them flop out of it. Then she handed the thong and the dress to the hostess, and stood in the "at ease" position while the crowd showed their appreciation.

"Here are your top cards, Crysta," said the hostess, as she placed them on the floor directly in front of Crysta. "Pick them up." Crysta felt keenly aware of her nakedness, so she knelt down as demurely as she could next to the cards, and picked them up with one hand while the other arm covered both her breasts. "Hand them to me," said the hostess. Crysta gave them to the hostess who put them on the ground again, right in front of Crysta, and said "Pick them up the right way". This time, Crysta understood she should bend at the waist.  She bent over slowly so she wouldn't lose her balance, and picked up both cards. "No, one at a time." So Crysta put the cards down again, and then bending only at the waist, picked up one card, and walked over to her stool, and set it down. Then she returned to her place, and bent over a second time to pick up the other card, then placed it on the stool with the other one. Then Crysta went back to her place, and resumed her position.  She tried to cover herself with her arms as best as she could.

Now it is Donna's turn to spin the wheel.  Her knickers were still partway down, and her shorts were open, making it hard to walk.  As Donna grabbed the wheel, her shirt, which was completely unbuttoned, fell wide open, revealing her beautiful breasts to the crowd.  At the same time, her shorts slipped down another few inches, giving the audience a good look at her muff.  The wheel stopped on 'bottom', so Donna had to take off her shorts.  She put her legs together, which caused them to fall to her ankles. Then she stepped out of them, and handed them to the hostess.  Everyone admired Donna's cheeks as she returned to her place on the stage.

"That's the end of round one," announced the hostess. She recapped the first round, walking over to each player and touching her as she announced their status. "Ann turned in her wildcard, and is wearing a shirt and shorts. Frances has a black wristband, and is wearing knickers," which she had pulled up when no one was looking. "Paulette is the best dressed at this point, having turned in her wildcard, wearing a minidress and skirt. Crysta is stark naked," she said as she caressed first Crysta's front, then using two hands on her front and inner thighs. "And last but not least, Donna is almost wearing a shirt and almost knickers." Donna blushed as the hostess patted her bare bottom.

"Ann, it's your turn." Ann grabbed the wheel, and as she pulled on it, her shorts slipped down to her ankles. It's just as well, Ann thought, because the wheel came to rest on 'bottom'.  She stepped out of her shorts, and resumed her position, using her hands to covering up the wisps of red pubic hair. "Nicely done, Ann," said the hostess, rubbing Ann's butt cheeks. Ann's nipples stood out more than ever through her soft pink shirt.

Without being asked, Frances spun the wheel. It landed on 'top', so Frances smiled.  This was a free turn for her.  Her perky breasts bounced as she hopped back to her place.  Billy thought, *there's nothing finer in the whole wide world than a happy girl.*

Paulette, wearing shirt and skirt, spun the wheel, and landed on 'special'. *What bad luck for Crysta,* Billy thought. *Now Paulette can pull into the lead, trading in her clothes for two top cards.*  Instead, Paulette just passed.  Apparently, she wanted to hang onto her clothes just a little while longer.  That was a stroke of luck for Crysta, who still had a chance to win the competition.

Crysta stood, completely shaven, and spun 'bottom'. Whew! A relief for Crysta, Billy thought as  Crysta passed.

Donna, who had been standing bare-assed and holding her shirt closed, reached up, revealing her breasts once again. This time, she spun 'special', and said "I'll trade in my bikini for a top card."  She pulled her little red bikini bottoms off, and handed them, dripping wet from the melting ice cubes mixed with her own excitement, to the hostess, and resumed her position, still holding her shirt closed with both hands. Billy thought this was cute. She's being modest about her breasts, all the while standing with her pussy fully exposed.

"Now after two rounds," the hostess said, "Paulette is the best dressed, while Ann is bottomless and Frances is topless. Crysta is naked and Donna is nearly naked, but the newcomers are looking good with top cards. Ann, it's your turn. This could be it for you, if you land on 'top'."

Ann took her hands away from her front, and grabbed the wheel, giving it a good spin.  The wheel turned almost all the way past 'top' but -- too bad for Ann, stayed at 'top'. "Sorry, Ann. I'll take your top, then you can sit down, and I will get you your clothes after this game is over." Ann pulled her top off, and handed it to the hostess. A spotlight followed Ann as she walked toward her friends. She crossed her legs, and sat with her arms folded over her breasts.

Frances, wearing just knickers, spun the wheel, which ticked to top, then ticked one more time, and landed on bottom. "I'm sorry, Frances, you lose, too." The hostess waited while Frances removed her knickers. Frances had fine blonde hair. "Frances, you will not get your clothes back until you have been naked on the boardwalk for an hour."

Paulette, still wearing a minidress and skirt, gave the wheel a spin.  This time it landed on 'top', so she had to take off her shirt, uncovering her ample breasts.  She smoothed her skirt, thankful for what little coverage it provided.

Crysta, still stark naked, pulled yanked the wheel and spun 'special'. She keeps her two top cards, Billy thought. She might even win this!

Donna, now bottomless, let go of her shirt once again, took ahold of the wheel and gave it a spin.  The wheel landed on 'top', so she finally had to take off the shirt.  The hostess helped Donna off with the shirt, giving Donna a little rubdown as she did so.  Donna resumed her place, looking proud and perky. Donna is in fine shape, thought Billy.  Naked, but still holding a 'top' card.

"After three rounds," said the hostess, "only Paulette, Crysta, and Donna remain, and of these, only Paulette has a stitch of clothing on." As if to illustrate this fact, the hostess lifted Paulette's skirt, revealing her nicely rounded cheeks.

In the fourth round, Paulette kept her skirt, but Crysta lost a card. Now it was Donna's turn. She pulled, and the wheel began to spin. "What bad luck" the hostess commented when 'top' came up yet again. "You must sit down, Donna, and you must remain naked while you're in the club tonight.  Your clothes will be mailed to you." The spotlight followed Donna, as she came and sat down between Eric and Billy.  Relieved, Donna sat down without even trying to cover herself up. Each boy rubbed one of her legs, and told her she did a good job.  Donna enjoyed the thigh-rub, relaxing her legs land letting the boys massage closer and closer to her throbbing pussy.

In the fifth round, Paulette lost her skirt, and had to sit down. Crysta kept her 'top' card, so she became the sole winner. The hostess paid her $100, and invited all five players back on stage to take a final bow. She handed clothes to Ann, and Paulette, and she gave a card to Frances. Frances's job was to visit ten participating merchants on the boardwalk, and have them punch her card, signifying she stayed naked for an hour.  "Stay in the bar as long as you want, girls, but don't put on any clothes, until after you leave."

"Let's go outside, and see what we can do to cover ourselves up," Donna said as Crysta joined them. Donna still had her minidress in her bag, but Crysta now had no clothes at all.  The four friends left the club, and stood outside on the boardwalk. The boardwalk was quite crowded by this time, and the naked girls received quite a few curious glances from passers-by. Donna reached in her bag, and found a towel. "Here," she said as she handed it to Crysta. Then she found her minidress, and put it on. Crysta tried to wrap the towel around her chest, but it kept coming undone, so she wrapped it around her shoulders instead. This left her butt cheeks exposed.  On another day, she might have tried to cover up better, but after all she went through today she didn't seem to mind.

The four friends strolled along the boardwalk as the sun was setting. Billy's arm was around Donna's waist, under her dress. Donna was so happy about finishing the game, and that Billy seemed to like her, she pretended not to notice that her ass was completely out of the dress. Eric's arm was around Crysta's waist, too. Crysta's towel kept getting undone, so after a while, she just asked Donna to put it back in the bag. It wasn't covering her much, anyway.

As they walked toward their car, they heard a commotion on the boardwalk, and saw a naked girl.  When they got nearer, they saw it was Frances, who was leaning over the railing with her legs wide apart.  "The guy in the T-shirt store won't punch my card unless I stay here like this for five minutes," she said.

"Poor girl, I feel sorry for you" Crysta said.  "Let me cover you with my towel."  Crysta, who was stark naked, reached into her bag, and located a small towel, which she draped over Frances' back.

"Thank you."  Frances was so grateful, she kissed Crysta on the lips.  Crysta put her arm around the girl, and the two girls hugged affectionately.  The two girls lingered with their lips touching just a little longer than necessary, leaving a drop of spit on Crysta's lower lip.  Frances giggled, and sucked the spit off of Crysta's lip, pulled away from her, and resumed her stance by the railing.  Even though the towel was draped over her back, her pussy was spread wide open for public inspection as some people stayed to watch, and others walked past.  The four friends watched Frances for another minute, then continued toward their car.

Billy held the door open, and moved the seat forward to let Crysta get in the back seat.  Donna said, "Let me ride with Crysta," and got in after her.  Eric sat in the passenger seat, and Billy started driving.  Donna could tell Crysta was still worked up from smooching with Frances, so she started caressing Crysta's naked body.  Crysta didn't resist.  Quite the opposite, she started moaning softly.  Before long, Donna's dress was off, and the two girls were going at it.  Eric turned around to watch, and Billy kept his eye on the rear-view mirror.  After several minutes of deep kissing, the girls started licking each other's pussies, while massaging the other's thighs and buttocks.  "Wait, not yet," one of them would say from time to time.  They wanted to enjoy the pleasure for as long as they could stand it.  Finally, both girls came at the same time, and as they let the warm feeling of love wash over them, they were surprised by applause and cheering.  Apparently, they had driven all the way back home, and a crowd had gathered in the parking lot of their apartment as the girls finished each other off.  Donna got out of the car, forgetting all about being completely naked, and hit Billy over the head for letting this happen, but she wasn't really mad.  Making love with Crysta had been the best part of a very exciting day.