**Do You Dare**

by[Salacious\_Scribe](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5123166&page=submissions)©

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**Ch. 01 The Players Meet**  
  
Ashley Channing sank into the barstool and sighed as the cares of the day ebbed away. Taking her Pinot Noir, she turned to look over her fellow patrons. A handful of business types, relaxing after a long day of meetings. Some sports fans watching the ball game, and a smattering of couples, on a romantic getaway.  
  
Ashley glanced at the big screen TV to see what was so fascinating. The Rangers were up 3-0 in the bottom of the first, and the Rangers were batting. She decided to watch for a bit. She watched two more runs score before the Astros got the third out. As Rangers took the field, she felt boredom wash over her. She turned away from the TV and began to think about Scott. He worked in the local office and was hotter than an accountant should be. She had considered inviting him to her room for 'cocktails', but she didn't want to become grist for the rumor mill.  
  
It had been a long, frustrating, tiring week. With the help of Scott, she was attempting to put together a package to buy out their biggest competitor. The deal would make her stock options double in value or more. She had spent 15 hours a day, six days a week, for the last two months on this project. Then, at 3 pm today, thirty minutes before the two CEOs were to sign the paperwork, the lawyers canceled the deal. All those hours, the stress lines on her face, the missed meals, all for nothing. She was glad that she had decided to spend the weekend. A sort of mini-vacation. She didn't have to fly out until Sunday evening. At least now she had a half to explore the city before flying back home to Boston.  
  
Ashley stretched her neck, trying to ease some of her tension. She ran her hand through her straight, shoulder-length, brown hair, and sighed. She closed her eyes and took a sip of her drink, savoring the flavor, before swallowing.  
  
As she did, Ashley found herself glancing at the entrance to the bar, waiting. What she was waiting for, she didn't know. For that matter, she wasn't too sure about the 'why' either. But she couldn't shake the feeling that she was waiting for something. Or someone.  
  
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Jennifer checked herself over in the lady's room. Her bikini hugged her curves emphasizing her taut lean 28-year-old body. It showed enough skin to get attention but wasn't quite indecent. With the way she planned to celebrate National Nude Day, indecency charges were a very real possibility.  
  
She gave her top one last tug, exposing a bit more cleavage. She finished off her outfit with a translucent wrap tied around her waist. Satisfied with how she looked, she picked up her phone, opened an app, and made sure it was ready to go. Deciding she was ready, she headed into the hotel bar, subtly nodding at the handsome bartender who winked back.  
  
The hotel bar was about a third full with the usual crowd. A quick scan showed there weren't any familiar faces from her prior shenanigans. She looked around for a mark, and her eyes landed on a professional female in her mid-twenties. She was sitting alone at the bar looking bored. She was from out of town since she was ignoring the in-state rivals battling for supremacy on TV. Even those who didn't like the sport would glance up to check the score from time to time.  
  
Jennifer walked over to her mark and sat in the barstool next to her. "Manhattan, please," she said to the bartender, flashing him a flirtatious smile.  
  
Then she glanced at her neighbor and gave her a bigger smile, getting a shy smile in return. Jennifer pulled her cell phone out of her purse and unlocked it. Some tinny-sounding music played, attracting her neighbors attention. A sultry mechanical voice said, "Jennifer: do a naked catwalk."  
  
Jennifer's face flushed as she looked around to see if anyone heard. It seemed no one, except the woman next to her, heard her phone. She looked down at her drink to hide her face.  
  
Ashley almost did a spit take when she heard the phone. Even though it wasn't aimed at her, the color in her cheeks matched the deep red liquid she was drinking. She looked around and saw the other patrons were busy with their own stories, and ignoring hers. Ashley took another sip of wine to hide her confusion, as she realized that her body was reacting to those words.  
  
Glancing over, for a split second, she realized the stranger was still sitting next to her. Ashley's eyes darted away again and she played with her brown hair that had fallen over her left ear. Her breathing quickened and Ashley wondered if the woman noticed her reaction.  
  
Ashley closed her eyes for a second and replayed what she'd thought she'd heard in her head. As the words danced across her mind, she opened her eyes again with a start and almost gasped out loud. In her mind, she'd imagined the phone calling out her name. Calling out a dare for her to do. Calling out for Ashley Channing to stop being so damned boring, to let her hair down and go wild for once.  
  
Feeling an irresistible urge, Ashley turned to face the stranger, while toying with the top button of her blouse. Ashley gave her a weak smile and then found refuge by looking at the phone instead of maintaining eye contact.  
  
"Hi," Ashley said, in almost a whisper. It didn't quite seem enough though. "My name's... Ashley. I, ahhh..., I like... your phone," Ashley stammered, "Can you suggest any apps for me?"  
  
Jennifer heard the woman next to her introduce herself. A large predatory smile flashed across her face. She got it under control and put on an innocent expression. "Hi, Ashley. I'm Jennifer, nice to meet you," she offered the other woman her hand. "Let me buy you a drink, to apologize for disturbing you with my stupid ass phone. I downloaded that app for a party months ago. I forgot I even had it."  
  
Jennifer signaled the bartender for another round for the two ladies as she shut off her phone. Ashley drained the last of her wine, and smiled again at the woman, in an unspoken thanks for the drink. Placing the now-empty wine glass on the bar, Ashley gave Jennifer a thorough looking over. She seemed to be wearing a swimsuit that clung to her body. Ashley's mind began to swim through a sea of half-thoughts and strange possibilities. Try as she might, she couldn't get those words she'd heard out of her mind.  
  
'What kind of parties did Jennifer go to?' Ashley wondered. She had been to parties. Normal parties, safe parties, boring parties. Parties where everyone talked, drank, danced, and then talked some more. Ashley had been happy with her place in the great chaos that is life. And yet, recently there was an itch, a desire for something more.  
  
Recently, Ashley had been having some other thoughts. Some altogether naughtier, more daring thoughts. She'd put it down to the stress of her job. Between the insane hours and lack of social life hadn't been helping. Ashley was in desperate need of something other than the drudgery of her routine. She felt surprised by the sudden sense of disappointment that swept through her. What did she want? What was her subconscious trying to tell her that she needed?  
  
The bartender placed drinks on the bar in front of them and Ashley awoke from her daydreaming with a start. She realized she must have been staring at the woman for a full minute, without saying a single word in reply.  
  
"I..." Ashley started, "... umm, thanks for the drink. Are you staying here long?" Before Jennifer even had a chance to reply, Ashley pressed on, "I'm leaving on Sunday. I've been here for work. It's been a long week," she said, with that last part almost more to herself than to Jennifer. Ashley snuck a quick look at the phone again. 'Why not?' She thought. She had a little over a day in this city before she headed home to the safety of her life. Why the hell shouldn't she take a risk?  
  
"Don't worry about the app, and I like parties. Can't say I've ever been to one that needed that app though." Ashley tried a laugh to make light of her nervousness. She couldn't believe she was saying this to a woman she'd known for less than 5 minutes.  
  
"Besides, I'd love to go to a party and play those kinds of games." As Ashley spoke, fear and excitement broke down the shield she used to keep her wanton desires at bay.  
  
'She's a live one,' Jennifer thought to herself. "I'm an event planner for WNBA players, TV personalities, and corporations. I also do bachelor and bachelorette parties. I could tell you unbelievable stories about what I've seen and participated in."  
  
Jennifer finished her drink and ordered another. "I'm always up for a good time. What do you have in mind, Ashley?" She looked the other woman in the eyes, challenging her bravado, to see if she was serious or not.  
  
Ashley lowered her eyes for a moment and felt her breathing quicken once more. She could hear the challenge in the woman's tone. Her imagination leapt from one scenario to another with wild abandon. She felt her face flush. Yet, underneath it all, she also felt something else rise from the depths of her soul. Something more primitive. A beast held at bay by the bounds of acceptable social behavior.  
  
Ashley took a sip of her new drink to calm her nerves. After she swallowed, she heard a familiar voice break the silence that had enveloped the two women.  
  
"A game," the voice continued. Ashley's eyes widened as she sensed where her mind was going with this.  
  
"A game of dares..." Ashley looked back at Jennifer and felt her mouth go dry, prompting another sip of her drink. She'd known this woman for how long? Five minutes? Who the hell suggests what she thought she was about to say, to a woman she'd known for five minutes? She wasn't the same Ashley Channing who walked into the lounge fifteen minutes ago.  
  
"Do you have some kind of game we could play?" Ashley asked, knowing exactly which game she wanted to play. She closed her eyes as if having them closed would make what she was about to say less real.  
  
"The...the win... winner submits to the loser for an hour, as a consolation prize. Then the winner owns the loser for 12 hours."  
  
Ashley wasn't stepping out of her comfort zone, she was boarding a flight to parts unknown.  
  
She'd had dreams though. On and off, for years. The faint recollections of her dreams began to paint a vivid picture of her possible future.  
  
Ashley had no idea who Jennifer was. For that matter, Jennifer had no idea who Ashley was. Nobody here knew Ashley. That could be why she felt so free to get wild. Ashley looked at Jennifer, almost expecting her to dismiss what she'd said as insane. Conflicted, Ashley almost didn't know what response she'd prefer. To have her bizarre fantasy come true, or to continue living her normal, boring, unexciting life.  
  
"Intriguing, I am competitive and love to get a bit wild. The app you heard has a way to rate each dare. We could do dares and rate each other. The winner is the first one to get, say, fifty points. Does that work for you?"  
  
Ashley took a deep breath and wondered what that app might have in store for her. A thousand different, embarrassing possible dares jumped to the forefront of her mind. She swung around on her stool so her back was now to the bar and looked out on to the two dozen or so fellow hotel guests. She wondered how they would react to a naked catwalk. Ashley bit her lip and wondered if she could do that, and how far she could go.  
  
Ashley had never exposed herself in a group setting. She'd always looked down on women who wore skimpy clothes to get attention. At least on the outside. In Private, she'd envied their free-spirited wanton nature. Looking back at Jennifer, Ashley's breath became ragged as she managed to squeak out, "Yes. Yes, let's do that." Ashley pushed back her shoulders in an attempt to show some bravado as her hands fidgeted with the hem of her skirt.  
  
Jennifer walked over to the jukebox and dropped in a few quarters. She selected a fast song and began to do what could only charitably be described as break-dancing. As she flounced around her wrap flew up to expose her bikini bottoms. More interesting to the guys watching, she didn't try to cover herself or hold the wrap down. When the song ended, Jennifer sat down breathing a bit heavy and finished her drink. "Now you get to rate me on a scale of one to five."  
  
Asley's eyes never left Jennifer's and her shameless exhibitionism. At the same time, she knew that the others had appreciated Jennifer's 'performance'. One thing was sure, the spectators were not watching for her artistry. The way her wrap and swimsuit moved over her body, though, that did not go unnoticed.  
  
The laughter soothed her nerves for a moment. When she realized it was her turn, the started again. "I think you earned 5 stars on the performance." Ashley almost stopped herself from finishing the sentence. A thought flashed across her mind that she should score her opponent low, so she didn't lose. 'No', she thought to herself. That wasn't in the spirit of the game. As her heart pounded away in her chest, she realized she didn't even know if she wanted to win.  
  
After entering the score, Ashley tapped the screen to get her dare. The dare appeared on screen and Ashley read it aloud, "Ashley: Sing a Brittney Spears song."  
  
"Get up and sing your heart out, lady", Jennifer told Ashley.  
  
Ashley trudged over to the dance floor. Without realizing it, she stood exactly where Jennifer stood to start her dance. She looked over at the jukebox but decided not to select a song. She wouldn't hide her singing behind the loud music or vocals. Closing her eyes, she visualized the song in her head. She'd sung it a few times before, but only in her shower, never in front of anyone, especially in a bar full of strangers.  
  
She swayed her hips, keep time, and felt the stares of her fellow hotel guests penetrating her soul. In a voice quieter than she intended, she started singing. "Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah." Her voice cracked for a moment, but she recovered and pressed on, keeping her hips swaying, "I think I did it again. I made you believe, we're more than just friends..."  
  
Ashley tried to let the lyrics carry her away from the embarrassment of singing in front of these people. As people watched her, she felt amusement, interest, irritation, and surprise from the crowd.  
  
"...Oh, baby. It might seem like a crush..." Ashley put more power into her voice. Her confidence grew from getting past the first few lines. Ashley had a sense that she might get off the stage in one piece. A few men were more interested in her swaying hips than her singing, giving her an illicit thrill.  
  
Looking in Jennifer's direction, Ashley forced herself to get more expressive. She powered through the lyrics, swaying and turning around. She didn't know what she was doing and doubted her moves were sexy like Britney's, but she owned that crowd.  
  
As she sang the final verse, she paused for a moment as silence settled back in. There were only a few scattered claps and a couple of women giving her disapproving looks. Still, as she stood there, Ashley surfed a wave of pride from having completed her first dare.  
  
Breathing deep and regathering her composure, she marched back to the bar. Swinging back on to her seat next to Jennifer, she even allowed herself to arch an eyebrow as she said "Well, rate that!"  
  
Jennifer laughed and clapped at her new friend's performance. "I would have given you a 5 if you'd had better moves, but the singing wasn't bad." Looking at the phone Ashley saw the score in the top right corner...  
  
Jennifer 5, Ashley 4  
  
"Now let's see what fate has in store for me," Jennifer laughed, as she tapped the phone screen. 'Jennifer: put on a nice slow romantic song. Slow dance with Ashley'. Jennifer stood up, said to her partner, "Meet me on the dance floor in a minute," and walked over to the jukebox. She fed it more change and selected 'You're Beautiful' by James Blunt.  
  
She walked over to the dance floor and wrapped her arms around Ashley. As the music filled the room, Jennifer led Ashley in a romantic dance around the floor. Every male eye in the place was on the two weird chicks who were making a spectacle of themselves. Jennifer rested her head on Ashley's shoulder and dropped her hand down so she was cupping Ashley's firm ass.  
  
As Jennifer's hand squeezed her ass, Ashley felt a shiver sweep over her. A small involuntary gasp escaped her lips at the intimacy of the moment. Hesitantly, she caressed Jennifer's back and worked her hand into the wrap. She felt the smooth material of the bikini bottom and the heat radiating from Jennifer. Ashley flushed as she fondled Jennifer's butt.  
  
She was acutely aware that everyone around them was staring at them. The break dancing and the singing had drawn notice. Now the dancing was making the two ladies the center of attention. As the music filled the air, Ashley followed Jennifer's lead.  
  
Her smile worked its way from nervous, to shy, to excited. She felt herself getting lost in the dare as the song reached its conclusion. With the final notes hanging in the still air and an audience transfixed, Ashley found she was holding on to Jennifer. Seconds past and the two women stayed in their embrace, in the now silent lounge.  
  
Finally, a cough broke the spell that had taken hold in the lounge. Ashley pulled away and whispered in Jennifer's ear, "5 stars Jennifer. 5 stars," and headed back tot he bar.  
  
Jennifer 10, Ashley 4  
  
Jennifer sat down and ordered another round before looking at the phone. It was Ashley's turn.  
  
Jennifer said, "I think we need to ramp this up a bit," and went into the game's settings, deselected clean dares.  
  
Before Ashley could object, Jennifer hit the GO button. The screen displayed, "Ashley: you are writing a love letter to Jennifer. Let's hear it."  
  
Ashley's eyes widened as the nature of the dare hit her. The previous dares had required physical displays and exhibitionism. This new challenge required emotional vulnerability. Something Ashley had not prepared herself for, given the nature of the game.  
  
She didn't have any paper or a pen for that matter. She fumbled around, wondering how to get started. Then a flash of inspiration struck her. Giving a small smile to Jennifer, Ashley picked up her phone and started to write the letter on her phone.  
  
Now she had something to type on, she didn't know what to say. Ashley bit her lip and looked at Jennifer again for inspiration. Jennifer sipped her drink and saw a spark of inspiration in Ashley who began to tap away at her phone.  
  
"Dear Jennifer," Ashley started. "The past ten minutes have been magical for me. You've awakened something inside of me that I didn't know existed." Pausing, Ashley lowered her eyes from Jennifer's stare, feeling exposed and somewhat embarrassed.  
  
She continued, "when we danced, I slid my trembling fingers over the curve of your butt, something stirred within me. Feeling the jealous eyes of the crowd while I cupped your firm, soft asscheek left my heart racing, and my panties soaked through..." Ashley couldn't suppress a giggle at the over-the-top descriptions.  
  
"You are a beautiful woman. I hope I see more of you, and I hope you would like to see more of me. I've never danced with a woman before, but dancing with you felt so right." As Ashley wrote, she found the emotion of that dance resurface. She could feel the sensations of their movements replay over and over again.

"We've only known each other for a short time, and yet, I feel like we were always destined to meet. Every time you touch me, my body quivers with excitement..." Ashley dredged her mind for a few more cliches to express how she felt right now. Realizing she'd finished, she cast a quick look at Jennifer, then typed the final words, "Love, Ashley." Shyly, but at the same time proudly, she handed the phone to Jennifer for her inspection.  
  
Jennifer read the text on the screen. She looked up at Ashley, her eyes glistening. She entered her phone number and sent the letter to herself before returning the phone to Ashley. "That was hot", she said, "Definitely a 5."  
  
Jennifer 10, Ashley 9  
  
After taking a swallow of her drink, Jennifer tapped the button on the screen. She read the next dare aloud: "Jennifer: Switch two items of clothing with Ashley".  
  
Jennifer sat there, not moving. She was only wearing three items in total, so one way or another, she was about to flash something. She looked at Ashley, "Well hun, pick two items that I'm wearing and then swap yours for mine." She sat there, watching the other woman waiting for her reaction.  
  
Ashley sat back in stunned silence as she processed what Jennifer had told her. Grabbing hold of her blouse again, Ashley looked at Jennifer with wild eyes and opened to her mouth to reply. No words came out, though, and she closed her mouth as the realization of what was about to unfold hit her. Jennifer was only wearing three items. Jennifer wasn't even wearing shoes or jewelry.  
  
"Oh God, oh God, oh God..." Ashley whispered. She was shaking now. Jennifer only had a top, bottom, and wrap. Jennifer's bikini bottoms covered less than Ashley's panties. She found herself contemplating two possible solutions. She could flee, or she could strip off her blouse and bra and get a bikini top and wrap in exchange. Her eyes darted from one male patron to the next, and her hands felt frozen to where they rested on the bar.  
  
With shaking hands, she forced one hand up to her blouse and by rote began to undo the buttons. Every button required immense willpower to open. She felt like she was running a marathon. Three buttons had been undone when the bartender noticed what Ashley was doing. She felt his stare burn into her and lost her nerve. She sat, rooted to the barstool, not daring to look at anyone. She felt like she hadn't moved for minutes, as her hand held the top of her now unbuttoned blouse closed.  
  
Ashley closed her eyes and ripped the garment off her chest. She flung it at Jennifer. Jennifer sat there watching Ashley, making no move to take off her clothes. Swearing to herself, Ashley flung a protective arm across her chest and fumbled at the clasp at the back of her bra.  
  
The sound of glass shattering drew attention to the bar and everyone saw the pretty brunette in her bra. The bartender was nudging some patrons, getting them to look at Ashley. Her cheeks were now the reddest they'd been all night. Her hands were shaking uncontrollably as she unfastened the clasp. Slipping it off, one arm across her breasts, she flung the bra onto the blouse that Jennifer held.  
  
Ashley knew that the breaking glass had drawn all eyes to her, naked from the waist up. The conversation that had resumed faded away, replaced by complete silence. Looking at Jennifer, Ashley pleaded for her to hurry with the clothes swap.  
  
With all eyes on them, Jennifer stood up and stretched, drawing out Ashley's agony. She slowly, seductively began to unfasten and remove her wrap. She slipped it off her shoulders, and let it fall to the floor, where it puddled at her feet. She bent over, her butt pointed at the crowd, and picked it up. She stood there in her bikini, meticulously folding her wrap, and placed it on the bar as far from Ashley as she could. Jennifer then picked up Ashley's blouse and put it on, buttoning it up.  
  
Ashley looked on in shock as Jennifer slid her arms inside the shirt and removed her bikini top under the shirt. She triumphantly held her swimsuit top aloft, and then threw it on top of her wrap. Then she grabbed the bra, she pulled it inside the shirt and contorted herself getting it secured. As she did, she couldn't help but notice that Ashley hadn't made one move toward the clothes waiting for her on the bar.  
  
Ashley pouted as she watched Jennifer change. She couldn't believe Jennifer didn't expose herself to the lecherous eyes around them. Acute embarrassment was now painted all over her trembling body. The bartender and several other men were openly staring at the topless woman. She tried to keep one arm across her breasts in an attempt at preserving some small semblance of dignity.  
  
"Jennifer, please!" Ashley hissed in wanting Jennifer to pass her the clothes. After a few seconds, Ashley realized that Jennifer wasn't going to hand over her clothes. Ashley hopped off the barstool and stumbled toward the neat stack of clothing. She grabbed the wrap and the bikini top with one hand.  
  
She tried to get the wrap around her with one hand. A task that should have was easy under less stressful conditions. Now though, her hands shook and her nerves at their breaking point, she couldn't do it. With a small whimper, Ashley concluded that she'd need both hands to dress.  
  
She knelt between two stools, trying to hide, as she pulled on the bikini top. She knew that several people were getting a good look at her breasts and painfully erect nipples. She couldn't understand why a small thrill ran through her as she looked at the men and saw one filming her.  
  
Finally, she got the top secured and the wrap in place. Her chest was heaving, and she brazenly winked at the guy who was filming her before returning to her seat. Blocking out the whispers and stares for a moment, she concentrated on her drink and managed to slam it like a shot. Before she even had a chance to turn to Jennifer, she found another one placed in front of her.  
  
"On the house," the bartender told, with no small amount of amusement evident in his voice.  
  
Ashley managed a weak smile and looked at Jennifer wide-eyed. 'At least that was the most revealing of the dares on that phone, wasn't it?' Ashley thought to herself.  
  
She replayed the last few minutes in her mind. She shocked herself when she realized that a part of her hoped that the game would push her even further. Through the embarrassment, Ashely felt another unfamiliar emotion rising up and taking control. She searched Jennifer's eyes for a hint of what she was thinking. Ashley could only think of the very first dare that she heard come from that app.  
  
Jennifer smiled at Ashley. "You did great hun. Too bad it was my dare, and you need to give me a score."  
  
Ashley's mouth fell open as she became aware of the conversations all around them. The bartender brought several drinks to them from the appreciative crowd. All eyes were on the brazen pair as those who missed the show learned about it from the lucky few who saw everything.  
  
Ashley realized that she was falling behind, she was also incredibly self-conscious. Her mismatched outfit let even to new-comers know that something was going on. She risked a few looks at the crowd and knew that no one cared about baseball anymore now.  
  
Ashley looked back at Jennifer and considered what to score that dare. Jennifer had swapped clothing. But it was Ashley who'd had to expose her breasts to the public. "Three!" Ashley said, with a hint of defiance. "Only three this time." With a mad rush of adrenaline, she almost felt exhilarated as she rediscovered her competitive streak.  
  
"I'm deducting one point for each of the breasts these people didn't get to see." Pointing in Jennifer's direction, Ashley experimented with brazen self-confidence. "We'll have to make it up to them soon, won't we?" she finished.  
  
Jennifer 13, Ashley 9  
  
"And here I thought I would get a 5 for being clever enough no to make a spectacle of myself," Jennifer pouted. She took one of the drinks in front of her and sipped it as she watched Ashley tap the phone screen to get her dare. After a moment, only two words appeared after her name: KISS JENNIFER.  
  
Ashley looked at the screen and re-read the dare. Looking up at Jennifer, something fired in Ashley, and she decided it was time to make a stand.  
  
Jennifer had humiliated her and made her strip while everyone watched. Now it was her turn to take control. Finding her hidden reserve of competitiveness, Ashley came up with a plan. She slid off her barstool and leaned against the bar. She pulled Jennifer to her, their breasts pressed together.  
  
Looking deep into Jennifer's eyes, Ashley leaned in, grazing her lips against Jennifer's. At the same time, she ran both hands down the back of her former blouse now worn by her beautiful partner. She teased Jennifer again, flicking her tongue on Jennifer's lips, before pulling back. Her hand's eased down, past the blouse, and brushed against the bikini bottoms.  
  
Holding eye contact for a moment, Ashley kissed Jennifer. As their tongues danced the tango, Ashley eased the bikini bottoms down. Soon she had exposed a full two inches of anal cleavage to the enthralled crowd. When Jennifer pulled away, Ashley darted in for a last kiss and recovered Jennifer's bottom.  
  
Taking in a deep breath after the exertions of the kiss, Ashley leaned in and whispered into Jennifer's ear, "How was that?"  
  
Jennifer remained motionless for several moments. Only her eyelids moved up and down as she processed what happened. "That was...well it was...shit...I liked it. I give it 4 stars. Would've been 5 if you hadn't exposed my ass crack; that wasn't part of the dare, was it?." She smiled at her competitor showing she wasn't angry. Several of the guys had now moved to the bar from the tables to get a better look at the women. Jennifer 13, Ashley 13.  
  
Jennifer reached past Ashley and tapped the phone screen. "Jennifer: You are the Playmate of the month. Ashley is a photographer. Let her pose you and take your picture". Jennifer's cocky smile faded as she read this one. She finished the drink she had already started and did two extra shots before turning to Ashley. "Well, do you have a camera to use?" Several of the male patrons nearby proffered their cell phones to the wild ladies.  
  
Ashley felt a wicked smile emerge on to her face as she realized that the odds were beginning to turn in her favor. For the first time in this contest, a faint flicker of self-confidence began to bloom inside her. Looking at the men nearby, she saw they had focused on Jennifer.  
  
Ashley hopped off her barstool, and strutted around Jennifer, checking her out. With everyone's attention on Jennifer, Ashley felt emboldened. She used her hands to frame the perfect shot. Not surprisingly, Jennifer's face was not the center of any of the shots Ashley was planning.  
  
She declined the offered phones, electing to use her own. She toyed with her phone, considering filters. She hoped her stalling tactics were filling Jennifer with nervous anticipation.  
  
" I don't know much about Playmates" Ashley chirped, "but I don't remember them wearing blouses. I feel bad that our audience missed seeing your chest when we changed clothes."  
  
A feeling of euphoria replaced the humiliation of the past few minutes. Ashley leaned in and whispered, "Perhaps, my Playmate should open that blouse nice and wide." She savored those last three words and the low rumble of salacious snickering from the crowd.  
  
The smile faded from Jennifer's face, and she glared at Ashley. But as fast as it disappeared, it returned. "Where do you want me to pose?" she asked, as she unbuttoned her blouse.  
  
Ashley smiled back as she watched her undo the buttons on the blouse. She could almost feel the anticipation building as everyone stopped to watch. Ashley hoped that Jennifer would feel a little embarrassment from the exposure. Ashley's bra covered more than Jennifer's bikini top, but it wasn't meant for public viewing.  
  
With the last button undone, Ashley glanced at the bartender and pointed at the bar top as a silent question. He nodded, and his eyes were dancing in delight. Smiling at him in thanks, Ashley turned back to Jennifer. "Now, let's have you on all fours, on top of the bar," she purred.  
  
Ashley heard several men groan in excitement. She felt her face go red a the thought of what she was about to do. She steeled herself with resolve and helped Jennifer up and waited for her to get into position.  
  
Slowly, deliberately, at almost glacial speed, Ashley took pictures from several different angles. She then choose one that gave her a clear shot of Jennifer's face and breasts. Ashley loved how they nestled down into the bra and the blouse hung like soft curtains around her body. As Jennifer adjusted herself on the bar, her boobs swayed seductively. Biting her lip, Ashley took several photos of the exposed woman, before giving her a bold wink.  
  
She knew that Jennifer would get even, but she knew she had to live in the moment. And this moment was all hers. "Not bad," she said, "not bad at all. What do you think guys? Scale of one to five?"  
  
The men nearby raised their hands, all showing 5 fingers. Over the hoots and whistles, Ashley called out, "Alright! The judges have spoken! 5 out 5 for Jennifer!"  
  
Jennifer 18, Ashley 13  
  
Jennifer hopped off the bar leaving the blouse open, "You better send me a copy of those pics."  
  
Ashley tapped the screen. Sighing, Ashley felt a slight shiver return as she waited for her next challenge. Jennifer, looking over her shoulder, erupted in laughter as the next challenge appeared.  
  
Ashley couldn't believe her eyes. Her courage wavered as she read the dare out loud, "Ashley: Take some clothes off, You choose which items. Run around the room spinning the clothes over your head. Jennifer will record this on video."  
  
Jennifer leaned in, purring in her ear, "5 stars if you go naked, 4 if you only show your tits, otherwise 3 is the best you can do." Jennifer stood there waiting for Ashley to come out of her stupor.  
  
Ashley felt the color drain from her face. Her mind was reeling, and she felt lightheaded like she might faint. Holding on to the bar for support, Ashley wondered if she could convince Jennifer to show mercy. Convince her to keep her top and panties for a four. One look at Jennifer and she realized there would be no negotiating.  
  
Her nervousness returned with a vengeance. , Her fingers fumbled with the wrap that let her keep a semblance of modesty. Eventually, she peeled it off, revealing the bikini top underneath. She sensed the men's growing curiosity. It didn't take a mind reader to know that they were all wondering how much she would be willing to reveal. She was five points down. She almost started to run waving the wrap. Before she took three steps she came to a halt, knowing that she'd have to take a larger risk. If she lost, Jennifer would control her for 12 hours.  
  
She tried to block out the leering men who'd become enthralled with the antics of the two competitors. Ashley's trembling hand found the back ties of the bikini top. With a simple pull on the string, she felt the fabric loosen. Before she could change her mind, Ashley was topless. The bikini top in her hands. the crowd whistled in appreciation. The catcalls didn't help her state of mind, and she stood there topless, for almost a minute.  
  
Realizing the longer she stood still, the longer she'd be topless. She forced her legs and knees to move from a few lumbering steps into an easy jog. She dashed around the room, waving her clothes over her head, keeping her focus on her path and not the people. She ran for an eternity and a half, or so it seemed. She felt like she was in an episode of Baywatch. Running in slow motion letting everyone watch her breasts jiggle, unfettered by clothing. In reality, only about ten seconds past as she streaked through the bar. Before reaching the end of her ordeal, she realized that her nipples were harder than they had ever been. Her obvious arousal only added to her humiliation.  
  
Finally, she found herself back at her starting point. Topless and humiliated, Ashley returned to the bar. She hurriedly put the bikini top back on and secured the wrap around her. Looking at Jennifer, she realized that the other woman had recorded her. She had forgotten about that part of the dare. Her topless run was not a temporary embarrassment. It would exist forever, in glorious high-resolution video. She hoped that Jennifer would at least be discreet with the recording. As she looked around, she saw more phones in the hands of the patrons. Any hopes of keeping her streak quiet evaporated in an instant.  
  
Despite her embarrassment, she felt a stirring emotion deep inside. A small part of her was curious about what would happen if she lost.  
  
"I didn't count on everyone filming you, so I'll give you a 4," Jennifer conceded. "I'd buy you a drink, but our fans have bought us enough to give us alcohol poisoning." Jennifer laughed, pointing at the bartender carrying a tray load of drinks over to them. Jennifer 18, Ashley 17.  
  
Word must have gotten around because the bar was getting packed, and not all the newcomers were men. Jennifer picked up the phone and took a deep breath. She tapped the screen and closed her eyes, not sure if she wanted to see what she had to do.  
  
Ashley read the dare first and looked around the room. She wondered if Jennifer would give up when she heard it. A  
  
Ashley read "Jennifer: line up everyone in the room who is wearing anything pink. Jennifer must kiss or lick the skin closest to the pink item."  
  
Jennifer exhaled, opened her eyes, and read the dare for herself. Keeping her expression neutral, she took a large sip from her drink and called the bartender over. She whispered in his ear. As he listened a broad grin grew on his face.  
  
As he strode onto the dance floor, all eyes turned toward him. The crowd sensed something was about to happen and the room grew quiet. "Ladies and gentlemen, we need your help," he announced. "If you're wearing pink and want to take part, please line up shoulder to shoulder right here."  
  
No one moved for a moment as they all looked around, no one wanted to be the first volunteer. After a short wait, a woman wearing a very proper black business suit with a white blouse stood up. She took off her blazer to reveal the bright pink bra underneath. She also slid her skirt down a bit exposing the waistband of the matching panties. One by one, eight other people lined up, some of them opening shirts or pants. One man even pulled his pants up to show off his pink Betty Boop socks.  
  
Once everyone was in position, the bartender walked over to Jennifer. He put his arm around her, and stated, "this lady has to lick or kiss bare flesh, closest to the pink you're wearing. If you would rather not take part, please sit down."  
  
Not only did all the participants in line remain standing, two more men and one woman joined the group. One of the newcomers dropped his pants to show his pink boxers. The other had a pink tie, and he unbuttoned his shirt. The lady asked, "I want to wait until last before I display my pink."  
  
Jennifer tipped her head in agreement and walked up to the first person in line. She saw a pink bracelet, so she took the woman's hand and kissed it.  
  
The second person had pink eyeglasses, so Jennifer kissed her on the tip of her nose.  
  
The third was the guy with the pink socks so Jennifer got on all fours and kissed both his shins.  
  
The fourth was the tie guy. Jennifer kissed him on the right nipple, then sucked it into her mouth. Once she had a nice vacuum seal, she pulled her head back until it escaped her lips with a loud, almost obscene pop.  
  
The fifth was the lady with the pink lingerie. Jennifer pulled apart the top of her button-down blouse as far as possible. She leaned down and kissed the top of each of her breasts. Then dropping to her knees, she slid her head under her skirt. Everyone watched in amazement as the woman moaned in pleasure from whatever Jennifer was doing. There was a cacophony of cheers, whistles, and applause while Jennifer pleasured the other woman.

Contestant number six was a man wearing a pink dress shirt, so Jennifer left a large hickey on his neck.  
  
Seventh was another pink tie, so she pulled up his shirt and flicked her tongue into his belly button.  
  
The eighth was a guy in pink boxers. As Jennifer approached him, he pulled his semi-hard cock out and waved it at her. He smirked at his own cleverness. Everyone in the bar froze, wondering what Jennifer would do. Jennifer looked at the twitching penis for a moment, and without a word dropped to her knees and kissed the tip. She let the head slip into her mouth for a split second. Before she pulled back and smiled at the guy who had a huge grin on his face and a fully erect cock.  
  
As he tried to stuff his swollen member back into his shorts, Jennifer told the others, "I'll be right back." She walked over to the bar and drank a shot, then returned to the rest of the participants.  
  
As Ashley watched, she felt amazed at the audacity of their audience. As Jennifer worked through them, Ashley became even more amazed at her audacity.  
  
She watched as Jennifer approached the next person, a woman with pink lipstick. Jennifer gave her a passionate french kiss. Their tongues danced and Jennifer pulled back a bit so everyone saw their tongues intertwined. When they separated, the woman handed Jennifer something. Then she kissed her cheek and returning to her seat. 'Only three more.' Jennifer thought to herself.  
  
The next two guys were wearing pink flowers in their suit lapels. Jennifer ran her tongue from the collar of their shirt to their jawline.  
  
Finally, Jennifer was standing in front of the woman who wasn't displaying anything pink. She smiled at Jennifer, "I want to sit while we do this." The bartender brought over a bar stool, and the lady sat sank into it while pulling her skirt up to her waist. Everyone could see she was commando. She spread her lips apart showing her moist pink pussy.  
  
The entire room froze, and several cameras flashed. Jennifer shrugged her shoulders and said "What's good for the goose...", as she dropped to her knees. She kissed the woman right on her moist sex, letting her tongue dart inside her. Every guy in the room had their phone out and was recording the two women.  
  
Using the distraction, Ashley slipped a hand into her panties. Rubbing, slowly at first, but then with increased vigor, Ashley felt her juices begin to flow. This was the first time she had ever done this in public, and it felt wonderful. Her fingers danced over her clit, she saw Jennifer had stopped kissing the stranger's pussy. She had started kissing the same woman on her other lips, giving her a taste of her own nectar. Ashley almost reached her climax but forced herself to stop when Jennifer returned.  
  
Jennifer strutted over to Ashley, "Well, how'd I do?" she asked, before downing another shot.  
  
Ashley couldn't reply immediately. She sat there, flustered, painfully aware of how wet she was. Cruelly denied her she found herself hungry for the next dare. A part of her that she never knew existed was begging for the opportunity to Jennifer. Facing her opponent, Ashley croaked the word "Five."  
  
Jennifer 23, Ashley 17  
  
Jennifer was acting with more confidence than she felt. While she had used this app before, it was never this public, with an audience, or a stranger. She wasn't sure how much more she could take. She knew that there were some dares she wouldn't do. Even with a trusted lover, never mind with or in front of strangers. Sighing she saw Ashley signal her to tap open the next dare.  
  
Jennifer tapped the screen and read, "Ashley: You are a dog. Jennifer is your owner. Let her put a collar and leash on you and take you for a walk. Make sure to mark your territory."  
  
Jennifer laughed out loud as she read this one. She looked at Ashley. "Remember the picture dare? Well, I don't know many dogs that wear clothes..." She smiled at Ashley and waited for her response.  
  
After Jennifer read the dare, she asked the bartender to get a few belts. While he was getting the belts, Jennifer pulled out a scarf she had in her bag to use as a collar.  
  
Ashley struggled to contain herself as the words sunk in. She was six points down, she had to keep up otherwise Jennifer would dominate her for half a day. Half a day of being subject to the whims of this amazingly sexy woman. Half a day of being at her mercy. Ashley had never felt so aroused in her life. She was unsure about this dare though. She'd been topless twice already, but naked, and marking her territory might just be a bridge too far.  
  
The men around them were having their minds blown by the show they were putting on. For a brief moment, Ashley wondered why the staff hadn't stopped them yet. Then she realized that with the near-capacity crowd, the sales of booze and food would be through the roof.  
  
Standing up, in a mild state of shock, Ashley repeated the removal of her bikini top and wrap. It almost didn't feel so bad this time. Her breasts swayed into view, again, she still covered them up with her arm. Then it struck her that if she was on all fours, she couldn't hide them. They would hang down and swing freely for all to see. Ashley closed her eyes and tried not to climax on the spot.  
  
Forcing herself to overcome her modesty, she unzipped the skirt. It fell down her legs and puddled around her feet. Without thinking, she bent over to pick it up, pulling her panties tight on her ass. Standing up, she handed it to Jennifer. She was now more exposed than she'd ever been in front of strangers. Only wearing her damp panties, Ashley whispered, "Can I keep my panties on and still get 5 points?"  
  
Jennifer tied the bandanna around Ashley's neck, "I didn't complain when I was posing for you. You could've had me naked. You didn't. Besides, I've never seen a dog wear panties, have you?"  
  
Jennifer waited for Ashley to remove the last shred of her dignity, and wondered if Ashley had reached her limit. Jennifer smirked at the other woman, waiting for her response.  
  
Ashley's mouth went dry at Jennifer's words. She reached for a drink and finished it off in one long gulp. Shaking visibly, she ignored everyone around her. Ashley realized that she'd be the first one to completely expose herself to this audience. As that thought crossed her mind, she wondered if things could get more embarrassing. Grasping her panties, she ignored the applause from the expectant crowd. Ashley eased the last of her modesty onto the floor of the bar. Her soft, brown, well-trimmed hair exposed for all the strangers to see.  
  
Standing naked in front of Jennifer, it felt like hundreds of eyes were burning into her skin. The bandanna around her neck seemed to be choking her. She waited mutely for whatever was coming next. Jennifer pointed to the floor and waited for Ashley to get in position. Ashley sank to her knees, a feeling of defeat washing over her.  
  
As soon as she was on all fours, Jennifer looped the belt around the bandanna to act as a leash. Ashley waited on all fours, naked, collared, and leashed. There was a piece of her that demanded to know what kind of good, decent, respectable woman acted like this? Ashley blushed as she struggled with the internal conflict.  
  
Jennifer took hold of the leash and began to lead Ashley around the room. She would stop every few tables and command Ashley to sit, rollover, and beg. To add to the indignity, the onlookers took pictures of her from all angles in every position. No part of her wasn't exposed to the crowd, her hard nipples, her dripping pussy, and even her little puckered hole.  
  
Ashley's mind was a sea of confusing emotions. Out of the madness and confusion though, a salient thought emerged. She still had to mark her territory. She was incredibly wet, from her ignominy of being treated like a dog. With an out-of-body detachment, she crawled over to a barstool and rubbed her wet pussy on the leg.  
  
Once Ashley had smeared her essence on the barstool, Jennifer led Ashley back to their seats.. She dropped the leash and smirked.  
  
"Gentleman, if you lent me a belt, come and get it." She told the crowd.  
  
Suddenly several men surrounded Ashley to retrieve their belts. While getting them, they took the liberty of caressing the naked woman. When Jennifer finally shooed them away, Ashley gathered her clothes and dressed. As she pulled on her skirt, her mind refused to believe what she had done.  
  
She held the wrap tight to her body as she finished dressing. She could feel the cold sweat that had broken out all over her body. Ashley couldn't make eye contact with anyone, and could still feel the fondling hands on her skin. For all her embarrassment though, a survivor's euphoria was beginning to breakthrough. She'd survived the most embarrassing moment of her life. She made eye contact with Jennifer and realized her opponent had an awful lot of humiliation to catch up on.  
  
Finally, she got the wherewithal to ask, "How.... how did... How did I do?" The words stuttering and stumbling out of her mouth. "Surely I... earned a five?"  
  
Ashley almost didn't care about her score. She wanted to see what humiliating dare the app would offer Jennifer. She was certain that there couldn't be anything more embarrassing than what she'd done.  
  
"Oh, darlin', that was most definitely a 5. If I tried to give you less, there would be a riot." Several guys nearby started to cheer and clap at Jennifer's comment.  
  
Jennifer 23, Ashley 22  
  
Jennifer leaned in close to her competitor, and whispered, "I've never seen that dare before. I'm not sure I could have done it. Good job girlfriend. I'm proud of you." Ashley beamed with pride at Jennifer's words.  
  
After taking a few sips of their drinks, Jennifer took a deep breath and braced herself for her next dare. She cautiously tapped the GO button and read out loud: "Jennifer: take off all your clothes and lay down. Ashley will use whipped cream to design a bikini on you."  
  
The bartender heard the dare and handed two cans of whipped cream to Ashley. Jennifer looked at Ashley, and mused, "I guess it's my turn to get naked."  
  
Without waiting for a response, Jennifer dropped the still unbuttoned blouse to the floor. She unfastened the bra and dropped it on top of the blouse. With her right arm covering her naked breasts, she shimmied out of her bikini bottoms. Her left hand covered her mons.  
  
The bartender cleared a stretch of the bar so Jennifer could lay down. As she lay there waiting for Ashley to cover her in whipped cream, someone called out "Wait! How will the whipped cream get cleaned off?" Several guys started clamoring for the opportunity to help clean her up.  
  
The bartender held up his hand. "How about an auction? The highest bidder gets to pick a half to clean, second highest gets the other half."  
  
With Jennifer laying on the bar, naked, the Bartender conducted an auction. Several guys used the auction as an excuse to examine the naked woman they were bidding on. More than one customer got a quick feel of her breasts, and one slipped a finger in her pussy.  
  
Ashley stood there laughing, glad Jennifer was nude and on display for everyone. It was about time. All too soon, in Ashley's opinion, the auction was over and the winners paid. The guy with the pink boxers bid $550 and was the winner. The second highest was the lady who had Jennifer kiss her pussy. She bid $520.  
  
As they paid, the guy said, "I want the right side, you can have the left." The lady smiled in agreement.  
  
The bartender put the cash in front of the girl's seats. "Winner keeps the cash," he told them, hoping to up the competition.  
  
Jennifer felt completely exposed, and very excited. She almost didn't want to get covered. She was dying to let the two strangers lick and suck on her body to get the satisfaction she craved. Ashley started to shake up the first can of whipped cream, as Jennifer said, "please, be kind."  
  
Ashley toyed with the bottles making Jennifer squirm in anticipation. Absentmindedly shaking them, Ashley reflected on what Jennifer made her do. As she walked over to her 'canvas', she mulled over Jennifer's request to 'be kind'. Smiling, she leaned in close to Jennifer. "I'll be kind," Ashley whispered, "to the auction winners."  
  
With that, Ashley stepped in close to Jennifer. She couldn't resist hovering a hand over the prone woman's body. Ashley's hand barely touched Jennifer's breasts. She watched her nipples harden as her hand caused air to pass over them. Ashley slid the hand over Jennifer's tight stomach. Letting the faintest touch of skin cause Jennifer to moan. Finally, Ashley's wandering hand found itself hovering over Jennifer's exposed pussy. The woman had a very well maintained pussy, and Ashley almost wished she'd joined in the bidding. With a very indelicate motion, Ashley stroked Jennifer's clit several times.  
  
Jennifer arched her back in pleasure at the light contact with her clit. Her hips rocked forward to increase the pressure on the distended bud. Ashley pulled away and Jennifer groaned in frustration. Ashley took one of the cans and placed the nozzle on Jennifer's right nipple, and let it dance around her areola.  
  
Ashley began to apply the whipped cream. A generous dollop to each breast and lines over Jennifer's shoulders for the straps. Ashley bit her lip to try and stop herself from giving in to the urge to lick Jennifer clean. Ashley applied another glob of whipped cream to Jennifer's crotch. A naive observer might think Ashley was trying to provide Jennifer with plenty of cover. The real reason was to make sure the clean up lasted as long as possible.  
  
Ashley decided that this was her chance to get sweet revenge. Ashley parted Jennifer's lips and sprayed about half a can of the cream inside her. Looking at the winners, Ashley told them, "I'm afraid you'll have to be quite through to ensure you get all the cream."  
  
Adding a few more 'straps' to the bathing suit, Ashley stepped back and admired her work. "Well..." she said, "This is worthy of a few photographs? Anyone in the audience have a camera?" Cameras flashed for the next minute, as Jennifer lay there in her whipped cream bikini. The auction winners couldn't contain themselves as they awaited their prize.  
  
Ashley decided that enough photos had been taken, and instructed everyone except for the winners to step back. Ashley gestured to the male winner that it was him to claim his prize. He moved in, almost shaking in anticipation. As he leaned over Jennifer, his tongue began to lick off the cream from Jennifer's right breast. Long, teasing strokes of his tongue removed lines of the cream, leaving the nipple until last. He went around the areola in a circle, and he could feel the diamond hardness of Jennifer's nipple. Finally, the nipple was revealed, and Ashley heard a low moan. She didn't know whether it was from the man, Jennifer, or both.  
  
With Jennifer's right breast thoroughly cleaned, the man set to work on the bikini bottom. Making sure to leave the left side unmolested, he went down on Jennifer. As he probed her, Ashley wondered if he was still finding whipped cream. Coughing politely, Ashley got the man's attention and pointed to the female winner.  
  
Sighing, in annoyance, the man pulled his face away from the now bare pussy. Stepping back, and looking satisfied, he waved the lady over. Stepping forward, the woman started with Jennifer's already well-licked honey pot. Ashley wondered if there was any whipped cream left in there, given how much attention he paid to the slick hole.  
  
Still, the woman made sure to explore every nook and cranny making sure every dollop was removed. Ashley heard quite a few moans from the crowd. When she looked around, she saw more than a few guys stroking themselves through their pants. There were even some ladies giving a few lucky guys head. Several seemed on the verge of a climax, and Ashley couldn't blame them.  
  
Finally, with a loud smack of her lips, the woman reluctantly stopped. Jennifer was agonizingly close to orgasm when the woman stopped. She was tempted to finish herself off but held back to see what was going to happen next.  
  
The lady hopped onto the bar straddling Jennifer. She then leaned down and started on the left breast. The tongue came at Jennifer fast and hard. She played with Jennifer's nipple and ran up and across her chest to take care of the bikini straps. The task would have only taken a few moments, but time seemed to freeze as the woman went to town. And then, almost as quickly as it had started, it was suddenly at an end. Jennifer was spotless. Not a single speck of whipped cream was left on her naked, prone body.  
  
As the audience cheered, the man and the woman stepped back and took in their fellow patrons' applause. Forgetting her own earlier humiliations, Ashley joined in the celebration. As the cacophony died down, Ashley offered Jennifer a hand to help her down, saying "Five out of five, Jennifer. Five out of five."  
  
Jennifer 28, Ashley 22.  
  
Jennifer took several deep breaths to calm herself. She dressed carefully, making sure she didn't touch her clit. Afraid that the mere brush of her own fingers would drive her to climax. Once she had dressed, she told Ashley, "You know, this means war!" doing a passable impersonation of Bugs Bunny.

**Ch. 02 Leaving the Nest**  
Both women sat in their seats and sipped their drinks. When they built up enough artificial courage to continue, Ashley tapped the phone. She hoped she wouldn't have to get naked or humiliated again.  
  
They both read the dare, "All players must race to somewhere outdoors and return. All players start with 3 items of clothing. Players will strip on the way out, and redress on the way back. The winner is the first player to make it back to the starting position fully clothed. The winner receives five stars, the loser must complete two dares for one score."  
  
Ashley felt a shiver shoot through her body as she read the dare. Looking around, she realized this bar was a safe place for her exhibitionism. But to go outside, let strangers see her, it seemed somehow wrong. Ashley laughed at herself for that, amazed that any ounce of caution remained in her mind. Strangers had pictures and videos of her naked acting like a dog. She viewed the audience almost as friends from shared experiences. But out there, beyond the bar, was a huge unknown.  
  
Her concerns about the feelings or opinions of strangers fell away when she realized what was at stake. She couldn't give up and risk letting Jennifer take that much of a lead. Not to mention having to complete two dares for one score. That was unthinkable. She again questioned whether she could survive Jennifer's treatment for 12 hours. Ashley shocked herself when she thought 'it would be fun to find out.'  
  
Ashley tried to give Jennifer a determined look, saying "There's a bar across the street. We race across the street, touch the door, and return." Ashley closed her eyes, as she tried to stop herself from adding, "Wait. New rule. We have to get a kiss from the bouncer, and convince someone to slap our asses before we can start dressing."  
  
Ashley realized if she got five points, she'd only be down by one, and Jennifer would have to do two dares. That might make Jennifer surrender, or at least give Ashley the edge she needed to win their bet. She waited to see if Jennifer was agreeable to her rules, or if she would try and negotiate.  
  
Jennifer listened to Ashley's proposal, and thought to herself 'I've created a monster.'  
  
To Ashley, she said, "So we're clear, we run to the bar across the street as we strip. Kiss the bouncer, get slapped on the ass, then run back here while getting dressed. The first one dressed and back in their seat is the winner."  
  
Turning to the ever-present and helpful bartender, she said, "We'll need some observers. This way there's no debate that there was a kiss, slap and return. Could you ask a few of these lovely folks to help out."

The bartender hurried off to assign some of his patrons to the task. Jennifer's mind spun out of control as she thought about everything that could go wrong. She shivered, unable to be sure if it was in excitement or fear. "We have to make sure things are fair. I'm wearing bikini bottoms, a bra, and a blouse. That's three items," Jennifer told Ashley as she saw several patrons leave to act as observers.  
  
"You lose one point for each item of clothing you don't recover. Two points if you fail to kiss the bouncer, and three points if you don't get slapped." Jennifer told Ashley.  
  
Ashley nodded in agreement with Jennifer's scoring. She downed one of the many shots covering sitting in front of them. The bartender improvised a starting line. Before taking the position,  
  
Ashley mentallly reviewed her outfit. She made the bold decision to ditch the skirt before the race. The skirt would be the hardest to take off and put on while running. Besides, she was no longer embarrassed standing around in a pair of panties. Ashley's heart was pounding as adrenaline coursed through her body. She tried to focus on everything that she needed to do. She couldn't afford to lose points. Jennifer already had the lead, and it was only growing.  
  
The bartender gave the traditional "READY... SET... GO!" Ashley raced off, leaving the perceived safety of the lounge, and plunged into the great unknown. She tore at the wrap and flung it to one side, before realizing she would have to retrieve it on her return. Twisting her head, she saw it had caught on a plant by the entrance to the lounge, and made a quick mental note.  
  
When she heard go, Jennifer yanked off and dropped the blouse. She knew it would be safe there until she returned. Then she started running only a few feet behind Ashley. She saw Ashley pull off the wrap, and throw it behind her. Jennifer caught it, preventing it from covering her face. 'So that's how you want to play it,' she thought, tossing it onto a plant, hoping it would get tangled in the leaves.  
  
Jennifer stayed close to Ashley as they ran through the lobby which was empty. Everyone was in the bar enjoying the competition between the two women. Jennifer took off her bra and dropped it on the front desk, delighting the desk clerk. "I'll be back for it in a few minutes, hun," she called out as she ran a bit faster to close the distance.  
  
Ashley headed for the main doors and the street beyond. The doorman gawked at the two barely dressed ladies as they ran toward him. He watched Jennifer's breasts bounce in delight. His jaw dropped when Ashley started fumbled with the ties on her bikini top. In a moment of insanity, Ashley threw the bikini top at him, and called out "I'll be back!"  
  
When Ashley emerged, the evening revelers, gasped in shock. Ashley paused for a moment at the edge of the sidewalk. While waiting for a break in traffic, she slipped off her panties.  
  
Jennifer didn't even notice the doorman as she ran through the doors. She ignored the catcalls while she, too, looked for a break in traffic. She watched Ashley carelessly drop her panties on the curb. When Ashley began to cross, Jennifer decided that now was a perfect time to exact her revenge. She kicked the panties under a nearby car. That act of pettiness cost her time. She had to wait for another break in traffic. While she waited, Ashley had dashed across the street.  
  
The honking of the cars made it clear that Ashley had not gone unnoticed by the drivers. One car even slowed down to a virtual halt, allowing the passenger to take a picture of the bizarre scene.  
  
Ashley used the traffic disruption to dash across the road. Ashley, despite being nude, had to fight her way through the crowd. Once she made it through the throngs of people, she ran up to the bouncer, shouting: "Kiss me!" at the bewildered man.  
  
The bouncer was, usually, pretty blasé about his job. He believed that he'd seen and done it all, that nothing could surprise him anymore. He did have to admit, that watching a naked woman running toward him, screaming "Kiss me" was a 'first'. "Wh... what?" the heavyset man, said as he watched the runner approach, trying not to stare as her tits bounced.  
  
"Kiss me!" Ashley begged, hearing commotion behind her. The bouncer blinked his eyes in confusion for a few moments. Then, Ashley watched his shocked expression change to a sly grin.  
  
"Is this a dare?" he asked, licking his lips while his eyes twinkled in delight.  
  
"Yes!" Ashley replied, in a hurry, beginning to wonder why this was taking so long. Her heart raced, and her mind was a jumble at this point.  
  
"Well then," the man replied, "Tell you what then. If you kiss me somewhere, then I'll kiss you back." the man's face erupted into a broad smile.  
  
"Wait... what do you mean by that?" Ashley said, confused. 'I'm naked and attractive,' she thought to herself. 'It shouldn't be this hard to convince a man to kiss me.'  
  
Her eyes widened in shock as the bouncer unzipped his trousers, and his cock emerged from within. The crowd gasped and laughed at Ashley's predicament. With Jennifer closing the distance, Ashley had no choice. She couldn't afford to lose three points, not after everything she'd been through so far. Squeezing her eyes shut, she knelt down and planted a kiss on his erect penis.  
  
Standing up again, she looked at him with desperation, "Now, KISS ME! Please!" The bouncer laughed, zipped up again, and pulled Ashley in. Taking the opportunity to grope her ass at the same time, the man gave Ashley a long kiss on the lips, before he let her go.  
  
Ashley headed back to the road letting out a small shriek from her latest humiliation. As she began to cross, she froze. She still needed to get spanked. On the streets. In front of everyone.  
  
By the time Jennifer made it across the street, Ashley was already on her knees kissing the bouncers cock. Deciding not to waste time, she stripped off her bikini bottoms, and she bent at the waist: "Someone, smack my ass, now!"  
  
Several people took her up on the offer and countless blows of varying power on Jennifer's firm backside. After one particularly hard wallop, Jenifer jumped toward the bouncer. His eyes focused on Ashley's nude ass and he didn't see Jennifer.  
  
Without any warning, Jennifer grabbed the bouncer's neck and pulled his mouth to hers. As soon as she kissed him, she kneed him in the balls for taking advantage of her new friend. Letting him collapse to the ground, Jennifer pulled on her bottoms and began her return trip.  
  
Both girls were standing at the curb waiting for a chance to cross. The cars slowed to stare at them, creating a slow but steady moving traffic jam that was impossible to cross.  
  
Down the block, red and blue lights started flashing. 'Goddamn it,' Jennifer thought. Someone called the fucking cops and they're right here. "Ashley! Cops!" Jennifer shouted. She turned to see if Ashley heard her, and found that she was already halfway across the street.  
  
Jennifer dashed across, more concerned about the police than the flow of traffic. Her unexpected sprint forced at least one car to slam on the breaks. The driver shouted obscenities at her through the window.  
  
She approached the hotel door get closer desperate to reach the safety beyond. As she got close, the doorman stepped in front of her, blocking the entrance.  
  
"Sorry miss", he said with a cold smile on his face, "You do not meet the dress code for this establishment. The Doll House two blocks down is better suited for your attire." Jennifer froze in horror. Her clothes were inside and the cops were moving closer. She had no idea what to do.  
  
Ashley was halfway across the street when she heard Jennifer's warning about the cops. Looking down the street, a sense of dread swept over her. There were several cop cars working their way through traffic toward her. She raced across the sidewalk outside the hotel and made a beeline for where she'd left her panties. They were gone! Ashley searched the ground as the throngs of people stopped to ogle the sexy naked lady. 'Somebody must have stolen them,' she thought. She cast one last desperate look, a voice cut through the madness and made her blood run cold.  
  
"Ash...? Ashley?" the male voice wondered.  
  
Ashley didn't turn around. The cold shiver competed with the hot flushes and she could almost feel her body shut down. Scott. Of course, it had to be Scott. A man she knew from the local office.  
  
She turned around and faced the tall, lean 30-something analyst. "Oh...god...Scott..." Ashley managed, painfully aware of her nudity and the approaching sirens. They stared at each other in silence, frozen in time as the world around them erupted into noise and chaos. Scott didn't even try to hide his appreciation for the nude Ashley. Ashley failed to mask her overwhelming embarrassment. As Scott opened his mouth to say something, Ashley found herself stepping forward. Words tumbled out of her mouth. Words she hadn't even thought about saying.  
  
"Spank me," she whispered plaintively.  
  
Scott's face snapped from a look of sexually-charged bewilderment to complete shock. "What?!" he yelped.  
  
"Spank me, now, please" she whispered again and, humiliating as it was, turned to present her ass to him. Part of Ashley wondered if she'd ever get over presenting her naked ass to this man in public. Seconds later, she felt the man's hand strike her backside. It rested on her ass a bit longer than needed. Ashley felt it slide off her, as she shivered from the intimacy of the touch and the impropriety of the scene.  
  
The cops were almost on top of them. They had abandoned their vehicles and pursued their suspects on foot. Ashley looked up to see Jennifer having problems with the doorman. Her mind cleared, and she spun around to face Scott. "Please, please, I can't tell you why, but I'm in trouble. Please fake a heart attack. Please. Do this for me."  
  
Ashley threw her most heartfelt look at Scott. He nodded grabbed at his chest. "Ohh oh, I've never had pains like this before. I think this is the big one..." he said in a passable imitation of Fred Sanford.  
  
Ashley felt relieved as she watched Scott slump to the ground. She called out, "Help! Please! He's having a heart attack!"  
  
Caught between his duty as a doorman and his duty as a human being, the doorman hesitated. Casting a disapproving look at the two women, he ran toward Scott, who was now laying on the ground.  
  
With the doorman busy, Jennifer threw open the door and ran to the front desk. She grabbed her bra and struggled to put it on as she raced back into the lounge.  
  
Ashley yanked her top from the doormans coat pocket and raced into the hotel behind Jennifer.  
  
The cops ignored the naked ladies as they rushed to help the man on the ground.  
  
As she ran, Ashley managed to fasten her bikini top around her chest. She found her wrap resting on a plant. She darted toward it, sure that she would beat Jennifer to the lounge.  
  
The hotel lobby had filled with looky-loos who had come to see what was going on. Their jaws dropped as Jennifer ran by them in a bra and bikini bottoms. All eyes followed her running down the hallway and into the lounge. Without looking to see if Ashley had already beaten her, Jennifer grabbed the blouse and pulled it on.  
  
She was about to sit down and claim victory when a cop grabbed her wrist and spun her. Her arm was behind her back, and she was slammed into the bar top. His other hand pressed the side of her face against the cool surface. The patrons started yelling as he handcuffed Jennifer. Keeping her cool Jennifer smiled sweetly and asked: "What seems to be the trouble officer?" As the lounge filled past its legal capacity.  
  
Ashley heard the commotion in the lobby, certain that Jennifer was the cause. Knowing that she only had a few seconds, she focused her attention on extracting the wrap from the plant. She was so focused, that she didn't see Jennifer run into the bar. Nor did she see that cop behind her. Once the wrap was loose, Ashley threw it over her shoulders. Certain of her impending victory just steps away, she charged headlong into the bar. Ashley came to an abrupt halt at the sight that greeted her.  
  
A police officer was handcuffing Jennifer. Her mind raced, wondering what she should do, forgetting that she was still bottomless. She sensed someone behind her, so she turned around. She and found herself face to chest with a cop who grabbed her by the arm. He dragged her across the floor and shoved her against the bar right next to Jennifer.  
  
Ashley regretted ditching her skirt earlier. She tried to position the wrap to cover her nudity. As the cops began to read the Miranda warning, the crowd started protesting. They offered dozens of differing alibis for the two women.  
  
It's difficult to be in several different places at the same time. So the officers seemed less than impressed by the alibis offered by the roomful of drunks. There were quite a few angry murmurs from the crowd. Some even suggested that the police were the ones disturbing the peace.  
  
Ashley's face exploded into a bright red blush of embarrassment as an officer walked in with her panties dangling off the end of his baton. Ashley looked around and she saw Scott slip toward the back of the crowd, making her smile. An idle thought occurred to her. Had anyone finished the race? With a tiny shriek, and realizing she had her clothes back on, she sat down. As her ass hit the seat, a cop grabbed her and pushed her down onto the bar next to Jennifer. Then he started to frisk the restrained woman.  
  
The crowd in the bar was starting to get ugly, and the officers called for backup. Several police officers arrived as the cop who had handcuffed Jennifer began to pat her down. He paid very careful attention to the body parts men generally don't have, despite her firm objections. Once the cop finished molesting Jennifer, he began to lead her out the door.  
  
A loud booming voice called out "Hold on there, Sonny."  
  
All the cops froze as the guy who had made Jennifer kiss his dick earlier stood up. He walked over to the Sargent and handed him a business card. "Harrison P. Nussbaum the IV Esquire, attorney at law. These ladies, or should I say, my clients, are willing to accept any citations you care to issue. However, if you arrest either of them, you should know that it will cost you. Each and every one of the people here witnessed what happened. In fact, I would assume that more than one has recorded your actions. By 9 am tomorrow everyone will file a complaint with both the Mayor's office AND Internal Affairs. Those complaints will allege assault under color of authority, sexual harassment, and sexual assault. Not to mention the DA who was my college roommate would be quite interested to see this..."  
  
Harrison held up his phone. It was playing a video of the officers violent takedowns and unprofessional search of a naked woman. "Now, we're both reasonable men. Perhaps we can find a solution to this before the bruises begin to bloom on these pretty young ladies?"  
  
The Sargent watched the video, then held a short conversation with the officers. Afterward, the Sargent apologized to both women in front of the patrons. Everyone cheered as the police left the bar.  
  
"Just make sure we don't get any more calls." the sarge told them gruffly before leaving.  
  
Once the cops left, Harrison got a standing ovation, several free drinks, and a kiss from Jennifer. When the women sat, they dissolved in giggles, while the bartender conferred with the judges.  
  
Once he had all the details, the bartender jumped on top of the bar. "Ladies and Gentleman," he announced, "we have a decision on the race. Both contestants completed the race. Both contestants removed all clothing. Jennifer did not remove her bottoms; she only pushed them to the ground. Ashley was not wearing her panties when she returned. So neither contestant will get a penalty for clothing. Jennifer did return fully dressed first, but she was stopped from sitting by a police officer. Ashley not only sat down first, but she had her panties on when she did. Based on the ruling of the judges, I am thrilled to announce that ASHLEY is the winner, and will receive 5 points. Jennifer must complete two dares to get points."  
  
Jennifer 28, Ashley 27  
  
The crowd started cheering for Ashley, and several toasts were drunk to her victory. She looked around until she saw Scott, who was smiling proudly at her. He lifted his beer to her in salute and drank it down.  
  
When the cheering died out, Jennifer sighed and picked up the phone. She tapped the screen to read the first of her two challenges. "Jennifer, Dare 1: You and Ashley must eat a banana at the same time. Start at opposite ends."  
  
The always present bartender put a long curved banana on the bar between the two girls. Jennifer peeled the skin off and put the top end in her mouth and waited for Ashley to wrap her lips around the other end.  
  
After the past few dares, Ashley couldn't believe how tame this one seemed. If you'd asked Ashley an hour ago to share a banana a la Lady and the Tramp, she'd have flinched at the idea. Now a changed woman, Ashley swung her seat around and flashed Jennifer a cheeky smile.  
  
She positioned herself at the other end of the banana. With the top end in Jennifer's mouth, she even gave the banana an experimental lick. Then she bobbed on it for the benefit of the men around her. She realized how ridiculous this looked, and had to admonish herself for almost breaking the banana.  
  
Still, as she held Jennifer's gaze, Ashley began to take a mouthful or two of the banana. With every bite, their lips moved closer together. As she swallowed a piece of the sweet fruit, it occurred to Ashley there was going to be another lingering kiss. All too soon the girl's lips met. They began kissing and Jennifer reached out and put a hand on Ashley's breast.  
  
Ashley felt a hand on her breast as she lost herself in kissing Jennifer. She couldn't resist returning Jennifer's attention. She slipped a hand inside Jennifer's blouse and took hold of the woman's right breast. She gave it a tender teasing squeeze, before slipping her hand under the bra. She rested a couple of fingers on Jennifer's hard nipple. She used her fingers to tweak the erect nipple then let her fingers lightly trace the woman's breast.  
  
She could hear the crowd's thoughts. They wanted the two woman to let go of their inhibitions, and make passionate love. Ashley had to come up for air first. She regretted pulling back from Jennifer's lips. So she leaned in for a final lightning-quick follow-up kiss.  
  
"\*Ahem\*" she coughed, trying to catch her breath and remember what should happen next. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Scott, standing at the back of the room, unable to look away from the two beauties.  
  
"I-I um, I think there's another dare before I have to award points." Ashley winked at Jennifer. "Let's see what else that app has in store for us."  
  
Ashley handed the phone to Jennifer and realized her other hand was still fondling Jennifer's breast. For some reason, it didn't want to let go of the soft warm globe. Jennifer wiped the extra saliva from her face before taking the phone from Ashley. She tapped the screen and the dare appeared. "Jennifer, Dare 2: Have Ashley lie on the floor. Remove all your clothes, and then squat over Ashley's face. Let her watch you masturbate for 5 minutes." Jennifer choked on her drink, much to the amusement of the guy next to her, as she read the dare.  
  
Ashley gave Jennifer a puzzled look, as her neighbor made sure she was ok, laughing the whole time. Ashley wondered what could have prompted that reaction in Jennifer. They'd run naked to another bar and back, gotten publicly spanked, and almost arrested. There couldn't be anything more embarrassing than that. If there was, Ashley wasn't sure she wanted to know about it. Jennifer silently handed the phone to Ashley, as she took a shot. Ashley grinned that she didn't have to take off any clothes or do anything strenuous. Ashley lay on the floor feeling the anticipation build in their audience.

"Fuck it," Jennifer said, and she threw off her clothes. She knelt over Ashley's face, her dripping pussy mere inches from Ashley's eyes and mouth. Jennifer slipped two fingers into her pussy and started fingering herself, as her thumb rubbed her clit. Her other hand started to pinch and tug on her nipples. She wondered if she would last five minutes without cumming.  
  
Ashley eyes were transfixed by the pussy just out of reach of her lips and tongue. She was amazed as Jennifer fingered herself fast and hard. The best parts of her folds were obscured by Jennifer's hand. The sounds emanating from the fingering of the increasingly wet pussy more than made up for it. The exhibition wasn't only affecting Jennifer. Ashley could feel her juices begin to flow as she took in the show in the most front-and-center seat possible. Unconsciously, Ashley's hands began to mimic Jennifer's actions.  
  
Ashley had to restrain herself from leaning up and kissing Jennifer on her exposed pussy. She fast-forwarded in her mind to the twelve hours of subjugation that the loser would suffer. Earlier, Ashley had wanted to lose, to be the submissive part of the fantasy. Now, seeing Jennifer like this, Ashley realized that dominating might be even more fun.  
  
A naughty thought occurred to Ashley. Jennifer had to masturbate for five minutes to complete the dare. Based on how the game had played out so far, if she came Ashley could deduct points, giving her a chance to take the lead. She supposed it would be against the rules to lend a hand or tongue. But a more discreet approach might be enough to push Jennifer over the edge. Ashley began to blow air through her lips, hoping the breeze would push Jennifer'sover the edge.  
  
Jennifer was already gritting her teeth. Her earlier need to cum had subsided a bit, but it hadn't gone away. She was trying to tease herself, without increasing her desire to reach her climax. As she paused to let her building desire recede, a warm powerful blast of air flowed over her hard clit. Jennifer shuddered in pleasure as she realized what Ashley was doing.  
  
"One minute", the bartender called out.  
  
'Fuck,' Jennifer thought, 'I don't know if I can hold back for another 240 seconds.'  
  
She looked down at Ashley trying to figure out a way to stop her. Jennifer thought about anything and everything she could that would cool her desire. She subconsciously rocked her hips when she stopped moving her fingers.  
  
Knowing that Ashley was going to do everything she could to make her cum, Jennifer came up with a brilliant idea. Jennifer withdrew her hand from her sodden pussy and shoved her fingers in Ashley's mouth. Then she started to caress herself with her other hand.  
  
Ashley's eyes widened in shock as fingers invaded her mouth. The aromatic scent of aroused womanhood filled her nostrils. Ashley involuntarily sucked on the fingers, getting her first real taste of Jennifer. She'd never had sex with a woman before, but she found herself not only enjoying the taste but craving more.  
  
Looking at the gyrating woman, Ashley sensed she was only one small push from climaxing. Unable to blow on her clit, Ashley tried bobbing her head up and down, running her tongue along the fingers. Ashley hoped the woman's overloaded senses could feel every touch and probe of her tongue. Still, Ashley thought, with so many points on the line, it didn't pay to be conservative. If Jennifer was going to touch Ashley, it only seemed fair to return the favor.  
  
Reaching up, Ashley placed a finger on Jennifer's exposed backside. She began to lightly trace a finger around her ass. Then, she placed a second finger, then a third. She kept going until her entire hand was now on Jennifer's bare skin. Giving her a playful slap, Ashley squeezed Jennifer's naked bottom. With a firm but loving grasp, Ashley began to help Jennifer increase the rhythm of her gyrations.  
  
"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck..." Jennifer started chanting as she felt Ashley's hand on her ass.  
  
"Two minutes" called the bartender.  
  
Jennifer switched hands to continue feeding Ashley her cream. It was her only chance to make it another three minutes. Jennifer's legs quivered, threatening to stop supporting her. She was lightly rubbing her outer lips, afraid anything more would bring a quick end to this dare. Ashley reached up and positioned her other hand on Jennifer's ass. For a moment she seemed content to leave it there.  
  
Ashley was fast losing herself in the moment. She allowed a finger to work its way down the naked ass cheek until it rested at the top of Jennifer's right thigh. Ashley felt Jennifer trembling, and wondered if Jennifer could hold the position. Or would she end up grinding her moist pussy on Ashley's face?  
  
Ashley's hand lingered on Jennifer's thigh before it continued its teasing journey. Slipping between Jennifer's spread legs until it reached the very edge of her labia. Her hand caressed all around the sensitive hot flesh. She felt every quiver that her struggling friend was trying to contain. Ashley began to rub Jennifer's pussy with the same rhythm as Jennifer's strokes. Ashley knew that Jennifer couldn't be too far away from climaxing now. As she felt her own body begin to react, Ashley wasn't sure she'd last five minutes, either.  
  
"Three minutes," the bartender called.  
  
Jennifer shuddered at the gentle caresses of her... friend? Lover? Partner? Competitor? She wasn't even sure how to label the relationship. She knew she had to think about anything other than the pleasure her body was experiencing. She was grinding her teeth to stop the inevitable release that was coming and coming fast.  
  
She even started to laugh as she thought about the story of the little Dutch boy plugging the dike. 'This is one dyke that will burst if anything is stuck in it,' she thought. She looked down at Ashley, whose eyes were fixated on her pussy. "OH GOD!" she moaned and bit her lip hoping the pain would distract her from erupting like Mount Vesuvius.  
  
"Four minutes" came the call.  
  
Jennifer's eyes were watering, and her ears were buzzing. The tremors in her legs were making her dangerously unstable. Jennifer knew she wouldn't last, but she did know she was going to fight it with everything she had.  
  
Ashley could sense the struggle inside Jennifer. But, with only sixty more seconds, Jennifer could still win this dare! She knew she had to act fast, as she felt the quivering woman fight against every urge that wracked her body. Ashley took her hand and began to penetrating bit by tiny bit. She pushed two fingers inside Jennifer to the second knuckle.  
  
Matching Jennifer's gyrations was no easy task. Her partner was no longer gyrating to a rhythm but was beginning to jerk as the volcano threatened to erupt. Ashley's fingers slid in and out of Jennifer, with the goal of sending her into orgasmic bliss. 'There are only be seconds left,' Ashley thought wildly, as she slid her other hand into Jennifer's bigger slit.  
  
Oh God," Jennifer cried out as her legs finally gave out and she fell straight down onto Ashley's face. She was only there for a few seconds before she forced herself back up but those few seconds were enough. Her body started to convulse, and she screamed a loud "YES!"  
  
The climax that had been building over the last few hours burst forth. Her pussy gushed fluid like a broken dam. All this fluid rained down on Ashley soaking her face and upper chest as it poured out of Jennifer. Everyone was in awe of the intensity of Jennifer's orgasm. The bartender finally called time during Jennifer's massive explosion of pleasure.  
  
Ashley could see the woman's body spasm as the orgasm took complete control. Jennifer's cries and groans drowned out Ashley's own moans. Those few precious seconds of having her face buried in Jennifer's pussy had been amazing. The taste, smell, and wetness was something Ashley needed to experience again soon.  
  
Jennifer may have lost points, but Ashley was well on her way to losing control as well. Covered in Jennifer's cum, Ashley crowed "Four! Four points! Four points for four minutes!"  
  
Jennifer 32, Ashley 24.  
  
Jennifer's senses returned one by one. She had trouble standing up, so two men grabbed her arms and helped her stand. They led her to a barstool and helped her sit down. The bartender gave her a glass of water to replace some of the gallons of liquid that she had expended. After drinking three glasses of water and sitting for a few minutes, she felt almost normal. She looked at Ashley, who glistened with Jennifer's cum, and started to laugh. The rest of the bar cheered the two women.  
  
The bartender was busy for the next ten minutes refreshing patrons beverages. Jennifer and Ashley used that time to go to the lady's room and clean themselves up. When they returned to the bar, one of the men offered to help Jennifer dress. Jennifer looked at Ashley's clothes and thought about the last few dares.  
  
"Why the hell should I get dressed?" she asked rhetorically. "I'll have to get naked again in a few minutes." She sat down and drank another glass of water.  
  
Ashley returned a moment later, smelling of sex and looking a bit less creamy. Jennifer tapped the phone, saying, "I believe it's your turn."  
  
The dare appeared on-screen, "Ashley, Demonstrate your oral skills. Don't forget the deep throat."  
  
Jennifer looked at Ashley poker faced, "The Bartender's been exceptionally helpful. I think this would make a nice reward for him, don't you?" making Ashley choke.  
  
There were groans of disappointment from the patrons when Jennifer suggested the bartender. Most of the men had been hoping for another auction, and several wallets were out hoping he would decline. The bartender dashed those hopes when he leapt over the bar in excitement, as Ashley offered him a scared, tight smile.  
  
Ten minutes ago she'd been flat on the floor helping another woman masturbate. She didn't understand why she felt fearful now. Then she realized she felt a kinship with Jennifer. In the space of an hour, Jennifer had gone from stranger to lover in Ashley's mind. The bartender was a minor character in this chapter of her life story.  
  
"Mike," the bartender said, extending his hand to Ashley. Ashley reached out and shook it. 'This is a little surreal,' she thought. 'I'm shaking hands with a man who's seen me naked and is about to get a very public blow job.  
  
"Ashley. I'm Ashley," she replied, feeling oddly self-conscious at the absurd situation. 'I guess it's polite to introduce yourself before sticking your dick in someone's mouth.'  
  
Ashley smiled again, trying to ignore the faint whiff of Jennifer's cream that was her perfume. "Well, Mike, I'm not the Red Woman. Take your own bloody pants off.", she said quoting a recent episode of her favorite TV show.  
  
Mike chuckled as he dropped his trousers. His cock sprung out leaving no doubt he was his willing and ready to help with this dare.  
  
The men around the bar gave Mike and Ashley space, and Ashley sank to her knees. She'd only sucked a dick twice in her life, and she had never deep throated either of those guys. She studied Mike's cock, which was significantly bigger than the ones she'd sucked. She hoped she would be able to control her gag reflex as she swallowed his shaft.  
  
Ashley leaned forward and kissed the tip of Mike's penis. He shuddered when her lips touched his hard cock. For the past hour or so, these women had been going at it, making all the men in the room incredibly aroused. Mike had been hard most of that hour and was ready for a release. Ashley looked up at Mike and saw the struggle to contain himself evident in his eyes.  
  
Parting her lips, she began to take his shaft into her mouth. She started to bob on the shaft taking a bit more every time she went down. She found a pace that he seemed to enjoy and was soon moving up and down his cock while teasing it with her tongue. Mike seemed to be enjoying her efforts, and she could already hear him groaning. He was trying to hold back already, but Ashley was down 8 points. She needed a five on this dare to stay competitive.  
  
She took more than half his penis into her mouth, only stopping when she almost gagged. She managed to restrain her reflex, and relaxed her throat. She eased down and soon had his entire cock in her mouth. Her eyes were wide open as she felt a man deep inside her throat for the first time. Ashley went up and down a few more times, praying she could control her gag reflex as the cock pushed into her throat. Thankfully, she didn't have to wait for long. The prolonged buildup and Ashley's oral skills made Mike blast his seed into her throat.  
  
At that Ashley had to pull back, choking on the thick warm salty fluid that flooded her mouth. As she pulled back, Mike shot more ropes of cum, overwhelming Ashley. As his cock slipped and she pulled off his cock, as the last few spurts coated her face. In the space of 12 minutes, Ashley's face had seen both Jennifer and Mike give her facials. She wondered if the rumors about cum being good for the skin were true. If so, she may look several years younger tomorrow. As Mike stuffed himself back into his pants, Ashley looked up at Jennifer, expectantly.  
  
Jennifer glanced at her watch and to see how long it took Ashley to make Mike cum. She was disappointed. She knew he could last longer than the two minutes and forty-three seconds it took Ashley to get her reward. She decided to round the score up. "Three points for almost three minutes.  
  
Jennifer 32 Ashley 27  
  
Ashley glared at Jennifer. 'Only three points for sucking a dick and getting a facial.' she thought angrily. She was still five points down. Unless Jennifer got a zero, she would have a hard time taking the lead. She climbed to her feet and walked to the bar, watching Mike strut back to the bar getting several high fives. As Ashley was about to sit down, she felt a hand on her arm and turned to see who it belonged too.  
  
"Let me help you clean up," A woman, neither competitor had seen before said to Ashley.  
  
Before she could respond, The woman leaned in and began to lick the cum off Ashley's face. Every male in the bar groaned as she went to town licking and slurping Mike's cum from Ashley's face. Once she had licked the sticky white fluid off Ashley, the woman pulled Ashley close and kissed her. It was obvious to those closest to the action there was a bit of snowballing going on between the two women. Ashley stared wide-eyed at the brazen woman, who kissed her lips one last time then faded into the crowd.  
  
After the woman vanished, Ashley picked up a drink, and Jennifer reached out and tapped the phone. She read the dare out loud so the whole bar could hear it, "Bite Ashley on the ass." Jennifer turned to Ashley and said "drop them panties baby and hop up here", tapping the top of the bar.  
  
Hopping off her barstool, Ashley dropped her skirt to her ankles. Then she shimmied her panties down as well. It still amazed her exactly how easy this had become in such a short time. She even gave the crowd a quick wiggle of her backside. That drew plenty of applause from the appreciative audience. She pulled herself on to the bar and positioned herself on all fours so that her ass was facing Jennifer. She closed her eyes, thinking, " No ones bitten my ass before," and wondered how it would feel.  
  
Jennifer walked up behind Ashley and spread her cheeks wide open. When she did, several flashes lit up the lounge. "Everyone gets a nice shot of her beaver and tail", there were approving cheers from the crowd. "Good! Now it's time to take a nice big bite of this rump roast." Jennifer placed her lips on the right cheek and kissed and tickled it a bit with her tongue. Ashley felt her mouth open wide and Jennifer sunk her teeth into the tender flesh. Her mouth kept closing leaving some deep teeth marks.  
  
Looking at Jennifer, Ashley said, "I'd've given you five if you'd left a perfect lipstick mark Mike said it was smeared so four." Ashley realized she was in trouble. She was nine points down now, and Jennifer was only 14 points away from winning.  
  
Jennifer 36 Ashley 27  
  
Jennifer watched Ashley tap the phone. Looking over her shoulder, Jennifer started laughing, "I bite your ass, and you massage mine."  
  
Ashley had to read the dare aloud to make it real for her. "Jennifer fell on her butt, massage it for her, and make her feel better."  
  
Without hesitation, Jennifer jumped on the bar and lay on her belly, waiting for Ashley to massage her. Ashley shrugged. A massage wasn't quite the spanking that Jennifer deserved, but no one had backed down from a dare yet. Ashley wasn't about to start.  
  
Ashley began to caress Jennifer's bare skin. 'She has an attractive bottom,' she thought as she squeezed it. Ashley found herself distracted by all sorts of naughty thoughts. Still, some of those could wait until later in the evening, she reminded herself.  
  
Ashley began to press deep into Jennifer's ass. She ran the base of her hand down one side, and then repeated the exercise down the other. Once she'd done that, she paused for a moment, and then looked at the expectant crowd. Raising an eyebrow as if in question, the audience seemed to read her mind. As one they all nodded. With their permission, Ashley patted Jennifer's bottom once making Jennifer gasp and squirm.  
  
Looking at the audience, again they silently urged her to continue. Ashley acknowledged them, and Jennifer kept silent at Ashelys assault.  
  
"Sorry Jen," Ashley said, "I learned at the Swedish School of Massage, and this is how we do it there." Ashley returned to a standard massage. But as seh rubbed each area, she would end with a spank. Ashley even pushed deep between Jennifer's cheeks and played around the sides of her anus.  
  
"This is a deep massage," Ashley informed the prone and naked woman, before she dipped a finger inside. Ashley continued her performance for several minutes. She didn't leave a single square millimeter of Jennifer'sbottom untouched. As she completed the last light spank, Ashley stood back and admired her handiwork.  
  
"You know Jen, after my massage and my tap-treatment, I'm happy to say your injury seems to have cleared right up!"  
  
Jennifer took the hand she offered and climbed down rubbing her sore buttocks. "That was an EPIC FAIL! You were supposed to make me feel better. Instead, you caused me pain. 1 point."  
  
Jennifer 36 Ashley 28  
  
Ashley pouted at such a low score but privately conceded that she should have waited to spank Jennifer's ass. She was down by eight and it was Jennifer's turn. Things were getting uncomfortably close to the finale.  
  
Ashley picked up the device that controlled the two women's lives. She tapped the screen and read the dare aloud "Jennifer, caress Ashley's clitoris"  
  
Once again stripping off her dress and panties, she put them on her seat and climbed on the bar. She lay in the same spot Jennifer recently vacated. She parted her legs while she reflected on the insanity that had been her life for the last two hours. Here she was exposing her pussy to everyone while she waited for a woman she barely knew to finger her. Ashley sighed, and her hips rocked as she anticipated Jennifer's first touch.  
  
Jennifer licked her lips, thinking "Nothing said what she could use, or for how long.' Once Ashley got in position, Jennifer reached between her legs. As her hand rested on Ashley's thigh, Jennifer whispered, "Lay back and enjoy this baby."  
  
Jennifer moved her hand to Ashley's mons and paused a moment letting the crowd shift so they could get a good look. Once everyone settled down, Jennifer leaned in and sucked Ashley's clit into her mouth.  
  
Ashley gasped at Jennifer's liberal interpretation of the dare. She clutched at the bar top as Jennifer teased and played with her clit. Unlike Jennifer, Ashley had yet to experience the release of an orgasm. Her tension had been building inside her. Streaking, walked like a dog, kissing Jennifer, cum on her face-twice, and a stranger licked her clean. It was too much, and she could feel her cream flowing freely.

Ashley knew the danger of climaxing here and now. If Jennifer made her cum, there was no way that this crowd would let her get away with giving Jennifer less than a five. Then the game would be all but over. Ashley was getting nervous as the game careened towards the inevitable, climactic conclusion. She bit her lip to stifle her moans. Her pussy reacted to Jennifer's oral attack on her clit, realizing there was no time limit for this dare.  
  
Jennifer wanted to be very careful here. The dare only allowed her to caress the clitoris. So no matter how much she wanted, there would be no inserting or rubbing anything else. She kept flicking it with her tongue as she sucked on it like it was a small cock getting a world-class blow job. Guys were groaning and grunting and several had cum in their pants as Jennifer went down on Ashley.  
  
At least one woman lifted her skirt and was rubbing herself. Another was giving the guy next to her a blow job. Things were getting out of control, and the lounge started to become the site of a small orgy. Jennifer continued to suck on Ashley's clit drawing forth the orgasm she knew Ashley craved.  
  
Ashley arched her back and clenched her fists as she summoned her remaining will power. She forced herself to resist her wanton desires to cum all over Jennifer's face. There was only one small, tiny, trivial problem with that it felt so good. Ashley turned her head and tried to look out into the audience to distract her. Big. Mistake.  
  
The sight of the orgy made Ashley want to succumb even more. She could even see Scott at the back of a packed room, his cock in his hands, a strained look on his face.  
  
Ashley raised her head, and looked at Jennifer, seeing the woman's head moving between her legs. Looking away, she saw Mike standing nearby, his eyes almost about to pop out of his head. She felt like she was standing on the edge of a knife. Even the slightest breeze would push her off. She felt her clit get sucked into Jennifer's mouth. Her friend's tongue danced around the incredibly sensitive erogenous zone. "Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she cried, trying to release the built-up tension verbally, rather than physically.  
  
Far too little, and far too late though. The erotic sensory overload finally overwhelmed her. Ashley lost control of her body as a monster tidal wave of pleasure consumed her. She was drowning in a sea rapture. Her body spasming as she became delirious from the overload of delectation.  
  
Once Ashley's flow had subsided Jennifer released her clit from her mouth. She stood up and gratefully took a towel from Mike to wipe all the overspray from her naked body. Once she had cleaned herself up a bit she took one of the drinks and downed it while waiting for Ashley to recover.  
  
Ashley struggled up on to her elbows, breathing hard as she felt the after-effects of her orgasm. Still sprawled on the bar, she kept her legs parted as Mike started to wipe up her cum. He was paying particular attention to the area right next to her pussy. More than once he accidentally touched her still-sensitive lips. He elicited more than one quiet groan from her, as she struggled to regain control. Once Mike has cleaned the area. four times. he got around to asking if Ashley could lift her backside a little. Ashley raised an eyebrow and half-rolled, half-hopped off the bar. Landing on her feet, she could feel her tired legs start to buckle. After a few seconds though, she was ready for action again and stood up to her full height.  
  
Facing Jennifer, Ashley squared her shoulders, tossed her hair back, and looked her in the eye. "You win that round Jennifer," Ashley said, with a twinkle in her eye. She nodded over to the audience around her. "I don't think I'm going to get away with anything less than five for that."  
  
Jennifer 41 Ashley 28  
  
Ashley picked up her skirt and panties and pulled them on. As she dressed, she wondered what other humiliations awaited her. She also wondered if it was possible to beat Jennifer. As she zipped up her skirt, she looked at Jennifer's nude form and thought, 'Maybe she has the right idea.'  
  
Jennifer picks up the phone and brings it to Ashley. Ashley takes the phone and hits the go button. Jennifer reads the dare, Blindfold Jennifer, and play with her.  
  
Ashley stared at the phone for almost a minute. Her imagination ran wild with what she could do to Jennifer while blindfolded. Jennifer shrugged her shoulders and brazenly walked over to a guy wearing a tie. Without a word stripped it off him, handed it to Ashley, and awaited her fate.  
  
Ashley put the phone down and gave her a strange smile. She took the silk paisley tie and decided it would work as a blindfold. She considered getting extra ties for Jennifer's hands. Then she reminded herself the last time she'd taken liberties with a dare, she had scored a measly one. She was down by 13 points and couldn't afford another low score if she had any hope of winning. Not that she was sure she wanted to win. Ashley stood behind her and placed the tie over her eyes. She firmly secured it behind Jennifer's head.  
  
Once the blindfold was in place, Jennifer couldn't see a blessed thing, except darkness. As Jennifer stood there nude, Ashley's fingertips brushed against her diamond-hard nipples. Ashley pressed herself against Jennifer, as she played with the other woman's breasts. If Jennifer was any judge of people, things were going to take a nasty turn soon.  
  
Jennifer's hands were down by her side, but Ashley guided them up so they rested on top of Jennifer's head. With Jennifer's hands now out of the way, Ashley ran her own hands down Jennifer's sides. until they reached her hips. Ashley knew that Jennifer had only recently climaxed, and she wondered if the woman was multi-orgasmic. Only one way to find out, Ashley mused. She took a small step back and applied a bit of pressure to Jennifer's back. Just enough to get her to bend over at the waist.  
  
Ashley stroked Jennifer's damp pussy and toyed with Jennifer's breasts. She rubbed harder and harder on the wet pussy. Ashley loved the way that she could feel the juices flow, and she eased a finger into the woman that she held at her mercy. At the same time, she made sure to give a nipple a pinch and a twist, to see what kind of reaction she'd get from Jennifer. Jennifer cried out in pain as her pussy increased its flow of cream.  
  
As suddenly as she started she stopped. Pulling her upright, she spun Jennifer around several times until she stumbled dizzily.  
  
Then Ashley's said, "Hands up if you want to try your luck and see if you can finish my plaything off with your tongue." Making dozens of hands shoot into the sky.  
  
"Umm, Ash..." Jennifer was about to protest. Her voice got lost out by the shouts of people begging to far an opportunity to take part. She realized there was nothing to stop her from being gang banged, or turning this into a bukkake scene. Her only hope was that the participants were so close to climax they would only last a minute or two. Her heart lept into her throat when Ashley's hot breath whispered, "... although I'm afraid you'll never get to find out who did the deed, Jennifer."  
  
Mike shouted for silence and everyone quieted down. "To be fair I think it should be one of the ladies who hasn't had the pleasure of participating yet." He told Ashley.  
  
Disappointment registered on every male face in the room, as six ladies who hadn't been involved stood up at Mike's request. "So now we have to pick one of these ladies. Eenie Meenie Miney Moe." He started as he pointed at the woman.  
  
Ashley smiled at Mike's intervention and stepped into the line of ladies with mirth evident on her face. Raising her hand, she dared Mike to pick her to finish Jennifer off. Mike paused in his selection and gave her a small shake of the head, but he grinned as he did so. Ashley pretended to pout again, and even tried to bat her eyelids, but sadly it seemed Mike was too much of a gentleman to go back on his word now. Mike Finally, settled on a tall blonde woman who had been a wallflower most of the night.  
  
The blonde looked to be in her early thirties and seemed dazed and amazed by the show she had been witnessing. The expression on her face reminded Ashley of someone. She puzzled over that for a moment before realizing her expression was one she'd seen in the mirror. Ashley nodded her head at the naked Jennifer, to encourage the blonde woman. She stepped back and gave Jennifer a friendly rub on the ass.  
  
"Come on then," Ashley said. The woman stepped forward and sank to her knees. She didn't seem sure what to do, so Ashley leaned down herself, and mimicked a kiss. There wouldn't be names shared. Jennifer wasn't to know who would have the pleasure of finishing her off. The blonde took the hint. With a curious glint in her eyes, she leaned forward and kissed Jennifer between her legs. As she pulled back, and a few seconds of contact, Ashley could see Jennifer's liquid essence on her lips.  
  
The blonde woman looked at Ashley and licked her lips. Ashley wondered if this was her first time. Hell, it had been her first time not that long ago. It had been an altogether very strange night indeed! The next kiss the lady gave Jennifer wasn't so tender. Ashley's accomplice had taken to the task and buried herself in Jennifer's crotch. At first, she was only kissing Jennifer. Soon the kisses turned into some serious work on what must have been an extremely sensitive clit.  
  
Ashley stepped back, almost disappearing into the crowd. She watched as the other lady committed herself to Jennifer's pleasure. Everyone focused on Jennifer, so Ashley slipped her right hand into her panties. Her fingers and began to rub slowly at first, but with increasing vigor. She watched Jennifer and the blonde hoping to see Jennifer climaxing again. Jennifer's legs began to quiver as another orgasm started to build inside her.  
  
Ashley groaned as she felt her orgasm build again, ready to erupt inside her. The blonde woman was deep into Jennifer's crotch. Ashley wanted to hold on until Jennifer surrendered to the woman's seduction.  
  
Through her lust fogged brain, Ashley heard, "Can I lend you a hand, Ash?"  
  
Looking to her side, she saw Scott staring at the hand that was working away at her sensitive clit. A few hours ago, the idea of inviting a coworker to finger her in a crowded bar would have been inconceivable. But, here she was, barely dressed and masturbating in a crowd. Giving Scott a look of desire, Ashley grabbed Scott's hand. She forced it down into her dress and inside her panties until he could feel her leaking slit.  
  
'Oh God!' Ashley thought, as Scott started to push several fingers inside her. Ashley had to lean back onto a table to stop herself from collapsing on the spot. In less than a minute he had her trembling in climax as her juices flooded her panties and ran down her leg. Scott continued to stroke and probe at her most private of regions.  
  
"Enough," Ashley mewled, as she pushed Scott away.  
  
She walked on shaky legs over to Jennnifer and the blonde. She grasped the blonde's shoulder and pulled her off of Jennifer.  
  
Jennifer groaned when the mouth left her ready to explode cunt. She felt the familiar warmth of Ashley's body wrap around her and hold her as her orgasm was denied. She shook her head knowing this dare allowed Ashley the freedom of using her however she saw fit. There wouldn't be any deducting points this time. Besides she had an almost insurmountable lead, no reason to be stingy with points now.  
  
"Score... me!" Ashley panted, catching her breath.  
  
Jennifer pulled off the blindfold and looked around the room. The first people she saw were the guy who faked the heart attack outside, licking his hand. And a blond woman with a shiny red face that looked like she had run a 5K. "I'll give you a five for that one," Jennifer replied.  
  
Jennifer 41 Ashley 33  
  
Ashley and Jennifer hobbled back to their bar stools and sat there recovering. Ashley wondered if Jennifer had climaxed before she ended the proceedings. Of the myriad of thoughts that ran across Ashley's mind was 'The next dare with Jennifer's clit would be short.'  
  
Still, five points was five points, and she was into the thirties. Jennifer was only nine points away from victory. Ashley hoped that Jennifer's arousal would result in a mistake or two and let Ashley catch up. 'Even if I do lose,' Ashley thought, 'there's still the consolation prize. I'll get to own Jennifer for an hour of fun first.  
  
Giving Jennifer a naughty smile, she nodded her head at the phone that was causing so much mischief. "Let's see what you have to do next, Jen."  
  
Jennifer took a deep breath to regain control over her pulse and the throbbing elsewhere on her body. She picked up the phone and tapped the screen. The dare popped up. "Jennifer, Strip off all your clothes in front of an audience."  
  
Jennifer looked at Ashley, "I guess I have to pass on this one. I'm already naked. This should give you a chance to catch up." she told Ashley, smirking at her.  
  
Ashley raised an eyebrow at that, but Jennifer had a point. It was hard to strip when you were already as naked as the day you were born. "That means you get zero points though."  
  
Jennifer 41 Ashley 33  
  
  
**Ch. 03 The End Begins**  
  
Ashley reached for another drink, from the endless supply. She threw back half of it in one go, then slammed the glass down on the bar. She swiveled on her chair to face Jennifer, with her legs splayed wide open down the sides of the stool. "Well, let's see what the phone has in mind for me next!" Bring it on, Ashley though. Game on."You're Sally and are having lunch with Harry. Do what she did."  
  
Ashley laughed at that. It had been a long time since she'd seen the movie, but she knew exactly what scene the phone was referring to. Okay, she thought, let's see how good my acting skills are! She whispered in Mike's ear who disappeared for several minutes. Soon he returned, carrying a plate with a large sandwich and side of coleslaw.  
  
Ashley stretched her sore muscles and flexed her neck a little, as if she were about to start on a marathon run. Staring at Jennifer, Ashley held her gaze as she closed her eyes and moaned softly. Then she started breathing heavily so her breasts shimmed. "Mmmmmm....." she moaned and reached up with her hand and ran it through her hair. She closed her eyes and let her gasp give way to a light laugh. Looking back down at her plate, and letting the hand currently in her hair fell down to her breasts. Giving her boobs a quick grope, she let out yet another low moan.  
  
She shifted in her seat as if there was some instinct driving her. She kept playing with her hair, running a hand through it before sweeping it over her face. Ashley gave every impression of someone about to explode with orgasmic joy. Ashley threw her head back. Both breasts were getting a good fondle. Ashley fixed Jennifer with a lusty stare and bit her lip seductively. Then she leaned down and took a forkful of coleslaw and ate it.  
  
Numerous voices shouted in unison, "I'll have what she's having." Mike looked on impressed. Pushing the plate away, she leaned forward towards Jennifer. "So, do I get the part?" she smiled.  
  
"That was a five-star performance," Jennifer admitted. It was pretty hot. Maybe even better than Meg Ryan."  
  
Jennifer 41 Ashley 38  
  
Jennifer looked a little concerned. She went from a 13 point lead to a 3 point lead in a few minutes. 'Maybe staying naked was a bad idea,' she thought. As she realized the game would end in just two or three more dares. She liked Ashley but didn't look forward to being her slave for 12 hours. She knew that everything that had happened so far was foreplay. She took the phone and tapped it holding her breath.  
  
"Put a dollar in your mouth. Ashley must take it from you using her lips and tongue. She has two minutes. Whoever has the dollar at the end gets five points."  
  
Jennifer took one of the bills from the pile of money from the auction. She folded it lengthwise twice so it was no wider than a slim cigarette. She then started to roll it tightly so it ended up being the size of a largish pill. She held the bill for Ashley to see, and dropped it into her mouth, and swished it around trying to hide it. Then she nodded at Mike.  
  
"Ready..." Ashley leaned in.  
  
"Set..." Jennifer parted her lips.  
  
"GO."  
  
The woman's lips slammed together like two superheroes battling in the skies above a metropolis. Jennifer stuck her tongue into Ashley's mouth, to prevent her from using her tongue to search for the bill.  
  
Ashley was surprised by Jennifer's counter-attack. She realized this wasn't going to be the easy dare she'd assumed. Careless, Ashley thought to herself, that was careless for her to think that!  
  
With Jennifer's tongue invading her mouth, Ashley tried to slip hers past Jennifer's. Jennifer quickly reacted and block her. Ashley considered groping Jennifer's breasts to distract her. She was afraid that would be considered cheating and cost her points. She was close to losing and couldn't afford a deduction now. Five points here and Jennifer would only need to four on the next dare to win.  
  
Finally, she breached Jennifer's defenses and got her tongue into her opponent's mouth. Desperately she searched for the crumpled up bill. She went left but found nothing. Ashley was running low on oxygen. She tried to breathe through her nose, but couldn't. Between the delicious taste of Jennifer's lips, the lack of air, and the erotic smell Ashley was beginning to feel light-headed.  
  
She tried to push her tongue to the right to explore the other side of Jennifer's mouth, but she was blocked again. "30 seconds" Mike called out, as Ashley struggled to fight past a determined Jennifer. Finally, she was able to get over her tongue and she felt the tip of her tongue touch something crumpled and papery. Now she only needed to get it out of Jennifer's mouth.  
  
It was evident that Jennifer had the advantage here. Ashley could feel her target, but there was no way she could get a grip on it. Especially not with Jennifer's tongue guarding it. Seconds continued to tick by, and Ashley knew Mike was about to say time was up soon.  
  
Inspiration struck. Placing a hand on the back of Jennifer's head, Ashley dropped to her knees so that her head was lower than Jennifer's. Now her opponent was bent over while Ashley waited for gravity to come to her aid. She felt the note begin to move, as Ashley pressed Jennifer's tongue to the side to clear a path.  
  
'Come on!' Ashley thought. There could only be a few precious seconds left.  
  
Jennifer felt the bill sliding so she sucked in air, hoping the negative pressure would stop the bill from sliding out of her mouth.  
  
"Time!" Mike called out as Jennifer's face blanched. "Okay ladies where is the cash?"  
  
Jennifer looked stricken. Her head hung down, and she murmured, "I...I swallowed it. By accident."  
  
Mike looked at her. "Well, that seems like cheating to me. I think we need to deduct three points from you and give Ashley five." Jennifer 38 Ashley 38  
  
Ashley blinked several times as the news settled in that the score was tied. It was anyone's game, and she had a chance for victory, and it was her turn. In just three dares she could be the winner, but so could Jennifer. Ashley steadied herself and breathed in.  
  
"Okay," she said, "Let's have the next dare." Gripping the bar top, she hoped for something easy to guarantee another safe five points. "Tell everyone your most embarrassing sexual fantasy."  
  
Ashley blinked in shock. It was one thing to get naked and masturbate for strangers. Telling everyone your sexual fantasies seemed wrong. Much too intimate for such a superficial game.  
  
The room grew silent, and Ashley felt her cheeks flush. She coughed and looked at her expectant audience.

"Before tonight, you mean?" Ashley asked. She shifted uneasily in her seat and closed her eyes as she thought about what she'd dreamed of, alone in her bed.  
  
"I played Basketball in College." Ashley croaked. "I mostly sat on the bench, unless the game was a blowout. I was desperate to play in the homecoming game against our rival. Something to remember my time there, other than some dusty degree. The rest of my team offered me the opportunity to prove myself. I had to agree that if I wasn't good enough and failed their test, I would be punished for wasting their time." Ashley turned away for a moment and sipped a drink.  
  
"I asked what I would have to do... the penalty was.... sexual." Ashley now looked directly at Jennifer. "I backed out. Lost my nerve." Taking another sip, Ashley paused and took a deep breath. "I always fantasized about what would've happened. In my fantasy, I played my hardest but wasn't good enough. Ever since I wish I had gone that day. Found out what would have happened." Ashley gulped, as she started to reveal her deepest thoughts. It seemed crazy that this would be harder than revealing her naked body to these strangers.  
  
"I think about how they might have taken me, surrounded me, and made me strip off my uniform. Make me crouch over a basketball, at center court, and masturbate until I came. I would rub myself hard, in front of my teammates. I'd be right on the edge before I realized someone was recording me." Ashley coughed again.  
  
"I'd complain, but they wouldn't let me stop. They said this was just in case I didn't finish... to give me motivation not to back out... so I had to continue. Rubbing myself, playing with myself, all while they watched,..." Ashley could feel herself blush as she continued. "So I came, eventually. I fantasize about how they mock me while I do it... and they act all horrified that I've made the basketball wet." Ashley stopped and took another swig of her drink.  
  
"... they say that this means I have to pay another penalty. I protest, but they have the video. So they lead me over to the goal, They have handcuffs... I don't know why exactly... but they handcuff me to the post... they.... ummm.... they then tell me the men's team is scheduled to practice soon, and then... then they all just silently turn and leave. I don't even beg them to let me go. I just stand there. Naked. Helpless. Unable to cover myself.... then the men strut onto the court...." Ashley's voice faded out. Looking around her, she cursed herself as she heard the words come out of her mouth. "... and that's the end of my fantasy."  
  
Idiot! Ashley berated herself. Twelve, just twelve more points, and Jennifer will be her possession. Great time to lose your nerve! Ashley toyed with her drink, waiting for her score.  
  
"That's not the end. Is it?" Jennifer coaxed Ashley. "Of course if you don't want to... I can deduct points."  
  
Jennifer's light nudge dragged Ashley back into the real world. Mumbling something into her drink, Ashley at the audience and saw that they wanted more. Ashley stared down the barrel of a one, or at best a two-pointer. That had the very real prospect of costing her the game.  
  
"As... as the guys come over, I don't say a thing. The team captain, a tall beautiful black man, asks if I want to be untied. I hear a voice say 'no'... and I'm shocked to realize it's my voice. I said 'no'." Ashley dipped her head down so that she could continue without having to look anyone in the eyes.  
  
"They tell me we're going to play a game. They blindfold me, and then I hear them drop their shorts. I know these guys. The teams socialize a lot. They undo the handcuffs so that one of my hands is free while the other is handcuffed to my ankle. Then I'm told that I have to feel each of their cocks and guess who the player is. Every time I guess wrong I have to give that person a blow job."  
  
Ashley went quiet, as the fantasy began to get her wet. With a noticeable struggle in her voice, she forced herself to continue.  
  
"I... I guessed four wrong. Four blow jobs. They don't make me swallow. They pull out before they cum, and make sure my face and tits get coated in cum. Once the last guy blew his load on me, I hear somebody else walking onto the court. They stand me up and then bend me over at the waist. They ask me if I want to go. I hear another voice say 'no'. It's my voice again." Ashley shook her head as her breath became a little ragged.  
  
"While I'm bent over, my free hand is cuffed to my ankles. Suddenly..... suddenly I feel something slide into me. It's hard. Very hard. I almost jump, but I can't go anywhere. Whoever it is, pushed in a little, then pulls out. Then in again, a little further this time. This continues over and over until they're deep inside of me. I know everyone's watching as this stranger does me from behind. It's not long before I climax, As I do, one of the guys steps forward and removed the blindfold. Looking between my legs, I see a pair of women's legs. In our team uniform."  
  
Ashley looked at Jennifer. "That's when I realize that it's my team captain, with a strap-on."  
  
Ashley almost said more, but she mentally blocked out the final part of her fantasy. 'That would have to wait for another time,' she thought. " So," Ashley finished, "That's my fantasy. My dirtiest, most twisted sexual fantasy. My team captain does me with a strap-on while the guy's team watches after I've given some of them a blow-job. All because I wasn't good enough to make first string." Raising her head a little in defiance, Ashley dared Jennifer to only give her two points for that...  
  
Jennifer waits to see if Ashley was going to say anything else. Her woman's intuition told her there's more. Probably much more. She decided not to push Ashley anymore. She thought about scoring a four, but the crowd might get riled if she didn't give Ashley five points for a story that hot. Looking at Ashley she holds up 5 fingers.  
  
Jennifer 38, Ashley 43  
  
Ashley sighed and leaned back as a wave of relief drowned out her concerns. She was only a handful of points away from victory. But Jennifer lost points earlier. That could happen to her. She scrutinized the phone, and said: "okay Jen, let's see what you're up for next."  
  
Jennifer picked up the phone. Tapped the screen, and read out loud "Describe your first self-service experience"  
  
Jennifer smiled and began to speak in a deep sultry voice, "I had just gotten my driver's license. I asked my dad to borrow the convertible he got for his 50th. He said yes, so I picked up a few of my girlfriends and we drove down to the beach. We cruised around the beach checking out the hot guys. We catcalled every sexy stud, hot surfers, muscular lifeguards, and cute frat boy we saw. On the way home the gas warning light came on, so I pulled into a gas station. When I got to the pump, there was a sign saying 'self-service'. I'd never pumped gas before, but I put $8 worth of fuel into the car, all by myself." She ended the story with laughter in her voice and a twinkle in her eye. When she stopped, she nonchalantly sipped a drink and waited for everyone's reaction.  
  
Ashley opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out. She closed her mouth again and then raised a finger as if to ask a question. Her brain processed what Jennifer had said and her finger fell. Opening her mouth again, she only managed "Ahh...." this time, before a smile started to crease her lip. Breaking into a full grin, Ashley realized what Jennifer had done. She started laughing at her friend's out-of-the-box thinking. Clapping her hands, she looked at Jennifer, amused. Glancing around the audience, she saw several others laughing. After all the sexual tension of the past few dares, it felt good to get some humor into things. Ashley had to concede it was clever, even if it wasn't what the phone was suggesting.  
  
"Okay, okay," Ashley said, finally. "Not bad, not bad. It sounds like you didn't score, so I'm taking away some points, but since you had the wits to say that, you get four points." Ashley raised an open palm to signal she wasn't quite done speaking. "But.... next time the phone asks for a story, I'll be wanting a few more dirty details than that!" she finished, with a smile.  
  
Jennifer 42, Ashley 43  
  
Jennifer taps the phone and reads the dare. She starts laughing hard and hands the phone to Ashley saying "I guess my nudity is making you lose a turn hun."  
  
Ashley looks at the phone and reads "Get behind Jennifer and put your hands in her pockets."  
  
"No pockets on a naked chick. So you can't do it" She realizes this is her chance to catch up and win the game.  
  
Ashley considered a liberal interpretation of pockets. She was certain she could find something on Jennifer to insert a couple of fingers into. She conceded that Jennifer had forfeited a turn, so it was only fair that she pass on one.  
  
With only a halfhearted grumble, Ashley indicated that Jennifer should take her turn. She tapped the phone and read "Ashley is your mom. She caught you in bed with someone of the same sex. Explain yourself."  
  
Jennifer froze not sure how well this would go over in this crowd. She had no idea how a normal household worked. Hers was far from normal. She decided to admit what happened when her mom caught her in bed with her first female lover.  
  
Ashley read the dare and realized she had a small role to play in this. Jumping to her feet, she knocked twice on the bar top, as if it was a door, and then took a step towards Jennifer. Putting on her best "shocked mother" expression, Ashley gasped in horror at the vision in front of her. "Jennifer!" she exclaimed, "what on earth are doing with that woman?!"  
  
Jennifer looked a little scared and she had shrunk into herself a bit. Unconsciously she covered herself with her arms as she visibly swallowed. She replied, "The same thing I saw you and Grandma doing with Aunt Sally last week. If you want to eat your daughter's pussy then start licking. Otherwise, shut the fuck up and let me fuck my sister." Her face turned red and she looked around at the crowd to see how they would react.  
  
For the second time in as many dares, Jennifer managed to render Ashley speechless. As Ashley's eyes opened wide, she felt the entire audience do one massive intake of breath.  
  
A slow clap started from the back of the crowd. It was one person for several seconds then two. The clapping began to grow, and without even Ashley found herself clapping. The applause built into an ovation, Ashley tried to read Jennifer's face and saw fear and shame.  
  
When the applause died, Ashley simpered, "Well, I can hardly give you any less than five for that, can I?"  
  
Jennifer 47, Ashley 43  
  
Damn it. The pressure was on her now. Less than a five would pretty much guarantee a loss for Ashley. That would mean she would be Jenifer's plaything for the next twelve hours.  
  
Jennifer felt relieved that the crowd reacted so positively. There were things from that part of her life she had never discussed with anyone, even her boyfriend. She glanced at Mike and saw a look of shock on his face. He wasn't moving. He stood there and stared at Jennifer. Jennifer hung her head in shame, hoping that her revelation didn't screw up her life, again. God knows how many people are uploading her antics to Porn Hub. Taking a drink to calm her nerves, she handed Ashley the phone. She hoped she wouldn't have to participate so she could stop being the center of attention for a few minutes.  
  
Command Jennifer to suck you. You tell her where. Ashley read. She looked over at Jennifer and put a hand on her shoulder. They held a whispered conversation, as everyone watched, wondering what was going on. Then they both stood up and they hugged. They stood there hugging for several minutes. When they separated, those closest could see that Jennifer had been crying. Mike walked over when the ladies separated. He took Jennifer's hand in his and held it for a moment while they stared into each other's eyes. When Mike let go of Jennifer she stood straighter, and her smile she returned. She ran her fingers through her hair and let out a big sigh.  
  
Ashley watched her friend go from a distraught and scared girl, back to the confident easy-going woman she knew. After Mike walked away, she asked softly, "Game on?"  
  
Jennifer took a sip of a drink and replied: "Unless you want to give up and declare me the winner."  
  
Ashley smiled at the response and said, "Hell to the fuck no!" as she ran through her options. The most obvious choice was her pussy, but Jennifer had already had a go at Ashley's clit. Ashley worried that the unoriginal idea might cost her points. As she sorted through her options, half a dozen different futures flashed before her eyes. Ashley was suddenly struck by a burst of inspiration. Sitting down, she pointed at her feet. "Jennifer, suck on my toes!" she ordered. She hoped this was the right decision. Anything less than a five here, and she would most likely lose.  
  
Jennifer dropped to her knees. She lifted Ashley's right foot, and took the big toe in her mouth and sucked on it like it was a small cock. Then one by one she took each toe in her mouth and sucked each one. After each toe had spent some time in her mouth, she took all five into her mouth, sucking and slobbering on them. Her swirled around and between each one.  
  
Once she finished with the right foot, she started on the left, making sure every toe got her attention. After she finished with the toes, she kissed the bottom of each foot on three spots; the heel, the arch, and the ball. Once she had kissed both feet, she stood up and downed a shot.  
  
Ashley smiled at the response and said, "Hell to the fuck no!" as she ran through her options. The most obvious choice was her pussy, but Jennifer had already had a go at Ashley's clit. Ashley worried that the unoriginal idea might cost her points. As she sorted through her options, half a dozen different futures flashed before her eyes. Ashley was suddenly struck by a burst of inspiration. Sitting down, she pointed at her feet. "Jennifer, suck on my toes!" she ordered. She hoped this was the right decision. Anything less than a five here, and she would most likely lose.  
  
Jennifer dropped to her knees. She lifted Ashley's right foot, and took the big toe in her mouth and sucked on it like it was a small cock. Then one by one she took each toe in her mouth and sucked each one. After each toe had spent some time in her mouth, she took all five into her mouth, sucking and slobbering on them. Her swirled around and between each one.  
  
Once she finished with the right foot, she started on the left, making sure every toe got her attention. After she finished with the toes, she kissed the bottom of each foot on three spots; the heel, the arch, and the ball. Once she had kissed both feet, she stood up and downed a shot.  
  
When she finished her drink, she looked at Ashley. "We're getting close to the end here, and we may not score each other fairly. How about we let Mike pick a few judges to score us on the last few dares?"  
  
Ashley nodded in agreement. At Jennifer's suggestion. As Mike began to select five people to be judges, the ladies used the break to make another visit to the restroom. Surprisingly, they didn't say a word as they took care of business before returning to the bar. When they got back there was a table with five people sitting off to the side. Mike walked up to the competitors and told them, "You need to do your dares where the judges can see clearly." both ladies nodded, and returned to their seats.  
  
"For the last dare, Mike intones to the crowd, Judges your scores please..."  
  
The first judge holds up 5 fingers. The second judge holds up four fingers. The third judge holds up four, the fourth judge holds up four, the final judge holds up 3. "So the average score is four.  
  
Jennifer 47, Ashley 47  
  
"Only three points," Jennifer whispered to herself. She reached out and hit the screen of the phone for what she hoped would be the last time that night. Describe your pubic hairstyle in one word.  
  
Turning to the judges, she spread her legs wide and looked down "Hmm I guess that one word would be...Bald." She ran her hands over her smooth mons, and let her finger slip between her lips, rubbing herself. She hoped the judges would give her three points for her brazen display.  
  
Ashley felt her shoulders droop as Jennifer completed the dare. She doubted Jennifer would score less than three for rubbing her pussy. Her only hope and it was a faint hope was that the crowd's appetite needed something more depraved than a quick rub. After all that happened, having the contest end that way would be anticlimactic.  
  
Ashley decided to try and sway the judge's votes. "Anything more than three points and this game is over!" She exclaimed to Jennifer, "And I was hoping for at least one more challenge. I've been having a lot of fun."  
  
Jennifer looked at her friend knowing exactly what she was doing. Mike was conferring with the judges, making their votes secret. Everyone is staring at the group, waiting for the score.  
  
Soon Mike strolled back to the bar. Beaming at the ladies who had increased his tips exponentially, he placed a friendly hand on them.  
  
"Ladies, it is with great pleasure that I get to announce a winner..."  
  
Ashley closed her eyes tightly, barely able to listen to what was going to come next.  
  
"The winner... of tonight's astonishing game... is..."  
  
Ashley groaned as she waited for Jennifer's name to announced. Sure, she'd have an hour with Jennifer. But she knew that anything she did to Jennifer would be paid back a thousand times over. She'd never been "owned" by anyone before, and she could feel herself getting wet all over again. How many times could one woman orgasm in a night?  
  
"... the winner is...... our audience!" Mike shouted, the words slightly masked by his laughing.  
  
Ashley's eyes shot open.  
  
"Jennifer," Mike said smoothly, "I'm sorry to say that due to the simplicity of your dare, you were only awarded two points."  
  
Jennifer 49, Ashley 47  
  
49! Ashley thought that puts Jennifer at 49 points. Ashley would only need to score three points to win! She could breathe again! Her fighting spirit felt like it had received a massive shot of adrenaline. With a smile plastered on her face, Ashley knew she'd have to pull out all the stops to get three points from this crowd. Masking her concern that the judges would keep giving minimal scores to prolong the game, she said, "Okay Jen, let's hear what I get to do to win you for twelve hours..."  
  
Jennifer growled under her breath. Ashley reached for the phone and tapped the screen for her next, and hopefully last dare. Invent a new sex position. Give it a name, and demonstrate it with someone.  
  
Ashley inhaled as the challenge was read. The trials and tribulations of the night were beginning to take their toll. She struggled to come up with something new that would get her over that finish line. Slowly rising from her seat, Ashley looked uncertainly at Jennifer for a moment. She had no real idea what she was doing, but desperation pushed her on anyway. Then, something she hoped was inspiration arrived. Inspiration, or just some random thought floating through her mind, only time would tell which. She walked over to a man sitting nearby and stripped him of his tie. Returning to her barstool she turned and asked him to come up and join her at the bar. She wasn't certain, but after all, she'd been through tonight, she wasn't going to let modesty get in the way of victory.  
  
Slipping out of her clothes, Ashley put them on the bar and ran a hand through her hair. Looking at the man, she decided to hand him the tie. Then, Ashley positioned the bar stool in front of the judges. Sighing to herself, she then positioned herself with her ass pointing at the judges. She closed her eyes and bent over the barstool. Then she pushed her arms under the barstool so they came out between her legs.

"Tie my wrists together, and to the top of the stool." she told her helper. He started to wrap the tie around her arms. Within moments, she was tied down. There was no extricating herself. She was trapped, bent over the stool, baring her ass and pussy to an enthralled audience. She whispered to her helper, "Spank me."  
  
"P.... pardon?" the man sputtered.  
  
"Spank me," Ashley blurted, through gritted teeth. She felt a hand land on her ass. The first few spanks were light pats, but the man seemed to grow in confidence and his dedication to the job at hand.  
  
Ashley started awkwardly rubbing herself. The constant attention she had been subjected too made her sensitive and tender. As the spanks rained down, Ashley rubbed harder and harder, keen to get this done, and claim victory. On what felt like the two-hundredth spank, she finally came again. Moaning loudly, she stopped rubbing and started waving her tied hands.  
  
"Stop... stop..." she simpered and was relieved that he immediately obeyed. "... un.... untie me...." Ashley said, through deep intakes of breath.  
  
Her hands came loose as he complied. She stood up, she could see a strange look on his face, as if he was almost asking for her approval for a job well done. Ashley managed a weak smile and kissed his cheek. "Thanks..." she squeaked, thinking how odd it was to thank a man for spanking her naked ass in public. Turning to face Jennifer, Ashley simply added "Well, masturbation is sex after all, and I'm calling this position 'Ass-ley's Ma-stool-bation'..."  
  
Okay, she thought to herself, that's a terrible pun. She was getting tired though and hopped that was worth 2 points. Ashley watched Mike walk over to the judge's table as she dressed.  
  
Jennifer sat there, her brain refusing to process a joke that terrible. Soon Mike stood up and looked at Ashley, "The judges are only awarding two points. Being bent over and spanked not new and spanking is not sex."  
  
Jennifer 49, Ashley 49  
  
Ashley slumped in despair as Jennifer jumped to her feet. Both women knew that unless Jennifer forfeited her next dare she would win. There were no partial points. Gleefully Jennifer took the phone and read the final dare silently, not letting Ashley see it. She handed the phone to Mike and whispered in his ear.  
  
Mike went to the judge's table and had a quiet discussion with them. Jennifer located Ashley's friend who faked the heart attack and handed him some money. He left the lounge in a hurry as Jennifer said, "Ashley please strip and lay down on the judge's table."  
  
Ashley complied with Jennifer's request. She got naked, again. Then climbed onto the judge's table laying flat on her back. She felt a mixture of apprehension, disappointment, euphoria, and regret. She was apprehensive about what Jennifer was about to do to her. Disappointed that the game was about to end. Euphoric that she was going to be Jennifer's slave. and regret that she lost.  
  
Everyone was wondering what was going on, as Jennifer stood in the center of the room. "Gentleman and Ladies there will be a short wait as I need something to complete with this dare. I sent someone to buy the item and he should return shortly."  
  
Ashley leaned up on her elbows and looked at Jennifer. "Why did you have me get naked if you weren't ready?"  
  
Jennifer looked at her and smiled. "This is the last dare, I wanted to give everyone a nice long last look at you naked," she replied, making the crowd laugh.  
  
Ashley glared at Jennifer, who blew her a kiss. At that moment Scott returned, carrying several large shopping bags. Jennifer took the bags from Scott and kissed his cheek. Ashley felt a pang of jealousy when Jennifer kissed Scott.  
  
Jennifer strutted over to the judge's table and put the bags on the floor. Turning to the crowd, she announced, "My final dare is to cover Ashley's body with kisses. Turning back to Ashley, Jennifer asks, "Are you ready to have your entire body covered with kisses?"  
  
Ashley starts squirming in delight, and Jennifer smiles at her. Leaning Jennifer kisses Ashley on the lips as her hands reach into the bags. As Jennifer breaks the kiss, Ashley's head rises following Jennifer's lips. Jennifer teasingly flicks her tongue over Ashley's lips.  
  
Ashley puts her head down on the table as Jennifer drops a handful of small silver objects onto her body. More of the tiny bell shaped items rained down on her. Ashley recognizes that she is about to get covered in kisses alright. Chocolate kisses. She's annoyed and giddy at the way Jennifer TWIXED her.  
  
AS Jennifer continued to pile kisses on Ashley, she also would lean down and kiss Ashley on her exposed skin. Ashley was moaning in delight, and Jennifer was loving the reaction of the crowd to her solution. Soon there are MOUNDS of kisses running from Ashley's KIT-KAT to her MILKY WAY.  
  
Mike walks over chuckling and grabs Jennifer's hand, raising it in the air, "The winner and champion Jennifer..." The crowd cheered so loud the building shook. Ashley looked on, covered in kisses of the confectionery and affectionate kind. She wondered what was about to happen, then remembered that she owned Jennifer for an hour. 'Gotta love those consolation prizes' she thought.  
  
When the cheering died down, Jennifer walked over to her friend. "Before we wrap things up here," Jennifer told the crowd, I think we all need to thank the sexy and oh so kissable Ashley." lifting her arm.  
  
As the crowd cheered for Ashley, she squatted down next to her, and whispered. "You do know that National Nude Day starts at midnight, and I own you for 12 hours."  
  
"But I own you for an hour first." Ashley reminded her, smiling.  
  
Jennifer winks at Ashley and stands back up. "Now everyone, I think we need to get this chocolate off Ashley before it melts. So please come and get all the kisses you want from Ashley. I'm sure she won't mind.  
  
Ashley's mouth fell open and she lay there in shock as the crowd gathered around her. Most of them only took some candy. Several people used the opportunity to caress, touch, lick, squeeze, kiss, and fondle the naked girl. At one point she had someone fingering her pussy as someone else fingered her ass, and two women sucked on her nipples. They didn't stop until she exploded all over the kisses remaining between her legs. When her girl cream sprayed on the candy, there was a rush to collect them. Ash  
  
ley was getting scared at the ongoing molestation and was about to scream when she saw Scott by her side. He scooped her up and carried her out of reach of the crowd. Looking around, she saw Jennifer was also surrounded by the mob. Mike ran up to her and pulled her behind the bar. Seeing Scott, he waved him over. Scott and Ashley joined them as Mike brandished a cut-down pool cue to keep people away.  
  
Once the ladies were safe, Scott looked at Mike, "Be right back." He kissed Ashley like a lover before heading into the crowd. He soon returned with the ladies' clothes, and tossed the ball of material to Jennifer.  
  
The crowd had settled down a bit and almost half of them had left. Ashley and Jennifer dressed, feeling self-conscious, as they put on their clothes.  
  
Once dressed, Ashley looked at Jennifer, "I need to get a few items for..."  
  
Jennifer nods in understanding. "I need to eat, and shower. How about we meet back here in two hours."  
  
Ashley nods in agreement and seized Scott's hand and headed out the door with Scott in tow.  
  
  
**Ch. 04 The Consolation Prize**  
  
Jennifer finished the last bite of her meal and was still hungry. Looking at her watch, she knew she had time, so she ordered a large piece of apple pie ala mode. She didn't care about the calories, certain she would burn them off well before morning. She sat there savoring the warm sweetness and the icy creaminess. As she popped the last bite into her mouth, her phone chimed. After swallowing she reviewed the text message and sent a reply as she smiled knowing her plan for Ashley was coming together.  
  
( ¥ ) ( ¥ ) ( ¥ )  
  
Ashley stepped out of her shower and wrapped a towel around herself. She started laughing at herself. She was alone in her room, and covering herself, after the slut show she put on in the bar. Dropping the towel, she went into the main part of her hotel room. She pulled on a matching pair of pink panties and bra. Then she looked over her limited choices, trying to decide what to wear. She felt like she was dressing for a first date. Finally, she pulled her favorite little black dress out of the closet. Slipping it on, she headed down to the bar to meet her destiny.  
  
Grabbing a tote bag filled with items she bought to use on Jennifer, she left her room. As she rode the elevator down to the lobby, she played with her clothes. She was already imagining the humiliation Jennifer would put her through. She hoped her imagination was more terrifying than the reality. After experiencing Jennifer's imagination first hand, she felt the opposite might be true. So be it! Ashley suddenly thought, in defiance. Anyway, she had the first hour, and wanted to ensure Jennifer would remember that hour forever.  
  
Ashley walks into the bar and sees Jennifer offering Mike a credit card. She was able to hear Mike say "After the money you made me tonight, I can treat you to a meal."  
  
Jennifer stood up on her barstool and gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Thanks, hun," she replied before sitting down.  
  
Ashley strutted up to Jennifer and handed her a package from her bag. Jennifer took the bag and headed to the lady's room to change. "your time doesn't start until you kneel in front of me after you change. I don't want you dawdling to try and waste time."  
  
Jennifer heads off to the bathroom. Ashley sits and waits, and Mike is too busy serving his customers to talk with her. Jennifer waits until she's in the bathroom to look at the package. It's a cheap Halloween costume, the package says Penitentiary Penny Prisoner Costume. As Jennifer opened it, she saw it consisted of bikini bottoms, a bandeau top with a left arm sleeve, and a hat. The material was cheap and not designed to last more than a few hours.  
  
Jennifer stripped off the shorts and tank top she was wearing and pulled on the bottoms. She had to suck in her stomach and force it over her ass. The costume as shown on the package was not quite indecent, but Ashley must have picked one a size or two too small. The bottoms were closer to tangas than the full-bottomed cut shown on the package.  
  
Jennifer pulled on the top and it barely fit around her breasts. It squeezed them so much she felt like the grand canyon was running between her tits. Due to the smaller size, the outfit was not indecent, it bordered on obscene. Jennifer took a final look in the mirror. She picked up her clothes and returned to the bar, wondering how long she would be wearing this outfit.  
  
Approaching Ashley, Jennifer handed her the clothes. "Hold on to these for me, in case I need them later."  
  
Ashley takes the clothes and puts them in her bag. The way Jennifer looked in the sexy prisoner's costume would cause a riot in a real prison. Ashley had already seen Jennifer naked, she appreciated how Jennifer filled the outfit.  
  
Jennifer waved Mike over, "Do you like?" she asks.  
  
"I know what our next Halloween costume will be," he tells her, before kissing her.  
  
"Don't wait up, I have no idea when I'll be home." says as she walks over to Ashley and drops to her knees. "Your time's started."  
  
Ashley was jolted back into action by the announcement that her hour had begun, then she froze, looking back and forth between Ashley and Mike, "Wha..." was all she could say. Ashley knew she'd been had. These two might have rigged the scoring in Jennifer's favor if they were a couple. Of course, Ashley couldn't prove anything. That didn't mean she couldn't exact some friendly revenge.  
  
Moving behind Jennifer, Ashley cuffed Jennifer's hands. Then she gently pushed Jennifer's hair off her neck so that the neck shackle wouldn't pull her hair. With the costume completed, Ashley walked back around to face her new plaything.  
  
"I think we need a warm-up before the main event. So, how about a quick walk?" Ashley asked.  
  
Ashley tugged the chain connected to Jennifer's neck. As they walked out, she said "The doorman said something about a place called The Dollhouse. I've taken the liberty of arranging a private show for their best customers, and you're the star." Jennifer meekly followed Ashley out of the hotel, and onto the street that was even more crowded. Jennifer purposefully stumbled and staggered trying to make the walk last as long as possible. The more time she could waste, the less time Ashley would have to carry out her revenge.  
  
Ashley realized that Jennifer was attempting to waste time with her lollygagging. To encourage her to get moving, she gave her a spank on the ass, shocking an older couple walking toward the hotel. Pointing down the street, Ashley whispered, "Speed it up, sweetheart. Your top comes off in less than three minutes whether we're inside or not."  
  
Jennifer was now motivated to hustle to the Strip Club before time ran out. It was Ashley's turn to slow her down. Originally Ashley planned on getting there asap, so she could have most of the hour to use Jennifer. Now her plans changed. Ashley remembered how Jennifer had walked her like a dog and made her show off. It was now time for a little payback. There were throngs of people out and about for a good time. Ashley was going to make sure at least some of them got an opportunity to check out Jennifer.  
  
She made Jennifer stop and cuffed her hands in front of her. "Now get on all fours," Ashley commanded. Satisfied, she led Jennifer by the collar and chain, towards her destiny.  
  
They could see the neon sign in the distance. The sign promised 'HOT NAKED GIRLS' and 'COLD BEER' With only 50 yards to go, Ashley felt her phone vibrate. The alarm she had set suddenly burst into life and Ashley's smile grew even broader than it had already been. "Aww, what a shame!" she said, as they both stopped. Looking around, she held out a hand to wave down two passing men. "Excuse me guys, I need a little help here. My friend lost a bet tonight, and my hands are full. Could you be so kind and remove her top for me?"  
  
As the two wide-eyed men tried to process what they'd just been asked, Ashley sweetly added "... oh, and by the way, I'm a little naive about such things and I'm never sure whether breasts are real or fake... I'm a little shy about checking that out myself. Could you please have a good grope of my friend's boobs and let me know what you think?" Ashley yanked on the chain making Jennifer stand up facing the two men.  
  
Jennifer looked at Ashley and smiled. Turning to face the two guys she looks them right in the eye. "Don't be shy boys. You've seen and felt boobs before. Enjoy them."  
  
Jennifer's invitation to grope her boobs spurred the men into action. They made quick work of Jennifer's top, destroying it in the process. The guys reached in and began to squeeze and shake the fleshy globes, and play with her nipples. Ashley realized she was going to have to go much, much further to embarrass Jennifer. As the men fondled her exposed tits, Ashley began to revise her plan. After letting them molest Jennifer, she shooed the men away and tugged at the chain to continue the trek.  
  
They made their way to the Dollhouse. Ashley looked at the two bouncers guarding the entrance. Something unspoken passed between them. Ashley decided it was time to get revenge for making her suck Mike's dick.  
  
"Well, time to pay a cover charge. But, you don't have any cash so....what can you offer to pay these fine gentlemen with."  
  
Before Jennifer could speak, Ashley turned to the doorman and asked, "Is everything set?"  
  
The doorman nodded, his eyes sparkling in anticipation.  
  
"Great, great..." Ashley replied, brightly. "Well, let's head on in. Your first task, my dear Jennifer, is to put on a little show for the nice men inside." With a glint in her eyes, Ashley expanded on her idea. "You'll blow one of these guys while the others fuck your two holes. Every 90 seconds they'll shift to a different hole. Mouth, pussy, ass until all three of them cum."  
  
Ashley leaned in and whispered in Jennifer's ear. "You get a special prize if you get all three of them to cum during the same 90-second window." With her plan explained, Ashley clapped her hands together. " take us to the stage so that Jennifer here can pay her door charge!"  
  
As they entered the club, Jennifer asked, "Anyone know the time?"  
  
Ashley looked at her phone, "We're 7 minutes in, you still have 53 to go." Less than an hour, less than an hour, less than an hour, Jennifer kept chanting in her mind as Ashley led her inside. Looking around Jennifer saw the two guys from outside follow them in. Smiling at them, she was almost jerked off her feet as Ashley led her backstage.  
  
After a few confident steps inside, Ashley let the men guide Jennifer backstage. There was a tall blonde stripper dancing on the main stage. As Ashley watched her finish her set, she got lost in the driving rock beat and sexy moves. One of the doormen coughed, bringing Ashley back to the here and now. She shook off her stupor and started to organize the lucky trio from the door.  
  
Once Ashley heard everything was set, she nodded at the DJ. Red lights flooded the stage and curtains opened to show Jennifer and three men. They were all naked and the men had hard cocks. with hard cocks. Jennifer took one in her mouth as the other two go in a position to fuck their assigned holes. Once all three cocks were in her body, Ashley yelled "Ninety seconds!"  
  
There wasn't much Jennifer could do. She rocked her hips into the two cocks inside her lower holes, as her tongue sicked and teased the one in her mouth. This wasn't the first time she'd been airtight, far from it. It was theher first time with strangers, in front of an audience.  
  
She hoped Ashley was getting a good recording of this. Mike would sulk for weeks if he didn't get to see this. Closing her eyes so she could ignore the crowd. She concentrated on milking the cock in her pussy as she squeezed her sphincter tight. Her mouth, lips, and teeth all worked on the one in her mouth to try and get at least one of them to cum during the first round.  
  
Ashley knew Jennifer wasn't easily shamed, but she felt surprised with how skillfully she handled three cocks. It was like she was in charge and using them for her pleasure. Ashley was more than a little awed by Jennifer.  
  
Ashley realized that her plan to get Jennifer to quit in the first hour wouldn't work. She hoped that Jennifer would refuse to take on three guys at once. Now she worried the guys might not be able to handle Jennifer. As the seconds ticked by, she saw the man getting a blow job began to go cross-eyed. An alarm went off. Ninety seconds was up. Ashley clapped loudly, her mind a whirlwind of clashing thoughts. "Okay, okay," Ashley said, trying to hold it together. "Okay, guys shift holes. Round one is over and done with." None of the men had cum yet, although the man receiving the blowjob looked like he'd been only seconds away.  
  
Then, a random memory hit Ashley like a freight train. Jennifer who exposed a vulnerability. "Wait!" Ashley called, as the men were already shuffling into position. "While our performers catch their breath for the second round, how about my friend here tell us a story. Jennifer going to tell us about an incident when she was only 18 years old. A time when her mother caught her and her sister in bed together." Grinning wildly, Ashley slapped Jennifer on the ass. "This time, we want every salacious detail!"  
  
Jennifer wore a stony smile on her face, as she woodenly stood up. Someone handed her a mic and she took it without expression. she closed her eyes and in a monotone, she started "I had always liked girls. A bit more than boys. I'd always thought that it was wrong, even sinful even to feel that way. I tried to ignore those feelings but I couldn't. Especially after Gym when we showered, or when they wore skimpy bikinis to a pool party. It was the worst when we snuck out to college parties in Miniskirts and fuck-me pumps. More than once I wanted to blow off the party and have an all-girl orgy. But I never gave in to those desires."

Then one night shortly after my 18th birthday, I came home from work early, horny as hell. I was going to ride my favorite vibe to a couple of O's before falling asleep and dreaming about sweet lesbian love. As I climbed the stairs to my room, I heard strange sounds coming from my mom's room. Thinking she hurt herself, I went to check on her."  
  
"What I found shocked me, and damn near made me cum on the spot. My Aunt, my mom's sister, was sitting on the edge of my mom's bed, naked. My mom was wearing a dog collar, and my aunt had a leash in her hand, pulling my mom's mouth deep into her pussy. When the leash's tension was relaxed, I saw my mom was wearing a gag that had a dildo on the outside."  
  
"As I watched, I saw my mom's hands were bound to her thighs. Her breasts were also bound to the point of turning an angry purple. My aunt had a strap in her hand. As my mom fucked her pussy with the dildo gag my aunt would strike my mom on various body parts."  
  
"I ran to my room and fucked myself raw with every toy I owned, and still needed more. I made sure to come home early every night and watch my aunt use and abuse my mom. I was never sure if I wanted to be the abused or abuser."  
  
"Almost a year later, my sister Claire turned 18. Claire loves to dance. Very flexible, taut lean body, small firm wonderful breasts and legs to kill for. five minutes after she blew out her candles, she caught her boyfriend fucking some slut. When I heard what happened I went looking for her. I found her in my room hysterical. I comforted her as sisters do. We had a frank talk. I found out she was a virgin and planned to let the asshole take her cherry that night. While I wasn't experienced, I had fucked a few guys. I began to tell her about my experiences and she blurted out that she never had an orgasm."  
  
"Well, I decided to help her, so I pulled out my toy collection, and offered to show her how. I intended to teach her how to masturbate as the party was going on downstairs. Soon we were in a 69 and getting close. Someone must have told my mom, and she came looking for us."  
  
I didn't know my aunt, was a fucking pimp. She made our female relatives into whores. The shit I saw in my mom's room was a cam show they did to drum up business. Anyway, that's the story. Now get those dicks in me! Let's finish this."  
  
She walked back to her spot where the three guys had been stroking themselves to stay hard. She got back in position and the guys slid into her and continued.  
  
Ashley stood there stock still for a full two minutes after Jennifer finished. Her jaw wide open, in shock and disbelief. Jennifer had followed through. 'Damn it, the woman was unbeatable,' Ashley thought. Her biggest weapon had failed to end things, That only meant one thing. Ashley was in for twelve hours of subjugation. Subjugation by someone who revealed their most personal and embarrassing secret to a roomful of strangers at her behest.  
  
While Jennifer was working on milking the three studs the DJ started playing the song French Kiss by Lil Louis. She started sucking and fucking to the beat of one of the most sexual music tracks ever written.  
  
Ashley had to admit that Jennifer was one hell of a woman. As the ninety seconds counted down, she saw the man in Jennifer's ass groan and spasm, as he let loose his load. Holy crap! Ashley thought Jennifer, 's going to make all the men climax before the end of the third round. The man whose cock was in Jennifer's mouth was also close to the point of no return. Looking at her watch, Ashley called time on the second round, before the second guy could cum.  
  
"Ahh..." Ashley said, ".. Ahh.... great, umm.... great work there Jen." "Right." Ashley said, "Right, well... it's time - while our two remaining men sort themselves out - that Jennifer tells us... ahh... tells us...." Shit. Ashley thought. Was she going to make her new friend talk about what those people forced her to do, in front of this crowd? "... tells us... the most deviant thing that she and her partner Mike have ever done..." Ashley finished, lamely.  
  
She knew now that she couldn't embarrass Jennifer into submission. She would be at Jennifer's mercy for half a day. She knew her naivety would last for thirty more minutes, tops. Five more minutes and the sex would end. If she could make the other two climax, then Jennifer would get her special prize.  
  
Once Jennifer's mouth was free, she took the microphone. "Well my fiance owns this bar inside a hotel. A few years ago, he was about to lose his lease because business sucked. We discussed ways to save his business. I happened to glance at a calendar and noticed National Nude Day was approaching. So, without his knowledge, I came up with a plan. I dressed slutty, and went to the bar. I spent the night, drinking, dancing and flirting. Now, every few weeks I go to the bar and convince some hottie to flash or strip. I even convinced a few to give some lucky guy a blow job. Then one night this poor innocent girl came in and asked about a truth or dare app I have on my phone..." Jennifer began describing all the ways Ashley had to expose herself. Being walked like a dog, streaking across the street, and how she had given a blow job to Jennifer's fiancee.  
  
"So make sure you look for those videos online soon. I'm sure you'll like them." She ended the story without mentioning the strip club.  
  
Ashley coughed, blushed, and then felt the edges of the mouth twitch as she tried to figure out how to react. She'd been had. 100%, irrefutably been taken for a ride. Mike and Jennifer had messed with her for the entire night. Now she was standing on stage in a strip club, with a naked woman standing defiantly in front of her.  
  
Her mouth twitched again. She'd suspected that Jennifer and Mike's farewell had been messing with her. Some little teasing thought designed to throw Ashley off her mission for the next hour. The way Jennifer re-told the story though, the amused look in her eyes, the playful tone, that... that told Ashley all she needed to know about the real truth.  
  
"You..." Ashley started. A snort forced its way out of her mouth, as she clenched her teeth to stop what was coming. "You absolute. Total..." Ashley continued, as she felt her body begin to shake. "... Fucking. Bitch!" Ashley roared with uncontrollable laughter. "Oh my fucking God!" Ashley swore in amazement, unable to stop the huge grin on her face. Ashley couldn't speak for a couple of moments, as she strove to regain control over herself. "Guys, guys..." she Finally, managed to get out. Waving at the two men yet to climax, "Don't be gentle guys. She likes games, so I want you both to bring your A-game."  
  
Addressing Jennifer, Ashley added. "Ninety seconds Jen. Ninety seconds to make these two gentlemen climax, if you want your prize."  
  
The cock in Jennifer's mouth had grown considerably yet, she swallowed the entire shaft with ease. She hummed the Marine hymn in deference to a tattoo on the guy's arm. Her sphincter grabbed the cock in her ass so tight it was all he could do to thrust. She knew from experience that neither guy would last too much longer.  
  
All too soon the Marine in her mouth blasted his load into her throat and she swallowed every drop. The guy in her ass was grunting and sweating profusely as he thrust into a hole that was smaller than his cock. Jennifer said "Cum on stud blast your cum deep into my bowels. Fill my shitter with your baby batter. I want you to fill me to overflowing so Ashley can lick your cum from my ass."  
  
That last sentence was just too much for him. He grunted one last time, drove his cock deep into her ass and blasted jets of white cum into her nether regions. Jennifer looked at Ashley. "You don't want to disappoint our fans, do you?" She wiggled her ass at Ashley.  
  
"Fine." she lied, with only a small unnatural squeak at the very end betraying any kind of shock.  
  
She plodded forward. Bending down, she could see the cum dribbling out of Jennifer's exposed backside. She took an eternity to close the distance between her face and Jennifer's ass. She finally made contact and made a valiant effort to stop herself from gagging. Wrinkling her nose she tried not to think of the fat sweaty man who had made this mess. Ashley began to lick the oozing fluid. She couldn't figure out why she wasn't making any headway cleaning up the sticky cream. She pulled her head back to get some fresh air. While she gasped in oxygen and saw Jennifer's sphincter contract and a glob of cum oozed out of her ass.  
  
Ashley looked on in shock not believing she was licking up cum that had been inside Jennifer's ass. She thought she was only cleaning up the little bit that had missed the target. Jennifer felt Ashley stop and looked back at her. "Almost done Ash, only a bit more before you need to slurp it out of my ass.  
  
Ashley spent an agonizing two minutes humiliating herself. Sure, she'd taken Mike's load, but that at least had been in the heat of the moment, and she hadn't had to overthink it. Finally, Ashley cleaned last bit of cum from Jennifer's ass, Ashley stood up and took stock of what she'd done. "Okay, challenge completed." She wiped her mouth and focused on the next part of her plan.  
  
Ashley reached for her bag and emptied it on the floor. Jennifer saw an assortment of toys, from restraints to clamps. There was even a nice leather whip on top of the pile.  
  
Ashley called out, "My friend here is going to put on some nipple clamps. I have here a selection of weights. For the low low price of only $5 you can personally attach one of the weights." She brandished the nipple clamps high in the air, showing off the large ring that hung from each.  
  
Jennifer for the first time tonight was feeling a bit scared. She had always been in control but now...  
  
She wasn't scared of the bondage gear, hell she owned more painful nipple clamps than the ones Ashley had. But weights could get dangerous. She licked her lips hoping these guys were too broke to pay for more than a few weights.  
  
Ashley led a very naked and cum filled Jennifer around the club. As they walked, she playfully whipped Jennifer, while holding the nipple clamps high. While they moved the clamps made an almost pleasant chiming noise as they struck each other.  
  
The guys had all gotten up-close views of Jennifer. Ashley lead her over to a secondary stage and spoke to the crowd. "First," Ashley coughed as the cum to trickled down her throat, "We place the nipple clamps!"  
  
Ashley tweaked Jennifer's right nipple a few times, getting it hard so she could attach the clamp. She fumbled with the unfamiliar device making Jennifer chuckle. Jennifer was about to offer to do it for her then changed her mind. 'Why make this go faster?" she thought she watched Ashley start to tighten it.  
  
When Ashley tried to attach the second clamp, Jennifer started to subtly twitch her legs. The motion made her breasts move ever so slightly. Just enough to make it harder for Ashley to get the clamp affixed. Once the clamps were secure, Ashley sank to her knees, while still keeping her eyes on Jennifer's face. She managed to get a spreader bar onto Jennifer's legs. IT kept her legs apart but allowed her to waddle around.  
  
Ashley ran her hands up the inside of Jennifer's legs and over her thighs and caressed her pussy. Then she stood up and gave a tug on each nipple ring as her hands passed over the other woman's chest. Standing back, she admired her handiwork and then held up a finger as if something was amiss.  
  
"She needs a collar around that long pretty neck." The collar fit snugly around Jennifer's neck. Ashley attached a chain to the D ring on the collar. Ashley turned again to her audience and pulled Jennifer forward a few steps.  
  
"Now before we stretch her tits," Ashley grabbed and started to shake them, "Anything you want to say?" Ashley gave Jennifer a wicked smile. "Better make it good. You could always give up," she said, with another wink.  
  
Jennifer smiled at Ashley's error in giving her the opportunity to speak. She considered a filibuster for the remaining time. Instead, she decided to make Ashley sweat.  
  
Looking around the crowd, she took a deep breath and said. "Ladies and gentlemen. This delightful situation started after Ashley here lost a bet. Yes! She is the loser! The way the bet worked is that she gets to humiliate me for an hour, then I get to humiliate her for 12 hours. That's right this bitch is going to be my slave for 12 hours. So, be nice! I'll make sure you're informed of our whereabouts. This way you can see and possibly take part in her degradation. Don't forget, her hour ends in..." Looking at a clock she smiles "...20 minutes."  
  
Ashley's smile and confidence waned as Jennifer launched into her appeal. When she finished Ashley tried to do some damage control. She wanted to see Jennifer's ample breasts stretched to their limit.  
  
Turning to face the audience, and plastering a pitying smile over her face, Ashley sighed. "Ladies and gentlemen, it seems poor Jennifer here is willing to say anything to get out of her punishment." Ashley stopped momentarily, and fished something out of the pile of Jennifer's clothing that lay conveniently by the stage still, "... And you know what we do with people who tell such tales?"  
  
Not waiting for a reply, Ashley used the panties that she hide in her hands and shoved them into Jennifer's mouth. She gagged Jennifer, ensuring she wouldn't talk her way out of her well-earned  
  
torture. Next Ashley grabbed the blindfold from the pile of toys and placed it over Ashley's eyes.  
  
"Now, ladies and gentlemen, Jennifer has no idea who does what. Now we can get started." Reaching over, she gave the ring hanging off Jennifer's right nipple a couple of hard yanks. "Now, who wants to be the first one to hang a weight from these saggy nasty tits?" Ashley asked the crowd.  
  
Whispering to Jennifer, Ashley teased, "My, my, we do seem to have a lot of interest!" Clapping her hands she added: "...this could be a fun little 20 minutes!"  
  
Mentally Jennifer applauded Ashley for her quick thinking. It was something she would have done. But she knew that she could be in deep shit too. She had no way to let Ashley know if things were getting out of hand. She had to trust a total stranger, one who had betrayed her trust. She took consolation that Ashley had said she'd be led to each person. With the spreader bar, slowing her down that would burn up a nice chunk of time. She could even risk stumbling and falling to waste more time. The downside to falling while blindfolded was not knowing where it was safe to fall. That left the potential of serious injuries. Taking a deep breath she steeled herself for the pain. She was glad she remembered to set her watch, otherwise, Ashley could lie about the time.  
  
Ashley led Jennifer, to the closest person waving a bill in the air. She suspected that Jennifer might be stalling for time by moving slow. She gave the hapless woman a stiff spank to encourage her to pick up the pace.  
  
Once she had the money, she handed the man a weight. Stepping back she indicated Jennifer's helpless nipples with a flourish of her hand. "Which nipple will it be, sir?" Ashley sang. With a mad grin, she watched the pudgy fiftyish man, lean forward and hesitate for a moment. Then, with a sickly grin on his face, he attached the weight to Jennifer's left nipple.  
  
Ashley could see her friend's left breast sag, taking the extra weight. Ashley had never experienced anything like this. Part of her wondered what exactly was going through Jennifer's mind right now. Still, she reprimanded herself, this was no time for idle musing.  
  
"Thank you, kind sir," she said. The process repeated four times and more men were waving money in the air. "Well Jennifer, it looks like you're going to be in for a busy few minutes!"  
  
Jennifer was excruciatingly aware of each weight that got added. So far it wasn't too bad, but she was still worried. Walking to the next man, she 'tripped' over a chair and fell to the ground. She smiled smugly knowing she had bought herself a minute or two as Ashley tried to get her back to her feet.  
  
Ashley was having none of Jennifer's feeble attempts at stalling. She knew time was crucial, and she wasn't going to let her last chance at revenge get stolen. Ashley leaned down and grabbed her friend by the waist.  
  
Hauling her roughly to her feet, "It seems Jennifer forgot how to walk. I guess you gentlemen will need to line up here, to add the weights." Ashley sneered. She counted down the seconds as a man worked his way through the maze of tables. She spoke quickly even before he completed his short journey. "Hey everyone! Since my friend forgot how to walk, and made this customer come to her, he gets to place two weights."  
  
Jennifer mentally cursed Ashley as she wondered how long she had left. She tried to shuffle back a bit to waste some precious extra seconds, but Ashley grabbed her arm. "Stop being so cantankerous, or I'll quadruple the weights." Jennifer grimaced in anger but stopped moving. The man took the weights Ashley proffered and attached them to the clamps. Jennifer moaned in pain making Ashley smirk in delight.  
  
Ashley loved the way the weights elongated Jennifer's tits. Before tonight, she would have been completely turned off by this. Now, it took all her willpower to drag her eyes away from Jennifer's chest.  
  
Jennifer's tits looked like they had reached the limit ofo their elasticity. It was at that exact point that an evil thought crossed Ashley's mind. A very un-Ashley thought for a very un-Ashley evening.  
  
She grabbed the third clamp she bought, "Ladies and Gentlemen!" Ashley called out. "I'm afraid to say the nipple rings are getting a little full!"  
  
Jennifer moaned in relief, glad that her tits wouldn't be hanging to her knees by the end of the night.  
  
"...So we'll need to find somewhere else to add this!" as she held up the third clamp. Handing it to the confused man, and with a wink, she pointed to Jennifer's pussy. The man's eyes grew wide as saucers as he realized what she'd meant. Without any further direction, he attached the clamp to her clit and hung the weight from it.  
  
The competition had been in good fun, but now this bitch was going to pay...oh was she going to pay. She gritted her teeth trying to avoid screaming in pain. She wasn't able to stop a small whimper as the weight pulled on her sensitive clit.  
  
Time was running out, and Ashley was wondering what else she could do to Jennifer. There was only one thing she could think of. She grabbed the wrist restraints she bought and bent Jennifer at the waist. She secured them to Jennifer's wrists and then attached them to the spreader bar. Once Jennifer was in position, Ashley began to drag the whip over her naked flesh. Jennifer's tits swung like a couple of pendulums, in this position. ,  
  
It crossed Ashley's mind that Jennifer was at her mercy. Handcuffed to the spreader bar, Ashley could abandon her. Leave her to whatever fate the gods wanted. Before tonight, they hadn't even met, let alone been friends. Ashley could avoid everything that she knew was coming her way by the simple act of walking away. There was no way for Jennifer to stop her. And yet...  
  
After everything, they'd been through and experienced, Ashley felt a strange bond. She knew she was in trouble, of that there was no doubt, but she felt almost a moral obligation to see it through. More so even than that, she was bizarrely curious to see what the future held.  
  
She slowed down the whips and the spanks on Jennifer's bottom. "One last act," Ashley said, her tone neutral and distant. Looking slowly around the audience, she stood by Jennifer's side and eased her back onto the floor. Jennifer was now on her back, her legs straight up, with her wrists still affixed toe ht ber. It looked like some surrealistic erotic sit up.

Pulling away from the blindfold, Ashley indicated her naked friend's body. "Gentlemen. If you've ever fantasized about ejaculating onto a beautiful woman's naked, bound body... Well..." Ashley smiled, "now's your chance." She looked at her watch. "Four minutes," she said. For what seemed like a full minute there was silence and stillness. Then, the dam collapsed and there were ten men around Jennifer, buffeting Ashley out of the way. Cocks out, stroking furiously, the final few moments of Ashley's dominance of Jennifer climaxed in a messy and unexpected way.  
  
Jennifer waited patiently to get coated in slime. Of the ten men, only four were able to fulfill their bukkake fantasies before time was up. Ashley shooed the slow cummers away, and Jennifer watched as Ashley unwillingly freed her.  
  
  
**Ch. 05 Tables Turn**  
  
"Now bitch it's my turn. Your first job is to lick all this nasty cum off my body."  
  
Ashley fell deathly silent as the tables turned on her. She'd been mentally preparing herself for whatever the deviant Jennifer had in mind. She'd been indulging a fantasy where Jennifer decided to take it easy on her, but that wasn't happening. When Jennifer ordered her to lick up the cum, the reality of her situation hit her like a sledgehammer.  
  
She stood stock-still for a few moments and realized that the entire room had grown quiet. Everyone stared at Ashley caught up in the twisting fortunes of these two women. The sat entranced and waited to see how Ashley would react. Ashley reluctantly began to lick the cum from Jennifer's body. It was hardly her first taste of cum tonight, but the enormity of the next twelve hours magnified the effect. She took small licks, cleaning up Jennifer's breasts, and a little of her stomach. Stopping, she looked up at the woman who was now her Mistress, silently pleaded with her to stop.  
  
"every fucking drop bitch. Every single one! Unless you want to get it from the source until these guys get tired of you."  
  
Ashley blushed as Jennifer's scolded her, and gagged as she resumed her licking. She struggled to swallow each mouthful. Bit by bit, she forced herself to clean Jennifer's body. Mentally she cursed herself, it was her idea that had landed her in this mess. As she licked, she used her clothes to wipe some of the viscous fluid off Jennifer.  
  
"So my little slut, it's time we all get to see that sexy little body. Up on stage, and shake that moneymaker." Ashley's face blanched at the command, and she stoically marched to the stage. She turned to the audience, the DJ played Cherry Pie by Warrant and Jennifer screamed, "Shake it slut!"  
  
Ashley pouted a little at the sheer indignity of what Jennifer was asking. After everything Ashley did, there was still a part of her asking what deviant part of her got her in this mess. Ashley slowly began to sway from side to side as she undid her dress, and let it drop to the floor. Looking out at the audience, she could see their reactions. Those who hadn't climaxed over Jennifer seemed likely to stain their pants. Looking over at Jennifer she saw her going through the rest of the items Ashley had bought.  
  
Jennifer looked at Ashley and saw that she was barely moving. She walked over and shouted, "You gotta do a lot better than that! Shit, bitch! You wouldn't make a fucking marble statue hard."  
  
Jennifer's words were like a slap in the face. Ashley felt humiliated like never before and she forced herself to do better. She closed her eyes and imagined she was in her bedroom at home, dancing for her ex-lover. He had always told her how hot she was when she stripped for him. She started letting her hands run down her body cupping her breasts, as she spun around and bent over. She sashayed over to the nearest man. He was wide-eyed and amazed as Ashley stood before him, and she could feel his gaze drawn like a magnet to her silk covered crotch.  
  
She hooked her thumbs into her panties and eased them down, offering him a quick flash of the top of her buttocks. Then, she peeled her panties down, knowing that he had a goggled-eyed stare. Ashley seemed to take an eternity as she lowered her panties down her legs. When they bunched at her ankles, and she kicked her leg like a rockette sending her panties flying out into the audience. Jennifer reached up and snatched them from mid air like an all star pitcher robbing a batter of a base hit.  
  
"Fucking pink underwear, what are you a fucking pig?" Jennifer mocked her.  
  
Ashley felt her face burn and tried to block out Jennifer's abuse while moving sexily. For some reason, the mocking wasn't making her feel ashamed or scared. Instead, it was driving her to be sexier.  
  
"Get that shit off skank." Jennifer yells, "I'm tired of your lame ass dancing. I've seen dump trucks move sexier than you."  
  
Ashley stood up and reached behind her back and unfastened her bra. She shrugged her shoulders and it falls to the floor revealing her tits, and how hard her nipples had grown.  
  
Grabbing her clothes, Jennifer headed into the ladies room and washed her body from head to toe. Then she used the hand dryer to dry herself. Well most of herself. There was one pesky spot that wouldn't stay dry no matter how much she tried. Finally, she pulled on her outfit. Checking her phone, she saw several text messages had come in. Her plan for Ashley was all set up. Pleased with herself, she returned to the bar and watched as Ashley kept dancing for the guys in the bar.  
  
Part of Ashley had wanted to get Jennifer all riled and wanting revenge. Right now Ashley was second-guessing the wisdom of that plan. Even now, she danced nude for men she'd never met, a mad sense of honor made her stick to her tasks. She wondered if she could hold up for the whole twelve hours under Jennifer's control.  
  
"Now get your ass down here ho." Jennifer points to a spot near the spreader bar.  
  
Ashley's eyes widen in fright, as her mouth dropped open. Suddenly she was standing next to Jennifer who is attaching the bar to her ankles. Then the wrist restraints and pushed her down to the floor. "There were several of you who didn't get to finish that bukkake party! Well now's your chance, my friends."  
  
Ashley looked up and saw a dozen cocks over her. She lay there not believing what was happening to her. She had no idea what else Jennifer had in store for her, and she was in no hurry to find out. She lay there watching the men, or more accurately, their cocks. She would spend a few seconds looking at each one, before moving on to the next. She only saw a few in her life, at least in person, and she never realized how different they could be. The variety of sizes, girths, shapes, textures, and angles was mind-boggling. She admired an especially nice one and fantasized about how it would feel plunging into her.  
  
Jennifer's voice floated to her ears, "Oh Scott, it's so nice to see you again. I'm so glad you were able to find us."  
  
Ashley's eyes widened in horror as she looked around and saw the cock she liked belonged to her coworker. Jennifer was standing next to him, and she was fondling his balls as he stroked himself.  
  
"Here let me help you," she said, taking his cock in her hand as she spits on the head. Jennifer begins stroking him, "come on guys, stroke those hard dicks. I wanna see you baste this fucking skank with your cream. I want her to drown in cum." At her words, one guy grunted and began to spray Ashley with his cum covering her tits.  
  
"That's the idea, good job my friend, but make sure to get her in the face. I want her eyes fucking pasted closed."  
  
Ashley felt the warm cream coating her tits and grimaced. Jennifer wasn't about to clean her. She felt a wave of nausea wash over her at the thought of the amount of cum she was about to eat. Another guy moaned and aimed his dick at her face spurting a few small dribbles of cum.  
  
"That's the way," Jennifer high-fived the guy with her free hand, as she stroked Scott harder. "Cum on guys, this bitch needs your cum. I want her to look like an overstuffed Twinkie that exploded."  
  
Ashley watched as a guy fell to his knees and thrust his hips forward. Cum shot from his dick like a fire hose, catching Ashley on the lips, chin, and swell of her breasts.  
  
"Very nice, very nice indeed," Jennifer trilled at the man.  
  
As each man came on Ashley's body, Jennifer would praise them. She saved her best compliments for those that shot a huge load on her face. All the while she kept stroking Scott slowly, smirking at Ashley. Soon only three men remained.  
  
"Next guy to Cum gets to keep Ashley's panties."  
  
The other two started to stroke themselves fast and hard. Both were close and blasted their loads almost simultaneously. Jennifer redoubled her efforts with Scott and soon he exploded onto the cum-coated woman.  
  
Ashley didn't even know where his cum landed because she was so thoroughly coated. She watched Jennifer kiss Scott then patted him on the ass. As he walked away, she squatted down, "So my little cum dump, how do you feel?" as she removed the wrist restraints.  
  
"Sticky," was her response.  
  
Jennifer laughed, "Wait here, slut."  
  
Ashley watched as Jennifer go over to the stage and bend over. She picked up some material and soon returned. She began to wipe the cum off Ashley. She was grateful that Jennifer wasn't making her eat the cum this time. "Thank you for not making me lick up the cum," she said in gratitude."  
  
"Why would I do that when there was this cheap black rag just lying around?" she asked, holding up the cum-coated material that Ashley recognized as her dress. The only piece of clothing she had with her.  
  
"It doesn't matter, you're as clean as you're going to get for now. You need to go kiss everyone here and thank them for cumming on you. Don't forget to give your panties to the guy in the red polo shirt." Jennifer freed Ashley from her restraints. Then handed her panties the panties and began to gather Ashley's sex toys.  
  
Ashely stood up and cast a wistful glance at her ruined dress, wondering what she would wear when she left the club. 'There's eleven hours before I have to worry about that,' she thought. She walked over to the winner handed him her panties and kissed his cheek. As she walked to the next guy, Jennifer yelled, "I want to hear you say, 'thank you for cumming on me.' To each and every person here."  
  
Ashley went back to him and said loud enough for Jennifer to hear over the driving music, "Thank you for cumming on me." One by one she went up to each person and repeated the phrase and kissed them on the cheek. Until she got to Scott. She stood in front of him, her voice caught in her throat. She couldn't believe everything she had done in front of him. If he said anything at work, her reputation would suffer, all because she gave in to her wanton desires.  
  
Scott stood up and took her hands in his. "I hope you're not upset I'm here. Mike and Jennifer are close friends and invite me to some of their escapades. I had no idea you would get involved."  
  
"I...Please...UMMM" was all Ashley could get out.  
  
"Don't worry, I'm not ratting you out at work." Then he grabs her arms and pulls her naked body in for a kiss. He thrusts his tongue into her mouth as she melts against him.  
  
"Hey slut, time to go! We have an appointment to keep. Get a move on."  
  
Scott let Ashley go. "Don't worry, I'll see you around. You got this."  
  
"Gentlemen our time here has come to an end. I hope you've enjoyed yourselves." Jennifer put the blindfold on Ashley and then handcuffed her, hands behind her back. Then taking a firm grip on Ashley's upper arm, she led her, naked into the night.  
  
The shock of the cool night air on her bare skin made Ashley's cheeks burn red with embarrassment. It wasn't the nudity, after all, she'd spent most of the last four hours at least partially naked. It was the combination of her bare skin and the blindfold and handcuffs that added to her sense of exposure. She hoped that there'd be a car right outside.  
  
As Jennifer led her down the street she heard a lot of catcalls. The possibilities of Jennifer's plans had been scary. The reality of her predicament was almost debilitating. Ashley's ears burned with humiliation as Jennifer paraded her down a public street. More than one passer-by took the opportunity to make obscene comments to the naked woman.  
  
"Oh God, oh God, oh God," Ashley muttered to herself, her teeth chattering in fear as an icy feeling ran down her spine. None too soon she was in a car. She sighed in relief, grateful for the reprieve from the public ogling.  
  
"Don't get too comfortable. This is only to get you to our next venue," Jennifer whispered as the car started.  
  
As the car moved, Ashley wondered where she was going, and what depravities were coming. Scott promised to see her later, and he said he was friends with them. That gave Ashley some hope that it wouldn't be too much worse than what she had already experienced. The car slowed to a stop and the engine died.  
  
"We're here. Get out of the car bitch," Jennifer commanded.  
  
Ashley felt around the door until she found the handle and opened it. She swung her legs out and awkwardly got out of the car. Suddenly, Ashley felt breath up against her ear. "It's late and we're both tired. Since we never said the twelve hours had to be continuous, I'll pick you up at noon tomorrow."  
  
Ashley stood there trembling in the cool night air when she heard two car doors slam. An engine roared to life and tires squealed as a car peeled off into the night.  
  
Asley was all alone at an unknown location, blindfolded, and handcuffed. She had no idea what to do or how to extricate herself from this nightmare. Frantically she began to pull against the restraints. Her left hand started to slide out, and she pulled harder, freeing her hand. As soon as her hand was free, she ripped the blindfold off. Her knees went weak when she realized she was in her hotels parking lot near a side entrance. Her bag was at her feet with her key card right on top. Grabbing the card and bag, she ran to the hotel and dashed up the stairs. Her heart raced, her ears were hypersensitive. She expected someone to discover her any second. As soon as she was in her room with the door closed and locked, she fell to the floor.  
  
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Ashley woke up a few minutes after ten am, tired and filled with a sense of foreboding. She had slept fitfully all night, tossing and turning. When she did doze, she had ominous dreams. Nameless faceless people watched her debase herself for their amusement.  
  
She got out of bed and showered in the hottest water she could stand. As soon as she got out, she made herself some strong coffee, knowing she would need it. She debated getting breakfast, but her nerves were on edge. There was no way she could keep it down, not with her fear of what was coming. She cursed Jennifer for prolonging her torment. She hoped that it was because she ran out of ways to inflict humiliation.  
  
At noon there was a knock on Ashley's door. She opened it and saw Jennifer standing there. Jennifer walked into the room and gave Ashley a once over, seeing her in a pair of yoga pants and a short sleeve lycra top. "No, no, no, that will not do, put this on," Jennifer orders, tossing a bag at Ashley.  
  
Grateful she was changing in the privacy of her room, and not in front of a stadium full of people. Ashley pulled off her top and bra, and then slid her pants and panties off . She opened the bag and pulled out something that might have been called a bikini if it wasn't made of dental floss.  
  
"It's called a microkini, do you need help putting it on?" Jennifer sneered. Ashley silently nodded her head. Jennifer grabbed it from her and roughly dressed Ashley. Once all the straps and patches were in place, Jennifer nodded in approval.  
  
Ashley felt even more exposed in the dental floss and eye patches that made up her outfit, then she did on stage, naked at the strip club. Jennifer led her to a car and they got in. Jennifer handed her a blindfold before starting the car. Sighing in surrender, Ashley pulled it on and sat back resigned to her fate.  
  
As they drove the sounds of traffic were the only things that Ashley heard. Jennifer wasn't saying a word, and even the radio was off. Even with the blindfold, Ashley knew they drove into a tunnel when the ambient light dimmed. Ashley felt the car drive down a hill, then go up again, and park. The engine stopped and the driver's door opened and closed. Her leg started to quiver with nervous energy, as her door opened. Jennifer helped Ashley out of the car and led down the hill and back into the sunlight.  
  
Ashley felt a heavy strap placed on her shoulder, as Jennifer told her. "Stand here and hand out the flyers in the satchel, don't remove the blindfold. You have two hours to get rid of all 500."  
  
"How...how am...am I...I supposed...to...do that...blindfolded."  
  
"Hold out a flyer and beg people to take one. When someone does hold out another one. I'll be back in two hours," before Ashley could say anything else, she heard Jennifer walking away.  
  
Ashley stood there feeling nauseous. Here she was, in a strange city. Wearing a few pieces of thread. Blindfolded. Alone. No money. No cell phone. Not only that, but she had to make people take flyers. Her knees were trembling and she couldn't believe she put herself in this position. She held out a flier and it was almost immediately snatched from her hand. She held up another one, and it too was quickly taken.  
  
She lost count of how many she handed out. They were being taken almost as fast as she could get them out of the satchel. Grateful that was a lot of foot traffic, she completely forgot about her outfit. That was until she heard male voices discussing what they would like to do to her. Their comments made her acutely aware of how exposed and vulnerable she was.  
  
She tried to ignore them and hand out the papers. One of them grabbed her almost naked left breast and squeezed it. She loved and hated the humiliation she was feeling. She had no idea how or if she wanted him to stop.  
  
"Please," she murmured, not sure what she was asking him to do. Several male voices laughed as more hands grabbed her. They roughly grasped at her tender intimate flesh.  
  
She felt the minuscule fabric that covered her hard nipples get pushed aside. When her nipples popped into view, her whole body flushed red as the crowd began to catcall her. She couldn't decide between fight, flight, and fuck.  
  
Jennifer's voice burst out of nowhere, "That's Enough!"She bellowed. The strange hands fell away and she whimpered in relief and disappointment. "Take a flier and move along," Jennifer told the crowd.  
  
Fliers got snatched even faster than before. Ashley suspected that was because her top was askew exposing her nipples. Soon all the fliers were gone. Jennifer took her hand and led her to the car and helped her in.  
  
Jennifer climbed in next to her and said, "You can take off the blindfold."  
  
Ashley reached up and ripped off the blindfold. She blinked several times and saw they were in a parking structure. Jennifer started the car and drove out, "fix your top, what are you some kind of slut who can't keep her clothes on?" Jen chided Ashley.  
  
Ashley shivered in delight and covered herself as much as she could with the scanty material. Jennifer drove to a local college campus and parked in front of a Subway.  
  
"I bet you need some food. I already ordered, why don't you go in and pick it up." Jennifer commanded.  
  
Ashley knew Jennifer was up to something. The smile on her face was a dead giveaway. Not to mention her experience with this amazing, insane, wonderful, bitch of a woman. She got out of the car and walked into the restaurant. There was a young cute-ish geeky guy behind the counter.  
  
His eyes fixated on the almost naked woman who walked in. "You must be Ashley, Jennifer said you would...," his voice trailed off as she stepped up to the counter.

Ashley nodded and the guy grabbed a bag with two sandwiches and chips, Jennifer said you would..would... let me...see...touch...,"  
  
She chuckled to herself, 'He's so adorable,' she thinks as he stammered. She reached up and pulled the material covering her nipples to the side. His eyes opened as wide as owls and he haltingly raised his hands toward her naked breasts. Ashley leaned forward a bit hoping he would hurry up before someone walked in. His hands moved so sluggishly that Ashley feared she'd be a grandmother before they reached her. She grabbed his wrists and pulled his hands to her breasts. The second they touched her warm hot flesh, his entire body quivered. He mewled in pleasure as his eyes rolled to the back of his head and he fell to the ground. Ashley ran around the counter in concern and saw him lying on the floor. He had a big goofy smile on his face and a wet spot in his shorts. She started laughing when she realized he had ejaculated as soon as he touched her breasts. She leaned over and kissed his cheek and helped him to his feet.  
  
After grabbing the sandwiches she headed to the door as the sandwich artist called, "See you at the game."  
  
"Yeah...sure...okay, at the game," she said, not sure what he was talking about.  
  
Ashley waved and ran back to the safety of the car as she fixed her top. When she jumped in the car, Jennifer drove away. She worked her way through the large campus to a large open field where she parked the car. "It's such a nice day, why don't we have a picnic. As she gets out of the car and walks to the trunk. She pulls out a blanket and cooler and walks onto the grassy area and sets everything up.  
  
Ashley took a deep breath and joined Jennifer on the blanket. She wondered how many frat boys were going to gangbang her on the Quad. 'Will I get arrested or will the cops settle for a blow job' she wondered. Ashley sat on the blanket as Jennifer pulled out two wine coolers and handed one to Ashley. They sat there eating and drinking. Every guy that came by checked out Ashley in her barely-there outfit. After everything, she did their leering, and picture taking didn't even register on her radar.  
  
Jennifer was struggling to keep herself from laughing. Ashley had no idea what was in store and was very comfortable with the attention she was getting. She had no idea why all these people were coming by to see her, or what was happening later. All part of the humiliation she had planned. 'Let her get comfortable, then strip everything from her in one humiliating finale.' She reminded herself.  
  
They finished their sandwiches and a second wine cooler. After cleaning up, Jennifer took Ashley's hand and led her to a nearby shoe store. "My girlfriend here needs an athletic shoe with some ankle support. Can you check her size?"  
  
Ashley looked around in fear, wondering how long before Jennifer made her strip. But nothing happened. No flashing, not even a kiss. It was becoming surreal, Jennifer wasn't trying to torture her anymore. She started to relax and let her guard down.  
  
Jennifer had paid for the shoes and a pair of socks. They left the store, and Jennifer took Ashley's hand and began to give her a walking tour of the campus. Ashley noticed they had a following. The way people were acting reminded her of when Forrest Gump was running across the country. When they stopped everyone stopped and stood there waiting for something. She dismissed the feeling, thinking her ordeal was almost over.  
  
Jennifer took Ashley across campus several times. The tour didn't follow any logical order. Ashley was getting tired and her feet hurt. Yet she continued to follow Jennifer around. She figured that everyone would have gotten bored of looking at her ass. But their following was growing, not shrinking.  
  
"...and this," Jennifer was continuing her campus tour, "is the basketball arena. Both the men's and women's teams play here. Tonight there's a special event in this facility that we're going too," as she pulls the door open.  
  
Ashley walked into the dim cool building, she realized how hot. sweaty, and tired she was. 'I must've walked more than five miles,' she thought.  
  
Jennifer led her through a door marked private, players, and coaches only. When Ashley stepped through she found she was in a locker room.  
  
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Jennifer looked and let a large evil grin grow on her face, "I was able to set up a charity basketball tournament. You and the star of a reality TV show against two of my clients. Tickets sold for $10 a person and the arena sold out. Thanks in no small part to those fliers you handed out. So let's get started...  
  
Ashley was in shock, it had been the better part of a decade since she played in college and she wasn't that good back then. She hadn't even so much as touched a basketball in three or four years.  
  
"What do the winners get?" She asked nervously.  
  
"To pick the charities the $174,280 we raised goes too."  
  
"...and the losers?"  
  
Ashley knew she didn't have a choice, so she shrugged her shoulders and thinks 'well, at least I'm not playing naked. I hope my partner is a decent player.'  
  
Jennifer led Ashley to center court of the arena with thousands of spectators in the stands. Jennifer whispered into her ear "Your fantasy gave me the idea and I called in a few favors.  
  
Ashley's face blanched when she recalled telling Jennifer about her fantasy tryout.  
  
The PA blared to life. "Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for coming to this charity event. First, we want to introduce the captain of the home team, the star of the show Ashleeyyyyyy the nakkeddddddddddddd...." The crowd exploded in cheers and whistles.  
  
Jennifer whispered to her, "Oh to make sure everyone knows which team is which, we decided to play shirts vs. skins. You're skins." Then she untied the straps holding the microkini on Ashley's body, and let it fall to the floor.  
  
Ashley almost collapsed when her body was displayed to the throngs of people staring at her. The only thing keeping her from falling was Jennifer's hand on her back.  
  
The PA came to life again, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce for the rest of the skins team. But first the Shirts, W-N-B-A All-Stars Skylar Diggins-Smith and Kayla McBride..."  
  
Ashley's face fell when she heard who her opponents were. She knew there was little chance that she would win. Her only hope was that her partner would be someone who played pro-ball too.  
  
When the applause died down, the PA blared, "And teaming up with Ashley the nakkeddd is... Elena Grant star of Little Women LA!"  
  
Ashley started laughing at the absurdity of it all. Two WNBA all-stars against an out of practice naked former third-stringer. Partnered with a 4'4" woman. She had to hand it to Jennifer, she had set her up perfectly. Elena walked out wearing an LA Lakers uniform. Jennifer told her, "Since Elena is white and your opponents are black, there isn't a need for her to go naked. I mean you which player is your partner right?" Ashley looked at Elena wondering how much help the woman would be.  
  
Jennifer giggles "Good luck playing naked for all these spectators." She leaves Ashley and walks to the player's benches and sits down to watch the game. That's when Ashley notices Mike and Scott have front row seats to her greatest humiliation.  
  
Ashley looked at her partner who had a bemused smirk on her face. That didn't give Ashley any confidence. The referee rolled the ball to Ashley, who watched it hit her foot and stop.  
  
Ashley looked around the arena and saw thousands of people who were rooting for the other team. She opened her mouth to say something, but no words came out. She tried to raise a hand as if to ask a question, but her arms hung uselessly by her side.  
  
Quietly, in a squeaky whisper even the nearby Elena barely heard, Ashley Finally, said "Oh. Shit." as she watched the two giant women warm-up. Confidence and enthusiasm evident in every bouncing step. To say the two WNBA women dwarfed Ashley and Elena was a gross understatement.  
  
Ashley looked at the faces of her opponents and feebly picked up the basketball. She tried to give them a half-hearted, weak smile. Among her peers, Ashley had been a decent player. Never quite good enough to make first or even second string. She could hit three-pointers and was okay on defense. At least she was a decade ago when she played several hours a day.  
  
This was a different level though. Ashley was beginning to remember why she never was a star. At 5'6" she was a touch over average height and towered over Elena. But the professional players had her by three and five inches respectively. The ref blew his whistle, jerking Ashley back to the here and now. She tried to block out everything but the game and saw her opponents get into a defensive stance.  
  
Closing her eyes and mumbling to herself she willed some clothes to cover her exposed body. Ashley started trying to chant positive thoughts to herself as she picked up the ball. Opening her eyes with a feeling of manic optimism, she dribbled the ball, then tried a short pass to Elena.  
  
Her partner didn't react before Skylar swooped in. She plucked the pass out of mid-air and passed back to her partner. Before Ashley could even force herself to take a step, Kayla sank a swooshed a three-pointer. The crowd roared its approval. All Ashley could do was look on in growing horror at the enormity of the challenge she was up against. Naked, out-skilled, out-muscled, and completely at the mercy of those around her. The hapless Ashley felt the helplessness of her situation. Her eyes betrayed her, and she sought out Jennifer. The smile she saw on the woman's face made her swallow hard.  
  
"Wh... what score... are we playing too?" Ashley asked.  
  
Her grinning opponents idled back and almost took her out with a sharp pass into her stomach. Her head spun, and she could felt every eyeball burning into her naked skin. 'This had to be it,' Ashley thought. Her wildest fantasies were coming true. Surely the embarrassment and humiliation couldn't get any worse than this. Surely...' she told herself.  
  
"We want to give the crowd it's money's worth," Skylar said, smirking at the naked woman. 'We're playing to 100 and it's losers outs. So are you going to give us a game or not?" She asked smirking at the naked woman.  
  
Ashley gave the ball another experimental dribble. She looked nervously at her partner. Kayla wasn't in the mood to give Ashley any opportunities to score, or even calm herself down. With a wicked grin, she got in Ashley's face and her partner sauntered over and blocked Ashley's view of Elena. Not that Elena bothered to try and move, Ashley noted.  
  
Turning her back to shield the ball from her aggressive opponent, Ashley shirked when Kayla slapped her ass. She spun to face the tall athlete, Ashley realized too late what Kayla's game was. Snatching the ball, Kayla blew her a kiss, tossed it to Skylar, and her sink another three-pointer. Elena shrugged her shoulders, as Ashley pouted at the edge of the court. Kayla grinned at her partner and resumed her position as the ball was once again rolled to Ashley. Ashley and Elena were six points down with no sign of a fight.  
  
Elena put some effort into getting clear, for once. Ashley managed to create a 1-2 pass scenario and dodged past an overconfident Kayla. Suddenly in the open, a mad hope welled up in Ashley, She raised her arm to shoot. As the ball left her fingers, Skylar materialized in front of her. Ashley expected a traditional block.  
  
Skylar wasn't interested in blocking the ball though. As Ashley took aim, Skylar winked at her and pinched Ashley's nipples. The shock of her breasts getting manhandled shocked Ashley. The crowd roared its approval, the ball dropped from her hands. She stared open-mouthed at Skylar, her other opponent picked up the ball, and scored for the tenth time in a row.  
  
Jennifer was glad she was able to put this together so fast. She called in almost every favor she was owed and made a few promises. 'It was worth it,' she thought as she watched Ashley drop the ball.  
  
When she first came up with this idea, she was afraid that there wouldn't be enough time to pull it together. It worked out way better than she had hoped. Jennifer had one more surprise in store for Ashley and plenty of time to spring it on the hapless woman.  
  
As the score continued to mount, Ashley's faint hope of winning receded into the distance. She desperately began to try and come up with a way to at least put some points on the board. She could handle losing, with these odds there was no way to win. But, not scoring at all was even more humiliating. She would never get over that. With her opponents taking more and more liberties, Ashley backed away and called time out. She wanted to discuss strategy with Elena.  
  
"Elena!" Ashley hissed, as the diminutive woman meandered towards her. The two WNBA stars crossed their arms and shook their heads at their naked opponent. Skylar beckoned Ashley forward with one crooked finger.  
  
"Come on Ashley." the tall athletic Goddess chided her. "You're only down by..." looking with an evil grin at her partner, "twenty-seven points."  
  
Ashley tried to block them out, but she was also trying to block out all the people in the audience gawking at her. "Elena!" Ashley whispered, in a manic way that startled her opponent, "Unless you start pulling moves that defy gravity, we're going down, and we're going down hard..."  
  
Elana chuckled at her words knowing that only one person would be going down tonight, and it wasn't her. Looking at the naked woman, she shrugged her shoulders. "Jennifer promised me ten grand to donate to a charity of my choice. Win or lose. Why should I care what happens?"  
  
Ashley almost cried at her words, she now knew she was all alone, no one would help her. It was up to her to at least make this into a game. The ref tooted his whistle and Ashley returned to the court.  
  
"Well at least playing naked basketball is the worst thing that's going to happen tonight!" Ashley's lips trembled that thought. With a brave wink, she passed the ball to Elena and waited for her partner to pass the ball back. As moved into position for a return pass. She had to watch as Elena fumbled the ball, despite being yards away from an opponent. Her partner compounded her sins by doing nothing to stop Skylar as she swooped in. Dribbling the ball back to the top of the key, Skylar took a couple of steps and... swoosh.  
  
Ashley threw her arms wide in the classic "what the hell was that?!" sign to Elena.  
  
Elena merely shrugged and mouthed, "Oops".  
  
"Oops?!" Ashley cried.  
  
"Oops," Kayla replied, as she accidentally bumped into Ashley. As they made contact, her hand rubbed against the Ashleys pussy.  
  
As the professionals toyed with Ashley, Jennifer got a text on her phone and squealed with glee. Now she had confirmation the final part of her plan was in place. Sitting back she watched as the Amazonian women kept humiliating Ashley. Jennifer looked up at the jumbotron. She wondered when Ashley would notice every camera in the arena was focused on her. Her nude form supersized to the delight of the crowd. Every birthmark, pimple, and ingrown hair displayed in high definition supersized living color.  
  
Ashley snarled instructions at Elena as the pair got the ball back for another attempt to score. "How about catching it next time?" Ashley sniped, sarcastically. It didn't help her mood that Elena was grinning as Ashley reprimanded her. At the very least she could look embarrassed at her lack of effort.  
  
With the ball in hand, some of Ashley's old skills resurfaced. It helped, in the loosest sense of the word, that her opponents were playing to the crowd. Skylar closed in on Ashley and ignored the ball. Instead, she slapped Ashley on the breasts and ass pretending to miss the ball.  
  
Shutting out the laughter, Ashley pulled a quick turn and dribbled for the hoop. Having learned her lesson from last time, she didn't stop to take a shot. She wasn't going to let Kayla have a second crack at her helpless nipples, again.  
  
Swinging around the edge of the key, Ashley dodged past a grinning Kayla and leapt as high as she could. Her body arched gracefully upwards. Her right arm stretched out with the ball placed perfectly for a slam dunk.  
  
For a split second, Ashley could see their first points about to ring up on the scoreboard. And it was that thought that caused her to prematurely look in triumph at the scoreboard. In horror, Ashley noticed something she must have been mentally blocking out before. Next to the scoreboard, on the thirty-foot tall screen, was a naked woman leaping towards the goal. Ashley recognized herself. Completely nude. Thirty feet tall. Her naked breasts bouncing up and down, her chest heaving, and her hair streaming out behind her. The details were so clear, she could see individual drops of sweat snake their way down her nude flesh. She watched the Jolly Green Giant sized image turn bright red as humiliation flooded her. Ashley forgot all about the basket.  
  
Her graceful upwards leap turned into a hasty downwards plummet. The ball slipped from her hands as she tried to avoid a bad landing. All she managed to do was land off-balance and fall backward onto her ass.  
  
Pain washed over Ashley from hitting the hardwood floor. She looked on in despair as the camera on the Jumbotron zoomed in on her crotch. The video operator took full advantage of her legs splayed out in front of her. With a shriek, Ashley thrust a hand between her legs to cover herself. Meanwhile, Kayla and Skylar effortlessly scored yet again.  
  
Ashley looked forlornly at Elena and knew that this game was all but over. Whatever happened next, only Jennifer knew. Ashley was sure it would be even more degrading. Meeting Jennifer's eyes, Ashley's foreboding increased at the expression on Jennifer's face.  
  
Soon the players were set. Ashley took a deep breath as the Kayla checked the ball. Ashley bounced it twice and then faked a pass to Elena. Aamazingly the fake pass tricked Skylar who took two steps to the right. That gave Ashley time to go for a long-range jumper.  
  
Kayla, figuring Skylar could handle the naked woman alone for a minute, was getting herself a drink of water when she heard the crowd roar. She spun around to see the ball gracefully arc through the air, and sink into the basket. It was a perfect shot, nothing but net. The crowd went wild Ashleys face lit up like a Christmas tree and even Elena was clapping. Ashley stood there feeling elated breathing heavily as she looked at the scoreboard. Home:2 Visitors: 63.  
  
That stunt cost her dearly. Now Kayla and Skylar would double team her whenever she got the ball. She never even got out of the top of the key. She watched as they sunk basket after basket, until the game was over.  
  
"Her tormentor's voice boomed over the arenas PA system. "Ashley my dear. If you had made it into double digits, I would have forgiven the rest of the time you owe. But two pathetic points? Stevie Wonder could score two points in a Basketball game. Since you play basketball about as well as you fuck..." There was a pause as the whole crowd laughed at the naked woman.  
  
"Now you get to live out that college dare you chickened out on all those years ago. So squat over that ball and rub your slut hole until you cum."  
  
All eyes turned to look at her, as the image on the large screen zoomed in on her face to see just how red it could become.  
  
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This is an entry into Lit's Nude Day 2020 contest please enter your vote below.  
  
Please let me know whether or not you liked this story. I do not make money from writing. My sole reward are your comments, votes, likes, follows, shares and emails. Hearing from readers is what encourages me to keep writing. I truly believe feedback is a gift, and I like gifts.

Sal De Klerk, "The Salacious Scribe".