**Emily takes a chance**

**Little Joe**

Game and six - love," Emily called out as her well directed smash landed a few inches inside the base line.

"God Em, you're getting way too good for any of us. You'll be having to take on the guys next."

Emily smiled to herself, Jacki was right. She was way too good. She tossed her head, and flicking her wayward lock of hair of her face she picked up her rackets and headed back to the locker room. God, it was hot; summers in Brisbane were always hot. She needed a few days up the Whitsundays to relax, but her vacation wasn’t for a couple of weeks yet.

She turned the cold water of the power shower on and winced as the jets of freezing water hit her naked skin. She looked down at her slim body, which might have been described as boyish were it not for her generous bosoms. Generous though they were they showed no tendency to sag and she gazed at them admiringly as the cold water bounced off her nipples making them stand out hard and erect. She loved her cold showers on a hot day - invigorating, yet somehow arousing. She walked out into the locker room. Jacki, modest as ever, was dressing discreetly under her towel. Emily rubbed herself down vigorously making her skin glow pink after the cold water.

Jacki looked on admiringly. Perhaps if she had a body like Em she wouldn't be so nervous about displaying it the way Em did; Em seemed so little self-conscious about hers. The sight of Em’s gorgeous body as she towelled it roughly down, set off a little light bulb in her head. The little gem of an idea. It might just work; she thought to herself, it might just work.

Jacki had a project that she had set herself. Every year the tennis club raised money for a charity. Jacki was keen to raise as much as possible, but she was also keen to beat the amount raised by the guys. Over the years a competitive element had developed to these events. The guys in the club tried to raise money, and the girls tried to raise money. The losers had to treat the winners to a night out. Jacki was sick of paying out money to pay for tinnies for dumb boys. This year she was determined to win. She had an idea. An idea that would be a dead cert and Em was just the bait she needed. Should she tell Em? She thought that on the whole she’d better not. It would, on the whole be funnier if she didn’t. Anyway she was fed up with Em always beating her at tennis; it was time she got a bit of revenge.

Her birthday party would be the place for her plan. A few drinks, some nice food, some sexy music; that was the way to get people into the mood. And the mood that she wanted Em in was the mood to play strip poker. And Em didn’t know it yet, but Em was going to lose.

Emily, in her state of happy ignorance, and having played poker since the age of about one was certainly up for it. In fact she didn’t need that much encouragement. She rather liked the idea of getting those guys stripped. Not that anyone would end up naked. She knew that – those chicken vanilla guys always found they had to be urgently doing something else when they got down to their boxers. And as for Emily getting naked – no chance. Nobody was going to see her in her pink cotton undies with the little lace frills. That was Emily’s one little vice. Sporty as she was, she was a girly girl underneath and she loved her sexy underwear. Brief panties in delicate pink cotton with a little lacy frill and a pink cotton bra for her gorgeous bosoms trimmed with matching lace. No – those were her little secret. No chance of her losing, and no chance of the guys getting a flash of pink.

“Simple rules,” said Jacki, “Draw poker, winning hand gets to choose who strips, and here’s the fun. First to quit has to do a forfeit to get their clothes back!”

Emily smiled. Good old Jacki. They’d have one of the guys begging for mercy by the end of the night!

But Jacki smiled to herself as well. Em would get her the charity donations. The guys had promised $5 each for every bit of clothing Em lost, and an extra $50 if she got naked. So Em was going to have to lose. And she didn’t even need to fix it. It was all in the way she’d manipulated the rules. Poor Em didn’t even realize. She was the one with the gorgeous body; she was the one the guys wanted to see naked; one of the guys would win at least half the time and they sure as hell would pick Em. And if they didn’t win, then the girls had been tipped off to help them along.

It wasn’t till her shoes and socks were off that Emily realized what was happening. She’d lost four pieces of clothing and nobody else had lost more than a couple. Sure she was good at the game; sure she knew what to keep and what to throw. But she couldn’t win all the time, and it seemed like whoever else won picked on her.

“Hey you guys,” she said, tossing her head and flicking the hair off her face “stop picking on me. These chicks want to get naked as well.”

“Hey Em, no way are we picking on you,” said Jamie, but when Jamie won next round and Emily’s top went; she’d realized the guys had picked on her for a sucker. She had to think quickly. She was only bra, skirt and knickers off flashing her naughty bits and she had to think quickly.

Turn the tables on someone. Jacki – turn the tables on her. Get them all picking on her. She had to win a couple of rounds. The thought of quitting never occurred to her. She was no quitter and in any case she thought Jacki would think up something special by way of the forfeit lined up for the first quitter.

Jacki looked at her. Em needed tempting; needed to be given the scent of wining. Let her win a couple of rounds.
Emily smiled. She’d won a couple of rounds and Jacki was down to her bra, skirt and whatever lay underneath it. Her heart was beating. She was going to do it. Beat Jacki. She’d win again. She always won - but then the inevitable. She drew nothing on the next round and she was picked on again. Her ploy wasn’t working; her skirt or her bra had to come off.

Emily had decided at the start that – okay if the worst came to the worst they could see her pink frilly panties. But that was it – no further – no sir! She unhitched her skirt and let it fall. Her panties were brief indeed and a little tuft of soft blonde hair poked out the top of them. She hitched them up, but that only served to show the clear outline of her private place beneath. She grimaced, realizing the stares were focused where the tight material outlined her sex rather intimately.

Oh heck she thought. I’ve shown them enough. I’m going to have to quit.

Jacki looked at her smugly. Em thought she would quit there did she; thought she’d never be showing her titties. But Jacki wanted those $50 dollar bills. Time for a little bit of goading

“Quitting already, Em? Never took you for a quitter”

Emily saw the smug look – she’d thought she’d won eh! No way. If she won the next round. If she could just win the next round Jacki would be down to bra and panties and no way would Jacki risk more. It was a gamble, and there was nothing Emily loved more than a gamble. Risking something to win.

“Who says I’m quitting, Dumbo,” she said, tossing her head again, “I never quit.”

Jacki smiled to herself.

Emily picked up her hand. It was rubbish. She kept the one high card and changed the rest. It was no better. There was no chance she’d win. She looked round hopefully for who had the best card. It was Patty. Surely Patty wouldn’t pick on her. Patty never won anything but hadn’t lost a single item of clothing. Emily looked at her imploringly. But it was no good. Patty knew who she wanted stripped.

Emily put her hands behind her back and unhitched her pretty pink bra with its lace frill, and as best she could with one arm across her chest let it drop to the floor, but not before everyone had got a glimpse of a delightful little pink nipple.

Jacki smiled again. Those fifties were nearly hers.

“Hey, Em,” she said, “I win – too scared to risk your panties eh?”

Emily however was excited. The thrill of the risk was so great. The chance to get one over on Jacki was so enticing. She was no quitter. She wanted to win. She’d beaten her at tennis. She’d beat her at strip poker. It had become personal. She’d even risk her panties for a chance to win.

Jacki looked at her expectantly, and Emily fell for it, right up to her neck

She flicked the hair off her face, “Count me in.”

Emily picked up her hand. Two kings and four of the cards hearts. What should she go for – a third king or a flush. The odds were on the flush. She threw the king of spades and drew – the king of clubs. Still two kings – she stood a chance. She was winning till the last hand was shown. Jacki had two aces and a broad grin on her face. That was a close thing.

She’d never thought Em would strip naked; she’d really expected her to quit with her panties intact. Now she couldn’t help feeling a little surge of triumph. Em always beat her at tennis, always beat her at everything. But now she’d stripped Em in front of everybody. She was the victor. The money for the charity was hers when Em stripped naked.

“Hey, Em, what are waiting for, didn’t you trim down below this morning?”

Emily blushed. That thought had crossed her mind as well. Oh well, at least they’d see she was a real blonde.

She stood up. There was nothing for it. She’d lost. She gritted her teeth, and taking hold of her panties she pulled them straight down athletically bending at the waist and keeping her legs straight. She kicked the panties off.

“Ta dah,” she said posing with her arms above her head. May as well give the lads a gawk. And gawk they did. Em was stunning. Her lightly tanned fair skin had no bikini lines, her butt was cute and tight, her boobs generous for such a slim figured girl. She’d been worth every cent of those fifty dollar bills.

“OK guys, what’s the forfeit,” she said, no point in beating about the bush, she could have got away with doing it in her bra and pants, and now she’d have to do it naked.

“Hey, Em, you did it!” cried Jacki, as laughter burst out round the room.

“What?” said Emily.

The laughter continued.

“WHAT!”

Why was everyone so amused?

“Em, you nerd, you’ve been set up and you fell for it!”

“Set up?”

“The guys bet me fifty dollars to the charity I couldn’t get you butt naked, and you fell for it!”

The laughter redoubled. That was the best part of a set up. You embarrassed the victim by getting them naked, then redoubled it by telling them they’d been tricked.

For the first time Em felt really embarrassed. She went bright red and tried covering her boobs and her untrimmed girly parts with her hands. She’d been a dupe. Tricked by a silly faith in her own ability and a determination not to be beaten. And now she’d have to pay a forfeit.

“Come on Em, all in a good cause,”

“What good cause,” Emily was still trying to keep herself covered.

“The Kangaroo Orphanage.”

“Kangaroo Orphanage. I’ve done this for a Kangaroo Orphanage! What do I care about orphan kangaroos!”

“Don’t be more of a nerd that you are already, Em. The Kangaroo Orphanage is for orphans in Africa not Kangaroos. It’s called the Kangaroo Orphanage because it’s an Australian charity.”

Emily was a bit abashed, then felt a bit proud. She’d earned hundreds of dollars for a really good cause.

“Come on then,” she said,” what’s the forfeit. I hope that earns money as well.”

“We’ve auctioned a dance with you naked.”

“What!”

“Sealed bids. Highest bidder gets one dance with you naked. Then you get your clothes back. And the bids are here.”

Emily gasped. They were so sure of duping her they’d even bid for her in advance.

“And the winner at $500 is….” Jacki’s mouth dropped open. She hadn’t been expecting that… “Patty!”

‘Oh my God,” thought Em, I’m going to be dancing naked with a girl.

Patty chose a slow waltz. Well what better way to get your arms round a naked body like Emily’s?

“Hey,” said Emily, as they twirled round, “get your hand off my ass!”

“Considering the money I paid, and the fact that you’re naked” laughed Patty, “getting my hand on your ass is the least of your worries!”

Emily tossed her head, and flicked the hair off her face. She was beginning to realize there were certain advantages to being naked.

Emily in trouble

“Forty-love,” Emily called confidently over net as her shot landed just inside the baseline. It was the first round of the Tennis Club championship and she was enjoying beating Jacki. Ever since Jacki had stripped her naked at her birthday party for charity Emily felt there had been a score to pay. Sure, it had been in a good cause, and sure she had met a very nice friend, well more than a friend, because of it, but still there was a score to settle. One set and five-love up she was a long way towards settling it.

Jacki looked back over the net smiling.

“Bet you knickers on the next point Em?” she cried out.

The surrounding spectators collapsed in laughter. They all knew the story of how Emily had been tricked into losing all her clothes in a rigged game of strip poker.

Emily looked back ruefully. She knew it was gamesmanship. Knew it was meant to get a laugh at her expense. She could have just let it ride, but she was fed up with these comments. Everybody was laughing at her; well she would show Jacki a thing or two.

“Okay, you’re on,” she said, “Loser of the next point puts her knickers on her head.”

She’d win the point and parade the knickerless Jacki back to the locker room. That would shut everybody up.

Fired up with emotion she sent a searing serve down. It blew up a puff of smoke as it hit the line.

“Out!” cried Jacki.

Emily looked dumbfounded.

“Out,” confirmed Jane who was umpiring.

Emily bit her lip. That was how they wanted to play it. She’d make damn sure the next one was in. It landed a foot in. Jacki managed to get her racquet to the shorter service and the ball cannoned forwards of the edge of the racquet and hit the net cord. As Emily rushed forwards vainly to retrieve it, it toppled slowly over her side of the net. She’s lost the point.

You might wonder why Emily did not laugh it off. Keep her knickers on and win the game with the next point. If you think that you don’t know Aussies. A bet is a bet in Oz and the honour system applies. If you lose you pay up. Red faced Emily put her hands up her skirt and wriggled her knickers down, slipping them over her tennis shoes.

“On your head mind, Em,” shouted Jacki, and that was where they went.

Emily picked up her racquet and started to hurry off the court.

“You conceding the match, Em?” called Jacki over the net.

Emily stopped short. In all the embarrassment of having to take her knickers off she’d forgotten that she had lost the point and the match wasn’t over.

“No way,” she said, and went back to make the next serve.

It was then that the dreadful thought struck her. There were spectators behind her. The little jump that she made when serving would make her little tennis skirt fly up giving a wonderful view of her pert little bare behind the assembled watchers.

Self consciously she tried to serve gently. It was no good. The serve was soft and she had to quickly grab her skirt to stop it flying up anyway. She was going to have to serve underarm. Her embarrassment, her underarms serves and Jacki’s stimulus at having won the bet meant that she rapidly lost the game.

Worse was to come. Word rapidly spread round the club that Emily was playing with her knickers on her head and soon a large crowd had formed. Emily’s nerve had gone; she couldn’t play trying to hold her skirt down and in twenty minutes she had lost the second set 7-5.

“Conceding the march Em?” Jacki enquired again.

Emily bit her lip. It was the first round of the Club Championship. She had won it so often she regarded it as hers by right. She was not going to be beaten by an inferior player. There was nothing for it she would have to throw caution to the winds and just let her skirt fly up. And if people saw her…. Well if they saw it, they saw it. Winning the match was all important now.

Serving first in the last set Emily threw the ball up high and there was a huge gasp as she gave a little jump and her skirt flew up. Absolutely nothing was hidden, and nothing continued to be hidden for the rest of the set. But for Emily it was all too late. Her confidence was gone. The laughter of the crowd which followed every time her skirt flew up. Jacki’s increased confidence. They all contributed to a dismal defeat – 6-1 in the final set.

Emily returned to the locker room. Knickers on her head, the laughter of the crowd ringing in her ears. She would never live this down.

“You’re going to have to find some way to get your own back,” said Patty a few days later as Emily relaxed in the bath, “you’re going to have to strip Jacki naked – then you might get some peace.”

Emily knew that. She nodded. But the problem was how to do it.

It was Patty who suggested it to Emily.

“You know what you should do, Em,” she said, “Whip her towel off her on the beach.”

“What?”

“Well, you know we go down the beach most Sundays.”

“Yes.”

“Jacki, she never wears as bikini or anything like that, always a one piece costume, like very modest and all.”

“So?”

“Well she hates to keep it on after swimming because it’s all wet and takes an age to dry. She slips it off under this big towel thing and just walks round in a towel till the costume’s dry.”

“I can’t I’ve noticed.”

“You, never notice anything, Em. It would be real simple just to whip it off her.”

“She’d go mad.”

“That, my dear Em is the exact point. Nothing is funnier than a mad naked woman. I’ll pass the word round. Make sure everyone’s there.”

“Oh – I don’t know.”

“Do you want to go on being a laughing stock? You’re already being called Pantie-head.”

Emily flushed red. She’d heard rumours of that already and she knew in her heart that only something like this would divert attention.

“Make sure you get her costume. Whip off the towel. Pass it straight to me. I’ll pass it on and someone will run off with it.”

Emily could picture the scene. Jacki would be left stranded and stark naked. She’d be mortified.

“Make her go down on her hands and knees and beg, Em!”

Emily was overwhelmed with the vision of a naked Jacki begging for her clothes back. That would be justice indeed.

“You’re wicked, Patty,” said Emily.

“Oh Em, you know stripping other girls is my favourite hobby.”

Emily had often suspected as much.

“Right, the beach party this Sunday,” she said.

Sunday was bright and sunny as it always was and Emily noticed the big turnout from the tennis club. Patty had been putting the word about.

Emily was shaking with nerves. She’d never done anything like this before. She knew she’d have to go through with it now. Now that everybody was expecting it. She kept looking nervously at Jacki – when would she go into the sea?

“Coming for a dip Pantie-head?” asked Jacki and everyone laughed.

If Emily had had any doubts before, she hadn’t now.

“Sure,” she said, trying to ignore the jibe, “race you there.”

The girls raced down the sand and into the surf. Emily won. She always did.

As they walked back up the beach to where the party was congregated, Emily’s heart began to beat a little faster. It would soon be time. She’d soon have Jacki naked. They reached the others and she waited for Jacki to wrap the towel round herself and slip out of her wet one piece bathing suit. But Jacki made no effort to do so.

Jacki saw her watching.

“Whatcha looking at Em?”

Emily plucked up courage.

“Not changing out your costume Jacki?”

“I don’t think so, should I?”

“Well if you slip it off and lie it on the sand it’d dry quicker. That’s what I like to do,” she added hastily.

“Sure, but I don’t have another costume, Em.”

“Neither do I Jacki, I just keep the towel round me. Tie it firm above my boobs. It’s fine.”

“Fine with boobs like yours, Em, they’d keep anything up!”

Everybody laughed. Emily could see her chance slipping away. She’d have to persuade Jacki to do it.

“It’s real easy. Just wrap it round and tie it in place.”

“Well, if it’s that good, go on Em, show me!”

Emily seized on the chance. If she demonstrated it, Jacki would have to try and emulate her. She’d have her.

She picked up her big beach towel and wrapped it round, tucking it in above her ample boobies. She slipped her bikini off underneath.

“Here, I’ll take those,” said Jacki, and Emily handed them over.

“Well, let see you then,” said Jacki, “arms above your head. If it stays firm I think I might do the same.”

Emily’s heart beat a little faster still. She nearly had her. She very nearly had her. She lifted her hands above her head.

Then the terrible thing happened.

“Let’s see the knot here,” said Jacki, reaching out to the towel, and the next thing she knew Jacki had taken hold of the towel and pulling it towards her ripped it right off. It all happened so quick. One moment Emily was in the towel. The next moment it was gone, passed down the line and out of sight.

Emily looked round horrified. She was standing on the beach surrounded by people, completely in the nude. Everyone was standing looking at her and laughing. The cameras were already out.

Patty was doubled up with laughter.

“You nerd, Em,” she said, “You’ve fallen for it again. The look on your face. I’ve never seen anything so funny in my life.”

Emily went bright red; she bent her toes in and crossing one leg over the other she tried to hide herself with her hands - one over girly parts and one across her boobies.

She was nude! Nude in public. It was one thing losing your clothes at a private party. It was another thing entirely being stripped in the open air in public.

“Please Jacki,” can I have my clothes, begged Emily, shivering with embarrassment.

“You know what you have to do, Em” said Jacki.

And Emily realised it had all been planned. She had been the one chosen to be stripped. She had known all along that stripping other girls was Patty’s hobby. And Patty had told her what she’d have to do.

She went down on her hands and knees looking up plaintively.

“Please Jacki, can I have my panties" she said.

“Okay,” said Jacki, handing over her panties.

Emily started to put them on.

“Oh no,” said Patty, “on your head Em, on your head!”

Emily’s Revenge

Emily was kneeling naked in front of the mirror. Her bottom was facing the mirror and she was trying to look round and see what she looked like from behind.

Emily was red in the face thinking of how she had been stripped on the beach and made to go down on her hands and knees and beg for her panties. She had been so desperate to get her panties back she had done as she was told. She had been made to put her panties on her head and sit up and beg like a doggie. Now she was worried about what people might have seen. She tried to recreate the pose and peered at the view she had given. Oh no! It must have been visible! It must have been visible! Her face went redder than ever.

"Em! Whatever are you doing?" A rather authoratative voice barked at her.

Emily stood up quickly , her cheeks bright scarletn desperately conscious of the fact that she was nude.

Patty smiled. She guessed exactly what Emily had been doing.

"No good enjoying yourself Pants," she said, "we've things to do."

Emily shuddered at the name. Everybidy was calling her pantie-head. Even Patty.

"What you need to do Em, is get your revenge."

"How?" Wailed Emily, "it all went wrong last time."

"The Gold Coast!" Said Patty, "there's bound to be a chance there."

"Of course," said Emily, "the appartment."

Every year the girls took over an appartment up the Gold Coast for a weekend break.. That would be the opportunity. But what could she do? She was nervous of doing anything.

"I don't know, Patty," she said

"Oh don't be a wallaby, Em'" said Patty, "show a bit of spirit. You don't want me putting it about that you're a wallaby. Pantie-head the wallaby."

The taunt struck home. It was bad enough being pantie-head without being Pantie-head the Wallaby.

Up at the Gold Coast the five girls settled into the apartment. It was Jacki’s birthday that weekend and the girls were organizing a big party for her. The other girls had gone out to buy drink for the party and Emily was alone in the apartment.

She got the apartment tidied up and then decided wh had just enough time for a shower. Undressing in her bedroom she wrapped a towel round herself and went in to the shower. She dropped the towel and was just about to step into the tub when there was a loud ring at the door. Emily poked her head round the bathroom door.

“Who is it?” she shouted

“Pizzas,” came the reply.

Emily cursed. She’d forgotten all about the pizzas they’d ordered for the party. She’d better go and get them. Holding the towel tightly round her she opened the front door and peered round.

“Just put them on the table,” said Emily stepping back.

There were an awful lot of them. The boy staggered in.

“That’ll be sixty dollars,” he said.

Emily looked around for her purse and opened it up. It was rather embarrassing standing there with nothing on but a towel, but the pizza boy seemed to be enjoying it. Emily was trying to hold her towel up with her elbows as she searched in her purse for her money.

“I think we’ll make it a surprise party for her,” confided Patty

“It can’t be a surprise, she knows about it!”

“That’s not the surprise. The surprise is we’re going to strip her naked for the party.”

“What!”

“That’ll be your revenge. Jacki stark naked in front of all the guests at the party. Make her do some party tricks to get her clothes back. Ther’sll be no more Pantie-head after that.”

“I couldn’t,” said Emily, “It would be too mean, anyway how could we manage it.”

“Don’t worry about being mean, Em,” said Pattie, “remember what she made you do at the beach. Remember how she stripped you naked and humiliated you.”

Emily remembered only too well.

“But how can I do it?”

“Simple – let me show you.”

She took Emily to show her the bathroom. . The apartment had one bathroom with tub and shower

“Go inside and lock the door, Em.”

Emily went in and turned the lock.

“Is it locked,” called Patty.

“Of course.”

“And I can’t get in?”

“Of course not!”

And ten seconds later Patty opened the locked door and came in.

“How did you do that?” gasped Emily

“Simple. All these locks have to be able to be opened from the outside. It’s the regulations in case somebody is taken ill inside. See this litlte hole above the door handle. Just push a hairgrip in it and it releases the lock. Simple.”

“But what do we do?” asked Emily.

“This is the cunning bit. Jacki will want a shower before the party. We invite the guests early and bring them in when she is in the shower. Then you sneak in as I’ve shown you and sneak her clothes and towel. She’ll never hear – not with that electric power shower going. When she finds they’re gone it’s ten to one she’ll come storming out into the room in her birthday suit and all the guest will leap out and surprise her. It’ll be a real laugh. She’ll be mortified.”

“She’ll laugh it off,” said Em

“What – stark naked in the middle of the room surrounded by all the party guests. It will be too embarrassing for words. And remember what she did to you. Make her go down on her hands and knees and wiggle her bottom to get her clothes back. I tell you what – make her bark like a dog to get them back. That’ll really humiliate her!”

“I can’t do it,” said Emily, “it’s too mean.”

“Wallaby! Pantie-head Wallaby!” said Patty.

Emily went red. She was going to have to do it like it or not.

The girls came back from the shopping trip laden with drink and the room was set up for the party. Ten o’clock. The guests would be arriving shortly.

“I’m for a shower,” announced Jacki.

“No, no!” interjected Emily, “it was important Jacki showered last, the other guests weren’t ready yet.

“Sorry,” said Jacki

“I want to go first,” said Emily.

“Okay,” said Jacki, “Whatever.”

Emily breathed a sigh of relief. It had been a close call. She shut the bathroom door, locked it and stripped off, throwing her clothes on a chair.

“She stepped in the showere and turned it full on.”

She loved the feel of the pulse power shower striking her naked skin. It was quite erotic. She went to turn the temperature up when suddenly the whole room was plunged into darkness.

Emily cursed. A powere outage! It was going to ruin everything. The shower had gone off and she groped her way out through the shower curtain and fumbled about for her clothes. In the pitch black she couldn’t find them.

She’d better shout to the girls to get the torch from the kitchen so she could get dressed before the guests arrived. She opened the door and called through to the other girls. There was no reply. Of course – they’d have gone out to try and find out wehat had happened. She’d have to get the torch herself.

It was pitch black in the living room of the apartment as she stumbled through it. Then suddenly it was bright light. The power was back on. Emily looked around in alarm. The rrom was full of people. They were all looking at her. They were all laughing.

She was stark naked in the middle of a room of party guests. Patty had been right. It was too embarrassing for words.

Jacki was doubled up with laughter.

“Em! You nerd,” she said, “You fall for it every time!”

“Please Jacki,” cringed Emily, “Where are my clothes. Can I have my clothes please.”

She was scarlet and trembling with embarrassment.

“We’ve locked them back in the bathroom. But here’s a hairgrip,” said Jacki, waving it tantalizingly in front of Emily’s face. Emily snatched at it despairingly.

“Oh no, Em. Hands and knees.”

“No Jacki, please!”

“Hands and knees, Em”

And Emily wnet down on her hands and knees.

“Please Jacki”

“Wiggle your bottom Em.”

“Yes Jacki,” and Emily wiggled her bottom.

“Good dog,” said Jacki, “wiggle some more Em.”

“Yes Jacki.”

“No Em, ‘woof woof’”

“Woof woof,” said Emily.

It was going to be a long night.

Emily in Combat

Why did Emily agree the crazy idea for the competition? A competition - that wasn't quite how she saw it. More of A fight between her and Jacki to see who was the wallaby and who could keep their nerve. As for the loser - well of course the loser would have to pay up. Jacki had explained it all. It was the Halloween party at the end of the month and the loser would do a strip at the party. All the way. Stark naked in front of everybody. But Emily knew she would win. No matter what people said she was no wallaby. Jacki had better look out. And when she lost she would pay up - that was Aussie rules for you. The loser always paid up. Yes - Emily knew she would win. She had to win. Jacki had stripped her three times. Stripped her naked in front of her friends. If she didn't get her own back she would always be the office wallaby.

What was the crazy competition which soon became known in the office as ‘Who’s the wallaby’. The rules were quite simple. Each girl started with a skirt just above the knee. And each day the skirt was to be shortened by half an inch so that over the days the skirts got shorter and shorter until one of the girls lost her nerve and showed herself to be the wallaby. Of course the competition was made all the more interesting by a special condition explained to her by Patty.

"No panties, Em," she said, "No panties!"

The competition started off slowly. Both girls wore modest skirts and it was easy to keep them in check, but by a week just above the knee had become almost four inches above the knee and Emily was having to be rather careful went she bent over or sat down. Still there was no difficulty in keeping respectable. By two weeks though the skirts had become seven inches above the knee and now it was becoming very tricky especially in a stiff breeze to stop giving a good view to all and sundry. Every day Emily was beginning to worry that she really would be the wallaby. She was at severe risk of flashing everybody all the time. Emily looked in the mirror resignedly. She was sure that Jacki would have given up by now. With another half inch off, the loose cotton skirt she had chosen barely covered her pert little bottom, and as for the frontal view, she could see that maidenly modesty couldn’t be preserved much longer. But if Emily was worried she comforted herself with the thought that the state of Jacki was even more parlous. She was shorter than Emily and so had less distance between knee and maidenly modesty. She had chosen a tight fitted skirt as being less likely to blow up in the wind and when Emily looked at her she smiled.. When the next half inch came off maidenly modesty would very definitely not be preserved. Jacki might get by for one more day, but tomorrow. Emily smiled; tomorrow Jacki's little pink smooth sex would be peering out below the hem of her dress. What on earth would she do then?

Somehow Emily got through the day, holding her skirt down, staying behind her desk as much as she could and blushing bright red whenever she had to move. She knew that complete modesty was impossible; she just hoped that she didn’t flash anybody who would have a heart attack at the sight. Not that anybody seemed to mind. Requests to do jobs that required either bending over or climbing up ladders flooded in. By five o’clock she looked at the clock and sighed. She had made it. She was through another day. Surely Jacki would cave in now. Emily shortened her skirt another half inch and put it on. There was no chance of cheating; Patty measured each skirt every day. Any cheat would be pronounced a wallaby and stripped naked on the spot. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her skirt was so short there was no chance of getting through the day without flashing everybody, but she'd just have to do it.
She'd have to show Jacki up as a wallaby.

Holding tight to her skirt and pulling it down as far as it would go she made it to the office. But once she got there relief flooded over her. Jacki was in a pair of slacks. Jacki had given in. Jacki was the wallaby. And Emily thought she knew why. In her tight little skirt with another half inch off her little bare naughty bits would have been clearly visible, and Jacki had been asked that very day to give a presentation to the management team. There was no way she could do it and keep her job. Jacki was the wallaby.

Not that it was all over yet. Patty, as unofficial umpire, declared that Emily had to get through the day to win. A girl with no panties and a four inch skirt is always going to be in difficulties, and everyone knew this was this last day and their last chance to get a flash. She somehow knew she would never get through the day without having her skirt pulled up, or even pulled down, and she was getting sick of requests to get things out of bottom drawers and off top shelves.

In the end by lunch time she was red in the face and reaching the end of her tether. She thought that in the end it was just best to get it all over with. She stood on her desk in the middle of the office and without further ado pulled her skirt right up.

"Okay guys," she said, "now you've all seen everything can we just get on with a normal day."

That was a mistake. No chance of a normal day after you just displayed your girly charms to all and sundry. It was as if she had given everyone carte blanche to pull her skirt up at ever available opportunity. Every time she bent over her skirt was lifted up and her bottom became the object of raucous comments. Every time she walked carrying something and couldn't protect herself her skirt was lifted up. It was open season on Emily and before the day was out she had been bent over her desk with her skirt pulled up round her waist. She felt the unmistakable sensation of a felt tip pen writing on her bare behind.

Still eventually the day was over and she made it back to the apartment.

"I did it, Patty," she cried, "I won. Jacki's the wallaby."

"Em darling," said Patty

"Yes."

"Did you hear anybody call Jacki a wallaby?"

"Well no."

"Do you want to know why?"

"I suppose," Emily was starting to feel worried.

"Jacki spent the day quietly in meetings. You spent the day showing everybody your most intimate parts."

Emily blushed, suddenly realising what she had done.

"Well who would you say was the wallaby?"

"Jacki!"

"Em, darling, take a look at your bottom."

Emily pulled up her skirt and looked over her shoulder at her bare behind. And she saw what had been written there with that felt tipped pen- 'WALLABY'

"Em," said Patty doubled up with laughter, "you've been had again. Jacki never even took her panties off"

"What! You told me no panties"

"Yes. I told you no panties. And you fell for it. It was never part of the competition. You fall for it every time Em. You really do!"

"But I flashed my... Everything! At the whole office." And Emily went bright red.

"Sorry, Em, but nobody made you stand on your desk and display your girly bits to everybody. You've been played for a wallaby and you fell for it."

Emily went bright red again, but then some consolation came to her. The loser had to do a strip at the Halloween party. Do a strip! Aussie rules - Jacki would have to comply. Emily went to bed and comforted herself with this thought.

The Halloween party was, as Halloween parties usually are, fancy dress. The theme, as Patty explained to Emily, was to be tarts and cops. The tartiest girl was to get a special prize.

Patty and Emily were to go as tarts. Emily loved the idea. It was not as if she thought of herself as a tart, but somehow it gave her the licence to dress up really sexily. She looked at herself in the mirror as she prepared to go out. She pouted at her reflection. She did look sexy. Really sexy. She was wearing a short tight red wrap around skirt, three inch high heels, fishnet stockings, and above her bare midriff a boob tube showed off her shapely bosoms to perfection. Her hair was lavishly styled, the mascara was liberally applied to her long lashes and the whole thing was finished off by a bright gash of red lipstick.

She looked at herself. She looked really good. She reckoned she stood a good chance of winning the prize. It was nice to be licensed to be really sexy sometimes. She looked at Patty. She looked good, but not particularly tarty thought Emily.

The party was going with a swing when they arrived, but Emily was a bit puzzled. None of the girls looked particularly tarty and there was no sign of a cop anywhere. Also there was no sign of Jacki. Surely she hadn't backed out. But at eleven o'clock the bell rang and in came Jacki dressed as a cop.

Silence fell over the party and Emily realised: Jacki was going to do a stripping policeman routine. Good for her she thought.

Jacki stood in the middle of the room and made an announcement.

"Has anyone seen a tarty looking girl in a red wrap around skirt?"

Everyone looked at Emily; she couldn't mean anyone else. Good old Jacki, thought Emily, she was going to involve her in the strip. What better penance could she make?

"Here I am'" she said, wobbling over in her high heels and trying to sound as tarty as she could. This was going to be fun. She was going to get to strip Jacki. Jacki would be shown to be the wallaby.

"Ah, Naughty Emily is it?" said Jacki.

"That's me," said Emily

"That's me, Miss," said Jacki, "you're addressing an officer of the law."

Emily grinned. This was going to be fun.

"Miss," said Emily

"Naughty Emily the tart,"

"Yes Miss," said Emily.

"Naughty Emily as the tartiest girl in the room I must ask you to assist me with my er... enquiries."

Emily knew it. She was going to get to strip Jacki. She couldn't wait.

"Certainly Miss," said Emily.

"In that case, turn round and put your hands behind your back."

"Certainly Miss," said Emily. She didn't know how Jacki was going to do the strip, but she was really glad to be part of it.

She felt something slipped round her wrists, and when she tried to mover her hands she found they had been handcuffed together.

"What are you doing, Jacki?" she expostulated.

"What are you doing, Miss," remonstrated Jacki.

"All right Miss. What are you doing?"

"I am conducting a strip search," announced Jacki. And everyone cheered.

"What!" shrieked Emily.

Jacki's eyes opened wide.

"What Miss?" repeated Emily.

"I am instructed to strip search a tarty girl in a red dress. Thought to be hiding a neatly shaved girly part that everyone wants to see... - again!" Jacki added collapsing with mirth.

"You can't" shrieked Emily again, "you lost - you're supposed to do the strip."

"I am doing the strip. I'm stripping you!"
And with that Emily felt her hands pulled up behind her back and secured to a door handle so she was held immobile in her three inch heels.

Emily looked around alarmed.

"You can't do this," she cried, "come on everybody. I won. She's got to do the strip," but it was evident from everyone's face whose side they were on.

"Sorry Em," said Patty, "but you've fallen for it again!"

"I think we'll start with this," said Jacki and she unfastened the wrap around skirt letting it fall to the ground.

"Please Jacki," wailed Emily.

"Please who?"

"Please Miss," wailed Emily again as Jacki took firm hold of her boob tube with the evident intention of pulling it down. Braless Emily could feel her erect nipples pressing hard against the tight material. She knew her arousal must be evident to everyone.

"Sorry Naughty Emily," said Jacki, "but you've got to show us these." And with that the boob tube came down and Emily was left in nothing but her panties and fishnet stockings' her shapely boobies on display, her gorgeous pink nipples standing out like cherries on her ample wobbly bosoms. Emily blushed bright red.

Jacki looked down.

"Please Jacki, I mean Miss, not my panties."

"Panties coming down," said Jacki.

"Please Miss."

But it was to no avail. Emily, held immobile, couldn't even struggle as Jacki slowly and tantalisingly lowered her panties. Poor Emily was left in nothing but her fishnet stockings, high heels and panties round her ankles.

The handcuffs were released from the door handle they had been secured to but with her hands held securely behind her back there was no way Emily could pull her panties back up.

"Pleas Miss," said Emily, "can you unfasten my hands

"Panties first!"

And Emily meekly kicked her panties off and Jacki picked them up.

Jacki unfastened her hands.

"Please Miss,"

"Yes Naughty Emily."

"Can I have my panties back Miss?"

"Oh, hands and knees Em, hands and knees."

"Yes Miss"

And Emily, still in her fishnet stockings, high heels, and nothing else, did as she was told.

Without being told she started to wiggle her bottom, her lovely round pink and completely bare bottom. She knew what she had to show everyone and she knew where her panties were going to go. But she knew she had to do it. She had been a wallaby and she had to pay the price.

But as she looked up she heard a loud cheer. Jacki had taken off her uniform and was teasingly lowering her panties. After all it was Aussie rules. She had to keep her part of the bargain.