**[Geri and the Fundraiser](http://rswstoryarchive.blogspot.com/2008/10/geri-and-fundraiser.html)**

“Okay, the next item is raising money for the International Service Goal,” Geri said as she moved down to the final item on her list for her weekly board meeting agenda.

“We hit our goal on the first two fundraisers, and I’m confident we’ll do the same for our third event scheduled next month,” reported Jerry as he read from his club treasurer’s report.

“I’ve been looking at the numbers,” said Geri, “and I’ve been thinking about trying to raise our goal. Is that feasible?”

Ryan, whose job it was as vice president to oversee all club activities, quickly glanced over his planner.

“I’d hate to add another event to the calendar. We’ve got six service projects, two socials, and one fundraiser already scheduled for the next 5 weeks. Since the deadline for the money submission is at the end of those five weeks, I just don’t see how we can fit anything else in,” he said.

“What about asking members for donations?” Geri persisted.

“That’s always an option,” said Jerry, “but I wouldn’t imagine that we’d get very much. After all, these are poor college students we’re talking about, ourselves included.”

“Look, we’re doing very well with our fundraising. Very well. But, if we can raise just $500 more dollars, it would be enough for make our club a shoo-in to win the best club award at international. Is there anyway that we can do this?”

“How about a fundraising contest? Winner gets a prize or something?” Jack suggested.

“Good thought, Jack. How about boys versus girls?” Ryan suggested. “Whichever group raises the most money, wins. The losing team has to do something embarrassing while the winning team watches.”

“That has potential. What would the embarrassing thing be?” Geri asked.

“There’s always the ever-popular guys-shave-their-heads option.” Amy suggested.

“The problem is that the girls will most likely lose, and I’d hate to see y’all with shaved heads,” Ryan put in.

“The girls will obviously win, but we do need a viable option for the unlikely case that they don’t. How about the girls dye their hair a funky color?” Amy replied.

“I’m not sure that that is an equitable arrangement. Besides, hasn’t that been done to death? Can’t we do something original?” Ryan asked.

“Like what?”

“How about the losing team attends a meeting in their underwear,” Jack opined.

“Now that’s an interesting idea,” said Geri, “but we can’t commit all the members at the meeting to do it. Also, I wouldn’t want anyone missing a meeting because they’re scared of the consequences of a loss.”

“I don’t think that that would be too much of an issue,” Ryan said. “We can save the results of the fundraising until the end of a meeting. Before we count the money, we could have anyone leave who is not interested in participating. We’d then announce the results, and the losers would strip for a, say, half-hour social. Just to make sure everyone understands, let me reiterate the rules – Boys versus girls. The team that raises the most money watches the losing team strip to their underwear and spend thirty minutes at a social after the meeting. That means all five of the girls in this room plus any non-board members who stay to hear the results will be stripping to their bra and panties for a brief party.”

“I agree with everything that you said except for the results. Obviously, all the girls are going to find out the answer to the question – ‘Boxers or Briefs?’,” Geri stated.

“Geri, you’re a good club president, but you’re obviously deluded. You girls simply have no chance at competing against the guys.”

“Excuse me? I can compete against any guy and win.”

“If you feel so strongly about it, why don’t we make a side bet?”

“What’s the bet?”

“If the girls lose, you strip butt-naked. If the guys lose, I strip.”

“You’re on.”

With the discussion of the last item on the agenda settled. The board set a few more details. The fundraising effort would be announced at the next club meeting and last for the one-week period between meetings. It would not be an official club function and would not appear in any meeting minutes. Soon afterward, the guys, Ryan, Jack, and Jerry, left while the five girls stayed behind.

“Geri! I can’t believe that you committed us to that. I don’t want to all the guys in the club to see me in my underwear. And I can’t believe you’re going to get naked if we lose!” Melinda exclaimed.

“Melinda, let me ask you a question. How many people are in the club?”

“27 paid as of last meeting.”

“Okay. Of those 27, how many are guys?”

Melinda glanced down at the club roster that she kept as part of her duties as secretary. “Looks like 7.”

“So, what we have are 20 girls versus only 7 guys. Each one of them has to raise nearly 3 times the amount of each of us. How can we lose?”

Reassured by Geri’s confidence, the girls turned their thoughts to other matters. Meanwhile, the guys were confirming their plans.

“That was great. It went exactly as planned,” Ryan said.

“I can’t believe you, man. First there was the thing with Jessica and now this. I’m amazed that it all went down just how you said it would,” said Jack while Jerry nodded his agreement.

“I knew that she really wanted that award, but I can’t believe how easily she fell for that. She’s so prideful when it comes to the whole girls versus guys thing. Anyway, I’ve got it set up. Now y’all have to do your parts. Jerry, are you ready for the first part?”

“I’ve got ‘Operation Faux Fundraiser’ all set up. Jack and the other five of us will go around to each of the dorms collecting change after next week’s meeting. We’ll make sure that the girls ‘accidentally’ find out about it. Matthew has been selected to leak the information.”

“Matthew? Can he handle it? He’s not the best liar that I’ve ever seen.”

“He won’t be lying. As far as he knows, the money raised that night will be our total amount, and we won’t have any more plans for raising more. I’ll let slip the amount in his presence and make him promise not to tell Carol. You know that he can’t keep anything from her.”

“Awesome. I’m going to have to keep a closer eye on you; you’re more devious than even I thought. Jack, what about our real fundraiser?”

“As you know, as social chair, I handle getting two members to go to the Good Citizens Club meeting each week. Next week, I’ll make sure that you and I are the two lucky volunteers. I’ve already spoken to the Citizens President, and he’s agreed to let you speak for a few minutes on how worthy the Collegiate Citizens Club International Service Goal is. From my experience, with all the money in that room, passing the hat should net us anywhere from $500 to $1500.”

Ryan smiled as he envisioned the post meeting party.

Nine days later, two days after the fundraising contest was announced, the girls got together for a brief meeting to discuss their plans.

“So, do we have any idea of what the guys are up to?” Geri asked.

“Matthew let it slip that the guys raised $267 and change by going around to all the dorms the other night. Matt said that they were pretty pleased with the results and don’t plan on trying to get any more money. He said that anything else added to that total would probably come out of their pockets. Given how poor those guys are, I can’t imagine them being able to come up with more than $25 apiece. I’m making Matthew take me out to dinner this weekend, so I’m positive that he’s not going to be contributing anything,” Carol reported.

“Good job. Let’s see, no one else here is dating one of the guys. Do we think we can get Jessica to help out?”

After surveying the looks on the girls faces, Geri answered her own question.

“You’re right. Probably not. Okay. So we’re looking at a max of around $450. That’s not bad. How are we looking?”

“We’ve raised $350 with our car wash,” Amy replied.

“You raised $350 at a car wash?”

“We were sorta wearing bikinis at the time. Hey, a girl’s gotta find time to work on her tan.”

“You’re bad, girl. But, also, very good. Thanks. So with the $350 from the car wash and each of the 20 of us pledging $15, that gives us $650. We have it in the bag.”

The night of the big meeting arrived with the girls brimming with confidence. Meanwhile, the three guys in the know tried their best to appear doubtful of the outcome while the rest of the guys didn’t have to act. The meeting was probably the quickest of the year as everyone was anxious to get to the final event.

After ringing the bell signifying the closing of the meeting, Geri announced, “Okay. That ends our formal meeting. What happens next is not in any way official Collegiate Citizens Club business. We’re going to have Jerry and Amy both count each team’s money. At the conclusion of the count, either the girls or the boys, depending on who raised the least money, are going to have to strip to only their underwear. Just boxers or briefs for the guys or just bras and panties for the girls. If you stay in the room for the reading of the results, you must participate in the stripping, and you must behave as if you were completely dressed. No covering. Additionally, either Ryan or myself will keep stripping after the rest of you have finished, and one of us will end up completely nude. Any questions?

“Does anyone wish to leave?”

The room was still, but a couple of the guys, knowing they hadn’t done anything to raise money after their night going door-to-door looked toward the exit. The girls, with the exception of Jessica, were all giddy with excitement about seeing the guys strip down while Jessica was giddy with an excitement of a different nature.

“Okay then. Jerry. Amy. Get counting.”

Following a policy of ladies first, the two person accounting team discovered that the girls’ team had actually beat their projected goal by more than $50 to finish with a grand total of $711.

The guys then produced an old bag containing wadded up dollar bills and rolls of change. After a quick count, Jerry and Amy arrived at a grand total of $364.

“That’s pathetic guys. I guess y’all better start stripping,” Geri gloated.

“Actually,” said Ryan, “I believe they may have missed an envelope in the bottom.”

Sure enough, Amy turned the bag over and a sealed envelope fell out. Opening it up, she discovered to her horror an envelope full of 25 $100 bills.

“Uh, Geri, perhaps you had better come see this,” Amy said quietly.

Geri’s face fell as she saw the wad of cash.

“Where… How…”

“I told y’all that y’all couldn’t compete with us,” Ryan said confidently. “Unless you girls have a secret reserve of cash that you are planning on springing on us, I do believe that the girls’ team has lost. It’s time to pay up.”

‘From the thrill of victory to the agony of defeat’ adequately described the range of emotions that overwhelmed 19 of the girls in the room.

Amy was the first to realize the consequence of losing. Having complete confidence in her body, she stood up and started stripping. Carol, Amber, and Rachel, her bikini car wash buddies, quickly followed suit. Soon the four of them were looking really good dressed in only their underwear.

Eight other members, who mostly possessed very average bodies, were hesitant to be the first one undressed, but, once the ice had been broken, gave into the inevitable and removed their outer clothes.

Before they had completely finished undressing, five more girls began reluctantly shucking their shoes and unbuttoning their pants.

The guys were trying to look everywhere at once. So many girls that they had eyed for so long were now wearing very little. It was a smorgasbord for the eyes. Big bra-encased breasts and little bra-encased breasts. Lacy, frilly bras and study grandma-type bras. Amy and her friends were wearing thongs! It was all so amazing.

Soon, there were only three girls left, standing awkwardly, with all their clothes on – Melinda, Jessica, and Geri. Ryan called for the group’s attention and pointed out this fact to everyone. Now the three reluctant ladies were going to have an audience for their big reveal.

Though Geri could be thought of as chunky, Melinda was quite overweight. She had not been thin at the start of college, and two years of too much drinking and too little exercise had not been kind to her waistline. On the other hand, it had been very kind to her bustline.

Melinda, quite simply, had the biggest breasts anyone in the room had ever seen.

Ryan went over to her and guided her to the front of the room.

“Melinda, I’m sorry, but you knew the rules,” he said as kindly as he could.

Her voice trembled as she quietly replied, “I know.”

Without further bidding, she began the agonizing process of revealing most of her form to her friends. Leaning on the desk, she brought first one foot than the other up to remove her sneakers and socks. Now barefoot, she looked for a second like she was going to back down. After only that moment, however, she reached for the snap of her blue jeans.

No one at college, not even her roommates, had seen her not fully dressed as she always got ready in the bathroom. Melinda shook as she undid the snap and struggled to lower the zipper. ‘Why did I stay?’ She thought. ‘Oh, why did I stay?’

Having been assured that the contest was in the bag, she had not given a single thought to the possibility of losing. ‘Oh God, what underwear am I wearing?’ she wondered, frantically searching her memory.

Pulling down her jeans was agonizing for her, but the crowd loved it. As her blue grandma-panties with the yellow smiley faces and her thick legs came into view, the club members ‘oohed’ softly, almost involuntarily, as they sensed her embarrassment.

Soon the jeans lay in a pile on the floor at her feet, and Melinda reluctantly deserted them by picking up her feet one at a time. As embarrassing as everyone seeing her panties and legs underneath her too-short t-shirt, she just couldn’t imagine how bad it would be for them to see her fat stomach and mammoth breasts. In just a few moments, she wouldn’t have to imagine it.

Have stepped out of the jeans, there was nowhere else to go but the shirt. With a hint of a tear forming in her eye, she grasped the bottom of the t-shirt with both hands. Slowly, the line of skin revealed by the rising material widened. She winced as she noticed her stomach rolling over the top of the waistband of her panties, and winced even more as the bottom of her blue bra came into the view of her friends.

‘The blue bra,’ she realized. ‘Why did it have to be the blue one? That is the worst possible one. It will show my cleavage to just above my nipples. And it’s so thin. What if they start standing up?’

As if called by the stray thought, her nipples sprang up just as her audience was being treated to the full view of her bra-encased breasts. Sobbing softly with embarrassment, she finished what she started and pulled the shirt over her head and let it fall, reluctantly, to the ground.

The club erupted with applause.

“Wow girl, why have you been hiding those? Those are awesome,” Ryan enthused.

Smiling weakly as she was too overcome to speak, she quietly slipped to the back of the room.

‘Eighteen down, two to go,’ Ryan thought.

“Alrighty then. That was amazing. Don’t y’all agree?”

After the wolf whistles subsided and a few of the girls had gone to Melinda and given her a hug, he continued, “Okay. I guess that brings us to Jessica. Come on up here, Love.”

Jessica, having dressed to Ryan’s exact specifications, looked incredible. She was wearing a light, low-cut sundress that swished up enough as she walked that you could just see the tops of her white stockings. Her blonde hair was exactly how he liked it, long and flowing halfway down her back. The green in the dress brought out the green in her eyes, and the bustier that he knew she was wearing underneath enhanced her cleavage perfectly. High-heeled leather boots that reached up to just below her knees completed the look.

“Give us a little twirl,” he said as she reached the front of the room.

With all eyes upon her and knowing what was going to happen next, Jessica timidly turned in a circle.

“That’s not a twirl. That’s a… Actually, I have no idea what that is, but it’s not a twirl.”

Resolving to willingly do what he said, she put more effort into the spin this time. The effect was stunning. As she reached the halfway point of her turn, her short dress reached its apex, revealing her the back of her thong, her garter belt, and fine fishnet stockings.

Upon witnessing the beginning of this spectacle, the crowd collectively leaned forward sensing that this strip tease might be even more interesting than Melinda’s.

“Okay, club members, what should we start with, the dress or the boots?” Ryan queried.

“I make a motion that we start with the dress,” Jack piped in.

Seconds came in from a majority of the spectators.

“All in favor? I think that the ayes have it. Would you like me to unzip you?”

“Please,” she quietly replied.

Ryan reached back and grasped the top of the zipper between his fingers. He pulled it all the way down from the where it started halfway up her back to its ending point just above her behind. He grasped her shoulders and leaned in to give her a peck on the check and whispered in her ear, “You can do this. I love you, baby.”

Encouraged by his kind words, Jessica brought her hands up to grasp each of the dress’ two spaghetti straps at her shoulder. Wordlessly, she slowly lowered the straps until her arms hung down perpendicular to the floor bringing A-cup breasts, enhanced and just barely encased by a lacy white bustier, into view. With the dress still at her waste as a result of the death grip in which she held the straps, she began to force her clenched fists to open.

Freed from her clutches, the dress slid to the ground as gravity exerted its influence, leaving Jessica wearing only all-white lingerie consisting of bustier, garter belt, stockings, and see-thru thong panties that contrasted nicely with her black knee-high boots.

‘Damn, that’s sexy,’ was the only thing that Ryan could think.

Resisting the urge to rush the rest of the proceeding so that he could get his new girlfriend home to bed, Ryan quickly recovered.

“That’s a shame.”

“What’s a shame, Ryan?” called out someone from the captivated audience.

Jessica tensed as he replied, “Well, the rules specifically stated that the losers could only wear bra and panties. I’m pretty sure a bustier doesn’t count.”

“It looks like we have three choices for next item to be removed. Obviously, she can’t take off the stocking without taking off the boots, but we could pick the bustier, the boots, or the garter belt. What do you think?”

Not believing that he was actually going to strip his girlfriend in front of them to just the brief panties that she was wearing, someone called out for the garter belt.

“Garter belt it is, then.”

Grateful for the reprieve, Jessica bent over to undo the garter from her stockings. The crowd gasped as the view of her chest offered to them left little to the imagination. Jessica blushed fiercely, but continued unlatching the belt until all four straps hung loose. Straightening up, she reached behind her back to finish unhooking the garter belt from her waist and finally let it slip to the floor.

“More build up, or go for the gusto. Hard to decide, hard to decide. Screw it, let’s go for the top.”

He was actually going to do it. He was going to make her get nearly naked in front of all of them!

“Do you need help, baby?”

Jessica, speechless from her complete humiliation, meekly nodded.

Ryan walked behind her and began unlatching the many fasteners. Soon the device was held in place only by the frantic clutching of Jessica’s hands at her front.

The crowd, male and female alike, were titillated beyond belief as she shyly lowered the lingerie and dropped it to the floor.

There she stood, topless, with see-thru panties facing a room full of people that she knew, and all she could think about was how soon she could get Ryan into a bed!

“I personally prefer the look with the boots, but the rules are clear. The boots and stockings have to go.”

After she had bent over to remove her footgear, Ryan made her pose for a minute more, standing there, hands at her sides, showing off. Before she left, she had to turn around and show off the thong, too.

Finally, her strip was over, and she retreated to the back of the room.

“All right, that was a great warm-up. Now for the main event.”

Geri, excited and still not quite realizing just what the girls’ loss was going to cost her, wondered, ‘If that was just the warm-up, what could possible be the main event?’ just as Ryan called for her to come up to the front.

Then she remembered the side bet. Not only did her team, and her, have to strip to their underwear, but she had to strip totally. She wouldn’t. She couldn’t. Surely, they wouldn’t make her.

Melinda, seething over her memory of Geri’s ‘sure thing,’ grabbed Geri by the arm and physically forced her into position beside Ryan.

“Ryan, surely you don’t mean that I have too…” Geri started.

“Strip naked. Yes, indeed. That was the deal.”

Ryan couldn’t believe how much his confidence had improved since that night last week with Jessica. A month ago, he could barely talk to a girl if she was at all attractive, and now he calmly ordered girls to strip while everyone watched.

Geri couldn’t believe that this was happening. Ever since they made the wager, she had fantasized about doing this strip, but to actually go through with it? She couldn’t. These were her friends. She dealt with them every day. How could she still be their club president if they all saw her naked? Besides, she didn’t have the body for this. Her waist was too big and her breasts weren’t big enough.

“Geri, I know that you’re an honorable person. I also know that, if it were me in your position, you’d be making me do what I’m asking you to do. So what’s it going to be – your honor or your clothes?”

Say what you will about Geri, but you can’t question her honor. She had been raised to not welch on a bet, no matter the cost. She realized that she had to do it. She had to strip completely naked in front of everyone there. Worse yet, she’d be the only one that was completely naked as Jessica at least had something on, regardless of how insubstantial it is.

Pulling away from Melinda, Geri bent down to untie first one shoe and then the next. Without rising, she quickly shucked them off and then got rid of her socks. ‘Now comes the hard part,’ she thought.

Standing up and staring out into the room while trying desperately not to make eye contact with anyone, she began to fiddle with the connector on her shorts. Her trembling hands just couldn’t seem to make the button work. Finally, she got it loose. Relieved because she didn’t have to ask someone to help her, she quickly undid the zipper and slid the shorts down her legs.

As her plain white cotton panties came into view, she was mesmerized by the thought that all these people she knew could see her panties. ‘Snap out of it,’ she angrily told herself. ‘They’ll be seeing a lot more soon.’

Stepping out of her shorts, she decided that the Band-Aid approach would probably be best, and she quickly grabbed her shirt and whipped it off.

‘At least I have on a full bra that matches. Like it’s going to matter in a few seconds. I can’t believe that I’m doing this. They’re all going to see my huge nipples and floppy breasts. I can’t do this.’

In order not to lose the momentum that she had gained, she quickly reached her hand behind her back to undo her bra. Before she had even realized what she had done, the bra was off, and she was flashing her entire club.

Standing there on wobbly legs, she thought, ‘Here goes nothing. Literally.’

With that, she tucked the thumb of each hand into the waistband of her panties and shoved down. Keeping her mind blank, she let the thin material fall to her ankles. With a sense of finality, of saying goodbye to her modesty forever, she lifted her feet out and kicked away her final piece of covering.

Not knowing what to do, she stood there, hands at her side, as everyone stared at her in all her glory.

“What now?” someone in the crowd had the audacity to ask (It had to be Matthew, no one else would have dared.).

“Lingerie Contest!!!” Ryan shouted.

“How about five contestants? Who are my nominees?”

“Geri.”

“Excellent suggestion. Next.”

“Jessica.”

“Amy.”

“Carol.” Ryan was sure that Matthew would be spending the night on the couch, if not in his car, with that suggestion.

“Melinda.”

“Okay, that’s five. Girls, come on down.

“Here’re the rules. One by one, each girl will step out in front of the others and strut her stuff. The one who gets the loudest applause is the winner. The winner gets to get dressed, and the rest lose an article of clothing. Since Geri has nothing left, if she loses, she goes home dressed exactly the way that she is right now.”

“Everyone agree? Great,” Ryan said acknowledging the cheers from the crowd and ignoring the protests from the majority of the contestants.

“How about alphabetical order? Amy, you’re up.”

The crowd didn’t seem to like Amy’s confidence as she stepped up front. She was so self-assured that she didn’t exude any vulnerability. Even though her tight body was awesome and the overall package quite amazing, she only got a smattering of cheers as she gyrated to a beat only she could hear. At the end of her minute, she was disappointed as she stepped back in line.

“Thank you, Amy. Carol?”

Carol, though beautiful, also didn’t draw much of a reaction from the crowd. After seeing the vulnerability of Melinda, Jessica, and Geri, the confidence of these pretty girls with incredible bodies did nothing to win their appreciation. It was almost a dead even tie between Carol and Amy until Carol flashed the crowd. That action brought some decent cheers, but surely not enough to allow her to win this competition.

“Awesome, Carol. That’s the spirit. Now let’s hear it for your totally naked pres, Geri.”

Geri, still stunned from taking off her clothes in front of everyone, walked forward expressionlessly. Though the crowd truly appreciated her giving it her all, so to speak, they just couldn’t elicit enough of a response from her to justify their votes. She got her biggest applause as she finally turned around while walking back showing off her large derriere.

“Okay, Geri. Thanks. Now for my girl, Jessica.”

The scantily clad Jessica was an instant hit. The crowd could tell that she was hugely turned on by her state of attire but, at the same time, mortified that they were seeing her like this. With their encouragement, she presented some awe-inspiring sights to her audience. Probably, however, they could tell that, down deep, she wasn’t really dancing for them as much as for Ryan.

“Wasn’t she great? Don’t you love her? I know I do. Finally, Melinda.”

Melinda, encouraged from the response she had gotten earlier, had developed a little more courage. While she walked to the front, Ryan started the chant, “Show us. Show us.”

Overcoming her embarrassment and throwing caution to the wind, Melinda began unlatching her bra! The crowd cheered wildly as it came completely unhooked, held in place only by her left hand. Melinda turned around, and, with her huge butt facing the crowd, tossed her bra over her head into the audience. Turning back around with her hands covering her chest, she began dancing. Finally, after bringing the spectators to the brink, she lowered her arms and let her gigantic breasts come into view. But she didn’t stop there.

Further encouraged by the wild cheers from her friends, she pulled off her panties and threw them away too. There she danced with her breasts jiggling wildly, nothing hidden, thoroughly separated from her clothes.

“I think we have a winner!” Ryan exclaimed as he stepped in to raise Melinda’s hand in victory. “To the victor goes the clothes, to the losers…”

As Melinda, realizing that she just stripped naked in front of EVERYONE, walked out into the crowd to retrieve her clothing, Amy and Carol stepped forward to pay up by removing their tops and, caught up in the spirit of the moment, their bottoms too.

Ryan moved to behind Jessica and relieved her of her final covering.

With the original 30-minute period now long past, most of the girls began pulling on their clothes. Melinda never was able to find her underwear but did manage to at least find her jeans and t-shirt. Amy and Carol, who put back on their t-shirts and thongs but didn’t bother with the rest, promised the escort Geri back to her dorm safely and nude. Finally, only Ryan, Jack, Jerry, and the still naked Jessica were left.

“How did y’all manage to get $2500 anyway?” Jerry asked. “I thought that Jack said he should raise between $500 to $1500 at the meeting.”

“Simple. I discretely mentioned my plan to a few of the wealthier members and promised to let them see the video.”

THE END