Geri

Geri at the Office

Ryan had been out of school for several years when he decided to post his stories on the ASN Story Board. He made sure to change names and details to protect both the innocent and the guilty, so he didn’t feel that it was necessary to ask his friends their permission to make his submissions. He did, however, send them an email soon after posting the stories to let them know what he had done and where they could go to read the material.

At the time of the stories’ publication, Geri had just started working at a small firm in a completely unfamiliar city. Since her salary wasn’t as high as she would have liked and her expenses - student loans, new car note, rent, etc. - were a lot higher than she had expected, she was trying to save money by using only her cell phone, meaning no land line for cheap dial-up service, and going without cable. This situation left her with no home Internet access at all.

At first, it wasn’t too bad. She used her work access to check her Yahoo email account, and her boss didn’t really mind a little personal ‘net time as long as it wasn’t excessive. She did try really hard to avoid being on the Internet too much as she didn’t want to look bad to her new employers. Then she received Ryan’s email.

The curiosity was too much for her. She had to know what he had written.

The stories brought back intense memories for her. She hadn’t had a boyfriend for quite a while and had no prospects at the moment. The stories made her relive some very sexually exciting times from her past.

Unfortunately, once she started reading, it was hard for her to stop. She found other sites that had similar content and devoured all the stories there as well. She did her best to limit her reading to before and after work and during her lunch hour and figured that no one would notice or really cared what she did as long as her work got done on time.

Meanwhile, Chuck, the office IT guy, had noticed the Geri spent most of her lunch hours glued to her desk staring intently at her monitor. He really didn’t think much about it until the day that he passed by her open office and noticed her looking quite flushed and her arm appearing to be moving beneath her desk.

‘Porn,’ he thought.

Somewhat curious to see what turned on the firm’s newest employee, he used his admin access to check what Internet sites Geri’s computer had been visiting. Once he found out, his first thought was to wonder if those stories about ‘Geri’ were about Geri, and, if so, if they were true. Regardless, it seemed to him that, if she’s that into reading about this stuff, maybe she has some fantasies about being stripped. He began to think a lot about how he could take advantage of this situation. The story on the board about the girl who had soup spilled on her skirt at the office really got him to thinking hard.

It was Friday morning when got the interoffice message on her computer:

“Geri,

Please see me in my office just before lunch. Thanks.

Chuck”

Geri didn’t know Chuck all that well. She knew that he was the office’s computer guy in addition to having duties similar to the rest of the employees. Though curious as to what he wanted, she certainly didn’t think that the request had anything to do with her surfing habits.

End of Part 1

It was exactly 11:25 when she showed up in his office.

“Geri. Please come in. Shut the door behind you and have a seat,” Chuck said pleasantly. “Tell me, have you heard any stories about Paul Ritther?”

“I think so. Isn’t he the guy who left right before I was hired?” Geri replied.

“Left is one way to put it. It isn’t widely known around the office, but Paul was fired. Fired for looking at porn on the company computer.”

Geri’s stomach dropped at hearing that statement.

“The boss hates porn (‘Yeah, right,’ Chuck thought, ‘The boss thinks that XXX is too soft.’). He has me spot check computer usage to make sure that employees don’t go to any inappropriate sites. Once I find someone, I have to report that individual to him. That’s what I did with Paul. I figured he’d get a warning or something. Boy, was I wrong. Canned immediately. The boss barely gave him a chance to box up his stuff (‘That part is true at least. Though Paul never looked at porn that I know of. Losing that huge account sure ticked off the boss, though.’)

“Paul and I were best friends (‘I couldn’t stand that idiot.’) I feel terrible about what happened to him, but it’s my behind on the line if I didn’t report him and the boss found out about it.

“Now, I’ve found someone else visiting porn sites. Have you ever heard of the ‘ASN Story Board?’”

Geri just sat there in stunned silence.

“That site, among others of similar content, have been visited a lot from your computer. I hate to turn you in, but I don’t really have a choice,” he continued.

“Please…” Geri started, “I can’t lose this job. I won’t do it anymore. I swear. No one else will know.”

“What if the boss has someone else that I don’t know about checking over my shoulder? If I don’t report you, I get fired too. It’s just not worth it for me.”

Geri burst into tears, and Chuck pretended to melt at her display.

“Okay, let’s think about this for a minute. You don’t want to lose your job, and I really don’t want to turn you in. But I don’t want to risk my job. Is there anything that you can offer to make it worth it to me to risk my job?”

“You want me to have sex with you?” Geri almost yelled.

“NO! Not that. I got to tell you, though. Some of those stories were pretty exciting. I can’t imagine seeing a girl actually go through some of those things. That would be worth a pretty good amount to me.

“Tell me, did you ever fantasize about doing any of that stuff?”

“Like what?”

“Any of it. Did that turn you on?”

Geri looked at him speechlessly.

“C’mon. Give me something here.”

“I don’t like talking about that kind of stuff with virtual strangers.”

“Geri, let me make sure that you understand the situation. I caught you redhanded doing something that can get you fired. My job is to report your indiscretion. If I don’t do my job, I could get fired. I need for you to make it worth my while to risk my livelihood for you.”

“Okay. I understand. It’s just hard talking about sexual fantasies with people.”

“Hey, I can understand that. But I really need you to do this for me,” Chuck said.

“I did some stuff in college. Some of it was even posted in the stories. (‘Hot damn!’ Chuck thought, ‘That stuff IS true.’) I guess reading about it made me sorta relive it.”

“So, what did it feel like for you to do that kind of stuff?”

“It was horrible. I’d never have chosen to do it. A lot of people saw me totally naked. I wasn’t even allowed to cover myself at all. I was so embarrassed. My body is ugly. I can’t believe people saw it. But…”

“But?”

“Well, it was sorta exciting too. I never before or since experienced… Well, you know, that feeling, as much as I did after one of those episodes. Reading the stories wasn’t the same for me, but it came a lot closer than anything else.”

“So, would you ever consider doing anything like that again?”

“Absolutely not!” Geri exclaimed resolutely.

“That’s too bad. Because I think it would have been worth it to me to see something like that. I think that we could have come to an arrangement.”

“Like what?”

End of Part 2

Chuck made his offer.

“Okay, how about this. You give me, say, IOU’s for 5 different occasions. Like that Tammy girl in the stories. When I give you an IOU back, you have to do what I say for as long as I want.”

“5!!! And for anything that you want? No way.” Geri replied. “I want my job, but there’s no way I’m committing myself to do ‘anything’ that you want. And 5 are way too many. And each lasts and indefinite amount of time? No way.”

“Maybe we can negotiate some. But this has to be worth it for me not to risk my job. What’s your biggest concern?”

“The ‘anything’ clause. What if you say I have to have sex with you or someone else or and someone else. I won’t do it.”

“Okay. I can understand that. How about the ‘anything’ means anything except any sexual touching of any kind. That’s my best offer on that though. Do you accept?”

“That’s still tough. How about if I just do one IOU? I can live with that.”

“That’s pushing it a little too far. I’ll lower it to 3, but this is a take it or leave it offer. Yes or no?”

Geri already started to feel a stirring down below as she mouthed the word “Yes.”

“Okay,” Chuck started, “Write out 3 IOU’s to me.”

As soon as she complied with his order, he handed one of them back to her.

“Here we go. To begin with, give me all your clothes except your top.”

“What? Here? Now?” Geri cried.

“C’mon. You knew that something like this was going to happen as soon as you said yes. No time to be bashful. Start with your jacket.”

As Geri took off her conservative gray jacket to reveal a light pink sleeveless shirt that barely reached her waist beneath, Chuck pulled out a box from behind his desk.

“Into the box with it.”

Geri almost started sobbing as she placed the garment in the container and then stepped back.

“What are you waiting for?” Chuck questioned.

Startled out of her stupor, Geri silently slipped off her very sensible shoes and placed them into the box as well. Not wanted to anger Chuck any further, she quickly followed up the action by reaching under her skirt and slipping off each of her stockings. After pitching them into their new home, she hesitated briefly.

‘This is the moment of truth. The first real piece of clothing to go,’ she thought as she reached behind her to unfasten her skirt. She began shaking lightly as she reluctantly lowered the item of clothing.

Each inch brought more of her bright red panties into Chuck’s view.

‘Nice,’ Chuck thought, ‘Maybe I should go ahead and make her get naked now. No. Best to stick with the original plan. The anticipation will make it worth it.’

Stepping out of the skirt was unimaginably hard for Geri. She couldn’t believe that this was happening to her again. Here she was standing in front of a coworker with her belly and panties exposed. And about to lose the panties!!!

She fervently hoped that Chuck didn’t notice the smell or the growing wet spot on the front of those panties as she placed the skirt in the receptacle.

Now the final piece. Grasping at every shred of resolve left in her, she yanked the panties down and had them in the box before she had a chance to think about her action.

Almost involuntarily, her hands clasped in front of her thick hair as she stood before him.

“What are you waiting for now?” Chuck asked.

“What do you mean? You said all but the top.”

“I’m almost positive I see a bra there underneath that thin shirt.”

She had forgotten about the bra.

She quickly reached both hands around behind her back to unclasp the bra before she realized the view that that gave him. She almost laughed at her modesty when she did realize. She had just agreed to do anything nudity related that this guy wanted, and she was worried about him seeing her bush?

Using a method no guy can understand, she quickly took the bra off without removing the shirt and placed it with the rest of her clothes in the box.

She never knew how she should stand when someone forced her to take off her clothes in front of them. Covering seemed silly; they could just order her to uncover, which might anger them. She chose the submissive hands by her side approach this time.

“Nice,” Chuck said. “Good job. Now, return to your desk. I’ll come see you at the end of the day.”

End of Part 3

“I can’t go out there. I don’t have any pants on!” Geri cried.

“Calm down. We’re the only two people in the office at the moment. Everyone else went out to lunch.” Chuck replied.

“You want me to go back to my office and stay there all afternoon like this?!? What if someone finds out? I can’t.”

“Sure you can. It’ll be easy. Your desk has a privacy screen; no one can see under it. You face the door. As long as no one comes around to your side of the desk and you don’t get up, it won’t be a problem. One additional rule, though. You are to go directly from your desk from here. Once you reach your desk, if you get up again to go anywhere, your shirt stays behind. Now go!”

Not fully convinced of the wisdom of this idea but afraid of upsetting the man who had the majority of her clothes sitting on his desk, Geri turned to leave the office. She missed the appreciative look on Chuck’s face as her rear end came into his view; she was much more concerned with making sure no one else saw anything.

Apparently, though, Chuck was right. There didn’t seem to be anyone else around. She didn’t hear anyone’s keyboard or mouse clicking or the sound of anyone talking on the phone. There were no signs of life as she stepped out of the relative protection of Chuck’s office.

It was a weird experience walking through her firm’s office barefoot. She smiled at that thought. It was even weirder walking through it bare assed.

Part of her was absolutely terrified. She was walking through her place of employment wearing only a thin, sleeveless shirt that barely reached below her navel. Anyone could walk in at any time and see her like this. One of her coworkers had already seen her like this, had forced her to do this.

She made it back to her office as quickly as possible. She had just reached her destination when her stomach rumbled.

‘Oh crap,’ she thought, ‘I haven’t eaten yet.’

She had stayed up late last night reading a book and, consequently, had overslept a bit this morning causing her to have to skip breakfast. If she missed lunch too, she’d never make it through the afternoon. Also, though she didn’t need to go badly now, she didn’t think she’d be able to make it the rest of the day without a restroom break. A quick glance at the monitor on her desk indicated that it wasn’t quite noon yet.

‘If everyone went out, that means they’d have to get a table for 7. Surely lunch for that many will take at least a full hour if not more. I should have time to fix lunch before they get back. What about the other offices, though?’ she thought.

The small, two-story building was home to multiple companies, and the breakroom and restrooms were shared by all the tenants. At least the kitchenette was located on her floor. It really wasn’t THAT far away – just a little way down the hall. The only people who would be in a position to see her would be someone coming to their office or someone going to the breakroom itself. The bathroom was more of a problem. It was located downstairs off the main lobby. She’d just have to be careful and chance it.

Remembering Chuck’s added rule, she whipped her shirt off and placed it in one of her desk drawers. Now fully naked in her office, she began to make her way to the front door.

‘I can’t believe I’m doing this! I don’t have any clothes on!’ she thought, hysterically.

Though it was a weird experience, traversing the rest of her firm’s office was not much of a problem. She knew that she and Chuck were the only ones there, and Chuck would be seeing her completely nude at some point anyway. Opening the door into and stepping into the exterior hallway was terrifying, though.

She began by gently opening the door and peeking out, keeping her body hid behind the wall. Seeing, and hearing, no movement, she took at deep breath and moved out into the corridor.

The two-story building was roughly shaped like a “T”, except the bottom part to the “T” was only about a quarter as long as the top. Geri’s office was at one end of the “T” on the second floor, and the corridor ran all the way to the other end with offices on both sides. A separate corridor, which contained the elevator and access to the remainder of the offices, intersected at the center of the building.

With the .com bust, office space in the city in which she lived was plentiful, and this building showed the effects. Out of the entire structure, only three tenant spaces were occupied. The second floor had her small firm, a medium sized company took up the space on the first floor on the opposite end from Geri’s, and the remaining firm took up the bottom section of the “T” on both floors.

Since most people used the elevator, which was in an entirely separate corridor, no one except visitors to her firm should be using the corridor that she was in.

Still, she felt very exposed in the middle of the hallway. Technically, even though the chances were against it, anyone could come around the corner up ahead at any time. She quickly padded past the empty spaces until she reached the open door of the breakroom.

The light coming from the room made her nervous. She was pretty sure that the other companies in the building had their own refrigerators and microwaves, because she never saw anyone other than her coworkers using this room. Knowing that, though, and passing an open door while completely nude are two different things.

She decided that caution was the best approach. She tiptoed to the door and listened for a second. The only sound was the hum of the refrigerator. Cautiously, she peeked into the room.

‘Good deal,’ she thought, ‘it’s empty. Now, should I do my lunch first or the restroom first?’

She had brought soup today, and, with the low power microwave she had available, knew that it would need at least four to five minutes to warm up. She quickly decided that the best bet would be to start her food heating up while she attended to her other needs.

It only took her a few moments to grab her stuff from the fridge and pop it in the microwave. Then she was on her way.

‘Now the hard part,’ she thought.

She left the room using the same basic procedure that she had used before. Peek out and listen, then go. So far, she was lucky and saw no movement.

Her luck continued as she made it to the stairwell located just before the intersection of corridors. As weird as the carpet felt on her bare feet, the hard surface of the stairs was even worse as she descended down to the first floor.

Now came the absolute worst part. The restrooms were located on the opposite side of the lobby from the stairwell. To reach them, she’d have to cross the completely open space.

It was surreal to her to look out the tinted windows of the lobby and know that the tint was the only thing keeping the passengers in cars passing on the highway from seeing her in all her glory. The crossing wasn’t as bad as she thought, however. She figured out that anyone using the elevator would alert her to their presence in plenty of time to hide, she had a clear view of the parking lot and anyone who may be entering the building through the front, and the interior of the lobby wasn’t really visible to anyone in the building.

Just as she reached the ladies’ restroom, the door for the men’s room opposite started opening!

End of Part 4

Geri quickly rushed into the Ladies Room as the Men’s Room door opened. She knew that there was the risk of the room being occupied, but the possibility of there being someone in the room was much better than the certainty of being seen if she stayed where she was. Heart pounding, she almost tripped over a mop bucket as she made her way to the last stall. Thankfully, she was able to keep her feet, and she encountered no one.

Just as she made it into the stall, the door opened and a voice called out “Housekeeping.”

Thinking quickly, she yelled back “Occupied.”

Knowing that the janitor was a man, she figured that that call would make him go away. Otherwise, if he came into clean, he’d just end up discovering that it was occupied anyway.

“I just need to grab my bucket. I’ve already mopped and cleaned in here. Do you mind?” the janitor called.

“Go ahead. It’s not a problem.”

‘Anything to get him away from here,’ Geri thought.

She sat on the toilet and waited to hear the sound of the door closing that would indicate that the janitor had left. Finally, the sound came, and she gratefully relieved herself, letting out a sigh as she finished.

Suddenly, she became aware of the excitement of her situation and her body’s response to that excitement. She had just walked completely nude through half her building and narrowly missed being caught by the janitor!!! She was now dripping wet.

Unable to help herself, she began to rub her clit. She continued until she was on the edge of climax and then began using those same fingers for penetration, massaging herself until she came hard. She continued again and again until she was near exhaustion.

When she was finally able to control breathing again, she had the panicked thought ‘How long have I been in here?’

Quickly as she could, she cleaned herself up and thoroughly washed her hands. Wasting no time, she quickly made sure that the lobby was clear and began making her way back to the stairwell. She reached it without complications and headed back up to the 2nd Floor. Again, she encountered no problems and made her way back to the breakroom.

When she finally made it to the microwave, she was horrified to find that the clock read 12:30.

‘Crap, crap, crap, crap, crap. They’ll be back at any time. I have to hurry,’ she thought.

Almost on cue, she heard the distant ding announcing the elevator’s arrival on the floor and sounds that indicated that her coworkers had indeed made it back.

She quickly looked around the room for cover. Thinking quickly, she pulled the garbage can out from the wall and ducked down behind it. With it in front of her and the fridge beside her, someone would pretty much have to be on top of her to see her.

From the sounds, Geri figured that all seven of her coworkers had made it past the door without stopping in or noticing anything amiss. She was just going to hide for a few more moments to give them time to actually get into the office when she heard someone shuffle into the room.

The sounds got closer and closer until she saw a shadow fall around her and heard a voice say “Well, what have we here?”

It was the janitor.

End of Part 5

Gus was 58 years old and was pretty sure that he had never been in a situation like this one. He was making his rounds, about to empty the wastecan in the breakroom, when he spied a rather rubenesque shape hunched down in the corner. Though her arms were covering all her important bits, the inescapable conclusion that he came to was that she wasn’t wearing any clothes!

He was pretty sure it was the new girl working for the firm up here in the corner. But what the heck is she doing in the lunch room naked?

“What are you doing back there?” he asked.

“I lost a bet to a coworker. I had to go get my lunch naked. The only problem is that my other coworkers came back before I had a chance to get back. Please help me,” said Geri, thinking quickly.

“I don’t know. With all this sexual harassment junk I keep hearing about, I don’t want to get myself in trouble. Maybe I should call security,” he said, referring to the offsite rentacops the owner hired mainly in order to get lower premiums on the insurance.

“No!!!. Please don’t do that! I don’t want to be arrested,” Geri replied, sounding on the verge of tears as she remembered the last time that she was led away in handcuffs while naked.

Gus knew that situations like this didn’t come along often, and, when they did, you had to take advantage of them.

“I’ll tell you what, I don’t get to see naked girls everyday on this job. If you’ll come out from behind there and do a little turn for me, and stop covering up, I won’t call security.”

Geri thought about it briefly, but she really didn’t have much choice. It was either give this guy a little show or risk being escorted out of the building by the police.

Slowly and reluctantly, she stood up, her legs still shaky from her session in the restroom. Even more reluctantly, she dropped her arms so that the janitor had an unobstructed view of her entire body.

“Great, now give me a slow turn,” Gus ordered.

Geri’s face turned even redder as she complied with his request. She couldn’t believe that she was in this situation. Here she was, a highly, or at least moderately, paid professional, butt naked in front of the janitor, twirling around to give him a good show. When she finally finished her humiliating turn, she stood there speechless, arms still by her side out of fear of angering the old man.

Gus whistled to himself in appreciation and said “Good job. That pays me to keep quiet about all this, and I’m a man of my word. Now how are you going to get back into your office?”

Geri hadn’t even thought about that. What was she going to do? With her coworkers now back from lunch, there was no way to sneak past them without someone seeing her.

End of Part 6

“Crap!!! I hadn’t even thought about that! What am I going to do? There’s no way I can sneak past all of them all the way to the back of the office without anyone seeing me,” Geri replied, upset.

“You said to the back of the office?” Gus questioned.

“Yes. What does that have to do with anything?”

“How close is your office to the fire door?”

“Just right across the hall… Wait. Can you get me in through that door without the alarm sounding? That door doesn’t lead outside, does it?” Geri said, beginning to get excited.

“Well, that fire door leads to an exit corridor, and, to answer your unasked question, I don’t think that it would be too terribly hard for me to get you to your desk without anyone seeing.” Gus replied.

“That would be great. Thank you so much.”

“I said that I could do it, not that I would. Your current predicament is interesting. There’s part of me that would love to see you go into that office in front of your coworkers dressed exactly how you are.”

“What? How can you be so mean? Please help me. This isn’t my fault,” Geri pleaded.

“What’s in it for me?”

“What do you want?” Geri asked, wincing at even asking the question.

“I have an idea. My friends are never going to believe me when I tell them about this. If they could meet you, however, that would provide them with proof. On Saturday mornings, I clean another building near here. Alone, it takes me about 5 hours. If I can get my friends to help me, I can do it in 2 or less. How about you meet me there in the morning and help out too?”

“If you can help me out of this situation, I’d gladly do it.”

“It’s a deal. I’ll even let you decide whether you want to strip for us or just leave all your clothes in the car.”

Geri couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

“You can’t be serious. I’m not stripping for you and your friends. And you want me to help y’all clean naked?!?”

“I thought we had a deal. Oh well, good luck getting to your desk. If you don’t mind, I think I’ll stick around a little while to see what happens,” Gus said, smirking.

Geri considered her options for a moment. Try as might, she could not come up a solution that wouldn’t involve even more people seeing her naked. She figured that it would be better to be seen by the janitor’s friends than people she worked with on a daily basis.

“How many friends?” she asked.

“What?” Gus responded, confused.

“How many friends are we talking about tomorrow and how long do I have to stay naked?”

“Just three other guys. As for time, we’ll get there by 10am and should be finished cleaning by noon. You agree to stay through lunch, we’ll order pizza, and we’ll be square. By 1pm, you’ll be on your way home.”

“And there’ll be no one else in the building?”

“No one works on weekends. In the last year, I’ve never seen a single person there besides me on a Saturday morning.”

“Okay. Here’s the deal,” Geri offered. “I show up tomorrow in my own car at 10 tomorrow morning. You give me directions to the building. I’ll put on a little strip show for you and your friends and then stay naked while we clean up and eat lunch, but no more than 3 hours total. After I’m finished, I get my clothes back, and I’m free to go. I’ll do this only if you can get me back to my desk without anyone else seeing me. Deal?”

Gus loved the way she made it sound like it was her own terms when she basically agreed to everything he suggested. He was beginning to think that this girl really enjoyed these kinds of situations.

“Deal,” he replied.

Gus proceeded out into the hallway and made sure that the coast was clear. It was just a short walk down to the fire exit corridor entry. Once he had the door open for her, he motioned her out of the break room.

The journey was still terrifying to Geri, but she felt a little safer with Gus present. She practically sprinted into the open corridor, not mindful at all of the wonderful jiggling her running had produced.

Once Geri was safely in the corridor, Gus, almost breathless from watching her display, closed the door behind them and proceeded to a doorway halfway to the exit.

“This door leads into your office. I’m going to temporarily disable the fire alarm, open it, and peek inside. If the coast is clear, I’ll open it all the way so that you can hurry across to your office.”

Geri nodded and got ready to act. Her heart was pounding with fear at the prospect of one of her coworkers finding her like this, and she was determined to not let that happen.

“Okay, quick now,” Gus said as he threw open the door.

Geri reacted immediately and ran, totally naked, through the doorway and into her office. Luckily, Gus was true to his work and the office was empty.

“See you tomorrow,” Gus said in a loud whisper as he closed the door and disappeared.

End of Part 7

Though she had managed to avoid detection making it to her desk, Geri was seriously worried that the noise she had caused in doing so might attract attention. She hurriedly reached in her desk drawer and pulled out her top. She barely managed to pull it over her head and sit down when her coworker, Bob, appeared at her door.

“Geri, when’d you get here? I thought you were gone.”

“I’ve been around. I had some work to do in the back file room. You must have missed me,” Geri explained.

“Weird. I could’ve sworn that no one past my cubicle and that you weren’t back here. Oh well. So what you got going on this weekend,” Bob continued.

“Not much, you?” Geri asked, not believing that she was carrying on this conversation while nearly naked.

Bob laid out his plans for the weekend and Geri noticed that his eyes seemed to be drifting toward her breasts.

‘Why is he so obviously staring at my chest?’ she wondered.

Then it hit her, she was wearing just her thin blouse with no jacket and no bra. What’s more, her nipples were hard as rocks. Her first impulse was to clutch her hands to her tits to hide them. Her second was to finger herself. She ended up forcing her hands to remain still while she figured out what to do, nodding as he kept up the idle chitchat.

Just as she had decided that she had to get rid of him, and soon, her stomach rumbled. She realized that she never had eaten her soup. Her first thought was to just forget about it, but she was starving!!! She obviously couldn’t go get it herself.

“Hey, Bob, could you do me a favor?” she asked.

“Sure, whatcha need?”

“I had just put my soup that I was going to have for lunch in the microwave when I remembered something that I had to do. I rushed back here and have been so busy that I completely forgot to go back and pick it up. Would you mind going and getting it for me?”

“Okay,” he started, “but why not just go get it yourself?”

“Well, this blouse is meant to be worn with a jacket, and, long story, but I don’t have my jacket handy at the moment. I’m not sure it would be appropriate for me to walk through the office at the moment,” she replied, not believing what was coming out of her mouth.

Blushing, Bob stammered an okay and went off to get the food. Upon returning several minutes later, he said as he placed the hot bowl on her desk “It was a bit cold, so I heated it back up for you. I also grabbed this packet of crackers of the counter. I assumed that they were yours.”

“You did well, thanks.”

Instead of placing the crackers on the desk with the soup, Bob backed up to the doorway.

“So, have you ever been down to Mardi Gras?” he asked as he waved the crackers at her.

‘He couldn’t be suggesting what I think he’s suggesting, can he? But then, I am sitting her with my breasts pretty prominently on display anyway. I can’t do it. I can’t just expose my breasts fully to a coworker like that,’ she thought as her hands, as if acting with a will of their own, reached down and grabbed the bottom of her shirt.

Being controlled by the wetness of her crotch more than the reluctance of her brain, Geri’s hands pulled the shirt up so that the bottom rested just under her chin. She had to fight to keep those same hands from lifting the shirt all the way off.

Bob’s grin stretched from ear to ear as he tossed her the crackers. He stood there mesmerized as she caught the crackers and placed them on the table before finally lowering her shirt back down.

“Thanks for getting that for me,” the flustered girl was finally able to say.

“No problem. Anytime,” was his reply as he finally left her office.

Geri finally ate her soup and crackers, still not quite believing what she had just done. On one hand, she hoped Bob wouldn’t tell anyone, and, on the other, she was past caring. She spent half of the rest of the afternoon flinching whenever she heard a sound that might indicate someone making their way back to her office and the other half trying to keep her hands above her desk. She succeeded a good portion of the time.

When 4:30 rolled around and Chuck finally showed up in her office, Geri was just about exhausted from fear and frustration.

“You did well today, Geri. I didn’t think that you had it in you. I couldn’t believe it when you actually left the office at lunch. Good job, also, by the way, of getting the janitor to let you back it. I do believe that you enjoy this,” he said.

“Just give me my clothes, back, please.”

“The IOU isn’t quite complete yet, I’m afraid. Just a little bit more, though.

“On the windshield of your car are your further instructions. You and I are the only ones left in this office, but there are a still a few cars left in the parking lot. You can wait as late as you want to leave. Remember, however, that the blouse you are wearing stays at your desk, and I have one final rule: your hands must remain at your side as long as you are not in your car until your have actually made it inside your apartment.”

Before she could even stammer out a reply, he left, shouting out “Good luck, have a great weekend,” as he exited the outer door.

End of Part 8

Geri couldn’t believe that her ordeal for the day still wasn’t over. She almost decided to forget the whole thing and find something to cover her. A part of her, however, was still being driven by an extremely high state of arousal. It was that part of her that removed the blouse and stuck it in the desk drawer before heading to the door completely uncovered and carrying only her keys.

Once again, she was walking through her firm’s office completely butt naked. Once again, she was going to leave the relative security of the office and venture out into the building, naked. This time, she was even going to leave the building, naked.

She trembled at the thought of what she was doing as she stepped out into the corridor. She was so aroused by her afternoon of refraining from satisfying herself that she almost didn’t care is someone saw her. Actually, she was almost hoping that someone did.

Apparently, though, the building was fairly deserted. If there was anyone still here, they were probably tucked deep away pounding at a keyboard. Under those conditions, it didn’t take her long to traverse the corridor and descend the stairs. The lobby once again was deserted. She looked longingly at the restroom door but decided that she’d rather just get this over with. Besides, if she were sated, this next part would be terrifying.

As she crossed the lobby, she began to realize how hard it was going to be making it to her car. In the first place, going outside nude was orders of magnitude harder than walking around inside undressed. People walked around nude inside all the time. Taking showers and getting dressed made it somewhat natural to be naked in the house. Granted, most of the time, people aren’t naked at their place of employment, walking barefoot and bareassed through the lobby of their office building, but, still, the walls added some semblance of safety.

Outside, on the other hand, was a completely different story. That took things to a whole new level.

Adding to the difficulty was the amount of completely open space that she would have to traverse. That space would be visible from any window in the building AND to any cars passing on the highway. From the door of the building to her car was at least a hundred yards, if not more.

She decided that she just couldn’t chance it during daylight. Even as highly aroused as she was, she just couldn’t venture outside that exposed. She’d have to wait until dark.

Hiding in the restroom or going back to her office probably would have been the smartest thing to do, but she was beginning to like being naked in the lobby. She decided to explore the rest of the building.

For the next three hours, she killed time any way that she could. She went to the workout room and spent thirty minutes on the treadmill while fantasizing that a room full of guys was watching her. She had never had an easier time getting her heart rate up to the target cardio level for some reason.

She spent the remainder of the time roaming the halls, getting more and more excited with each passing moment. She had some close calls as the few individuals working late departed. By paying attention and always having a plan for hiding, however, she was able to avoid detection.

By 7:30, the parking lot had only one car remaining, hers, and night had fallen. The lot was still fairly well lit by artificial means, but, at least, the relative darkness provided her with some hope of hiding. Deciding that she could put it off no longer, she finally exited the lobby.

The night air was cool and felt exhilarating on her exposed skin, but she couldn’t believe that she was in this situation again. What was it with her and being forced to walk through parking lots in the nude?

Her goal was to get it over with as quickly as possible, but the hard concrete made walking on bare feet difficult. By the time that she had reached her car, she had lost count of the number of vehicles that had passed on the highway, each possessing the potential to have untold numbers of passengers taking in the sight of her in all her glory. She was actually dripping wet by the time she removed the envelope from underneath the windshield wiper and got in her car.

The note inside the envelope read:

“Geri,

Your clothes are located in two separate locations at the park down the street. Your jacket and shoes are inside the box from this morning and is located in the middle of the soccer field. Your skirt and underwear are located below the bag located in one of three trashcans surrounding the playground. Here’s the catch. You can only retrieve one of the sets of garments. Remember, keep your hands by your side if you are outside your car.

Chuck”

Geri was glad that she had waited until dark. Kids used that playground during the daylight hours but pretty much cleared out after dusk. Besides, the darkness made driving a lot easier.

She turned her attention to her decision. Jacket and shoes or skirt and underwear? The choice was actually pretty easy. After leaving the park, she had a pretty long drive and then had to make it into her apartment. Her jacket would cover her top completely and hang down low enough to cover her nether region as well. Sure, it would look a little weird to anyone not being able to see her skirt under her jacket, but they would just figure that she went with a little bit shorter skirt today. On the other hand, walking up to her second story apartment with just her skirt and bra would be hard to explain. She decided to go for the box.

After all she had been through today, the retrieval of the box was a lot easier than she had expected. The park was completely clear of people, and she easily spotted the container in the middle of the field. All it took was parking her car as close as possible to the field and sprinting to the box. Once there, she snatched her jacket and threw it on. She quickly realized that the buttons were missing, but she didn’t think that that would cause too much of a problem. She was just thrilled to be covered once again and went back to her car.

She only had one more mildly embarrassing task and her day would be complete. All she had to do was to make it to her apartment. For this task, however, she’d at least be fully covered.

As she pulled into her complex, she noticed that there was a decent amount of activity. It was, after all, Friday night. She parked her car as close as possible to her apartment and scanned the area attentively before getting out. The coast was pretty much clear, and she walked to the back of the building to access the stairs to the second floor. She was halfway up when the door to her neighbor’s apartment opened. It was Mike!!!

‘Oh crap!!! It had to be him didn’t it?’ she thought, referring to the good-looking 20-something guy who lived next door to her.

‘Crap, he’s going to wait for me to make it to the top before starting down.’

Staying as calm as she could, she continued inexorably toward him. While the jacket provided more coverage than she had since lunch, she was acutely aware that it was meant to be worn with both a skirt and an undershirt. What’s more, the garment really should have been buttoned. Thankfully, however, the jacket stayed bunched in the front more than she had any right to expect.

“Hey, Geri. Just getting home from work?” Mike asked as she reached his level.

“Yeah, had to put in a long one,” she replied.

“Cool, well, have a good one.”

“You too. Catch you later.”

Relieved that he apparently hadn’t noticed anything amiss with her outfit and acutely aware of the wind flowing past her behind and bush from underneath the jacket, Geri quickly turned and walked toward her own apartment. After putting her keys in the lock, she was surprised to find him staring at her from the top of the stairs when she happened to glance back. As they made eye contact, he quickly bounded down the stairs in a guilty fashion without saying a further word.

‘That’s odd,’ she thought. ‘I wonder what that was about? I hope my jacket isn’t riding high or something.’

Just to check, she reached her hands behind her to feel her jacket.

To her dismay, the part of her jacket that should have been covering her behind was completely missing! In her excitement at having clothes to wear, she hadn’t even noticed the absence of fabric. She had just figured that the air she felt was coming up underneath the jacket.

‘Chuck!?! You complete bastard. I’ll get you for this,’ she thought hysterically.

Then she realized just what Chuck’s wardrobe modification had meant. Not only did Mike know that she wasn’t wearing anything under the jacket; he had been staring at her bare naked butt for at least a full minute before she caught him.

She quickly dashed into her apartment, threw off her jacket, and rushed to her bed where she spent the rest of the evening pleasuring herself until drifting off into a blissful, if exhausted, slumber.

The End of Geri at the Office

Story is continued in “Geri’s Saturday Servitude”

Geri and the Fundraiser

“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