|  |
| --- |
| **Humiliating Student Challenge**  by  **Melanie Kay** |

**When I was at university, one of the highspots of the year was “Rag Week” when we raised money for charity.** A lot of students were involved in doing all manner of silly things in order to raise funds.  
One of the regular items was the production of the joke book which meant collecting a large number of jokes, many of dubious quality, getting some of them illustrated, making arrangements for the printing of the book and then organising the sales.  
  
There were six of us on the rag joke book committee, three boys, Jeremy, Kevin and Jack and three girls, my best friend, Emma and her friend Jenny and I. When we met for the fist time, we were glad we’d volunteered; they were great guys: good looking, hunky and with a great sense of humour and adventure.  
  
We decided that we would all ask our friends, both on and off campus, if they could let us have some jokes and in six or seven weeks we had collected quite a good selection. We then pressed into service all our artistic friends and relations in an effort to get some illustrations.   
  
At the end of two months we were ready to decide what would be going into the joke book. All this involved a lot of work and we had quite a number of meetings, usually in one of our rooms. Reading out all the jokes was hilarious and we had a fine time. The meetings tended to be very lighthearted and we got on well with the boys and really fancied them; they were really attractive and responded well.  
  
After lectures one day, I happened to bump into Jack and he said, “Hi, Mel. We’d better have a meeting to decide who is going to print the rag book and how many we shall need.”  
  
I thought that was a good idea so we fixed a date and I invited them all to my room for the meeting. We each decided to take a paste-up of the book and visit different printers in the town to see where we could get the best price for 5,000 books.  
  
At a very short meeting a week later we decided on our printer and Jack said he would see to all the details. Three weeks later we were the proud possessors of 5,000 Rag Week joke books.  
  
They looked rather a lot to sell so we decided to get as many salesmen as possible amongst students and anyone else who might help.  
  
Emma came to my room one evening in a state of great excitement. Her father owned five newsagents shops in the area and had agreed to put the books on sale in all of them.  
  
“Oh, well done Emma,” I said. “We should sell hundreds in your dad’s shops.”  
  
“Well, he’s agreed to take 200 in each shop, so that will be 1,000 accounted for if they all sell.”  
  
“Great!” I replied.  
  
When I went home and mentioned the matter to my mother, she agreed to sell the books in her hairdressing salon, so things started to look bright.  
  
At our next meeting we went to Jenny’s room. Emma and I arrived a bit early so the boys weren’t there. We started talking about them in real girlie fashion and said how much we enjoyed working with them and how sexy they were and so on. Then Emma suddenly came up with an idea.  
  
“Hey,” she said. “You know the main committee are looking for some students to volunteer to do a naked streak along the common to raise funds for rag week. What if we divide all the books into two lots of 2,500 and suggest that the boys sell one half and we sell the other half. Whoever sells the least number of books must volunteer to do the streak. I’d love to see Jack, Kevin and Jeremy running along the length of the common in the nude. I bet they’d look terrific. Mmmmm!”  
  
We all laughed and thought the idea was great. “Splendid thought!” I enthused. “After all with Emma’s dad helping and my mum we should easily sell our half.”  
  
“OK Mel,” said Jenny. When the boys arrive, you can suggest it.”  
  
“Alright, I will,” I said. “But we’ll find out first whether they will be able to sell many books. We want to make sure that we win.”  
  
When the boys arrived, we checked the number of books and then I said, “Jenny, Emma and I are willing to sell half the books. Are you three willing to sell the others?”  
  
The three guys looked at one another and it was obvious that my idea was something of a surprise to them.  
  
“Have you got many people who will sell them for you?” asked Emma.  
  
“Well, at the moment we haven’t given it much thought,” replied jack.  
  
It seemed obvious to me that they weren’t going to sell many so I made my challenge.  
  
“You know that the Rag Committee are asking for volunteers to do a naked streak down the common to raise money for Rag Week. Let’s decide that if we three girls sell less we’ll volunteer to streak, but if you boys sell less, you’ll volunteer.”  
  
At first they seemed taken aback and I thought they might not agree. Then Kevin said, “Well, I’m game if you two are. How about it?”  
  
“OK,” said Jack. “I’d like to see these three girls running along the common stark naked.” Everyone laughed.  
  
“So, do we all agree then?” I asked. Everyone did. “OK. So I’ll tell the Chairman of the Committee that he can rely on us to provide the streakers.”  
  
We set a deadline three days before Rag Week began as our meeting to find out who had sold most books and to pay the money in.   
  
Things went very well in the newsagents shops and within two weeks they were sold out. That was 1,000 books sold, so we arranged with Emma’s dad to supply him with more copies. My mother sold a dozen or so in her salon, but she said that some of her customers didn’t have much of a sense of humour and some thought the jokes were dirty, so sales were slow.  
  
I saw Jack going to lectures one morning and casually asked how their books were going. “Oh, quite well,” he replied. “We’ve asked a few of our friends to help out and so far we’ve sold about 450.”  
  
I inwardly rejoiced. With only two more weeks to go we had already sold more than twice their number. When I met Jenny and Emma and told them the good news, Emma said, “I hope the weather is nice and sunny for the naked streak. I want to get some really good pictures of the boys.”  
  
“My dad bought a digital camcorder a few weeks ago,” I told them. “Perhaps I might be able to borrow it. It’s got a terrific telephoto lens. I should be able to catch every detail. My dad’s a really generous guy. I’m sure he’ll agree.”  
  
Three days before our final meeting to add up the results of our sales, we had sold slightly over 2,000 books; there were less than 500 left. I wanted to be absolutely certain we would win the sales competition so I decided to wait outside Jack’s lecture room until he came out. Then I casually pretended to see him. “Oh, hi Jack! How are the joke books going?”  
  
“Oh, really well,” he replied. “We’ve asked quite a few of the guys to help to sell them and, at the last count we’d sold about 1,200. How are yours going?”  
  
I didn’t want to say we’d sold almost double their number so I said, “Well, my mum hasn’t sold many in her salon but Emma’s dad has sold quite a few in his shops.”   
  
“We’re having our final meeting on Saturday remember,” I said.  
  
“Yes, we haven’t forgotten,” he replied. “Let’s meet in my room about 7.30.”  
  
I agreed and said I’d tell the girls. I decided to go home and ask my dad if I could borrow his new camcorder.  
  
On the evening of the meeting I collected my money together and called for Emma and Jenny. We found that we had sold a total of just over 2,200 books; we were over the moon.  
  
When we arrived at Jack’s room, Jeremy and Kevin were already there and were totalling up a pile of money in bags. We all sat aroiund the table and I could not wait to tell them how successful we’d been.  
  
“OK girls,” said Kevin. “How many books have you sold?”  
  
“Exactly 2,280,” I replied with some pride.  
  
The boys’ eyes opened wide with surprise. “Wow!” said Jeremy. “Congratulations!”  
  
I couldn’t wait any longer. “And how many have you three sold?”  
  
Jack looked rather casual and said, “We’ve sold the lot.”  
  
We three girls sat bolt upright with surprise. “What? You told me three days ago, Jack, that you’d only sold about half of them.”  
  
“That’s right,” he replied.  
  
“Well, how did you manage to sell all the others so fast?”  
  
“Oh, it was easy really,” joined in Kevin. “We asked all the guys we know to take a pile each to the pubs they usually visit and, when it was getting fairly late and most of the crowd in the pub had had plenty to drink, the joke books sold like hot cakes.”  
  
“Several of my mates said they could have sold a lot more,” said Jack.  
  
He then smiled meaningfully at Jenny, Emma and me and gave a short cough. “Which, of course, brings us to the question of the naked streak and the fact that you three will be volunteering to do it.”  
  
The three of us looked at each other with horror on our faces.  
  
“Don’t worry about it girls,” said Jack casually. “I told the Chairman of the main committee that we six would not only provide the three streakers but would organise the whole affair also. I’ll give him a ring now to tell him that you three are the volunteers.”  
  
He picked up the phone. “Hello Jim. You’ll remember our conversation about the Rag streakers. I said I’d let you know who the volunteers would be. Well, I’m happy to say it will be Melanie, Emma and Jenny. Yes, that’s correct. Don’t worry about that... We’ll organise the whole thing. Just tell me what time you want it. Two in the afternoon? That’s fine. No problem. We’ve been promised fine sunny weather so I’m sure there’ll be a good crowd to watch. We’ll arrange for the people to rattle the collecting tins and we’ll probably sell the rest of the joke books as well. No need to thank us. It will be our pleasure. Bye!”  
  
“You said it will be our pleasure,” I gasped.  
  
“It won’t be my pleasure,” moaned Jenny.  
  
“Oh, must we do this boys?” pleaded Emma. “Running naked all the way down the common in front of hundreds of students and a lot of other people! We’ll never live it down.”  
  
“Now come on girls,” chided jack. “After all, it was your idea wasn’t it? There is no way you can get out of it now.”  
  
“Yes,” added Jeremy. “You lost the challenge fair and square, so now you’ve got to come up with the goods.”  
  
Kevin rubbed his hands together gleefully. “And I can’t wait to see the goods!”  
  
As the three of us walked home we were shrouded in gloom. Our route took us past the end of the common. We stopped to survey it in the dusky light.  
  
“Just think, in three days’ time we three will be running naked all along that stretch of grass,” I said mournfully.  
  
“I can just imagine all the boys commenting about the two “poached eggs” on my chest,” commented Jenny.  
  
“What about me?” chimed in Emma. “My big boobs will be flopping all over the place. I can hear the boys in my year shouting, ‘Hold ‘em still, Emma!’”  
  
Then a sudden horrific thought occurred to me. “Oh no!” I said. “It’s going to be a fine and sunny day. We’ve all got shaved pussies! Just imagine all those cameras and camcorders clicking away and recording every detail. Oh no!” The three of us went to our rooms with sighs of resignation.  
  
\* \* \* \* \* \*  
  
As forecast, the day of our total humiliation dawned bright and sunny. But for us it was overcast and gloomy. The time of our humiliating launch was to be 2.00p.m. just when everyone was up and about.  
  
The three of us met in Jenny’s room in the morning to console each other. We weren’t very successful, so we thought we’d go out for a stroll to try to take our minds off the inevitable fate about to befall us. Unfortunately it was not a good decision. Everywhere we went we saw students, and it was obvious that the news had spread far and wide.  
  
Three lads from Jenny’s group greeted us with broad smiles. “Hi girls! See you later - see ALL of you later.” They burst into huge guffaws.  
  
Another group of boys and girls greeted us with, “Here come the three Lady Godivas.”  
  
“Yeah, and their hair’s not as long as hers.”  
  
“And they don’t have a horse either. They’ve got to do it on foot.” It was all most discouraging. But things got worse as we turned the corner and approached the end of the common. The grass had been newly cut and our route marked out with short posts and ropes. We thought we would just have to run straight down the common - about 300 yards. But the course marked out twisted and turned so that we would have to run about a quarter of a mile; and in some places the ropes were so close it meant that the spectators would be only a few feet away from us.   
  
Then we noticed the university van parked nearby. Someone had painted a sign and fixed it to the back door: ‘Here come the streakers’. As we got nearer, Jack jumped out from the driver’s seat.  
  
“Oh, hello girls,” he greeted us in his most cheerful manner. “As you can see, the boys have marked out the route and we’ll be using the van to travel in.”  
  
We made arrangements for the boys to pick us up at my room at 1.45p.m. They’d back the van onto the starting line. We’d strip inside. Then they would open the doors for us to jump out and start the run. Every humiliating detail was clearly explained to us by the smiling triumphant lads, right down to the loud speaker perched on top of the van to make the announcement.  
  
A group of girls from our year approached us. “Are you REALLY going to do it?” they asked incredulously.  
  
“We’ve got no choice,” we moaned. “The whole idea was ours. We thought we’d easily win.”   
  
“Ah well,” said one. “Just make the best of a bad job eh?”  
  
Kevin, Jeremy and Jack were bang on time. They looked very sexy and handsome in white trousers and the rag T-shirts. We’d decided to wear track suits, trainers, bras and knickers. The quicker we could get our clothes back on, the better.   
  
The boys squeezed into the front of the van leaving us to sit disconsolately on a bench in the back. As the van approached the common we could hear cheers, whistles and hoots. Emma stood up to peep through the small window.  
  
“Oh no!” she said. “There must be a thousand people out there. The common’s packed.” Jenny and I peeped out too, and our worst fears were justified.  
  
The engine of the van stopped and the boys came into the back throiugh the small side door. Their faces were positively beaming.  
  
“OK girls. This is it,” announced Jeremy.   
  
Kevin produced a small case. “Let’s have your kit then. I’ll take it down to the finishing line.”  
  
It was humiliating enough having to strip in front of the three boys without thinking of what was going to happen when the van doors were opened.   
  
We hesitatingly kicked off our trainers, took off our track suits and just stood there in our bras and knickers feeling awfully exposed.   
  
“Don’t be shy girls,” said jack in his cheerful voice. “Let’s have your bras and panties.” We obeyed and stood there completely naked and feeling one hundred percent vulnerable.  
  
Then Jenny said, “Must we REALLY do this boys? Can’t you let us off? We’ll do anything not to do it.”  
  
The three laughed. “Oh come on now,” chided Jack. “This was your idea remember. You can’t chicken out at this late stage. There are hundreds out there all waiting to see you.”  
  
“Yes,” I replied mournfully. “That’s the trouble.”  
  
“Well, can we just wear our trainers?” pleaded Emma. “It’ll be hard on our feet otherwise.”  
  
The three boys looked at each other considering her request. Then jack spoke: “OK. On one condition. You must run naturally with your hands by your sides and not try to cover anything up.”  
  
The three of us groaned. They’d thought of everything. But we agreed to their condition.  
  
“Just line up across the door here,” said Jeremy. “Then, after Kevin has made the announcement, I’ll open the door and you can all jump out together.”  
  
The three of us, shaking with fright, did exactly as he ordered, while Kevin picked up the microphone at the front of the van.  
  
“Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. This is the moment you have all been waiting for - the streakers’ run. Emma, Melanie and Jenny have agreed to do this to raise funds for our charities, so I hope you will be generous as the collectors pass along the route. This is it. You are about to see things you’ve never seen before - at least, as far as we know.” There were hoots and catcalls at this last remark as all three of us broke out in a cold sweat. Jeremy put his hand on the handle of the back door.  
  
“Here they come ladies and gentlemen. We proudly present the three streakers!”  
  
The door was flung open, the sun blazed into the dark van and we jumped out to a huge roar of clapping, cheering, catcalling and wolf-whistling. It was easily the most humiliating moment of my life. All those hundreds and hundreds of eyes staring at us running stark naked over the grass. We ran as fast as we could but every time we came to a bend in the track we had to slow down to get around it. And where the track was very narrow we bumped into each other.  
  
There must have been hundreds of cameras and camcorders in use, and I could mentally see the inevitable results which would be passed around the university for everyone to see. After just a few yards, it was more than we could bear. We forgot our promise about keeping our hands at our sides and started to try to cover up our pussies and breasts as best we could with our hands - not that we were very successful with everything bouncing around because of the uneven ground.  
  
Every yard seemed more like a mile. Every grinning face I saw seemed to be someone I knew. Some were leaning right over the ropes to get a better view with their cameras. By the time we were about half way we were sweating furiously as the sun beat down and the humiliation rose up.  
  
But eventually there was only about twenty yards to run. The three of us were puffing and panting and stumbling along the rough ground. We could see Kevin at the finishing line with his suitcase containing our clothes. He was flanked by a dozen or more cameras.  
  
We ran up to Kevin expecting him to quickly give us our clothes to put on, so we were very surprised to see him wagging his finger at us in a menacing sort of way.  
  
“You all forgot your promise didn’t you? Keeping your hands by your sides and no attempt at covering up. Well, because you’ve been naughty, you’ll have to run back to the van. And remember, keep your hands by your sides this time.”  
  
“Oh no!” we all blurted out. “Not again. Oh Kevin, pleeeeze. Give us our clothes.”  
  
But it was no use. He was already starting to run back along the track in front of us holding high the suitcase. We ran after him making grasping movements at the case but he kept just out of our reach.  
  
When the crowd realised we were running back again the cheering and shouting reached a crescendo. The catcalls were worse.  
  
“Oh, just look they’re showing everything this time!”  
  
“Boy, this will be some film.”  
  
“This will make a terrific close-up”  
  
Poor Emma could do nothing to stop her big boobs bouncing every which way as she ran.  
  
Then Kevin took our bras and knickers out of the suitcase and started to wave them around in front of us, teasing us to try to grab them. The crowd went wild as they saw this further humiliation. A few of the girls looked embarrassed but most just joined in the fun.  
  
At one point, Kevin started running backwards, but even so he was far faster than us. As we turned a corner I managed to get fairly close and made a grasp at our undies. It was a very bad move. I tripped and fell, rolled over onto my back and ended up with my feet above my head and my legs spread wide open, much to the delight of several nearby photographers who made the most of the opportunity to take a very intimate shot of my pussy.  
  
Seeing my predicament, three young men standing nearby ducked under the ropes and lifted me to my feet enquiring whether I was alright. I assured them that I was, but that did not stop them assiduously brushing off every bit of loose grass from my naked body - back, butt and boobs. One removed several blades of grass from my pussy saying that it looked as though I’d dyed my pubes green. Everyone nearby gave them all sorts of encouragement and just fell about laughing at this final remark.  
  
We struggled on, our naked bodies shiny with sweat, as we got slower and slower, but not daring to cover anything with our hands. We had to run completely exposed to all those hundreds of eyes and the cameras. We didn’t want to risk having a third run.   
  
Eventually we saw the welcome sight of Jack holding open the door of the van and Kevin unloading our clothes inside. Then suddenly, some joker in the crowd, armed with a large water gun, sprayed the three of us. “This’ll help to cool you down girls!” he yelled as he thoroughly soaked the three of us from head to toe.  
  
We almost threw ourselves into the van and slid along the floor, three wet, naked and thoroughly exhausted girls. As we staggered to our feet the boys produced three towels and started to wipe us down as we just stood there panting.  
  
“Can’t put your clothes on when you’re this wet,” said Kevin.  
  
“Sit down, Mel,” said Jack taking off my trainers and wiping my feet. “Just relax and take it easy.” As I looked at him I realised just how sexy he looked. I rather enjoyed Jack drying my legs.

For the next few weeks there must have been hundreds of photographs of our naked bodies shown around the college fraternity. The intimate detail of the ones showing me falling over I simply cannot describe. There were also hours of video footage which were generally described as ‘great’.   
  
Eventually things died down and we only heard the odd remark such as one from a guy who said to me one day, “Oh, hello Mel. I didn’t recognise you with your clothes on.”   
  
When all the financial details had been completed, all the students who helped with the Rag Week were asked to attend a meeting to hear the results. It was acclaimed a great success, with thousands of pounds going to our charities, so all-in-all we thought it had been worthwhile.  
  
As we walked back home after the meeting, we were discussing how the three boys had made the most of our losing the challenge we’d made and we started talking about how we could get our own back. After discussing all sorts of improbable ideas, one sure-fire winner suddenly occurred to me. “I’ve got it!” I cried. “Lets challenge the three boys to a game of strip poker.”  
  
“What?” cried Emma. “I’m not much good at poker. We’d probably lose again.”  
  
“Not if we play at my place,” I said. “You see, I’ve got a pack of marked cards. All we have to do is use those and we can’t lose.”  
  
“Real cool!” exclaimed Jenny. “Let’s do it.”  
  
“Let’s go to my room now,” I suggested. “I’ll show you the pack and you can see how easy it is to use them.” They agreed, and for the next hour we planned how to get our own back on Jack, Kevin and Jeremy. But that’s another story and I’ll tell you about it some other time.

**You can contact Melanie at melaniekay@fastmail.co.uk**