**Jenna's Catfight**
by Daring Burlinski

Over the holiday break, a group of friends and I were staying at a lovely lodge in upstate New York. The weather was pretty cold now, but I had just purchased a cute outfit that was appropriate for the season. It consisted of a grey knitted sweater with evergreen trees printed across the front, and a pair of sleek olive pants that nicely hugged my hips and legs. A pair of brown leather ankle boots with fur trimming completed the ensemble. I was looking forward to joining my friends for dinner down in the restaurant.

It was a cozy little spot that had a log cabin feel to it. There was even a fireplace that added to the winter atmosphere. Of course, it also made me feel I was dressed a little too warm for this indoors setting, and I ran a finger beneath the wooly collar at my neck. My other friends, Christine and Kelly, were dressed in jeans and sensible shoes, but their tops were a bit lighter than mine. Still, they both complimented me on how cute I looked, which made me feel somewhat better.

We didn’t have long to wait, and soon a young lady appeared and brought the three of us over to our table. Situated in a corner, it was fairly close to the fireplace. I could hear the flames crackling, and once seated, I noticed that there was a big moose head hanging above the mantle! I continued to look around, as my friends chatted away, and saw that there were maybe four or five other groups in the dining hall of the lodge. Two couples, a group of four guys and another group of three girls. The rest of the place was empty. I wondered how we got stuck over here in the corner.

It was 9:00pm, and I figured this was probably as busy as it was going to get. The waitress brought glasses of water for us, and then disappeared. Several minutes passed by, I began drumming my nails on the table.

“Where is she?” I asked my friends. “It’s taking forever, just to give her our order!”

Christine and Kelly shrugged, gave me a slight puzzled look, like it was no big deal. I’m usually not that rude, in fact I go out of my way to be extra nice to service people. But I think the warmth of the fireplace was getting to me. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, gulped down half a glass of water.

Finally, the young lady arrived with her pen and pad of paper.

“It’s about time!” I snapped, although I really didn’t mean to say it out loud.

“Wow, Jenna, you must be pretty hungry!” my blonde friend Kelly said.

I don’t know, for some reason I was just in a sour mood. The waitress went on to take our orders and vanished into the kitchen again. My friends and I resumed talking, discussing events and our plans for the rest of the trip. I tried to be conversational, but the longer we waited, the more irritated I was getting.

After what seemed like twenty minutes, our server returned, only to tell us that there was a problem with the grill, and our order would take a little longer.

“What!” I exclaimed.

The young woman apologized, “I’m really sorry…”

“Well that isn’t good enough.” I started to rise from the table. My friends tried to tell me I was making a scene, but I continued. “We’ve paid a lot of money to come up to this lodge, and this is the worst service I have ever had, anywhere!”

Looking over her shoulder, the waitress fumbled with her pad and pen. The other people across the room were snickering, and I could tell she was embarrassed. “Listen, if you are unhappy, I can get my manager to come speak with you.”

I folded my arms across my chest, feeling flush in the face myself. “Yes, I think you should do that!”

Watching the girl scamper off to fetch her boss, Christine reached over to tug at the hem of my sweater. “Jenna, please, sit down. You don’t want to get us in trouble.”

My anger and frustration had momentarily heated my skin and got me pumped up, but as I looked out at the many faces turning in our direction, I started to feel a little foolish. I inclined my head, looking down at Christine and Kelly.

“Maybe you’re right. I suppose there are worse things that could happen…”

Just then, a rather beefy woman with her hair done in a tight bun, her uniform sleeves rolled up to reveal thick arms, stepped in front of our table.

“All right, what is all the commotion about?” she demanded in a voice that was none to pleased.

Still standing, I used my hands to smooth out the front of my sweater and tried to sound pleasant. “It’s no problem. I was just a little upset that our food was taking so long…”

“You know, I’ve just about had it with you young girls blowing in here with your money and your fancy clothes!” the manager responded harshly.

I was taken a back by her yelling at me, and felt ashamed like a spoiled little girl being scolded by her mother. I’m really not like that. I mean, my friends and I pooled all our money to make this trip, it’s not like we were coming here thinking we were better than anybody! People were whispering on the other side of the room, and I could feel myself getting very warm.

Trying to make peace, I said, “We don’t want to make any trouble for you and your staff. Maybe if we could just get some appetizers to hold us over…”

“You want the world, don’t you, princess!” The larger woman was at least a half a foot taller than me, and I could see she was having a bad day. “You expect us to ignore all our other guests, and immediately run and drop everything to serve you and your friends!”

My emotions were really mixed up now. I have to say I was a bit intimidated, but I was also annoyed by her untrue accusations. I was also embarrassed by the spectacle we were making. The situation had already gotten out of hand. My fingers idly traced along the rim of a glass of water on the table, and I soon found that glass lifted in my hand.

“It’s not like we haven’t been waiting for half an hour!” I said, wishing at once I had kept my mouth shut. It was like my actions were not my own, as I continued, “And all we have are these glasses of water!”

Trying to emphasize my point or something, I thrust out my arm, and splashed water all over the front of the manager’s uniform.

“Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry…” I said, and hurriedly placed the empty glass back on the table.

Moving away from my seat, I quickly brought a dining napkin to the large woman, but she only grabbed me by the front of the sweater. “So now you’re sorry? When my girl apologized abut the delay, ‘sorry’ wasn’t good enough for you! I think I’ll use your fuzzy top to dry myself!”

Suddenly, the manager gripped the ends of my sweater in her fists. I tried to struggle, I even dropped the napkin to the floor. But the large woman was much stronger than me. Even as she started to tug and pull the fabric off my back, I had the strange thought that I hope she didn’t damage the material! This may have caused me to loose whatever control I had, and as I started to back away… the sweater was pulled over my head and peeled off my arms!

I stumbled backward, hitting the edge of the round table. Disorientated, I looked down and saw my bare stomach. It was then I realized I was standing there with my lavender bra out in the open! I hugged my arms together and looked helplessly at my friends, but Christine and Kelly only giggled at me.

“What’s the matter, Sweetie?” the manager taunted me, waving around my sweater. “Afraid it might tear if I’m not too careful…”

Still clutching one arm across my bra, I reached out with my other hand and lurched forward. “Please don’t!”

But the large woman moved quickly for her size. In a flash, she switched the sweater into her other hand. When I made a grab for it, she took me by the wrist. I know my breasts jiggled around deliciously in front of her, and I had to stand on the toes of my boots as she held my top high above her head. I couldn’t reach… and then my arm came back down… and my fingers caught the front of her uniform blouse! I didn’t mean to, but I ended up ripping off the buttons, sending them to scatter around the restaurant floor.

The lady looked down, shocked, then turned to me. “You bitch! Let’s see how you like your clothes getting ruined…”

She now gripped my new sweater in both her hands, and tore the fabric in half down the middle! Well, that got me really mad, so I shoved her in the chest. The force must have caught her a little by surprise, as she stumbled back toward the center of the room. When she threw the spoiled sweater on the floor in disgust, I started to approach her, pointing my finger.

“You’re going to pay for that!” I yelled at her.

However, this only gave the manager the chance to reach out and grab my hand. “Bad move, little girl!”

As she pulled me close to her rather large bosom, I tried to slap her across the face with my other palm. But she blocked my strike with her forearm… then reached in back of my head to take my brunette ponytail in her fist.

“Hey… ouch!” I cried, bringing my fingers to curl around hers, hoping the woman would not yank any harder.

The manager only laughed at me. “Let’s find out if your panties match your bra!”

And suddenly, she reached down and quickly popped open the button fly of my pants! It was then, for some reason, I noticed the nametag hanging from her torn uniform shirt, which read “Beatrice”. Well, Beatrice decided to give my hair another yank, causing me to wince and my eyes to tear a little. Now I brought both hands to my head, trying again to pry loose her fingers.

In a swift, fluid motion, the manager lady let go… but then took my pants at the sides and yanked them down my hips and shapely legs! They fell all the way to my ankles. I was so embarrassed!

“Bra and panties! Bra and panties!” one of the college boys at another table pointed and started laughing hysterically.

The outburst drew my attention, and I realized that I was indeed standing in the middle of a room full of people, with my pants crumpled around my feet! I awkwardly turned around, trying to hop back to my smiling friends, but Beatrice grabbed the elastic band at the back of my lavender panties. Feeling her stretch them toward her, I was certain that my ass crack was exposed…

“Please don’t,” I whispered.

As the woman continued to pull, I had no choice but to shuffle backward, easing my way into her clutches. But once I was close enough, I gave her a sharp quick jab in the middle with my elbow. It didn’t seem to have any effect on the formidable woman.

Beatrice chuckled at my resistance. “So, you want to play, Sweetie?”

She brought her hands around me, her fingers first tickling my bare tummy. Then she squeezed her arms, kind of giving me a reverse bear hug that lifted me clean off my feet. She spun me around so that everyone in the restaurant had a clear view of me. There was some clapping and whistles, and it seemed like a lot of cheering! We did a complete circle, and I think we were both a little dizzy. The two of us collapsed to the carpeted floor.

I thought I could get away, and reached out for something… anything to pull free from this Amazon! My hand came up with a fistful of her uniform skirt. Not thinking, I yanked with all my might as I struggled to stand. The material tore off the manager’s body with such force, even as I let go, I sent it flying toward one of the occupied tables. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that Beatrice was wearing some kind of training or workout shorts, like bike shorts or something with the double white stripe down each side. Her legs were pretty well sculpted.

“Nice try,” the manager mocked me. “But I had to go to the gym before work, and didn’t have time to put on pretty panties like you!”

And to make her point, she wrapped her athletic legs like scissors around my waist. I gasped for breath, slapping my hands on her thighs. It was no use… I was stuck. I kicked my feet in frustration, tangled up in my pants.

Seeing this, Beatrice maneuvered herself around and easily stretched her arm to touch my boot. “Here, let me help you!”

I guess our audience was really enjoying this excitement, because no one tried to break us up. I suppose the other waitresses were glad to see me in this position. Their manager started to loosen up the laces. It was so humiliating to be caught like this! And though I punched and I pulled and squirmed, there was nothing I could do to stop her furious fingers. In no time, she had slipped the shoe off my heel and was busy at work untying the next.

When I was down to my white socks, I went very still. I wasn’t sure what she had in mind, and thought it best not to provoke this woman any further. She ran a hand calmly over my leg, then stroked a finger beneath my sole, which tickled through the soft cotton. Very soon, my naked heel came into view, followed by my bare toes. The sock completely off, Beatrice flung it somewhere behind us in the room. I was still lying on the floor, trapped in another female’s vice-like scissor pin. Shifting my legs nervously, it was apparent I wasn’t going anywhere! The manager casually took my other foot, and with agonizing slowness, pulled that sock off as well.

“Oh my gosh,” Christine called out from the table. “Look at Jenna in nothing but her bra and panties!”

This brought more laughter and comments from the people in the room. It was like we were the after dinner entertainment! Beatrice squeezed her legs tighter around my abdomen, causing me to groan. I felt so exposed.

Then the woman released her hold and gave me a moment to catch my breath. She changed her position to be sitting up, straddling my chest but facing my feet. She gave me a playful slap on my stomach. And then I reached up with my arms, only wanting to get her off of me, and tried to pull the manager’s shirt off her back…

“Oh, I wouldn’t do that,” Beatrice chuckled over her shoulder.

She easily broke free of my hold, enough to turn around and roll me over on the floor so that I was face down on the carpet. The woman then resumed sitting across my back. She didn’t put her full weight on me, so it’s not like I was being crushed, but I certainly couldn’t move! Then I felt her fingers teasing the edge of my underwear, eventually slipping inside.

Her hand moving down to cup one of my butt cheeks, she said, “Nice and firm… think we should let everyone see?”

“No, please!” I whimpered.

But the large woman only laughed, and proceeded to use both her hands to roll the panties down beneath the curve of my ass! My little bottom was bare and sticking straight up for all to see. She gave me a quick, hard slap, which made me yelp.

“Take them off!” someone called out from the tables. It was a young woman’s voice. It sounded like one of my friends!

I didn’t think she would do it, I didn’t think the manager would strip me naked in the middle of the lodge restaurant! Squirming and fidgeting, I could not escape. All I accomplished was grinding my crotch into the floor. Beatrice swung her legs over my lower back again, and took the fabric of my panties between her thumb and forefingers. She started tugging them down my thighs. I even lifted my hips to help the front slide down easier, as I buried my face in my arms.

When they had reached past my knees, the woman picked up each lower leg one at a time. Stretching the material a bit, first she pulled the panties off one foot and let my toes drop to the ground. Then it was just a simple matter of whisking my little purple panties from my other foot. I could imagine her tossing my underwear into the crowd like it was a prize!

Oh no! I was now bottomless, totally naked from the waist down. And there was nothing I could do about it, no way to run or hide or cover up. At least I was lying face down, although this made me aware of the bristles of the carpet softly brushing my pussy. Beatrice gave me another swift hard slap on my bare ass, causing me to grind my crotch into the floor. I didn’t know what would happen next…

And then I felt the woman reach around and unhooked the metal clasp of my bra! I raised my head slightly, my eyes were wide with shock. She couldn’t be doing this! Her hands let the flimsy straps casually fall to either side. My back was now fully exposed. She traced a finger along the curve of my spine, all the way down to my butt. As embarrassed as I was, this sent a delightful shiver through my body.

But suddenly Beatrice grabbed me by the sides, and flipped me over. I looked up at the ceiling, and then was staring into the manager’s grinning face. Rather than struggle or try to get to my feet, my first thought was to simply place a free hand over my bare pussy. But that only allowed the woman, now straddling me once more, to reach down and touch the center of my bra between my breasts.

She shook her head at me, teasing me. Should she or shouldn’t she…

“Please, don’t” I pleaded. “Don’t strip me naked!”

Beatrice smiled, tightening her grip on the unhooked bra. My fingers clenched down below, trying to conceal my crotch and the signs of my arousal. And then in a flash, her arm yanked upward, ripping the bra from my chest. Again, she threw my last item away, somewhere in the distance.

Oh, oh… I was lying on the floor of the lodge dining room, and I didn’t have any clothes on at all!

“Wow… look at these,” Beatrice said, playfully slapping my bare boobs back and forth. “You must be really excited!”

My nipples were instantly hard and erect, pointing straight up, and my tormentor did not miss the opportunity to flick them with her finger. Then, she leaned back a little, reaching around with her arm to move my hand out of the way. The woman slid her own hand through my trimmed black pubic hair, resting her palm on my vulva. Discreetly, she began rubbing my pussy. My body writhed beneath her touch. I didn’t think I could stand it for very long…

“Mmmm,” I moaned, turning my head side to side on the carpet.

Beatrice tapped my clitoris thoughtfully. “You know… I could make you have an orgasm right here, in front of everyone!”

“Oh… please… don’t do that! I would be so humiliated if you make me…”

Thankfully, the woman lifted her hand away. Of course, this left me completely exposed, and now my legs were spread wide open and my lower lips very pronounced. Then, just like that, Beatrice climbed to her feet and stood over me… leaving me fully naked on the floor!

“Get up,” she said harshly.

A little unsteady, I slowly rose on my trembling legs. It was then that I looked around the room, and saw all those people pointing and staring at me. I quickly draped an arm over my breasts, shielded my crotch with my hand. I kind of spun around, but whichever way I faced, someone would see my bare ass. I could feel the heat from the fireplace behind me, even as I blushed with embarrassment.

“Place your hands at your sides,” the manager commanded me. I did as I was told, although this meant my nips were pointing straight out, and I knew my little pussy was opening like a flower! Still, Beatrice continued to lecture me. “I think you need to learn respect for the hard working people that serve you at this lodge. For the next half hour, you are going to serve complimentary drinks to the guests in this room!”

“But…” I started to say, but the sound of cheers and whistles drowned out my protest.

I was told to wait and not to move from that spot, while the manager disappeared into the kitchen. I looked over my shoulder at my friends in the corner, but they only waved and laughed. Apparently Christine and Kelly were getting a big kick out of this. All I could do was stand there with my total nudity on display, all my curves and luscious private parts exposed. Licking my lips, I couldn’t help but think how close to the edge Beatrice had brought me, nearly making me have a public orgasm. I was afraid she might come back and finish me off!

Instead, the large woman entered the dining area again, followed by the staff of waitresses. On her one hand, she balanced a tray with half a dozen margaritas and other assorted drinks. Walking in front of me, she thrust the serving tray up against my chest. I had no choice but to take it with both hands. The uniformed girls found themselves a spot at an empty table, settling in to watch me in action. I had hoped to balance the tray on one hand like they did, and be able to use my other hand to cover myself. But no such luck… I gripped the edges tight with my fingers, and while the glasses helped to conceal my top, everything from my belly to my toes was in full view.

Nervous, embarrassed, I was also afraid to spill any of the drinks. So I walked slowly, moving from table to table, my bare feet creeping over the carpet. All eyes were on my body, and I was completely nude! When I bent down to place a glass on each table, the people on the other side of the room must have gotten a great look at my ass. There were remarks made, some flattering, I guess. Most of the lodge guests were polite, finding this all in good fun. One of the college boys poked me in the butt as I passed, and I gave him a dirty look, before stepping lightly to the next table.

Unfortunately, I had only served half the guests before I ran out of drinks. I returned to the manager with the tray lowered so that it effectively covered the front of my body. But Beatrice made me hand it over so that she could bring out another round. Once again, I was left standing stark naked in the middle of the room, shifting uncomfortably under the unrelenting stares of everyone. I self-consciously played with my ponytail that had come a little undone, and rubbed one foot behind my other leg, toes running along the curvaceous calf. My breasts jiggled with the motion, and my tummy was filled with a mix of shame and excitement.

Finally, the manager returned with the tray and six more glasses to serve. I tried to take the round black platter from her, but she wouldn’t let go. She said I had to bring the drinks, two at a time, to the remaining tables. I know the waitresses on duty were getting a thrill out of this, watching my butt bounce as I went about the task. I held the tall glasses in each hand against my breasts, thinking this provided some covering… but the icy coolness only made my nipples more erect. And as I placed the drinks down, I realized that my crotch came up level with the tables. The couple I attended seemed fixated on my pubes and lips, and probably noticed the wetness between my legs.

It seemed like forever, but at last I ended by bringing the final two drinks to my friends at our table. I was hoping the whole ordeal would be over, and we could return to our room. But just then, two waitresses arrived bringing our dinner! It was getting kind of late, but none of the other guests had left the restaurant yet, and Christine and Kelly insisted we take our meal. By this point, I was more horny than hungry, but I was forced to sit and pick at my food completely in the nude! I know my sweater had been ruined, but curiously the rest of my clothes had vanished too.

“They’ve probably brought them back to our room,” Kelly said sweetly. “To make up for all the trouble.”

As I sat there, my lower body and wandering fingers thankfully hidden by the white tablecloth, Christine resumed talking about all our plans for the remainder of the trip. She said because so many guests at the lodge had already seen me, I wouldn’t mind doing some naked dares during our stay.

I could hardly wait…

THE END