**Lisa's Humiliation**

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**Lisa's Humiliation Ch. 01**

I stared at myself in the mirror. I looked hot. Not porn star big-titted bimbo hot, but much more than plain Jane girl next door cute. That's just what I was going for. It was the last weekend of summer after all. Not on the calendar, but everyone knows the fun of summer really ends with Labor Day. Brad and Jason were throwing a party at their apartment to celebrate. I know you're probably asking why we were going to an apartment and not a club in the Hamptons, but we were only 2 years out of college and it was expensive enough living in Manhattan.

Anyway, back to the mirror. I had on a tight white tank top that showed just enough of my C cup breasts, maybe more than enough on other nights, and a tight black mini-skirt. I know it wasn't the most original outfit but as I said, I looked hot and I wouldn't be wearing the top again til next summer. I had on a little more make up than I normally wear but not enough that boys would notice. Some bright red lip stick finished the look. The lipstick really popped out against my skin that was somehow still pale at the end of the summer. I guess that's what happens it the real world when you work all summer instead of spending it at the beach. My long brown locks framed my not so innocent looking face perfectly. Hey, I was in the mood to get noticed and my suspicion was it might take a lot for that to happen given how I expected my roommate, Lauren, to look.

I walked out of the half bathroom (it didn't have a shower) and sat down on our living room couch. Lauren and I shared a 1 bedroom with a pressurized wall put up in the living room to create another bedroom. Not quite the most luxurious set up but as I said, we were only 2 years out of college and it's a pricy city. That extra half bath was crucial though. Lauren and I probably would have killed each other by now without it.

Not 5 minutes after I had turned on the TV Lauren walked in from the main bathroom and made me blush, though I'm not sure why. After all, I'd know her since she lived down the hall from me freshman year 6 years ago so I knew quite well how much she liked to show herself off. Still, her white dress, which was in stark contrast to her perfectly tanned skin, left little to the imagination. It was almost like a halter top attached to a SHORT skirt. Her back was bare except for a few crisscrossed strings, the bottom barely hid her ass, and the top showed more boob than it hid. There was no way she had a bra on, heck I wasn't sure if she could even wear panties with that.

She caught me in my red faced stare and asked if everything was ok. I said I was fine, just a little thirsty and she went to get me a glass of water. I noticed my heart was beating a little fast and my brain raced to figure out why. Sure, she was sexy. But I wasn't a lesbian. I had a couple of drunken girl on girl make outs in college, even a threesome one crazy night, but that was just for fun and I was wasted. I'll always love boys, even if Ryan did break my heart 6 months ago after I thought I'd found the one. I was ready for a rock, he was ready for the random slut I caught him with. Lauren looked damn hot though. And this was in that porn star blonde bimbo way. She was definitely having an effect on me. I told myself I was just embarrassed for her, knowing she was going to show up at the party like that, but in the back of my mind a tiny voice told me I wanted to either be her or be with her.

"You're dressed to impress," Lauren said as she sat down next to me and handed me a glass of water. It made me blush a little deeper even though I knew I was dressed like a nun next to her. Even so, this was a daring outfit by my standards and she knew it.

I looked at the clock and saw it was only 9. We didn't have to leave for another hour. We may have made history right there, the first time two girls were ever ready early for a night out. Probably the result of sitting around all Saturday doing nothing but waiting for this party. No problem though, it gave us some time to pre-game and gossip.

It was my turn to get her a drink so I walked over to the kitchen and fetched a couple glasses with ice and a bottle of Skinny Girl Margaritas. We chatted about our friends and their recent hook ups and even Lauren's last couple escapades. She had different guys over all the time. I could hear them from my room. All sorts of noises. And from what I could tell, she liked it more than a little rough. I didn't judge though. While a different roommate may have assumed I did, I think she could tell by the way I got lost in her eyes as she spoke that I was more jealous than anything; trying to look deep into her soul so I could put myself in her place.

"Lisa, what about you?" she said. "You broke up with Ryan 6 months ago and unless you've been doing it at work, you haven't gotten laid since."

"I'm doing just fine. Just cause I'm not going home with a guy every night doesn't mean I'm not satisfied. I hooked up with Alex two weeks ago," I countered.

"Making out on the dance floor is hardly a hook up. We need to get you some action or I'm starting to think you'll jump me. Not that I'd mind." She said it with a sexy laugh that caused me to go redder than before.

I knew Lauren had been with girls. She was definitely more into guys but she loved sex and was open to going both ways. She rarely brought girls to our apartment, preferring to keep that sheltered from me. However, I did notice on a couple occasions when she did, that the passionate screaming and dirty talk was even louder than with the boys.

She was right though, the only action I'd had since Ryan was from the vibrator hidden in my drawer. I don't know why I felt the need to hide it, it was Lauren who had bought it for me as a gag gift after my break up. The thought of someone knowing I used it still embarrassed me and despite the passionate screams I heard from her bedroom all too often, I only used it when I knew she was out.

Even if I wanted to, I couldn't argue that she wasn't right about the action I'd been getting, or lack thereof. She knew it, I knew it. The absence of dick was getting to me. I had always had a little crush on Brad and I was ready to go for it tonight. I was on my second margarita and starting to feel a very pleasant buzz. I'd be lying if I said our not so innocent conversation wasn't making me just the littlest bit horny.

"Let's play a game," Lauren announced. "We need to loosen you up a bit. I know you want Brad tonight and being your prude little self won't get you what you want. We need you feeling wild and free."

She picked the deck of cards up from our coffee table and dealt 7 cards face up in a line. I knew this game. I just had to guess higher or lower on each one and make it to the end of the line. If I got one wrong I had to take a drink and start over. If the goal was to get me drunk, it would probably work.

"One little twist," she added, "if you go through the whole deck without winning, I get to ask you a question that you have to answer truthfully."

"Fine." It was no big deal. We tell each other everything and I pretty much always win before running out of cards anyway.

45 high-low guesses later and I was out of cards, still 3 from the end of the line. Not to mention starting to get more than a bit tipsy.

"Tell me what you fantasized about the last time you used the vibe I gave you."

I turned beet red. I know she gave me the vibe, but her stating I used it like it was an obvious fact made me uncomfortable. Not as much as telling her my last fantasy would. If she wanted to embarrass me with a question this was the one. She probably just expected me to tell her I fantasized about Brad fucking me. I could just say that and try to get away with it. Lauren always knew when I was lying though. She had this crazy ability to see right through me. The truth was that I have some very kinky fantasies I've never lived out. I read stories online about bondage and humiliation and it gets my juices flowing like nothing else. I've never had the nerve to try it though. Ryan was so vanilla that I was afraid I'd scare him off by bringing it up. Until now, lots of stories and the occasional picture or video were all I knew of that world. I knew I couldn't lie, but no one said I had to give tons of detail either.

"I... I imagined my hands were tied to my headboard while Brad had his way with me." That was my way of telling her my hardcore bondage fantasy in the most PG way possible. Not bad on my part.

"I knew you were a kinky bitch! I have some handcuffs I can lend you any time you need." Her grin was so big it looked like she had extra teeth.

So much for PG. I couldn't believe she called me that. A kinky bitch. I couldn't believe how turned on I was. My face must have been fifty shades of red.

She pestered me for more details. "Your turn, same rules apply," was all I said back.

I shuffled and dealt the cards as quickly as possible, hoping the moment would pass and I could try my best to embarrass her, a difficult task. Unfortunately, it only took her a few minutes and it was my turn to guess again. She didn't bother reshuffling the deck. She had me start where she left off, about half way down. A huge disadvantage and normally I would've protested, but part of me wanted to open up a bit more. I already had a great buzz from the margs and it was the first time I'd ever mentioned anything about being tied up to anyone. It felt good.

Needless to say, I didn't overcome the odds and I quickly lost. "Now I get my details. In your fantasy, how exactly did Brad have his way with you? No one line answers this time."

If she had asked me that an hour ago I would have just changed the subject. Now I was tipsy and the fantasy was replaying in my head. Brad on top of me, shoving his cock into my mouth while he reached back and pulled on my nipples. Hard. I could feel my pussy dampen. In the fantasy and in real life as I sat next to Lauren.

"I thought about him straddling my face, forcing his rock hard dick into my mouth. He would reach back and slap my tits and then pull on my nipples. All the while yelling at me that if I didn't do a good job he'd rip them off. Then I imagined him giving up on my mouth and shoving his dick into my pussy in one thrust. Fucking me hard until we were both about to cum. Then he pulls out and cums all over my face while everyone cheers him on. I came so hard I thought I'd break the vibe."

I realized I hadn't mentioned that there were others watching us in the fantasy until right at the end. I kicked myself for letting that slip. I didn't mean to tell her that much, it just spilled out. I could tell she was shocked too. I don't know if I've ever truly shocked her before. Her mouth was gaping open and now we were both a little flushed.

"Maybe you're more of a slut than I thought. Now we just have to get you to live out your fantasies."

"It's only a fantasy," I said. I meant it, at least I thought I did. The thought had me dripping though and I'm sure she could tell. Good thing I wasn't wearing her dress with no panties. As great as it felt masturbating to those thoughts, I could never live them out.

Now it was 10 o'clock. Time to head to the party. Lauren and I got into a cab and sat silently until we got to Brad and Jason's building. There was no need to talk, we both knew what the other was thinking.

We walked in and saw all the familiar faces. Lots of friends from college, that's where we knew Brad and Jason from, and just as many friends of friends. I accepted a drink from one of the friends of friends, Connor I think. This party appeared to be more frat party than classy Manhattan party but that was just fine with me. Easier to get what I wanted.

Lauren quickly ditched me to find her man for the night. Unlike me, she hadn't picked one out yet so that meant flirting with everyone. I made a beeline for Brad. I just hoped I didn't make a fool of myself by throwing myself at him, a real possibility in the state I was in.

Brad was so cute. Thick brown hair, piercing green eyes. He played lacrosse in college and was still in amazing shape. He noticed my outfit. As I said, daring for me even if it wasn't at the level of Lauren's. Things were going so well. My plan was to not leave Brad's side the whole night, including when everyone left and he got into bed.

Unfortunately, someone screamed out that it was Brad's turn on the beer pong table. I was hoping he'd pass on his turn and stay with me, but no, beer pong always won. Stupid boys. For those that don't know, beer pong is a drinking game where you try to throw ping pong balls into the other team's cups of beer. Somehow unbelievably exciting to boys. Oh well, I figured I might as well go watch. Checking my phone I saw it was close to 1am already. I had a chance to catch my breath and realized I was pretty tipsy, no, drunk.

I ran into Lauren at the table. First time I had seen her, or pretty much anyone besides Brad, since we walked in. She seemed to be at least as tipsy as me. And by some great coincidence, she was at the table for the same reason I was. The boy she currently had her eye on was Matt, a friend of Brad's from high school, and he was on Brad's team for the game. I couldn't blame her. He was hot. I wasn't jealous though, Brad was going to be mine and I definitely preferred him.

Lauren suggested we play the boys. If they were going to play beer pong it might as well be with us. They explained the best they could do was let us play the winners of the game so we decided to root the boys on so we could get our turn with them.

Halfway through the game it was pretty even despite Lauren doing her best to distract the other team. She was standing behind Matt and Brad and jumping up and down so all the other guys could do was stare at her bouncing tits. It was probably half the booze and half natural Lauren, but I saw her whisper something in Matt's ear and then a big smile on his face. Then to my surprise, she whispered something in Brad's ear which got an equally large smile. I hope she wasn't making promises I couldn't keep.

I pulled her aside and asked her what she told them and she just said, "It was nothing, just some encouragement."

We had both been sipping our drinks during the game. I knew I was drunk, but she seemed pretty wasted. Maybe she didn't even remember what she had just told them. Either way, it seemed to be all the encouragement the boys needed and they won pretty quickly after that.

Our turn. The boys quickly ran through all the rules. It wasn't as if we hadn't played before but they acted that way. I might not have been on the level they were, but I played a decent amount in college, usually on the arm of a guy, and wasn't bad. They also made sure to point out the naked run rule, standard in college but I was a bit surprised it still applied now that we were "grown up." Each team had 10 cups and when you got the other team down to 6 you could rearrange them into a triangle. Often called a "re-rack." If you didn't get down to 6, you had to run naked down the block in college. Here it meant running naked from one end of their apartment to the other and back. Lauren and I laughed it off and agreed. We weren't great, but getting down to 6 shouldn't be a difficult task. The boys even let us go first. So courteous haha.

Of course, we both missed. "Warm up shots," we said as they teased us. Brad hit one and Matt missed. 10-9. We both missed again. Maybe this would be harder than I thought in my drunken state. This time Matt made one. 10-8. No big deal, the first few cups were easy. On our next turn I hit one but Lauren was really struggling. She was drunker than I thought. I didn't think we'd win, I just wanted an honorable defeat and an excuse to hang out with Brad more. The boys both missed this time and I made another one. All tied up at 8. If only Lauren could get herself together maybe we could even win and force the boys to stop playing beer pong and start playing with us.

Brad's next shot bounced off a cup and into the air. Lauren reached to swat it away before it fell back down into a cup. She succeeded. Kind of. She hit the ball but also most of our cups. She knocked over 6 cups in all. We argued to be able to refill them but the rules are the rules. If you knock over a cup it's out. Suddenly we were down 8-2. Oh well, at least the game would be over soon.

That's when the boys reminded us of the naked run rule. Oh no. It could actually happen now. It was still unlikely. They had to hit the last 2 cups, not always an easy task. We just had to hit any 2 out of 8. Of course, their trash talking didn't make it easier. Brad pointed out how long the apartment was, it was a loft after all, and how crowded it was. Running through that crowd naked would be mortifying. If we could even run. We'd more likely be weaving our way through the crowd while trying to fend off unwelcome hands.

I was determined not to let that happen. The thought of it got to me though. I couldn't focus and missed miserably. Lauren missed just as badly as before. I was scared. And extremely horny. I realized not just from Brad anymore. The idea of being forced to strip down in the middle of all these people and run around the apartment was extremely erotic to me. It was like so many of the stories I had read online with a girl losing a stupid bet and being forced to strip and humiliate herself. I had gotten off to those so many times. Now I could be that girl. As hot as it was, the reality was also terrifying.

The boys both missed. I could take a breath. Lauren missed again but I made my shot. 7-2. We just had to make one more and we were safe. The odds were in our favor but it didn't stop the trash talking. A crowd had formed to watch, very much aware of the situation. Matt went first and hit one of the 2. 7-1. If Brad made his shot it was over and it would be the most humiliating moment of my life. Why was I getting so wet? I wasn't ready to do it though.

Before Brad could shoot I stopped him. I pointed out that I had made 3 shots and actually played pretty well. Lauren hadn't made any and had even knocked over 6 of our cups. It wasn't fair that I should have to run naked too if we lost. I was fully throwing my good friend and roommate under the bus. I didn't care. My survival instincts took over and I just wanted to save myself from the humiliation. Lauren probably wouldn't care anyway. You could already pretty much see everything she had to offer and I know for a fact that several of the guys there had already seen her naked. It wouldn't be much different if she were running rather than lying on her back.

"You bitch," she yelled at me. "I can't believe you'd turn on me like that. We're in this together."

The boys agreed with her. It was a team game they told me. I chose my teammate and sometimes your teammate lets you down. Now I just had to pray Brad missed.

He didn't.

Everyone started cheering, even the girls. I was mortified. I told them it should just be Lauren doing two naked runs, she was the one who lost. Brad and Matt actually seemed to respond to that. They huddled as chants of "strip, strip, strip," got going.

After a minute, the boys came over to us to give their proposal. They tried to make it sound like they were the nicest guys in the world and they were doing us a favor. At the time I thought they were. Brad started, "we kind of agree with Lisa that she's an innocent victim here. Nice guys that we are, we want to give her a chance to get out of the naked run. Lauren running twice isn't all that exciting, but if we could double the forfeit in some other way then that would be enough to satisfy us. Plus it's my house so I can alter the rules."

Matt took over, "If the two of you agree, we'd settle for just one naked run. But whoever does it will also have to get up on the table after and finger herself til she cums. One naked run and one orgasm instead of two naked runs. Seems fair to me. And it gives Lisa a chance to escape the fate she thinks she doesn't deserve."

I couldn't believe they even had the nerve to say it. Masturbating on the table was taking things to another level. But could I really lose? Lauren didn't make a shot the whole game and I was playing pretty well. This was my only chance to avoid stripping in front of who knows how many people. Would Lauren accept the terms though?

I looked at Lauren. "If you guys can make sure there are no pictures or videos taken, I accept the deal. Lauren, you better accept too. You got us into this mess." The boys told us they'd make sure there were no photos or videos. As I said, they were in good shape and it was Brad's house with several of his lacrosse buddies there. They announced that anyone who even took their cell phone out of their pocket while the loser was naked would get their ass kicked and their phone smashed. I expected to have to do more convincing of Lauren, but she agreed. I don't know if she felt bad or actually thought she could beat me. Maybe she didn't mind getting off in front of the crowd. I know I was horny as hell thinking about doing it, but I had no desire to live it out. The thought of Lauren fingering herself on the table was getting to me and I knew if I got to see it her show would fill my fantasies for weeks.

We filled up the cups and flipped a coin to see who would go first. Lauren won but I wasn't worried. Every soul in the apartment was fixated on the game.

Lauren made her first shot. Just luck. I missed and she made another. Hmm, suddenly she didn't seem so drunk. The girl who could barely walk minutes before was standing straight as an arrow and had laser focus. After going back and forth several times, she had me down to 2 cups and I still had to hit 5. My legs were jello at this point. I couldn't believe what was happening. She shot me a wink and made my second to last cup. As I drank it I realized she must have been faking drunk the whole time. I wondered if she knocked the cups over on purpose. I made my shot but feared it was too little too late.

Lauren blew me a kiss before sinking the last one. My fate was sealed. Everyone was going nuts. As hot as Lauren is, I think it was more exciting for them to see me lose. Lauren already had a wild reputation and while a full on live masturbation show would have taken it a step further, no one could even imagine me doing what I was about to do. That wouldn't be true in 15 minutes.

I was frozen. The "strip" chant started up again but soon changed to "Lisa, Lisa, Lisa." There had to be over a hundred people there. And I was the center of attention. They were all staring at me. They all wanted to see me. All of me. My whole body must have been blushing. Lauren came over and whispered in my ear, "it's alright babe, I know you can do this. I hope you're not mad, but I really wanted to help you break out of your shell." I slapped her hand away when she started to pull down the zipper on my skirt.

I knew there was no way out. Everyone saw me agree to the bet. Mostly to myself, I said "fuck it, a deal's a deal," and pulled off my shirt to loud applause. I started to kick off my heels but Brad told me to leave them on. I knew that would just make me run slower and look like more of a stripper. I did as I was told. I reached for my skirt and at that moment I realized how fucking horny I was. I would be lying if I said I hadn't gotten off dozens of times imagining myself being the only one naked in front of a room of people. I had fantasized about streaking across the quad at college more times than I can remember but I never came close to actually doing it. I never had to. I paused.

I was worried there would be a wet spot on the front of my light pink thong. The crowd knowing I was getting off on this would only add to my embarrassment. I made the decision to take my bra off first and free my 34C boobs. The boys were freaking out. Cat calls and whistles and all sorts of dirty talk. The girls were into it too but they were looking down on me like I was some sort of dirty attention seeking whore and telling each other and the boys what a dumb slut I was. Fuck them, it wasn't like it was my decision to do this.

Now I could pull my skirt and thong off together and no one would see the wet spot on my thong. "Here goes nothing." And there I stood, naked as the day I was born. I was panting like I had just run the marathon but I hadn't even ran across the apartment yet.

"Run to the windows and back to this wall then up on the table," Brad reminded me and the rest of the party.

Might as well get it over with as quickly as possible. I tried run to the window but I was slowed to the pace of a walk by the density of the crowd and all of the hands reaching out to get a feel of what they could. There wasn't much I could do to stop them. I got to the window and turned around, getting to face the whole party again for my run to the far wall. I was so horny that I almost wanted to pause and let the roaming hands get me off. The "Lisa" chant started up again. I didn't want to disappoint. I was actually thinking how glad I was that I had shaved my legs and pussy that morning. If everyone was going to see me naked, they might as well see me at my best.

I made my way back towards the table, my mind still trying to figure out if this was the most embarrassing moment of my life or the most vivid fantasy. 50 different people must have touched some part of my naked body. One good rub of my clit would have sent shockwaves through me. At least my masturbation show would be quick. The degrading words the other girls were yelling at me only made me hotter.

I hopped up onto the table with some help from Brad and Matt. I sat down and spread my legs, still wearing just my 3 inch black heels. I had no sense of modesty anymore. Everyone had already seen everything and all I could think about was giving my hands full access to my sopping pussy. I had never been so horny in my life. I shoved two fingers from my left hand straight into my pussy, I was plenty lubricated. I started furiously rubbing my clit with my right hand. I came almost instantly but I didn't stop. I hoped people wouldn't realize I had cum so quickly. I needed one more. As I continued assaulting my own pussy in front of a room full of friends and strangers, someone threw something at my face. It was my thong. So much for keeping the wet spot a secret. It didn't take me long to scream out my second orgasm. Those were easily the two biggest orgasms of my life.

I just sat there for a minute. I needed to catch my breath, I wasn't even thinking about everyone looking at me anymore. I was thinking about giving myself one more orgasm but I was too ashamed. I had to draw the line somewhere. Finally, I got down from the table and was greeted with a big kiss on the lips from Lauren to the delight of all the guys. "I'm so proud of you," she said into my ear.

I grabbed my thong from the table and put it on. I found my shirt and skirt and put those on too. The bra was a casualty. The original plan was to end the night with Brad but I told Lauren I just needed to go home. She said she'd go with me and much to the dismay of a room full of horny men, the two of us made our way to the door. I didn't even say goodbye to Brad.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot," Lauren told me in the cab home. "It looked like you really enjoyed yourself."

"That was the most humiliating moment of my life. I can't believe that happened. And you set it up, didn't you?!" I was almost yelling at her.

She started to smile. "I wanted to do you a favor. If you can honestly tell me you didn't enjoy that then we can turn this car around and go back to the party and I'll get up on that table and strip myself."

That sounded like a great idea. Not only did the thought turn me on even more, but it would take away some of the chatter about me that I was sure would come from everyone there over the next several weeks.

I opened my mouth and nothing came out. I couldn't lie to Lauren. I just sat there silently.

"That's what I thought," she said after a minute. I just looked down and the rest of the ride was quiet.

When we got into our apartment she told me to think about what happened. "Feel free to play with your favorite toy while you do," she added.

And I did.