**Lost Bet**

by Anna

Tonya smiled at me. "Your choice, baby doll. Jeans or bra?"
My fingers trembling, I unzipped my jeans and slid them down, suddenly aware we had attracted a crowd of about 20 onlookers who saw me remove my blouse and surmised there was a little strip pool going on. As I stepped out of my pants, I was greeted with wolf whistles, applause and humiliating laughter.
I knew I had been had, but still hoped Tonya would miss and I would be able to rally on sheer terror and adrenaline alone. But, alas, I never got the chance. Banking the cue ball off the side, Tonya sank two of my balls with one shot! The crowd started cheering and taunting me as Tonya quickly sank my last two balls and stood there triumphantly.
"Gosh, Anna, I do believe that's all your balls... and all your clothes!"
My face burning, I looked around and briefly thought about just making a run for the door, but knew the crowd wouldn't let me. It was plain to see they were ready to see some skin. Unfortunately, it was my skin and they were about to see every inch of it!
I bit my lip and fought back tears which were threatening to burst out of my eyes at any second. I gave Tonya a pleading look, but her smirk told me I would receive no mercy there.
Finally, I reached up and unclasped my bra and let my breasts spring free, which prompted even more taunting from the crowd.
"Yeah, baby, let's see those tits!," a male voice said, making me cringe.
Standing there topless in just my panties, I was focused on the immediate humiliation of Tonya's victory and the crowd witnessing my debasement, but as I reluctantly reached my fingers into the waistband of my panties and started to slide them down, the full impact of my situation hit home.
In just a few moments, I was going to be walking (or more likely running in sheer terror) through a three-story club packed with hundreds and hundreds of people, all fellow residents of the town I called home. And I was going to be totally, completely, head to toe, bare ass NAKED for all of them to see.
As I stepped out of my panties, I stood up and immediately covered my breasts and crotch with my hands, prompting a new onslaught of laughter and jeers from the amused onlookers.
"Suddenly she's shy," an older woman said, shaking her head in disgust.
I was seriously considering crawling under the pool table to hide, but Tonya grabbed me by the elbow and started pushing me across the room, my bare feet sliding on the hardwood floor.
"Come on, sweet cheeks," she said, reaching down to pat my bottom. "Time to move those cute little buns of yours. There are A LOT of people who will be thrilled to see you, I'm sure."
I stumbled forward and moved toward the other side of the room, blushing from head to toe....
I spotted the door to the stairs and started to head that way, still trying to keep my face down when my path was suddenly blocked by a teen-age girl, about 16 or 17 years old, who was holding a ping pong paddle and eyeing me with a wicked grin.
"Sorry, darling, but I'm afraid this exit has a toll fee," she said, slapping the paddle against her palm.
"P-p-please, I just need to get by," I stammered. "I just l-l-lost a bet, that's all."
She laughed. "I can see that, Lady Godiva. But that's not my problem. My problem is collecting a penalty fee for all streakers trying to pass through this door."
Slapping the paddle again, she smirked, "Guess what the penalty is?"
I could feel tears rolling down my burning cheeks as I shook my head. "I don't know."
Twirling her finger in the air, she said, "Turn around. Bend over. And reach for those pretty little toes of yours. This will only take a minute." With her last remark, more laughter exploded all around me.
I gave her a pleading look, biting my lip, but she just continued smirking at me. "Now, lady!" she snapped.
"Unless you want us to call the cops and get you arrested for indecent exposure in front of minors!"
Waves of humiliation swept over me as I blushingly turned and leaned forward, focusing my eyes on my toes which were gripping the game room floor. I moved my hands down until they grasped my ankles and could feel the skin of my buttocks tightening even as the girl braced her hand on the small of my back to balance herself.
I felt her rub the smooth wood of the paddle across my bottom and then I heard a slight "whoosh" sound and then there was a loud "WHACK" and suddenly it felt like my right butt cheek had been stung by bees!
I gritted my teeth and was determined not to make a sound, but my courage faltered by the fourth swat and the fifth and sixth spanks caused me to gasp and whimper and the tears started flowing.
"Hey, Steve!," I heard a male voice shout behind me. "Come check it out. They're paddling some naked chick!"
I could hear lots of movement behind me as the crowds in both rooms jockeyed for the best position to watch me get a bare bottom paddling. I tried not to start sobbing, but the one thought that kept going through my mind was how this could have happened! It was supposed to be Tonya being humiliated and running through the club naked, not me!!! And now here I was, a 27-year-old professional paralegal, getting spanked by a teenage girl in front of God knows how many leering witnesses. I wanted to just die....
My appointed punisher landed two more solid spanks, one on each cheek, which caused me to lift up on my toes and sob loudly, and then mercifully she was done.
"Ok, sweet cheeks or should I say pink cheeks, you can go," she said. I immediately rose up and threw my hands back to rub the stinging out of my poor bottom, oblivious to the full frontal view such a move afforded to the dozens of people in front of me. At least, I was oblivious until the applause and taunts about my breasts and my pubic hair started.
The crowd did not part for me and I had to shove my way through it,
getting groped and fondled in the process.