**My Subway Streak**
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I recently had one of the most humiliating experiences of my entire life and it was all due to my own big mouth. Knowing it was my own fault doesn't lessen the embarrassment and I have to say I am still blushing even as I write this.

I am originally from Philadelphia but recently moved to Arkansas. Not to toot my own horn, but I'm fairly attractive. I'm 25, have dark hair, I'm about 5 feet, 8 inches, with olive skin because I'm about half Native American. I'm a runner (3 miles a day) so I've got a pretty toned body, but I've always been shy about showing it off.

I usually make friends pretty easily and the people in the south are really friendly to start with so I soon had a circle of girlfriends from the office where I work and more than a few male admirers, but I'm not really dating anyone at the moment. The girlfriends I run around with are a little on the wild side, but basically harmless. No drugs or anything, just always looking for something crazy to do. One girl, Tonya, is constantly flashing other cars when we're out driving around and other antics.

Anyway, there was a big boxing match this month between Bernard Hopkins (who is from my hometown) and Jermaine Taylor, a boxer from LIttle Rock. Tonya actually went to school with Jermaine and was going on and on about how he was going to knock Hopkins out, even though Hopkins was undefeated.

I felt like I had to stand up for my hometown boy and started running my mouth that Hopkins would win and that Jermaine wouldn't even make it five rounds, etc. The rivalry kept growing as the match approached until a bet was proposed. Tonya's little sister worked at a Subway restaurant downtown which stayed open until midnight. We would often go in there when we were out running around to visit with her, hang out, etc. It was always filled with high school kids and tourists visiting downtown in the late evening hours.

The bet Tonya proposed and which I reluctantly accepted was that the person whose boxer lost the match had to go into the Subway to pick up a to go order called in by us earlier. The catch was the person had to do it in their underwear. Bra and knickers and nothing else. Like I said, I reluctantly agreed because I was sure I would win.

We watched the match at a local bar and early on it looked like Taylor was in trouble, bleeding from a nasty head wound. This is where my big mouth got me in trouble. Thinking Hopkins was a shoo-in to win, I started teasing Tonya. But she was non-plussed. So, like an idiot, I proposed upping the ante. I said the loser had to go in and pick up the order totally bare assed naked. I actually did it to shut Tonya up but she just smiled and said, "Cool...."

As the fight continued, Hopkins was really starting to pick up the pace and pummel Taylor and Tonya was starting to look a little nervous. I should have quit while I was ahead, but I had a reason to want a little revenge on Tonya. Shortly after I had started at the office, my birthday came up and Tonya and my other new friends took me out to eat and then we all went drinking at this small local bar.

At some point in the evening, Tonya told me it was a tradition in their little group for "the birthday girl" to get a birthday spanking. I was a little tipsy and the others were egging me on and the next thing I knew I was over Tonya's knees getting the seat of my shorts warmed up with 25 rather hard swats and one to grow on. Mind you, this was in the middle of the bar and while, thankfully, there were only a dozen or so patrons beside our group, it was still pretty embarrassing.

And then I found out the next day from one of the other girls that there was no tradition. "You were the first," she said, smirking. "I can't believe you fell for that."
I had always kept revenge at the back of my mind and now seemed like the perfect opportunity with Hopkins looking like a sure fire winner. So I started teasing Tonya again, telling her "her boy" was going down, etc.
She just shrugged and said, "Just wait. It's not over yet."

Feeling brave (and apparently stupid), I said, "Care to put your little tush where your mouth is?"
Tonya looked at me with one eyebrow raised and I continued, "Besides the Subway streak, the loser gets a spanking from the winner. I want some payback from my birthday."

The other girls all looked at Tonya, who nervously cleared her throat. "Would the spanking be before or after the loser has stripped?" Giving her my best evil grin, I said, "After, of course."
All the other girls started oohing and aahing at the prospect of one of us getting a bare bottom spanking. Actually, a completely naked spanking! I just knew Tonya would refuse, but once again she nodded and said, "Cool."

Well, I don't know if you're boxing fans, but you probably know Taylor lasted 12 rounds and won the match in a split decision. It felt like the floor had fallen out from under my stool when the decision was announced and I almost started to cry. I started to protest, but knew it was to no avail. If I didn't go through with it, I would lose my new found friends respect.

We started driving to the Subway and I was secretly hoping it would have closed early, but Tonya was soon on the phone telling her sister about the bet and placing our orders. Then, looking back at me, she told her sister, "But give us a little bit because we have to make a quick stop first. Besides picking up our food naked, little miss izzy is going to get a spanking. So you keep our buns warm while I'm heating up hers."

While my other co-workers were teasing me and giggling, I began the humiliating task of stripping off my clothes. I kicked off my shoes, pulled off my socks, slid my khaki capri pants off, followed by my T-shirt. Now I was just in bra and knickers and made a last ditch appeal to let me do it in my underwear as originally proposed. But Tonya just shook her head and said, "Sorry, darling, you said bare ass and I want to see bare ass."

She pulled over at a rest stop which I thankfully noted was deserted and ordered me out of the car. I sheepishly emerged, trying to cover up as best I could. I had to follow her as she led the way to a picnic table near the restrooms which I noted with fear was well-lit by a street light. Before I knew what was happening, I was over her lap and she was spanking my bottom. My other co-workers stood in a semi-circle around us, laughing and teasing me as she roasted my poor rump.

I was drumming my toes on the cement surrounding the table and fighting back tears for several minutes. She mercifully stopped after about 40 swats and let me back up. My bottom was bright pink and stung like crazy! And just like that she started walking back to the car and I followed, my face burning as hot as my bottom.

I had hoped it wouldn't be crowded at the restaurant, but as soon as we pulled up it became apparent Tonya's sister called all her friends and needless to say it was standing room only in there. Clutching the money for the food in one white-knuckled hand, I got out of the car and walked inside. I tried not to think about the fact I was naked, but there was a breeze blowing across my body as I walked and I could feel the gritty pavement under my bare feet. And the stinging heat emanating from my posterior was a painful reminder of the state of my ass.

The crowd inside were already yelling and cheering before I even had the door open. I tried not to make eye contact with any of the dozens of people who were all staring at me and focused on Tonya's sister, who was laughing so hard she could barely speak. Thankfully, she had my order ready at the counter, but she couldn't resist taking a few extra minutes ringing it up and getting my receipt.

While I tried to drown them out, I could hear comments like, "Nice tits, baby!" and "How's your little booty? Your butt is as red as your face!" It felt like an eternity, but they told me later I was only in there for about four minutes. Still, four minutes standing there completely naked in front of all those people! I now know it is possible to blush from your head to your toes. I got the food and ran outside, only to see Tonya backing away in her car.

I yelled and started chasing after the car, cursing as I stepped on stones in the parking lot. She finally stopped after making me run about 50 feet and they let me in. They were all rolling in the floorboards laughing. "Very funny," I said as I got back in. I looked back to see every patron with their faces shoved against the glass laughing.

The only plus side was that Tonya and the others bought me lunch for like a week after and now they call me "their little streaker." From now on, I'm keeping my mouth shut about boxing.... Or anything else..

**subway streak part 2**

After my naked appearance at Subway and the bare bottom spanking I got from Tonya, I expected a considerable amount of teasing at work and I wasn't disappointed. Tonya especially took a great deal of pleasure in constantly bringing up my night of shame. The really bad thing was that there were photos!
One of the office girls had taken several shots with her digital camera, including shots of my spanking at the rest stop with painfully vivid images of both my blushing red face and my equally red bottom, and there were several camera photo shots taken at the Subway which supposedly have been making the rounds on the Internet.
The photos my co-worker took were, of course, downloaded and shared by everyone in the office, including the male workers. Tonya even started using one of the spanking photos as her wallpaper! So anyone who came to her desk saw me naked, draped over Tonya's lap while she is slapping my bare ass with this gleeful look on her face. I begged and pleaded for her to take it down, but she refused and our boss wouldn't make her. He thought it was funny too!
Needless to say, my desire for revenge against Tonya has occupied my every waking moment since and I started to formulate a plan to get even. I should have just sucked it up and let it go, but unfortunately for my pride (and... sob... my poor bottom), I couldn't do that. I wish I could tell you I pulled off the perfect revenge plot, but then Tonya would be the one writing this and not me..... Sniffle....
I had recruited another of the girls in the office, Carrie, to help me because she seemed sympathetic to my plight. She said she had always resented Tonya's attitude and thought she deserved some serious payback! She grilled me about any skills or activities I was good at that I could challenge Tonya with and I told her I was pretty good at shooting pool.
We arranged for the whole gang to meet up at this place called "**Three Monkeys**," which had a fancy restaurant on the first floor, a piano bar/cigar lounge on the second floor and a large room with pool tables, ping pong, shuffleboard, etc. on the top floor. It was one of the most popular and busiest places in town most of the time and we ended up there on a Saturday night when all three floors were packed! Thinking it was going to be Tonya humiliated, I was thrilled to see how crowded it was but I would live to regret it.
We soon fell into a game of pool and I held back and acted like I couldn't play that well while Tonya seemed to hold her own. As I had hoped, Tonya soon started teasing me about my pool ability and mocking me when I missed. As I had planned, I challenged her to a game and boasted I would kick her ass.
"There you go again," she said. "You would think your little Subway strip tease would have taught you some humility."
It was now or never, I thought, and taking a deep breath I proposed another bet. We would play cutthroat and every time the other player sank one of your balls, you had to remove an item of clothing. The first one to lose all their clothes had to streak the bar.
Carrie piped in and stressed that the loser had to streak the ENTIRE club, meaning she would run around the pool tables, through the other game room, down the stairs and through the piano bar where she had to jump up on the stage beside the musicians and then go through the cigar room where she had to ask one of the patrons if she could have a puff of his or her cigar.
Then she had to go down to the first floor and go through all three dining rooms before finally going to the back alley where one of the gang would give her clothes back. The loser would literally be naked in front of hundreds of people!!!
Tonya hesitated briefly, but then agreed to the bet. Shaking her head, she just looked at me and said, "I guess you're just anxious to show everyone your goodies again!"
I just shrugged, but inside I was laughing at the image of Tonya, red-faced and probably crying, having to be naked in front of all those people! I was almost giddy with excitement as we racked up the balls for the match.
I made one of Tonya's balls in on the break and she kicked her sandals off. "Shoes count as one," she said. I was a little taken aback since I probably would have let her get away with just one shoe, but didn't say anything. That just meant she'd be naked sooner.
Deciding not to act like an amateur anymore, I moved in for the kill and sank two more of her balls in rapid order. She promptly removed her blouse to reveal a tank top underneath and then removed her belt.
"I guess I'll allow the belt," I said. "You'll be losing the rest soon enough." But then I missed my next shot.
Tonya just smiled and patted me on the shoulder. "Sorry, darling. My turn now. Hope it's warm enough in here for you."
Feeling a little nervous at her confidence, I just shrugged again. "I'm not the one who needs to be worried."
But my prediction was a little premature as Tonya proceeded to sink four of my balls with rapid fire precision. She paused to allow me to catch up with my required disrobing and I quietly removed my shoes and socks. "Do socks count separate?," I asked, trying to keep the nervousness out of my voice.
"Sure, why not?," she said. Standing there barefoot, I removed my blouse and belt and was standing there in my sports bra and jeans with knickers underneath. Suddenly, I was wishing I had worn more clothing. Especially when she promptly sank another of my balls.
Feeling like the floor was moving underneath me like I was on a ship in a storm, I looked to Carrie for help and saw she was grinning ear to ear. "Oops. Did I forget to mention Tonya was a former state billiards champion? My bad."
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, Izzy, 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. Followed by a female voice which sneered, "Wasn't really worth the wait, was it? Maybe you should put them back and let them grow some more."
Standing there topless in just my knickers, 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 knickers 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. This was the Subway nightmare multiplied a hundred-fold.
As I stepped out of my knickers, 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..

**subway streak - part 3**

Here's more of my ordeal at Three Monkeys and for those who keep asking NO! I don't enjoy this.... It's the worst feeling in the world....

I staggered forward, trying to ignore the taunts and laughter of the 20 or 30 people gathered in the pool room as I made my way across to the next room, where several college age looking people were already gathering at the doorway to see what all the hoopla was about.
Their startled gasps and looks of shock at seeing a stark naked young woman padding toward them soon turned to laughter as well and my ears were ringing. I clumsily tried to cover as much of myself as I could and kept my eyes downcast, blinking back tears as I moved forward.
I wish I could say that I was numb to what was happening. I wish I could have stepped outside myself, but instead it was like all my senses were on red alert. I could feel the grimy floor under my bare feet, I could feel my legs trembling so hard I thought my knees would start knocking. I could feel the little jiggle in my bottom with each step and the slight bounce of my breasts and the cool air moving across my skin. And most of all I could feel what seemed like a thousand eyes crawling over every pore of my body, making the hairs on my neck stand up and, most embarrassing, my nipples erect.
The crowd in the doorway parted enough for me to pass through, but just barely. I quickly discovered it's hard to avoid eye contact with people less than a foot away especially when they're leaning in toward your face, laughing and making comments like "Hello, darling, nice costume!" and "Whoo, baby! Why are trying to hide them titties?"
I moved between the ping pong tables, desperately trying to remember which way the door to the stairs was located and dodging the people that kept popping up in my path. I still had one arm over my chest and the other hand splayed across my crotch trying to keep it covered but I knew it was pointless.
"Nice toe nail polish sweetie," a pretty blond woman said, her face contorted in laughter.
"What shade of red is that? It's almost as red as your face!" This last statement was practically shouted and got the result she was obviously seeking, more humiliating laughter and taunts from all around me.
I desperately threw a glance back over my shoulder, but couldn't see Tonya, Carrie or any of the other girls. I was basically on my own surrounded by strangers and felt literally as helpless as a new born baby. A naked baby!
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.
Covering myself again, I lunged through the door and down the stairs, almost knocking over several startled couples who were coming up the stairs. I took the steps two at a time, my bare feet slapping the wooden steps as I went. My ears were ringing. My legs were shaking so it was hard to keep from falling down.
The next landing outside the piano bar was also full of people so I just burst through them into the room. It was more dimly lit, with candles at each table, so for half a second I thought that might make it easier, but my entrance was immediately greeted with shouts and cheers and laughter and shocked expressions. There was no doubt my state of undress was readily visible to everyone in the room.
I bolted through the tables, trying to ignore the sea of faces dancing in the candlelight and jumped up on the stage where the startled musicians stumbled backwards out of my way. I didn't know if Tonya or the others were watching, but was terrified of failing in any part of the dare and facing additional consequences, so I obediently jumped up and down on the stage, my boobs bouncing to the delight of the crowd.
My legs were still shaking so hard, I had to steady myself against the bass player, a big fat guy who looked as embarrassed as me at first, but then he reached down and swatted my bottom. I yelped because my butt was still stinging from my paddling earlier. That brought more laughter from the faces in front of me and then things got worse.
I started recognizing some of the faces! There was Clay, a local attorney I dealt with fairly regularly, who was watching with a mixture of surprise and lust while his petite little wife was giving me go to hell looks! I saw a girl who worked at the hair salon where I get my hair done, who was laughing hysterically and shaking her head. I just knew she would tell everyone at the salon which meant I could never show my face there again! There were a couple of guys I recognized from the gym I used to go to. Glad I let my membership lapse since I could never go there again either.
I fought back tears as I jumped off the stage and padded into the cigar room next door, which naturally, was standing room only and mostly men!
"Well, hello, darling!," one grinning, bald guy said. "Can we help you?"
I wanted to crawl under one of the sofas which lined the walls of the room, but instead I moved toward the bald guy and asked for his cigar. I was amazed at how calm my voice sounded since my heart was pounding like a jackhammer and my face felt like it would burst into flame!
"Sure, babe," he said, and handed it to me. I took one puff, intending not to inhale, but I was so nervous I sucked harder than I meant to and ended up having a coughing fit. I cringe to this day when I think how I must have looked, completely naked and coughing. My breasts, with my still erect nipples, shaking violently.
I turned and headed toward the stairs again, but not before I heard one of the few women in there, a black headed, buxom beauty, loudly comment, "She was kinda cute, guys! I especially like that little pink backside of hers. Kinda makes me want to spank her myself!"
Shaking with shame, I bounded down the steps again and right into a crowd of women walking up. I knew them all! They worked at the circuit clerk's office where I went to file stuff practically every day. I froze in my tracks and was so shocked I didn't even cover up! I was standing there completely naked as they suddenly realized who I was....