**Never Bet What You're Not Willing to Lose**

by The Stranger

**Part 1**

Beddington was a small town in Nevada. It was well off of the main highways, so it never grew into any kind of gambling hub, but their main industry was providing equipment for the big gaming complexes. Because of this, they were very serious about gambling. They had even passed a town ordinance stating that welching on a bet would be treated as stealing. The judge would decide felony or misdemeanor depending on the real or perceived value of the winnings/losses. Needless to say, the more embarrassing the payment, the more likely that welching would be ruled a felony and involve jail time. This ordinance was enforced by the local law enforcement, and this led everyone in the area to call Beddington “Betting Town”.
To outsiders, this may seem extreme for something most people do casually. In Betting Town, there was a lesson to be learned, “Never bet what you are not willing to lose.” No one was ever forced into a wager, and evidence of such a thing could mean jail time for the offending party. You didn’t have to accept a bet or its terms. Once agreed upon by both parties in front of witnesses, it was ironclad. Most just bet amounts of money or services to be rendered, but there were always a few humiliation bets, and the people of Betting Town had seen just about everything. If it was the agreed upon terms of a bet and kept within city limits, it was legal.
Donna had grown up in Betting Town. She did her share of betting, sometimes with rather daring consequences, but had never lost more than a few dollars or a quick panty flash. She wasn’t overly cautious, just lucky, and couldn’t imagine her lucky streak ever ending. Many had tried to embarrass her before, at 5’10” brunette with firm C-cup breasts and a toned farm girl physique, many guys had tried to get her naked but it usually backfired.
Donna’s best friend, Stacey, had opposite luck. If she had ever won a bet, no one could remember, but she never backed away from a wager. Being a 6’ blond with DD breasts, she was a favorite target for all of the boys and many of the girls thought that she was a closet exhibitionist. Currently, she was paying off a wager that stated that she could only wear a skimpy string bikini and sandals for the entire month of June, even to church and work. So far, she had made over $300 in tips at the drive-in diner, and it was only June 3rd. This was mostly due to the jogging to and from cars as well as the occasional wardrobe malfunction, which only momentarily embarrassed her because “with all the bets she had lost most everybody had already seen everything.’ She could be ditsy at times but didn’t consider herself an exhibitionist, she had just gotten used to the public exposure and it no longer bothered her. It did, however, bother her family when she wouldn’t feel the need to wear clothing around the house. Her father was the local Baptist minister and he was constantly ashamed of his daughter.
Donna worked waiting tables in the local pool hall. She was going to be a senior in high school in the fall, so she couldn’t serve alcohol where the big tips were given. She served food and other drinks and tried to make due with the meager tips. Her co-worker, Myrna, was a 22 year old Irish lass and daughter of the owner. She was a delightful, high-spirited girl who everyone, including Donna, just loved being around. Her father treated them both fairly, never giving favoritism (Myrna wouldn’t allow any even if he did) and Donna liked the job. The only problem was that Myrna; with her long red hair, pale complexion, and medium build with D cup breasts; tended to get the lion’s share of the tips. To supplement her income, Donna played pool and cards to win some extra cash. She had become known as quite the shark.
It was late June and Stacey had made so much in tips that Donna wanted to step up her game so she wouldn’t be left behind. Around this time Max Burnns came to town. He was a professional card player who had won enough to retire. He wanted to open his own bar in his home town where people could play cards and he could keep his skills sharp. He wanted some good poker tables and chairs, custom poker chips, and a few slot machines for drinkers who didn’t play cards. After looking over the merchandise and placing some custom orders, he checked into his motel and the headed to the local pool hall to check out the action. He found a nice Irish pub with pool and card tables where gambling, not alcohol, was the prevailing vice. Not there for financial gain, he watched for a while, then sat in on a low stakes game to unwind.
Even though Max wasn’t playing at full competition level, he was still easily the best card player there. He tried to keep his bets small, but it was against his principles to allow someone to win just to keep them happy. Fortunately, the people of Betting Town enjoyed a well played game almost as much as winning. This man was good and they could tell. It was about this time that Donna’s shift ended, and as she headed past, some of the guys called her over and introduced her as the bars best card player.
Donna had been having a slow week. Most of the customers were Myrna’s regulars, and the few she got were lousy tippers. On top of that, Stacey had had a huge night a few nights ago when, unbeknownst to her, one of her male co-workers had untied her bikini bottoms while she waited on an order. She spent over an hour waiting on customers bottomless before being clued in to her exposure. In all, she cleared over $400 that night in tips alone. The manager was starting to wish that the bikini was her usual uniform. Donna was being left in the dust and needed a way to make up the difference. This new gambler seemed like a good opportunity to get some extra cash. The locals said that this guy was good, but she could usually beat them, so she didn’t worry too much. She was the card shark here.
Max, like any pro, was good at sizing up his opponents pretty quickly, but always played it safe at first. For a gambler, overconfidence was a vice that could make you poor in a hurry. He could tell within minutes that this girl was a perfect storm of youth and overconfidence, and would gamble her life away if not taught a lesson soon. Losing big was a hard lesson, but if learned early, could save you in the long run. Max’s mentor had taught him this lesson when they first met, and that made him the success he was today. Question was, could she be taught or was she too far gone. The patrons of this bar had been stroking her ego for a while now and she may never get right.
Max took it slow at first, and soon found another flaw in her game. When she had a good hand, she got aggressive and rarely folded, even when holding junk. A lesser player could be intimidated by this, but Max found it laughable. After she had won a few small hands, he started playing for real. Soon, he was up a few hundred dollars and she was asking the boss for a pay advance. The boss gave her what she had earned this week, “and not a penny more, so don’t ask”. She was down to her last $60.
The next hand looked good for Donna. She started out with two pairs, kings and tens, and drew a king. She knew that she had this one won, so she went all in. Max saw her $60 and raised $200. Max knew that she didn’t have any more money and thought that this would end the lesson. He couldn’t have been farther from the truth, for now her overconfidence raised its ugly head. First, she asked to go to the ATM. He told her that if she left the table, she would forfeit the pot. He also wouldn’t accept IOUs and the other patrons were already tapped out.
It was at this time that said the words everyone in town loved to hear: “How about a wager?” Max knew about the town’s love of any type of gambling and took all wagers very seriously, so Max simply asked, “What do you propose?” Donna thought about it and said, “If my hand is better, I get the pot. If your hand is better, you get the pot plus…..um…..how about my shirt.” Donna was wearing a sports bra underneath, so going without her shirt wouldn’t be a big deal. Max was shocked. Was she overconfident to this extreme, to not fully consider the consequences.
He then remembered something his mentor had told him. His mentor had a few young players under his wing, and one had become so cocky that he was basically putting a target on his back, everyone wanted to take him down. Their mentor had to do something before the kid became the doormat of the professional players. The kid was good for a rookie, but would get eaten alive by seasoned players. The mentor played the kid, taking every cent the kid had plus his car. He then booted the kid out telling him to get a job and come back when he had some talent. When Max asked why he was so harsh, he just looked at the deck and said, “When overconfidence is too strong, the fall must be even greater for the lesson to sink in.” The kid returned a few months later as a more disciplined and smarter player.
“No way” was Max’s response. “Look girlie, we’re playing real poker here, not college kids strip poker. This is about money, and that shirt ain’t worth $140.” Now, he thought, was the big decision… Fold and learn her lesson, or prove that her fall needed to be greater. She sealed her fate when she said, “H-How about for all of my clothes?”
Donna could hardly believe the words we’re coming from her mouth. She couldn’t believe it had come to this. She had never been in such a predicament before. In a few hours, she had gone from trying to catch up to Stacey, to trying to salvage whatever she could or lose everything (and she meant everything). The thought that she kept coming back to was, “but I don’t lose, and this hand is close to unbeatable. I gotta go for it! If I lose, this is Betting Town. I won’t be the first or last to take the “Nude Walk of Shame”home.”
Max just looked down and said, “Think about what you’re saying. Is that really what you want?” She simply nodded yes. Max got a piece of paper and said,” I want this in writing so that there can be no arguments or accusations of indecency.” He wrote:
I, the undersigned, agree that if Mr. Max Burnns’ poker hand beats mine, not only will I lose all money in the pot, but Mr. Max Burnns will own all of my clothing and I will be left nude. I have read these terms, and by my signature verify that I fully understand and accept these terms.
Signed,
Max said,” You should read over it and think about it before you sign.” Donna, however, didn’t want to think about it or she might lose her nerve. Without even glancing at it, she signed and handed it back. Max shook his head, sighed, and said, “Ok, let’s see what you got.” Donna, smiling broadly, showed her hand: Full House, kings over 10s. Max nodded approvingly and said, ”That a good hand, but it doesn’t beat Four of a kind” as he laid down four 3s.

**Part 2**

Donna could’ve been knocked over by a feather. All these years never losing anything big, but now she had to strip naked at work, give some guy she just met her clothes, and bike home nude. As this reality was sinking in, Bob Howard, a 23 year old who was a regular of Donna’s (and secretly lusted after her), cleared his throat and said, “Um…you have to pay up.” Donna knew the penalties for welching, and definitely didn’t want a criminal record. Besides, she had no one to blame but herself.
When she finally came around, she knew what had to be done. First, she pulled the tight uniform t-shirt over her head and dropped it on the table. She then unbuttoned and unzipped her khaki shorts and let them drop to the floor. As she stood there she realized that up to now her parents and Stacey were the only ones to see her in her underwear. None of her boyfriends had ever gotten this far. She then shook her head and thought, “Why are you spacing out? They and possibly a good portion of the town will see a lot more soon enough.” She then grabbed the bottom of her sports bra, took a deep breath, pulled it over her head and put it with her shirt on the table. She was now topless at work, a small pair of white panties the only things guarding her modesty and they too would have to go. With trembling hands, she hooked her thumb in the waistband on both sides of her body, closed her eyes, held her breath, and quickly pushed her panties past her knees letting them fall to the floor. She picked up her shorts and panties and laid them on the table with her other clothes.
She was getting ready to start her long, nude bike ride home when she heard Max say, “Excuse me, but you are still wearing some of my property. The wager was for all of your clothes. The socks and shoes are mine too.” Totally defeated, she stooped down, giving all in front of her a nice beaver shot, and pulled off her shoes and socks, adding them to the pile. She was surprised how much losing her shoes and socks affected her. They didn’t hide anything important, but they were her last bit of covering and now they were gone. Without speaking, she exited the building, grabbed her bicycle, (now more than ever she wished her parents had gotten her a car when she turned 16) and started the long ride home.
Even though the sun had gone down, it was still warm outside, and it was summer vacation. All but the very young or very old were out enjoying the outdoors now that the burning sun had gone down. They were soon paying undivided attention to the Lady Godiva wannabe. Not only was Donna conspicuously nude, but with her work schedule had only managed to get a farmers tan on her arms and legs. Her midsection was pale white accentuated by her tanned limbs. They could also see that either her pubic area had never seen a razor, or she was being violated by a small, furry animal (of course, she hadn’t planned for it to be on public display). Younger kids pointed and laughed while teenagers took out camera phones and hurriedly snapped photos and video. Adults merely smiled and waved at the latest victim of their own foolish wager.
For Donna, it was overwhelming. She hadn’t considered that all of these people would still be outside with cameras. What she didn’t know was that as soon as she lost, many of the bar patrons started informing friends of the coming spectacle. Donna had always been shy, never even wearing a two piece bathing suit, and most of the men in town had wished for a good look at her fit yet curvaceous body. This was beyond their wildest dreams. Donna could feel their eyes and, while embarrassed, was kind of enjoying all of this attention. She wondered, ”Is this how Stacey feels when doing those embarrassing things after losing a bet? Is this why she kept betting even though she always lost?”
It was at this precise moment that she heard a familiar voice calling her name. She turned to see Stacey running towards her, dripping wet, wearing only a towel. Apparently, she was in the shower when her little sister told her of Donna’s nude ride. Knowing Stacey would want to rush to her friend, the younger sibling had taken Stacey’s bikini and only left her a towel. While Stacey’s parents disdained her frequent public exposure, her sister often conspired to show her sister to the world whenever possible. Stacey’s sister, June, had always been kind of a tomboy. She recently turned 15 and was becoming more interested in the opposite sex, but with her brown hair, B cup breasts and short stature (5”5’), she found it hard to compete with her voluptuous and often exposed sister. She told others that since her sis seemed to like the attention so much, June would help her get that attention. Truth be told, she derived some sexual pleasure from her sisters embarrassment and, although not a lesbian, did enjoy seeing what to her was a perfect body.
Stacey raced over to her friend to ask what had happened. The last thing Donna wanted to do was sit outside, naked and recall how she had lost her money and clothing. However, she could see that her friend was concerned, so much so that she had run to her side almost naked herself without even taking the time to dry off. She told her friend of the card game, the lost money, her good hand and his better hand, the stripping, and her nude ride being recorded for posterity. Stacey grabbed and hugged her friend, dropping the towel in the process. Donna was unsure what to do, being nude in public and being embraced by her equally nude friend, but decided to go along with it and hug her back. Many of the male onlookers found it difficult to stand. June also found this strangely arousing.

**Part 3**

When Donna finally arrived at home, she couldn’t believe her eyes. Max was there with some other men taking boxes from her house! She hurried to the house to find her mom. Her dad had died three years earlier from a car accident, so it was just her and her mom, Isabelle (although she preferred to be called Izzy). Izzy was in her mid fourties and was to many a definite MILF. She was 5’8” with long auburn hair pulled into a ponytail, and full C cup breasts. She work as a dealer in Reno and usually left a few buttons undone on the uniform to get good tips plus she liked the attention. She was something of an exhibitionist, dressing provocatively around the house, especially when Donna had male visitors. Donna was certain that the reason she didn’t date much was because all guys attention went to her mom. This ride was the first time she had experienced that kind of attention.
When she found her mom, she was standing next to Max holding a piece of paper. Donna asked Max, “What are you doing here?” “I came to get the rest of my winnings” was his reply. Donna was getting ready to go ballistic when her mother asked “Donna, did you even read this before signing? It says here that you bet all of your clothes and you signed. There’s nothing I can do.” Donna tried to argue that she meant the clothes she was wearing, but Max stopped her and said, “That outfit you were wearing wouldn’t cover your losses. I told you, I wasn’t playing strip poker. I was playing for money. You offered all your clothes as collateral so I took a chance. I’m hoping that by selling what I can and donating the rest as a tax write off, I’ll get my money.”
The true gravity of Donna’s predicament finally hit her. She was broke, naked with no clothing, and the only way to get money was working. But would she have to work naked? Could she work naked? She worked at a bar, not a strip club. Max’s final words to her hit hard. “Maybe this will teach you not to be overconfident and think before you act.”

**Part 4**

The next day, Donna called work about her predicament. Her mom had a smaller body and all of her clothes fit tight on her, there’s no way Donna could wear them. She couldn’t borrow her mom’s clothes and payday for both of them was in two weeks. Car problems had drained their savings so buying clothes wasn’t a viable solution. She was naked and would stay naked until one of them got paid.
Izzy couldn’t see what the big deal was. Everyone knew that she lost a bet, so her walking around town and working naked would just be seen as part of the wager. Honestly, Izzy wished she had an excuse to go around town naked. It was ok if it was a lost bet, but just for kicks was indecent exposure. She had to find a wager to lose. Just the thought of the whole town looking at her nude body was making her wet. She hoped Donna would have to work so that she could have some alone time.
Her boss had little sympathy for her. He knew that betting her clothes was her idea and the gentleman had tried to talk her out of it. She could either come to work, or look for another job while naked. No job meant no income and no income meant no new clothes. She didn’t really have a choice. Donna the nude waitress would be at work for her usual shift.
The ride to work was worse than last night’s ride home. It was midday and all of the kids were out playing. Most of the kids pointed and laughed. Some of the boys got their first boner and she had to giggle to herself after seeing so many trouser tents. There were also older couples out. Some voiced their disapproval while some of the old men cleaned their glasses to better take in the sight while their wives stared daggers at Donna.
When she finally got to work, the boss gave her one of his aprons to wear. It covered her front pretty well, but her bare backside was in full view. Although she had some covering, this almost seemed to her to be more erotic than being totally nude. She asked for another to cover her backside, but the laundry had just been picked up and this was her bosses only spare. All of the bar towels were too small to make a wraparound skirt, so she thanked her boss for what covering she had and resigned herself to having to work bare assed.
Work was slow at first, but when word got around about the waitress wearing only an apron, it became standing room only. At first she was mortified that all of these people were coming in just to stare at her ass, but when she had time to think, she had an epiphany. She had been trying to find a way to get better tips than Myrna and Stacey, now Myrna was having trouble keeping up. She thought about staging a wardrobe malfunction to test her theory. She pulled the apron a little extra to the left, and took a tray of food to a table of five. Instead of going around to serve the customers on the other side, she reached across the table to hand them their food, causing her right tit to fall out. She pretended not to notice and kept working, and started getting 40 – 50% tips. She had her new path to big bucks. She wasn’t an exhibitionist, she felt no arousal from her exposure. She was a capitalist.
On her nude ride home (the apron belonged to the bar and there it would stay) she started thinking about Stacey. Was she really the ditz everyone thought that she was or did she lose those bets on purpose? Maybe she wasn’t an exhibitionist like everyone thought. Maybe she had just found a simple way to make good money at a crappy job. She noticed that almost none of her bet losses cost her money, they just reduced her to little or no clothing. Was she a financial mastermind or just a ditz with big boobs surrounded by horny guys? Donna would have to pay more attention from now on.

**Part 5**

Donna knew that all of the clothing stores would be closed by the time that she got off of work, especially as busy as they had been today. Even though the money was good, she would much rather wear something skimpy than nothing at all. Although it was embarrassing, she did take some pride from knowing that much of it was due to men lusting after her. After life with her mom, being friends with Stacey, and working with Myrna, she wasn’t used to all of this attention. Most eyes were immediately drawn to her mom and friends. Now that she knew the power of a little exposed skin, maybe she would let her mom help pick out her clothes.
When she got home, she heard some noise from the back and went around to investigate. She found her mom enjoying a nighttime swim. Even though the sun had gone down, the heat radiating from the ground kept things pretty warm. Donna had built up a sweat riding home, even without clothing, and a swim sounded good. She asked her mom if she could join her, even though she didn’t have a suit. Her mom came over to the shallow end and replied, “Honey, we were all born naked. A bathing suit is only to protect your modesty, nothing else. Besides, I’m not wearing a suit either.” With that, she stood op revealing her nude body to her daughter. Donna was a little embarrassed by this, but couldn’t help but admire her mother’s beauty.
Donna jumped in the water and couldn’t believe how good it felt. Having nothing between her and the water felt wonderful. It was nice to not feel the suit drag as she swam and not having to constantly adjust it. Even though they lived of the outskirts of town with no visible neighbors, she had never even considered swimming nude. She asked her mom if she had done this before. Izzy just laughed and said, “Donna, the only time I bother wearing a bikini is when others are around, and that’s just so I don’t offend them. I mean, can you imagine if your friend Stacey’s mother saw us now. She would probably soil herself and pass out. Truth be told, I only wear clothes in the house for your sake. I don’t usually wear any when I’m home alone.”
Donna swam a few more laps and then went to take a shower. While showering, she thought about what her mother had just told her. All this time, her mother preferred to be nude at home, but wore clothing to keep Donna comfortable. After these last few days, that just didn’t seem right. When Donna finished her shower, she went and told her mother to wear what she wanted and Donna would just get used to it. She also told Izzy that she was proud to have such a beautiful mother. Also she wanted her advice picking out new clothes and told her about what she had learned today. Izzy laughed loudly and said, “Donna, sweety, did you think that I wear tight and revealing clothes to work because they’re comfortable?”
Donna went to her room and laid down on her bed. Tomorrow morning, her mom and her would take her tip money and buy her some new work clothes. Working nude wasn’t as bad as she had thought, but she wanted her future nudity to be on her terms, and in private. Thankfully this whole ordeal would be over tomorrow.
But you know what they say about the best laid plans…

**Part 6**

The next morning, Donna was awakened by her still nude mother holding the house phone. “It’s that girl you work with,” Izzy said with a concerned look. “She sounds upset.” Donna’s first thought was that Myrna was ticked that Donna had stolen her thunder, yet she knew Myrna wasn’t like that. Bewildered and still a bit groggy, Donna took the phone. On the other end, Myrna sounded frantic and maybe even crying.
“Donna, dad collapsed after work. The doctors say that he had a heart attack. They said it could be fixed with a simple surgery, but we don’t have insurance. We need money, but dad can’t work and I can’t open and run the bar by myself. Please come here immediately. I need you here as a worker and my friend.” Donna replied, “I was going to buy some clothes before work. Can I come there after I get some clothes?” Myrna said, “Donna, I need you here now! I’m at wits end and need someone here with me. You’ve always been like a little sister to me, and I have no one but dad and you. The other girls are too wrapped up in their own problems to care about mine. Besides, you worked with just an apron on yesterday and had your best tip night by far. Please come straight here.” Donna just said ok and resigned herself to another nude day.
She hung up the phone and filled her mom in. Izzy offered to drive her since it was her day off and she wanted to see if she could help the poor girl. She went to get dressed while Donna got up and ready. Twenty minutes later they arrived at the bar. They went inside and found Myrna with her head in her hands, sobbing, while the cook tried to console her. His name was Marko. He was a 5’ 10” Greek man in his early 50s who had been with her father since he purchased the bar. Many customers forgot about him, as if hot food just appeared from nowhere, because he was always in the back.
Myrna saw Donna, ran over and gave her a hug, and explained her problems. They needed a lot of money soon for the operation, far more than the bar made in an average month. Besides that, they had the usual bills to pay. Also, with her dad unable to work, they had no bartender. Myrna could handle beer and shots, but the only thing she knew about mixed drinks was how to order them. A bar simply could not run without a bartender.
At that moment, Izzy spoke up saying, “I tended bar for a few years when I was in my mid-twenties. I may be a bit rusty, but I think that I could do ok.” Donna looked at her and asked, “But mom, what about your job”. Izzy smiled and replied, “I’m tired of the drive and the crappy hours. This will let me work close to home and spend more time with my daughter.” With that, the bartending issue was resolved. They decided the best way to attack the money issue was to have a brainstorming meeting with all of the employees.
There were two other waitresses. First there was Skye, a 5’ 7” raven haired girl with small B cup breasts and with the nicest ass in the county. She always wore the tightest pans and the shortest shorts or skirts. She always made sure to bend at the waist to get good tips, and the guys loved it. She also looked kinda goth (not many real goths in the desert) with her black clothing and makeup. Also, somehow she managed to stay extremely pale in the desert (nobody knows how and are afraid to ask). The other waitress was Brandi, a bubble headed blond who made Stacey look like a genius. She was also a bit of a klutz, but at 5’ 10” with E cup breasts, she was always forgiven by the guys.
All the ideas were discussed, unfortunately most were from Brandi and were mind numbingly stupid. Whoever said there were no stupid questions obviously never met Brandi (i.e. Why do we have to serve alcohol?). After about two hours, everything was quiet. Finally, Donna stood up and said, “I have an idea, but I don’t know if any of you will like it.”
Donna told them of her epiphany last night while working only wearing an apron. Of course, she didn’t propose that all of them only wear aprons (which disappointed Brandi and Marko). What she did propose was a standing wager. There were two tables, one in each corner, that customers never wanted to sit in. They complained about waiting over 15 minutes for a waitress to notice them and take their drink order. These would be the “Hot Seats”. We get a doorman/bouncer to meet them at the door. To get in on the wager, they have to pay $10. That way, if we’re out of tables, someone can still sit there without wagering anything. Also, if they lose they get nothing. We keep the ten regardless. The doorman will give them a slip of paper with their time of arrival on it. If seven minutes (because it’s a lucky number) pass by and they have not been waited upon, they get an article of clothing from the first waitress to come over. These tables will not belong to any waitress, if you see someone sitting there, go ask if anyone has taken their drink order. To keep from having a situation where no waitress will go over incase it’s been over seven minutes, if it has been over 20 minutes, they take their slip of paper to the doorman or bartender. There will then be an announcement that all waitresses must give them one article of clothing. ‘’ I’m pretty sure tips will go up as you lose clothing and this will force us to be more attentive waitresses. Also, since this is Betting Town, if you end up overexposed, you won’t get in trouble because it’s part of the wager. I’ve been completely naked the past few days and there have been no complaints.”

**Part 7**

Marko was the first to speak. “We don’t need no bouncer. There’s not a punk in this town that I can’t throw out on his ear if he bothers you ladies. As for the pieces of paper with times written on them, we got the old timeclock in the back that’s been collecting dust. We can put it out front so that, if they want to play, they take a blank card and punch the time. If they have a card, the money is added to their bill.”
Myrna was next to speak. “I don’t know if I or the other girls can handle the exposure as graciously as you have, but we need money badly. Therefore, if we’re going to do this, then all of the tables should be fair game. Since its summer break, I’ll need everyone here for every shift to see if this takes off. If it works well, maybe we’ll be able to hire more girls. Not sure my dad is gonna like this. He’s a devout Catholic.”
Next was Skye’s turn to speak. “Um, I don’t know if I’m ok with this. You girls all have awesome bodies and big tits. With my pale complexion and small boobs, how can I compete?” “Are you kidding me?” Izzy chimed in. “With that ass of yours, you got nothing to worry about. Besides, I can tell you that some guys like smaller breasts and others will go gaga over your pale white body. What I want to know is how do I get in on the action. I may be older, but I can still bring them in with this body.” With that, she pulled off her shirt and dropped her shorts to show her nude form.
They discussed the idea a while longer, deciding to stay closed today to make changes and re-open tomorrow. Donna left early enough to buy some new clothes. Instead of going to the usual clothing stores, she first went to the goodwill store. “Why buy expensive clothes just to lose them again.” She then went to the local discount store and bought economy packs of socks, sports bras, and bikini style panties. She also got a cheap pair of sneakers. They had decided that shoes were not part of the game. Serving food barefoot too dangerous and constantly buying new shoes would get expensive. Still, Donna preferred to be barefoot at home and didn’t see the point in buying expensive shoes. For the first time in days, Donna was fully clothed and was surprised at how weird it felt.
When Donna got home, she followed a trail of discarded clothes to her mother. Her mom could be a real slob and Donna had to clean up after her often. Izzy was sunbathing nude when she saw her daughter approaching. She told Donna, “Better relax while you can. Won’t be much time to relax starting tomorrow.” Donna decided to join her mom when it suddenly occurred to her, she hadn’t even considered buying a swim suit. In just a few days, she had gone from only wearing one piece bathing suits to wearing no bathing suit. She stripped of her clothes, added them to her mother’s pile, and dove into the pool.
After swimming for a few minutes, she got out and laid next to her mom to try to even out her tan. Soon, she noticed her mom looking at her body. Izzy pointed at Donna’s pubic area and said, “If it’s going to be on display, we need to do something about that.” She then got up and went into the house, returning with cordless trimmers and a disposable razor. She then, to Donna’s surprise and embarrassment, went about the task of shaving her daughter’s pussy. Soon, Donna’s pussy was as smooth and hairless as her mother’s. She reached down to feel her smooth crotch, and marveled at how much more exposed she felt.

**Part 8**

Donna and Izzy rode to work together for the first day of the experiment. It would be a little weird working with her mom, but had to admit that it was comforting to know that, if she ended up naked, she wouldn’t have to ride her bike home. Being naked for tips was one thing, but free was something else. If just hanging out in town, she preferred to be clothed. Izzy, on the other hand, was so excited about losing all of her clothes and being nude in front of numerous people that she could barely contain her excitement. She had come up with her own game and couldn’t wait to tell the boss.
Izzy went straight to Myrna upon their arrival to tell her about the idea. “I call it “Stump the Bartender”. I will have a bartending guide on the counter. If they pay their ten bucks, they get to pick a drink from the book. If I don’t know how to make it without looking, they win an article of clothing.” Myrna approved the idea and told Izzy, “Just don’t lose your clothes too quickly.” Myrna had given Donna rides home on nights with bad weather and had been invited to come in and visit. Given how little clothing she wore with a guest around, it was obvious that she was an exhibitionist. (After finding out that her body didn’t offend Myrna, she often sat and talked with her wearing only panties.)
It appeared that all of the girls had the same idea as Donna. They had gone to goodwill or dug out some old clothes that they didn’t wear any more. They weren’t tacky or grubby looking, but most of the clothes were obviously old and worn. Only Izzy wore something fancy looking. She had a few old uniforms from the casino and wanted to get rid of them. This way she could get rid of those uncomfortable uniforms, get to take her clothes off in public, and get paid to do it. This was going to be the greatest job ever.
The night started out relatively normal. All of the regulars came in at the regular time, but once they learned about the new arrangement, the cell phones came out and the place became packed. Myrna’s regulars made up about two – thirds of the crowd and all of them paid for a chance to see more of Myrna than ever before. The girls kept up with the crowd pretty good for a while. Myrna and Skye in particular were uncomfortable about stripping for these people and were hoping that they wouldn’t lose much if any clothing.
The first to lose anything was Brandi. She was easily distracted and forgot about the two gentlemen who came in ten minutes ago. Given her ample busom, no one was surprised when the gentlemen asked for her shirt. About a half hour later, someone got her bra. The next was Skye, who just got tired and lost track of a table. This table also had two gentlemen, both of whom had punch cards. That added twenty dollars to their tab but, unfortunately for Skye, required two articles of clothing as payment. Skye was now bottomless and blushing all over. However, due to feeling empathy for her shyness, both men left a twenty dollar tip.
After the dinner rush was over, Myrna was the only one still fully dressed. Donna had lost her shirt ( can’t look too eager to strip ), Izzy was in her bra and panties, Skye still had her shirt and bra, and Brandi was naked. Guys found that if they kept her talking, she would forget about the other tables until it was too late. She also had made a few hundred dollars in tips, even with her lousy service.
It was about this time that the O’Donnell boys came in. They were five brothers who had a bad habit of drinking too much and becoming loud and obnoxious. They were Myrna’s regulars, partially because they liked Myrna and also because none of the other waitresses wanted to deal with them. When they learned about the wager, each got a card and quietly sat at an open table. Myrna saw them come in, but was dealing with an extremely picky customer. Once done with him, she headed to the O’Donnell’s table but was stopped by a customer complaining about his food. He didn’t take a punch card and was saying that their little game was ruining the fine establishment that her father built. Myrna offered to either replace his food or have it taken off of his bill. He chose the latter and finally let her tend to her other customers .
When Myrna got to the O’Donnell’s table, they were all smiles as they showed her their punch cards. It had been eight minutes and they had five punch cards. Myrna only had four articles of clothing, so to make up for the fifth they had her get up on the table to strip. Before she could get started, someone went to the CD player and put on “Cherry Pie” by Warrant. Myrna was mortified. All she needed was a pole to swing on. Ever the stalwart optimist she decided to make the best of it. She’d give them a show and see how much cash she could wring out of them.
Myrna was a gorgeous woman. She wasn’t a stick figure with huge fake boobs, but had a more classical, curvaceous body like a Marilyn Monroe or Jane Mansfield. When she started swaying to the music and rubbing her hands over her body she got everyone’s attention, even the girls. Poor Marco who was so busy in the kitchen was the only one missing it. She reached up to her collar and, as Warrant punctuated the lyric “Swing It”, she tore the shirt open and let it fall from her body. Then, swaying her hips to the music, she slowly pushed her shorts to her knees and let them fall to the table. Dancing there in her underwear she looked sexy, strong, and confident, but on the inside the embarrassment was almost more than she could bear. Even though her mind was screaming, “Stop. Run Away!”, she knew that this was Betting Town and she had accepted the terms. There was no backing out. She slowly reached behind her back and unclasped her bra, letting it slide off of her firm breasts. As it fell, she caught one of the straps with her right hand and started twirling it above her head to the beat. She dropped the bra behind her, hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties, and slid the last guard of her modesty to her knees and let them drop on the table. She then stood up and danced until the song was over.

**Part 9**

Donna was not a lesbian and didn’t even have any bisexual curiosity, but she had to stop and admire the beauty of her friend as she danced nude on the table. She also had to admire her courage. Although Myrna was exuding confidence on the outside, Donna knew that putting on this show was pure determination and her resolve to save her father at any cost, her personal modesty be damned. For the men at the bar who had been undressing her with their eyes for years, this was beyond their wildest wet dreams. They practically threw money at her. By the end of the night she would be well on her way to paying for her father’s medical needs.
Donna was inspired by her friend and wanted to put on a show of her own. Skye was down to just her bra and Izzy was naked. Donna was feeling overshadowed again. She went to another table, four guys with cards, but it had only been six minutes. “Damn, I was hoping to get you dancing on our table”, one of the customers grumbled. It was then that Donna got an idea. She told them, ”How about a second chance. If you’re each willing to buy another card, I’ll take your orders. If I’m not back with your food in ten minutes, you’ll get your show.” The guys jumped at this new chance knowing that the odds were in their favor. Donna also knew that it was all but impossible to bring back four orders in ten minutes. Just to be sure, she waited back there seven minutes before putting in their order.
After eleven minutes had passed, she went back to them and said, “Looks like you win. The food is nowhere near done. Ready for your show?” Two of the young men helped her up on the table while another went to the CD player and put on “You Shook Me All Night Long” by AC/DC. Donna started dancing and caressing herself to the rhythm of the music. She whipped her sports bra off to free her breasts and started teasing her nipples. She looked around to find all attention focused on her. Even Marko, who was on break, was watching. It was then that she realized that it wasn’t the nudity that excited her as much as the attention her nudity brought her. After all of these years living in the shadow off her beautiful exhibitionist mother and her gorgeous friends, she was starved for attention.
She slid her shorts down to her knees, making sure to wiggle her ass the whole time. She then grabbed the waistband of her panties on her right side, pulled them away from her body, and told one of the guys to grab them. She did the same with the left side, front and back. She then loudly said, “Make a wish boys and pull to see who’s wish will come true.” With that, all four pulled as hard as they could until the panties were ripped into four pieces. She looked at the guy holding the biggest piece and said, “I guess you get your wish.” She then danced on the table for the remainder of the song and the next one.
At the end of the evening they tallied the tips. Myrna was the big winner since every man in the bar had wanted to see her naked. Donna came in second with Izzy the stripping bartender in third. Skye, who managed to hang on to her bra (although she had to admit she felt weird being the only female who wasn’t completely nude), came in fourth. Brandi, although nude with a great body, came in last due to lousy service. Not every customer was there to play, and those customers tipped based on service. Brandi had been too busy flirting and showing off. The bar had seen its most profitable night ever. I was so good that Myrna gave everyone the next day off because she needed to order more food and booze.

**Part 10**

Donna was somewhat surprised to find that the other girls had brought an extra set of clothes with them for the trip home, just in case. Donna and Izzy were the only ones leaving the bar nude. The thought had never even occurred to Donna that she could bring extra clothes. After a few nights with no choice but to go home in the buff, it had somehow seemed almost normal. She was a bit embarrassed by her lack of foresight.
Izzy, on the other hand, had considered this and chose to play dumb. The only things better than driving nude through downtown would be biking or walking through. She just wished that she had insisted on riding bicycles to work to “save gas”. The more public exposure plus the bicycle seat against her nude pussy had her juices running down her legs. Fortunately no one seemed to notice.
On the way home, Donna told Izzy about wishing she had brought an extra set of clothes like the others. Izzy gave her a puzzled look and said, “I thought you were enjoying being naked. I know that you lost your clothes on purpose. I saw you standing around waiting for time to pass.” Donna went on to tell her that, although she liked the attention, she could only be naked in a place where nudity was accepted and would make her money. She could probably handle being a stripper, but her nudity had to help her financially and she was in control. She knew that if someone at the bar did something inappropriate, Marco and the others were there to help her.
Izzy wasn’t worried about someone groping her. She had gotten used to a little groping by the drunks at the casino. She also had a brown belt in Tae-Kwon-Do and had picked up some brawling tips from the bouncers. She could kick the average guys ass easily, even naked. Truth be told, her and another female exhibitionist from her class had privately sparred nude for their safety in their naked escapes. Heck, she was faster and harder to grab naked. If her and the other woman been allowed to attend class naked, they might be black belts.
As they drove home they saw a familiar person. Stacey was sitting on the side of the road frowning and looking bored. When they stopped and Donna asked what was going on. Stacey told them that her sister was having a house party while their parents were out of town. June’s male classmates were so fixated on Stacey that her sister took her keys and locked her out. She didn’t know when the party would end and wasn’t looking forward to sleeping outside. Stacey was wearing a halter top with no bra and cutoff shorts that showed a little butt cheek at the bottom. Donna could empathize with June since Stacey dressed like this was a major reason that boys never seemed to notice her. Donna asked Izzy if Stacey could stay with them.
Izzy liked Stacey. She was pretty, very friendly , and had been a good friend of Donna’s since grade school. She was also a lot of fun to mess with and was often oblivious to the fact that she was being messed with. Izzy noticed that the whole time they were talking, Stacey seemed to not even register that the two women she was talking to were both naked. Izzy smiled a mischievous smile and said, “Of course she can, but I’m afraid that I don’t allow clothing in my car. I’ll open the trunk and you can put them in there.” Donna gave her mom a puzzled look and was about to say something, but Stacey had already peeled off her top and was working on her shorts. She soon pushed them down her legs showing that she was not wearing panties either. Once again, Donna could empathize with June. Stacey then entered the back seat and they drove away, leaving Stacey’s clothes on the street.

**Part 11**

When they arrived at the house, Izzy and Stacey went inside while Donna went to the back of the car to retrieve her friend clothing to find a still open trunk and no clothes. With the shock of her mother telling her friend to strip on the side of the street and her friend doing so without hesitation, Donna hadn’t noticed that her friend getting in without going to the trunk. Izzy had noticed and,of course, said nothing. Izzy loved the idea of Stacey’s uptight parents coming to pick up their nude daughter who had no clothes to put on.
Donna went inside to tell her friend the bad news just as Stacey finished leaving a message at her house informing them of her whereabouts. Donna told Stacey the news, to which Stacey just shrugged her shoulders and said, “Oopsie. Oh well, I’m not scheduled to work the next few days. I’ll get some clothes when mom takes me home.” The fact that she would possibly have to be nude until then and her mom might have a fit when she saw her daughter didn’t phase her. Frankly, Stacey didn’t care if she was clothed or nude, as long as she wasn’t cold.
The first few times she was stripped due to a lost bet, right around the time she started to develop, she was terribly embarrassed. Now, it seemed easier to count the days she was properly dressed than try to count those that she wasn’t. Due to lost bets and her sisters pranks, she was quite certain that the entire town knew her body almost as well as she did. Especially after the school play incident.
Two years ago, Stacey and June were in the high school/ junior high performance of “Sleeping Beauty”. Stacey (who had developed early) was cast as the lead while June (a late bloomer)was cast as a soldier, a boys role, due to a lack of male participation. Stacey would get to wear the princess dress while June would be in boy’s clothes wearing a fake moustache. June’s jealousy caused her to take drastic measures. First, she hid all of Stacey’s undergarments. Next, she stole and destroyed all of the costume but the dress. Stacey was forced to go onstage wearing only the dress, which was a little big and lightweight since it was made to be worn with other layers.
When Stacey took the stage, the lights made it apparent that much of the costume was missing. Stacey, ever stalwart, felt that the show must go on. She constantly had to adjust the dress and tried her best to move naturally. June thought that this would humiliate her sister, but it didn’t show and all of the boys were drooling over her. Further steps had to be taken. As all were busy preparing for the last scene, where Sleeping Beauty lay on a pedestal in the middle of the stage awaiting her prince, June went to work. She put strong glue on the pedestal where Stacey’s body would lay, trying to avoid areas where skin or hair may come in contact and waited knowing Stacey would have to lay there perfectly still for 15-20 minutes. After the prince kissed Stacey (and copped a feel), Stacey tried to get up, bus was stuck.. Stacey, somewhat panicked, yelled “ I can’t move.” June took the opportunity and shouted, “Men, we must help the princess. Grab her arms and pull.”
Before Stacey could protest, she was pulled up while her dress remained glued to the pedestal. The only parts of the costume remaining were her shoes, the crown, and the sleeves of the dress. Everything else was on full display for the crowd, which consisted of about 80% of the town, many taking video for those who couldn’t make it. Stacey froze, hands up signaling “stop”, and couldn’t think of what to do. Unfortunately for her, the play was to end with her dancing with the prince while the cast gathered around and watched. The prince made sure to twirl her a few times to make sure the crowd saw everything. Then, as the curtain closed and Stacey thought the ordeal was over, she was pulled in front of the curtain to take her bow, then a second bow, then a third. Finally she was allowed to go to her dressing room and get her clothes.
June was pleased with the results. Stacey was thoroughly embarrassed and June was commended by the director for her quick thinking. She also found herself strangely aroused. Seeing Stacev’s humiliation had excited her like never before, and she wanted more. She would get more as that scene was posted on the internet for the world to see, quickly going viral and getting the most hits for two months straight. After that, Stacey didn’t see much point in hiding her body, and June (unbeknownst to her family) set up a website where the world could see all videos of Stacey’s nude escapades. She charged $10 a month per subscription and was gonna be set when it was time to go to college.

**Part 12**

Since neither girl had work the next day, Izzy let them sleep in. When they awoke around eleven, they found her out by the pool doing some nude sunbathing. Since both girls were still naked, they decided to join her. After baking for a while, all three decided to get in the pool to cool off. Stacey had never swam nude before, it took forever to get her parents to accept bikinis. She asked if she could come over for a swim more often.
As they were lounging in the pool, Stacey’s mother arrived to pick her up. Her name was Angela. She was about the same height as Izzy, with black hair with a few gray streaks pulled back into a bun. She wore horn-rimmed glasses, brown business attire with matching brown skirt and white blouse, and black flats. No but her husband knew that her attire hid a smoking body. Stacey had definitely gotten her nice butt and DDs from her mom.
She knocked on the door which they could hear in the back yard (she had a loud cop-knock), and Izzy yelled that they were around back. Initially, when she saw them, she didn’t notice their attire. She knew from past encounters that Izzy liked to show her body, so she figured that they had loaned her daughter a suit and they were all wearing those little bikinis that Stacey liked so much. She didn’t approve and was sure it was Izzy’s influence on her daughter, but tried to remain cordial for the sake of their daughters.
It wasn’t until Stacey had walked into the shallow end to get to the stairs that Angela realized that her daughter was topless. She gasped and said, “Stacey, where is the rest of your suit?” to which Stacey replied, “What suit?” It finally dawned on her that her daughter was swimming completely naked, and that the others were naked as well.
In anger and embarrassment, she charged toward them to get her daughter but failed to notice the pool skimmer. She slipped and her forward momentum took her into the pool. All the girls were laughing and Izzy whispered an idea to Donna. As Stacey helped her drenched mother out of the pool, Izzy came up to her and said, “Oh my, we need to get you out of those wet clothes before you catch a cold.” Before Angela could speak, Donna and Izzy went to work undoing and peeling of her clothes. Beneath her outer clothing, she wore a full white bra (functional but definitely not flattering), a half-slip and “granny panties” of which she was also stripped. There she stood by the pool wearing only her glasses (her shoes were still in the pool so Stacey dove in and retrieved then), and in Donna’s head the song “Stacy’s Mom” by Fountains of Wayne kept playing.
For someone who didn’t show of her body, she certainly kept it in awesome shape. Her butt was tone without any “cottage cheese”. Her stomach, while not a six-pack, was flat and tone. Her breasts were round and firm and didn’t sag, probably from rarely going without support for very long. Donna began to wonder how women in this family didn’t have back problems. Her skin was very pale, showing no signs of tanning, and her bush was trimmed into a neat inverted triangle that looked like an arrow pointing to her pussy. Apparently, her husband liked her neatly trimmed because Donna was sure Angela didn’t trim for her own tastes.
Once Angela came to her senses, she dove into the pool for the cover that the water provided. She then handed Stacey her glasses and hairpins as she took down her already ruined bun hairdo. She did not need the glasses for anything but reading, but her husband had a thing about women wearing glasses and she liked them because she thought that they made her look smart. Donna thought that Angela looked even better with her hair down and wondered why she seemingly tried so hard to hide her beauty. Izzy was surprised as well. She expected to find a pudgy woman with “junk in her trunk”, not the gorgeous woman she saw now hiding in her pool.
For Angela, the answer was simple. She kept in shape for her health and her husband’s pleasure. She believed that her body was a temple, and in her sex life was her husband’s just as his was for her. She didn’t show off her body, because she deeply loved her husband and his was the only attention she wanted. She just couldn’t understand her children. Stacey seemed to be ambivalent and June seemed to try to strip and embarrass her sister at every opportunity. If this kept up, Angela was afraid that Stacey would become a nudist and June some kind of sadistic voyeur enjoying other’s misfortune and embarrassment.
Donna and Stacey got back in the pool to keep Angela company. They both told her how awesome she looked and asked for workout tips to try to lessen her discomfort. Donna thought stripping her was funny at first, but could see the distress on her face and now just wanted to comfort her. Stacey just couldn’t take her eyes off of her mom. Who knew her mom was such a hottie.
After about 40 minutes, Izzy came out (still nude) carrying two towels, Angela’s clothes, and a new summer dress that Donna had bought. It would be tight, but it should cover Stacey enough for a ride home. It was tight in the chest and barely covered her butt and pussy, but she was covered. Angela was dismayed to find that Izzy had misplaced (on purpose) her undergarments. Izzy offered to go look for them while Angela hung out naked in or by the pool, but Angela just wanted to be covered and go home. She had gotten her fill of nudity for a good long while. Stacey couldn’t wait to get home and tell June about this. She would be so upset that she missed it.

**Part 13**