**Parading the Losers Naked**

by Dazed

"Conquering armies often stripped the fallen naked and paraded them through the streets of their villages and towns in a show of triumph."

Those words, spoken from the History teacher at school, etched in Trisha's mind. The mental image, decadent and delicious, formed in her mind. Lisa Martin. The head cheerleader of the rival team, standing before Trisha forced to strip completely naked and hand Trisha her clothes. Then parading her and the other three cheerleaders butt naked before hundreds of jeering students. It was the stuff wet dreams were made of, and if Trisha had her way, the dream would become a reality.

Trisha was one of four cheerleaders for her town's team, the Tigers. They were bitter rivals with a nearby team, the Vikings. The Tigers had lost the last two championship games to the Vikings and Lisa's obnoxious bragging about them winning the upcoming game was too much for Trisha to handle. She had to take the bitch down. She fired off a text to her cheerleader best friend, Emma.

"This is perfect. Parading the losers naked. We get the Viking bitches to agree to a wager. The losing team has to surrender their uniforms to the winners and agree to be paraded naked before their peers."

"You are nuts! Love the idea of those four losers getting stripped naked, but you are forgetting a couple of things," Emma texted back. "One, it is illegal. The cops will be called. We will get expelled from school. Two, what if WE lose?? I am not stripping for those sluts. No way!"

"Not here at school. It will be at midnight, after the game. Losers will meet winners at the old road where the boys drag race their cars now. Its far enough out of town, no one will know. And we will not lose. I am confident of that."

The four girls talked over the plan at noon. Even with the risk that they might lose and have to bare it all for the Vikings, the very thought of watching arrogant Lisa Martin get naked in front of everyone was just too good to pass up. The only thing now was to convince Lisa's team to agree to the wager.

They met the four girls in the parking lot of the dollar store. Lisa, with her usual cold and demeaning nature, stood there looking down on them with her arms crossed as she listened to the details.

"Intriguing proposition," Lisa remarked. "I would rather enjoy seeing you four paraded around butt naked in front of everyone. Let me talk it over with my girls,"Lisa quipped as the four huddled and began talking.

Trisha kept her fingers crossed that Lisa would accept the terms. She was rewarded when Lisa and the other three returned and agreed to the contest.

"Midnight after the game. The losing squad surrenders all their clothing to the members of the winning squad, and then must be paraded naked in a manner deemed by the winners. Deal," Lisa quipped. "Oh, I would shave those pussies of yours, If I were you," Lisa teased as the four turned to leave. "After all, there will be many pictures taken."

"The only pussy everyone is going to see, belongs to the four of you!" Trisha shouted back.

The big game finally came. The stands were packed with rabid fans from both teams. The girls did their cheers, each leering at the other team as they did theirs. Each hoping their team won so they could preside over the humiliation of the other cheer team.

The game was a nail biter. Back and forth. Each team was wildly cheering their team on. Each cheer squad watched with special interest as the clock wound down.

It was a tie game with moments left in the contest. Both teams were on their feet. The noise from the stands was deafening. With just three minutes left on the clock the Tigers scored and won the game. Trisha and the squad hugged and jumped in jubilation. From across the field, she could see the disbelieving look on Lisa Martin's face.

As the two teams came mid field to congratulate each other, Trisha walked straight to Lisa and beamed. "Midnight. We will be waiting. I have invited most of the student body, and I am sure your school will turn out too. No teachers, cops, or anyone else knows about this. I am sure you will enjoy what I have planned for you," Trisha grinned as Lisa gave her a cold stare.

Midnight could not come soon enough for Trisha. At least a hundred students were there. Bonfires burned. Beer was everywhere, as a a party atmosphere took over the remote path. Finally, Trisha's heart skipped a beat as she watched the four Viking cheerleaders cross the road and come towards them. Each was wearing their uniforms as instructed.

The four losing girls stood in front of the four winning ones as everyone waited for the moment of truth.

"We will start with you, LIsa Martin," Trisha spoke loudly. "Strip naked right now, and hand me your clothes!"

It was the moment Trisha had waited for. She beamed proudly as Lisa began removing her uniform. When the girl was down to her bra and panties, the flashes from the cameras filled the night sky around them. Sheepishly, Lisa took a deep breath and removed her bra. Her C-cup breasts jutted out proud and firm as she handed the bra to Trisha. Tears were in Lisa's eyes as she slipped her fingers into the elastic of her panties and slithered them down her long legs. Stepping out of them, Trisha noted that Lisa had a dark patch of hair covering her crotch.

"You should have taken you own advice and shaved that pussy of yours," Trisha snorted as she closed the plastic bag containing Lisa's clothes.

One by one, the other three girls were forced to strip naked for the winning girl, handing over their clothes until all four girls stood stark naked amidst a sea of cheering and jeering students.

Trisha rose her hand to calm the noise for a bit. Waving her hand, the crowd heard the roar of engine. In moments a white pick up truck inched its way towards them. On the bed of the truck, a large bar had been fixed.

"Up you go girls, " Trisha grinned as she pulled the door of the bed down and motioned the four to get in. As each girl climbed up onto the bed of the truck, Trisha and her three companions, spanked their bare asses solidly.

Once on the bed, the three jumped up to join the naked girls. The four naked losers were walked to the roll bar and made to place their hands on it. Four sets of metal hand cuffs then clamped their wrists to the bars. They were now imprisoned on the truck.

The four girls then jumped down and got into the truck with the driver. "Once we drive their naked asses back and forth on this dirt road, I want you to haul ass into town. I want to parade their naked asses up Main street for everyone to see," Trisha remarked as they all laughed.

The truck crept through the crowds of excited teens, all snapping pictures of the helpless naked girls, cuffed to the metal bar in the back of the truck. Their boobs bounced, and their asses swayed as the truck navigated the holes of the old road. For an hour they drove around.

"That's enough!" Lisa yelled through the window "Let us go now. Let us get dressed."

Trisha looked at the rear window and smiled. "Hang on tight bitch. The real ride is about to begin."

The truck hit the gas and sped from the old field and onto the main road into town.

"Noooo! You can't do this. You evil bitch. Let us go!" Lisa shouted hysterically.

It was almost 1 a.m when the truck went up the main street of town. Young people mostly were out milling around. Word soon got out that four naked chicks were being driven around in the back of a truck. Crowds gathered on every corner, shouting derogatory remarks about the girl's naked bodies.

All four girls were weeping in shame as the truck drove up and down the main street of town. Just as they were about to turn around and head back to the drag strip, it started raining. The four naked girls yelled and screamed as their bodies became drenched in rain. Their hair was matted and stringy, and their bodies glistened from the drenching they received.

The drive back was torture as the truck rocked and reeled and the wind blew across their damp bodies, giving the four goose bumps on their bodies.

When the truck stopped, Trisha and her friends lined up to greet Lisa and company. The four girls approached them, their hair in strings, their nipples hard from the cold water, heir lips trembling, and beads of water cascading down their bubble butts and onto the back of their legs.

"Pl....lease give us our clothes.. we are freezing!" Lisa begged as she hands covered her tits and her body trembled.

"What do you think girls? Should we give them their clothes back now?" Trisha asked her squad.

The four glared proudly at the humiliated, naked girls before one spoke.

"Yes, they can have their clothes back......Monday! This weekend, their uniforms, as well as their undies are going to be put in the glass sign coming into town, so everyone can see them. We will even put the losing girl's name on them."

"No! you can't do this to us. We don't have any clothes to get back home in, " Lisa sobbed.

"Piss poor planning there Lisa. I thought you were smarter than that. Well,look at the bright side. You can drip dry on your way home. You should be fairly dry by the time you get there. Better run along before this crowd decides to keep you around all night. Hard to say what might happen to four naked girls out here all alone with a bunch of rowdy guys."

"You bitch!" Lisa snorted as the four naked girls made their way to their car. All along the way, their asses, and tits were groped and smacked.

True to their word, Trisha and the squad hung the four losing uniforms inside the large glass sign at the edge of town, along with the losing girls panties and bra. Their names were placed on them as well.

Trisha deliberately drove back and forth all weekend, reveling in her triumph over the arrogant Lisa Martin.