**Playing Strip Trivia**

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"I can't, Evie. Please, it's too embarrassing."

Even just in front of me, she was squirming in the bikini. We were in the tight changing cubicle of a clothing shop.

"Come on, you can hardly see with the mirror so close. You look beautiful."

Becky stood back as much as she could without touching the curtain, glumly assessing her big thighs, how her wide belly stuck out over the waistband of the bottoms. It was probably a bit small for her.

"Okay," I consented. "Try on this one. It has a bit more cover."

My best friend stripped out of the bikini, and I observed her bush of curly brown hair, her chubby, round breasts.

"You're looking," she complained, laughing.

"Of course."

She quickly had the bottoms up, and I helped tie the top at her back.

"I should stick to a one-piece. You can see all my bulges."

"Right, that's enough." I pulled the curtain onto the shop open.

"Evie," she squealed, her hands darting, not sure what to cover.

I grabbed her arm and forced her out. There was hardly anyone around, but a group of four guys about our age, early twenties or maybe late teens, had noticed. I dragged her to a long mirror.

"Doesn't your chest look great?"

"No." She had spotted the watching guys. "I feel weird. I can't be wearing this here." And she whispered "Those people are watching."

"Obviously they're watching. Come on, show them your sexy buns."

I had to physically turn her, but she didn't give too much resistance. She looked at her side in the mirror, her substantial bottom facing the now very attentive young men.

"Okay," I said, pleased. "You did good. You can get changed. But I think you should buy that one."

I was going to wait while she got dressed, but had a terrific idea of how to prove just how desirable she was. I waved to the group of guys, and when they got closer I made a signal for them to be quiet.

Becky would be back in her underwear, maybe even have her shirt or trousers on. But I wanted to show her that any guy would be eager to see her even partly undressed.

It was only when I approached the curtain that the four realised what I was about to do. Suddenly excited, they jostled to get a good view. And then I pulled the curtain fully to the side, shouting "Surpri- Oh my god!"

Becky had stripped naked, and was examining her big rear in the mirror. Her wobbly breasts and large patch of hair were facing us. She looked round, horrified.

I quickly wrenched the curtain back, laughing with the shocked guys.

"Fuck," one of them said. "That was unbelievable."

"What a pair of tits."

Becky emerged a couple of minutes later, looking pissed. But after my string of apologies she started to soften, smiling a little. She bought the bikini before we left. I could see her searching for the guys, but they had gone.

As she drove us back to our apartment, I brought it up again.

"Becky, I am sorry about that. But did you see those guys' faces?"

"They thought it was funny."

"Well, it was funny. But they were so turned on. The way they scurried away after, comparing notes. They looked like they'd seen their first boobies."

She smirked, but was concentrating on the road. "Just don't do that again."

"Well, I'm not making any promises."

"Evie, I'm serious," she said.

"So am I."

Three of our friends were coming over in the evening, and Becky went for a shower before they arrived. She seemed more excited than usual to be having company, even though it was a pretty regular occurrence.

I was sitting in the living room, chatting with Nick, Jordan and Billy when I heard the shower stop. I still couldn't believe I had exposed Becky like that earlier. And I knew I had to bring it up when she joined us.

Even Becky wouldn't be able to ignore how attentive they would become. I was just scheming on how to mention it naturally, when Becky waltzed into the room wearing only a towel.

"Hey guys, how are you? Sorry, I'll just get dressed and then I'll join you."

While this was nothing for most people, I had never seen her in a towel in front of company before. And she was standing basically right next to where I was sitting, facing the room.

Was she really tempting me to do what I thought she was? This was different from being in front of strangers. But when she started to stall, asking Jordan how work had been, I decided.

She must have seen the changes of expression on our friends' faces as they spotted me reaching for her towel. But she didn't react.

I pulled the towel hard, felt the slight resistance of the knot, and then it came right off in one motion.

Becky screamed, and her legs went tight together, buttocks tensed. She covered what she could with her arms but I knew almost all of her breasts must be showing.

Then with no other option, she spun round to get the towel from me, her bare rear facing the guys. Giggling, I held onto the towel, and she was grinning, using both hands to fight.

The front of her was totally exposed to me, her breasts bouncing madly as she struggled. I let go after a few seconds and she pulled it around herself and ran out of the room.

The guys were laughing in astonishment.

I left to check on Becky, but lingered outside the living room for a moment.

"That was amazing," Jordan was saying.

"Yeah," said Billy. "I mean, I feel bad for her. But we finally got to see."

I went into her room without knocking. She squealed, turning in fright, a hand cupping each of her breasts. She already had a long skirt on.

"Close the door, for God's sake."

I did, and she lowered her arms. I watched as she put on her bra, and noticed that it was much fancier than the one she'd had on earlier. I wondered what panties she was wearing.

"Was that what you wanted?" I asked.

"No, it wasn't. I just want to show... Well, I don't know. Just a towel, I guess."

"Are you sure? Anyway, the guys are thrilled. I overheard Billy saying that they've been wanting to see what you were hiding for a while."

"Are you serious?" She was grinning. "It's mortifying."

"Jordan said you look amazing."

We fetched some drinks, and went back to the living room. The guys seemed sheepish and I thought it seemed obvious they had been discussing Becky since I'd left. Jordan in particular couldn't keep his eyes off her.

Becky seemed more animated than usual. She was quick to laugh, and drinking a lot. Eventually, I had to turn the conversation to what had happened.

"So, did you all enjoy Becky's body?"

I felt her stiffen beside me, but she didn't protest more than a grumble.

"Oh," said Billy. "Incredible. Sorry, we shouldn't have seen." He scowled at me. "But yeah, you look really sexy."

"I know," said Nick. "I feel terrible about it... But I love your bush. Very cool."

And then Becky surprised us all, asking Jordan what he thought.

"You look beautiful." He was blushing a bit. "You've got great breasts. I mean, we've noticed..." he trailed off.

"You've been peeking?" asked Becky, mock insulted.

The night went on, and we were all very cheerful and I think quite exhilarated by how the evening had begun. As the guys got drunker, it wasn't just Jordan sneaking looks at Becky.

"Well," I said eventually. "I'm getting pretty uncomfortable. Think I'll change into my pyjamas."

"Oh yeah," said Becky. "Good idea."

In the hall I whispered to her, "Hey, are you seeing them all checking you out?"

She giggled. "You're imagining it."

I'd already had another great idea. How I could pay Becky back without taking too much attention from her. I stripped naked, and pulled on a pair of pyjama bottoms and a loose jumper. Then with the trivia game we sometimes played under my arm, I went to re-join them.

Becky was already there, in pyjamas and a jumper too. The guys seemed aware that she'd dispensed with the bra.

"I thought a game of trivia would be fun."

"Sure."

"Strip trivia."

"Oh," said Billy. "Not sure about that."

The other two were apprehensive as well. Becky looked nervous, but intrigued. She was usually the first to shoot down an idea like this.

"Come on. Girls versus boys." I started unpacking the game. "We've all seen Becky. It's only fair she gets a chance to see us. Besides, you're at an advantage, we're in pyjamas. Each wrong answer, every team member removes one article."

They were considering it. Becky's flash had obviously given them a taste for nudity.

"What do we play until?" asked Jordan.

"Stark naked."

"Fuck. And how exactly do pyjamas put you at a disadvantage?"

"I'm not wearing a top or a bra under this. And I can see you're not wearing a bra."

"Thanks," Becky said.

"Well it's no secret, I can see them all staring."

The guys shuffled uncomfortably.

"I don't know about this," said Becky. "It was embarrassing enough before. But I don't want to sit here with my tits on display."

It was true. Sitting on the couch now, I was realising how different this was to taking my top off at a concert, or going skinny dipping. Maybe two pieces of clothing had been a bit bold.

I was about to suggest that we could stop at underwear, and then quickly nip back to my room, but the guys chose that moment to agree.

At least they were stumped with the first question, the capital of Nigeria, and removed their jumpers.

We got ours right.

The guys didn't know the height of the Eiffel Tower. And after we shouted them down for trying to claim that socks counted, they pulled off their tops.

Jordan was doughy although obviously strong, and Nick petite. But I thought Billy looked pretty good. Anyway, it wasn't the bodies that interested me, it was their uncomfortable reactions to being appraised.

It seemed acceptable to openly stare, as if this was a rule. Although it did occur to me this would give them licence to gawk when I lost my top.

Still, I had exposed Becky twice that day. Seven men in total. More in three hours than she had slept with in her life. I knew I owed her for that. So I would let them take my clothes, she could keep her panties and top, and then we would take everything the guys had.

I could feel my nipples stiffening and a tightness in my stomach. I drew out our card. Whatever it was, I was going to give the wrong answer. I usually didn't care much who saw me topless. There wasn't much to see. But it was intimidating sitting across from the guys, in our normal living room like any other night.

'The best-selling book of all time?'

"Oh, easy," said Becky.

"Yeah," I cut in. "It's Harry Potter."

"No," cried Becky. "What the hell. The Bible."

The guys were yelling "No take backs," reminding us unnecessarily that the first answer was final.

"God, Evie," complained Becky. "Let's converse, next time."

"Sorry," I sniggered. "But hey, it's worse for me, right? At least you've got a top under that."

She gave me a pained expression, which the guys caught. They leaned forward.

"Oh man, I'm sorry." So much for my plan. "Well, on the count of three?"

"Whatever," agreed Beck, grinning nervously.

"One," the guys said in unison.

We gript the bottoms of our jumpers.

"Two."

We looked at each other, and raised our tops to below our chests.

I glanced at Becky's tubby stomach, along with the guys. Her body looked really fun, a little lumpy in places. Everyone looked at mine, slender with the hint of a belly.

We waited, like racers for a starting shot.

"Three."

I lifted my jumper, flashing them. Becky, eyes shut tight, fumbled and then hers sprung out. We kept still for a second, holding up our tops, letting them take it in. Our chests were complete opposites, and the guys were fascinated, gobbling up every foreign detail.

Becky's round breasts were weighty and plump. A little low were two flat, thick nipples on red, circular areolas. Her chest wobbled as she laughed, boobs knocking lightly together.

Mine were inches apart. Soft, pointed bumps, poking straight forward. My delicate nipples were central, and the oblong areolas were small but puffy, pale pink because of my blonde complexion.

We pulled our jumpers off. Becky hugged her chest with both arms, spilling out a bit. And I cupped a hand over each of mine. The guys could barely talk, probably channelling every effort into memorising what they had just seen. Eventually I kicked the cards across the table to them.

"Sorry," said Billy, shaking his head. He tidied them into a stack, and took the top one.

'A fear of heights is called?' They got it no problem.

I switched to a hand and forearm across my nipples, so I could take a card. 'What is a group of jellyfish?' Becky didn't know and I had to think hard but remembered it from a previous game, "A bloom."

Everyone was hunched forward, concentrating. We were in a stalemate for a few minutes. 'The medical term for the funny bone?' I was finally stumped.

I knew that Becky was even more self-conscious of her dumpy legs and pubis than her torso. The plan had been that the guys would be distracted by my total nudity. However, now it was really about to happen, I wasn't feeling confident.

While Becky's pubic hair suited her, my blonde bush looked unexpected sticking out from my flat body. It wasn't as thick and widely spread as hers, but was longer. The prospect of showing it to these guys was terrifying.

Becky was standing, supporting a breast in each hand. "On three, again?" she asked.

"I can't," I whined, staying seated. I reluctantly let go of my breasts, starting to tug my pyjamas off my hips, one hand cupping my bare vagina.

When they saw I didn't have underwear on, the four of them started howling with laughter. I had the bottoms off my feet, and put a small cushion over my crotch, finally re-covering my nipples.

Becky was still standing, and the guys' attention switched to her.

Nick shouted "Oh," in surprise even though we knew she would have to do it. She had brought both hands down, displaying her plump body. She was pushing her pyjamas off her big hips and down her legs.

Her breasts were hanging forward, swinging and colliding. I leant back to glance at her ass. She had changed panties since the clothes shop. Bending to get the pyjamas off her feet, the black panties were wedging between her barely covered buttocks.

The guys were clapping.

"Much better show than Evie," said Billy.

Becky had sat down, and was hugging her breasts. She'd crossed her legs, but I could see her pubes through the thin material.

"You're seriously not going to show us?" Jordan asked me. "What's the point of winning?"

"You get to see my humiliation."

"And her sexy hips," said Becky. "Right, it's your turn."

"No way, that's game over," said Jordan. "First to be naked loses."

"Becky's not naked," I pointed out.

"Well," said Billy, glancing at my cushion. "What have you got left to lose?"

"Okay," I said, trying to keep my voice steady. "I'll stand up, if we lose the next one. And show you everything. Becky takes off her panties, but she gets to cover." I was noticing how wet I was getting between my legs.

"Sounds fair," she agreed. "I need to pee first though. I've been putting it off for ages."

She hesitated, and then stood up, covering as much as she could, but had to turn her back to get to the door.

"Wow," said Nick.

"Those are really nice panties," said Jordan.

Becky laughed. "Just the panties?"

Eventually she returned, banging the door open so she could keep a hand clutching each breast. She was smiling, sitting close to me, and put her mouth to my ear. "Evie, I'm so wet. I had to dry myself off."

We both laughed. "I am too."

Each team got the next few questions right. Becky was flirtier than I'd ever seen her. And then finally the two of us shrieked in delight. Jordan had blurted out a wrong answer. They dutifully rose together, struggled out of their trousers, and stood so we could see our prizes.

They all looked good, and very naked. Billy was wearing boxers so I could only see a slight, what appeared to be long, bump. The other two were in briefs, and while Nick's bulge was too small to see much of, I could vaguely make out the outline of Jordan's shaft.

"Keep going, Evie?" she asked.

"Definitely."

Now the guys were looking nervous. We would get this right, and then it would be back to them. I let go of my cushion to take a card.

'Who was the only British Prime Minister to be assassinated?'

Our grins disappeared. Neither of us had any idea. I felt suddenly miserable, so vulnerable. I didn't want to do this.

But Becky just sighed, and began pulling her panties off her hips. In a second her entire thick patch was completely on display. I lowered my hands from my chest too, and removed the cushion.

She had her underwear down her legs and off. And then to my surprise, she stood, gently pulling me up by the arm.

I'd never seen eyes dart so quickly. Eating up every detail of us both. This was wildly different to swimming naked with friends, with the non-sexual etiquette. We were submitting our nude bodies for their pleasure.

Becky was only showing a chubby V between her thighs. But with my wispy, pale blonde pubes and our crotches above their eyeline, the boys could undoubtedly see my lips.

Becky sat down. I said I needed to pee, and had to show them my short ass as I scurried out. In the hall, before I could get to the toilet, I had reached between my legs and was spreading the wetness up to my clit.

With the door locked, I crouched, back against the cold wall. I separated my labia, passed a finger over my soaked hole and started rubbing my clitoris frantically. My mouth was open and eyes shut tight when I heard the living room door.

Someone was going to the kitchen. I was way too wet to risk not being heard. After tasting my fingers, I quickly peed and dried my vagina thoroughly with toilet paper.

As I washed my hands, I admired the bare young woman in the mirror before me. My body was lithe, my breasts perky, my bush bold. I twisted to appreciate my cute ass before I left.

I walked into the kitchen and Nick quickly pulled his hand out of his pants, turning in fright.

"I saw that."

He looked so guilty, not even covering the bulge of his semi-hard dick as he gawked at my uncovered body.

"Don't worry," I said, grinning. "I just masturbated in the toilet."

His penis was suddenly fully stiff, straining against the briefs. Smirking, I grabbed a beer in each hand. He took the other three.

The conversation stopped as I walked into the living room. When Nick followed, they noticed his crotch, and he laughed with everyone else.

They had discussed it while I was out, and the new deal was that they wanted to see our asses in more detail. I would have agreed to anything.

A tough one for them, 'The minimum age to be a US president?' I knew it was 35, and was breathless as they deliberated.

"21?"

After enduring a brief taunting, the guys got to it, not wanting to prevaricate.

Without standing, Jordan pulled his briefs down. Becky made an involuntary squeak as his thick dick flashed into view while getting his underwear off his feet. Billy followed, looking about as thick and longer.

And then Nick had no choice but to pull his down too, blushing as his eager penis popped out, smaller than the other two. I liked that he was embarrassed, but I didn't care about the size. It was an attractive penis.

Becky and I weren't bothering to cover our chests or pubes. Without anyone having to explain that if they lost their next card they would need to stand, Becky took one for us. "How many hearts does an octopus have?" she read out.

"Three, right?" I asked her.

She leant close to my ear, and whispered "Isn't it one?"

We started giggling, and the guys looked thrilled. Like us, they weren't covering themselves, except keeping their dicks tucked between their thighs. We could see the top of Nick's sticking up.

"One heart," I said. "Without a doubt."

We acted disappointed, and then hurried to stand, turning around and grinning. I couldn't see how Becky's legs were, but my feet were about shoulder width apart.

With my small bottom, I was sure the boys could see my mound, even the parting of my lips through the hair.

When we turned back, all three were erect. Billy's had really grown, looking very solid. And apart from being longer and thicker, the head of Jordan's had engorged disproportionately.

They were looking uneasy, but weren't hiding their erections as they stared at our bodies. I left my legs a little open, and saw Becky was doing the same.

"Okay, one more card each," said Becky, trying unsuccessfully to conceal being breathless. "You lose, you stand up. We lose, one of you guys can make out with one of us for a minute."

When we got ours wrong, Jordan was their only choice. The other two looked too scared. Jordan didn't say anything, just moved towards Becky, his penis bouncing. Her nipples were hard, and she sat there with such confidence, face flushed.

I took the free place next to Nick. We watched Becky and Jordan start to touch each other. Kissing gently at first, and then pushing their bodies together. Becky suddenly swung herself to sit over him, and I saw a flash of dark hair and pink between her legs.

Nick and Billy were breathing heavily, their dicks straining. I was rubbing my thighs together, feeling how slick I was, dribbling down my buttocks.

Her legs were open, knees on either side of his thighs, but angled away from us. She was touching his legs and back, and he was roaming everywhere, squeezing her ass, thighs, sides, then his hands disappeared from view at her chest and she moaned.

I looked again at the two rigid, unconcealed erections next to me. Billy was so huge. I thought I could see a wet glint at the slit of his purple tip.

Then my eyes were back on Becky as she shifted. The three of us gasped. "Fuck, Becky!" I warned.

She was showing us right between her open legs from behind. Hair covered most of her outer lips, but they had parted and we saw her soaked vulva and into her dark, gaping hole.

"We can see in your pussy," I shouted.

She shrieked, muffled, pulling out of a deep kiss. Clumsy with panic, she moved up while Jordan tried to sit straight. His dick sprung loose, the big head hovering below her hole.

Before I could yell to be careful, she backed up as he hurried to stand. The tip of his dick bumped at her yawning opening. She pushed down to climb off and it disappeared into her. She screamed, writhing.

I had a hand to my mouth. She finally managed to escape, Jordan's glistening boner slipping out. As she clambered off, trying not to fall as she lifted her leg, I saw her hole so much wider than a moment before, and a glimpse of her asshole as her buttocks separated.

Everyone was in shock. Jordan was apologising like crazy. Becky pulled her panties back on. We all tried to console her. She was clearly humiliated, but laughing a bit too. The guys were getting dressed.

"I want to put on some underwear," I said. "Hold on, I'll get dressed in my room." I picked up my clothes and practically ran.

With the door closed, I collapsed on the bed. What it would be like to feel Billy's huge, firm length suddenly slip into me with Becky and Jordan and Nick watching... Hitting my cervix before I could stop it.

Or Nick's enthusiastic boner pushing at my G-spot. Even Jordan's thick piece, suddenly stretching my tight hole, my friends witnessing every detail of the moment of complete penetration. For them to have a direct view as I struggled for cover but instead showed my now cavernous opening.

Lying on my back, I had my legs wide, two fingers pumping my hole. I was massaging my hard, slippery clit desperately. I was going to come any second. I pushed my fingers further into myself, touching the soft bump of my cervix. I was convulsing.

I pulled out the two fingers, making sure to take a scoop of my thick, transparent liquid. My legs were so wide my vagina was stretched, feeling the air on my insides like Becky must have. I could hear footsteps in the hall. But I was so close.

I was licking the gooey liquid off my fingers, stirring it around my mouth with my tongue. My other hand was frantic. I could feel that desperate, helpless look I get on my face when I'm about to have a huge orgasm.

"Surprise!" Becky opened the door, the four of them standing there, clothed. Their grins vanished. "Oh my God!"

I just gawked, fingers in my mouth, liquid on my chin. The hand at my clit couldn't stop completely.

She had her hands over her mouth, but then quickly slammed the door, shouting how sorry she was.

I could hear muffled laughter and fast talking as Becky said goodbye at the front door. Then the lock turned, and there was silence, not even footsteps. I wondered if she had left with them for some reason.

But after a minute, I heard Becky hurrying to her room and the door closing. When I snuck shaky-legged to the toilet later, to pee and brush my teeth, I spotted Becky's pyjamas and panties on the floor by the front door, her jumper in the middle of the hall.