**Sandy Strips For My Friend**

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Sandy is the girl I had always fantasized about. She was the girl next door type, but the girl you always wished lived next door rather than the one who really did. She has natural blonde hair that she almost always keeps in a a ponytail. Sandy is athletic, working out a few times a week so she has a nice tight body. Not big tits, but firm, with beautiful legs and a heart shaped ass that you could bounce quarters off of.  
  
Sandy graduated from school just over a year ago, and has a job with a PR firm. I actually met her through work when we hired her agency, and I fell for her the first time I saw her. She was fresh faced and had a great energy. Naturally flirty, but in a fun way.  
  
We started to date and I realized quickly she was something special. We could talk for hours. The sex was good, especially for me. I was always seemed exciting to get this All-American girl to myself. Nothing crazy although I learned that she did like to be spanked and we sometimes incorporated this into our routine. I respected Sandy and I knew she appreciated that. Apparently her previous boyfriends had not always been gentlemen.  
  
Living together does cause a little friction that is avoided when you have your own space. My apartment is small and I'm not used to having somebody there all the time. Sandy didn't change but sometimes when you see someone so much it takes away a little of the magic.  
  
One irritation was her desire to check in all the time with me on the smallest decisions. She wanted to make sure I was ok with the soap she bought, the place we'd meet her friends on the weekend, the outfits she'd wear. I had told her many times that she didn't need to check in with me, but she kept at it incessantly. It was driving me crazy.  
  
This dynamic played out this past Saturday, just before Jim, an old high school friend, was going to arrive and stay with us overnight. I was excited to see my old buddy, but Sandy was driving me crazy. She asked the tritest questions like where to put his towel out for him, whether she should make iced tea and whether she should shower tonight so we didn't have to fight for the bathroom in the morning.  
  
I finally lost it, telling her angrily, "For fuck's sake Sandy, just think independently and make a decision!"  
  
Sandy looked shocked. I had never snapped at her quite like that. I knew I should apologize, but I was still pissed at her hounding me so I let the silence build. Finally Sandy just turned away and went to the bedroom. Soon I heard the shower turn on, and I figured she had got the message.  
  
I looked at my watch and realized Jim would be here soon. We were going to watch a little college football. I didn't really follow the sport, but it was Jim's alma matter against Sandy's so that would ensure everyone would be into it. I figured I'd root for Sandy's old school so she wouldn't feel isolated.  
  
When Sandy came back out of the bedroom she looked very sexy. Her hair was down, which was unusual, and still a little wet. She wore jean shorts, bare feet and a tight white t shirt with her school's name. I could see she wasn't wearing a bra. I might have said something but she greeted me with icy silence, evidently still mad about my comment. I was determined not to let her guilt me into apologizing so the two of us got ready without a word spoken. This was out first real fight and I knew I had to have the stronger will.  
  
It was relief when I heard Jim knock on the door. Jim was in great shape as always. He was a rower in school and had kept up the sport, giving him big shoulders, legs and arms. I gave him a big handshake and welcomed him back. Sandy, who had met him a couple of times before, did the same. She seemed to linger just a beat too long, but I didn't think much of it at the time.  
  
The game was about to start so Jim threw down his bag and we turned on the big screen. Jim teased Sandy that her school was going to get whupped but Sandy just giggled and trash talked back at him, squeezing his bicep a little while she did so. She asked him if he wanted a beer and of course he gave a resounding yes. I asked Sandy to get me one as well but she didn't even look at me. I wasn't going to let on she was getting to me so I just turned to the game, which had already started.  
  
Sandy's alma matter ran the ball back for a touchdown on the first play, even before she returned with a few beers. When she came back and saw the replay she hooted and laughed at Jim. After she put down the beers she even emulated the team's victory dance, finishing it by swaying her ass near Jim's face.  
  
It was clear Sandy was goading me, trying to get a reaction, but I just watched the game. I had reacted though. Sandy looked hot in her little shorts and even though I didn't have as good a look as Jim, watching her shake her ass had made me hard. It occurred to me that Jim was probably hard as well. I started to look then realized that wasn't really cool.  
  
Jim pushed back at Sandy's taunts and told her his team would be back ahead by halftime. Sandy laughed at him and Jim proposed a bet. If Sandy's team kept the lead, Jim would buy the three of us steak dinners. If Jim's team came back to take the lead, "then you have to give me a good look at those tits your barely hiding under that shirt."  
  
Sandy giggled and asked "what if it's a tie?"  
  
I swallowed hard. Was she really considering the bet? I couldn't say anything without giving her the satisfaction of winning so I let it play out.  
  
"If it's a tie..." Jim answered, "then steaks are on me."  
  
"You're on!" Sandy exclaimed, and she put her hand out for them to shake on it.  
  
I was taken aback and Sandy seemed to sense it. She spoke to me for the first time since our fight.  
  
"Oh don't worry silly. It's a safe bet, and worst case I'm just showing my tits."  
  
That made me feel a little better although she seemed a little glib about the idea of baring her breasts to my friend. I knew she wasn't drunk as we'd all just had one beer, but that was soon followed by a round of shots. When she came back with more beers for us, Jim's team had kicked a field goal.  
  
"Ha! Not enough." she cried as she plopped herself down close to Jim on the couch. She put her bare feet up on the table. "Only 3 minutes to go and it's our ball."  
  
Well, you can probably guess what happened. On second down Sandy's team fumbled and Jim's ran it back for a touchdown. The quarter ended 10-7 and Sandy looked genuinely shocked.  
  
"Half time is flash time!" Jim chanted ebulliently as he hungrily looked at Sandy's t shirt.  
  
Sandy paused for a moment, gathering her thoughts. I was going to tell Jim the bet was off, but she cut me off.  
  
"Honey," she said derisively, "I'm going to need another shot before I give Jim a look at these."  
  
She pushed her tits up through her shirt. I was about to object but she continued, "When you think independently you have to live with the repercussions."  
  
I walked to the kitchen shaking my head but brought back a bottle of tequila and three glasses. Would she really go through with this?  
  
"To Sandy's tits!" Jim cried as we toasted.  
  
Sandy drank it down fast, then smiled at Jim, "OK, well...I'm sure you'll enjoy."  
  
My girl climbed on top of Jim's legs and took in a deep breath. She then reached down and slowly lifter her shirt. I was nervous, but also rock hard just from the anticipation of seeing Sandy flash my friend. Finally she released her tits for him. Jim expressed his admiration while heat rose to my face.  
  
"Are they real?" he asked.  
  
"Very!" she said, pushing her big pink nipples even closer to my buddy's face.  
  
Jim put one hand on each of her tits and groped them languorously. I expected Sandy to pull away or hit him but instead she looked down at him with a satisfied look.  
  
"See??!" she said triumphantly as he squeezed her hard nipples.  
  
Finally she pulled her t shirt back down and I began to breathe again. It had been difficult to watch my good friend molest my girl, but it had also clearly been arousing for me. I felt a little dizzy from all the emotions I was feeling.  
  
Sandy flopped off of Jim's lap and on to the couch beside him. She rested her head on his big shoulder as if exhausted by the act of exposing her breasts.  
  
Jim insisted they have another bet for the second half, but Sandy was too smart for him. She told Jim she knew he just wanted to see more and her betting days were through. Jim would not take no for an answer though. He pushed for a new wager, based on what team won in the second half. If his team lost he promised he would throw in the best bottles of wine the steak house had. If Sandy's team lost, she would have to strip nude for Jim, and submit to an over the lap spanking.  
  
I felt rather betrayed. I had mentioned to Jim in confidence that Sandy enjoyed being spanked, and now he was using it to his advantage. My friend had pushed it too far and I stood up and started to tell him so. Sandy stopped me, raising her hand and giving me an ice cold look I had never seen.  
  
"It's my decision, I can think for myself." she said sardonically.  
  
Sandy proceeded to add two stipulations to the bet. If the second half was a tie, she would win. And, if Jim lost, he would have to wear a football jersey from her school to work for the next full week, posting pictures each day on Facebook.  
  
Jim balked momentarily, but when he realized he had a shot at getting my girl naked over his lap he happily agreed to her conditions.  
  
Jim's team scored first and controlled the game. By the fourth quarter it was pretty clear Jim was going to win again. He was taunting my girlfriend about how nice it would be to see her strip for him and how he might take it easy on the spankings if she behaved. I was a little concerned about his hand on her bare leg, stroking it on occasion, but decided that was the least of my worries. Better to give Sandy some space to renege on the deal than give her a reason to go through with it.  
  
Sandy tried to keep up a brave face, but she also drank several shots down in the dying minutes of the game, one after the other. When the game ended Jim let out a loud cheer and Sandy stood rather shakily.  
  
"Put on some music for me." she slurred as she looked my way.  
  
I objected, imploring her to sit down and renege on the deal. This had gone far enough.  
  
Sandy snapped at me to shut up and help her out with some music. I was taken aback by her anger and quickly turned off the tv and put on some Madonna, which I knew she liked. I noticed my hands were shaking.  
  
I turned and saw Sandy had pulled the table close to Jim and was standing on it. She started to sway to the music, at first self-consciously, but she seemed to quickly lose herself in the task at hand. Jim was clearly excited, even rubbing his cock through his pants as he looked up at my girlfriend.  
  
Sandy teased Jim a little as she pulled at her t shirt then stopped short of lifting it. Finally she lifted it, this time taking it off completely. Even though Sandy had already let my friend see her tits, the sight of him drooling over them while she pushed them up for his viewing pleasure still made me jealous...and hard as a rock.  
  
Sandy leaned closer to Jim, her knee pushing into his hard cock as she placed her tits inches from his face. Jim mischievously licked one of her nipples but she pulled back and playfully scolded him. I worried about where this was headed but like Jim I was now stroking my cock through my pants.  
  
"Good girl" Jim coaxed. "Now lose the shorts."  
  
Sandy no longer seemed nervous. She stood back up on the table and unbuttoned her shorts. She teased Jim (and I) mercilessly, several times starting to pull down her shorts, then stopping. Sandy smirked at Jim, then turned to look me in the eyes. I looked back at her with lus in my eyes and watched as she turned her back on Jim and lowered her shorts, exposing a good amount of panties and ass crack. She pulled her shorts back up with a giggle and I found myself now anxiously awaiting her to strip completely. I wished I could take her away and fuck her.  
  
Sandy presented her mostly covered bum proudly for my friend, wiggling it as she reached back. Finally she lowered her shorts. She was now dressed just in her small pink panties, which exposed more of her gorgeous ass than they covered.  
  
"Are you really going to spank me?" she asked, sounding more excited than incredulous.  
  
Jim assured her he would but reminded her she needed to strip completely for him first. Sandy gave Jim a cute pout.  
  
"I'm not sure I can do it. I mean I'd feel like such a slut stripping completely for my boyfriend's buddy."  
  
I looked at her with just the tiniest of fabric covering her and wondered why she didn't already feel rather slutty.  
  
Sandy turned to me and said softly, "Can you come take them off for me?"  
  
I couldn't believe what she was asking. I thought about my options and decided she was determined to follow through with her bet. I didn't want her to get mad at me again so I walked over to my girlfriend, looked up at her standing on the table, then reached over and slowly peeled down her panties for her. I admired her shaved pussy and knew as she stepped out of her panties she was now completely exposed to my friend. I was incredibly turned on and confused by my own response to what was happening.  
  
Sandy thanked me sweetly, then turned back to Jim, giving him a sexy dance. She was on her third song now and it occurred to me that she was really drawing the strip part of the bet out. Finally she turned away from Jim, and bent over so her head was almost touching the ground, her ass raised and presented to Jim. I knew that Jim could now see everything, Sandy's bare pussy lips would be puffed and open slightly for his viewing pleasure. Jim complimented Sandy on her body and said it was time for her spanking now.  
  
Sandy obediently stepped off the table with Jim's help, then sprawled over his lap. The sight of my girl, completely nude, lying over my friend with her ass raised for him was almost too much. I stroked my cock through my jeans thinking I might shoot into my pants.  
  
Jim took his time, stroking my girlfriend's ass cheeks and admiring her proffered bottom. Sandy's face was flush in anticipation.  
  
"You've been such a good little slut for me Sandy, why don't you ask me nicely to spank you?" Jim said in a mocking tone.  
  
I expected Sandy to balk at being talked to like this but she quickly responded, "Oh, please Jim. Please spank me hard."  
  
Jim laughed and swiftly brought his hand back and slapped Sandy hard. He repeated the hard spanks four more times. He was spanking Sandy much harder than I had ever spanked her but even while she shrieked from the pain it was clear she loved it. When Jim paused Sandy raised her ass again as if pleading through body language for him to continue. I could see she was wet from excitement and was sure Jim noticed as well.  
  
"Would you like some more Sandy?" Jim asked as he ran his finger along her ass crack.  
  
"Yes...please Jim, don't stop, I want to be your good little slut."  
  
Jim wailed on her ass, moving from one ass cheek to the other. Sandy's perfect ass was bright red but Jim's big hands showed no mercy. I had no idea that Sandy enjoyed being treated like this but it was intensely erotic to watch.  
  
Jim finally stopped and was now stroking Sandy's ass cheeks soothingly, even teasing her clit every slo slightly. "You were such a good girl for me Sandy. Aren't you glad you lost our bet?"  
  
Sandy looked back at Jim over her shoulder and nodded, her big eyes welling with appreciation.  
  
"Now I need you to take care of how excited you got me with that sweet body of yours."  
  
Jim took Sandy's hand and placed it on his bulge under her body. I couldn't see but it looked like she squeezed or stroked it even while she protested, "Oh...I shouldn't...I...that wasn't the bet."  
  
Jim laughed and told her he was sure I wouldn't mind since I was getting myself off. Sandy turned to look at me and caught me stroking my cock through my pants. My face brightened with shame.  
  
"Well, I guess you're enjoying the show?!" Sandy asked me with a drunken mix of disgust, amazement, anger and amusement.  
  
She sweetened her tone, "Why don't you just take it out and watch me while I take care of your friend?"  
  
I tried to say something but the words wouldn't come out. Sandy gave me a last look, and seeing I was going to do nothing she crawled off my friend's lap and fell to her knees in front of him. She released his hard cock and started to stroke it just in front of her face. This was too much for me and I belatedly obeyed Sandy, whipping out my own cock and stroking it.  
  
Sandy paid me no mind as she was clearly enjoying pleasing Jim, who was lavishing her with praise. When Jim reached over and pulled the back of Sandy's head towards him, Sandy took his cock in her mouth as if she had done so many times. I immediately spurted cum on to the floor as Sandy bobbed her head back and forth and Jim groaned with pleasure. Finally Sandy released Jim from her mouth and I watched as he quickly came, shooting on to her chin and shoulder as she stroked every last drop from him.  
  
"What a perfect little slut you are Sandy." Jim praised.  
  
I couldn't disagree.