**Secrets**

by rsw

**Chapter 1**

Casi picked up her phone and thumbed to her call log. When she got to the name she wanted, her finger hovered over it. And hovered. And hovered.  
  
Finally, she slammed the phone down on her bed. Several minutes later, she picked it back up and, this time, managed to actually hit the green button before hanging up, hopefully before the call went through.  
  
She had to get a hold of herself. It was just Brad. She called him all the time.  
  
Casi picked up the phone again. This time, she was going to go through with the call.  
  
“Hello?” Brad said.  
  
She tried to sound nonchalant. “Hey Brad, what’s up?”  
  
“Not much, just reading.”  
  
“What are you reading?” she asked.  
  
“Rereading, actually. Asimov’s Foundation trilogy.”  
  
“What’s that about?” she asked.  
  
“Well, it’s fascinating really. It’s about the future history of mankind. A man figures out a way to predict the future using mathematics and …” His voice stopped for a long moment. “You don’t usually care too much about my reading material. What’s up?”  
  
He was right. She needed to quit stalling and get on with it.  
  
“I-I have a … secret,” she said.  
  
“Okay, spill.”  
  
She hesitated. “You have to promise that you won’t tell anyone.”  
  
“Cas, do I usually go around blabbing your secrets? We’ve been friends for more than a decade – since kindergarten. In all that time, have I ever, ever given you reason not to trust me?”  
  
Brad was her rock. He was the person that she could talk to when she couldn’t talk to anyone else. She talked to him about fights with her parents and about troubles at school. She had never, however, talked to him about boy/girl stuff.  
  
It just felt so unbelievably awkward to talk with a boy about boys. Well, truthfully, talking about that with anyone felt awkward but especially with a boy. But she didn’t have anyone else, and she really needed advice from someone.  
  
She decided to just blurt it out. “I think that I like Aaron.”  
  
No voice came from the other end of the phone.  
  
“Brad?”  
  
“I’m here. You just caught me a little off guard. Sorry.”  
  
A speechless Brad was a phenomenon well beyond her comprehension.  
  
“Is this too weird for you?” she asked. “I’ll hang up. I’m sorry.”  
  
“No! Please don’t. It’s okay. You can talk to me about anything, you know that. It’s just that you and Aaron are my best friends. I got caught up considering the ramifications.”  
  
She smiled, glad to have someone to talk through this with her. “So, has he ever mentioned anything to you about liking me?”  
  
The voice paused a second before replying. “Aaron has never said anything to me about having a romantic interest in you.”  
  
He seemed to be choosing his words very carefully. She began to chew her lip. “So, has he ever said that he doesn’t like me?”  
  
“He has not said one way or another.”  
  
He obviously didn’t want to tell her something.  
  
“What’s the matter?” she asked.  
  
The voice paused again. “I’m guess I’m just not comfortable discussing private conversations that I may or may not have had with Aaron. Just like I wouldn’t talk to Aaron about anything confidential between us, I can’t tell you anything about him, either.”  
  
That made sense. She let the subject drop. “So, what should I do?”  
  
“Your best bet is to just tell him how you feel.”  
  
She nearly dropped the phone. “Eek! I can’t do that! What if he doesn’t feel the same? What if it ruins our friendship? No way.”  
  
“True. I understand that. How about an intermediary instead?”  
  
She frowned. “What do you mean?”  
  
“I can go to Aaron and tell him that you’re be interested and scope out the situation for you.”  
  
She shrieked again. “No! You can’t tell him. It’s a secret, and you promised.”  
  
“Look, I understand that this is difficult for you, but, if you’re not willing to take the risk of finding out if he likes you back, it makes things a bit difficult.”  
  
“No duh,” she replied. “That’s why I’m asking you for advice.”  
  
“This isn’t really an area in which I have expertise.”  
  
“I know,” she said. “I was just hoping that, since you’re the smartest person I ever met, you might have some idea.”  
  
Flattery never hurt, especially when it was the truth.  
  
There was a long pause on the other end of the line. “Well, I guess you could try to make him like you.”  
  
Her ears perked up. “How do I do that?”  
  
He paused for another long while, and, even though she knew he was mulling over her options, her impatience almost made her ask again. Luckily, he continued before she did.  
  
“I’m a bit reticent to explain.”  
  
Puzzled, she asked, “Reticent?”  
  
“Reluctant, unwilling. Reticent.”  
  
She said, as she had at least a thousand times before, “Why do you use such big words all the time?”  
  
He replied, as always, “Why do you refuse to take command of the English language?”  
  
She ignored his retort. “Why are you ‘reticent,’ then?”  
  
“Because I don’t think you’re going to like my idea.”  
  
Casi frowned. “Just tell me.”  
  
“Promise you won’t get angry at me?”  
  
“Done. Now tell me how I make him like me.”  
  
Brad’s voice took on his lecturing tone. “When two people of opposite gender are friends for a long time, one or both of them tends to cease to see the other as a potential object of physical attraction.”  
  
God! She was in for a speech now.  
  
“Therefore, the trick is to make the other person see you as an object of physical attraction rather than as just a friend. A male in the same situation as you find yourself in would be in much worse shape as girls tend to compartmentalize relationships a lot more. Once you get to be friends, you’re locked in the ‘friend’ box, and there’s no getting out. With guys, it’s different. All you have to do is get him to see you as a girl rather than as a friend.”  
  
For someone who had no “expertise” in the area, he sure seemed to know a lot about it.  
  
“Where the crap did all that come from?” she asked.  
  
“I read. A lot.”  
  
“You learn this kind of stuff reading science fiction?” she asked.  
  
“I read more than just sci-fi.”  
  
She twirled her hair with her fingers for a moment. As weird as it was to have Brad saying it, the information didn’t seem wrong. “How do I get him to see me as a girl instead of a friend?”  
  
“W-well,” he stammered, “guys are, uh, visually oriented.”  
  
She didn’t understand. “What does that mean?”  
  
“You’ve, uh, developed quite a bit over the last year or so. You need to get him to notice that.”  
  
Casi blushed at Brad’s comments. Had he been checking her out? Should she call him out for noticing her figure?  
  
No. He was just trying to help. Even though she don’t wear revealing clothes, it would have been hard for him not to see that her chest had gotten bigger. This conversation had to be horribly embarrassing for him, too.  
  
“So, should I dress slutty around him or something?” she asked.  
  
“A more full-proof way would be to let him see you naked.”

**Chapter 2**

Casi’s jaw dropped. Of all the advice she might have expected to receive, that particular piece seemed the most unlikely.  
  
“Brad!” she yelled.  
  
“Hey, you promised!”  
  
“I did but be serious!”  
  
“I am serious. If you let Aaron see you naked, he’ll definitely stop thinking of you as just a friend who happens to be a girl.”  
  
“That would really work? Guys are that easy?” she asked.  
  
“Pretty much.”  
  
Casi thought about it for a second. She hated to admit it, but he might have a point.  
  
“God! I can’t believe I’m having this conversation,” she said. “Worse, I can’t believe that I’m actually considering this.”  
  
“Frankly, I can’t believe it, either.”  
  
She huffed. “I’m not saying that I’m going to do anything like what you suggested, but, if I did, how would I do it? I can’t just walk up to him and take off my clothes. Should I let him catch me walking out of the shower or something? I don’t even have any idea how I’d arrange something like that.”  
  
“That wouldn’t work, anyway. Him catching a glimpse of you in a such a situation would just lead to embarrassment and awkwardness for both of you, which is the opposite of what you want. He’d probably start avoiding you, or it would get really weird.”  
  
“How then?” she asked.  
  
“It has to be done one of two ways – he has to see you naked without your knowledge or with your consent.”  
  
She tilted her head to the side and bit her lip. “Wouldn’t it be embarrassing for both of us no matter how he sees me? And what do you mean by without my knowledge or with my consent?”  
  
“Well, yes, it’s going to be embarrassing no matter what, but accidentally glimpsing you when he shouldn’t and you knowing about it isn’t necessarily the most erotic way. He needs to be able to see you either without you knowing he is looking or with your permission to look.”  
  
“Would he really spy on me if he didn’t think that I knew he was looking?” she asked.  
  
“Probably not. I was really speaking theoretically. Aaron’s much too principled to be a peeping Tom.”  
  
“So that leave us …”  
  
“With only one option,” Brad said. “You have to give him your permission.”  
  
“No way, no how. If I do that, he’ll think I’m a total slut or deviant or something.”  
  
“Not at all,” Brad said. “Most boys and girls our age are naturally curious about our bodies and sex and nudity. That’s why games like strip poker and spin the bottle and truth or dare are so popular. Such behavior is expected and normal, harmless fun, really. I think that would do the trick.”  
  
Her cheeks turned red, and she raised her voice. “You think that I should go up to him and suggest that we play strip poker? Are you nuts? I’d be better off just telling him how I feel.”  
  
“I agree; telling him is absolutely your best course of action. But you don’t want to do that.”  
  
Casi glared at the phone, frustrated that he couldn’t see her.  
  
“I do not, however, believe that your best bet is to suggest such a game,” Brad said. “If you bring up the subject, you suffer a loss of propriety in his eyes.”  
  
“Huh?”  
  
“It’s also doubtful that Aaron would propose such a thing out of the blue. Hmm.”  
  
“Where does that leave us?” she asked.  
  
“Well, that settles that. If you’re unwilling to simply tell him how you feel, your only recourse is to have a third party introduce the concept of playing strip poker,” Brad said. “Come over tomorrow morning. Say 11 o’clock? My parents will be at work, and I’ll invite Aaron as well.”  
  
“Wait. What?”  
  
“I will take responsibility for putting forward the idea of the game, five card draw,” Brad said like it was the most ordinary, common occurrence in the world. “Your task is to make sure you lose, which shouldn’t be too difficult. Simply discard any pairs or high cards that you get in the first go around of each hand.”  
  
Then, he basically said goodbye and hung up before she had much of a chance to respond.  
  
“But,” she told her phone with no one on the other end, “I never agreed to any of this.”  
  
She wouldn’t do it. She couldn’t. Just no freaking way. She’d go over to Brad’s and tell him where he could stick his idea.  
  
In bed that night, though, she couldn’t get the idea out of her head. She’d strip down to her underwear, her two best friends watching her with rapt eyes, drinking in her cleavage and legs and taut stomach.  
  
Casi gulped. She had never touched herself down there, but, strangely, her thoughts about the situation really made her want to.

**Chapter 3**

Casi rung Brad’s doorbell just after 10:30 the next morning.  
  
“Good morning,” he said as he opened the door.  
  
Like her coming over this morning was supposed to be just like every other morning. Like he hadn’t hatched a plan that would end up with her getting naked in front of him.  
  
The nerve of him!  
  
She burst past him into his house. “Look, I’m not going to do this. I can’t believe that you suggested that I strip for you! Call Aaron now and tell him not to come over.”  
  
“What made you change your mind?” Brad closed the door behind her.  
  
“I never agreed to do it in the first place!”  
  
“No, not specifically, but you were pretty much on board with the idea of letting Aaron see you naked. Did you decide that it would be better to just tell him your feelings?”  
  
“No!”  
  
“Do you disagree that letting him see you naked is the best course of action at the moment?” he asked.  
  
“Not really.”  
  
“What’s the problem then?”  
  
She blushed but didn’t answer.  
  
“Look, Cas, your … appearance … is really quite pleasing. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. He’ll really enjoy seeing you, and it will make him consider you in a whole new light.”  
  
Her cheeks colored as she finally responded. “I decided that I will find a way to let him see me but not here, not today.”  
  
He backed away from her. “I understand. Basically, it’s okay for him to see you but not for me.”  
  
She wouldn’t have noticed if she hadn’t been so intent on him at that very moment, but his eyes, for just a split second, took on the most doleful look she’d ever seen.  
  
“I guess that … that makes sense,” he said. “As you requested, I’ll call him.”  
  
She’d never seen him look so sad, and she didn’t understand why he’d have that reaction. Disappointed would kind of make sense but sad?  
  
He opened the door. “I guess I’ll talk to you later.”  
  
“What’s wrong?” she asked.  
  
“Nothing. Nothing at all. I’ve got stuff to do around the house. You should just go.”  
  
Now she knew that something was truly wrong. In all the time that they had been friends, he had never asked her to leave. Even when they had had the occasional big fight, she stayed to work it out before leaving.  
  
“Tell me,” she said.  
  
“It’s nothing. Just drop it.”  
  
“Tell me.”  
  
He huffed. “Fine. You really want to know?”  
  
Casi nodded.  
  
“You just gave me a glimpse into the future,” he said, “you and him together without me.”  
  
“We’ve always been friends, and we always will. Me dating someone isn’t going to change that.”  
  
“Really? Because it seems like it will. Besides, I was …”  
  
He looked sheepish, like he hadn’t intended on saying that last part.  
  
“You were what?” she asked.  
  
“It’s not important.”  
  
Casi always been able to talk to him, but it occurred to her that he opened up to her much less often. She’d never really thought about that before.  
  
“You don’t trust me,” she said.  
  
“I do, too!”  
  
“Then tell me.”  
  
“Fine,” he said, looking miserable. “The truth is that I was looking forward to … you know … seeing you.”  
  
Her jaw dropped.  
  
“Look, I’m your friend, but I’m a guy, too. I just thought it would have been kind of neat if the first girl that I ever saw naked was someone that I really cared about.” He sighed. “I’m being an idiot, though. I have no right to ask you to share something so personal with me.”  
  
“You really wanted to …”  
  
“Forget it,” he said. “I’ll call Aaron and tell him that I’m not feeling well. You and he can still get together. Maybe a good opportunity will present itself.”  
  
Brad was always doing stuff for her. Whenever he could team up with her on a school project, he did, even though he knew that he would end up doing the vast majority of the work. Whenever they went to the movies, he let her pick. Even in this case when he’d really wanted her to do something and she’d refused, he was still willing to try to help her. He did so many thoughtful things for her, would it really be that bad to do this one thing for him?  
  
Yeah, it would. This wasn’t just some little minor thing. This was Brad – Brad! – seeing her completely naked. She’d be mortified.  
  
But she’d already decided to let Aaron see her that way, which was going to be the most embarrassing experience of her life. Would it really be that much worse to have Brad see her, too?  
  
She blushed again. “Fine.”  
  
“I’ll let Aaron know not to come over.”  
  
“I meant that the original plan is fine,” she said. “I’ll do it.”  
  
“But … But …”  
  
“You’re my best friend, and you never ask me for anything. If this is really what you want …” she said. “Besides, the game and the way you said to do it is probably better than anything I can come up with, anyway.”

**Chapter 4**

Casi was a nervous wreck as she waited for Aaron. How had she ever thought any of this was a good idea? Getting naked in front of two guys, her two best friends? What the holy crap had she been thinking?  
  
She practically paced a hole in the carpet before Aaron arrived just a little after eleven, but, once he’d been invited inside, she forced herself to be calm.  
  
The three of them often hung out together, so the invitation to come over was completely normal. Casi wanted him to believe that what happened next was completely Brad’s idea. She’d pretty much die of embarrassment if Aaron found out the truth.  
  
They hung out for a while, drinking sodas and playing a board game. Brad won, of course.  
  
After they put the game away, Brad said, “You know, I’ve been thinking a lot lately about the rituals involved with growing up. Considering the role seemingly innocuous activities play in the maturation process is a fascinating subject, really.”  
  
Aaron gave him a blank stare. Even knowing where all this was leading, Casi did too.  
  
“We’re entering a crucial phase in our development. Driving. Dating. So many interesting and life-altering milestones.” Brad paused dramatically. “Approaching such momentous events, I realize that we’ve skipped one of the quintessential coming of age rites and worry that it might negatively impact our progress going forward.”  
  
Aaron frowned. “That was a little dense, even for you. Are you saying that there’s something we’ve never done that you want to do?”  
  
“Exactly right!”  
  
“So what is it?” Aaron asked.  
  
“Strip poker.” Brad said it completely casually, like he was announcing that we should have sandwiches and chips for lunch.  
  
Aaron’s jaw literally dropped. He looked at Casi. Butterflies circled like a whirlwind in her stomach as she stared back at him.  
  
“The desire to see one’s friends of an opposite gender without their clothes, the curiosity about their bodies, is really a natural and important part of growing up,” Brad said. “I think that we should play.”  
  
“Uh … Casi?” Aaron asked, clearly expecting her to give Brad an earful.  
  
Instead, she simply gave a shy nod.  
  
“Really?” Aaron asked.  
  
“I think … I think he’s right,” she said.  
  
“Okay, if you both think … I mean, I’m not going to be the one to stand in the way,” Aaron said.  
  
“Okay, great,” Brad said. “Let’s get started. I’ll get a deck of cards and join you at the dining room table.”  
  
Aaron moved speechless to the table, and Casi followed. They’d just taken their seats as Brad appeared.  
  
There was a big window opposite her.  
  
“Uh … Brad?” Casi pointed at the window.  
  
“It’s okay. The back yard is enclosed by a privacy fence. No one can see in. Okay?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“Casi, how many articles of clothing are you wearing?”  
  
God! Was this really happening?  
  
Casi spoke very softly. “Shirt, shorts, two, uh, undergarments, and shoes make six.”  
  
“Well, I’m wearing a shirt, shorts, boxers, shoes, and socks. I’m assuming that Aaron is wearing much the same?”  
  
Aaron once again just nodded confirmation to the question.  
  
“If we count shoes and socks as one each, we all have five, right?” Brad asked.  
  
Both Aaron and Casi agreed.  
  
“The game is five card draw. The dealer, which rotates after each hand, gives out five cards. Each player can choose any amount up to the entire five to discard. The dealer then replaces the discards. Worst poker hand out of the three loses a piece of clothing. In the case of a tie for worst, all players who tied lose a piece. The game stops when one person is naked.”  
  
“Naked?” Aaron asked. “One of us is going to get naked?”  
  
“It’s kind of pointless to do this otherwise,” Brad said.  
  
Aaron’s eyes were wide. “And you’re okay with this, Casi?”  
  
“Why shouldn’t I be? I’m looking forward to see what one of you two has.” Her voice shook, evidencing the lie behind her words.  
  
“Do you want me to deal first or cut for it?” Brad asked.  
  
“You go ahead,” Aaron said, obviously in disbelief that this was really happening.  
  
Casi agreed as well, and Brad dealt five cards to each of them.  
  
Her hand held the ace of clubs, ace of spades, king of spades, and two low red cards. For a normal game of poker, the choice would be easy – keep the high pair. It was unlikely that either boy would beat that and almost impossible that both of them would. She’d be safe for the first round.  
  
But she wasn’t playing to be safe. She was playing to lose. Playing to let them see her naked.  
  
God! Could she really do that?  
  
Casi deliberated back and forth a bunch, screwing up her face as she finally discarded three cards. Aaron had already selected four to replace and Brad three.  
  
Brad passed out the new cards and kept a poker face when he looked at his. Aaron didn’t hide his displeasure nearly as well, and, breaking order, he laid down first. Queen high.  
  
Instead of waiting for her to catch up, Brad laid down his hand, a pair of tens, leaving Casi to go last.  
  
She put her cards face up in front of her. Nothing, absolutely nothing. Her highest card was a nine, and she wasn’t close to either a flush or a straight.  
  
Speaking of a flush though, she felt her face heat as she quickly and quietly slipped off her shoes.  
  
“Give those here, please,” Brad said.  
  
Casi looked surprised, but she complied.  
  
“Since it was just shoes, it’s no big deal that you stayed seated,” he said. “Stand for any other pieces, though.”  
  
She started. That had sounded like a command. She couldn’t remember him ever telling her what to do. Stranger still, she’d just meekly nodded.  
  
Casi dealt the next hand, and all three made rapid decisions – Aaron and Brad taking three cards and Casi getting five new ones. Both boys ended up with pairs while she was again low with only a king high.  
  
The tension increased a bit as she reached up the back of her shirt before Brad interrupted her, “No taking off underwear before outerwear, and you need to stand up.”  
  
She almost opened her mouth to yell at him. It wasn’t fair to make up rules as they went along. Normally, she’d definitely have yelled at him.  
  
Not today.  
  
Instead, she docilely stood up. Her fingers went to the front of her shorts, where she slowly unbuttoned and unzipped them. Then, her thumbs found the inside of her waistband, and she pushed.  
  
Over her hips and down her thighs traveled the denim. Past her knees. Crouching to reach, she let go. The shorts fell to her bare feet.  
  
Her shirt came down to almost exactly where her shorts had started, so both boys could now fully see her panties, pale pink with lace at the edges. Neither of them had seen her wearing so little since she was five. She’d never even worn a swimsuit in front of them, choosing instead shorts and a swim shirt.  
  
She stepped out of the fabric, bent, retrieved it, and handed it to Brad, who placed it with her shoes on the kitchen counter behind him.  
  
“Can I … Can I sit now?” she asked Brad.  
  
Instead of simply telling her to do just that, he made a circular motion with his hand.  
  
God! Casi couldn’t believe she was doing this. She knew her face must be crimson as she just nodded at him and did a slow turnaround with her hands by her side, letting the boys get a full three hundred and sixty degree view of her panties.  
  
As she spun, she couldn’t help but notice that both had erections pressing against their pants. Feeling an odd sense of satisfaction, she sat.  
  
Casi handed Aaron the cards, and his hands trembled so much that it took him three tries to shuffle them once. Not bothering with a second, he dealt the cards, smiling as he looked at his hand.  
  
Brad discarded all five cards and Aaron two.  
  
Casi stared at the pair of tens in her hand and seriously thought about keeping them. Losing her shoes hadn’t been that big of a thing, but her shorts? It felt really weird to be sitting there on her panty-clad rear, and one more loss would put her down to just her underwear.  
  
How embarrassing would it be to set there ninety percent naked while both guys were completely dressed? She could win a few hands, right?  
  
Both guys looked at her, clearly eager to get on with this. Eager to see more of her.  
  
God! She felt really tingly down there.  
  
Casi kept a two of hearts and discarded the other four cards.  
  
Aaron ended up with three fives while Brad had a king high. The best she got was a queen, not paring anything.  
  
Casi stood up once again. Her hands grasped the bottom of her shirt briefly and then let go. She drew in a deep breath and let it out before grabbing the material again. And took another deep breath. Finally, she slowly pulled the shirt up exposing a small strip of stomach. Even though it was summer, the skin under the shirt was pale in contrast to her arms and legs.  
  
She hesitated. Already showing them more of her than they’d ever seen, she’d soon reveal even more.  
  
A wet spot appeared on her panties. Aaron’s eyes widened when he saw it.  
  
Great. Not only were they going to see all of her, they were going to know that she was apparently turned on by showing them.  
  
That made her even more tingly.  
  
She ripped the shirt over her head, uncovering her bellybutton and pink bra. Her gaze fixed on a spot on the table not anywhere near the two boys, and her hand shook as she handed the shirt to Brad.  
  
So many feelings coursed through her. Embarrassment. Excitement. Arousal.  
  
She stood there before the two drooling teenage boys in only her skimpy underwear while they drank in her exposed skin. Her bra showed considerable cleavage, and see-through lace covered the top portion of the cups. Her nipples strained against the fabric.  
  
The atmosphere in the room was electric. Both boys had to shift their legs to ease the discomfort growing in their shorts.  
  
While Brad stared at her intently, Aaron didn’t seem to know quite where to look. He stared first at her bare feet, and then his eyes darted all over her body, hardly focusing on one area for more than an instant.  
  
She’d never felt – or been – so exposed.  
  
It wasn’t like she had anything to be ashamed of. Her legs were tan and very slender, like those of a colt. Though she thought they made her look a little gangly at the moment, those long legs would be eventually become of her best features when they finished filling out. Her hips and butt flared just a bit from her narrow waist, and the faint outline of her ribs was just visible above her flat tummy.  
  
Her breasts were probably her best feature at the moment. She’d developed more than the other girls. And guys seemed to like her face. Though it was surely reddened and probably looking like she would rather be anywhere than here, she knew that she was considered to be one of the prettiest girls in town.  
  
Still, though, just because she had something good for them to look at didn’t mean that it felt normal to let them.  
  
Normal or not, she let them have a good, long look at her before doing a complete turn and sitting back down.  
  
“Okay, Brad,” she said. “You two have now seen me in my underwear. I think that’s far enough.”  
  
He frowned at her as he picked up the deck and began calmly shuffling. “We’re playing until one person is naked.”

**Chapter 5**

Casi made no further objection as Brad dealt the cards.  
  
Before anyone picked up their hand, Aaron said, “Uh, this is fun and all, and you’re really, really, uh, nice looking, but are you sure you want to continue? I mean, I’m all for continuing, but it doesn’t look like you have much of a chance of winning.”  
  
God! If she hadn’t been embarrassed before …  
  
She grimaced. “I, uh, well …”  
  
“If it was you, would you have chickened out, Aaron?” Brad asked. “I mean, how unfair is that? I’d hate to be the one losing this badly and go through with the deal, only to find out later that either of you would have reneged.”  
  
Aaron looked totally sheepish. “I’m not talking about me! I wouldn’t have quit!”  
  
“So Casi is the only one of us without honor?” Brad asked. “Is that what you think?”  
  
“Of course not!”  
  
“Good, because she has more character than anyone I know.”  
  
“You’re right,” Aaron replied. “I know you’re right. I just … wanted to make sure that she wasn’t feeling forced to do something that she really didn’t want to do.”  
  
Casi gave him a beaming smile.  
  
Brad took a second to really look at Casi before sighing. “You know, Aaron is right, too. If you want to quit now, we would both understand. I mean, we’d be disappointed obviously, but we would definitely understand.”  
  
Her heart fluttered and her mouth opened. She didn’t know what to say, though.  
  
Brad nodded. “How about this? It will be my decision, not yours. We stop right now, and you get dressed. I mean, I think mission accomplished already.”  
  
Casi bit the inside of her cheek. Both boys absolutely would understand if they just quit, and Brad was right. They had done what they set out to do. She could already tell that Aaron was definitely looking at her differently, maybe even as more than a friend.  
  
On the other hand, she honestly didn’t know why, but she kind of wanted to continue. Perhaps it was because both boys had been such great friends, that they were willing to let her stop without giving her a hard time. Perhaps she wanted to reward them for being friends and for being so trustworthy. Most likely, though, it was probably because she was really, really turned on and wanted to see what it felt like to remove the rest of her clothes in front of them.  
  
“No,” she said resolutely. “I started this, and I’m going to finish it.”  
  
The three friends picked up the cards lying before each of them. Aaron barely glanced at his hand before discarding all but one. Brad took three while Cas only asked for a single card.  
  
Aaron looked at her weird, and she shrugged at him.  
  
He ended up with two threes, high enough to beat both Brad’s ace and her ten high busted straight.  
  
“Not that I’m complaining, Cas,” Aaron said, “but drawing to an inside straight probably isn’t the best strategy in your situation. You’d probably have been better off drawing five new cards.”  
  
She shrugged and stood again, giving the boys a long look at her body, clad only in underwear. “I guess I’m really going to do this, huh?”  
  
Brad’s eyes drilled into her body, devouring every inch of it. His hand moved to his lap underneath the table. Seconds later, he seemed to be startled to find his hand there and jerked it back out into the open.  
  
Did he just … touch himself … because of her?  
  
That was so gross. But also … hot. She’d had that effect on him. Her body.  
  
Her right hand drifted to the middle of her back, where she found the latch for her bra. Three little hooks was all the separated her from being totally topless in front of two boys.  
  
And those didn’t hold for long under the assault from her fingers.  
  
She lowered her arm, and the straps over her shoulders sagged. With her other hand, she grabbed the bra between her breasts while shrugging her shoulders. The straps fell down her arms, and she pulled the garment completely off. Instead of leaning forward and handing it to Brad as she had with the other pieces of clothing, she tossed it to him. It landed on the table before him as he appeared too mesmerized by her bare bosom to bother with catching it.  
  
The two boys studied her breasts like they were going to be tested on the material. They memorized every detail, every swell, every curve. They stared intently at the size and shape of her areola and her hard nipples. They continued to be engrossed with every detail as she turned and offered profile views.  
  
Casi sat back down with her arms on the table, her breasts uncovered. Then, Brad handing her the cards to shuffle. She considered them for a moment. “I’m not going to back out, but is it okay if I concede? It’s seems silly to continue at this point; you’re both fully dressed, and I’ve only got my panties left. I don’t think that there is any way that I can win.”  
  
The boys looked at each other. Brad nodded at her.  
  
She stood up and hooked her thumb into the waistband of her only remaining clothing, hesitating in that position. “This is it, huh? I’m about to get totally naked. Are you sure this is okay?”  
  
“More than okay!” Aaron said.  
  
Brad bobbed his head up and down. “Truly!”  
  
Casi let out a breath. “Okay, then …”  
  
She pushed down, and the thin fabric yielded easily, the insubstantial weight of the material no match for the force being applied. Down the garment slipped. Over her hips and down her thighs, revealing her light brown pubic hair that only barely concealed her engorged nether lips.  
  
Aaron and Brad were seeing her most private parts! It all felt so unreal. Strange. Exciting.  
  
The panties feel to her feet, and she stepped out of them, bending to pick them up. As she did, her breasts swung beneath her, and the guys’ attention was drawn there.  
  
It was the most amazing, powerful feeling ever to have their attention so glued to her.  
  
She handed her last remaining cover to Brad, coloring even more as she realized the smell coming from the wet spot coating the front.  
  
“That’s it,” she said eventually. “I’m … I’m naked!”

**Chapter 6**

Casi closed her eyes and stood there with her hands behind her back. She couldn’t believe she’d actually done it. Was doing it. She’d taken off all her clothes.  
  
For a minute or maybe even two, she just stood there, letting them look, and, when she finally began her required spin, she stopped with her butt facing the two boys, giving them a good view of her nude backside for at least another full minute before completing her turn.  
  
“So, what now?” she asked.  
  
It occurred to her that it was incredibly dangerous for a naked teenage girl to ask two obviously horny teenage boys that particular question, but she … trusted them, especially Brad. He would never let anything bad happen to her.  
  
“Wh-what do you think, Brad?” Aaron asked. “I mean, I don’t think we should make her do anything … you know … but …”  
  
“Well,” Brad said, “strip poker traditionally involves the loser doing a forfeit for the winner. Since both of us tied with all our clothes left, I would suggest that she has to do a forfeit for each of us.”  
  
Her eyes widened at the announcement, but she didn’t voice an objection.  
  
“Aaron, you choose first,” Brad said.  
  
Aaron’s mouth flexed a couple of times with no words coming out.  
  
“I’m at a loss, man. I have no idea,” he said.  
  
Not unexpectedly, Brad had an idea. “Well, it’s near lunch time. She could fix us sandwiches, serve us, and then eat with us as her forfeit to you.”  
  
“Yeah!” Aaron said with a touch too much excitement. “That sounds cool. I want her to do that.”  
  
Casi swallowed. It she was going to voice an objection, now was the time to do it. She’d already let the boys see her, and she’d never agreed to the whole forfeit idea. Having their eyes on her, seeing all of her, was … weird. Really weird. But it wasn’t horrible.  
  
In truth, it was kind of … exciting. Interesting. Definitely not boring.  
  
She figured that her best bet was to be as nonchalant about being on display as possible, so, after steeling herself with a calming breath, she calmly asked Brad where to find the lunch meat and other supplies and took their orders. Then, she had to move out from behind the table, and, okay, it hadn’t exactly offered much concealment. But it had been some type of cover.  
  
Away from it, there was nothing between them and her. Absolutely nothing covered any of her skin. Every step she took caused her boobs and butt to jiggle. The motion drew their attention.  
  
She almost laughed. As if she didn’t already have their undivided attention.  
  
The dining room and the kitchen occupied one big open space, and nothing obstructed the boys’ view of the entire area from their vantage point. The refrigerator sat in the middle of the wall directly opposite them while the dry goods were stored in a closet off to the side.  
  
It was a relief to disappear into the pantry for a moment, and she took her time finding the bread. The respite for their stares was all too brief, however, as she soon had to emerge.  
  
There was more jiggling as she walked over to the cabinet, and she felt their eyes following her every move as she removed each of the plates. And following her again as she moved to the fridge.  
  
With her back to them, she opened the doors. The sliced turkey and ham were in the back of the bottom shelf. The very back. The very bottom.  
  
Again, it struck her that having her two best friends – two male friends – seeing her like this was so embarrassing and scary. But there was also that really tingly feeling down there to consider. Did she … like … doing this?  
  
They hadn’t truly seen everything. Not all of her. Not her most private place. What would it make her feel like to let them see that?  
  
Casi bet they’d like it.  
  
She widened her stance and bent, leaning fully inside the fridge as she slowly reached for the two packages of lunch meat.  
  
The guys weren’t that far away. Not really. Definitely close enough to see.  
  
She risked a quick glance back. They were staring intently, and she could only imagine their view.  
  
Oh God! What must they be seeing?  
  
All of her. Literally all of her. Wet, pink, private parts of her.  
  
What the heck was she doing?  
  
Casi grabbed the packages and hastily pulled back. Her head banged against the shelf above, but she barely noticed the pain in her desire to end the show. She slammed the door and practically raced back to the counter, presenting them with a side view.  
  
Better. Much better.  
  
She couldn’t believe she’d done that.  
  
Casi had to return to the fridge to retrieve the mustard and mayonnaise and proceeded to fix and serve the sandwiches. She took their soft drink orders and went back to the refrigerator. Those, too, seemed to be located in the very back of the bottom shelf.  
  
She looked back at Brad, her eyes questioning him. Was it possible he’d done that on purpose so she’d have to reach for it?  
  
He smirked.  
  
This time, she kept her knees tightly together and bent at the knees instead of the waist, vainly attempting to preserve modesty she no longer possessed. She brought the drinks back and sat down with them at the table.  
  
The boys had a hard time concentrating on eating with her body so openly exhibited, but both still managed to wolf down two sandwiches and chips.  
  
“Well,” Casi said when they’d all finished, “I’d say my first forfeit is complete. Your turn, Brad.”  
  
Without even pausing a beat, he answered, “Go out the back door and circle the entire house before coming back in.”  
  
Casi felt the blood drain from her face. For everything else he’d told her to do, she’d meekly and quietly obeyed. Not this time. “You want me to walk around the entire house, butt naked, in the middle of the afternoon?”  
  
Brad nodded.  
  
“You can’t be serious,” Casi said.  
  
She took a breath. He would give into her on this as soon as he realized that she really didn’t want to do it. He always gave into her.  
  
Instead, Brad stared her directly in the eyes and said, “This is the forfeit I want. I can’t force you to go through with your end of the deal, but …”  
  
Her jaw dropped. She couldn’t believe that he’d stood his ground like that. What a time to stop rolling over completely for her!  
  
“That isn’t fair, man,” Aaron said. “She never even agreed to do forfeits in the first place.”  
  
“No.” Her voice came out small. Squeaky. “It’s okay. I’ll do it.”  
  
What had she just said? That she’d do it? Why? Aaron had offered her the perfect out. All she had to do was take it.  
  
What the actual ...?  
  
By the time she’d come to her senses, though, it was entirely too late. As usual, Brad had worked out all the details. He retrieved a set of walkie-talkies from the living room and handed one to Aaron, who would escort her around the building while Brad stood lookout on the street.  
  
Which meant both boys had to stand up. Which was actually kind of funny.  
  
Both tried to keep the front of their shorts pointed away from her, and, when they did face her, they kind of hunched over, attempting unsuccessfully to hide their erections.  
  
It made her feel … powerful, knowing that she had that kind of impact on them. Knowing that they obviously liked what they say.  
  
Brad exited from the front door while Aaron and Casi walked to the back.  
  
She looked at him with wide, doleful eyes and said in a small, shaky voice, “I’ve never been naked outside before. I’m … I’m scared.”  
  
“Well, before today, you’d never been naked in front of the two of us, either. In fact, I’m guessing you’d never been naked in front of any boys?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“You’re handling it a lot better than I would be if the situation were reversed,” Aaron said. “I think you’re being incredibly brave.”  
  
“Really? You don’t think I’m being … a bad girl or something … for doing this? You don’t think poorly of me?”  
  
“Of course not! I think you’re amazing.”  
  
“Okay. Thanks. That helps.” Her voice was still trembly. “I still don’t know if I can go through with this, though.”  
  
Aaron stayed silent for a moment, obviously considering. “Well, you don’t have to do it. You can just get dressed and tell Brad he can stuff it. But …”  
  
“What?”  
  
“Do you really think that he would ever put you in any real danger?”  
  
She thought about it for a second. “No, he wouldn’t, would he? I guess … I guess I’ll do it.”  
  
Casi slipped her arm around him and gave him a quick hug. The feel of her bare skin on his body was electric. Her firm but pliable breasts pressed against his chest. She moaned as her hard nipples rubbed against the fabric of his shirt and his hard muscles underneath.  
  
God! She had to watch herself or she was going to really embarrass herself.  
  
Buoyed by their talk and the hug, she marched out the back door with him in tow. Aaron radioed Brad to let him know that they were outside.  
  
The backyard was relatively small with a seven foot wood fence all around it and gates on each side of the house. None of the ranch style homes on the block were two stories, so there was no chance of anyone seeing over the fence. Her confidence increased as she realized this fact.  
  
As she strode over to one of the gates, Aaron reported in to Brad. “We’re at the gate nearest the carport.”  
  
“Great, hold on just a minute.”  
  
They actually waited for what seemed like several minutes. Casi fidgeted, feeling incredibly awkward just standing around butt naked in the back yard with a boy trying not to stare at every part of her and failing.  
  
Longer and longer and longer, the wait stretched.  
  
Finally, she put her hand on the gate latch. “Let’s just go. I’m tired of …”  
  
The unmistakable sound of a car passing in front of the house reached her ears. Her confidence fled.  
  
“Brad was obviously making you wait until the car passed,” Aaron said. “He’s watching out for you.”  
  
Just then, Brad’s voice came in over the walkie-talkie. “Okay, the coast is clear. There’s not a car in sight, and no one’s home at any of the houses near mine. Still, your best bet is to get it over with quickly.”  
  
She was such an idiot! Of course Brad would have arranged it so that no one else saw her, that she’d be perfectly safe.  
  
God! There were no excuses left, then. She was really going to do this. She was really going to walk out into a very open, very public front yard in her very own neighborhood.  
  
It felt … terrifying. Humiliating. Exhilarating.  
  
Casi smiled at Aaron and opened the gate. The street came into view. As Brad had said, there wasn’t a soul in sight.  
  
She didn’t exactly run into around the corner of the house, but she walked it at a very fast pace, her breasts jiggling around all over the place. Brad’s eyes went wide as he caught sight of her, and her grin widened.  
  
She was doing it. She was really doing it.  
  
The journey across the front went far quicker than she would have thought. When she reached the far edge, fear tightened her chest. “Crap, isn’t this gate usually locked?”  
  
“Do you really think that Brad would have forgot to unlock it for this?” Aaron asked.  
  
Of course not. She was being silly again.  
  
The gate opened without a problem when she reached it. She didn’t slow at all as she passed through it, leaving it open behind her, and soon she was back inside.  
  
Brad waited for her in the living room.  
  
“My forfeits are done, right?”  
  
“Yes,” he said.  
  
“So … can I get dressed?” she asked.  
  
“Don’t you mean, may you get dressed?”  
  
She gritted her teeth. “May I get dressed, sir?”  
  
“Of course.”  
  
Casi disappeared into the bathroom with her clothes.

**Chapter 7**

Casi, now dressed, came out of the bathroom, and Brad practically pushed the two of them out of the house.  
  
“Would you mind walking her home?” he asked Aaron.  
  
“Why? Her house is only, like, two blocks away, and it’s the middle of the day. She doesn’t normally need an escort.”  
  
“Just do it, okay,” Brad said.  
  
“Fine. If you insist.”  
  
They were about halfway to Casi’s house before either of them spoke.  
  
“It won’t be weird between us now, will it?” Casi asked.  
  
He answered instantly. “No, of course not. We’re friends, and we’ll always be friends.”  
  
Great. Just great. All that, and he still thought of her just as a friend.  
  
Or did he? Maybe he was still trying to process how he felt or maybe he didn’t want to be the first one to risk the friendship.  
  
She needed to know more. “So, what did you think?”  
  
Aaron’s jaw literally dropped. “Y-You were incredible. I have no words for it. You are so beautiful, so perfect. I’ll always remember today.”  
  
Well, if he didn’t want to make the first move, it was up to her. Smiling and filled with warmth at his words, she grabbed his hand, and they walked that way the rest of the way to her front door. It felt nice.  
  
They stood there on her front doorstep, facing each other, still holding hands. She met his eyes, hopeful.  
  
He took a deep breath and bent toward her.  
  
Their lips met. A kiss. Her first.  
  
She yearned for that gentle peck to turn into something more, for their lips to truly caress each other. She’d imagined this moment so many times.  
  
Just as she thought it might turn into a true kiss, though, he suddenly broke off. With a panicked look in his eye, he practically ran away, barely saying goodbye.  
  
What the ...? What the actual ...?

**Chapter 8**

Casi called Brad again, her voice quivering.  
  
“Have you been crying?” he asked.  
  
“Yes,” she muttered.  
  
“What happened? Please tell me.”  
  
The tale came out in a rush as she explained all that had happened with her and Aaron on the way home, including the kiss and the way it ended.  
  
“What did I do wrong?” she asked.  
  
“You didn’t do anything wrong. I did. Don’t worry, I’ll fix it. I’ll call him right now and fix everything.”  
  
“Wait. Don’t hang up. What did you do wrong? How are you going to fix it?”  
  
“He can’t help but love you,” Brad said. “I’m sure that he does. He just needs to know that it’s okay for him to do so. I’ll call him. Don’t worry.”  
  
Before she could get out another word, he hung up, leaving her more worried and confused than when she’d started.

**Chapter 9**

Casi rang Brad’s doorbell at 8:15 the next morning, barely waiting for his parents to leave the house for work.  
  
He opened the door, obviously surprised to see her standing there. “Casi! What’s up?”  
  
“Can I come in?”  
  
Brad stepped out of the way and gestured for her to enter. “Of course. I’m surprised to see you. Did Aaron call you last night? Did he straighten things out?”  
  
She stepped inside and shut the door. “He did call, and things are straightened out.”  
  
“I don’t understand. Why are you here, then, instead of being with him?” He paused. “Wait, are you mad at me? I didn’t tell him your secret. I swear!”  
  
She stared at his face mutely, still trying to decide what to do.  
  
“For the record,” he said, “I’m glad that you worked it out. I’m happy for you.”  
  
She smiled at him. “I knew that you would be.”  
  
“Is it me, or is this conversation really awkward and odd?”  
  
“It’s not just you,” she said.  
  
He exhaled sharply. “So, what are you doing up so early?”  
  
“I had trouble sleeping last night. I had a lot of thinking to do, and I decided that I wanted to play another game. Take part in another, as you would probably say, adolescent ritual.”  
  
His hands started playing with the front of his shirt, as sure sign he was nervous. “Another adolescent ritual?”  
  
“Yes. This time, though, we play by my rules, not yours.”  
  
“I-I see. And what game did you want to play?”  
  
“Truth or dare,” she said.  
  
“I … uh … Well, you see … That is …”  
  
“Obviously,” she said, “you took advantage of the situation yesterday. You chose the rules, and you chose the forfeits. I think that it’s only fair that I get to do all the choosing today.”  
  
“You want payback?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“I guess … that’s only equitable,” he said. “You were more than a great sport yesterday.”  
  
Then, he muttered something under his breath.  
  
“What was that?” she asked.  
  
“Nothing.”  
  
“Tell me!” she said.  
  
His eyes darted about the room. “I said that I could never really refuse you anything, anyway.”  
  
Casi smirked.  
  
“What are the rules?” he asked.  
  
“My rules are going to be a lot fairer than yours were. I’m going to do a dare and tell you a truth. In return, you only have to do one. The only catch is that I choose everything. I choose my dare, my truth, and your truth or dare. Fair?”  
  
He looked like he was going to puke. “You’re going to want to see me naked, aren’t you?”  
  
“That would be fair, wouldn’t it?”  
  
“Yes. It’s just that I’m …”  
  
“Nervous? Scared? Embarrassed? All three?” she asked.  
  
He nodded.  
  
“Tough,” she said. “Now you know how I felt.”  
  
His voice came out as a croak. “I can live with those rules.”  
  
“Okay. My dare first. I dare myself to get naked for you.”  
  
The fact that he’d seen her naked yesterday and that this was her own choice didn’t stop any of those three same emotions from overwhelming her. When she’d been in her bedroom, this had felt like such a great idea. In the moment, however, she wondered what the heck she was doing.  
  
His jaw dropped as she began disrobing.  
  
Not trusting her courage to hold up to a slow strip tease like yesterday, she decided to get it over with as quickly as possible. Her hands moved fast, almost frantically. She pulled her shorts and panties down simultaneously and slipped them off of her with her shoes. She tore off her shirt and threw it on the floor. She reached behind her back, undid her bra, and threw that on the floor as well.  
  
Instead of doing a turn, she stood there looking at him, not even trying to cover herself.  
  
“Now for the truth,” she said. “I’m going to tell you what I did last night.”  
  
Her mouth was dry. She tried desperately to find moisture to continue talking. Then again, maybe not being able to talk would be a blessing. Getting naked in front of him was nothing compared to what she had to tell him.  
  
“As I lay in bed last night,” she said, “I couldn’t help but relive the events of the day. I thought about stripping for you and Aaron, about the both of you watching me naked. My mind started to dwell on you ordering me around, making me do whatever you wanted. I thought about you commanding me to turn around and display myself to you, making me run around the house outside.”  
  
She paused again. “I had never masturbated before. I had occasionally gotten aroused and was tempted, but I had never actually did it. Last night, though, thinking about you controlling my nude body, I couldn’t help it. My hands went down there against my will. I don’t know what an orgasm is supposed to feel like, but, if it’s always like that, I’ve been missing out.”  
  
“Why … Why would you tell me that?” he asked. “None of this makes any sense. I don’t understand what is happening right now?”  
  
“What’s happening is that we’re playing truth or dare. I’ve now done a dare and told you a truth. Would you agree that it was a major dare and a major truth?”  
  
“Yes,” he replied simply.  
  
“Now it’s your turn.”  
  
He looked her in the eyes. “I understand. Do you want truth or dare?”  
  
His hands went to the top button of his shirt, anticipating her answer.  
  
“Truth.” Before he could say anything, Casi continued. “You owe me. You owe me big time. You have to answer my question completely and honestly. No holding back. Do I have your word?”  
  
“I can refuse you nothing. You have my word.”  
  
“Tell me the one thing about yourself that you most don’t want me to know,” she said.  
  
He looked stunned. Stricken. “Pl-Please no. Anything but that. Literally anything. Like make me strip naked and run through the gymnasium during a pep rally. Anything!”  
  
“I stripped naked for you. I told you the most embarrassing truth I could think of. You gave me your word.”  
  
His face fell. “I did promise, and I won’t lie to you.” He sighed. “You’re sure this is what you really want?”  
  
She nodded.  
  
“I love you,” he said. “I’ve loved you since kindergarten. I know that I don’t exactly have a lot of experience in the matter, but, in as much as I know what love is, I love you.”  
  
His face told her what he expected. For her to run away. To reject him. For their friendship to end over his confession.  
  
“I know,” she said.  
  
“What? But …”  
  
“Aaron told me last night when he called,” she said. “He told me how you felt and how he felt. He told me that, while he certainly found me attractive and could probably grow to love me, you already were in love with me and always had been.”  
  
“But …”  
  
“At first,” she said, “I honestly didn’t know what to do. For a while now, I’ve been thinking about Aaron a lot. I thought that I might love him. He’s always so cool and confident with me. I was really attracted to that confidence.”  
  
“He’s a good guy. I really do understand, and I really am happy for you.”  
  
“On the other hand, you’re completely different, and I never really thought about you in that way. You practically ask how high when I say jump. You obviously will do anything for me, anything but stand up to me. It’s sweet and all, and I loved you as a friend always, but does a girl really want a boyfriend that won’t stand up to her? You’re a competent, confident person, but not with me.”  
  
He frowned, obviously interpreting her words in the cruelest possible way.  
  
“Yesterday, though,” she said, “I saw you in a completely different light. When I was naked, you not only stood up to me, you commanded me. I liked the new you. Don’t get me wrong; I certainly don’t want you trying to order me around all the time, but, yesterday, I liked it.”  
  
“You … liked it?” he asked.  
  
“I did.”  
  
“So, you’re not rejecting me?”  
  
“I’m not.”  
  
“So, you actually want me to …”  
  
“I do. I definitely do.”  
  
Faster than she would have expected, he stepped toward her, closing the distance between them. His strong arms wrapped around her waist, and he pulled her naked body up against his.  
  
“Kiss me,” he commanded.  
  
“I will,” she said, smiling.  
  
Their lips met, and it became the first true kiss for each of them, the first of many firsts that they would share together.