Similar Stories

**Story 1**  
  
Okay, this happened last night so i thought I would post again.   
  
I have two friends that are in a lesbian couple. They are always trying to embarrass each other in public (pantsing each other, lifting bikinis up etc...). Anyways, we were all invited over to their flat for a beer and a chat. About ten of us were going, guys and gals. When we turned up Katy was sitting by herself in the front room with a big smile on her face. We aksed her what was going on and she said she would explain when everyone arribed. About 20 minutes later everyone was there and we demanded an explanation. Well, Katy told us that before we got there her and Jo, her girlfriend, were playing about in the bedroom. They were both naked and fooling about when Katy handcuffed Jo to the bed. She said it was only meant to be for fun, but her evil side kicked in and she decided to leave her like that! Of course, all the boys got very interested at this point. Katy said that Jo was currently tied to the bed, butt naked and very exposed!   
  
Of course, that was all the encouragement we needed! We decided to mess with her a bit so i went and knocked on the bedroom door and asked if everything was okay. A voice came back saying everything was fine, she was feeling a bit ill and would be out soon. I could barely keep from laughing as I asked her if she wanted me to come in and get her anything. She practically screamed no through the door, and I walked away giggling.   
  
We left it about two minutes then decided it was time. All 11 of us burst through the door and there, sure enough, was poor Jo tied to the bed. Her hands were cuffed above her and she was trying to roll into a ball to keep us from seeing anything. Of course, this would not do at all so Katy grabbed her legs and told her not to be shy. Jo was desperately trying to keep her modesty but Katy was too strong. A few of us girls got an evil idea and began to tickle her while she was tied up! It was sooo mean, but we couldn't help ourselves. She showed a lot more than she wanted to as she tried to get away, but after a few minutes we stopped. Katy was still holding her legs down so everyone could get a full view of her, and after a good laugh we all left the room.   
  
Katy uncuffed her then, but it was about half hour later before she returned red faced and very embarrassed. I don't think she expected Katy to go that far, and I know we all got a show we wont forget!  
  
**Story 2**  
  
This happened about two weeks ago, and I thought i may as well post it here. I am getting married in a week and as is custom in the UK my girl friends took me out for a hen night. This is a true story, but I have added parts that my friends told me, and that pictures back up, to make it flow as there are sections i don't really remember due to the alcohol consumed that night!   
  
I arrived at my bridesmaid's Karen's house and was told that they had my costume for the evening. I was given a bag full of stuff and told to go into the bathroom and change. When I got in the bathroom and opened the bag I knew I was in trouble. They had given me a pair of knee high boots, fishnet tights and a tiny mini-skirt. The outfit was topped off with a thin white tee-shirt with a big red "L" painted on the back. I stripped my own clothes off, except bra and panties, and started to get dressed. The fishnets felt wierd, and the skirt only just covered my thong! At that moment another of my friends, Liz, banged on the door. She told me i was allowed my thong but had to lose the bra if i was wearing one! Eventually I got the outfit on and went to meet them. There was much laughter and they then gave me a veil to wear and a belt full of condoms and dildos. Pictures were taken and drinks were poured. I was quite drunk before we even got out the door. As soon as we did the January weather had the effect they were looking for and my nipples shot straight out. The thin tee-shirt left nothing to the imagination, as the girls pointed out to anyone we met!   
  
The rest of the night is a bit of a blur. i had way too many drinks and was made to do way too many embarrassing things. However, the end of the night I will always remember.   
  
As we were walking home we had to cross a main road that has lights to let the pedestrians across. I just about staggered up to the lights and was resting there when the girls grabbed me. I put up a bit of a fight but the belt of sex toys was taken off and then I was handcuffed to the lights facing the main road. The girls then crowded round me. Karen started tickling me and I was screaming and begging for her to stop! She did, but then Liz produced a pair of scissors. I was screamin "NO!" as they advanced, but Liz slid the blade between my tee-shirt and slowly cut it off. As they ripped it away i was stunned, cars were beeping and people had gathered around to see what was going on. Karen then walked behind me and undid the button on my skirt. I was pleading with them all, but the alcohol had given them a wicked streak. The skirt was pulled down and i was left in just knee-high boots, fishnet stockings and a thong. My face was burning as more and more people were looking, but the cold made me shiver and was having an unwanted effect on my nipples. The girls then jumped in and quickly removed the boots and stockings. There I was, in the middle of the city, naked except for my thong. I thought they had finished their fun, but worse was to come. Liz went into her handbag and gave all ten of my friends permanent marker pens. They descended on me and began to draw over everything. A few friends even gave pens to strangers so they could leave good luck messages on my body. Finally they stopped when every part of my exposed body was written on, including my bum and boobs! Karen said that they had done enough and it was time to go home. I was so thankful that my ordeal was over, and even thanked the girls for stopping. It was that point when one of my other friends said i had misunderstood! It was time for them to go, not me! With that Liz walked over to me and in the middle of the street, tied to traffic lights, she pulled my thong down my legs and off my feet! They ran off leaving me naked in the city centre, screaming for them not to go. They were taking pictures as they went, cars were honking their horns and people were stopping to laugh.   
  
Fortuantely they did not leave me, and a few minutes later some of them came back. However, they returned without my clothes! I was forced to streak home, about five minutes, in the freezing cold, butt naked and covered in pen. People shouted and cheered as I made my dash, my remaining friends not giving me any cover. I finally got home to a round of applause from the bridemaids, and the adrenaline wore off. I passed out on the sofa and did not wake for hours.   
  
The magic marker pen is just coming off now, and I am sure there are hundreds of people in the town i live in that got good pictures of me that night! I forgive my friends, just, but have warned them they are getting it worse on their hen nights!

**Story 3**

My wife's name is Jill. She's 30 years old and she has fairly long, blonde hair. She's about 5'7", 125lbs with great hips and 36D breasts. She's quite breathtaking!   
  
  
We were recently entertaining another couple (named Dave and Natalie) with whom we're pretty close. Dave and Natalie were over to our house this evening to celebrate Jill's 30th birthday. After a few party games and many drinks, Natalie pulled me aside to suggest giving Jill a good spanking for her birthday. Sounded like a plan to me! Jill had recently embarrassed me in front of her three closest girlfriends (they stripped me naked and tied me up outdoors! We do these sorts of things to each other a lot.) so this seemed to be a perfect opportunity for a little payback!   
  
  
Well at this point, Jill was sort of dancing by her self in the living room and chatting with Dave who was seated nearby (checking out my wife no doubt).   
  
Natalie decided to join her and the two started playfully feeling up each others asses and boobs. This was all part of Natalie's plan.   
  
Dave and I were sitting back, enjoying the show, when Natalie started to remove her belt. Once it was off, she suddenly grabbed Jill by the wrists and pinned her arms behind her back. Natalie used her belt to tie Jill's arms back. Both girls were giggling playfully at what seemed to be harmless fun when Natalie said "We've all decided that it's about time the birthday girl got her birthday spanking!"   
  
  
Jill was pretty drunk, so she was laughing harder than any of us at her predicament. I suppose she thought that we'd all take few swats at her butt and that would be that. "Are you ready?" Natalie asked grinning widely. "Oohh...I'm ready baby!" Jill replied jokingly. "OK" Natalie said and with that, she dropped to her knees in front of Jill.   
  
  
"What are you doing" Jill asked, still giggling. Natalie reached up and started to unbutton Jill's jeans! "Oh No!" Jill squealed. Natalie unzipped Jill's jeans, offering everyone a peek at her pink cotton panties underneath. Dave and I were cheering her on at this point. Jill still seemed pretty amused about the whole thing. Natalie rose to her feet and gave Jill a little kiss on the lips. She then stepped behind Jill and stuck her fingers inside the waist of Jill's jeans.   
  
  
"Don't you dare!" Jill screamed. With a sudden yank, Natalie pulled my wife's jeans down all the way to her ankles! Dave and I were cheering loudly now. Jill stood there, in the middle of the room, arms tied behind her back, pants around her ankles wearing only a blue tank-top and a tiny pink thong! Natalie led Jill by the arm over to where I was sitting (making her shuffle across the room in front of us all with her jeans around her ankles) and pushed her over my knee. Now everyone had a perfect view of her incredible ass. "Baby, this is payback for stripping me naked in front of your friends!" I said. Jill was kicking her feet trying to break free. I started counting as I spanked her sweet, thonged ass. Dave and Natalie counted along, all the way to 30!   
  
  
After the 30th spank, Jill said "Oh you are SO going to pay for this!" I replied "Not tonight Baby. Tonight is all about you and we're not quite through with you yet!" I grabbed her around the waist and laid her face down on the floor. "You remember this game don't you dear?" I chuckled. "You Bastard! You wouldn't!" Jill gasped. "Dave. Grab her feet. Nat, you can help me strip the rest of these clothes off her!" I said.   
  
  
"Nnoooo!" Jill wailed. Natalie Removed the jeans from Jill's ankles and then pulled her tanktop up her back , over her head and down her arms exposing a black, lacey bra. It barely covered her 36D breasts. We then stood Jill back up and Natalie began to unhook the shoulder straps of Jill's bra. Nat then reached around and unhooked the back, allowing Jilly's bra to drop freely to the floor.   
  
  
There stood my gorgeous and drunk wife , her perfect big breasts exposed and heaving with excitement, in front of our friends with only her tiny pink thong to cover her. "We're almost done with you sweetheart. Just one more thing!" I said. "Oh God!" Jill uttered. "Lets get you outside so the neighbors can enjoy this too!" I laughed.   
  
  
The three of us led my near naked wife out on to the patio and tied her arms behind her back to the rail, leaving her beautiful ass on display for anyone passing by on the street. After snapping a couple of pictures of Jill in this humiliating predicament, we turned to leave her on display when Jill squealed "Wait! Where the hell are you going?!" "Oh yes! I almost forgot Babe. Can you believe it? Guys, help me out here please."   
  
  
I slid the tips of my fingers inside her little pink panties. Dave and Natalie did the same and on the count of 3, we pulled her panties all the way down her legs to her feet! Poor Jilly was left completely naked an tied up for all to see. She hung her head low in hopes that her hair would hide her face. "HEY GUYS!" I hollered to a group of teenage guys on the street. "CHECK OUT MY WIFE! NICE HUH?" They all cheered in agreement as their camera phones flashed away.   
  
  
"Give us a sec alone guys." I asked, so Dave and Natalie returned laughing inside. "So how does it feel Baby, to be stripped naked in front our friends and tied up for the whole neighborhood to see?" I asked. "I've never been more turnrd on in my life!" she whimpered.   
  
  
With that, I dropped to my knees in front of her and lightly kissed Jill's beautiful shaved pussy! I felt her starting to shudder more and more until she finally let out a loud moan of pure ecstacy! "Ohhhhhh... my... GOD!" Jill screamed into the night. Her naked body was glistening with sweat and still twitching in the moonlight. I rose to my feet while she panted heavilly, trying to catch her breath. With a kiss on the lips I said "Goodnight Baby!" and turned to go back indoors. "You bastard!" she managed with a heavy sigh.

**Story 4**

“Can’t you read the sign? It says only three items per customer are allowed in the dressing room.”   
  
  
Lori, Debbie, and Beth looked at each other in amazement. Here they were, three grown women in their early thirties, being spoken to as if they were small children by some officious salesgirl fully ten years their junior.   
  
  
“Look,” Beth protested. “The top and the skirt are part of a matching set. You can’t really see one without the other. I’ve already got two outfits already – why can’t you count both pieces together as one?” She looked over at her friends. Lori and Debbie shrugged helplessly. Each of them already had three outfits in their hands.   
  
  
“Only three items in the dressing room,” the salesgirl repeated. Primly attired in a two-piece suit and white blouse that was unbecoming to her young age, she was sitting on a stool at the door of the dressing room, putting price tags on new merchandise with a plastic hand-held tagging device. She barely looked up at them.   
  
  
“I don’t believe this.” Beth shook her head.   
  
  
The salesgirl regarded them dismissively. “I don’t make store policy,” she said, and went back to tagging the new merchandise. Frustrated, Beth handed over one of her other two outfits and the three women made their way inside the dressing room.   
  
  
“What a b\*tch,” Debbie muttered. Beth nodded in agreement.   
  
  
“Somebody really needs to show her up,” Lori added with a sly grin. “Excuse me, but we need some help back here,” she called out sweetly.   
  
  
Still holding the tagger, the salesgirl made her way reluctantly to the back of the dressing room. “I can’t stay back here, you know,” she complained. “I’m the only one on duty out there.”   
  
  
“Well, I don’t see any extra people competing for your attention,” Lori snapped, grabbing the salesgirl roughly by the arm and propelling her into the extra-large handicapped stall at the far end of the room. Debbie and Beth followed close behind. “I guess it’s down to us to teach you a lesson about customer service.”   
  
  
The salesgirl made a move to run, and Lori pushed her hard against the wall. Her shoulder blades hit with an audible thud. She looked frantically from one to the other as the three women closed in.   
  
  
“Only three items allowed in the fitting room, wasn’t it?” Beth asked Lori.   
  
  
“Yes, I believe that was store policy,” Lori answered, “and someone’s definitely got too many items.”   
  
  
Lori grabbed the frightened salesgirl by the arm and brusquely began tugging at her jacket. “Wh-what are you doing?” her captive cried in alarm.   
  
  
“Oh, just making sure that you’re compliant with store policy,” Lori answered nonchalantly. “For instance, with your jacket, blouse, skirt, and shoes, you’re already above the three-item limit. And this doesn’t even mention what else you might have on underneath!”   
  
  
“Good idea!” said Beth. She grabbed the struggling salesgirl by the arms and held her still while Lori and Debbie pulled the jacket completely off.   
  
  
“Liz Claiborne,” Lori read from the label. “Nice. Tell me, how much would something like this cost from here?”   
  
  
“M-maybe about $60,” the girl mumbled, still immobilized by Beth’s grip.   
  
  
“Now it’s on sale!” said Debbie, grabbing the tagger and slapping a price tag on the sleeve. With a pen she wrote a bold $45 – “for being slightly worn”, she explained. She shook out the garment and mounted it on a hanger, where it looked almost as good as new.   
  
  
“Let’s see, what next?” Lori considered. “Well, since the skirt looked so nice with the jacket, maybe they ought to be considered as a complete set.”   
  
  
The salesgirl’s eyes widened in horror and realization. “No!” she cried, struggling even harder in Beth’s grasp. Her legs kicked out, losing one of her shoes in the process. “No!” she wailed again as Lori’s fingers found the zipper of her skirt and pulled it open. The struggling salesgirl tried to open her legs to keep the skirt from sliding completely off her hips, but the combined pulling by Lori and Debbie was enough to wrestle it away. Finally they were able to work it off first one foot, then the other. By then both the girl’s shoes were off her feet, and Lori swept them out of the way along with the liberated skirt.   
  
  
Lori held up the skirt critically. “I’d say this could go for another twenty bucks,” she said, handing it to Debbie, who dutifully tagged it and put it up on a hanger. “The shoes look a little worn, though. Maybe they should go on the clearance rack.”   
  
  
Debbie regarded the squirming salesgirl, whose blouse now hung loosely over the top of her panty hose. “Think she’s compliant with policy yet?” she snickered.   
  
  
“Well,” said Beth, “assuming she’s wearing a full set of underwear, I think we might still have a ways to go. That blouse, for instance, might have to go next.”   
  
  
“No! Please!” The girl was beyond protesting now. Her pleas only elicited more snickers from her captors, however, as Lori opened the buttons of her white blouse, one by one, drawing out the process with excruciating slowness. The buttons undone, Beth reluctantly relinquished her hold so that Lori could pull the sleeves all the way off the girl’s arms. Then the filmy garment was completely pulled away, and the girl was left cringing in her bra, panties, and stockings, trying pathetically to cover herself with her arms.   
  
  
Debbie put the blouse on another hanger. “I think, for this, a bargain at $14.99.” Lori and Beth nodded agreement, and Debbie tagged it promptly. The girl’s entire outer wardrobe was now hanging on the wall, virtually indistinguishable from the actual merchandise. “Well now,” she said, looking over at the salesgirl, “I believe she is now compliant with store policy.”   
  
  
The girl stared back at sullenly, face burning with humiliation.   
  
  
“Tough,” snapped Lori. “Store policy just changed.”   
  
  
The hapless salesgirl tried to put up a resistance, but she was hopelessly outnumbered. First fighting, then pleading, and then crying, she was pinned against the wall as her captors pulled her panty hose down off her legs. “Help! Help!” she screamed out, no doubt in her mind what would happen next.   
  
  
No one responded to her cries. The four of them were alone in the dressing room.   
  
  
The three captors paused to survey their victim. It was almost impossible to equate the haughty, officious salesgirl of earlier with the sobbing creature before them, her body flushed from exertion and shame, only two brief, filmy articles of clothing left to protect her from complete indecency.   
  
  
The salesgirl’s bra was white nylon, with a front close. Beth reached up with one hand and deftly flipped open the clasp. The cups fell to the sides, revealing a rather modest pair of breasts. “Ooh!” she squealed, “does your mommy let you work?” The other women hooted as the salesgirl sobbed even harder. Then the bra was pulled away completely and folded in a neat bundle on top of the panty hose.   
  
  
Cowering helplessly, the salesgirl tried to curl in the corner in a frantic attempt to preserve the last of her dignity. Lori grabbed the back of her white panties and pulled them down off her rump, exposing the girl’s round white buttocks. In response, the girl clutched at the front of the waistband, trying desperately to keep her pubic area covered. A brief tug-of-war followed, but the frail nylon was no match for all that pulling. The panties finally tore away with a loud ripping sound, leaving the wretched salesgirl completely nude and sobbing, not a thing left.   
  
  
“I don’t think we’ll be buying anything here after all,” said Lori. “Let’s put all this stuff back on the racks.” With that, they gathered up all the discarded merchandise, taking the salesgirl’s clothing with them, and left the stall.   
  
  
“You’re not seriously going to put those panties out there with the rest of the lingerie, are you?” Beth whispered to Lori on their way out of the dressing room. “After all, they’re completely shredded beyond repair. I say we just leave them here.”   
  
  
“But won’t she be looking for them out there?” whispered Debbie.   
  
  
Lori shrugged. “So let her wonder,” she said, and tossed the panties into an empty stall.   
  
Becky cowered in the dressing room stall covering her exposed breasts and crotch from the camera she knew was filming her from behind the two-way mirror. Her mind refused to work as her panic drove every thought from her head. She knew she could not stay in the dressing room forever, and that soon she would be missed by her always-prickly, supervisor, Mrs. Crawford.

**Story 5**

I have been quite for a while, but thought I should share an experience I had. It was my 18th birthday and my friends, 6 girls and 3 guys, decided that we should go swimming. My birthday is in August so it was hot, but even so i should have got suspicious.   
  
We all arrived and went to get changed. I put on my two piece bikini and put everything in a locker. Mt friend Jenny put her stuff in too and took the key. Then we headed for the pool. It was packed with people cos it was so hot. We had fun for an hour or so, splashing around and generally goofing off.   
  
As i was swimming up in the deep end three of my girl friends came up beside me. They all started to sing "happy birthday" really loudly and I got embarrassed. When they had finished Jenny shouted out "seeing as it's your birthday I think you should do the next lap in your birthday suit!"   
  
With that she grabbed my arms. As she did I felt my bottoms slip down my leg. I kicked and screamed trying to keep them on, but was sinking in the water so did not have any grip. As I did this I felt the clasp of my bikini top get undone. I struggled and kicked but it was too late. I surfaced out of the water in time to see my bikini passed to a guy friend on the side of the pool. I did not know what to do, and was panicing and bright red. My friends all got out of the pool but I guessed they would come back with a towel for me. I waited about ten minutes while everyone in the pool laughed and pointed. Then Jenny came to the side, clothed, with all my things from the locker. She said, "you want them? They'll be in the car!", then ran off. I thought the life guard would help, but she was wetting herself laughing.   
  
I had to get out of the pool, run through the changing room, out the reception and into the car park, totally butt naked with everyone looking at me. Some people cheered, others tutted and made rude comments. I got outside and my friends let me into the car. They gave me my clothes and I got dressed. I then found out another guy who was there had a digital camera. Those pictures were posted all over!!   
  
It was the most embarrassing thing ever to happen, but it started the trend of girls pranking each other on their birthdays, and I got Jenny back a few months later!! Except that time i made it 10 times worse. But that's another story!!

**Story 6**