**Sophie**

by Robert Dogwood

**Sophie’s Congratulatory Party**

Once Sophie obtained a new job there and then moved to San Francisco, she decided that she really liked the city and wanted to stay there. She was tired of moving all around every few years.

Sophie realized if she were to remain there she needed to become successful at her work, so for the first time in her life, she took her job very seriously. This often made her unpopular because in her quest for success she managed to step on quite a few toes.

Co-workers had began referring to her as ‘The Bitch’ and complaining about her behind her back. She also managed, in her zeal, to get quite a few people in trouble with the head office for their lackadaisical ways.

Finally this all reflected on her supervisor, who began to appear weak and ineffectual. Her supervisor, John Rodgers, a youngish man in his mid-thirties, was well liked by everyone on the job, except for Sophie. She figured if you can’t pull your own weight, get out of the game.

Finally her supervisor was given notice his services were no longer required in two weeks time. Naturally all of the other employees, except for Sophie, were outraged and they blamed her for his dismissal. Sophie wasn’t upset for the simple fact that she was given the position as the new supervisor.

She was delighted with herself and also with the obvious wisdom of the front office. She redoubled her efforts to make everyone on the job a more productive and efficient staff member.

Her co-workers, except for John Rodgers, got together and planned a going away party for the leaving supervisor and a welcoming party for Sophie. She was rather touched by this and was willing to let bygones by bygones.

The party was to be held in a bar closed to the public from eight to eleven o’clock on that evening. They spent quite a pretty penny renting the bar for that period of time. When Sophie learned that, she was even more touched.

She gave quite a lot of thought for what to wear and something attractive and yet tasteful but not stuffy. She splurged and bought a green, knee-length dress with a full skirt. From the cut and fine fabric it was easy to see it was an expensive item. It was strapless and almost transparent in certain areas, but opaque where it counted, so nothing risquÃ© could be seen.

She also bought a new green bra and panties so they couldn’t be readily seen either through the dress. Tickled now with herself, she bought stockings to be held up by a new green garter belt.

On the night of the party, just before leaving the apartment, she took one last look at herself in the full length mirror. ‘I look great,’ she thought to herself.

A slight chill swept through her upon her entry into the bar because she immediately spotted her cousin Nadine waving at her. She hadn’t even known Nadine was in town. As soon as Nadine ran up to her, Sophie asked, “Why are you here?”

“Well, that’s a fine thing to say to me,” Nadine said. “Your co-workers contacted me about your promotion and I wanted to be here to help you celebrate.”

“Oh,” Sophie said, still slightly confused and worried. “Well, I apologize, it’s good to see you.”

But Sophie still felt uneasy somehow about Nadine being present. Things so often went badly for her when Nadine was around. Everyone at the party agreed that Sophie had never looked better. In fact, she look so damn beautiful in her new outfit that the other women present were beset with jealousy and hated her even that much more.

Loud rock music pounded out all evening and lots of gifts were presented to her old supervisor and to Sophie, herself. While the gifts to John were very tasteful and expensive, such as a new Rolex, most of Sophie’s gifts seemed to be on the joky side and more than slightly obscene. Things such as, electric vibrators and long dildos were given to her.

She was extremely popular with the opposite sex that evening and men kept asking Sophie to dance constantly and consequently she drank more than she realized and was prudent. Near the end of the three hour period that the bar was contracted for, the music died down and Fred, one of Sophie’s biggest critics called for quiet.

First he offered a toast to the departing supervisor and then he said something strange to Sophie.

“It’s now time for you to collect your just reward.”

Before Sophie could ask what he meant or really even wonder what he might have meant, two women, Emma, a rather buxom black haired young woman who wore her hair in a bun, and Becky, a beautiful long haired red head with amazing tits, grabbed Sophie by each arm.

When she began to struggle, two of the men walked up to her and Bill and George, both dark haired young men wearing black suits and and began to rip her new dress from her body savagely.

“Please, don’t” Sophie pleaded.

“You will reap the benefits of your treachery, Sophie,” Nadine, of all people, said, walking up to her.

In a few seconds flat, Sophie’s dress was now in ribbons and she had been reduced to her underthings. But not for long and soon the only thing Sophie was wearing was her garter belt and stockings. The room had turned for Sophie into a hell of laughing, pointing co-workers. Flash bulbs were going off and she could hear the clicks and whirls of digital cameras.

Despite herself, Sophie felt her body betray her as she felt herself becoming excited. Her nipples hardened to an almost painful degree and her clitoris unsheathed itself and stuck out. She blushed mightily when she heard women pointing it out to the men.

Sophie managed to break free or so she thought, but they had let go of her on purpose. As Sophie attempted to run out the front door of the bar and she didn’t know where she was going, she just had to get away from there. Nadine grabbed her by the waist and pulled her back.

Becky knelt down in front of Sophie and after lubricating the dildo with her own mouth to the loud cheers of the crowd and she rammed it straight up Sophie’s twat and then began to work it in and out in earnest. Sophie was so turned on already that she quickly fell to her knees in a giant orgasm.

The crowd of party goers gave her a standing ovation. Suddenly the three hours was up and the bartender threw the doors open to the general public. Scores of people surged in, after all it was Friday night and it was a very popular bar. They, almost all to the last person, stopped dead in their tracks seeing the beautiful Sophie on her knees climaxing with a dildo hanging out of her.

Men were shouting out obscene invitations and women were laughing and pointing. It was so humiliating for Sophie that she experienced another orgasm immediately following the first and then another and then another. As far as Sophie was concerned at that moment, it was all worth it. She collapsed on to the bar room floor.

Later she was helped to her feet by two of San Francisco’s finest, who were called by the bartender. After the news of the party had reached the ears of the front office and her arrest for indecent exposure was also made known to them, Sophie was let go and John was given his old position back.

Sophie had the last laugh though, at least as far as Nadine was concerned. She made Nadine stay in the city and support her fully until she could find a new job.

The End

Sophie's Trip to a Nude Beach

By Robert Dogwood

Part One

It didn’t take long for Sophie to secure new employment in the same field, actually less than a week. She was interviewed by a pleasant looking middle-aged woman named Helen Wilson. She possessed a fine head of long silver hair and even though it was obvious that she had packed on a few pounds as she grew older, Helen still had a fine figure.

Sophie could tell the lady was probably a real beauty when she was younger. Sophie had already decided when she learned the job was in the same field that she would tell the truth about her last employment, rather than lie and hope for the best. She had learned years earlier that it was often a small world indeed and lies had a way of catching up with you.

It turned out that Helen was completely understanding concerning the entire situation. After all, the interviewer said, it sounded as if Sophie was a wonderful employee, who was thoroughly dedicated to being as productive as possible and that certainly wasn’t a crime. Being disliked by co-workers who were far more inefficient shouldn’t be held against her either.

And having her clothing pulled roughly from her body by other people in public didn’t sound like anything that should be held against her either. All of this sounded like music to Sophie’s ears and she was especially delighted when Helen asked her if she could report to work on the following Monday.

That evening Sophie couldn’t wait to tell Nadine the wonderful news and her cousin actually appeared happy for her. Nadine was also gracious enough to say she would remain in the city helping Sophie out financially until she received her first full paycheck. Sophie thanked her, but had the same trace of suspicion run through her that was always present whenever Nadine appeared helpful in some way.

Sophie began work the following Monday and met all of her fellow employees. They all seemed pleasant enough and appeared willing to give her the benefit of the doubt, until she proved herself one way or the other. On Tuesday evening, Sophie told Nadine that she was slightly apprehensive because she was attending her first full staff meeting the following day in the afternoon.

Not only that, the owner would be present. Nadine said she would meet Sophie for lunch to celebrate her progress and hopefully calm her nerves some before the meeting. Again Sophie felt a serious qualm she couldn’t quite identify.

Sophie chose her best business suit, a gray tweed jacket and skirt with a long sleeve white blouse to wear to the meeting. The next morning Nadine arrived early for lunch. Since Sophie still had some work to wrap up before lunch. Nadine said she would go amuse herself.

Through her opened office door, Sophie saw Nadine introducing herself to some of the other employees and basically gladhanding them in a way that only Nadine could. Although it set Sophie’s teeth on edge, she supposed it wouldn’t hurt her any if her co-workers like Nadine.

Determined to make short shift of the remaining work, Sophie grabbed the nearest pen and pushed it in to write. Inexplicably black ink shot out all over her outfit!

“Oh no” she groaned. “Not today.”

She quickly got up and closed her office door. She looked down to assess the damage. It was horrible! Her jacket, skirt and white blouse all had huge black splotches on them.

“What am I going to do? This is terrible. I look awful,” she said to herself.

The meeting was directly after lunch, and even if she left now, she couldn’t possibly go home to change and still make it back in time. While unsuccessfully racking her brain to arrive at a possible solution, her office door open and Nadine breezed in. Sophie had forgotten to lock the door.

“Oh no! What happened?” Nadine exclaimed, concern dripping from every word.

“Close the door quick” Sophie ordered.

After complying, Nadine turned back to Sophie and looked closely at her clothing to judge the damage.

“This stupid pen shot ink all over me,” Sophie said, pointing at the pen laying on her desk.

“I know what to do,” Nadine said. “I saw an hour cleaners down the street on my way here. “I’ll just run it down there during your lunch hour and get everything cleaned.”

“Well, I don’t know,” Sophie answered, grave doubt present in her voice.

She had a sudden vision of sitting at her desk wearing only the miniscule bra and panties she had worn on that particular day. ‘Oh why did I have to feel sexy and today of all days?’ Sophie berated herself.

“Come on, Sophie, hurry up! We don’t have much time,” her cousin insisted, and emphasized her point by beginning to pull off Sophie’s jacket.

“Okay, I guess. There’s nothing else I can do. I certainly can’t go the meeting filthy with ink.”

Nadine stood holding the jacket while Sophie quickly stepped out of her skirt. She looked down at herself. Her white transparent panties peeked out from beneath her blouse.. ‘That doesn’t look too bad,’ she thought. ‘As long as no one sees me away from my desk.’

Sophie handed the skirt to Nadine. “Go,” she said simply.

“What are you doing?” Nadine asked. “I need your blouse too, it’s got ink all over it as well.”

“No” Sophie answered emphatically. “I refuse to sit at my desk in just my underwear and particularly this underwear I can button my jacket so no one can see the blouse.”

“Okay,” Nadine said. “But I think you’re making a big mistake. You can just lock your office door. Okay then, I’ll be back in a flash,” Nadine promised, smiling at her.

Sophie suppressed a shudder that ran through her. She always felt uneasy when her cousin smiled at her like that. Sophie walked with Nadine to the door and locked it once Nadine had exited. She returned to her desk and sat down. The young woman still had lots of work she could do, but she was currently far too nervous to concentrate.

Sophie noticed the pen that had been the cause of her latest disaster. It occurred to her too late that she had never seen it before. Where exactly had it come from? Right when a suspicion began to form in her mind, a knock came upon her office door.

‘Oh no!’ she thought. When she didn’t answer it, the knocking continued. Finally she heard Nadine call out in a hoarse stage whisper, “It’s me, Sophie. Let me in.”

“What in the world?” Sophie mumbled, as she crossed the room and half way opened the door to admit Nadine.

“What are you doing?” she demanded of Nadine. “Why haven’t you already left for the dry cleaners?”

Before Sophie could close the door, after Nadine had entered the office, Helen breezed in behind her. The look of surprised befuddlement on Sophie’s pretty face caused Helen to laugh gently. Sophie finished closing the door behind Nadine and Helen.

“Don’t worry, Sophie,” Helen said kindly. “Nadine explained it all to me. I’ve come in to encourage you to allow Nadine to have your blouse dry cleaned also.”

Helen held her hand up as Sophie began to protest. “I’ll make sure no one comes in to bother you until Nadine returns with your cleaned outfit,” her supervisor promised.

“Okay, I guess,” Sophie said haltingly.

She removed her blouse and handed it to Nadine, thereby revealing her tiny, transparent bra and panties. Nadine laughed and said, “Nice outfit, cuz.”

Helen smiled at Sophie and said, “I see your assets are substantial, Sophie.”

The young underdressed woman blushed from head to toe and quickly returned to sitting behind her desk.

“Okay, see you soon,” Nadine said and left.

“Don’t worry, everything will be fine,” Helen encouraged her before leaving also.

Her supervisor made certain Sophie’s door was locked before leaving. Her anxiety made time appear to fly by for Sophie. ‘Where is that girl?’ Sophie thought, now completely panicked. She checked her watch for the sixth time in ten minutes. It was now five after one. The sound that Sophie had been praying for occurred and a knock upon the door. Sophie practically flew low to the door and opened it.

“About time, Nadine,” she said.

Helen walked in and Sophie looked around her into the hall and no Nadine! Helen shut the door for her.

“I’m very sorry, Sophie, but you have to come to the meeting.”

“Wha?” she exclaimed. “I can’t come like this.”

“I’m sorry, you’re just going to have to. The owner is here and it’s traditional for him to meet the new staff members at our Wednesday staff meeting.

“But can’t I wait for Nadine?” Sophie entreated.

Helen shook her head sadly.

“Isn’t there something around here I could wear, just an old coat or something?”

“Sophie, think about it. If we had something for you to wear, I already would have given it to you. Maybe you should have tried to go home to change during lunch, even if you had been late, it would have been alright.”

An hour too late, Sophie saw through Nadine’s trick. She had placed the joke pen on her desk when she first arrived, hoping Sophie would use it. She took Sophie’s clothes, never planning to be back on time. Now she remembered how Nadine was running around the office talking to everyone. Probably everyone knew about it, except for Helen.

“But I can’t go in my bra and panties,” Sophie pleaded.

“Yes you can,” Helen said emphatically. “It’s the same as wearing a bikini. You’ve worn a bikini before on the beach, haven’t you?”

‘Yeah, but my bikini wasn’t transparent,’ Sophie thought. ‘And I just shaved! They’ll be able to see everything!’

Her supervisor continued to attempt to convince Sophie of what she needed to do, when she didn’t answer her previous question.

“I have explained it to the owner and he understands completely. He wishes you to show your dedication to the company and attend the meeting. Just go right in there and sit down as though you’re completely dressed.”

“Okay,” Sophie said, thoroughly defeated by this time. She followed Helen from the office down the hall to the conference room. Stepping into the large room, she knew without looking (but she looked anyway) that everyone was staring at her. Practically everyone was wearing big smiles, but no one was laughing. She guessed that was because after all it was a staff meeting and not a Comedy Central roast.

‘Oh no!’ she thought, when she realized there was just rows of open chairs. She had been hoping she could hide by sitting behind a table. She sat down immediately in the closest chair. Helen kept moving to the front of the room and sat down next to a man, who Sophie didn’t recognize. She realized he must be the owner. He appeared to be around the age of fifty. He had a beautiful head of silver hair, and obviously had worked at keeping himself in shape. He was handsome enough that if Sophie had gone for older men, she would have gone for him.

Suddenly Helen was speaking to the room. “Before we begin with the actual business portion of the meeting, Mr. Golden would like to say a few words so I turn the meeting over to him.”

The owner stood up. Sophie realized now that he stood over six feet tall. “Please call me Bill, everyone. I run a democratic shop.”

Sophie noticed the employees who she knew had been there awhile were nodding their heads. “The immediate business at hand is I would like to meet the new employee,” the older man said. “Sophie, would you please come up here”?

‘Oh no!’ she thought. ‘This is so unfair, Helen told me I could just sit here.’

The more people who turned to look at her seated in the back of the room, the more embarrassed and humiliated she became. She felt herself growing warm and then even worse and she was becoming wet! ‘Oh God, this is worse and worse. People will be able to see it very clearly in these panties’. Sophie now felt her nipples growing hard.

“Sophie, please do as Mr. Golden asked,” Helen said firmly.

Sophie’s legs felt wooden and she was actually teetering on them during her long walk to the front of the room. She could hear people whispering behind her back and she could well imagine what they were saying. This increased her humiliation and she felt her clit pop out. Sophie risked a glance downwards and was horror struck to see that her panties were drenched with moisture and her clit was readily seen.

Finally reaching the front of the room, she stood in front of the owner racking her brain unsuccessfully for something to say. Mr. Golden left it no secret that he was impressed with Sophie’s attributes by slowly looking her up and down.

‘Oh no,’ Sophie thought. ‘Not now!’

The longer he stood obviously staring at her sexual parts which showed so readily through her underwear, the more horny she became. The young woman attempted to clench her legs together to keep at least something a mystery, but also to try to desensitize herself in that area, if possible. Sophie still felt that she was teetering on the edge of an orgasm, which practically anything at this point could set off.

“Helen told me you were smart, but now I see that you have beauty to go with your intelligence.”

‘Oh sure,’ Sophie thought. ‘When I’m, for all intents and purposes, naked, then I’m beautiful.’

The older man reached out to take her hand. Sophie pulled her hand back and up, fearing the result of any physical contact with him. Mr. Golden continued to track her hand with his and as he further reached for her, Sophie pulled her hand completely away leaving the man to accidentally grasp her breast. He felt her nipple lengthen significantly beneath his hand.

“Oh, no,” Sophie moaned, when her orgasm hit her like a ton of concrete blocks. She quickly bent over in an attempt to hide what was occurring, although the people in the front knew exactly what had happened. Her co-workers in the middle to the back of the room just thought the young woman had suddenly been hit with abdominal pain.

Nadine was standing in the very back with her cousin’s newly dry cleaned outfit resting in her arms. She was wearing a malicious grin fore she understood completely what had just taken place. ‘Sophie’s perversion strikes again,’ she thought malevolently. Sophie duck waddled through the room, remaining bent over as much as possible.

When she reached her seat, she looked up enough to finally notice Nadine standing at the back of the room holding Sophie’s clothes. At that point, Sophie didn’t care about anything except escaping that room and getting dressed, which she did post haste.

That night in her apartment, Sophie said, “I swear to God I’m going to get you back for today, Nadine.”

Her cousin laughed and said, “What did I do?”

“You know what you did. You put that bogus pen on my desk hoping that I would squirt ink all over myself and then you made certain not to bring my outfit back in time.”

Nadine laughed again and said, “You can’t prove any of that, you know.”

“I don’t have to prove it,” Sophie asserted. “I know you did it and you know you did it.”

“Listen, even if I did do it, and I’m not saying I did, you know you had a helluva orgasm. You should be thanking me.”

Sophie smiled slightly at the memory of it, but wouldn’t admit anything. “How can I go back to work? I’ll be a big laughingstock.”

“That’s not true,” Nadine contradicted. “I spoke with Helen and some of your co-workers and not only do they understand completely about the whole situation, but they want you to go on a beach outing with them this weekend.”

Sophie offered a big smile and said, “That’s nice, where?”

“It’s in San Mateo,” Nadine said. “Apparently a lot of your co-workers are naturalists. It’s a nude beach called Devil’s Slide.”

‘That’s appropriate,’ Sophie thought. “Are you telling me the truth?” she asked Nadine suspiciously.

“I swear to God, but don’t say anything at work. Some of the people you work with are real straight and don’t know anything about the nudists.”

To be continued

Part Two

Saturday morning turned out to be beautiful, sunny but not oppressively hot and not a trace of rain. The ride to San Mateo was not overly long and they arrived just before lunch time. There was still plenty of room in the parking lot, but the first thing that Sophie noticed that disconcerted her was a long wooden staircase (almost 150 steps) that led down to the beach.

“Is this the only way down?” Sophie asked.

“Yes,” Nadine said.

Sophie was surprised when Nadine began to remove her clothing. “Shouldn’t we wait until we get down to the beach?”

“Why? It’ll makes more sense to lock our clothes in the trunk.”

The young woman was even more surprised when after removing her outer clothing. Nadine was wearing a pretty one piece bathing suit.

“What’s going on? Aren’t you going naked?” Sophie asked.

“I can’t,” Nadine said.

“Why not?” Sophie’s antenna suspecting some sort of trickery went straight up.

“It’s my time of the month,” Nadine explained.

“Oh and hey, wait a minute, didn’t you have that two weeks ago?” the young woman asked skeptically.

“No, you’re mistaken, Sophie,” Nadine insisted.

And you’re not bloated looking at all.”

Nadine grew red in the face and she said, “Do you want me pull my suit aside so you can look?”

“Ewww, no thanks,” Sophie said. “Are you sure it’s okay for me to strip down here?”

“Of course,” her cousin assured her. “It’s a nude beach, isn’t it?”

Even though many strangers were going to see her naked in a few minutes, she was grateful that they were currently alone. She quickly stripped down. Sophie had only worn a tank top and shorts so it wouldn’t take long to undress. She placed their clothes in the trunk and locked it and then put the car key in a magnetic box which fit under the car.

The two cousins, one naked and the other one dressed in a swim suit, started down the stairs. About half way down, some people were walking back up the stairs. They were all wearing bathing suits and gazed at Sophie in surprise, but avidly. Sophie was already warm in embarrassment from the depraved stares she had just received.

‘What kind of nude beach is this?’ she wondered.

After the people passed them, Sophie hissed, “Are you sure this is a nude beach?”

“Of course it is,” Nadine assured her.

“Then why were those people dressed?”

“I guess because they were leaving and going back into public,” Nadine answered.

“Then why were they dressed in bathing suits rather than street clothes?” Sophie persisted.

“Sophie,” Nadine said, sighing. “I can’t explain every crazy little thing people do.”

Suddenly Sophie was aware there was two young couples behind her and Nadine. They were wearing bathing suits also. When they squeezed by, an attractive blonde wearing a bikini sneered at Sophie, “Can’t you wait until you get down at the beach?”

Sophie whispered to Nadine, “What’s the matter with her?”

“She’s probably jealous of you,” Nadine offered as an explanation.

“I don’t know about that. She looked beautiful to me.”

“Not as good as you do naked,” Nadine insisted.

“Stop it, you’re embarrassing me.”

Nadine laughed and said, “You like that.”

Sophie did feel humiliated and embarrassed to be spoken to in such a manner by a complete stranger. And then she realized she was beginning to feel excited.

‘Oh no, not here. I need to look cool here. I won’t get excited if everyone else is naked too, will I?’ Sophie thought.

They finally reached the beach at the end of the stairs. There was quite a number of people who watched their arrival. Unfortunately as far as Sophie was concerned, they were all wearing bathing suits!

“Nadine! I’m gonna kill you, I thought you said this was a nude beach.”

Sophie fought her strong desire to cover herself. She felt as though in some weird way it would call more attention to herself.

Nadine laughed and said, “It is, but it’s also clothing optional. Most of the nudists are down there at the other end of the beach.”

Now, too late, Sophie understood the blonde’s comment on their way down the steps. Sophie peered down to the north end of the beach where her cousin was pointing. She saw scads of naked men, but no women. They were sun bathing, playing frisbee, throwing footballs and barbequing.

“There’s only men down there” Sophie said.

“So what’s wrong with that? You like men and you particularly like naked men.”

“If they’re good looking,” Sophie agreed. “But that’s not my point. I don’t want to be the only naked woman down there.”

“Hehe,” Nadine giggled. “Why not? I would think you’d love it.”

“That’s settles it, I’m going home,” Sophie declared.

“You can’t yet,” Nadine said. “There’s the group from your job.”

Sophie turned and saw with a sinking in her heart that a great deal of her co-workers were approaching her and shouting out greetings. The sinking she was feeling was because they were all wearing bathing suits and snapping pictures of her with digital cameras.

“Oh no” Sophie exclaimed. “No pictures and no pictures!”

Turning to her cousin, Sophie pleaded, “Nadine, making them stop taking my picture.”

“I can’t do that, it’s a free country.”

Sophie fell into a crouch hoping to protect some of her nakedness from being captured by the avid camera bugs. Nadine pulled Sophie back up.

“Stop that! You look stupid, this is a nude beach.”

“Make them stop taking my picture,” Sophie whined.

“Hey guys, stop it for a minute,” Nadine said.

The click of the cameras ceased for the moment.

““Maybe you can offer them something to get them to stop,” Nadine suggested.

“What are you talking about?” Sophie asked, suspicion heavy in her voice.

“I’m sure they would stop if you offered them blow jobs.”

“No way, never” Sophie vowed.

“Okay guys,” Nadine waved at Sophie’s co-workers. “You can take more pictures now.”

“Wait! I’ll do it,” Sophie promised.

Nadine called everyone around and explained, “If you all stop taking pictures, Sophie will give you all blow jobs, if you want it.”

A cheer rose up from the men present.

“But only on the condition that I delete all the pictures,” the naked young woman explained.

A small groan went up from the crowd, but one man stepped forward and said, “Okay, it’s a deal.”

Nadine said, “You all come down there with the other guys. Maybe you can do them too, Sophie.”

Her cousin’s only response was a deadly glare. As Sophie trudged slowly down the beach (she wasn’t in a hurry, at this point), she asked, “Is this legal?”

Nadine laughed and said, “No way, but I’ll look out for you, but maybe you should think of being quick.”

“I’m going to get you for this, Nadine.”

She laughed heartily and then said, “Yeah, you keep saying that.”

‘How does she keep doing this to me? You think I would know by now not to trust her at all.’

When they reached the nude men at the other end of the beach, naturally all of their attention was focused on Sophie and they were highly interested in what was happening.

“Okay, let’s get going guys,” Nadine said exuberantly. “I doubt any of you want to be arrested so how do they put it and oh yeah, drop your socks and grab your cocks,” Nadine continued. “Isn’t that what they say, Sophie?”

“I don’t know what they frigging say,” Sophie uttered with venom in her voice.

Her co-workers were all quickly dropping their swim trunks on to the beach. Despite herself, Sophie felt herself growing excited.

‘This is so humiliating. First I have to suck off all these guys I work with just to keep naked pictures of me circulating all over the internet and then that isn’t enough and I become excited about it. I’m disgusting.’

Fortunately for Sophie most of the guys were so excited it took almost no effort on her part to encourage them to pop their chute. Unfortunately for her, Nadine didn’t want her to catch it in her mouth, which sounded surprisingly decent of Nadine until Sophie realized her cousin wanted their orgasms to be shot all over her body. Soon she was covered in their cum.

After each successful lips to erection encounter, Sophie would delete the pictures from the individual camera. It caused her to flinch in shock at the sight of some of the pictures that had already been taken of her. She just hoped that some of these guys hadn’t already filled up a memory card and hidden it somewhere.

Another one of Nadine’s dirty tricks was to keep recycling the guys. After all, Sophie had made it a point to not look them in the eyes, because she didn’t want to see their scorn or lust or whatever might be there and she couldn’t be expected to remember each individual prick, could she?

Sophie only would realize what had happened when she went to look at the camera’s pictures and discovered there weren’t any. Nadine would laugh uproarishly each time this would occur. Sophie would threaten to beat her ass if she didn’t stop, but Nadine would just shrug her shoulders and say, “It isn’t my fault if you can’t remember who you’ve already done. You don’t fool me, you’re enjoying this,” her cousin said, pointing out the obvious signs of Sophie being turned on.

Another nasty thing that Nadine did was to get some of the other guys on the beach to line up also. Finally dripping with cum, and her lips raw, Sophie was finished!

“Okay, let’s get out of here before something else happens,” Sophie said.

“You’re not finished yet,” Nadine contradicted.

“I most certainly am,” Sophie said indignantly. “I’ve done every guy here and thanks to you some of them twice.”

“That’s true,” Nadine agreed. “But you haven’t done everyone who has taken some pictures.”

At this point, Helen stepped out from where she had been standing behind some co-workers.

“Helen” Sophie exclaimed, scandalized.

“Yes dear, it’s true,” her supervisor said, holding up a digital camera.

“Go get it, girl,” Nadine said, slapping Sophie on the back.

“Ow! That hurt,” Sophie complained.

“No wonder,” Nadine said. “Look at the burn you’re getting back there. All the more reason you should hurry.”

Helen walked up to the young woman and stood there smiling, not saying a word. She was wearing a beautiful aqua bikini. She pulled her bottoms down to the beach displaying her vaginal area with its silver pubic hair. Sophie didn’t have one iota of one bone of her body that leaned toward her being gay or bi, but she had been forced to practice cunniligus on women previously due to dares going wrong or having to pay up lost bets.

Consequently between her limited experience performing it and understanding what she, herself, enjoyed she was able to satisfy the older woman. At least Sophie thought Helen wouldn’t be able to cover her with her orgasm. Sophie, hopefully now, for the last time deleted pictures from a digital camera.

The young woman said no more to Nadine other than, “Come on, let’s go.”

Sophie now had the long walk back to the car awaiting her. She began the trudge the long hike that would take her from the end of the beach where the nude men were down to the bathing suited people. Each step of the way once she reached a certain position close to the other end of the beach was humiliating and embarrassing.

She could clearly hear the comments and snide remarks that were being made about her nudity and the condition of her body that had cum dripping off it. The further she walked the more excited she felt. Her nipples were diamond hard and her clit was sticking out. Some of the more tacky women themselves were commenting on it and this was doubling the excitement that Sophie felt.

Nadine sidled up to her and said, “Can’t you hear that, Sophie? Those women are extremely rude. I feel like giving them a piece of my mind.”

“Oh, can you spare it?” Sophie asked snidely.

“Oh, haha, Sophie. Well then, you can just straighten it out yourself.”

They had finally reached the stairs and began the long trek upward. Lots of people were streaming down in the opposite direction. The looks of surprise, disgust and sometimes lust were legion. Step by step, Sophie could feel her orgasm building deep within her. She wanted to clench her lower body as closed as possible to stop the peering glances from seeing so much of her, but she was afraid this would excite her even more in some weird way; plus it would slow her pace down considerably and she just wanted to get back to the car and out of public view.

Sophie was ever so glad to finally get back to the parking lot. As she fumbled with the key in the magnetic box under her car, more and more new people who had just arrived in the parking lot gathered around her to get a good look. The more people who gathered around her, the more Sophie could feel her orgasm coming on.

She finally located the box and retrieved the car key. She got into the car and leaned across the seat to allow Nadine to enter. She felt as though she would like to just drive away and leave Nadine there. It would serve her right for all the horrible things she had done to Sophie today. It had all been Nadine’s doing, from beginning to end. That much was obvious. Nadine got into the car and Sophie stuck the key in the ignition.

“Don’t you want to get your clothes out of the trunk and get dressed before we leave?” Nadine said innocently.

“Oh sure Nadine,” Sophie said sarcastically. “I want to get back out into that crowd of people and try to get dressed.”

“Well pardon me, I was just asking.”

“You wouldn’t want to get out and get my clothes for me, would you?” Sophie asked.

“Well no, I think that’s your responsibility.”

“Why am I not surprised?” the young woman asked Nadine.

People were banging on the window for the young women to roll the windows down so they could have a closer look. Sophie made a huge mistake and looked out at all the faces leering at her. The enormity of it all suddenly hit her and she experienced a huge orgasm and beginning from deep inside of her.

“Oh, oh, damn,” she moaned, while her climax washed through her.

The crowd closest to the car realized what had occurred and burst into applause. Even Nadine applauded and then she said, “That was immense, Sophie, good job.”

“Just fuck off,” Sophie snarled at her.

Sophie backed the car up, making certain she was not rolling over somebody and even though they deserved it! She just didn’t want to have any dealings with the police that day. After driving a few miles away, Sophie pulled off the road and popped the trunk with the inside lever.

“What are you doing?” Nadine asked.

“Get out and get my clothes out of the trunk,” Sophie said.

“Why don’t you do it? Is your leg broken or something?” Nadine said, sneeringly.

“Well, duh,” Sophie responded sarcastically. “I’m naked here. I’m not getting out. Plus knowing how mean you are, you’d pull away, leaving me stranded by the side of the road naked.”

Nadine laughed and said, “Yeah, I probably would.”

Nadine exited the car and retrieved Sophie’s clothing. After shutting the trunk, Nadine opened the car door and thrusting the clothing in ahead of her, she prepared to enter the car.

Sophie said, “Thanks a lot” and then she floored the gas pedal, roaring away from Nadine.

“Hey! Come back here” Nadine screamed after her. Laughing hysterically, Sophie braked a half mile away and leaned over and shut the passenger door. She had just donned her outfit when she saw Nadine come into view, running like an Olympic sprinter.

“Sophie! Wait up” Nadine shouted.

She was still so far away that her cousin could barely hear her in the car.

“Mwahahaha” Sophie laughed as she drove away. Hours later, Nadine staggered into the apartment, looking much the worse for wear, appearing dirty and disheveled. The young woman was also missing her bathing suit, just holding up tatters from it in front of her naked body. She glared angrily at Sophie and said, “That really wasn’t called for.”

“Au contraire,” her cousin retorted. “I think it was greatly called for.” Sophie laughed and said, “What happened to your bathing suit?”

“A gang of teenage boys torn it off me,” Nadine said. “I’ll get you for this,” she threatened.

“You’ve already gotten me back. What I did was just to get you back,” Sophie said.

“I’ll seek my satisfaction elsewhere,” Nadine said.

“What? From your hand?” the young woman said and then cackled.

Nadine dropped the remnants of her bathing suit on to the floor in preparation of taking a shower.

“Aha” Sophie exclaimed, pointing at Nadine. “I knew you weren’t having your period.”

“Only an idiot would have fallen for that,” Nadine said.

Sophie growled her frustration, “Grrr,” to the accompaniment of Nadine’s laughing.

Bright and early Monday morning, Sophie entered her office and locked the door. She didn’t particularly want to talk to anyone who attended the ill fated beach trip; at least not until the afternoon when she would feel stronger. Sophie turned her computer on and powered it up.

“Oh shit” she exclaimed, as the picture on her desktop came into view. It showed her on her knees sucking off one of the nude sunbathers on the beach. She attempted to click into her computer’s properties, but was unable to remove the picture. It was locked on the screen, in a manner she wasn’t familiar with. She suddenly realized her computer was part of the office network and not only was she unable to remove the picture, it would also be on the desktop of every other computer there.

“Nadine” she screamed in anger and frustration.

The End

Lady Sophie Godiva Rides Again?

Part One

By Robert Dogwood

A few days before Halloween, Sophie and a few of her ‘sisters’ sat in one of the Zeta Phi Gamma living rooms discussing what costumes they would be wearing to the upcoming parties. Sophie, a college sophomore, had always felt lucky to have been accepted by one of the top sororities on campus.

The actual reason she had been welcomed into the fold was that her boyfriend was Eric Singleton, who just happened to be the University football team’s starting quarterback. He stood six foot, three inches tall and it was no exaggeration to say he resembled a blond Adonis.

Eric had a fairly large upper body that plunged down to a narrow waist and extremely well developed legs, although Sophie’s favorite feature of Eric’s was his huge prick. Even though Sophie thought of herself as only attractive, she was, in actuality, beautiful, with a slim, well proportioned figure and long red hair. She would often pinch herself to make certain Eric was really her boyfriend and she was not dreaming.

Unbeknown to Sophie, many of her sorority sisters were jealous of her relationship with Eric and in fact now loathed her because of it. In truth, because the team’s quarterback was her boyfriend, Sophie, who was a cheerleader, attempted to lord it over the rest of the cheerleading squad plus her cohorts in her sorority. The young red head thought she was conversing with her three best mates and Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca; actually the three of them had already met earlier in an attempt to come up with a plan to entice our heroine into doing something extremely fool hardy on Halloween in order to best humiliate her.

“Why don’t you go as Eve?” Kristine asked Sophie.

“That’s a good idea,” Sophie agreed. “I could rig up some sort of fake fig leaves on my bikini.”

“No, no,” Kristine disagreed.

Kristine was a beauty in her own right. She had short brunette hair, green eyes, a little button nose above a particularly wide mouth with full lips casting an overall facial appearance of smoldering sexuality. She was about five feet, eight inches tall and built like the proverbial brick shit-house.

“I mean the pre-apple Eve.”

“Haha” Sophie laughed. “Right, I’m going to all those parties naked. I’d probably get arrested and then kicked out of school.

‘No, you’d probably get gang banged, then arrested and expelled,’ Kristine thought mean spiritedly, smiling at Sophie.

“But you know you would get off on it, Sophie,” Kristine insisted.

‘Sure I would,’ Sophie thought. ‘But what business is it of yours?’

“I know, I know” Nicole blurted out.

Nicole stood five feet, six inches tall, had short blonde hair, blue eyes, and the most sensuous lips Sophie had ever seen. Nicole’s breasts were large, but not out of proportion with the rest of her body.

“You love the story of Lady Godiva, you should go as her,” Nicole continued.

“That’s a great idea,” Sophie agreed. “But I don’t have a flesh colored body suit or the money to buy one.”

“That’s no excuse,” Rebecca pointed out. “Lady Godiva was just wrapped in her long blonde hair.”

Rebecca was short, although she had a figure that promised earthly delights. She was very, very pretty with light brunette hair streaked with natural blonde highlights and blue eyes and fair skin.

“I have reddish-brown hair and it only hangs down to just below my shoulders.”

“Come on, Sophie. We dare you” Kristine proclaimed.

Sophie’s sorority sisters realized she could never pass up a dare, no matter how ridiculous. Sophie flushed in irritation, but again insisted, “I can’t go naked.”

“But you won’t be,” Nicole said. We’ll take enough blonde falls and weave them together so when you spread them out, they’ll completely cover your whole body.

“But I’m a red -.”

“We’ll help you bleach your hair, in fact we’ll do it twice. That way it will at least come out as strawberry blonde,” Rebecca said.

“But you’ll have to shave your bush, it’s too dark,” Kristine said.

“How do you know what color my pubic hair is?” Sophie asked, rather irritated.

“Oh come on, Sophie. You come through the living room naked, when we have our boyfriends over, at least once a week.”

Sophie felt her face grow warm from blushing. “I do not!”

“Yes, you do,” Nicole agreed. “You either say you are accidentally locked out of your room naked or you come in wearing only a towel that eventually conveniently loosens and falls to your feet.”

Sophie flushed an even deeper hue and began to feel a tingling in her pussy, just from the memories of those occasions. ‘I thought they believed those were accidents.’

Before the young red head could respond, Rebecca said, “And then you go to your room and masturbate for the rest of the evening.”

Sophie began to grow wet down below just from discovering she had been caught out by her friends.

“I don’t,” she contradicted crossly.

“Oh, of course, you do,” Kristine said. “We’ve lived with you over a year. You have no secrets from us.”

Hoping to somewhat change the direction of the conversation, Sophie asked, “Why would I have to shave anyway?”

“Because,” Nicole said. “If someone did happen to catch a peek between the falls, they would know they saw your pussy because the dark hair would stand out so much more in comparison to the blonde falls.

Sophie grew ever wetter at the thought of party goers seeing beneath her wigs. Her panties were now soaked.

“If you shave,” Nicole continued. “All they would think they saw was a quick flash of bare skin most likely.”

“I guess you’re right,” Sophie agreed dubiously. Attempting a last ditch effort to avoid going as Lady Godiva, Sophie said, “But Lady Godiva rode on a horse. I’d look stupid just walking down the sidewalk or riding one of those children’s stick horses.”

The three young women laughed and Nicole said, “Have Eric drive you. He’s got plenty of horse power under the hood of his new ‘vette’.”

Sophie’s boyfriend was the proud recipient of a new red Corvette, courtesy of a rich alumni. This was of course completely contrary to NCAA regulations and bylaws.

“So you’ll do it and right?” Rebecca asked.

“Of course she will,” Kristine chimed in. “Don’t worry, we’ll buy all the falls and do the work on them.”

“But - ,” Sophie began to say.

“You have to do it, Sophie. We dared you,” Nicole said.

““Okay, I’ll do it,” Sophie said. She had a tentative smile on her lips, but her eyes were brimming with happiness. ‘This is gonna be so great,’ she thought.

Standing up suddenly, the beautiful red head said, “Well, I’ve got some studying to do. See you all tomorrow.”

After Sophie had left the room, Kristine said, snidely smiling, “Yeah, she has some studying to doâ€¦ studying on her clit.”

“Ewww, gross,” Rebecca said, pointing at the plush arm chair Sophie had been sitting on. “It’s all wet with you know what.”

“It sure is, I’ll have the cleaning staff throw that chair out tomorrow,” Kristine said. “We certainly don’t want any visitor to see or catch a whiff of that.”

The other two young women laughed and then Nicole said, “This will be the best ever. We’ll weave those falls together so weakly she’ll be stark naked by the third house that we visit.”

At Halloween, it was a tradition at the University Sophie attended for all of the houses to decorate as uniquely as possible in order to win the best house trophy. The members of all the houses voted on it and usually did so in a fair manner. The only members who remained behind in their respective houses to greet visitors from the other houses were freshmen and a few seniors. When the majority of the members returned, then the seniors who had remained home would visit the other fraternities and sororities.

By the time of the parties on Friday night, all was ready with Sophie. She had shaved her genitals completely bare and her friends had helped her bleach her hair. They had bought all the blonde falls and woven them together for her. Sophie idly wondered why her friends were being so nice to her, but assumed it was because of their good feelings for her.

It was already dusk when Eric called upon Sophie at her sorority house.

“Wow, you look great” Eric said, reaching out and pulling aside one of Sophie’s falls. When he could find nothing but bare skin, he was shocked. “Holy shit, Sophie! You’re naked under there, aren’t you?”

“Yep,” she answered, bestowing a beautiful smile on him.

“I hope you know what you’re doing,” Eric offered. “Please don’t drink, you know how crazy you get when you drink.”

Even though this irritated Sophie, she had to admit that her boyfriend was correct and she quickly agreed.

“But you have to promise to not hang out in the kitchen the way you usually do with all of the other jocks, drinking beer.”

Sophie also was rather put out that Eric had chosen as his costume his own football jersey. She told him in no uncertain terms how lame she thought it was of him. Eric merely laughed, totally secure in himself. While driving to their first destination, the Delta Theta Sigma Fraternity, Eric reached over with his right hand and slid it under the falls, before Sophie could react. After all, he had the reflexes of a starting college quarterback.

A smile quickly sprang to his lips as he ran his right forefinger up and down Sophie’s open slit.

“Oh, you slut,” he said good naturedly. “You’re really not wearing a thing under there and and you shaved.”

Sophie squirmed under his ministrations to her now enlarged pussy lips. ‘That feels so good,’ she thought. Sophie was blushing heavily to be caught out, even if it was only by her boyfriend.

“Please stop, I’m gonna cum and I don’t want my costume to reek of sex all evening,” Sophie pleaded.

Eric laughed loudly and withdrew his hand.

“There’ll be plenty of time for that later,” the young man said, looking at Sophie meaningfully.

‘He’d better mean when we get back to his apartment,’ Sophie thought worriedly, but somehow she doubted that was what her always horny boyfriend meant.

Eric and Sophie were greeted, as they walked into the fraternity house, by a senior named Phillip Jackson. Sophie knew him slightly through Eric and Eric knew ‘everyone.’ Phillip had always seemed to Sophie as a nice enough person. He was fairly tall, had dark hair and was pretty cute, to her way of thinking.

Glancing around the living room, Sophie saw the usual Halloween decorations and the ‘brains’ in the bucket and fake spider webs. There was also a great big tub of water with floating apples in it.

“Come on, Sophie,” her boyfriend encouraged. “Let’s bob for some apples.”

A sudden vision appeared in Sophie’s mind of her leaning over the tub and her falls separating, leaving her back side completely open with the back of her pussy hanging out.

“No thanks, maybe later.” ‘Much, much later,’ she thought.

Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca came running up to Sophie as if out of nowhere.

“You’re finally here” Kristine said excitedly.

Both Kristine and Nicole were dressed as angels. ‘How lame,’ Sophie thought.

“How do you like our costumes?” Nicole asked.

“They’re great” Sophie exclaimed.

At least Rebecca’s outfit intrigued the red head. Rebecca’s costume consisted of a small halter top and then a skirt with a slit that ran almost all the way to the hip. She was wearing a small cat mask and had a tail attached to her skirt.

“Who did you come with?” Sophie asked excitedly.

It was then that she noticed Eric had already slipped away to the kitchen to drink beer with most of the other jocks. ‘That jerk!’ Sophie thought angrily.

“I’m here with Bobby Foster,” Kristine said.

Bobby Foster was a six foot, three inch gorgeous hunk and Sophie was jealous, even if she did go with Eric. He pitched for the University’s baseball team and it was said that he was quite good. Sophie didn’t know personally, she thought baseball was as exciting as watching a mopped floor dry.

“And his brother brought me,” Nicole said.

Bobby Foster was a senior and his brother, Jackie, was a junior. He wasn’t as tall as his older brother, but he had a better build, and he was just as handsome.

“I came with some guy named Mickie, I don’t really know him, but I didn’t have a date and he asked me at the last moment, so I said yes,” Rebecca explained.

“Where is he?” Sophie asked, glancing around the large room that was already filled with party goers.

“He’s probably over at the punch bowl,” Rebecca said.

“Come on, let’s go get some punch,” Kristine said, grabbing Sophie by the hand.

If Sophie hadn’t acquiesced, the brunette planned on literally dragging her to the punch.

“Yeah, but no alcohol,” Sophie said. “I promised Eric.”

“Aww, you’re no fun,” Nicole said. “But don’t worry, there’s no booze in it.”

Once the four young women were at the punch bowl, which was located at the far end of the room, Kristine dipped out a big cup of punch and handed it to Sophie.

“Thanks,” she said. “But you’re sure there’s no alcohol in this?”

“Quit being so anal,” Nicole accused. “It’s a party, lighten up.”

Sophie sipped her punch and said, “Hey, this is good.”

Of course, unbeknownst to Sophie, the punch was spiked with vodka. She didn’t have a clue, because it was so well disguised by several types of fruit drink. While Sophie was drinking from a second cup of punch that was handed her by Nicole, Kristine was making small commando raids on Sophie’s costume by lifting up the falls and showing off Sophie’s bare skin.

“Stop it, damn it,” Sophie said, now highly irritated. “If you keep doing that, you’re gonna pull some of my falls off.”

‘Yeah, that’s the plan,’ Kristine thought, as she smiled at Sophie. Nicole and Rebecca laughed to see such sport.

“I still think you should have made this costume longer,” Sophie whined.

She was complaining about the fact that the artificial hair fell to a couple of inches above her knees, which Sophie thought was way too short.

“If you wore it any longer, you wouldn’t look like Lady Godiva and you’d look like Cousin It on the Adams Family.”

This remark elicited even more laughter at Sophie’s expense. Sophie was now drinking her third large cup of punch, handed to her by Rebecca. The young woman felt good, she was having a great time and was no longer worried about her flimsy costume.

Kristine began again to pull up Sophie’s falls and suddenly Sophie stepped backward in an attempt to escape the young woman’s tomfoolery. Unfortunately for Sophie, Kristine had a firm grip on one of the falls and pulled it off. Nicole and Rebecca burst into laughter and Sophie looked down in horror and realized she could see some of her bare thigh.

“I’m so sorry,” Kristine said, sounding sincere. “I didn’t mean to do that.”

“God damn it! What are you trying to do and strip me naked?” Sophie said angrily.

‘Yep,’ Kristine thought. “I said I was sorry,” she said bitingly. “If my apology isn’t enough, I don’t know what else I can do.”

The red head realized her ‘friend’ had spoken the truth and Sophie backed down.

“It’s okay, I know you didn’t do it on purpose.”

Kristine smiled sweetly in return. When Bobby Foster arrived a few seconds later, to join the group, Sophie almost took a misstep and would have fallen into him if she hadn’t caught herself at the last second. ‘What’s wrong with me?’ she thought.

“Wow” Kristine said and laughed. “Sophie’s so excited to see Bobby, it’s making her dizzy.”

The other young people laughed, including Sophie.

“I can’t believe you wore your baseball uniform as a costume. You’re as lame as Eric,” Sophie criticized.

Bobby just laughed and said, “It was the easiest thing to do.”

It reminded Sophie that she was still upset with Eric for going to hang out in the kitchen drinking beer with his idiot friends, instead of spending time with her.

“Come on,” Sophie invited, grabbing Bobby by the hand. “Let’s go dance.”

As Sophie and Bobby moved on to where other people were dancing in the room, Kristine exchanged a significant glance at her two friends. It was working out perfectly and just as they planned. She observed Eric sneaking a peek from the kitchen. Kristine smiled at him and nodded. Eric smiled in return. Kristine had slipped the live band some money to play ballads for the next few minutes when she gave them the high sign, which she now did.

Sophie hung her hands around Bobby’s neck and he reached his hands somehow inside of all her falls and place them on her beautiful ass, pulling her to him as closely as possible.

‘Oh no, I shouldn’t be letting him do that, but it feels so good,’ Sophie thought. Plus she once again remembered she was angry with Eric. ‘I’ll show him I can have a good time without him.’

The slow song drew to a close, but the band immediately began another number. Bobby suddenly pulled on one of Sophie’s falls, yanking it completely off.

“Hey! What the hell are you doing?” Sophie challenged. ‘How did he pull that off so easily, it didn’t even hurt.’

Bobby grabbed another fall, but didn’t tug on it.

“Give me a blowjob,” he demanded.

“I will not” Sophie said in a low voice so the other dancers couldn’t hear her, but her tone was furious.

Bobby pulled another fall off.

“Stop it” Sophie protested, attempting to pull away from Bobby, but he had a firm grip on her arm. “You’re stripping me in public!”

Looking down at her body, the beautiful red head couldn’t believe it. If you looked very closely and you knew where to look exactly, a person could already clearly see her slit. She immediately grew wet with sexual moisture and her breathing became heavy.

“Please,” Sophie pleaded.

“Then give me a blow job,” the young man said.

It became obvious to Sophie that he was going to get his way.

“Then let’s go to another room where we can get some privacy,” she suggested.

“No,” the tall young man said sternly. “Right here and right now,” Bobby said, lightly tugging on another one of Sophie’s falls.

She immediately dropped to her knees and pulled down his zipper. His large prick just popped out at her. He conveniently was not wearing underwear, which made Sophie wonder how set-up this whole scenario might be. He was also stone cold hard already.

Sophie took as much of the long cock as she could into her mouth and began to slowly suckle it, reaching every inch all the way down the stem to the base. The red head even sucked on part of his balls after she had deep throated his entire prick into her mouth.

Bobby was moaning incessantly and Sophie, much to her further humiliation, could suddenly feel her own orgasm building from deep inside of her. ‘No, not now, not here,’ the young beauty thought forlornly.

She refused to look around and see if anyone was watching them. She was so grateful that at least the lighting in the room was very dim.

“Hurry up, bitch,” Bobby snarled.

‘Why is he being so mean to me? I thought he was my friend.’

As a result of the further humiliation from the young man, Sophie felt herself becoming more and more hot until she threw caution to the wind as she felt her labia open completely and her clit slip from its hood. Her nipples were long and hard and she could barely catch her breath.

Sophie reached underneath herself and began rubbing her clit. It felt so good! By this time, Sophie only cared about Bobby’s cock and her own pussy. The entire room could be watching her and she didn’t care. The closer she came to climax, the more fingers she rammed into her snatch until she was fisting herself.

“Oh god damn,” she moaned.

As Bobby began twitching and rocking his hips driving even more of his cock down her throat, Sophie’s orgasm was suddenly ripped from deep inside of her in waves. Her entire mouth was full of his prick. Bobby rocked even more and Sophie wrapped her lips around his shaft as tight as she could.

“Oh! Oh” Bobby cried out as he filled Sophie’s mouth with his spurting cum. Sophie attempted to pull her mouth off him to avoid swallowing as much as possible.

“No way, bitch,” the young man said, gripping Sophie’s head and forcing her mouth back on his climaxing cock until she had taken it all.

She swore she heard some giggling and then peripherally saw a flash bulb go off. From still on her knees, Sophie heard the soft whirling of a video camera being used. Bobby grabbed Sophie by the arm and rudely yanked her to her feet. She was quickly surrounded by her three friends and Eric. Kristine was holding a camera and Nicole, a video camera.

“At least wipe Bobby’s cum off your lips,” Kristine said snidely.

The red head still had some of his cum dripping from her beautiful lips. Before Sophie could comply, the tall young man grabbed her by the arm and prevented her from doing so.

“No,” he said. “Leave it on your lips.”

Sophie looked at Eric for help, but he only sadly shook his head at her. “You act like a whore, Sophie and you get treated like one.”

‘Oh no!’ Sophie thought. ‘Is Eric dumping me?’

“It wasn’t my fault,” she insisted.

Everyone in the immediate group howled in laughter at that remark. Phillip Jackson stepped up to her and said, “Sophie, we all enjoyed your show. You certainly have made it a memorable evening.”

Here he waved his arm to take in all of the living room. Sophie followed his arm with her eyes and saw that everyone in the room was staring at her.

‘Oh my god!’ she thought, suddenly feeling very weak in the knees. Thinking of what all those people had just witnessed caused Sophie to grow even wetter and it began to run down her leg.

“Come on, Sophie,” Kristine said. “We have a lot more parties to attend.”

‘Oh my god!’

To be continued

Lady Sophie Godiva Rides Again?

Part Two

By Robert Dogwood

The next party they decided to attend was a few blocks over at the Sigma Kappa Sorority. After Eric had parked the vehicle and stepped out, Sophie remained sitting. Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca came ambling up to discover what the problem was.

“What are you doing, Sophie?” Kristine asked, an edge in her voice.

“I wanna go home,” she said softly.

“What? I can’t hear you.”

“I said, I want to go home,” Sophie said, more loudly.

“Well, you can’t just go home,” Kristine explained. “Not after all that money we spent on buying those damn wigs and the bleach.”

Angrily the young woman opened the door and yanked Sophie out of the car by the arm. She then pulled off another fall, leaving Sophie’s right leg completely bare. Sophie’s twat was now covered by a single fall.

Sophie looked down at her naked leg and screamed in frustration and fright. Kristine grabbed Sophie by the upper arm and violently shook her.

“You’d better shut up this instant or I’ll strip you stark naked and then frog march you into that sorority,” Kristine threatened.

Sophie’s scream abruptly fell away.

“That’s better,” Kristine praised. “Now do you understand?”

Sophie nodded.

“I don’t hear you” the brunette shouted in Sophie’s face.

Wincing from the loudness, Sophie said softly, “Yes, I understand you.”

Sophie’s nipples had become long and hard in the cold air, a condition she had experienced most of the evening. Because of the constant stimulation, her nipples were unpleasantly aching. With her humiliation increasing with each passing moment, sexual moisture formed and then began to run down her bare right leg, becoming obvious to everyone present.

“Ewww, look at Sophie, everyone,” Nicole shrieked, pointing at her right leg. “She’s pissing herself.”

Kristine laughed and said, “No, she’s not. She’s just sexually excited, aren’t you, Sophie?”

The young red head incredibly managed to blush an even deeper hue.

“This is just for you to remember that you’re gonna obey me, what ever I tell you,” Kristine said, yanking a fall off the left side.

“Oh god, please,” Sophie whimpered.

“God can’t help you now, Sophie. Only I can,” Kristine said. “Now let’s go.”

Immediately upon entering Sigma Kappa Sorority, they were greeted by a senior, Laura Roswell. Sophie thought she was extremely hot looking. Laura was about five foot, seven with blonde ringlets that hung down past her shoulders. She owned a very pretty face with high cheekbones, and a generous mouth, along with a spectacular body.

“Oh who have we here?” Laura said, taking in Sophie’s nearly nude body immediately.

“Sophie,” Kristine warned menacingly.

“I’m Lady Godiva,” Sophie mumbled.

Laura laughed and said, “I guess you are. In fact, you have even less on than the old girl herself.”

The pretty blonde picked up a fall and uncovered Sophie’s hairless slit to the world at large. Sophie whimpered, but made no further protest. Her enlarged pussy lips glistened with seepage. This didn’t escape Laura’s attention.

“Sophie, you are one horny young woman,” Laura said and then she laughed.

The entire group of Sophie’s friends laughed heartily along with her. Sophie, who thought previously that her humiliation was complete, felt ever more shame, which caused even more dripping. Laura dropped the fall back.

“Come in and enjoy yourselves,” the pretty blonde invited.

The sorority’s living room was decorated with streamers of black and orange crepe paper looped from one place to the other on the ceilings and paper Jack-o’-lanterns and skeletons were hanging from the walls. Eric disappeared again into the kitchen. Kristine lead Sophie to a giant punch bowl. Nicole and Rebecca, the other two witches from Macbeth, followed closely behind.

Kristine made Sophie drink a large cup of punch. The red head could taste the vodka, but by this time she wanted to be numbed. That’s what Kristine also desired for Sophie. She didn’t want Sophie to slip into shock. Kristine wanted Sophie to feel the full impact of her humiliation.

Nicole handed Sophie another cup of the punch, which she drank straight down.

“Okay, enough” Kristine ordered. “We don’t want you passed out.”

Sophie slightly staggered as the short haired brunette lead her through the room, presenting Sophie here and there.

Kristine would say, “This is Sophie. She has literally come as Lady Godiva.”

She would then lift up the fall exposing Sophie’s hairless slit. This was always followed by loud bursts of laughter from those around. No one was scandalized or felt any sympathy for Sophie. They assumed that anybody allowing that to happen to them must be okay with it.

Sophie felt as though she had fallen into a black hole of humiliation with her feelings being pulled asunder each time her pussy was exposed to people who she knew from around campus. Everyone’s attention from all over the large room was drawn to Sophie and Kristine. No one was dancing or even conversing.

An impish grin came upon Kristine’s lips and she pulled her angel costume up to her knees.

“Sophie, get under there and eat me out,” she ordered.

When Sophie continued to just stand there in shock, not believing the brunette was serious, Kristine said sternly, “Now Sophie, or I start yanking falls off.”

The red head, moving with some alacrity, fell to her knees and stuck her head under Kristine’s costume. The brunette then drooped her costume over Sophie, who was immediately confronted by Kristine’s pussy. She had her pubic hair shaved in a landing strip.

‘Hmmm, no panties, that was rather bold of her,’ Sophie thought. And a plan of revenge quickly began to form in her mind. Sophie was about as far away from being bi-sexual or gay as a person can get, but she realized she needed to do something very quickly or pay the price.

She used both hands and pulled Kristine’s pussy lips apart, opening up her vulva. The red head recognized Kristine’s clit and diddled it with her finger until it popped out. Above Sophie, Kristine moaned in pleasure. The room was deadly still, everyone gazed intently at Kristine, as if by doing so, they would be able to see beneath her angel costume.

Sophie suddenly rammed two fingers up Kristine’s ass.

“No, no,” she complained loudly.

The sexy angel attempted to escape Sophie’s aggressive fingering by pulling away, but she only managed to stick her twat more into Sophie’s face. The beautiful young woman began to saw her tongue sideways against Kristine’s clit.

As the brunette moaned louder and louder, Sophie knew she was on the right track. Suddenly every muscle in Kristine’s body tightened as if she were a drawn bow. Everyone in the room, including Sophie, realized Kristine was teetering on the edge of climaxing.

Sophie rammed one more finger up the young brunette’s ass and moved her tongue against Kristine’s clit even faster.

“Oh, oh” Kristine shouted loudly as her orgasm began.

Sophie stood up quickly and stepped around behind Kristine, holding the angel costume up around the young brunette’s waist, displaying Kristine’s pussy in the throes of her orgasm.. The beautiful brunette was so overtaken by the feelings produced by her climaxing that she was completely unaware of what was happening around her. One of the better known University wags named Robert Smith shouted out, “I’d like to land on that strip, Kristine.”

“Oh God damn” Kristine shouted out, as her cum overflowed down her leg. The crowd burst into spontaneous applause.

‘God damn indeed,’ Nicole thought, realizing there would be hell to pay, once Kristine returned to consciousness.

“Oh shit,” Kristine moaned, as the last of her orgasm dribbled out onto the rug. ‘Oh, that’s gonna leave a stain,’ Sophie thought, who was a veteran of this sort of thing, although her experiences had always been with men.

Kristine, at first, wondered why she felt a breeze on her pussy and she idly glanced down, only to see that her costume was being held up to her waist, displaying her pubes to the entire room of party goers!

“You bitch” she howled at Sophie, yanking her costume from the red head’s grip and then smoothing her costume down over her body, thereby cutting off from public view that which should be kept private in public.

“You’re gonna pay,” Kristine vowed.

Sophie was attempting to step away from the enraged brunette, but the crowd had her hemmed in. Kristine grabbed three falls and pulled them off Sophie’s front. Most of the crowd gasped when they saw that a single, solitary wig hung over Sophie’s slit. It was the only thing keeping her from total frontal nudity below the waist.

“Bring the slut,” Kristine said and then she walked imperially from the sorority house. The rest of her entourage followed closely with Nicole gripping Sophie firmly by the hand.

To be continued

Lady Sophie Godiva Rides Again?

Part Three

By Robert Dogwood

Waiting for Eric to unlock his new car, Sophie said, very tentatively, “Eric?”

“Yeah, what?” he said impatiently.

The truth be known, Eric was finished with her. He had just waited until this evening, so he could use the sordid events surrounding Sophie to dump her. Certainly after tonight, no one could blame him; on the contrary, they would sympathize with him.

He had had his eye on the head cheerleader, Heather Silverton, for quite some time and in fact had already dated her a few times on the sly. Eric had never seen a woman more beautiful than Heather. She was drop dead gorgeous with long black hair, great big breasts, a narrow waist and long legs.

Consequently, Eric didn’t have much patience left for Sophie’s whining.

“Just get in the car,” he said, tiredly.

“No, wait,” Sophie implored.

Just then a drunk lurched up to Sophie and grabbed her around the waist.

“Heshy, honesy,” he slurred. “Come sspend ssome time with me.”

Slapping at him, Sophie pleaded, “Eric, do something about this guy.”

Laughing, Eric climbed into the car. “You deal with it, it’s your own fault. Look at the way you’re dressed and but hurry up!”

“Get away from me” Sophie shouted, pushing the drunk away.

As he fell backward, he latched on to some of Sophie’s falls and pulled them off.

“Oh no,” Sophie cried in anguish.

She quickly felt behind herself and realized her entire backside was now completely uncovered. The only parts of her body that were concealed from public view were her breasts and her pussy. There was still a single wig keeping her from the indecency of showing that her pubic area was shaved.

Sophie jumped in the car and began to cry as Eric drove off. Sophie’s sobbing began to get on Eric’s nerves.

“Shut up, will you? You’re making me crazy. I told you to think about what you’re doing before we left this evening. Now you have to live with it.”

Sophie made herself stop weeping enough to talk. As Eric drove them to their next destination and the Sigma Delta Tau Sorority, Sophie said, “Take me home.”

“No.”

“Come on, Eric. What’d you care?”

“They’re right behind us, you’d never make it.”

“Let me worry about that.”

“Sophie, if I did that, they’d strip you naked and keep you that way all evening and and still take you to all the parties. Is that what you want?”

Sophie was quick to respond, “Of course not.”

But there was a part of her that was screaming, “Yes! Yes! Yes” She began to grow wet at just the thought of being dragged stark naked all over campus and there wouldn’t be a thing she could do about it. Everyone would see that. It wouldn’t be her fault. It would be blamed on Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca.

Sophie grew more wet as she fantasized in her mind. ‘Oh god, I hope it doesn’t get on Eric’s car seat. If it does, I’ll never hear the end of it.’

“Well, it’s academic now. We’re here,” Eric announced.

Kristine and her two sorority sisters from hell wasted no time in reaching Eric’s car, where he and Sophie stood waiting for them.

“Well, what have we here?” Kristine asked, gleefully. “An alteration in your outfit? Turn around Sophie and show everyone your cute bare behind.”

When Sophie complied, the entire group roared with laughter. Sophie felt even more demeaned to have more of her body exposed to public view. She finally understood, that soon, no matter what she did, her totally naked body would be seen by her friends and classmates.

“So what happened to you anyway, Sophie?” Kristine asked.

“Some drunk guy manhandled me and Eric refused to help,” Sophie said, accusatorily.

“Good for you, Eric,” Nicole said, while Kristine and Rebecca laughed.

“Yeah, and she begged me to take her back to your sorority house,” Eric said.

“Oh, she did, did she?” Kristine said, snottily. “From now on, you ride with us,” the brunette said.

“Thanks a lot, Eric,” Sophie said, bitterly and he grinned maliciously at her.

“And for trying to escape,” Kristine continued. “You will lose some more coverage.”

Kristine tore enough falls away from Sophie’s top front to totally expose her right breast. It was large and circular. It appeared appropriately soft and was connected to a lengthening red nipple.

“Nice tit, Sophie,” Kristine praised. “And unless you want to display its mate, you’ll do what I tell you in here.”

“Oh no,” Sophie whined in protest.

She felt herself grow more wet, yet again, when everyone made rude comments about Sophie’s right breast.

“Let’s go, you all,” Kristine ordered, and the clot of people moved forward toward the sorority house looking all the world like a returning posse entering an old wild west saloon.

After they entered the Sigma Delta Tau Sorority house, they were immediately greeted by a freshman, who introduced herself as Susie Jackson. She was way cute, but not beautiful or even pretty, with short black hair and hazel eyes and always appeared to have a ready smile on her lips. She was fairly short, but had a nice figure.

Susie was dressed as a harem girl in a mostly see through costume, but of course compared to Sophie, she was wearing a formal floor length gown. Kristine had wisely kept Sophie hidden in the back of the group until all the formalities had been completed.

The entire lower part of the house was set up to resemble a haunted house. They had it so skeletons and other monsters would leap out at people when they tripped certain places in the room. They also had some scary audio equipment running.

“And this is Sophie,” Kristine said, as though she was introducing a younger sister who had a weak mind. And believe it and at this point, Sophie did resemble a babbling idiot.

“Sophie has come as Lady Godiva,” Kristine explained.

“Boy, has she ever,” Nicole quipped, causing the entire group to laugh.

This completely confused Susie, who was not the sharpest knife in the drawer; in fact, she was a spoon. The young freshman was standing with her mouth agape staring at Sophie, who had one breast hanging out and her pubic area barely covered; that is until now.

“Show her your cooze, Sophie,” Kristine ordered.

Horrified, the young freshman watched as Sophie dutifully lifted the wig and flashed her slit at her. When Sophie saw the expression on Susie’s face, she grew even more humiliated, which caused her to grow even wetter. Susie reached deep inside of herself and prepared to flee the horrible scene.

“Feel free to mingle and have a good time,” the young woman said, before walking away quickly.

“Haha” Kristine laughed. “You must have looked like the Frankenstein monster to her. Nicole, you run and get Sophie some booze and Rebecca and find your date, Mickie and bring him back with you.”

It was just as well that Kristine didn’t see the disgruntled looks that Nicole and Rebecca gave Kristine for being ordered around so rudely. But it didn’t escape Sophie’s attention. ‘Maybe I can use that to my benefit later,’ she thought.

Nicole and Rebecca were back shortly with two large cups of punch, laced with a liberal amount of vodka. Sophie drank them straight down and felt immediately better. A young man, who only could have been Mickie came sauntering up. He looked like a young hoodlum and probably was. He was about six feet tall and had black hair that was pushed up in an old fashioned pomp. He had cold black eyes and a continual sneer on his handsome face. He was slender, but not thin and appeared very graceful. His hands were quite big, but not fleshy at all with long delicate fingers.

“Who’s that?” he asked.

“That’s Sophie,” Rebecca said. “Would you like to fuck her?”

“No way” Sophie shouted. “You can’t do that, I’ll have you all brought up on criminal charges,” she threatened.

“You listen here,” Kristine whispered into Sophie’s ear like a snake. “Of course you don’t have to do this. But if you don’t, we’ll strip you naked and parade you before every house on this campus. Besides, I would think you could use a stiff prick about now. You must be super horny.”

“But what about Eric?” Sophie asked, tearfully.

“You might as well get used to this and it isn’t gonna mean anything to Eric, one way or the other.”

“Okay, I’ll do it,” Sophie said softly.

“Sophie has agreed to fuck him.”

A spontaneous round of applause was given by the people gathered around. Unfortunately this drew a lot of curious onlookers over before Kristine could suggest they close ranks. With people pressing in on them, which made everything less private, Mickie directed Sophie to get on her hands and knees.

Since Sophie didn’t even have any falls anymore on her backside, her pussy was completely accessible. The young man hunched over Sophie and squeezed her large breasts and rubbed her nipples gently until she moaned from pleasure.

“Have you just had a baby?” he asked. “Your breasts seem heavy.”

Before Sophie could answer, Kristine said, “She’s just full of cum,” causing everyone within hearing distance to laugh.

“Let your prick out,” Sophie said. “Come on, I’m dying here”

This time the crowd tittered uneasily. Raw sexual need obviously made them uncomfortable. After pulling his pants down enough to release his huge erection, Sophie reached behind and helped direct him straight into her cooze.

“Oh god, that feels so good,” Sophie groaned.

“I can’t believe they’re screwing in front of us,” an onlooker said too loudly. “What’s wrong with these people?”

Sophie pushed back at Mickie’s forward thrusting, allowing him to plunge even deeper into her. Mickie plunged wildly into her and one, two, three, four, five times. Sophie reached behind again and managed to pull him even closer to her. She thought she could feel Mickie’s prick tickling her tonsils, it was so far up inside of her.

The young women who were gathered around began to talk among themselves as though they were at a sporting event.

One of them said, “That guy is good. I only wish my boyfriend was half as good.

Sophie heard the other say, “But she’s pretty good herself.”

Laughably, that caused Sophie to feel good. Suddenly her orgasm exploded from her!

“Oh Mickie” she screamed, drawing further unwanted attention from party goers.

Now that she had climaxed, Sophie redoubled her efforts at pushing backward and then she gripped his prick with her nether lips as hard as she could. It only took Mickie a few more thrusts to shoot his load of cum into Sophie.

Kristine suggested they leave immediately because anything after that would be an anti-climax.

To be continued

Lady Sophie Godiva Rides Again?

Part Four

By Robert Dogwood

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Sophie was placed in the back seat between Nicole and Rebecca. This was obviously done to keep her from leaping out of the car.

“That was so hot, Sophie,” Kristine praised. “I thought I was gonna cum in there myself just from watching you.”

“Yeah, that was awesome,” Nicole agreed, while Rebecca laughed.

“Where to next?” Rebecca asked Kristine.

“Omega Psi Phi Fraternity,” the brunette answered. “That’s a couple of streets over.”

After walking up to the front door, the four young woman were surprised that two large Sergeant-At-Arms were standing there blocking their passage.

“What’s going on? This is open house night,” Kristine said.

One of the elected fraternity officers was an extremely large blond football player named Bill and the other one, also a large football player, had dark hair and was named Ted.

“Our president has ruled our fraternity house off limits to certain individuals and we are here to enforce that ruling,” Bill said.

“What the hell?” Kristine said, obviously outraged. “He can’t do that.”

“He mostly certainly can,” Ted said.

“Well, regardless, let us in,” Nicole demanded.

“Nope, you three are banned from our fraternity party,” Bill explained.

“I can’t believe this,” Kristine angrily sputtered. “Why would this be?”

“Because he was at the last party you four visited and witnessed your shameful display. He wants no such thing to occur here,” Ted said.

“Let’s go, we know where we’re not wanted,” the brunette said.

As the four young women turned away, Bill said, “No, Sophie, you’re allowed in.”

Don’t you dare, Sophie,” Kristine threatened.

Sophie stood thoroughly confused. She didn’t understand why they would allow her in, when it was she who had participated in public sex in the last place they had visited. But, on the other hand, she would really enjoy escaping Kristine and her nasty friends for a few minutes.

“Okay,” Sophie said. “I’ll go in for a few moments.”

“You’re gonna be sorry you did that,” Kristine promised.

“You be quiet,” Ted ordered. “And go wait out in the lot, if you have to stay here. Don’t be blocking the door, ruining everyone else’s fun.”

Fuming, Kristine and the other two young women stalked off. Sophie was greeted inside the door by a senior named Axel, who introduced himself. Sophie wondered to herself how he came to have that name.

‘Maybe his parents were big ‘Guns and Roses’ fans’ she whimsically thought.

He was tall and thin in his body and he also had a long, thin face, although Sophie found him to be oddly attractive in a strange way. Glancing around the semi-darkened house, Sophie saw jack o’laterns carved out of pumpkins with candles burning in them all over the house. The red head had never seen so many of them in one place before. She was actually surprised the smoke alarms hadn’t been set off from so much smoke.

It was obvious to Sophie that Axel, since he wasn’t dead or gay, was very interested in her costume, or actually the lack of costume since her right breast was completely exposed and a single blonde wig hung over her slit. He laughed uproariously when he was told she had begun the night completely covered by blonde hair as Lady Godiva. As they talked, Axel began to reach out and attempt to pull up her blonde wig that hung over her pussy.

Sophie could understand his frustration, but not his forwardness, considering they had just met. Finally, in a somewhat teasing manner, Sophie cocked her right fist and drew it back.

“If you don’t stop it, I’m gonna coldcock you,” she said.

Axel threw up hands, palms forward, in self defense. Right then, Sophie saw Jackie Foster, Bobby’s younger brother come ambling out of the kitchen, holding a tall boy.

“Hey Jackie” she called out to him.

Jackie was shorter than his brother Bobby, although he had a much bigger chest. He was every bit as handsome as his sibling. He came over and she introduced him to Axel. Using this as a way of leaving Axel’s hands to himself, Sophie looped her arm through Jackie’s and waltzed away with him.

“Where are we headed?” the young woman asked.

“I don’t know where you’re headed,” he responded. “But I’m gonna take a whiz.”

“Oh I wanna go,” Sophie said, teasing her friend. She fully expected him to turn her down flat.

“You do?” Jackie asked, incredulous, wearing a quizzical expression on his handsome face.

“Yeah,” Sophie said, straight faced. ‘This is going to be great. I’m going to pretend to throw a shit fit when he says no.’

“Okay,” he said, doubtfully.

“What?” Sophie exclaimed loudly, not believing her ears.

“I said okay,” Jackie repeated.

By this time, walking along while talking, they had reached a second floor bathroom.

“Hey, wait” Sophie protested. “I was just fooling.”

Jackie smiled devilishly at her. “I know, but it’s too late for that.”

And then he pulled Sophie into the men’s room. Unbelievably lucky for them, the restroom was empty. After closing and locking the door, Jackie turned and pulled his zipper down. Sophie, meanwhile, was busy glancing all around the rest room. ‘Man, these urinals are weird looking,’ she thought.

Of course the young woman had seen them somewhat in movies but it didn’t have near the same effect of seeing them in real life. Sophie watched, suddenly enthralled, as Jackie began to urinate into the facility. She noticed his prick was starting to grow a little hard. Sophie assumed he was a little turned on by her watching him.

“Wait a minute” the red head exclaimed.

She noticed he had some difficulty with stopping his piss in mid-stream.

“What?” Jackie wanted to know.

“This,” Sophie responded, pulling his baseball uniform pants and boxer shorts down to the floor. “I can’t really see anything with your cock just barely sticking out of your pants.”

Jackie’s answer was a shoulder shrug and then he returned to the task in hand. The beautiful young woman felt herself growing hot as she could see all of Jackie’s prick all the way down to his balls. As he stood there pissing that golden stream into the bowl, Sophie began to grow wet watching him. She has no idea what that meant, no doubt some kind of awful deviancy.

She fingered her pussy lips and then finally plunged some fingers in and was moving them and out, just as he finished.

Turning to Sophie, he grinned and said, “Okay, your turn.”

“What?” Sophie exclaimed.

“You heard me, I went, now you go. What’s right is right.”

“But I don’t feel like going right now,” Sophie exclaimed, which basically was true.

“Here,” Jackie said, handing her the tall boy. “This is almost full. Drink this down. You’ll have to go, I promise you.”

Sure enough, in a very few minutes the red head had to pee and she walked over to the toilet stall. Pushing open the stall door, Sophie had to put the seat down. ‘Men always leave the seat up!’ she thought. ‘Why is that? What is so difficult to remember about putting the seat down?’

The young woman moved to sit down and Jackie grabbed her arm and ordered, “Stop!”

Turning to him, Sophie asked, “Why?”

“Because,” Jackie explained. “I won’t be able to see you good if you sit down.”

“Well, how else am I going to go if I don’t sit down?”

“Standing up at the urinal,” he said.

“You’re kidding?” a shocked Sophie asked.

“Nope,” the young man said and he then pulled Sophie back to where she was standing in front of the urinal.

Grabbing her falls, he pulled them tight around Sophie’s back. Sophie stood there basically stark naked. She could see herself in the bathroom mirror and thought, ‘Man, I look some kinda hot. Maybe I should go around like this all the time, I’d get more dates.’

Naturally it took the young woman a few minutes to get used to standing up at the urinal. It was so foreign to anything she was familiar with. Sophie had pulled the fall aside that hung over her vulva so as to not get it wet. Finally enough pressure from the beer in her bladder caused her stream of urine to come shooting out. She was standing a couple of feet away and the arch of her pee splashing into the urinal fascinated her. The red head was feeling very sexually turned on watching it, knowing that Jackie was watching her engage in one of the most private acts.

‘I’m gonna have to practice this at home,’ she thought gleefully.

When Sophie was finally finished urinating, she turned to see what Jackie thought. She was flabbergasted to see that Jackie was vigorously masturbating. She realized that he must have been doing this the entire time she was peeing, because his prick was huge and purple headed.

The young woman could tell he was going to have his orgasm any second. ‘Welcome to perversions personified,’ she thought. Jackie was running his hand over his impressive shaft at a speed Sophie couldn’t believe and then all of the sudden his cock just exploded with his cum shooting all over her.

Unfortunately for Sophie, in the throes of his orgasm, Jackie, who had been holding her falls gathered together in his other hand, yanked them off. The only thing she had left on keeping her from being stark naked in public was the single blonde wig hanging down over her slit.

“Oh Jackie” she complained loudly. And you’ve shot cum all over me, that’s disgusting.”

As Sophie went to wipe herself off with some paper towels from the dispenser, Jackie grabbed her arm to stop her.

“What are you doing?” she demanded.

“Leave it on. Kristine will love it.”

It all suddenly dawned on Sophie. Kristine had sent Jackie inside to wreak revenge on Sophie for going in and leaving them outside.

“You bastard” Sophie accused.

Jackie just laughed and tucked his prick away.

“Let’s go,” he said, grabbing Sophie roughly by the arm and pulling her back downstairs.

Of course, being nearly stark naked made Sophie the instant hit of the party. She was quickly surrounded by both male and female party goers. Sophie couldn’t believe that after all she had been through, she could still even feel more humiliated, but she did.

Her nipples had puffed out about an inch and it wasn’t from the temperature of the room and her Bartholin’s fluid was flowing freely from her vulva and down her leg. Even in the dim lighting, it was obvious to everyone close to her.

“Hey Sophie,” her friend Lydia, an attractive blonde, said. “Great costume, but I think you forgot to wear most of it.”

Lydia was dressed in an renaissance gown and she reached out and lifted up the single fall hanging over Sophie’s pussy.

“But this has to go, doesn’t it?” her friend asked. “Then you can just say you came as an authentic Eve.”

The word “came” rang ironically in Sophie’s mind.

“I guess I’ve came a number of times already this evening, Lydia,” she said to her now astonished friend.

In her currently shocked condition, Sophie was slow to move away so her vaginal slit remained completely on display to the happy onlookers. One young man even stepped forward and forced his finger between her enlarged pussy lips.

“Stop it” Sophie screamed, as she pushed his hand away and stepped back from Lydia.

Lydia was shocked and repulsed herself at the young man’s action and she quickly dropped the fall and stepped away, only to have her position replaced by Heather Silverton, the head of the cheerleading squad. The young woman was gorgeous with long, black hair, great big breasts, a narrow waist and long legs.

“Sophie, you slut, no wonder Eric is going to dump you to be with me,” Heather said and then she laughed at the poor put upon young woman.

Heather had arrived at the party dressed as Cleopatra. She was wearing a long, red and gray silk skirt, a golden colored brassiere, a small crown on her head and a lot of bare midriff. The young woman appeared quite fetching and was well aware of it.

Suddenly the sight of her most hated rival on the cheerleading squad gloating and announcing to the world at large that Eric was through with her caused something to snap within Sophie. All she wanted to do at that particular second was knock the smugness off Heather’s face. Sophie drew back her open right hand and slapped Heather straight across her face and hard! It left a bright red fiery imprint.

“Ow! You little bitch” Heather cursed.

The nearby crowd, which was growing larger by the second, howled with laughter. The beautiful dark haired young woman grabbed Sophie’s last shred of visible decency and pulled the blonde fall from around her waist, leaving the red head totally nude. The crowd of party goers burst into spontaneous cheering and applause.

Sophie stood in complete astonishment, both horrified and humiliated to be standing stark naked in public in front of at least one hundred of her college classmates, bereft of her human dignity as well as all her clothing. Heather taking advantage of Sophie’s momentary shock leaned over and dabbed up some of the still glistening cum off Sophie’s body.

“What is this anyway?” Heather wondered.

Holding her hand up to her nose, Heather said, “Ewww, gross, but I’m not surprised. One would expect you be drenched in this by now.”

And the head cheerleader wiped her hand on Sophie’s hair. That was one step over the line as far as Sophie was concerned. She grabbed Heather by the arm and yanked her forward with one hand, and pulled her floor length skirt down and off with her other hand. This left the highly embarrassed Heather wearing only a minuscule thong below her waist.

This move incited the crowd to even more excitement as they hooted and laughed. Blushing furiously, Heather attempted to cover her thong with her one free hand, while attempting to pull away from Sophie.

“Let me go, you bitch” she shouted, pulling hard.

Sophie suddenly obeyed and centrifugal force propelled Heather halfway across the room. The red head pulled the skirt up her body and fastened it around her waist and sashayed through the front door with the cheers from the crowd of young men and women following her. However, Sophie had a strong sense of dire regarding what was awaiting her outside at the hands of Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca.

Lady Sophie Godiva Rides Again?

Part Five

By Robert Dogwood

Sophie naturally stepped outside with some trepidation, not knowing exactly what might happen at the hands of her three so called friends or where they might be lurking. All appeared calm as she accidentally brushed her naked body by Bill and Ted, who were still guarding the door. They did not seem to mind as they smiled at her when she left.

“Come back any time,” Bill invited.

“You’re always welcomed here,” Ted said.

“Thanks,” Sophie said, on her way by. ‘Of course I’m welcome,’ she thought. ‘As long as I’m naked, that is.’

The red head stepped further out into the cool, now dark evening. She didn’t see her keepers anywhere and hoped against hope that they had given up on her and gone on to the next party without her. Sophie realized that by cutting across campus she was less than a mile away from her sorority house and with it now being so dark out, she probably stood a good chance of reaching there on foot without being seen.

But alas for Sophie, that was not to be. As she reached the outskirts of the parking lot, a pair of hands grabbed her biceps from behind and pulled her to a stop, while also stripping her of the Cleopatra skirt.

“Help” she automatically called out.

“Oh shut up, you silly twit,” she heard the voice of Rebecca say from behind her. “I’ve got her,” she exclaimed.

A car driven by Kristine came roaring up to a stop in front of the two young women and Nicole, who was sitting in the back, threw open a door.

“Well, get in Sophie,” Kristine ordered.

As Rebecca forced her into the back seat of the car, it was all Sophie could do to not break down into tears. She had foolishly thought she was so close to escape, and actually they had been waiting for her here all the time. Rebecca climbed into the car after her and shut the door.

“So did you have a good time in there without us?” Kristine asked, snottily.

“Yeah, it was okay,” Sophie mumbled, too frightened of them to not answer.

“What did you do?” Nicole asked from beside her in the backseat.

“Not much,” Sophie again spoke lowly.

“That’s not what we heard,” Rebecca chimed in.

“Yeah, we heard you took a piss in front of Jackie, is that right?” Kristine asked.

“Yeah, I guess so.” Sophie could barely be heard over the noise from the car’s engine.

“We can’t hear you” Kristine screamed, in her best imitation of a drill sergeant.

“Yes I did” the red head shouted back.

“Oh gross,” Nicole said. “Have you no decency to do that in front of a guy?”

“Good question, Nicole,” Kristine praised. “But our Sophie is a little whore, aren’t you Sophie?”

Sophie felt so humiliated from the questioning that her nipples ached from being so hard, and Bartholin’s fluid had formed on the car seat under her vagina. She so hoped the others in the car didn’t discover that. Sophie realized she would never hear the end of it.

“In fact, I bet right now that Sophie has leaked all over the seat back there,” Kristine said. “Good thing I rented the car for the night.”

“I have not,” Sophie snapped.

“Nicole, feel around Sophie’s crotch,” Kristine said.

Nicole acted more than happy to oblige and, with a big smile on her pretty features, she reached down between Sophie’s legs. Before the red head could attempt to close her legs, Nicole’s hand darted down between them.

“Yes, it’s real wet,” Nicole said.

“You are such a pig,” Kristine said. This comment caused Sophie to flow even more.

“Hey, I can feel her clit,” Nicole announced. “It’s sticking out a couple of inches.”

Her friend began to manipulate it as Sophie attempted to squirm away.

“Stop it, Nicole” Sophie demanded, even though her friend’s action was sending waves of pleasure through her.

“Keep going, Nicole,” Kristine said. “Rebecca, grab Sophie and keep her still for Nicole.”

“Okay,” Rebecca agreed cheerfully.

“Oh God, oh God,” Sophie murmured under Nicole’s ministrations to her clit. Soon she was making hunching motions at Nicole’s middle finger.

“She’s getting close,” her friend announced.

“We’re here,” Kristine said, pulling into the parking lot of the Kappa Delta Phi Sorority, their last stop of the evening.

It had grown quite late and was well after midnight. Kristine had hopes of subjecting Sophie to the ultimate humiliations and her friends not suffering any consequences from it because of the late hour. After Kristine parked and got out of the vehicle, she opened the back door. She helped her two friends bundle Sophie out of the car with the greatest of ease. The easily dominant young woman of the four of them ordered Rebecca to physically restrain Sophie on the way in and for Nicole to continue fingering their friend’s clit, but without bringing her to orgasm.

When they approached the door, Sophie was perspiring heavily and halfway bent over from the pleasurable sensations she was experiencing. She could barely walk, and was being dragged along by Kristine. After they reached the sorority, Nicole stopped fingering Sophie and looked down in the spot light in front of the building.

“Look at that” she said excitedly. “I bet Sophie’s clit is sticking out five inches.”

The other two young women laughed and Kristine said, “Yeah, I’ve seen shorter pricks, haha!”

“Yeah, you probably have, you bitch,” Sophie managed to say. “Probably one of your boyfriends.”

Kristine cuffed Sophie across the back of her head and demanded, “Shut up, slut!”

The front door of the sorority opened and they were greeted by a close friend of Sophie’s named Krista. The fact that she was present meant the main membership of the sorority had returned from their visiting the other houses. Sophie felt completely mortified to be standing naked in such an aroused condition in front of a close friend.

Krista was slightly taller than Sophie and weighed about one hundred and ten pounds. She was quite the beauty, having curly brown hair in loose ringlets and a great looking athletic body with a washboard flat stomach and slim, but beautifully shaped, legs.

Of course, Krista’s attention was naturally drawn immediately to Sophie standing before her stark naked, with sexual fluid running down her leg and her clit sticking straight out.

“Good to see all of you, Sophie,” Krista said and giggled.

She couldn’t help but reach out and touch Sophie’s clit. Sophie protested loudly and attempted to close her legs.

Rebecca grabbed Sophie and snarled, “Straighten up or you’ll be sorry.”

While Sophie complied as directed, Krista stepped back suddenly blushing furiously at her own inappropriate action.

“I’m so sorry,” she expressed. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s a wonder Sophie didn’t come all over you,” Kristine cracked, causing a number of people in the immediate vicinity to laugh.

Having reacquired her aplomb, Krista said, “You were supposed to wear a costume, Sophie and not come as yourself.”

“Oh, this is all of Sophie,” Nicole said. “There’s no part of her left that you can’t see.”

Again laughter from the crowd followed the comment. Party goers were drawing closer to Sophie, causing her to feel claustrophobic.

“But I am wearing a costume,” she responded weakly.

“Oh?” Krista said, arching an eye brow. “Which costume might that be and Eve’s? I don’t see your fig leaves though.”

The crowd continued to laugh at poor Sophie’s plight.

“No,” Sophie explained. “I’m Lady Godiva.”

“Oh sure,” the brunette replied, rolling her eyes. “Well, come on in,” Krista invited, taking Sophie by the arm and forcibly leading her away from her three unholy friends. “I’m certain everyone will be happy to see you, Lady Godiva.”

‘Oh my god!’ Sophie thought, devastated.

This was the one house they had visited that was not bathed in dim lighting. On the contrary, it was awash in bright light. And the place was wall-to-wall people! All conversation ceased, the dancing stopped, the music died and everyone turned to look at Sophie and Krista. Sophie was so mortified she just wanted to melt into the floor as though it was a black hole so she could be ripped to shreds on the other side of the universe. Sexual fluid was running freely down both sides of her labia, her clit stuck out even further and her nipples now resembled boulders.

Some of the crowd had already began to laugh when Krista introduced, “Everyone, this is Sophie.”

It struck the red head as even more humiliating that Krista didn’t add that she was supposed to be Lady Godiva. Now everyone present will think that she had just come to the party totally nude as though she was some kind of a slut.

‘Well, I am, aren’t I?’ Sophie thought desolately. ‘If you walk like a duck and talk like a duck, chances are and you’re a duck. You come to a party stark naked, chances are that you’re a slut.’

The crowd mostly applauded or shouted obscene greetings, but a few young women yelled out that she was a slut and a hoe.

“Quick, come with me,” Krista ordered.

She managed to pull Sophie through the tightly packed crowd like a knife through hot butter, leaving Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca quite a distance behind and stuck in the crowd.

“You wanted to get rid of them, didn’t you?” she said to Sophie.

Sophie, gasping for breath, finally said, “Yes, thank you so much and those bitches!”

“No problem,” Krista said, smiling. “I heard Eric dumped you,” she said to Sophie.

“Man, word travels fast, I can’t believe it. I just found out myself.”

“Oh, Heather Silverton belongs to our sorority. She’s over there bragging to everyone.”

Sophie looked across the room and observed Heather surrounded by her normal crowd of sycophants. She also noticed that Heather was now wearing some low riders, her costume ruined for the evening without her long skirt.

“Would you like to get some revenge?” Krista asked, with a twinkle in her eye.

“Would I ever” Sophie exclaimed.

“Here,” Krista said, handing Sophie a rohypnol. “Eric’s in the kitchen getting drunk with all the jocks. Slip this into his drink and in a short time, he’ll be your puppet.”

Sophie laughed in glee. She knew roofies were a strong sedative drug that produced amnesia, muscle relaxation and a slowing of psychomotor response. It usually only took twenty to thirty minutes to take effect. The red head knew this because it had been given to her before, but that’s another story of humiliation.

Suddenly Sophie grew suspicious because so many bad things had occurred to her during the course of the evening and she asked, “Why are you helping me?”

“Because I hate Heather, she’s such a snob. I figure if you embarrassed Eric, it will ultimately embarrass her also.”

“Oh thank you so much” Sophie exclaimed, spontaneously and she engulfed Krista in an embrace. And was immediately embarrassed as her Bartholin fluid was wiped on her friend. Sophie sprang back, full of apologies. Krista laughed and told her not to worry about it.

“Now, go to the kitchen,” she ordered Sophie. “I’ll have my friends ready to help after he’s loaded.”

After entering the sorority’s large kitchen that was occupied by a number of half drunk jocks, Sophie naturally became the hit of the evening.

“Welcome Sophie,” Ted, one of Eric’s close friends, greeted.

“What are you doing in here?” Eric snarled.

He appeared somewhat embarrassed.

‘Why should he be embarrassed?’ she thought. ‘I’m the one naked.’

“I’ve come to share a farewell drink with you. After all, you are dumping me, aren’t you?”

“Are you crazy, Eric?” someone else asked. “Sophie is beautiful, plus she likes to run around naked.”

That wasn’t exactly accurate, but Sophie was willing to let that pass since he had just called her beautiful. Sophie took Eric’s beer in one hand and quickly slipped the pill in with the other hand. Then she pretended to take a sip.

Sophie handed it back to Eric and said, “Bottoms up, Eric. I mean the can.”

The guys laughed and Eric turned his beer up, chugging it. After a few minutes of Sophie fighting off the pawing from the other jocks and (after all, who could blame them?) and Eric began to display symptoms of being totally disoriented.

“Eric looks smashed,” Ted noticed.

“I’ll take care of him,” Sophie said, leading Eric by the hand from the kitchen. ‘Boy, will I ever,’ she thought gleefully.

Sophie lead him directly to Krista and whispered into her ear. She grinned from wall to wall and then called her friends around them in a tight circle. No one could have broken into that ring. Sophie wasted no time in unfastening almost all of Eric’s clothing, having pulled his football jersey off him and then his jeans and shorts down to his feet and then off him, leaving him clad only in his shoes.

The crowd of party goers again became loud at observing this and young women were calling out compliments to Eric. As stoned as he was on the roofie, Eric realized vaguely that something was gravely amiss and that he shouldn’t be standing there sans clothing in front of all those people. He attempted to cover his genitals with his hands. A very good looking young woman, who Sophie did not know, was standing in the front and she reached out and pulled his hands away.

“Thank you,” Sophie said.

“My pleasure,” the young woman said, with a wink.

Meanwhile in the very back of the crowd, Heather Silverton was attempting to discover what was going on. She was hopping up and down in her best imitation of a pogo stick. Eric finally noticed that Sophie was standing in front of him naked and instantly developed a raging erection.

Sophie pushed the quarterback down on the floor and then jumped on top of him.

“Oooh,” he gasped.

She was kneeling directly over his groin area. His erection was sticking straight up. Despite it all, Sophie still thought Eric’s peter looked precious.

‘I could just gobble it all up,’ she thought. ‘Nope, better not.’

So the young woman compromised and began sucking on it. Eric’s prick grew even larger in her mouth. She was taking in every bit of his seven inch prick. By this time, Sophie was really flying high blasted on vodka, although she didn’t realize it. Eric was running his hands through her hair wildly. Suddenly he reached down and pulled Sophie up on him. Their nakedness merged into a combination of bliss for Sophie.

As he ran his hands all over Sophie’s upper body lovingly and even kneaded her nipples until they grew even longer, Sophie sat on him just below his pecker. Sophie then raised up and slid Eric’s huge cock into her distended labia.

“Oh, god damn” she cried out, as it felt so good going all the way up.

Eric just smiled at her in his drugged state. He began to thrust into Sophie as hard as he could. ‘Jesus, Mary and Joseph,’ Sophie thought in her sexual ecstasy. Sophie leaned over as much as she could without coming off and pulled him up with her, so their naked upper bodies were pressed against each other. Somehow this caused Eric to be able to push deeper into her than anybody ever had. It was producing sensations of ecstasy she had never experienced previously.

“Oh fuck me, Eric,” Sophie moaned. “Fuck me harder.”

Heather had managed to work herself close enough to the front of the crowd that she could hear Sophie and she knew she didn’t like what she was hearing.

‘If that son of a bitch is screwing Sophie, I’ll kill him,’ she thought angrily.

Heather cut through to the front just in time to watch Sophie wildly climaxing while Eric shot his orgasm into her.

“Oh god, Sophie” he shouted out. “You always were the best.”

The party goers surrounding Heather fell deadly silent as they observed the expression of rage and then finally disgust on her beautiful face.

“Eric Singleton! You have no class! To fuck this slut is one thing, but to fuck her in public is the single most disgusting thing I can think of. You and I are through.”

Still rushing from her orgasm, Sophie looked at Heather and suggested, “Why don’t you go fuck yourself, Heather? It’s probably the only way you could get fucked.”

“You piss me off so much” Heather screamed at her cheerleading cohort. “I’ll get you for this, Sophie,” she vowed. “I didn’t come here to be insulted.”

“Oh? Where do you usually go?”

The crowd laughed and hooted as Heather stomped from the party and out the front door. Sensing that Sophie’s extremely horrible friends, Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca would be desperately searching for her, Krista helped Sophie up from the floor. She took her by the hand and lead her to the second floor.

“You were awesome,” Krista praised. “You fucked that asshole twice and once for real and then twice when you fucked up his relationship with Heather.”

Sophie laughed and agreed. “Come on in here,” Krista said, leading Sophie into a large bedroom that held living space for four young women.

It was very dim, the only lighting coming from some candles set at the five corners of a pentagram. There was a goats head drawn at the very top and a young woman named Shannon sitting in the middle and chanting something unknown. She was way cute with long dark hair.

“What in the world is going on here?” Sophie asked.

“That’s Shannon, every Halloween she tries to raise the devil. She’s a little eccentric.”

“I heard that,” the young woman in question accused.

Suddenly a huge man creature arose from the pentagram. He had two large wings on his back and a long erection with a barbed head at the end of it.

‘Ooooh,’ Sophie thought. ‘I bet that would smart going in.’

“I am Mephistopheles,” he howled. “Who has summoned me?”

“I-I-I did,” Shannon stammered.

The demon took one glance at her and said, “Nope, too pure for me.”

‘I’m in big fucking trouble,’ Sophie thought. ‘There’s no way that he isn’t going to take me.’

Mephistopheles must have read her thoughts, because he looked directly at Sophie and said, “No, you’re wrong, Sophie. You have a good heart and you’re honest. You don’t have one hypocritical bone in your body.”

Unfortunately, as it turned out, Kristine, Nicole and Rebecca crashed into the room at that exact second.

“There you are, you slut” she shouted at Sophie. “You’re going to get it!”

“No,” Mephistopheles disagreed. “You’re the one who is going to get it, Kristine.”

The cute brunette noticed the demon hovering in the room for the first time.

“Eeek! What in the hell is that?”

“Funny you should mention hell, because that’s where we’re headed.”

Mephistopheles swooped down and easily picked up Kristine in one of his large hands.

“An angel yet and how ironic,” he commented, smiling devilishly.

The extraordinarily large demon easily ripped off Kristine’s costume leaving her stark naked.

“Help me” she screamed.

Everyone in the room stood as if they were rooted into the floor. As a matter of fact, they couldn’t have moved if they had wanted to. Mephistopheles had temporarily frozen them in their tracks. He pierced Kristine’s pussy with his long erection with the barbed head.

“Oh god, that hurts” the brunette screamed.

“Get used to it,” the demon said cynically.

In a puff of smoke, he suddenly disappeared into the pentagram, still holding Kristine. She was never seen again. No one said a word, they were too much in shock at what they had just witnessed. They silently filed out of the room and the visitors left and went back to their sorority houses. Sophie’s sorority reported Kristine as missing the next day and the police duly investigated. No one said a word concerning what they had witnessed. After all, who would believe such a crazy story?

Nicole and Rebecca dropped out of college and never returned. They were never right in their minds after that. All in all, Sophie considered it a very memorable Halloween.