### Strip Bowling

Well, I guess I learned my lesson the other night, my fat mouth got me into a jam again but this time the price to get out of the jam was total humiliation. TOTAL AND COMPLETE HUMILIATION. I think back to that night and I just can't believe what happened. I can't believe I actually did what I did and said what I said. The sheer disgust and humiliation is too much to fathom in my mind and I try to block it, but then I keep meeting people who witnessed my humiliation. They are everywhere, in the grocery store, at work, in the bars, maybe I'll just move and get away from this town and start a life elsewhere where nobody knows about this degrading experience.

I know that running away from my problems is not a solution, so maybe there is another way. How, I don't know, but maybe. Don't get me wrong, they don't comment on my humiliation or anything, but it's just the fact that they have seen me so humiliated that totally consumes me. I keep thinking about how I can redeem myself, maybe revenge against Jason. I do know that the first thing I need to do to get this out of my soul is to put it on paper and I thought you guys might get a kick out of this. I figured that I could just write it up and be done with it, an ancient memory. Well, here goes, the story of my most himiliating moment.

I'm 30 years old, single white female, short at 5'4" and in pretty good shape. For those guys (and maybe girls) out there who need the vital statistics, I'm around 120 pounds, work out regularly at high impact aerobics and swimming, have a firm 36C bust, and my pubic hair is just like peach fuzz from my shaving myself until about a month ago. I think that I am attractive and have an attractive body and a pretty face (at least people say I do.) I should know enough not to get involved in situations like the other night but I guess you learn from your experiences.

Ever since I was 10 years old, I have been bowling with my family. As I grew up, my favorite Saturday night teenage hangout spot was Midnight Madness at the local bowling lane. My handicap (average) is 155 and I'm really proud of my ability to bowl with the best of my bowling league friends. I guess my one weakness in bowling is that when the game in on the line for my team, I invariably choke. I guess I'm not very good at performing under pressure, and I should have realized what a risk I was taking the other night.

Last Tuesday night, a group of us went out to the bowling lanes. There were five of us, two other girls, Karen and Bev, and two guys, Tom and Jim. We knew that the leagues finished up around 11:00 on Tuesday nights and the lane normally closes after leagues. But Roger was Bev's uncle and was managing the lanes that night, and we figured we could get a game or two in before Roger had to close. We showed up around 10:15 and Bev and Jim went up and talked to Roger about staying open for us. Karen, Jim and I all headed to the bar for some beer. Bev and Jim came to the bar shortly after we sat down and said that Roger said we could bowl til midnight, the time the bar closes. Well, leagues finished around 10:50 and meanwhile, we had buddied up with Sean, Sam and Jason at the bar and they were going to join us on our bowling outing. I know all three guys and they were all redneck construction workers who used the bar as a hang out after work. We got to the lane and took a few practice throws before starting the game. We teamed up four and four with Jason joining us three girls (Karen has a crush on him even though he is married with two children) with the other four guys bowling on the lane beside us.

Well, the beer kept coming (the guys were buying) and our 'team' got beat pretty bad the first time. I managed to bowl a 152 but Jason's 96 really put us in a hole. I had bowled with Jason before and he, like a lot of rednecks, tries to use muscle and power to knock the pins down instead of technique, but in 10 pin bowling, technique is the way to play. We got a lot of ribbing from the guys next door about them beating us by 45 pins but I just had another beer and said, as the self appointed leader of the team, "It was just one game" and they laughed and we started another. This time things were a lot closer between the teams and as the 10th frame rolled around, we were eight pins down with me still having to bowl. Jason, who was pretty wasted by now, started heckling me with "Don't choke Bonnie, it's only eight pins" among other lines. I guess I was a bit pissed at him as I went up and went through my normal motions. I don't know if it was the beer or my old choke syndrome but the ball got away from me and headed straight into the gutter. Bev and Karen comforted me telling me that it was only eight pins I needed but Jason kept up with the "Choke city" and "Choke girl" lines. My next and last ball headed for the pocket but broke too soon and left the six, nine and ten pins standing.

The guys on the other lane started saying "Good game you all" and started getting their stuff together but Jason wouldn't let up, "Choked again, huh Bonnie" and "Choke Choke Choke". I was pretty fed up with someone from my team harassing me and I said so, "Even with the last frame, I still bowled a 141. Your harassing me and you bowled a 112? Sounds like your the choke boy, Jason". Jason laughed and said, "I don't like bowling on teams, I prefer bowling one on one, that is my strong point. I love the pressure of beating one person" and I said, "Ok, hotshot, let's do it. Me and you, one and one, and I bet I'll beat the socks off of you". Jason quit laughing and looked at me, "You bet? What will you bet little miss priss?". I thought for a moment, "A dollar a ball, you got the nerve to take me on or are you chicken?".

Jason put on a serious look and stood and went to the table behind the lane and poured himself a beer saying as he was walking away, "Well, Bonnie, I hate to pass up a deal like that but I have this policy about betting on games, I don't bet money on games". He poured his beer and looked at me and looked up and down at my body before saying, "How about a little game of 'Strip Bowling'? Or are you chicken, Bonnie?". The statement of Strip Bowling took me totally off guard and was said loud enough that everyone at the lane heard it. Directly after he said that, Jan, the lady behind the counter, called out "LAST CALL". She was mostly ignored since the 12 people at the bar were heading for the benches behind our lane.

I didn't know what to do but was quickly joined by Karen and Bev and they started egging me on. "Strip the bastard naked and hang him out to dry" and "Let's see how well he's hung, Kim says he's small as a peanut" were the comments of my friends and I saw Sean and Sam join Jason at the table and whispering amongst themselves. I know that I had walked right into this situation and didn't know any easy way out. As I was thinking about what to do, Jason kept it up with, "Oh, so it's different now huh Bonnie, or should that be Chicken Bonnie". Everything went quiet when I finally said, "Tell me the ground rules" and Jason shrugged his shoulders before saying, "Ok, the lower score after each frame takes off a piece of clothing", and he paused before continuing, "and if the loser wishes and has taken off a piece of clothing, they can offer that piece of clothing to the winner if they lose a subsequent round, like the winner can keep it. How does that sound Bonnie". The entire gang at the bowling alley was looking at me and I didn't know what to do so I thought about the clothing we were wearing, "Ok, there are 10 frames and I'm wearing six pieces of clothing, shoes, socks, pants, shirt, bra and knickers, how about you?". Jason smiled and said, "I don't think we can take our shoes and socks off, can we, Roger?" as he looked over his shoulder at the lane manager who replied "Nope, lane rules". Jason chuckled before continuing, "I'm wearing a t-shirt, shirt, pants and drawers so that makes us even at four apiece. As near as I can figure it, when I win all ten frames, you will be leaving nude and still owe me two pieces of clothing. Umm, how about for each piece of clothing owed", and he paused in thought before continuing, " the loser gets one spank for every pin she loses by?".

I was pissed off at this point and my damned mouth got to talking, "You cocky son of a bitch, number one, I have always been a much better bowler than you'll ever be. I tell you what, if YOU owe one piece of clothing YOU get two spanks for every pin YOU lose by AND if YOU owe two pieces of clothing, YOU will sit on that ball carousel right there" as I pointed to the separating structure between the two lanes, "and masturbate for all these people to see AND catch your filthy sperm in your hand and lick if off". I knew I was red faced with anger at this point but the cheers that went up in the lane were not expected. Jason just laughed and said, "Would you like a beer before we start?" as he moved down into the pit and sat down with his mug of beer. I was panting and just nodded my head and walked up to the table and poured myself a beer, trying desperately to calm my nerves. I took a hard swig of my beer, draining most of the glass and then set down the beer mug and set my hands on the table before looking around the crowd. The crowd was mostly male with the exception of two rather large women and Jan, the middle aged counter lady. Roger was returning from locking the doors and sat with the crowd and said, "For everyone's information, this party just went private. Anyone who wants to leave can leave now". I heard the laughter from the crowd at Roger's statement as I thought, "Ok Bonnie, just keep your cool and take this guy". I headed back into the pit. Jason nodded to me and said, "Ladies first through all the frames" as I sneered at him and headed to the carousel.

Frame 1 - I walked up to the carousel and retrieved my ball and stood in position on my mark. I stood for a long time trying to get my mind off of the stakes at hand and finally made my approach and let the ball go. As soon as I released the ball, I knew that I had missed my mark and exclaimed, "SHIT" as the ball traveled down the alley and hit just left of the pocket, leaving the 6 and 10 pin standing. I sighed and heard a "Come on Bonnie, easy spare" from behind me as I waited for the rack to set and my ball to return. I retrieved my ball and made my approach in short order and took out the remaining pins getting my spare. As I walked back to the pit, I motioned for Jason to take the lane. He got up and took his ball and quickly hurled his ball at the pins and knocked them all down, a strike. He walked back and looked at me with a strange expression on his face and I replied, "The frame is still open" and pushed past him towards the lane.

Frame 2 - I remember thinking that I was glad I wore a full bra tonight as I picked up my ball and took my position. Two deep breaths and I started my approach. The ball never broke to the pocket like it was supposed to and cleared the right side of the rack, leaving the two, four, seven and eight pins standing. A sigh mixed with laughter came from the crowd behind me but I ignored it as best as I could. I retrieved my ball and went after the four standing pins but left the seven pin standing. I walked back to the pit and sat down, looking at the scorecard projected on the overhead screens, 19 the first frame and 28 for the second. Jason didn't say a word as he walked up to the carousel and retrieved his ball. In his normal cocky style of bowling, Jason hurled the ball at the rack and left the three, six, nine and ten pins standing. He dried his hands as the rack reset and he retrieved his ball and easily took out the four remaining pins. Jason walked back to the pit and looked over his shoulder at the scoresheet saying, "Well, I won the first and the second unless you want to wait until I close out that spare". I clenched my teeth and stood and unbuttoned and removed my shirt and tossed it at him saying, "It's yours, we're paid up through two frames, eight to go" as I walked past him through the cheers of the crowd and advanced to the ball carousel.

Frame 3 - I had the chill run through my body as my naked back and stomach were exposed for all to see. I glanced up at the illuminated scoresheet and thought, "Just calm down girl, you need to hit this one". I took my spot, took two deep breaths and advanced towards the foul line. The ball left my hand clean and I thought that I had made the perfect roll, but it broke too late and left the four and seven standing on the left side. "OH GOD" was all I could say as I impatiently waited for the ball return to retrieve my ball. I didn't even give my ball a chance to settle before grabbing it and quickly took out the two remaining pins. As I walked back to the pit I saw Karen with her hands over her eyes and a look of forlorn look on the face of Bev. The crowd was really quiet as Jason made his way up to the lane. I covered my eyes, not even wanting to see what Jason bowled and wished this was all over with. The sounds of the ball rolling and the pins falling coupled with a loud cheer from the mostly male crowd made me realize the worst. I looked up at the scoreboard as Jim added Jason's strike to the scoresheet. He totaled the score for the second frame at 40 for Jason and 28 for me with both of us open on a strike and a spare for the third frame.

Frame 4 - Bev put her arm around me and the feeling of her hand on my naked shoulder made me shiver. "Bonnie, don't think about the score, just bowl your best" were her words of encouragement and I did manage to smile and say, "Thanks" before moving to the carousel. I went through my normal motions, trying not to look at the scoreboard and sent my ball down towards the rack. As soon as I let it go, I knew that it was a bad throw as it traveled right at the head pin and left me with a seven ten split. I felt my knees go weak as I looked at the nearly impossible spare. I knew I had to try to ricochet the seven pin across to the ten but I was a technique bowler and was never into power bowling. As expected, I managed to get the seven pin but left the ten standing. I hung my head as I headed back to the pit and took a seat. Jason snickered at me as he stood and headed for the lane. I watched this time as Jason's power bowling style backfired and he took out the four pins on the left side with his first ball and the four pins on the right with his second. He walked back into the pit and looked over his shoulder at the scoreboard again, Jason 66 - Bonnie 55. I knew what was expected and I bent over untied my shoes one by one. I then stood and unbuckled my jeans and pushed them over my hips, thankful that I had chosen a pair of clean full white knickers to wear tonight, and to my ankles. I stepped out of my jeans and then handed them to Jason who started to speak before I cut him off with, "That's only four frames and you're only up by 11 pins, my turn I think". Jason smiled and nodded his head as I sat back down to put my bowling shoes back on. As he sat beside me, he murmured "Choke Choke Choke" and the crowd started to join in. After I got my shoes tied, I gave the crowd a sneer and they quickly quieted down. I stood in just my bra, knickers, socks and shoes and tried to regain my composure as I headed for the ball carousel.

Frame 5 - As I retrieved my ball, I stood there for a long time praying for a strike. I tried to ignore my nakedness, glad that all my important parts were still covered, as I set up on my mark and made my delivery. The ball left my hand perfectly and I watched it travel down the lane and hit the pocket as all the pins fell for my prayed for strike. I jumped and yelled, "YES" as I turned to the crowd and looked at their faces. A lot of them were clapping for me. With the strike and the applause, my spirits and my confidence soared. As I walked back to the pit, I tried to ignore the fact that I was almost naked as I sat beside Bev and she gave me a little hug. Jason commented, "Nice throw for a choker" as he advanced to the lane and picked up his ball. He didn't even try to set himself as he threw the ball down the lane and I held my breath as it hit the pins, knocking all but the ten pin down. Jason shook his head and looked irritated as he dried his hands and waited for his ball to return. He looked back at me with a disappointed look on his face and then looked up to the overhead scoreboard before retrieving his ball. He looked at the ten pin and tried to power it down but the ball went in the gutter right before making contact. My spirits soared when Jim put his 75 on the scoresheet. All I could think was, 'If I could just get all ten pins down in two balls, I'd have a chance to tie this thing up and then I could start having fun."

Frame 6 - I felt good as I got to the carousel and picked up my ball. I again tried to ignore my nakedness, it felt pretty cold in there, while concentrating on nothing but my mark and my delivery. I advanced and released the ball. It seemed to stick to my two fingers and the ball bounced a couple of times before heading for the pins. I quickly said a prayer as the ball contacted the pins too close to the head pin and left the five, six and ten pins standing. "Oh God" was all I could think as I looked at the split. I studied this split and thought if I could just get to the right of the five pin and kick it over to take out the six and let the ball take out the ten pin, I could still make this happen. I had done this before and knew I could do it, I just had to keep the ball on the edge of the gutter and contact the pins. I retrieved my ball and made my careful approach on the right side of the lane. I released the ball and it felt good as I watch it roll on the edge of the gutter towards the six and ten pins. Right before the ball made it to the six pin, the ball and my heart both went into the gutter. I shook my head and headed back to the pit where Jason stopped me and blocked my passage. He looked to the overhead scoreboard and I glanced over my shoulder to see what he was looking at as I watched Jim finalize the scores for the fifth frame, Jason 75 Bonnie 72 . I guess it didn't occur to me what the penalty was for not getting that spare until that moment. I felt tears falling down my cheeks as I reached behind my back and unsnapped my bra and let it fall over my shoulders to my right hand as I used my left arm to cover my breasts. I carried the bra to my seat and sat down, letting it fall on the seat beside me as I started to cry. Bev's arm around me was little consolation for the total humiliation I was feeling at that moment. I didn't even look up as Jason bowled his balls, just sat with my left arm across my breasts and my face in my right hand crying. I heard someone say, "Hey Chokegirl" and I looked up and saw Jason standing over me. He looked over his shoulder at the scoreboard and I followed his look. He had bowled an eight in the sixth frame and that left the sixth frame scores at 83 Jason, 79 Bonnie. I handed him my bra and tried to recover as much of my crushed ego as I could, while heading for the carousel.

Frame 7 - I was obviously not in any shape to bowl and my next throw went right down the middle again, leaving the four, five, six and ten pins standing. I went after this difficult split again like the last time and this time, I avoided the gutter but in avoiding the gutter, I overcorrected and just took out the six and ten pins, leaving the four and seven standing. I headed back to the pit, not even bothering to cover my breasts anymore, and looked over my shoulder to see that Jason needed but to knock down four pins to force me to take off my last remaining item of clothing. His first roll was all it took as eight pins fell. I didn't want to give him the satisfaction of seeing me take my knickers off so as he went to deliver his next ball, I quickly slid them off my hips and off of my feet and set them beside me on the bench. I quickly glanced around the crowd, why I don't know, and saw that most everyone was watching me. I heard the pins and ball contact and a slight cheer come up from the crowd as I looked and saw Jim putting a spare mark on Jason's eighth frame. Jason came and sat down beside me and I muttered "You bastard" as I got up and headed for the ball carousel.

Frame 8 - I tried my hardest to regain my composure, impossible when you are naked except for socks and bowling shoes, and felt real good about my roll as I released the ball. The ball traveled down the lane and fell into the pocket perfectly and the brief moment of cheer I felt as all ten pins fell was short lived as I realized I would have to face the crowd as I returned to my seat. This embarrassment was greatly heightened by the fact that up until a month before, I had kept my pubic patch and vaginal lips shaved bald to please my old boyfriend. Now, with just short downy hair on my mound, I was sure the front of my slit was obvious for all to see. I thought about this for a second but figured that I had just scored a strike so I stood up straight, let my hands dangle by my sides and kept my head up as I went back to my seat. Bev congratulated me on the Strike and was real supportive of me as Jason commented, "Not bad Chokegirl" as he headed to the ball carousel. I looked up at the scoreboard and remembered that he was working on a spare with the lead and I changed my prayer to him getting a gutter ball. I didn't look as I heard the ball rolling down the lane and contacting the pins. The cheer from the crowd told me what had happened even without my looking. I looked to the scoreboard just long enough to see the X put in the box signifying Jason's strike. I rapidly stood and headed to the carousel ignoring Jason's "Choke Choke Choke" as I passed him heading for the pit.

Frame 9 - I thought, 'The game isn't over til the fat lady sings' as I retrieved my ball from the carousel and took my place on my mark. I was totally humiliated and all I could think about was revenge and getting out of this stupid game and bet. I calmed myself and made my approach and the ball felt great as it left my hand. My spirits rose a little as I watched it head to the pocket and contact it perfectly. My breath stopped as all the pins fell except the ten pin which wobbled and wobbled for what seemed like a minute (I'm sure it wasn't that long but it sure felt like it) and then straightened. My expletive of "GODDAMN IT" was heard throughout the building as I turned and walked in frustration back to the carousel. I looked over the crowd and they were all staring at me so I did something that was totally foreign to me. I bent at the waist and spread my knees wide giving the crowd a quick look at my almost barren pussy before closing my knees and saying "Are you all happy now?" My ball was taking too long so I grabbed a house ball and took out the ten pin in short order. I quickly went back to my seat and sat with a face that exhibited more anger and frustration than anything else. Jason was totally quiet as he went to the carousel and retrieved his ball. I watched as he took his time and made his delivery. Six pins fell, leaving the six, nine and ten on the right side and the seven on the left. He looked back to the crowd and shrugged his shoulders as he recovered his ball and took out the three pins on the right side. As he came back towards the pit, I tossed him my knickers and stood and headed for the carousel. I looked at the scoreboard and did some quick calculations in my head, Jason had 131 in the ninth and I was working on a 117+ with the spare. I was fourteen pins down and if I threw three strikes in the 10th, could end up with a score of 157. With Jason working on a dead frame coming out of the ninth, I still stood a chance of winning this game, my last vestige of pride.

Frame 10 - I put every bit of effort I could into getting myself together and I tried concentrating real hard on scoring my first strike. As I made my delivery, the ball slipped on my thumb and veered hard left directly into the gutter. I didn't really care anymore and returned to the ball carousel and picked up another house ball. As the rack cleared, I made my delivery and missed the pocket by a centimeter to two, leaving the ten pin standing again. I stood and looked at the scoreboard as Jim did the tallying, final score 126. Jason was working on 131 in the ninth so I let my shoulders sag as I went back to my seat and started to cry again. I didn't even look as Jason finished his tenth frame but from the number of balls, it was obvious that he marked with one of them. As Jason came back to sit down, I looked at the scoreboard and saw the final score, Jason 151, Bonnie 126. I wasn't only beaten, I was beaten by 25 pins.

Well, I didn't even want to think about owing two frames to Jason at the moment because the beer was doing its magic on me and I told Jason that I needed to use the bathroom. His reply of "Well, when nature calls, what can you do, right guys" as he turned to Sean and Sam who replied, "Yeah" and "You know it". All I could think was 'fucking rednecks' as I got up to head through the crowd and to the bathroom with Bev and Karen right behind me. The bathrooms at the lane were down a short hallway with the women's restroom the furthest from the main area. I immediately entered the restroom and went to the nearest stall to take a piss. Karen started talking as I was 'indisposed' by saying, "There is no way that Jason is actually going to carry through on the extra frames. No one is that cruel and mean." and Bev commented, "Fifty spanks, my god Bonnie, you have to get out of this someway". I exited the stalls and both girls stopped talking as they saw me with tears steadily streaming down my face.

"Oh Bonnie" Bev cried as she came to me and gave me a firm hug. "What am I going to do Bev? I can't masturbate in front of all those people and take all those spankings. I never should have even agreed to this stupid game. What am I going to do?" I cried out and Bev said, "Ok, then it's over, we leave now" and took me by the arm and the three of us headed out the bathroom door. As we turned down the hallway, there stood Jason, Sean and Sam at the end of the hallway. "We're all ready for you Bonnie, the crowd awaits." Jason said with a broad grin on his face. Bev spoke up before I even had a chance to think, "We're leaving Jason, enough is enough. You have already had your fun with Bonnie, now just move aside and let us go". "Whoa, ok ladies, but welching on a bet is some pretty serious stuff. Bonnie, there are a lot of people out there that heard you not only call me on the spankings but put the masturbation scene into the game, I think that followed you calling me a Son of a Bitch, right?" Jason asked and I put my most pitiful expression I could on my face and looked at Jason and started to speak, "Isn't there some other way that I can work off the two extra frames Jason, isn't there anything I can do? Please, I don't want to break my word or welch on the bet but I simply can't take the spankings and the masturbation scene, PLEASE, ANYTHING?".

Jason started to snicker and asked, "Anything?" and I closed my eyes before replying "Anything". I realized that I was offering my body to this red neck asshole but that compared to fingering myself in front of all those people and taking those spankings seemed mild in comparison. Jason looked at Sam and Sean and asked them if they wanted a piece of me and Sam just smiled real big saying, "Well, my girlfriend won't take it up the ass and Bonnie looks like she has a nice little tush on her so, maybe...., what do you think Sean?". Sean looked at me and then back at Jason and Sam before talking, "Jason, there is a crowd of people out there expecting to see the rest of the show, have you thought about them?" and Jason nodded his head saying, "Good point Sean, maybe they should have a vote in this too. Come on Bonnie" and Jason headed back to the lane. I followed, even though Bev tried to hold me back and stood behind Jason as he got to the lane. I immediately noticed some changes, all the balls on the carousel were gone and the crowd, who were previously on the benches behind the pit were now mostly in the pit. Jason started speaking addressing the crowd, "Hey everyone, Bonnie is trying to redefine her debt to me and I was wondering who here who wants a piece of her little body?". Four hands went up and a red headed extremely fat (like 350 to 400 pounds I guess) woman called out, "How is she at cunt eating?" as she raised her hand. I whispered to Jason, "Please Jason, this wasn't what I was talking about" and Jason looked over his shoulder at me and shrugged his shoulders saying, "You said anything, right. I didn't think train driving was your strong suit anyway. We got the ball rack all ready for you. We figured you would want to masturbate before the spanking since I doubt it will be very comfortable to sit after the spanking but that is your choice".

I was lost, I couldn't decide what I wanted or had to do. Bev started pulling on my arm towards the exit and I was resisting her when Karen spoke up, "Jason, can I take her penalty frames for her?". I looked to my left at Karen who was looking at Jason with an apprehensive look on her face. "Wow, that is what I call a friend Bonnie" was Jason's comment but then he continued, "That is really white of you Karen but I like you, little miss priss here needs to be put in her place and I want her to pay off the debt, or welch on it, that is her choice". Jason turned to the crowd and asked them, "Hey everyone, do you think that Bonnie has suffered enough or should she pay off her extra frames? Everyone who thinks she should pay off the frames, raise their hands". I looked to the crowd and everyone except Roger, Jan, and Jim had their hands raised and then Jim raised his hand followed by Roger. I felt my mouth drop open in shock and I looked to my one presumed ally in the crowd, the middle aged counter lady Jan and as I looked at her, she slowly raised her hand. "It's unanimous" Jason yelled out and I quickly asked if I could have a few minutes alone and Jason said sure.

I walked back to the hallway with the bathrooms with Bev and Karen right behind me. I sat on the floor with my back against a wall, distinctly aware of the coldness and roughness of the concrete blocks on my bare back and the coldness of the tile floor on my bare bottom. I cried. I cried like I hadn't cried in years and Karen spoke first, quietly, "Bonnie, I can't believe you are actually contemplating going through with this. I agree with Bev, we need to just leave. Forget your clothes, forget Jim and Sam, they raised their hands anyway, and let's just get in Bev's car and go". I managed to stop my sobbing and tears for a few as I looked at Karen and Bev, who both looked extremely concerned about me and said, "You don't understand. My dad, god rest his soul, taught me that your honor was all that you had that no one could take away. Without honor, you have nothing and I made a bet and Jason is right, I raised the stakes on it, it wasn't all his idea. It was never supposed to turn out this way anyway, Jason was supposed to be naked and facing the humiliation, not me. I choked, just like Jason said I would and that's all there is to it."

I paused and thought for a moment before looking Karen in the eyes and asking, "Why did you volunteer to take the punishment for me Karen, I need to know". Karen smiled a little as tears came to her eyes and said, "Bonnie, you are popular and beautiful and everything and I'm just a common girl. I've done so many things to please guys that I don't even want to think about it and you are so torn up about this whole scene. It is just a matter of my being able to do it and walk away and continue my life and you, well I'm not sure you would be the same after this". She paused before asking, "Does that make any sense?". I thought about what she had said and Bev asked Karen, "What kind of things have you done?" and Karen's reply of "We need to talk sometime Bev" made me laugh a little at Bev's naiveness. I took a deep sigh and said, "Well girls, my time is up. Should I go through with it?". Bev instantly said "No, let's get out of here" and Karen just looked at me with a concerned look on her face. I made eye contact with Karen and straightforwardly asked her, "Do you want to watch me humiliate myself Karen? Honest answers only please". Karen kind of half smiled and I saw tears flowing from eyes as she nodded her head and mouthed the word 'yes'. I stood and gave Karen a big hug and a light kiss and hugged her again. "We need to talk sometime girl" I whispered in her ear as she whispered back, "I'd like that". I broke the kiss with Karen and then gave naive little Bev a big hug and she responded with a hard hug herself.

I stepped into the bathroom with the girls following and splashed some water in my face and dried it off with a paper towel before looking at my reflection in the mirror and saying "Show Time Chokegirl Bonnie" and heading for the door. I led the ladies out of the hallway and walked directly into the pit. The crowd was sitting on the pit seats and the floor with just a few feet from the carousel with Jason sitting in one of the scorer's seats and Sean sitting in the other. I took Karen's hand behind me and took her into the pit with me and motioned for Sean to rise. Sean obliged and stood and I motioned for Karen to sit at the scorer's table. I moved to the now empty ball carousel and sat on the ball groove and spread my legs wide and moved the fingers of my right hand down to my sex. I was amazed to find my sex already extremely wet. I moved my left hand down and spread my pussy lips and started to masturbate with my right hand as I looked at one person in the crowd who was enjoying the show and had earned my respect, Karen.

I tried my best to concentrate on Karen and ignore the rest of the crowd, with her light complexion, blue eyes, and dark hair. I tried to concentrate on what it would be like to have sex with Karen, even though the idea of lesbian sex had never entered my mind before I needed something different to fantasize about. I tried to make eye contact with Karen but I saw a look of sheer lust in her face as she watched me finger my sex . I concentrated on my clit as much as possible, getting lubrication from my cunt and started on a fast tract towards an orgasm until I heard Jason break my spell and say something about eating my juices. I lost contact with Karen's eyes and looked at the crowd and realized what I was doing. I fought back the tears as I brought my fingers up to my mouth and sucked my juices off of them, something I had never done before. I moved my fingers back to my cunt and started to finger myself hard and fast but I had lost my momentum so I did the next best thing and started panting and moving my head back and forth. I got my knees shaking and faked the orgasm in short order to fulfill my commitment to Jason. I then brought my fingers up to my mouth and moved them around my lips before putting them in my mouth and sucking them off. I licked my lips and looked directly at Jason as I closed my legs saying, "Are you happy now asshole?".

Jason nodded his head and said, "Very, you did that very well, Bonnie. Now you can just lie across the ball rack there and we'll take care of the 50 spanks". I repeated a line from earlier in the evening in acknowledgment that he was going ahead with the second penalty, "You Bastard" as I stretched my body across the carousel. My position left my ass stuck out but my legs together and allowed me to cover my breasts with one of my arms as I waited for the final degrading experience. Jason walked up and let go with 20 soft rapid fire spanks, 10 to each cheek. The sound and the shock of the spanks affected me more than the pain did since they only stung a little. He was counting as he was spanking and let go with another 20 spanks, again 10 to each cheek, but much harder this time. My cries of "Ouch" and moans seemed to do nothing to hamper his actions and my asscheeks were getting very hot and very sore.

"Ten to go Bonnie, are you ready?" Jason said. I saw the submissive response that he wanted and I replied "Fuck you" and Jason laughed before hitting me twice with all his strength, once on each cheek. The pain shot through my body as my already sensitized ass was hit with a very hard palm. "Eight to go Bonnie, are you ready?" he said and I refused to submit to this low grade redneck asshole replying, "Fuck you ASSHOLE" and he let go with another two very hard slaps to my cheeks. I tried to fight back the cry but I couldn't and my scream of "Ouch" at the top of my lungs got away from me. Jason paused and went through the same routine again, "Six more Bonnie, are you ready?". I was really getting sick of his little game, knowing that the answer of "Yes" would probably bring this all to a rapid end but my self-confident side forced me to reply "Fuck you Motherfucker", the most degrading name that I could think of in my confused mind at the time. Jason shook his head and said something about bringing his mother into it as he let go with four full slaps that surpassed anything he had done before in pain. I couldn't hold back the short scream that followed the spanks and the tears were steadily flowing from my eyes, even though I was fighting the open sobbing with all my strength, not wanting to give Jason anything that showed he was affecting me.

Jason paused once again and took off his belt and folded it in the middle and slapped the palm of his left hand with it a couple of times before saying, "Two to go Bonnie, are you ready?" in a very loud voice. I saw the belt and knew what he was proposing to do and I looked to the crowd for help. Bev was nowhere to be seen and Karen looked almost transfixed, like she was in a spell. The rest of the crowd were watching Jason and me with rapt attention and I saw that verbally appealing to them would just be a show of weakness. I had tears of pain rolling off of my nose and I didn't answer so he repeated the question even louder while slapping his hand with the belt. I still didn't answer and he grabbed my hair and pulled my face up and looked me in the eye and yelled the question out again. I guess the spit that hit him right between the eyes was a mistake but I didn't care anymore. He moved beside me and yelled, "You fucking stuck up bitch" as he pulled back and brought the belt down across the backs of my thighs with all his strength. The intense pain and my ten second scream hurt my own ears. As it subsided and I lay sobbing, Jason asked again, in a much calmer voice, "One left Bonnie, are you ready?". I knew I was beaten, the belt blow across my thighs was more painful than anything I could remember and I knew that large welts and bruises would be evident in the morning. I ate my pride, not knowing why it took me so long to see the light and just murmured "yes". Jason lightly tapped my ass with the palm of his hand, nothing more than a little lover's pat. Jason moved back to the pit and sat at the scorer's table.

Karen and Bev came to my aid and helped me up to my feet. My legs were so weak, they had to support me as I stood there and looked at Jason. Jason said calmly, "You did very well Bonnie, I am really impressed. You got guts." and he reached down and grabbed my clothes and threw them to me. I had come so far that I didn't want anything from him. I worked my right hand loose of Bev's shoulder and bent over and picked up the clothes and threw them back at Jason saying, "You won them fair and square" as I hobbled out of the pit and towards the exit. Jason called out behind me, "Same time next Tuesday Bonnie?" and I just kept walking. Roger came running behind us to unlock the doors. As I was leaving, Roger said in a concerned voice, "I'm really sorry Bonnie" and my reply of "It was all my own doing Roger" seemed to calm his conscience. Bev and Karen helped me out and across the parking lot to Bev's car which was parked about 50 feet out, not something you would even think about except when you are nude going to the car. I climbed in the back seat as Bev went to the trunk and returned with a blanket. I wrapped my naked body in the blanket and lay down and cried all the way home.

Well, that's about it, I hoped you liked it. I'm still thinking about next Tuesday, I'd love to humiliate that son of a bitch Jason.

Bonnie