**The Contest**

by [Sabineteas](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=59922&page=submissions)©

As I stood in the room with the other girls, I was thinking that I was really stupid. I had let my girlfriends talk me into this and I was too flustered now to try and back out of it. Mary, Linda and Diane had thought it would be a great idea for us to participate in the wet T-shirt contest but when I had signed up for it they backed out and left me the only one. I had noticed their smiles, wolfish smiles, when they backed out leaving me the only one of our group signed up. God, I wished I could just walk out, but they would be on me unmercifully if I did. I sighed to myself and looked at the T-shirt that I had been given. Then I looked at the other girls who obviously had done this before or had seen one before. They were busy cutting their shirts down and trimming them to be more risqué. I was feeling pretty stupid since I had no idea what to do. I wasn't even feeling very good about taking off my top and bra in front of them. Finally one of them noticed me and walked over.

"First time in one of these?"

"Yes, and I feel pretty foolish and dumb too."

"Give me your shirt and I will fix it up for you."

Dumbly, I handed her my T-shirt and watched as she cut off the sleeves. Then she cut the trim at the neck and held it up to me. As she measured it against me, she looked at me and smiled. Then she cut off a good chunk on the bottom and handed it back to me.

"Just get this on, and when you get on the stage, go with the flow. The guys out there will be happy with just about anything."

I smiled at her nervously and turned my back to the room. With another sigh, I took off my top and bra and slipped the T-shirt on. I looked down and saw that it didn't cover much of me. There was a wide strip of my skin between the bottom and my shorts. I turned back to the room and looked at the other girls. I was glad that I was small on top. A couple of the girls were pretty big in the chest, and when they were wet their boobs were going to be pretty obvious. I bent down and took off my shoes, wanting to keep them dry. Then I sat on a chair and waited for my name to be called. I was hoping to be the last or that the MC would not have my name so I wouldn't have to go out there.

One by one the girls names were called and we could hear music and cheers through the walls of the room. As each one came back I looked at them. They were soaked and you could see their nipples. I was starting to get very nervous. I was trying to remember everyone from my school who had come to this area for Spring Break, but I couldn't remember anyone but my three so-called friends who had backed out on me. If I saw any guys that I knew, or even girls other than my friends, I was going to be pretty embarrassed. Hell, I was going to be embarrassed anyway. I wished that I was at home or maybe that I had drunk more. Wasn't alcohol supposed to suppress your inhibitions? Suddenly I heard my first name called and I almost jumped. Then I looked at the door and a man was motioning to me. With dread in my mind I walked slowly to the door. He took my arm and led me to some stairs leading to a stage. I could hear cheering and screaming and I nervously walked up the stairs. Another man took my arm again and led me to the corner of the stage were a college age guy was waiting with a water hose. They faced me into the corner and sprayed cold water all over the back of the shirt and all over my shorts. It was freezing! Then I was turned around and he sprayed my chest and the front of my shorts. Soaking wet, my hand was taken again and found myself a the center of the stage. Music was blaring behind me and I could see a sea of faces in front of me screaming and cheering.

I knew what I was supposed to do and for once I let my body's responses take over. I started dancing and let my legs and body take over. As I did, I looked down and saw that my nipples were erect from the cold water. They were poking against the fabric and I blushed, realizing how visible they were. Mary, Linda and Diane were yelling in front of me. I could see them at the center of the stage down on the floor. I let my dance moves take over and just tried to block everything else out. But I couldn't help but hear shouts of "show your tits" coming from the crowd. I tried to focus on the faces in front of me and to shake a little more. It was starting to get to be a rush for me, with all the guys cheering and yelling at me. I was such a mouse and to have so many guys cheering because I was on stage felt sort of good to me. I turned and let them see my butt in my soaked shorts and moved it for them, getting even more cheers but they kept yelling "show your tits" and I was not going to do that, not for anyone. I did, however, put my hands over my boobs and simulated squeezing them for the guys and that got a real cheer for me. I was starting to get into this. I had never got this much attention ever before in my life. I kept dancing and swaying my hips and tried to shake my tiny boobs for them. It was kind of nice to have the feeling of power I felt.

Then, all too soon the music was off and the MC was next to me, his arm around my shoulders. He asked my name, my school, if I was here on Spring Break and some other things. He held his microphone so everyone could hear my answers. Then he asked me if I was going to show my tits to the crowd. I blushed again, and shook my head no, smiling. No way was I doing that I thought. How little did I know my friends and their plans for me. He asked me again, trying to get me to flash, but I kept saying no. For every different way he asked, I shook my head no and smiled sweetly. Then he told me to remember that it was a three round contest with $200.00 at stake to the winner, announced my name again to the crowd of mostly drunk college guys and I walked off the stage. I was not going to show anything for any amount of money, I thought. What I was doing was enough to keep my friends off my back. At least I was on stage, they backed out.

I got to the room that we all started in and looked around. There were seven girls, soaked and dripping. Some were looking as shy as me, others a little more blatant, but I felt I was holding my own. I wrung some of the water out of the shirt and the girl who had helped me came over.

"How do you feel?"

"Oh god, I don't know. It was sort of a rush to be up there. I certainly didn't expect to feel the way the I do. I was figuring I was going to be mostly embarrassed but I am excited too."

"Yeah, it's some kind of trip, isn't it? All those guys, a lot of them we wouldn't be with on a bet and it is a turn on."

"What happens now?"

"Well, there are two more rounds, so we'll have to go up two more times, then the crowd will be asked to vote. Then one of us will be the winner, second, and third place."

"Who do you think will win?"

She smiled at me and then laughed.

"Whoever is willing to do the most on stage."

"I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"Well, some of these girls will show their tits and some may even take off their shirts. Whichever one is the boldest will probably win."

I must have looked like a fish out of water; my mouth was open so wide.

"You can't be serious!"

"Oh yes, at least one, probably two or three or will take off their shirts. For $200.00 won't you?"

"Absolutely not!

As naïve as I was, I didn't figure on how mean my friends could be.

As the girl's names were called and they went on stage to the roars and cheers, I sat on my chair and watched as they came back. The first two came through the door and I could see that their shirts were torn down the front. Then the third one came back topless and I gaped at her. I couldn't believe that a girl would do that. The fourth came back with her shirt in one piece and then the fifth was topless. I was getting nervous again. My friend had gone on stage for her turn and I knew that I would be next. Even with my nerves I resolved to go through with this. My friends would tease me unmercifully if backed out now. My friend came back with her shirt torn down part way and it was now my turn. I swallowed my nervousness and marched up to the stage. Once again I was sprayed back and front and in no time I was center stage again, hearing "show your tits, show your tits". I smiled as sweetly as I could I started dancing again. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mary, Linda and Diane being boosted up on the stage. As soon as they were on the stage with me, they converged on me and started dancing with me. I felt a little better with them there at first, until Diane got a grip on my arms. I was starting to turn my head to tell her to let go when I felt someone grab the top of my T-shirt and tear it down the middle. I shrieked as I felt the cool air hit my nipples and the shirt was pulled down off my shoulders and left hanging behind my back. My boobs were completely uncovered. Mary grinned at me, then she spoke.

"Keep dancing. Just keep dancing."

Diane still held my arms and I tried to get away and cover up but she was stronger than I was. Linda took one of my arms and the two of them moved to my sides. Mary was dancing in front of me, with me and she smiled at me nastily. Then she reached for the button on my shorts. I must have had had a panicked look on my face but I was like a mouse caught in a trap. They were holding me so I couldn't get away and couldn't stop them. Linda's hand went up my arm and she pulled the shirt off that arm. Quickly Diane did the same and she tossed the shirt into the crowd. I was hearing a roar of approval from the guys in front of me. I was blushing and trying to get away from Mary, who by now had my shorts unbuttoned. With all the water that had been sprayed on them, they were sagging and my panties were showing. Mary hissed at me. I looked at her and she smiled wickedly. Her hand grabbed my zipper and I felt it slide down. My shorts were hanging on my hips and I was really embarrassed. Then Diane and Linda grabbed them on each side and pushed down. Now I was really embarrassed. My shorts slid down my legs until they were pooled around my ankles and my panties were the only things I had on. The roar got louder and louder. Diane and Linda bent down and they lifted one foot, then the other and got my shorts off me completely. Now I was hearing the crowd yelling, "show your bush, show your bush". Diane lifted my shorts above her head and twirled them around, and then she tossed them into the crowd. I was so red faced. Mary pushed me up to the front of the stage and then the three of them quickly slipped off the stage into the crowd once more. I stood with my hands over my boobs and blushed so much. My panties were full of water too and were sagging and I didn't know if I should grab them with one hand and try to cover my boobs with the other. But even with my embarrassment, I was getting a rush of pure power. I knew that everyone of the guys out there wanted me and me alone now. They wanted me to show my tits and even more. I certainly wasn't going to do that, but the excitement I felt was exhilarating. The MC was asking me to show my tits. I turned and let them see my butt with my soaked panties sagging down. I wasn't sure, but I thought the top of my butt crack was showing. I rolled my hips and let my butt shake for them. I was enjoying this too much. Finally I turned back to the crowd and slowly let my hands slip down. I was showing my tits! Even if they were little ones, the guys seemed to like them and the roars of approval was music to my ears. I was excited, very excited. I danced a little bit, showing them what they wanted to see and then dashed off the stage to loud roar of approval. When I entered the room, the girls stared at me in my panties and some glared at me. My friend came over to me.

"Not going to show off? You have sure surprised me."

"God, that is a rush! But I still can't believe I am doing this."

"Where are your shorts?"

"Oh my god! One of my friends threw them into the crowd!"

"I hope that you don't want them back, because you will never see them again."

With those words I sat down, blushing, realizing that she was right. My shorts were gone forever. I looked around for my top and bra and couldn't see them.

"Where is my top and bra? I left them there."

I pointed to the table where I had set them.

"Oh oh. A blonde came in here and took them."

"Oh shit, this is all I have of my clothes."

We both looked at my soaked underpants. The first girl was called and she left as I tried to wring the water out of my panties. The other girls left were staring at me, some with hostility at how much I had shown the crowd already and seeing their looks, I resolved not to go out for the third round. How could I in only my underpants? How could I go anywhere now? I looked around the room and there was nothing that I could use to cover myself and I started to get scared. How was I going to get back to our hotel in just panties? The first girl came back and looked at me with a smug look on her face. She had nice sized boobs, much bigger than mine and she was down to her panties also. As the others went on stage, I sat nervously, my mind racing, as I tried to figure out how was I going to get out of the bar dressed as I was. Every girl but one came back topless and a second one had stripped to her panties also. My friend came back in and my name was called. I sat and didn't move. No way was I going back on that stage. Shortly after my name was called the second time, Linda and Diane came into the room.

"Get up and get out there. You have to go out one more time if you want to win."

"I'm not going out there like this. I don't care if I win. How am I going to get out of here without being arrested?"

"You're going on stage. C'mon girl."

With that they grabbed my arms and dragged me to the door and up the stairs. I was trying to cover up but they held my arms down and I saw Mary waiting for me with her hands behind her back. She had that nasty smile on her face and my stomach lurched. What more could she do to me? Linda and Diane led me to the guy with the water hose and I was drenched once more. Immediately my panties began to sag down on my hips and the guys were cheering loudly as they saw me. My two friends took me to center stage and held me there, exposing my little boobs.

"Start dancing, stupid."

I began to dance, covering my boobs with my hands, blushing ferociously. My panties were hanging on me, but barely. Once I started dancing, though, the cheers and yells made me feel like I had the power once more. I started to give little flashes of my boobs and I really was getting excited. My three friends were dancing with me and I smiled at them. Mary danced behind me and I felt a touch on my hip. I started to reach down to grab my panties, but I didn't realize that she had cut them with pair of scissors. The waistband was cut through and my panties were sliding down. I frantically grabbed for them but I missed as they slid further and further until they were laying on the stage. I dropped both my hands to cover my pussy and started to turn to run off the stage, but they grabbed me once more. My boobs were out in the open as I held both hands over my pussy. Linda and Diane each grabbed one of my legs and Mary pulled both my arms back. I was looking out at the sea of faces in front of me, all of them, all the guys out there were cheering and yelling. I was so embarrassed; my face was all red. Mary made sure that I couldn't cover my boobs by holding my arms back and as Linda and Diane lifted me by my legs, my stomach lurched once more. I knew what they were going to do to me. The lifted me easily. I was the smallest of the four of us by far. When I was lifted up and was high enough that even the guys in the back could see me; Linda and Diane pulled my legs apart. I wanted to die, I wanted to fall through the stage, and I wanted to be anywhere but here. They did it slowly, listening to the guys screaming as my legs opened. I was naked. I was being held up in the air in front of hundreds of guys. Mary reached around me and cupped my boobs and thumbed my nipples as I felt my labia pull apart. I wanted to die. They were showing me, showing all of me to the crowd. I turned my head so I did not have to look at the crowd. Linda and Diane paraded me to all three sides of the stage, holding my legs wide open, showing my pussy to everyone. My nipples were stiff and poking out from the cold water and Mary's fingering. My pussy felt wide open, wide enough that I felt people could see inside me. I was blushing very hard. But, I was extremely excited. I couldn't understand the feelings that I had. I shouldn't be excited; I should be embarrassed and ashamed. I was a little, but I was even more excited. They turned me and held me just like they had for the crowd for the MC and guy with the hose and all the other guys on stage. Everyone had a look at me, at my naked body, my pubic hair, my bush, my labia and even inside me, my boobs.

It took me a bit, but with how excited I was and with the realization that nothing I had was a secret anymore, I turned to Linda and then Diane telling them to put me down. They both grinned at me and lowered my feet to the stage. I got the three of them beside me.

"Dance with me."

As I said that, I started dancing, this time with abandon, because I knew that there was nothing, not a part of me that was a secret anymore. I was blushing, but unashamed and I danced on that stage with no thought of covering myself. Now, after it made no difference, I didn't care what they saw. They had seen it all anyway. I turned so my butt was facing the crowd and shook it for them. I bent over so they could look at my pussy between my legs. As I did that the MC squatted in front of me and looked up at me. I grinned at him and straightened up. Then I spread my feet apart a little more and tilted my hips forward. He stared right at my pussy and then looked up at me and grinned. I danced over to each man on that stage and let him look at me, look at any part of me that they wanted to see. I was pretty much out of control. Even without the water that had been sprayed on me I knew that my pussy had to be wet. The music kept playing behind me and I kept dancing. I even bent over and kissed several of they guys in the front row, making sure that my knees were open so they could see my pussy. God, I was excited!

Finally the MC turned off the music and called for the other girls to come on stage. I stood to one side, naked with my hands on my hips, smiling at any guy that yelled at me. The other girls came up and two were pretty shocked to see me standing naked, three were openly hostile, and one left when she saw me. My friend from the contest came over to me and gave me a hug. We grinned at each other.

Then came the voting. The MC would hold his hand over each girl's head and ask if she was the winner. When he did it to me, I started dancing and danced from one side of the stage to the other. I didn't care anymore. And, I felt very free. I saw Linda, Diane and Mary in front of the stage; applauding and cheering for me, which made me feel pretty brave. The MC made sure that he went through the line of us three times, keeping me and the topless girls out as long as he could.

Needless to say, as the only naked girl on stage, I won the $200.00. As the six of us remaining walked off the stage, it dawned on me that I didn't have a stitch to wear. I stopped by one of the guys and asked him for a large T-shirt. He stood and looked at me, looked me up and down and then with a grin, gave me one. I dashed into the room and stripped as much of the water off my skin with my hands as I could. I could hear muttering from the others. I was called a slut, a whore, softly, but loud enough that I could hear. I didn't care. I slipped the T-shirt over my head and tugged it down. It reached to the middle of my thighs and even if my nipples and bush showed through it at least I wasn't naked anymore. My friends came charging in and hugged me, telling me that they hadn't planned on doing what they did to me, but I seemed to be so into it that they went further. I hugged them back and smiled at them. I was at peace with the whole night and since the bar was still open for another hour, I said let's go get some drinks.

We barreled out of the room and into the bar. I still got some cheers as I walked to the bar and ordered for the four of us. Mary paid for the drinks and we found a table, which was soon surrounded by guys, all of them drooling. I flushed again but sat back to enjoy the attention, something I never got at home or at school. The guys didn't flock around me, because I was plain and I didn't have boobs. But now that I had been naked in front of them, I was the queen and it felt good. I wondered to myself how many guys had seen me. It was an exciting thing to think about. Now that all these guys were around I was glad that I wasn't a virgin, even if I hadn't had sex that much before now. I was thinking that maybe, just maybe; I might be able to get a cute guy for at least part of the week. Grinning to myself, I looked around at the guys surrounding us and wondered to myself, what else could I do for this kind of a rush? My mind started to run through possibilities and I smiled at a cute guy who was smiling at me. God, this could be fun, a lot of fun I thought to myself.