**The Game**

by Neruda

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Two close girlfriends have a day of escalating exhibition.

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Author Note: This story was a special request from a friend. The events in this story are not real, but the two main characters are. Ginger and Kathy are real people and I have made every effort to portray them and describe them accurately. Ginger requested the story, and the ideas for it came from her.

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They had been planning this for a long time. Of course it was Ginger's idea. All the fun ideas were Ginger's. She may not be quite as outspoken as Kathy is, but on the inside she hides a naughty side that few people know about.

"Let's leave them behind!" she said. "Let's just go to the beach without them. If they can't take time off of their precious jobs, then screw them. We need some time off and I need little umbrella drinks served to me by shirtless cabana boys. Let's just go!"

Kathy took a moment to squirm in her seat and then agreed. "You're right. We've been planning this weekend for a long time and if they can't get off it's their loss. We don't need to suffer because Ben and John can't stand up to their boss. Let's go without them."

"Let's just go!"

All the plans for the weekend had already been made, all the reservations booked and the down payments sent in advance. So Ben and John were supportive of them going. With all the usual encouragement of "I'll miss you" and "Be Good" the girls loaded their luggage into the trunk of the car and set out for an adventure. It was only 6 hours to some nice beaches in Florida and they could use the time on the road to catch up on their lives.

"You seemed to really like the idea of leaving the boys behind when we decided to do that. Other than the schedule was there any reason," Kathy asked.

"Well, it's not that there is anything really particular. It's just that I was really looking forward to this weekend and needed the time away. Then when I thought we couldn't go, I got really down about it. Things have been a little stale between Ben and I and I just wanted to have some fun. You know?"

"What do you mean stale?" she asked.

"Well you know. We've been married a long time and he works so hard. Some of that spark is gone. I mean there was a time when I couldn't keep him off of me. I mean he was on me all the time! Now that we have been married so long it's just different.

"Like last week I was getting out of the shower when he walked into the bathroom. I was soaking wet and pink all over from the hot shower. My nipples were standing up, because I had just finished trimming myself and I was a little turned on by it. He walked in and didn't even look twice at me! He just grabbed his watch off of the counter and left. Doesn't he think I'm pretty anymore?"

"Of course he does sweetie," Kathy replied. "John and I have been through that before also. Do you remember when I started to go the gym all the time a few years back? I had the day off so I called John at work and tried to get him to have phone sex with me. I told him that I wasn't wearing anything at all and I had been thinking of his hard cock all day. I told him how hot I was and I wanted him.

"Do you know what he said to me? He said that he was really tired and probably wanted to go to sleep early tonight! Early! Not only did he miss the whole point, but the bastard wasn't even interested when he got home. I curled up on the bed and cried for an hour. I couldn't stand the thought of him not finding me attractive anymore. So I started going to the gym again."

"Oh my God," Ginger said. "I had no idea. What did the two of you do?"

"Well we talked about it and we started setting time aside for just the two of us. I told him if he didn't want to make proper use of me, I would find someone that would."

"You did not!"

"I surly did. I meant it too. It was funny. We had this big fight in the car and he said that I wouldn't do it. I told him that I bet I could find a guy to fuck in the next ten minutes. He said we were on the road and that wasn't possible. So I looked next to us and there was a truck in the slow lane with a couple of teenage boys in it.

I rolled down the window and started shouting for them. When the driver looked over I pulled my shirt up and flashed him. I thought he was going to run off the road! Ha, ha, ha. It was a long minute before he regained control of the truck and just about that time a cop pulled out and started flagging him down.

"John was some kind of pissed that I had flashed that kid. But he got the message. It was spend more time with me or get used to spending a lot of time alone."

"Oh my god, that's so hot..." Ginger said.

"What, flashing the kids in the truck?"

"Yeah, I can't believe you did that."

"You should do it the next time you are in the car with Ben. Teach him a lesson he won't soon forget!"

"I may have to."

It was silent in the car for a couple of minutes except for the music that was playing. It was some sappy country song that was all they could pick up in this part of north Florida.

"I want to do it." She said. "I want to flash someone."

"You mean right now?" Kathy asked.

"Yes, right here, right now! I mean what kind of harm can it cause? For some reason I just really want to feel sexy right now. How about it, the next guy we pass I flash."

"It's okay by me. How are you going to do it?"

Ginger thought about that for a second and made up her mind. The beautiful, slender blond was wearing a light weight cotton blouse with a red bra underneath it. Quickly she unbuttoned the blouse and shrugged it off. Then she reached behind her to unhook her bra. It wasn't fancy, but it fit her 34 Cs perfectly, and accented her natural curves.

When the bra was unfastened her breasts stayed up firm and high. She had had them enhanced a few years ago. Her light pink nipples started to harden instantly in the cool, conditioned air of the car. She covered them up for just a moment with her hands and looked at her friend for encouragement.

What she found there surprised her. Kathy, driving the car, had taken her eyes off of the road and was staring at Ginger's chest. It wasn't in the way she would expect her best friend to be looking at her. There was just the slightest hint of lust in her eyes. It sent an electric shiver all the way through Ginger's body. That moment was flash burned into her memory, and she felt the beginnings of her arousal start to build.

"I'm going to do this," She said to Kathy. Kathy looked back at the road. Ginger shrugged her way back into the loose sleeveless white blouse. She buttoned it up, but not nearly as far as last time. The bumping motion of the car on the road made her nipples rub lightly against the soft fabric. She looked down, but the material was too thick to see through. "I'm going to do this," she said. This time it was more to herself.

She stuffed the red bra in the glove box and tried not to look at her friend. She could feel a flush spreading against the fair skin of her neck and cheeks. She was blushing and she didn't know if it was because she was embarrassed, or if it was because she could not remember the last time she was this turned on.

While they waited for the next car to pass them on the road, she folded her slightly trembling hands in her lap and tried to keep them still. She could feel her too fast heart beat keeping time. Everything has slowed down in a surreal way.

Then Kathy burst out in laughter, and when she saw why, her stomach flipped. The next car had a family in it; mother, two sons and a father behind the wheel. She had vowed to flash the next car that passed them and here she was, about to flash a whole family!

Yes, she was feeling nervous, but at the same time it was exciting her. She took another look at the car through the side view mirror. The father looked bored. Mom was leaning her head against the side window and appeared to be dosing. The two boys in the back seat looked like they were both absorbed in their video games. So, the only one that would really see her was the dad. This could work.

Kathy started releasing the gas pedal a little at a time so their speed was slowing but not noticeably. They were in the fast lane, but there weren't a lot of other cars on the road. The Family SUV began to catch up with them and was about to overtake them. With a few deep breaths Ginger unbuttoned another two buttons on her blouse and made sure it would open wide enough for her needs. Her nipples were almost painfully hard, and her breath was catching in a ragged stream.

"Here they come," Kathy said. "Get ready."

Ginger turned half way around in the seat and knelt on it so her chest was above the level of the window sill. Just as the car pulled even with them, and the father casually looked her way to see who was in the car next to him, she ripped open her blouse. But that's not all. She wanted to make an impression. So she started pinching and pulling her tits. Partly to turn him on, partly because she couldn't stand it; they were begging to be touched. This whole scenario was only making her hotter and hotter.

Just when she was really getting into it she heard another bark of laughter form Kathy who started slamming the horn. Everyone in the car heard it and looked in their direction. Suddenly instead of one wide eyed man looking at her she had four people, including his wife and their two teenage boys. Everyone was watching her tweak her nipples with a vacant look of desire on her face. Then everyone panicked!

The father started yelling at his wife that it was all a big misunderstanding, the mother was screaming at him, or her. She didn't know which. Both of the boys in the back had their eyes GLUED to her. The SUV was swerving and she was ducking down in her seat trying to cover herself up again. Kathy was laughing at her like a lunatic and she felt more embarrassed than she ever had in her life.

But she also felt really turned on.

Kathy slammed the accelerator and they sped past the lumbering SUV and down the road. Now both of them were laughing and having a good time.

"Felt good, right?" Kathy asked.

"Oh god it felt good," she said, still slumped down in the seat of the car.

"When I did it I was wet for day after! It was all I could do to keep from fingering myself in the car. I bet it turned you on too." she joked and then reached down and started tickling Ginger. First under the arm and then when she flinched away down her stomach.

"Stop it," Ginger protested.

Before she did, Kathy's hand ventured a little too far down and touched the crotch of Ginger's matching white shorts. Maybe it was intentional, maybe it wasn't but it took Ginger completely off guard. Her breath caught and her whole back arched in ecstasy. Just that one probing touch right in the right place was almost enough to make her come. She quickly pushed Kathy's hand away and tried to change the subject.

"Okay Ms. Showoff. It's your turn!" Ginger challenged. "If you think it's so hot, let me see what you have.

"Gladly. Just switch places with me!"

The road was mostly empty on this Friday morning so they didn't feel the need to pull over. What followed was a complicated struggle of Kathy sliding under Ginger as the two of them traded places in the car. As their two bodies slid over one another from left to right, and they groped for hand holds to move them faster into position there seemed to be a lot of extra touching going on.

At one point, when they were almost over, Ginger reached to her right and her hand slipped completely inside of the striped halter shirt that Kathy was wearing. It was a clumsy move, and completely unintentional, but for just a second she found herself holding her best friend's breast.

"That's it," Kathy said. "Just grab hold of it if you want it."

Ginger yanked her hand back, embarrassed. In another moment they had finished the cross over and both of them were settling into their new positions.

Without another word Kathy reached back behind her neck and pulled the place where the halter tied over her head from back to front. Her breasts were much larger than her friend's, but they also sagged more and releasing them from their confinement showed their weight as they settled. Her nipples were hard and dark, and both of the women knew it wasn't just from the cold air.

"So how am I going to top you?" Kathy Asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Well I can't just show my tits to the next car that passes by," she said. She had completely removed her shirt and was sitting in the passenger's side without any attempt to cover up. Her heavy breasts bounced softly as the car vibrated down the road. Ginger found it harder and harder to keep her eyes off her friend. She made a concerted effort to watch the road. "That's what you did. If it's my turn, I have to outdo you, right?"

"I guess," Ginger replied.

"So what am I going to do?"

"Are you looking for me to dare you to do something?"

"That's it!" Kathy said. "Dare me. We'll make a game of it."

"Alright, okay. We'll make a game of it." Ginger thought for a long moment and couldn't help but feel a little envious of the size of her friend's breasts. "The next car that comes by, I want you to flash them, and while you are, I want you to suck on your own tit."

"What?!" Kathy exclaimed.

"You said you wanted a dare and you wanted to outdo me, well that's how you do it. I want you to suck on your own tit when the next car comes by."

"Okay, I'll do it," Kathy said a little breathlessly. She placed her arms over her head for a moment to stretch. Ginger watched her movements like a hawk. Her lithe body was toned and firm. Her armpits had been recently shaved and were clean and smooth. That made her think of Kathy's pussy which she claimed she shaved clean, but Ginger had never actually seen. The air in the car seemed to grown thicker as she was thinking about that. She had to face the fact that she was very turned on by this.

Ginger had never really been attracted to girls, not in that way. But at the same time, she was a little curious. Not that she wanted to turn lesbian or anything, but... it may just be nice to let another woman touch her. To feel another woman's fingers touching her... somewhere private...

She was startled out of her reverie by a sharp intake of breath from the passenger's side. She looked and saw that an 18 wheeler was pulling even with them in the middle lane. Kathy was breathing heavy and shallow, and it was making her breasts rise and fall with her chest. Her dark nipples could not have been any harder.

Following the same procedure that Ginger had done she knelt in the passenger's seat and faced the window. She was cupping her breasts.

"Honk the horn"

"What?" Ginger asked.

"Honk the horn, he doesn't see me."

Ginger gave the horn one good toot then another. Suddenly the massive truck jerked slightly toward them, but recovered quickly. Truck drivers were more focused on driving than most people.

Kathy started by pinching and pulling her nipples, just like Ginger had. But that wasn't good enough for this stretch of the bet. So she lifted her left breast to her mouth and began tonging her nipple. After a moment or two she took it into her mouth and sucked on it.

Even from the driver's seat Ginger could see the truck driver transfixed on the free show he was getting. She hazarded a glimpse at the road, not wanting to miss her friend's performance, but also intently trying to stay alive.

When Kathy was done with that breast she released it from captivity and went on to her right one. She repeated the same process of licking and then sucking on her tit. Whether it was part of the show or not, Ginger saw Kathy's hand dip between her legs for just a moment. That seemed to startle her out of the act. She scooted down on the seat and hid her face.

"Go, just go!" She said. She was giggling and hiding her face against the door of the car.

Ginger slammed on the accelerator and they easily over took the slow moving truck. In a few minutes they were down the highway and he was no longer even in sight.

"Oh, my god!" Kathy said. "I think I got a little carried away there."

"I'll say. It was really hot though." Ginger's heart was beating just a little too fast. Her skin felt flushed and she just knew that if she took off her panties right now they would be soaked. She had no doubt that Kathy was feeling the same way.

By bits and pieces Kathy seemed to recover until she was sitting up fully in her seat. Her skin was still flushed and she had a somewhat distant look in her eyes.

"So I guess it's your turn," Kathy said with an evil grin.

"I guess it is," she replied uneasily. Kathy could have a down right evil side to her when it came to things like this. She liked to push boundaries. Just when Kathy was about to open her mouth and say something she was saved by the bell. "There's the exit for the hotel."

Ginger turned quickly and got off the interstate. Now that they were on surface roads there were a lot more opportunities for someone to see into the car so Kathy hurried up and put her stripped halter top back on.

The hotel was a luxury resort right on the beach and they had no trouble finding it. It was the kind of place that had a spa and clothing shops built into it. The service was excellent and the prices were high, but they could afford it this weekend.

They checked in, and waited for a bell hop to come get their bags and show them to their room. While they were waiting Kathy started grinning and Ginger felt trouble on the way.

"It's your turn, right?" she asked.

"We're not playing anymore. That was a road game."

"Oh, we're still playing all right. And it's your turn." Kathy said.

"Hey, I didn't agree to that. On the road was fun but here is different. It's much more up-close and personal."

"That's the point," she said. "The whole point is to outdo one another. So here's what you are going to do. I want you to flash the bellhop in the elevator."

"What? I can't do that."

"Sure you can. Unbutton that little white blouse of yours and tie it at the bottom so it gaps at the top. Then stand on the side of him in the elevator. He will be able to see your breast. I dare you!"

"Okay," Ginger said, almost without thinking about it. In fact she had opened her mouth to say no, but she said yes instead. She ducked into a ladies room in the lobby and locked the door. She was breathing hard again, her excitement building.

She still wasn't wearing a bra. She took off her white sleeveless blouse and looked in the mirror. Her breasts had never been very large, but they were always wonderfully shaped with just the right upturn to her soft pink nipples. Of course they weren't that soft right now.

She gave them a little squeeze, and it felt so good she pinched the nipples a bit. A couple of years ago she had made the decision to have them enhanced. Sure they still weren't as large as Kathy's, but they had always been shaped better.

Hurriedly she shrugged back into her blouse and tied the tails together in front. It took a few tries to get it just right, but in the end it gapped open at the top. From the front it looked like an ordinary shirt. But if you were standing close to her and to the side you could see right down her top to her nipples. She smiled at the work and left the bathroom.

"Okay, I'm ready" Ginger said. She turned to the side, first one way, and then the other for Kathy to see.

"You sure are," she said. "And just in time."

Right then a young Hispanic man about 22 came up to take their bags. He was about 10 years younger than the girls, but it didn't matter. They were smoking hot and they knew it. Ginger entered the elevator first so she was standing at the back. The porter followed her in and stood facing the doors. Kathy came in last and stood in the front.

When the doors closed Ginger asked "Excuse me, is the pool opened?" She said lamely.

The young man turned to look at her, but never got the reply out. As soon as he looked over he was greeted by a front row view of the pretty blonde's breasts, completely exposed from his angle. His mouth hung open dumbly.

"Excuse me, I asked if the pool is open?" She repeated kindly in a motherly tone.

"Uhhh, yes ma'am. The pool is definitely open." He still had not broken his stare.

Just at that time Kathy turned around and said "Do you see something there that you like?"

That snapped him out of his stupor and he looked back at the front of the car. "Oh, yes ma'am. I mean no ma'am. I mean I wasn't looking at anything."

Kathy turned back to the front and tried to hold back her giggles. The young porter's face could not have been any redder. Ginger closed her shirt a little, but mainly she just felt alive; alive for the first time in a long time.

Their room was a suite. It was two master bedrooms, with their own bathrooms, and connected by a living room and a small kitchenette. It was done in traditional pinks and tans of a nice hotel in Florida. A little garish, but it was fine for short term. The porter was tipped (again) and the girls had the room to themselves.

"That was wild!' Ginger said.

"I know, that guy couldn't keep his eyes off of you. And why should he?" With that she walked up to her friend and arranged her blouse so that it gapped open again. "Damn, hot! So, how about a drink?"

"Sure, but here in the room or down at the bar."

"Both, but here in the room first. Then we can take a little nap. Bar later. How does that sound?"

"Okay," Ginger said. She went over to the phone and called for room service. "Can you bring up two frozen margaritas?" she asked politely.

"With tequila shots on the side," Kathy suggested to her.

"And can you bring 4 tequila shots also? Great, thanks." Ginger hung up the phone and turned to Kathy. "Hey, guess what," she said.

"What?"

"It's your turn!"

"Oh, okay. Now that's it's my turn you are eager to continue the game. Just remember that if I take another turn you have to too."

"That's okay; I have something really good for you."

"Oh do tell..." Kathy said.

"Well, you know how you're always telling me that you completely shave your... well down there?"

"Yes..." Kathy said hesitantly.

"Well, I dare you to go put on a long shirt and nothing else. When the waiter comes with the drinks you have to find a way to let him see. Either raise your arms up, or turn around and bend over to pick something up. But you have to let him see your shave job. Unless of course... you're chicken."

"Oh, bitch don't even start with me. I'll take this much further than you will and you know it. If you really want me to do this, you better prepare for the worst."

"I dare you," Ginger said.

"Okay, I'm going to go change now."

They both went to their separate rooms. Ginger was really worried about what Kathy would ask her to do next. She could feel her anxiety, but more than that she felt excited. When she was on the elevator something had snapped in her. It wasn't Kathy pushing her into the game anymore; she wanted to be in the game. Not only was she turned on by it all, but she felt younger and alive and wasn't feeling burdened by a house note or a job... or even a husband. That thought was scary. But it was also exciting.

She decided that she wanted to be comfortable but sexy also. She fished in her bag for her little black bikini. She had ordered it online and it was small. There wasn't enough fabric on the whole thing to make a decent lamp shade. She wanted it to turn john on, but maybe she could use it to turn on someone else. Maybe that would be more fun.

She started by taking all of her clothes off in the bathroom. Predictably her panties were soaked. She briefly considered masturbating, but she wanted to let her desire build. Who knew what was coming later in the day.

The little black bikini had spaghetti straps. A small, narrow strip of material ran between her legs and it tied on both hips. Only a slender string ran between the cheeks of her ass. The top was another adventure. The shapes of the cups were nice, and accented her curves, but there was not a lot of material there.

The real change for her is that the bikini was unlined. There was no protective layer of padding under the cloth to hide the shape of her nipples, especially when it was wet. Even in the dry bathroom the shape of her nipples were clearly visible through the material. She tied it low to make more of her cleavage visible. She realized quickly that she would have to constantly monitor the small top or else her nipples would be showing.

Looking at the effect in the mirror it was truly a scandalously small bikini. She loved it!

When she came out of her large room and into the sitting room Kathy was already there. Of course she was, she had a lot less to put on. She was standing in front of the picture window, staring at the beach down below.

All she was wearing was a white tee that stopped just below her ample ass. It looked like an older shirt, large and comfortable but also a little thread bare in places. Her bare legs were nothing short of gorgeous, all the way from the floor to where they disappeared under the shirt. Both girls worked out a lot, but one of Kathy's best features was her thighs, hard and lean.

When she heard Ginger enter the room she turned around, looking a little embarrassed. She pulled at the bottoms of the loose shirt, but even then it only reached an inch or two below her crotch. It was obvious from all the way across the room that she was not wearing any panties. Nothing would be small enough to fit under there and not be seen.

"Are you sure you want me to do this? You know what this means for you?" Kathy asked.

"Yes, I'm sure. He should be here in about five minutes. How are you going to do it?"

"Well, I thought I would drop his tip on the ground right in front of me. When he bent over to get it, he would be able to see right up the bottom of the shirt. He would only be inches away."

"Wow, that's really hot. A perfect stranger's face only inches away from your bare vag. Are you sure you are up for it?"

"Yeah, but you better not flake out on me when it's your turn."

"I'm done flaking out," Ginger said. "Now let me see."

"Let you see what?"

"Let me see it! You are always telling me how shaved it is, I want to see. Come here". Ginger sat down cross legged on the sofa. It was low to the ground. When Kathy crossed the room to stand in front of her it gave her an eye level view of her puss.

Without waiting to be asked Ginger reached up and pulled her friend's shirt up a few inches. All she could do was stare. It was GORGEOUS! She had never seen another woman's pussy like this before.

It was shaved as bare as any baby's butt. Kathy was obviously very turned on. Her scent was almost overpowering. Ginger felt her mouth water at the possibilities. Kathy's lips were full and she just knew that if she touched her, her fingers would slip right into to her moist pussy. Her heart was racing. Her blood was boiling.

"Look," Kathy said. "Completely shaved." With that she reached a hand down and pulled her lips up and open with two fingers. There was not a trace of a hair or stubble anywhere.

Just then there was a knock at the door. It startled both girls out of their trance. Ginger dropped the shirt and leaned back in the couch and looked away from her friend. Kathy smoothed the front of her shirt and took several deep breaths. She crossed the room to answer the door.

As soon as Kathy had turned her back, Ginger's hand darted between her legs. The fingers of her right hand deftly found the tiny top of her bikini bottoms and slipped into them. She was beyond wet. She was soaking through the fabric of her tiny bottoms. Her breath caught when her index finger touched her clit. It was hard and swollen and nothing had ever felt so good in her life. She ventured lower and slipped a finger inside of herself, as deep as she could go. But just as fast as it had started, Kathy had made it all the way to the door. She quickly pulled her hand out from between her legs and tried to look casual. She wanted to see the show. Her index finger left a sticky trail up her stomach.

At the door there was a second knock and Kathy answered it. The waiter was standing behind a silver cart that contained the drinks they had ordered. Two frozen margaritas and four generous shot glasses of tequila. He was an older man, maybe around 60 and his name tag said "Nick".

To his credit he had a lot more composure than the young man in the elevator had. He looked at the beautiful blond woman at the door and never broke his smile, even though his eyes did course up and down her lithe body, drinking every bit of her in.

After making the appropriate greetings he pushed the cart into the room and fumbled a bit waiting for a tip. Kathy went to hand it to him, and just before it touched his hand she dropped it.

"Oopsie," she singsonged.

"No problem, ma'am. I'll get it." He said. He was a man used to hard work all his life and instead of bending at the waist he squatted down on his haunches. He picked up the dropped bill and started back up, when he froze. He had a perfectly clear view up her shirt at her perfectly shaved and wet pussy. Her smell must have been intoxicating at that distance.

As casually as she possibly could she took half a step to the side, but only with her right foot making her legs spread.

"Did you get it?" She asked.

"Yes ma'am," He said but it was another long moment before he stood up. He was a smart guy. He knew that no woman does something like this by accident. If he was seeing this, she wanted him to see it. And he was not going to pass up the opportunity. Slowly he rose and he looked her right in the eyes before he said "Thank you, it's been a long day."

"Well, it's my pleasure, Nick" Kathy said.

When he turned to go, he was sporting a giant erection in his maroon waiter's pants. The pants were fairly loose, like he had purchased them a size too large on purpose. Still his cock was straining against the material to be free. He was huge.

Reluctantly he left the room, closing the door behind him.

"I wonder where he is going" Ginger asked.

"He's either going to beat off in the bathroom or fuck one of the maids in the storage closet," Kathy replied. They both laughed at that, and that helped to break some of the sexual tension in both of them. After all this was supposed to be fun, and honestly Ginger didn't want this to go too far. At least not yet.

"Shots!" Ginger exclaimed.

"Shots," Kathy agreed. She handed one to Ginger and took one for herself. She held her glass up and said, "To The Game!"

"To The Game!" Ginger agreed.

They did the first one, and then the second. Then each took their margaritas to go sit next to each other on the couch. Kathy had not bothered to change after their run in with Waiter Nick. When she sat the shirt pulled up to her navel.

"Hey Ginger, guess what?"

"What?"

"It's your turn," she said with evil in her smile.