**The Party**

By Bobbie Kaye (Cutie)

Bobbie Kaye hated staying home on Saturday night. It was absolutely the worst. Fortunately, the twenty seven year old woman was popular enough that she usually had a date, and if no male companion was available, she would call one of her many girlfriends and head to the movies or a club; anything to avoid sitting around the house. So when her date called at three in the afternoon to cancel for that very evening, she was extremely disappointed. They’d made plans two weeks prior for dinner and a movie, and she’d been looking forward to it all week. This last minute bad news ruined her good mood.

She made some phone calls, trying to find somebody she could hang out with for the evening, but on such short notice, everybody she called already had plans. She eventually gave up, deciding to rent a couple of DVDs and order a pizza.

She was searching through the latest movie releases at the local Blockbuster, trying to find something she hadn’t seen yet but wanted to, when she heard someone call her name. She turned around to find Mickey, a friend of a friend, smiling at her.

“Hey Cutie,” he said, using the nickname most of her friends used. “No date tonight?” He was carrying a bag with a bottle of wine inside, and had seen her through the front window.

Bobbie Kaye couldn’t help looking depressed. She gave him a sad smile, shaking her head. “Called off at the last minute.”

“Well, you wanna go to a party?”

Bobbie Kaye’s eyes lit up. She barely knew this guy, but he was a friend of Gerald’s, and Gerald was pretty cool. And it sure beat staying home. “Tonight?” she asked cautiously.

“Yeah, just a little get together at a friend’s place. Party games, food, drinks, dancing, you know, the usual.”

“Anybody I know?”

“I doubt it. This guy’s got some serious money, and a nice house,” Mickey explained. “He runs in a different circle.”

“He won’t mind if a poor girl like me shows up?” she asked with an embarrassed smile.

“I doubt if you’re really poor, Cutie,” he replied. “But no, he’s not like that. Not stuck up at all. You’ll be welcome, I’m sure.”

Bobbie Kaye pondered for a moment, then flashed a smile and said “Count me in!”

They made plans for Mickey to pick her up at seven thirty, and Bobbie Kaye, forgetting all about the DVDs she’d planned on renting, drove home to get ready.

The doorbell rang at seven thirty sharp, and Bobbie Kaye found Mickey standing there, actually looking pretty good. He wasn’t a bad looking guy, but dressed as he was in snazzy casual attire, she couldn’t help but think that he shined up nicely.

No flowers, she noticed, but then chided herself. This wasn’t a date, not really, just two acquaintances going to a party together. She was going to get to dance, which she loved, and since this wasn’t a date, she’d likely get to spend time with a lot of different guys. And most important, she didn’t have to sit home alone on Saturday night.

Mickey escorted her downstairs and out to the street, where she saw a fancy BMW waiting at the curb. When Mickey opened the back door for her, she was momentarily confused. Then she saw that someone was already sitting behind the wheel, and Mickey joined her in the back seat.

“Cutie, this is my brother Charlie,” he said. “He’s our designated driver. I’m planning on having a few drinks tonight, and I have no intention of driving afterward. He’ll be back to pick us up after the party.”

Bobbie Kaye said hi, and thanked him. She was relieved, too. She refused to ride with anybody she knew had been drinking, at least more than one. She’d been forced to find her own way home a few times, when one guy or another had demonstrated less discretion. She had no problem with alcohol, and liked to have a drink or two, maybe more, herself sometimes. But drinking and driving was out of the question.

She noticed that they were heading toward an upscale part of town. Bobbie Kaye was ready, though, decked out in her best little black dress, her long auburn hair pinned up in what she thought was a sophisticated style, and wearing her favorite fashion jewelry. She didn’t own many expensive items, just a couple of heirloom pieces. But she had a nice selection of costume jewelry, and she thought this particular necklace and earring set looked like real diamonds.

They eventually pulled up in front of what looked to Bobbie Kaye like a mansion. Her eyes opened wide as she glanced about the neighborhood. Lots of Mercedes, Volvos and BMWs, with nary a Ford, Nissan or Chevy in sight. The two story house, which was situated on a large lot, seemed huge to a girl who lived alone in a one bedroom apartment.

Mickey led her toward the house, and they were greeted at the door by their host Edward and his lovely wife Madeline. Both appeared to be in their mid forties, and each was dressed in a designer outfit that boasted of taste, not gaudiness. Edward welcomed their latest guests, inviting them to join the festivities. Madeline offered a warm smile and a kiss on the cheek.

Music was coming from a room off to the right, while a buffet table filled with a variety of appetizing delights foods beckoned from straight ahead. More than a dozen well dressed guests were visible, dancing, eating or talking. Bobbie Kaye looked around, feeling just a little underdressed. Her dress, which was her very favorite, had still come from a discount store, while most of the other guests looked like they’d stepped out of fashion magazines.

“You hungry, Cutie?” asked Mickey. “Or would you like to dance?”

Bobbie Kaye’s face brightened then, and any concerns she’d been harboring quickly evaporated. “Let’s have a dance first,” she said, “but I want to eat soon. I’m starving.”

So they hit the floor, and Mickey proved himself a worthy dance partner. Bobbie Kaye loved dancing, and she was actually quite talented. But Mickey kept up well, and she thought the evening was getting off to a great start.

Over the next hour or so, Bobbie Kaye found time to partake of a few of the inviting dishes, and she was asked to dance by three other gentlemen. Mickey didn’t seem to mind, as he’d been dancing with several of the available women.

At nine o’clock, their host Edward called everyone to attention. “I would like to thank everyone for being here tonight, especially my good friend Mickey, and his very attractive lady friend, Bobbie Kaye.” Bobbie Kaye blushed at the unexpected burst of applause, which seemed to be directed toward her.

“As most of you know,” Edward continued, “I sometimes like to spice up my parties with a little game of chance.” Bobbie Kaye smiled at that, too. But if they were planning on playing poker, they might be out of her league, financially speaking. She usually played for quarters, or dollars maybe, but these people probably played for hundreds.

“The rules for tonight’s game are quite simple,” Edward explained. “There are twenty six guests present this evening, in addition to Madeline and myself. Each of the twenty eight of us here will draw a single card from a shuffled deck. Whoever draws the highest card wins. In the event of a tie, all those with the highest card will draw again until a winner is determined for that hand.”

Bobbie Kaye was trying to imagine where this was going. She’d never heard of a game of chance, of any sort of card game, like that.

“The winner will then move to the sidelines and enjoy the rest of the game as an observer. The twenty seven remaining players will repeat the process with a freshly shuffled deck. The winner of each round will step aside, and the game will continue.”

It sounded strange, but Bobbie Kaye’s curiosity was piqued.

“The final round will be played between the two remaining participants who have yet to win a hand. One of those two will win, and the other player, who will not have won any of the previous twenty seven hands, will be declared the loser.”

Bobbie Kaye wondered where this was all going. What was the point of playing so many hands, only to have one player named as the loser?

“The loser, to whom I shall now refer as the ‘Star,’ will then remove all of his or her clothing, and will spend the remainder of the party in the nude.”

Oh.

“The Star will be expected to participate fully in all aspects of the party, including dancing at least once with anyone who asks. Any embarrassment the Star may feel is to be endured. There will be no attempts to cover up or hide his or her nudity in any way. If this rule is violated, upon the third such offense, the Star will be required to complete a forfeit, the nature of which will be announced at that time. Oh, and cameras are forbidden,” he added. “No photos will be taken, nor videos recorded. The Star will be subject to the appropriate embarrassment tonight, but no photographic record is to be kept.”

Bobbie Kaye stood there, her mouth gaping, trying to comprehend what she’d just heard. A stripping game? A real, live stripping game! She’d heard about stripping games, but had never actually participated in one. She was so shy about her body. Not that she was ashamed, not at all. She was petite and slender, with small, perky breasts she felt were just the right size for her frame.

But secretly, and Bobbie Kaye had never told anyone this, the idea of being seen naked by a lot of people was a huge turn on. It was a favorite fantasy, to be caught in public with nothing on, where everyone could see her. She would have nowhere to hide in this fantasy, and no way to cover herself. Everybody would be able to see her little boobies, and her neatly trimmed kitty-cat, and her round bubble butt, and the fantasy always made her so hot.

But this was reality. She couldn’t do it for real, it was just a fantasy. However, as she thought about it, she realized that there were twenty eight people playing the game, so her odds of losing were only one in twenty eight. There were lots of good looking guys there, too, and the idea of watching one of them strip was actually beginning to turn her on. Or maybe one of the other girls would lose, and would be so embarrassed. The thought of watching another girl strip in front of everybody was appealing, too. Not that Bobbie Kaye was into girls, no way.

“I have an agreement for everyone to sign,” announced Edward. “It repeats the rules that I have enumerated, and states simply, in plain, clear English, that you agree to the terms of the game. It further states that if the Star refuses to disrobe as the rules require, that he or she will be held immobile by other guests, while his or her clothing is cut from his or her body and into shreds with a pair of scissors, rendering the items useless later when it’s time to leave. And no other cover will be provided.”

Bobbie Kaye told herself it didn’t matter, that she wasn’t going to lose. Still, she glanced down at her little black dress. She didn’t want her dress cut to shreds. If she did lose, she’d have to undress on her own. But with such long odds, she wasn’t worried at all. Much.

“If anyone chooses not to participate in the game, I must ask you to leave now. There will be no hard feelings if you do, and it will not affect our friendship. But I hope you all choose to stay. I believe you’ll find my little party game quite enjoyable.”

No one left. There would be twenty eight players. But despite the minimal chance that she’d lose, Bobbie Kaye felt a knot in her stomach. She also felt a hint of wetness in her kitty-cat. Glancing through the agreement, she signed it, albeit nervously, and prepared to play the game.

She’d completely forgotten about Mickey, who tapped her on the shoulder. “Cutie, I had no idea Edward was planning something like this.”

She forced a smile. “It’s okay, Mickey. The odds of me losing are small,” she smiled, “and I think it’ll be fun watching somebody get all embarrassed when they have to strip.”

The game began. The first round, Bobbie Kaye drew the King of Clubs, and was feeling pretty confident until three people drew aces. Those three drew a second card, and a good looking guy named Chad took a seat at the side of the room, looking just a little smug.

The cards were shuffled again, and this time a very beautiful young lady named Shannon, with long brown curls and a narrow waist, had the high card. The third round was won by a tall brunette wearing a skirt so short that, along with her bare midriff, if she had lost, she wouldn’t have been revealing too much more than she already was.

The game progressed, and by the twentieth round, Edward and Madeline had each won a hand, as had Mickey. There were eight people remaining in the game, three men and five women, including Bobbie Kaye. She could feel her heart beating faster, but she told herself that she still had really good odds.

The next round Bobbie Kaye drew first, and saw that she held the Ace of Diamonds. Smiling, she flashed her card to Mickey, who was sitting along the wall with the other winners. “Make room for me,” she mouthed. But Diane, a tall, slender brunette with very large and obviously fake breasts, drew the Ace of Clubs. They each had to draw another card, and Bobbie Kaye pulled the King of Diamonds. Again she smiled, until Diane drew the Ace of Spades.

Bobbie Kaye was beginning to feel really nervous. She should have won that time, but the fates had smiled on Diane instead. Each of the next two rounds, Bobbie Kaye drew face cards, but neither was enough to get her out of the game.

Five players remained. In addition to Bobbie Kaye, there was Jessica, a tall, full figured brunette, and Helen, a woman probably in her late forties who still had a model’s good looks and a trim, lithe body. Then there was Jan, a bubbly blond with huge but natural boobs, along with the only remaining male, a buff guy named Derek, who Bobbie Kaye was hoping would lose.

But Bobbie Kaye still had a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach. She didn’t want to strip naked in front of all these people. Yet at the same time, a part of her wanted exactly that. It was a huge fantasy, being seen naked by a crowd of people. But this wasn’t a fantasy, this was reality, and she was growing increasingly nervous with each succeeding draw of the cards.

Again she drew a king, but again it wasn’t enough. Jessica drew a three, Derek a four, and Helen a seven. But Jan turned over an ace, and she let out a sigh of relief.

Bobbie Kaye wasn’t the only one who was worried. Jessica giggled nervously as she drew the Jack of Diamonds, crossing her fingers as Helen reached into the pile. Helen’s hands had actually begun to shake, and the nine she turned over didn’t help. Derek drew a two, and then Bobbie Kaye turned over a ten. Jessica let out a little gasp of relief.

Just three people remained, and Bobbie Kaye sensed she was really in trouble. This time Derek drew the high card, leaving Helen and Bobbie Kaye. Helen was a beautiful woman, but on closer inspection, Bobbie Kaye noticed a few lines near her eyes, and a bit of sagging around her neck. Bobbie Kaye thought that, without her clothes, Helen’s youthful beauty might be betrayed by the reality of time. That outcome could prove far more embarrassing to the classy lady than it would for Bobbie Kaye.

Helen reached for the freshly shuffled deck, and drew the Four of Clubs. A hint of panic swept across her face then, and Bobbie Kaye felt a twinge of pity. At least until she drew her own card, the Three of Spades. Helen began to giggle, knowing that she’d been miraculously rescued from exposing herself to all present, many of whom were her close friends.

And that was the only thing in Bobbie Kaye’s favor at that moment, the fact that other than Mickey, she’d never see any of these people again. She glanced around the room, finding twenty seven pairs of eyes focused on her, a smile beneath each pair.

Edward guided Bobbie Kaye to a raised platform in the corner of the room. “You’re the Star, dear Bobbie Kaye! You were unable to win a single draw in twenty seven tries, and from now on, you’re the Star of the party!”

As she ascended three steps to the makeshift stage, Bobbie Kaye glanced around the room again. She couldn’t help taking note of so many people, more than two dozen well dressed men and women, eagerly anticipating her abject humiliation. “I… um… can I… I need…” she stuttered self consciously. “Water… no, tequila… please… I need a… a drink.”

Madeline, the hostess, brought tray bearing a bottle of Don Patron and a small glass. Bobbie Kaye filled the glass, downed it, then another. Madeline stepped away, taking the glass and the tequila with her. Bobbie Kaye stood alone with everybody watching her. She knew what she had to do.

The lights dimmed everywhere but on Bobbie Kaye. Reaching around the back of her little black dress, she took hold of the zipper, while she contemplated her unfortunate choice of clothing. She’d almost gone with a black pencil skirt and blue silk pullover that absolutely had to be worn with a bra or a camisole underneath. But she’d chosen the black dress, and lacked even the temporary protection a bra would have offered.

She wasn’t intending to draw the event out so tantalizingly, but the zipper momentarily became stuck. She finally drew the zipper down, and proceeded to pull the dress forward and over her shoulders. Hesitating as long as she felt she could, and then closing her eyes, she allowed the garment to fall to her feet and stepped out of it. Her small but well formed breasts, with their surprisingly hard nipples, were on full display, just north of her last line of defense, her panties.

And sexy panties they were. She’d worn a pair of frilly black satin panties, along with lacy thigh high stockings and black two inch pumps. With her eyes still tightly shut, Bobbie Kaye could hear applause and whistles, along with a few lewd comments.

One of Bobbie Kaye’s most admirable qualities was that she always tried to play fair. She’d agreed to play this silly game, and felt honor bound to go through with it. She knew that she would’ve been enjoying this part of the evening immensely, had the outcome been different. Remembering that she wasn’t allowed to cover herself, she willed herself to keep her arms to her sides. Her eyes remained closed as well, as she allowed the party guests to drink in the spectacle of her nearly nude form.

She heard giggling then, followed by a female voice declaring “They’re so tiny!”

Another female voice asked “How old is she? Twelve?”

The first voice replied “When I was twelve, my boobs were bigger than hers!”

Another thing about Bobbie Kaye was that while her breasts were small, she felt they were perfectly proportioned to her slender frame. And for someone as easy going as she usually was, one thing she wouldn’t tolerate was disparaging comments about her figure. She was actually very proud of her breasts, and often wore tops or sweaters that accentuated how small they were. She opened her eyes then, searching for the offending voices.

She immediately recognized the faces behind those voices. Jan, the blond with the oversized but apparently natural breasts, and Diane, the tall brunette with what were obviously silicone enhancements, and not very good ones at that, were the perpetrators of the rude remarks. Bobbie Kaye was down from the platform and in their faces before either woman knew what was happening.

Standing there in just her panties, stockings and shoes, her embarrassment momentarily forgotten, Bobbie Kaye proceeded to offer a piece of her mind. “You bimbos got a problem with my breasts?” she asked sharply. Both women were taken aback by Bobbie Kaye’s surprising display of fortitude. “My breasts are perfect, and I wouldn’t change them for the world.” Both women actually took a step backward as Bobbie Kaye encroached upon their collective space.

“I certainly wouldn’t waste my hard earned money on fake boobs,” she said, her finger pointing at Diane’s chest. “Especially boobs that look as bad as those things. What, did you have a couple of soccer balls installed in there?” Laughter erupted throughout the room. “Nobody as skinny as you could have boobs that big without paying for them,” she sneered. “Or maybe it was your sugar daddy that paid for them?” Diane didn’t say a word, but her bright red face betrayed her humiliation.

“And you,” she continued, turning to Jan. “Yours look real enough. But unlike your friend here, I’ll bet when you take your bra off, they hang so far down that you can’t see your belly button!” Jan’s face began to turn crimson, but she offered no response. “And when you’re fifty and they’re drooping to your waist, and your back is killing you, my boobies will still be sitting way up high and perky.” More laughter from the other partygoers.

Both women mumbled apologies, and tried to back farther away. Bobbie Kaye figured they’d had enough, and headed back for the platform. Her own embarrassment, briefly forgotten, was swiftly returning, but then something unexpected happened. The other party guests began to applaud. The sound confused her at first, but when she reached the platform and turned around, still dressed in nothing but her black satin panties, thigh highs and shoes, she realized that everyone was applauding her!

The show of support from the other guests only served to embarrass her further, however, but she appreciated the gesture. After a few minutes, things began to settle down, and Bobbie Kaye knew she had to finish undressing. She was bending down to unfasten a shoe when she heard Edward call her name.

“Excuse me, Bobbie Kaye?” She looked up, hoping that her little display of self confidence might have earned her the right to keep her panties on. “On behalf of… most of… my friends here this evening,” he said, glancing sideways in the direction of Jan and Diane, “I’d like to thank you for what you just said to a couple of my less thoughtful guests. You clearly have a wonderful body image, and are to be congratulated.” More applause.

“Um… thank you, Edward. Um… this is… this is who I am, and I have nothing to be ashamed of.” She took a little breath. “Embarrassed, maybe,” she conceded, “by the circumstances, I mean, but… but not ashamed.”

“Well,” Edward continued, “I’d like to inform you that you do not have to remove everything you’re wearing.” Bobbie Kaye’s eyes lit up! “Please keep your shoes and stockings on. When you remove your panties, you’ll seem even more naked, dressed in those and nothing else.”

Her hopes for salvation dashed, Bobbie Kaye hooked her thumbs inside the waistband of her panties and, not wanting to prolong the show, quickly pulled them down past her stockings and shoes and stepped out of them. She could not believe that she was standing in front of twenty seven people, totally exposed, but she was doing exactly that. Somehow it didn’t quite match her fantasies, where she was always so turned on. At that moment, she was just embarrassed.

Her appreciative audience studied her slender body, making no effort to be subtle. She’d lost the game, and was there to be stared at. Bobbie Kaye could almost feel the eyes studying her. It was like the lightest down roaming freely up and down her nude body, coming to rest on her achingly erect nipples, on the little triangle of neatly trimmed hair at the bottom of the silky smooth skin that followed the curve of her body down to where her slender, stocking clad legs began, and back up to her smooth, round bottom. Her entire body was blushing, and felt rigid as she fought every instinct to cover herself. But using every ounce of willpower she could muster, she just stood as calmly as possible while everyone drank in the details of her petite, pale body.

But the novelty of a naked party guest eventually began to dwindle, and Bobbie Kaye wondered what she should do next. Edward approached her and politely asked for a dance. She gratefully accepted and, trying to ignore her situation, Bobbie Kaye soon found herself dancing with a series of very polite and thoughtful gentlemen.

After a while, Bobbie Kaye decided she was hungry, and headed for the buffet. She selected a few tasty looking morsels, and requested a margarita to wash them down. And she was careful not to cover herself with the tray. She didn’t want to violate that rule, and have to do some humiliating and degrading task as a forfeit.

Just as she finished eating, Jan, the blond, approached her, holding an icy drink of some sort in her hand and looking very contrite. “I want to apologize,” she began. “Diane and I were out of line, and you didn’t deserve to be laughed at.”

Bobbie Kaye was pleasantly surprised by this unexpected turn of events, and was about to accept the apology when the Diane, the brunette, came up behind Jan and gave her a little shove. Jan turned her drink upside down on Bobbie Kaye’s chest, soaking her with an icy bath of some sort of alcoholic beverage.

Bobbie Kaye let out a little shriek when the cold liquid hit her, drawing everyone’s attention. But Diane was quick to the rescue, handing her a large towel she just happened to be carrying. Bobbie Kaye gratefully accepted the towel and began to dry herself off.

Edward approached then, a stern look on his face. “You can finish drying off, Bobbie Kaye, but that’s your first violation.” She stared quizzically at him. “You covered up. Two more violations and you’ll be required to pay a forfeit.”

“But… I… she…” she started to protest, but quickly gave up. “Well, can I finish drying off without another penalty?”

“Yes, you may as well continue. But twice more, and…”

“Yeah, I know. I’ll have to pay a forfeit.”

A few minutes later, Bobbie Kaye felt the urge to pee. She asked for directions to the bathroom, then headed off to relieve herself. Locked safely inside, she didn’t see Jan and Diane running over to Edward, excitedly pointing in the direction of the bathroom. Edward was waiting when Bobbie Kaye came out.

“That’s twice, Bobbie Kaye,” he sternly admonished her.

“What, I’m not allowed to pee?” she objected.

“Of course you are. But you’re not allowed to close the door. That’s tantamount to covering up. That’s your second offense. Once more, and you’ll be paying a forfeit.”

Fuming, Bobbie Kaye stormed off. She realized she was being set up, but didn’t know what to do about it. She’d signed the agreement before the game started, and she realized she was trapped. Besides, she always played fair, even when others didn’t. It was just part of who she was. But she was determined not to cover herself again.

She was still very much the center of attention, and soon found herself dancing again. She’d begun to enjoy herself once more, and was trying to put her nudity out of her mind. She did rather like being the focus of the party, although she wished it were for a different reason. Another drink followed, and then another, and she soon had to pee again. This time, taking no chances, she made an announcement, loud enough for everyone to hear.

“I’m going to pee again,” Bobbie Kaye said loudly. “And this time, I’ll leave the door wide open. So if anybody really wants to watch,” she added sarcastically, “feel free.”

She sat on the toilet, waiting for the bathroom to fill with party goers wanting to watch her during this private act. She saw a couple of people pass by the door, surreptitiously trying to catch a glimpse of something. But no one overtly attempted to watch as she relieved herself.

A little later, Diane, the brunette, meandered over to where Bobbie Kaye was dancing with yet another gentleman. “May I cut in?” she asked politely.

Though irritated by the interruption, Bobbie Kaye graciously stepped aside, allowing Diane to join the gentleman on the dance floor. But she was stunned when Diane moved toward her, slipping her arms about her. Bobbie Kaye started to pull away, but Diane, her arms already around Bobbie Kaye’s waist, held on firmly. Bobbie Kaye wasn’t accustomed to dancing with another woman, and Diane recognized her hesitance.

“Don’t you recall Edward’s rules?” she inquired with sugary sweetness, locking her fingers behind Bobbie Kaye’s back. “He said you’re to dance with anyone who asks. So, may I have this dance?”

Bobbie Kaye silently acquiesced, and unenthusiastically began following Diane’s lead, while the tempo of the music slowed to a crawl. Bobbie Kaye’s face was pressed against the taller woman’s silicone boobs, at least satisfying her curiosity about one thing. Diane’s breasts were unnaturally firm, not soft and inviting as she’d imagined another woman’s breasts might be. Not that she’d ever felt another woman’s breasts, of course.

Jan approached then, carrying what looked like an ancient Polaroid camera. Bobbie Kaye looked up, saw the camera, and let out a panicked scream. “No cameras!” she shrieked, breaking free from Diane’s grasp, darting behind a nearby sofa and dropping to her knees.

Of course, the scream attracted everyone’s attention, including that of Edward, who walked directly to where Jan was standing. “What are you doing with my antique camera?” he demanded.

“I was just showing it to Diane and Bobbie Kaye.”

“This model is very rare,” he admonished her. “It’s already broken, and I haven’t had a chance to have it repaired yet. Besides, it’s all but impossible to find film for it. I would appreciate it if you didn’t touch my collection without my permission!” he added sharply.

Jan apologized, but as she stepped away, the smile on her face was obvious to everyone but Edward. He had turned his attention to Bobbie Kaye, who was still hiding behind the sofa.

“Bobbie Kaye,” he said, loudly enough for all to hear. “That was your third violation. Time has come to pay your forfeit.”

Bobbie Kaye stepped out from behind the sofa and faced him, or rather she faced his shoes, her head hung low. “What do I have to do?” she asked softly. Whatever it was, she knew she’d have to do it.

Everyone gathered around them, and Edward spoke slowly and clearly. “Bobbie Kaye, this is your forfeit…” He began reading from a piece of paper. “You have to walk the block and a half to the convenience store down the road. Dressed, I should add, exactly as you are now, in your stockings and shoes, and nothing else. You will buy a bottle of tequila, I’ll give you the money, and bring it back here. And no covering up.”

She looked at him aghast. “I can’t do that!” she objected. “I’ll get arrested!”

“No, you won’t. Some of my guests will be nearby, to make sure you don’t cover yourself, by the way, and to ensure your safety.”

“I can’t go outside like this, Edward,” she pleaded, panic creeping into her voice. “I can’t.”

Poor Bobbie Kaye! Why had she agreed to this silly game? She’d almost grown accustomed to being nude in front of everybody, but she could feel herself growing red again as she stood amidst the circle of mirthful guests. She again was feeling very naked, and tried to hide her kitty-cat with her hands.

Edward smiled ruefully. “You disappoint me, Bobbie Kaye,” and that statement made her feel even worse. “You did agree to play the game, and you’d be laughing right along with the rest of us if you’d been among the winners, and someone else were now in your position.”

Her honor now challenged, Bobbie Kaye tried to pluck up the courage to do it. They’d tricked her into having to pay the forfeit, but she’d have to do it.

But in the end, she just couldn’t. “I can’t do it,” she said quietly, moisture gathering in her eyes. “Not outside, not in public. I just can’t.”

Edward seemed to be moved by her plight. “Well, you still have to pay a forfeit, Bobbie Kaye,” he said. “And you know the punishment if you refuse. Your nice dress…”

Looking through teary eyes, she nodded.

“We will cut up your clothes,” he said gently. “And believe me, we will do it. You’ll have to make your own way home then, dressed just as you are. So which will it be, your clothes, or a forfeit?”

“Forfeit,” she said quietly, wiping her eyes with the heels of her hands. She didn’t want her favorite dress cut up. And while she knew Mickey would see her home, she’d still have to get into her apartment naked. If any of her neighbors saw her, she’d just die from embarrassment.

“Okay, here’s what we’ll do,” Edward began. “Everybody will write a forfeit on a piece of paper, and we’ll put them all in a hat. You’ll pick one out, and whatever it is, you will do it.” His gaze pierced her naked body, and went right to her heart. “And if you refuse, I think we’ll be justified in cutting up your clothes. I expect the guests at my parties to keep their word.”

Bobbie Kaye nodded, a little relieved at this turn of events. What could possibly be worse than having to go shopping in the nude? Nothing could be worse than that. Could it?

Each guest wrote a forfeit, folded it over and placed it in an old silk top hat Edward had produced for the occasion. Bobbie Kaye searched the faces around her, wondering whether she’d made the right choice. Mostly she saw sympathy in those faces, but both Jan and Diane sported little smirks where smiles might have been.

Her hand trembling, Bobbie Kaye closed her eyes and drew a folded slip of paper out of the hat. She gave it to Edward, and he opened it and read first to himself, then for all to hear.

“Bobbie Kaye, you are going to lie down on that sofa right there, spread your legs, and masturbate until you climax. With everyone watching,” he added.

Bobbie Kaye couldn’t believe what she’d just heard! There was no way she could do that. It would be too humiliating to endure!

Yet the moment she began to think about it, the waterworks opened up. She couldn’t believe the idea was actually turning her on, but it was. She’d been feeling horny most of the evening, although she hadn’t admitted it even to herself, and this was her chance to do something about it. Plus, it fed into one of her favorite, most secret fantasies. And she didn’t know any of these people, and would never see any of them again.

Except Mickey! She walked over to him and grabbed his arm, dragging him away from the crowd. “If I do this, Mickey, it goes to your grave!” She gave him her fiercest look. “You will never tell anyone about this, for as long as you live. Is this in any way unclear?”

A solemn look on his face, Mickey nodded, swearing he’d never tell a soul.

So Bobbie Kaye lay down on the sofa, her legs wide apart. One was draped across the back and the other down to the floor, giving everyone the clearest possible view of her kitty-cat, its lips invitingly parted, moisture glistening from within. She felt her face go hot, and saw the flush of excitement, and embarrassment, spread down over her little boobies with the rock hard nipples. So embarrassed, and so aroused, she began to caress her left breast, while her right hand slowly worked its way down to her secret treasure.

Her eyes tightly closed, she began to explore her most private area, fully conscious of her audience, yet turned on enough not to care. Her kitty-cat was soaking wet, more so than she could ever remember. The culmination of her continued exposure over the past few hours, along with her initial ministrations, hinted that her climax would be very powerful, and that it would come very soon.

Her experienced middle finger worked expertly over her clitoris, and she could feel her orgasm rapidly approaching. Murmurs of approval reached her ears from the awe stricken onlookers, further enhancing her level of excitement. There was no turning back at that point, and she was eagerly anticipating the inevitable.

“Hey, Bobbie Kaye,” a voice called out. “Hey, Carpenter’s Dream! You’re still flat as a board!”

Bobbie Kaye opened her eyes to the vaguely familiar Bronx accent, and was stunned to see Kyle standing before her. Kyle was a guy she’d attended high school with back in Allentown, and she remembered him because he was forever teasing her about her small breasts. She’d always despised him, yet here he was at Edward’s party, staring at her during what should have been her most private, intimate moment. What on earth was he doing here?

Then she glanced to Kyle’s left, and saw her college English Lit teacher, Professor Perkins. He’d been her favorite teacher, and she’d harbored a secret crush on him for four years. Beside him was Lynn, her best-friend-turned-rival during her college years, when they’d vied for the same boyfriend. Lynn had ultimately won, Bobbie Kaye believed, due primarily to her ample cleavage, of which she never hesitated to expose as much as the law allowed, and sometimes more.

Bobbie Kaye’s eyes began to dart about the room, and so many strange faces she hadn’t recognized all evening started coming into focus. There was Freddy, the delivery guy from her favorite pizza parlor. What would he possibly be doing here? She never saw any pizza at the party. And over there was Willie, the kid from the dry cleaners. Sam was there, the lascivious but otherwise harmless old man next door, and beside him was Sandy, her best friend from the office.

Why hadn’t she recognized these people earlier? They were wearing the same clothing they’d had on all evening, but as she tried to recall their faces, everything blurred. Each face was now crystal clear, however, and she knew every one of them! And still her fingers worked, almost entirely of their own volition.

Terri, her stuck up neighbor from across the street was watching her closely. So was Burt, the office creep who was forever leering at her. Ben was there, the guy she dated in college, who was always trying to pressure her into sex, and to whom she’d never given in. The gay guy from her beauty parlor was there, along with that rude lady from the grocery store, the friendly salesman from her favorite book shop, and the cute guy who always worked the drive thru at her regular McDonald’s during dinner!

Everyone she knew was watching her masturbate, it seemed. Despite her humiliation, or perhaps in part because of it, her climax was growing closer with each passing moment. Then she saw her sister Kristy watching her, a look of pride on her face. Dear Kristy, who never hesitated to show off her big boobs to anybody who wanted to see them! And next to Kristy was Mom! What could be more humiliating than your mother watching you masturbate? She answered that question next, as she saw Dad smiling at her! She was about to cum, and her father was going to watch her do it!

At that moment, an annoying buzzing began to fill the entire room. No one at the party seemed to notice, but it was distracting for Bobbie Kaye. Her orgasm was only seconds away, but she couldn’t quite reach it. She had to stop that buzzing! She reached over and tapped the top of the clock, and the aggravating sound ceased immediately. The room abruptly grew dark just then, and her approaching climax rapidly faded. She was frustrated, but she recognized the signs. She’d missed her chance. She reached over, turned on the lamp, and looked at the clock.

“Five o’clock already?” she mumbled, trying to blink herself awake. “I’ve got to get up. I’ve got to get moving, or I’ll be late for work.”

The end