The Red Broach

I guess I’ll start with a little background information. I’m Cathy. I am 24 years old, single, and working in a consulting firm in Southern California. I live with my roommate Sue. Sue is also single, 23, and works at the same firm I do. We were roommates in college for three years and were fortunate to get recruited by the same firm after graduation. We have a small apartment in Orange County, California. Our place is nothing special but it is affordable on two entry-level salaries, is smack dab in the middle of one of the nicest places on the planet to live, and has nice neighbors, many of which have become our friends.

Sue and I met in college. I hope you’re not expecting a hot sorority story, because this isn’t one of those. In fact, neither Sue nor I joined a sorority. We met in our sophomore year when we both moved into the same off-campus house. There were a total of six girls living there. The other four girls were the stereotypical sorority girls and so Sue and I didn’t really socialize with them much. We were both very busy trying to get our business degrees but we did become fast friends and we both managed a social life. We also found we had a common interest. Through that common interest we became very close.

I won’t bore you with the details of how we discovered each other’s secrets. Trust me, it’s not as exciting as you might think. Both Sue and I share a similar fetish. We both get excited by being embarrassed. I don’t mean the kind of embarrassment that comes from spilling spaghetti sauce on your blouse on a first date (though I’ve done that!). I mean the kind of embarrassment that comes from the pizza delivery guy seeing you full-on nude. That happened a lot in our college years and I’m sure the pizza delivery guys loved delivering to our apartment!

In the early days we would give each other dares. The dares always seemed to involve being in embarrassing situations. Not surprisingly, revealing clothes were a regular part of our dares. We picked up clothing for our dares along the way and we both have a pretty good collection of slut wear. I’d say that at least half of my wardrobe is made up of stuff I’d never let my mother see me wear. Sue’s wardrobe is similar.

Things really got heated up with our little dares in the summer after our Junior year. We had the group house to ourselves for that summer and decided to make the most of it since we’d be getting all new roommates in the fall. We stumbled on a great idea on a website and we still incorporate it in our play to this day. Sue found this red broach at an antique shop and bought it. The girl holding the red broach can make the other girl do her bidding simply by handing it to her. Once a girl receives the broach, she has to do the forfeits demanded of her. When she’s completed them, she can turn the tables on the other girl simply by giving her the broach. We pass that broach back and forth all the time. Right now, I am sitting here naked at the computer writing this story because Sue demanded it when she handed me the broach.

During our summer alone we started playing our game regularly. Each of us was intent on trashing the other’s reputation by putting her in the most awkward and embarrassing positions. Did I mention that nudity was a big part of our game? Well, if you want to embarrass someone (and that was our whole point!) then having her strip naked is a good start. It wasn’t just nudity that we used to embarrass each other, either. There would be sex involved, too. I am not a prude by any stretch of the imagination. I was not a virgin when I started college and I never was one of those girls that needed to be in love before jumping in bed with a hot guy. Still, as a result of our game I have given more hand jobs and blow jobs than I otherwise would have. I’ve gotten a reputation as being “easy” courtesy of Sue and our game. She, of course, has the same reputation. I will say (mostly because Sue insists I include it here) that I have slept with a lot of guys, too. I don’t have an accurate count but it is easily more than 100. I’d tell you how many guys Sue has slept with but I know she’ll delete it before this is posted.

During that summer we made some rules for our game that we still follow. We decided that the holder of the broach would give it to the next victim on Thursday evenings. When you get the broach you become obligated to obey the other girl from 5:00 PM Friday through Sunday at midnight. When a girl receives the broach she has to wear it all day Friday. We have friends that know about our game, of course, so they know who will be providing the weekend entertainment when they see who is wearing the broach. We added some additional clothing rules to make it more fun. When you wear the broach you have to wear a very short dress or skirt and blouse and very high heels. Each of us has a pair of 6-inch stiletto heels that we bought for the game along with some extremely short skirts. Also, if you have the broach on Friday, you can’t wear underwear. Fortunately, the firm we work at has a casual dress policy on Fridays, so we’ve been able to continue this tradition now that we‘re out of school. We can’t wear our shortest skirts at the office but we wear them as short as the dress code allows when we‘re wearing the broach. This really adds to the embarrassment, particularly now that several of our coworkers know about our game. One other rule we added early on is that pubic hair must be shaved completely off when you get the broach. I have kept my crotch hair free for years. Sue doesn’t like the bald look much. She shaves when she gets the broach and just let’s the stubble grow in between times.

In addition to the revealing outfit on Fridays, the “victim” is not allowed to wear clothes in the apartment for the weekend. At first we allowed lots of exceptions to this rule. As our games became more cut-throat, we decided that the victim stay naked in the apartment for the entire weekend, no matter what. This was extremely embarrassing and caused our little secret to become known to a fairly large number of people. I’ll never forget the humiliation of explaining my nudity and our little dare game to friends visiting my apartment. A lot of guys learned that dropping by the apartment on weekends could be fun. Some girls learned this, too. Of course, the more people that found out about our activities, the more embarrassing it became to wear the broach during the day on Friday. As our play became public knowledge we even had other people join in. At one point there were four of us playing so people didn’t know who would be wearing the broach on Friday, they just knew someone would be wearing it.

It also became common that the victim was the maid for the other girl throughout the weekend. So, when I was the victim I knew I’d be doing the step and fetch routine for Sue and vice versa. Another interesting aspect of this was that we both learned not to bother doing laundry during the week since one of us was going to be obligated to provide that service for the other on the weekend. During our summer alone we played this game every single weekend. Saturdays for the victim were spent doing laundry, cleaning, etc. I’m sure we had the cleanest bathrooms of any group of college kids living together. Both of the bathrooms were scrubbed every weekend. If you want to embarrass a girl, invite her friends, or the guy she has a crush on, over to watch her do your laundry and clean your bathroom in the nude. You can explain all you want but you’re still on your hands and knees naked cleaning a bathroom. Trust me, it’s humiliating.

We had plenty of parties on weekends and one of us was always completely nude. I don’t want you to think we spent all our time at home, though. We both really wanted to ruin the other’s reputation and you really need to go out in public to do that right. Naturally, the victim had her clothing chosen by the other, so even mundane things like shopping could be very embarrassing. The real embarrassing stuff happens in public, though. Each of us spent a lot of time thinking about ways to show off and embarrass the other in public situations. It is a bit of a vicious circle, though. Any good idea you had was likely to be used on you the following week. This didn’t cause us to go easy on each other, though. We are both competitive people and, deep down, we both really enjoy the exposure and humiliation a lot.

When it’s my turn to make Sue do tricks for me I always have her “service” some random guy or guys. She doesn’t like to admit it but her favorite part of wearing the broach is spreading her legs for strangers and being a total slut. In order for me to get that heart-pounding, near-panic feeling of embarrassment I need to be seen naked by lots of people. It really helps me get off if I’m seen naked by people I know in very public situations.

When we first started our game and our public play we talked about limits. Getting naked in public is illegal, after all. I think its only a matter of time when one of us gets arrested for our antics. That someone will most likely be me since I’m the one that needs the large audiences and inappropriate situations to get my fix of humiliation. I did some research (the web is wonderful, isn’t it?) and learned some interesting things about the sex laws in California. First, the overwhelming majority of people arrested for indecent exposure are male. I think probably because a naked male confronting women in the street is pretty threatening to the women but the reverse isn’t true. When women see another woman naked in a public situation they don’t get scared, they get catty. Second, and more importantly, I learned that the penalty for a first, and even second offense of indecent exposure is pretty minor. Small fines are typical for a first offense and a probation for a second offense. You even get a couple convictions free before you’re required to register as a sex offender. So, we don’t worry much about getting arrested when we play the game in public when I‘m wearing the broach. I’ve been caught naked or mostly naked plenty of times in the last couple of years. I have never been arrested, though. I have even been driven home completely naked by the cops twice! I have masturbated for hours fantasizing about getting arrested for public nudity and showing up in court in a very revealing little sundress and heels. I probably won’t act on this little fantasy…unless my trial is held on a Friday and I’m wearing the broach . We’re a little more careful when Sue is wearing the broach. With her kink, she’s more likely to get arrested for prostitution than indecent exposure. She doesn’t find anything about that prospect arousing. I’ll be more careful about this if I get arrested a second time. A third offfense gets you in the sex offenders registry. I do not want my picture on that website!

It should be pretty obvious to you by now that I’m an exhibitionist. I don’t want to sound conceited but I have a nice body and I’m proud of it. I show myself off a lot, even when I don’t have the broach. I love the Southern California weather because it lets me wear little sundresses year-round. I like them short and almost all of them show a fair amount of cleavage and have little straps to keep them up. The girls reading this will understand that a very short dress is much harder to manage than a short skirt. I’ve long since passed the point where people getting a glimpse of my panties embarrasses me. I enjoy seeing people look up my dresses and I don’t really pay much attention to trying to keep them covered. When I’m not wearing the broach I always wear panties and people always get to see them. Did I say I never wear a bra unless I’m at work?

I mentioned that I need the humiliation of being seen by people to get off. I wouldn’t play this game if it was just the chance of exposure. I need to be seen and it’s best if I’m seen totally naked. Sue is really creative when it comes to making this happen. I guess that’s why we still play the game regularly. Some of the best humiliation comes from being naked and identifiable. These things are hard to think up and I love Sue to death for coming up with this stuff.

One Saturday afternoon I was sent out of the house for a particularly embarrassing assignment. I was naked except for shoes. I had my car keys, driver’s license, cigarettes (I know, it’s a bad habit but this stuff really gets my nerves going!) and ATM card. I bank at the country’s largest bank and they have ATM machines everywhere. My assignment was to check my balance at 15 different ATMs and bring all the receipts back to Sue. Of course you know there are cameras in ATM machines. Once you put your card and your PIN number in, you’re identified. I’m sure whoever has the job of reviewing those security tapes knows exactly who I am. I’m also sure that someone had to notice I showed up 15 different times! I still blush when I go into the bank!

Another favorite thing Sue makes me do involves getting pictures developed. It’s funny that we have a digital camera and we only use our film-based camera for taking nude pictures of each other! Anyway, Sue will take a roll of explicit nude photos of me. She goes for the most embarrassing poses, too. When she wants to do this I can always tell because when I come home on Friday’s I see the camera, washable marker, and some props like a long-neck beer bottle, cucumber, etc. in the living room. Sometimes she writes nasty words on my body with the marker, sometimes she writes my name or phone number on me. I’ll leave it to your imagination what the beer bottle and cucumber are for <blush!>. Saturday morning I take the pictures to be developed. I’m always in a very revealing outfit for this, of course. I know what you’re thinking here…nowadays photographs are developed by machine. There are still ways to make this a thoroughly humiliating experience. Did you know you don’t have to pay for any picture that doesn’t come out well? All you have to do is show the photograph you don’t like to the clerk and they will take it off the bill. Well, Sue always insists that I only pay for 22 of the 24 pictures. This means I have to go through the prints at the counter and pick two prints to complain about. If you think this is an easy assignment, go show a picture of yourself naked with the word ‘slut’ written on your forehead and pushing a cucumber up inside you to a teenage photo clerk and complain that it isn’t clear enough! Still not embarrassing enough for you? Well, then pay for your pictures by check. They make you show ID and write your phone number on the check. Did I mention that you don’t get to keep the prints you don’t pay for? I can’t describe the feeling I have when I walk away from the photo counter leaving behind my check (with my name, address, and phone number on it) and a horribly embarrassing, very explicit couple of pictures of myself. Sometimes, when Sue is feeling especially playful, she’ll make me take the negatives of these embarrassing pictures to another photo shop and have additional prints made up. Almost every time I get the broach we do this assignment. There are four large photo albums on the bookshelf in our living room full of pictures of me naked. Naturally, Sue gets these albums out when we have company. There are plenty of equally embarrassing photographs of Sue but that’s for another story.

Another fun trick, though less embarrassing, is to make me go to the cleaners to pick up clothes completely naked. I always pay by check, too. We do this pretty often and I’ve even been called by name by the clerks as I walk in naked. Trust me when I tell you it’s far more embarrassing to be naked in public when you’re not anonymous!

One of the more memorable assignments Sue gave me early on involved amateur night at a local strip club. I knew in advance she was going to make me dance in the amateur contest and was actually looking forward to it. This is the kind of humiliation I crave. Each girl in the contest got four songs to dance and the winner was determined by applause. Every other girl in the contest used all four songs to get naked, taking off her top on the first song, skirt or pants on the second, bra on the third, and panties on the fourth. The only variation with the other girls in the contest was how far into the fourth song they were when they dropped their panties. Most were pretty modest and dropped their panties right at the end of the last song. The bravest girl stripped hers off in the middle of the last song. I remember getting very nervous waiting for my turn to come up. I had worn only a sundress and heels to the club. Sue signed me up with the club. I found out later that she had specifically asked that I go on last. At the time she told me the order was chosen at random. I held my breath each time the announcer talked into the microphone. Each girl was introduced with an obviously fake name and a little bio. It was like, “Please welcome Kitty Muffin, a dental assistant from LA who wants to be a model” and the girl would come out from behind a curtain and do her routine.

When the fifth girl was announced and stepped on stage a guy from the club told me I’d be up shortly and when I saw the girl on stage finish I should go through this little door. There would be one more girl on before I went on.

Just then Sue gave me my instructions. She told me I was to squat and spread my legs for every individual guy sitting at the stage and greet them personally and then do a little floor show in the middle of the stage. I was expected to spend twice as long spreading my legs for people as I did actual dancing. I was a wreck when it was time to go through the little door. I knew I would be giving a very explicit show since I only had a very short dress on. I wasn’t even wearing panties! Sue walked with me and when we got to the door she demanded my dress! I reluctantly surrendered it to her and I was literally shaking with that gut-pounding feeling of total humiliation as I waited for the girl in front of me to finish. I felt a bit stupid being naked back stage. All the other contestants were waiting and had clothes on. After the contest, all the girls would go back on stage and the audience would applaud for the one they liked best. Apparently, the other girls would be back in their clothes for the judging. I doubted that I would.

I was in a daze as the girl before me finished. I figured Sue had made up an embarrassing name and bio for me. I was stunned to hear the announcer say, “ Our final contestant is Cathy Jones (my real name!). She’s a college student at USC (my real college!) and she is hoping to become a porn star, “ (NOT my real career aspiration!). I was blushing from head to toe as I stepped through the curtain completely naked. The crowd went wild when they saw I was already naked. Even the announcer made some comment about me not being shy as I did the squat, spread, and greet routine Sue had ordered. The four songs I had to “dance” to comprised the longest 15 minutes of my life! As if this wasn’t embarrassing enough, I was soaking wet between my legs. It was the most humiliating night of my life.

Finally I finished and left the stage. It was only minutes before I was back on the stage, totally naked, along with the six other contestants, who were fully dressed. They were pretty unhappy with me since I won first prize. I got $100 in cash for my humiliation. I then found out that the winner gets to dance a second set. I actually danced through my set instead of squatting and spreading my legs like I had in the first set.. By this time I was really high with the humiliation I had experienced and even thought about masturbating right there on stage. I was so damn horny! When it was over Sue met me at the stage door and gave me back my dress. She had me return to my seat and have a drink so people could come over and give me feedback about my naked dancing. I had my dress hiked up and my pussy on display for another half hour or so while we had our drink. I started masturbating as soon as we got into the car. Since that time I’ve stripped in a number of clubs on amateur night but the experience has never topped the first time. Every time I did it I used my real name and never wore a stitch of clothes on stage. I’ve even done this when it wasn’t my turn with the broach. I have to admit it’s more fun when I have to do it, though.

Writing about this has brought back such great memories. Sue, when you read this let’s plan on doing this again, ok?

I mentioned earlier that our game involves sex in addition to the nudity. This isn’t my favorite part of the game but I know Sue is going to insist that this little write-up include at least one story of me having sex because of the broach. I could tell a number of stories to fill this requirement. I’m really horny from writing this story, though, so I’ll tell you about a very humiliating experience. I’m not proud of this and I don’t want to go through it again any time soon (Sue, notice I didn’t say never?) but it will give you an idea of the level of humiliation I’m into.

Sue decided to throw a party one Saturday night and I had the broach. I knew I could live through the embarrassment of attending the party naked. We’d had guests before. There were about 30 people coming, though, and this would be the largest gathering I had been naked in at home. Sue invited friends and neighbors. Being the only naked person around a crowd this size and knowing all of them was humiliating. Part of me was dreading it and part of me was eager for it.

About an hour before the first guests were due to arrive Sue gave me my instructions. I couldn’t believe she was expecting me to do this! She handed me a large book of raffle tickets. She told me I was to speak to each person individually and ask them if they’d like to enter a drawing. I further explained that at midnight I would be blindfolded and tied and the winner of the raffle could have sex with me! I was to carefully explain that I would never know who won the raffle unless the winner chose to tell me. It was also up to the winner whether anyone else watched or participated. I had to have individual conversations with each guest and I was warned not to miss a single person. I was mortified. I begged Sue to tell me she was kidding but she just laughed at me and told me it would be good for my reputation.

I waited for most of the guests to arrive. They were mostly friends but there were people I didn’t know, too. Friends that had brought dates or other friends. Around 9:00 I began having my thoroughly humiliating conversations with each guest. I spent more than two hours getting people to fill out a raffle ticket with me as the prize. I had to double check and triple check that I had given everyone a chance to enter the drawing. Obviously, everyone thought the idea of raffling myself off was amusing and I was ridiculed all night long.

Finally at 11:30 I was blindfolded and tied to the bed. The wait seemed both forever and far too short. I never did learn who screwed me that night or who or how many people watched. Sue never told me thought I asked her repeatedly. About a week after the event she showed me some of the pictures of the event on a website. I couldn’t identify anyone but it was clear that a lot of people watched me get nailed but the raffle winner. Worse, so many of my friends watched me set the whole thing up.

I think this story will satisfy the requirement that Sue gave me, I have to say, writing this has gotten me very horny. I think I just might make Sue write her story next week. Or maybe, I’ll write it myself and just make her watch as I post it.

Cathy