**The Skin Ball**

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**The Skin Ball Part One: The Bet**

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THE AURORA CAFÉ

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If there was one party at Green College that defined Jessa West’s four years, it was the Skin Ball. That one night, more than any other, was the one that she remembered years later, the one that shaped her more than any professor, the one that taught her more about herself than any class. It was a night when she bonded with her sorority sisters, flirted with dozens of guys, and opened herself to new ideas and experiences that she had previously written off as too brazen, too risqué.

But the foundation for Jessa’s eye-opening evening was laid months beforehand, at the opening of her senior fall, at a coffee shop in downtown Hancock. Early on that Sunday morning, the Aurora Café was practically devoid of life, Green College students hesitant to get out of better after what had been the first night, and the first real parties, of the term. Jessa herself was feeling a little hung-over, but it was Alexandra Poe, who was sitting alongside her, that had been popping aspirin all morning. Kristin Douglas, too, looked somewhat out of it, her eyes half-open as she took deep sips from her cup of coffee.

A Sunday morning meeting had not been the idea of the three sorority girls. Isaac Lingle, who sat across the table from the bedraggled sisters, appeared to be wide-awake, despite the fact that Jessa was sure she’d seen him at DZO the night before.

Isaac was obviously excited about the prospect of Ep Chi helping raise money for Homes for the Homeless, and he was throwing out fundraising ideas that the sorority could possibly help him with, but at the same time assuring the girls that they’d have complete control over the fundraisers themselves. Isaac didn’t necessarily care how the money was raised; he just wanted to get a pledge of support from Epsilon Chi.

Ep Chi, as it was known around campus, was easily the richest, quite correctly the snootiest, and arguably the most attractive sorority at Green College. The three girls seated across from Isaac were no exception to those stereotypes.

Jessa West has been born and raised in Tallahassee as a Southern belle, the daughter of a conservative Florida senator. She was every bit a debutante, from the way she carried herself to the gentle country accent that so many Green men found so alluring. She was short, only a couple of inches taller than five feet, and had shoulder-length baby-blonde hair that framed her high cheekbones, bright blue eyes, and a set of extremely sexy red lips.

Kristin Douglas looked less the part of a traditional Ep Chi, but her personality made up for it in strides. She had been more and raised on Long Island, and educated at all of the best and most expensive private schools, before coming to rural Hancock in New England to attend Green College. Kristin was heavily involved in the Green College Riding Club, a bastion of daddy’s little girls. Her straight black hair was cut extremely short, a look that Kristin loved and hated at the same time; on one hand, she looked more grown up and little bit sexier, but on the other, she missed having long hair to arrange and play with.

Completing the trio of early-risers was Alex Poe, ever the troublemaker. When she was a little more awake, and a little less hung-over, there tended to be a mischievous look in her sparkling green eyes that Jessa at once looked forward to and feared. Her hair, hanging down past her shoulders, was a chestnut-brown. She, unlike her sisters, had been raised in a low-income town outside of Burlington, but had found her niche at Ep Chi, becoming every bit the social elite that Kristin and Jessa had both been since birth.

Isaac himself found the girls a little too high-maintenance for his own tastes, but all three were gorgeous nonetheless, despite being dressed in sweats and suffering from bags under their red eyes. But his happiness rose not from the beautiful women across the table from him, but from their pledge to raise money for his organization.

Each fall, Student Volunteer Projects (SVP) held its annual fundraising drives for the programs that were housed within its guidelines, from Homes for the Homeless to Student Mentors to the environmental club (the Green Green Club). And each fall, the Greek houses that lined Calhoun Avenue all offered their support for particular programs.

Ep Chi was one of the strongest houses when it came to fundraising. Last year, it had raised a small fortune for the Prison Tutor Project, and Isaac was ecstatic to have them for his particular group. Jessa was the house’s Fundraising Chair, Kristin the Treasurer, and Alex the current House President, so the three girls were able to speak for Ep Chi as a whole and promise to raised money for Homes for the Homeless’s expanded programs in nearby Swansea.

Jessa made a joke about how much money they’d be able to raise, bragging about Ep Chi’s performance in the past. The other two girls laughed, but it was clear that the jest struck the nerve of another customer at the Aurora Café that morning.

Instead of ignoring the comment, Mason MacNeill saddled down at the table, taking a seat alongside Isaac, with whom he was actually fairly good friends.

“So we were actually looking for a charity, too,” Mason said to Isaac, not paying any attention to the girls across from him. “TriGam, that is. Do you think that we could possibly give to Homes for the Homeless, too?” A smile crept across Mason’s face – he knew that this was going to set Jessa off.

As Isaac’s jaw dropped at the prospect of having TWO houses donate to his group, Jessa butted in. “Mason! Homes for the Homeless is Ep Chi’s charity! Find your own!”

Tall, easy-going, and good-looking, Mason was the dream guy for more than one Green College student of the female persuasion. He had close-cropped brown hair that Jessa herself had dreamed of running her hands through on more than one occasion, though she had held back. Sophomore year, there had been an undeniable electricity between the two, but Jessa had stepped back when she’d found out that her friend Cat was interested in him. After all, most of Jessa’s attraction to Mason was purely physical, and it was clear that there was a little more emotional involvement on Cat’s end of things. Though Cat and Mason had dated for nearly a year, they’d broken up that summer, and the TriGam brother – make that the TriGam PRESIDENT - was suddenly on the market again. Unfortunately, he was currently trying to cause trouble.

“Are you saying that two houses can’t raise money for the same charity, Jessa?” Mason asked the blonde girl, feigning indignance. “Isn’t it about the homeless people, and not Ep Chi?”

Isaac was nodding along, dollar signs in his eyes. “He’s right,” he said to the girls. “I mean, two houses raising money for us would do a lot of good around the community, both in Hancock and in Swansea.”

Jessa was annoyed, though. “He’s not doing this raise money for the homeless. He’s doing it to irritate us.”

“Maybe,” Mason smiled coyly, “maybe I’m doing both at once.”

Jessa wrinkled up her nose at him, but Alex jumped in with a challenge. “So what if we make this a competition?”

“A competition?” Mason asked.

“A competition?” Isaac repeated, the sounds of cash registers ringing in his ears.

“Yeah,” Alex replied. “We see who can raise the most the money. If I remember correctly, Ep Chi has out raised all the other houses for something like five or six years in a row. TriGam…hmmm…TriGam has one of the worst records, don’t you? Didn’t even Mu Tau out raise you guys last year?”

“Well, we had nothing to fight for,” Mason explained casually.

“Actually, the Hunger Awareness program collapsed because they didn’t have enough funding last year,” Isaac interrupted.

Mason gave him a look. “Do you want TriGam’s help?”

“Sorry.”

Mason turned back to Alex. “So what exactly are you proposing?”

Alex had woken up. Her eyes were dancing with a sense of daring, a hint of mischief. “Well, I was at your house last night, before DZO. You guys were having nude tails?”

A rite of passage within TriGam was a brother’s night of nude tails. Each year, TriGam pledges played bartender for an open party in nothing more than a pair of shoes. Most of the brothers stayed behind the bar most of the night, but there were definitely more daring pledges who walked through the party, serving beer to anyone who wanted it.

Mason’s eyebrows were raised at where he figured Alex was heading. “So?”

“So, what if we bet a night of nudity? A naked party?” the brunette suggested, licking her lips.

“A Skin Ball,” Jessa added, not entirely sure that she was sold on the idea. Sure, she’d been naked in front of Mason before. She’d done her fair share of streaking, strip poker, and other things, as those things were practically required of college students. But a whole party, completely naked for anyone and everyone to come in and see her, was a little different. It didn’t seem as safe, it didn’t seem as controlled.

Isaac was hushed. Mason was mulling it over in his head.

Alex continued, “Whichever house raises the most money by Thanksgiving break hosts a party for the other house at the end of the term. The winning house pays for the DJ, the alcohol, the party favors, whatever. The losing house comes over and strips.”

Mason was definitely interested. Just the thought of an entire house of naked Ep Chis was turning him on. But Mason was grounded in reality – he knew that TriGam had a dismal fundraising record, and that if he entered into this bet with Alex, Jessa, and Kristin, it would undoubtedly be the TriGam brothers dancing around with their dicks hanging out at the end of the day. “I don’t know…”

“Okay, what if we sweetened the deal?” Alex asked. She wanted this bet.

“How?”

“Twelve hours,” Jessa added, Alex’s excitement catching hold of her. Out-fundraising TriGam wouldn’t be much of a challenge. “Twelve hours naked. Losers come over, have a party, spend the night, and clean up the next day. You guys can even make us breakfast.”

“Spend the night?” Isaac asked. He wasn’t in either house. He wouldn’t be stripping naked either way. But the thought of an entire naked sorority, cuddling up in bed together at TriGam, was definitely getting him excited.

“No impropriety involved,” Jessa added. “In fact, it’s probably best if we stipulate this now – this is about stripping. We’re not all going to descend into an orgy. Girls will sleep separate from boys, no matter who wins.”

“And no one else,” Kristin added, much to Isaac’s disappointment. “Just Ep Chi and TriGam, and that’s it.”

Mason was definitely interested, despite his doubts. He tried to hedge a little bit more, saying, “Honestly, I can’t make this bet, no matter how much I want to. President or not, I still have to talk to the rest of the guys, run this by them. And even though you’ve got your little Cabinet here, I think it’s probably a good idea for you three to the same with your house.”

“Is that a yes?” Jessa asked devilishly. “Are you making the bet?”

“Pending house approval,” Mason replied slowly, “that’s a yes. We’re up for the competition.”

Alex and Kristin squealed in delight. Jessa was excited, too, but there was still an inkling of doubt in the back of her mind. The chances of this backfiring were small, but they were still there.

“Okay,” Alex smiled. “Isaac’s the witness, though if he breathes a word about this to anyone on campus, even to the other people at Homes for the Homeless, then we drop our pledges, and give them to Green Green.”

Isaac nodded – he didn’t want to foul up the chance to bring in this sort of money for his project.

“Alright then,” Mason said. “It’s on.”

“It’s on,” Jessa repeated.

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ADAMS DINING HALL

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That Thursday, the day after House Meetings, Mason found Jessa and Alex eating lunch with Cat McIntyre in the Adams Dining Hall. Mason dropped into the seat next to Cat, giving her a polite hello, awkward as it may have been. His attention was on Jessa and Alex, though, to whom he winked and said simply, “It’s a go.”

Alex said the same thing. As Cat sat there, wondering what had just happened, Jessa smiled to herself. Beating these guys would be absolutely no problem.

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KENNEDY STUDENT UNION

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Isaac sat his desk, working on an e-mail to his community partners in Swansea, thanking them for all the help that they’d given him over the course of the term. He was entirely enthralled in his work, barely looking up at the twelve Ep Chi sisters who had invaded the Homes for the Homeless office at the Kennedy Student Union. For their own part, the girls talked smugly among themselves, positive that they’d won the bet.

Isaac wanted to wait for the TriGam brothers to show up before he announced anything. His policy all term was to keep the amounts raised a secret, knowing that Homes for the Homeless would benefit a little bit more if each house were blindly raising money, unsure of how much the other had raised. And despite being tempted to side with his gender, Isaac remained nothing more than a fair referee, doing his best to stay neutral throughout the challenge.

Jessa sat there with them, on the couch with Alex, Kristin, Courtney Gagnon, and Wendy Stone. She was lost in thought, recounting the money that she and her sisters had raised for the charity. There was no way that TriGam even stood a chance. Ep Chi had worked three times as hard as they’d ever worked before, and had raised four or five times more money they’d raised in the past few years. On top of their normal events, they’d scheduled even more. They’d gotten a band. They’d raised money among Hancock community members. Some of their parents had even sent in money, seeing how hard the girls were working.

TriGam, apparently, seemed to be working no harder than they had last year, when they’d raked in only a few hundred dollars. At first, Jessa had been stunned by the fact that TriGam’s fundraising had been limited to a single five dollar party they’d held back in October. Courtney Gagnon had dug deeper, though, and had discovered from her boyfriend Evan that TriGam was recycling its beer cans as well. Jessa laughed, just thinking about the brothers’ attempts to keep their recycling program secret. THAT was their big plan? THAT was how they were going to raise more money than Ep Chi?

Ep Chi had even held a Beach Party in early November. No one on campus could deny that they wanted to see all the Ep Chi sisters in bikini tops and grass skirts. And because they’d opened the party up to the whole campus, they were easily able to charge seven dollars at the door and still get two or three times as many people in their house than TriGam has with their “Five Dollar Festivities,” as Alex had nicknamed the frat’s pitiful party.

In contrast to the twelve girls who’d shown up to view the results, only two TriGam brothers came to the Homes for the Homeless office that afternoon. Mason was joined by Dunny Groom, his perennial sidekick, with his perfectly gelled hair done up in contrast to Mason’s.

“Did you bring enough support?” Mason teased Jessa as he walked into the room, settling down on the corner of Isaac’s desk.

“Or did you bring them all so you wouldn’t have to relay the bad news later?” Dunny asked.

“Shut up, Dunny,” Jessa and Alex said in unison.

“Besides, I think we probably did okay,” Alex said, quite sure of herself.

“Actually,” Isaac said, turning from his computer, “you didn’t.”

A hush fell over the room. The girls weren’t sure what Isaac meant, but the grins on the brothers’ faces showed that they suspected they’d won.

Isaac called up a graphic that he’d created with Excel for the fundraiser. There, to the horror of every single girl in the room, was a bar graph that clearly showed TriGam’s tally significantly higher than Ep Chi’s. Not even by just a little – TriGam has clearly brought in a larger sum.

The room went into an uproar. Mason and Dunny were so excited that they were dancing and hugging in the center of the room. Alex was trying to shut the girls up who were yelling and screaming about how they weren’t going to go through with the bet. Kristin was asking Isaac if he’d done the math right. Jessa was demanding to know how Mason had possibly raised that amount of money.

Smiling, Mason replied, “Alumni.”

Jessa blinked.

“Well, technically, it was ‘alumnus.’ Singular. A TriGam alum.”

“Who?” Jessa asked, though she knew the answer as soon as it was out of her mouth.

“Jupiter Knox,” Mason and Dunny replied together.

One of Green College’s most successful alumni, Jupiter Knox had inherited his family’s industrial company and had turned it into one the largest and wealthiest corporate conglomerates in the world. Knox was one of the richest men in the metropolis of Babylon, and ranked up there as one of the richest men in the world, sitting alongside Bill Gates and that Walmart family. Jessa had known that he was a Green College alumnus. She hadn’t known that he’d been a brother at Gamma Gamma Gamma.

“You can’t do that!” Kristin cried. “That’s illegal! That wasn’t part of the bet!”

“How?” Mason asked. “How is that illegal?”

Kristin was stumped. Jessa had to admit that she was, too. It wasn’t illegal for TriGam to have gone to their alums. After all, Ep Chi had turned to their parents. It was just hard admitting defeat.

“So we have to do this now?” Alex asked, resigned to their fate, but willing to see if Mason would let them out of it somehow.

Mason, predictably, didn’t budge. “You’re damn right you do.”

“You don’t think that walking around a frat house naked is a little dangerous for all of us? What if we did it at Ep Chi, instead?” the brunette asked. Jessa liked her thinking – it would be a little easier in their own house rather than having to get naked down the street at TriGam.

“Oh, come on, Alex,” Mason whined. “You guys are the ones who set the terms of the bet. I had almost nothing to do with them.”

Alex begrudgingly agreed.

“I hear the safety thing, though,” he conceded. “We’re going to have to sit down and set out some ground rules before we do this. The last thing we need is trouble.”

Jessa couldn’t believe that they were going to go through with this. She couldn’t believe that she’d be parading all around TriGam in absolutely nothing. Not that she hadn’t been naked in the basement of the fraternity before, but it had been two years ago, and only in front of four brothers – not ALL of them. She sighed. At least this time, she’d be in good company, surrounded by dozens of other nude girls, instead of just one.

Looking around, it was clear that all of the girls were shocked and dismayed about their predicament, but they were slowly becoming more and more resigned to the reality of the whole thing. Jessa was one of them – she didn’t want to do this, but she knew she had to. And that was that.

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TRI GAM

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It was three o’clock that following Sunday afternoon, and Mason was lying flat on his back, grunting in pleasure. Seated atop him was Alyssa Patton, a petite redheaded freshman, who herself was squealing in delight, grinding her pussy harder against Mason’s mouth. Her small hands were in front of her, massaging Mason’s cock, his hips bucking against her grip. Her tongue flicked against his tip, providing sensation that was shooting through his body. She never took him completely into her mouth, instead teasing her with her tongue, her lips – but never her full mouth. It was driving Mason absolutely wild.

The redhead herself seemed to be more interested in what was going on behind her, though. Mason’s tongue was flicking deeply inside her, driving deeper than she would have thought possible – but not getting quite as deep as she might have wanted. Her clit, seemingly on fire with sexual energy, was rubbing against the older man’s chin, getting her hotter and hotter, until she couldn’t stand it any longer.

“I don’t think I can take anymore,” Alyssa whispered loudly, releasing her hold on Mason’s dick. “I want you inside of me.”

That was all that Mason needed. In a flash, he had grabbed her hips and practically lifted her off his body, his thick biceps more than strong enough to move this small girl as if she were a doll. He twisted her, pushing her down his body and closer to his cock. Just as his tip felt the wetness dripping from Alyssa’s pussy, there was a knock at the door.

“GO AWAY!!!” Alyssa and Mason yelled in unison. They held their pose for a few seconds, just to make sure that whoever was on the far side of Mason’s bedroom door had gotten the message.

“Mason? Is that you?”

It was Jessa.

“Who’s that?” Alyssa spat accusingly at Mason, never raising her voice louder than a whisper. “Do you have a girlfriend?”

“No,” Mason replied, shaking his head. “I have a pain in the ass.” He pushed Alyssa aside for a second, shouting at the door, “Jess, what is it? Can’t it wait until later?”

Out in the hall, Jessa answered, “Mason, come on. Let’s just sit down, set out the rules, and then we can both get back to studying for finals.”

Mason’s mind was spinning. On his right was a redhead, absolutely ready to be fucked. On the far side of his door was a blonde, who wanted to nothing more than just set up a set of rigid rules to make the upcoming Skin Ball more to her liking, and undoubtedly less to his own.

“Go away!”

“That’s it,” Jessa said, grabbing the doorknob and forcing the door open. “I just want to-“

Alyssa’s eyes almost popped out of her head – she couldn’t believe that Mason hadn’t locked the door. Even as Mason was jumping quickly out of bed to prevent Jessa’s entry, the blonde was already halfway into the room, and had spotted the younger girl.

“Oh god!” Jessa shrieked as she locked eyes with Alyssa. “I didn’t know! I didn’t know!”

Mason, his white bed sheet wrapped around his waist, forced the blonde out into the hallway, following behind her.

Still a little bit flustered, Jessa said, “Jesus, Mason. I didn’t know. We can do this later.”

The TriGam brother just plopped down on the staircase leading to the main hall below. He pulled Jessa down alongside him. “No, no,” he sighed heavily. “You’re here. Let’s just get this done with.”

She wasn’t sure exactly what to say, so she just sat there with her mouth agape.

“The rules?” Mason asked, glancing back over his shoulder.

Jessa nodded, shaking away the image of the naked redhead in Mason’s room. “Alex and I drew them up over Break. I went home with her, you know, because Florida was a little bit far to go.” She paused, looking back towards Mason’s bedroom. “Are you sure you want to do this now? Who is that in there?”

“Alyssa Patton,” Mason replied.

“Jamie Patton’s little sister? Isn’t she a freshman?”

“Yeah.”

“Are you two…?”

“Well, we’re not doing much of anything right now.”

Jessa just blinked.

“No, we’re not dating. She just came over for a guitar lesson, and…you know, one thing led to another.”

“Oh.” The blonde took out a wrinkled piece of paper from her bag. “Are you sure you want to do this now?”

“Well, let’s do it, and get it over with, and I’ll go back to my tutoring session.” He shot her a wicked smiled.

Still a little flustered, Jessa began, “I just…I just want to make sure that everything goes okay, you know? We’re going to have a house full of naked women, horny frat boys, and a shitload of alcohol. I’m not making any accusations or anything, but things could go south if we’re not careful.”

“Yeah, I know,” Mason replied reluctantly. “I’m going to drill that into the guys this week at Meetings. You have my promise to make sure that everyone stays in line.”

“That’s sweet,” Jessa said honestly, smiling at him. “But you can’t be everywhere at once. And it’s more than that – I want to get the logistics worked out about stuff, too.”

“Okay.”

She smoothed the sheet of paper out, looked over at Mason, and said, “Okay, I think this Friday is really the last night that we can do this thing this term. I mean, if we’re staying over to clean and cook breakfast, it’s really got to be either Saturday or a Sunday the next morning, and we just figured we’d do it on Friday so that everyone could do their work and get ready for finals Saturday afternoon, and then all of Sunday, without the thought of this hovering the back of their minds.”

“Friday’s fine,” Mason replied to the blonde’s babbling.

“Alex and I were also thinking that it’d probably be best if we came over here to TriGam at like ten, and then stayed clothed for about an hour, you know, to get accustomed before we go through with it.”

“To get a little bit of liquid courage in you, you mean.”

“Something like that. And then we’ll get dressed and leave at eleven the next morning.”

Mason shook his head. “Twelve hours is an okay estimate, but you guys ARE supposed to cook and clean the following morning. So how about we say ‘after breakfast’ you guys can get dressed and go home, and just shoot for that to be around eleven?”

Jessa thought it over for a few seconds, and agreed. “Okay, the rules now. Rule One: We can wear shoes, jewelry, or any sort of other accessory that might only be marginally counted as clothing.”

Mason eyes lit up. “What, like garter belts and stockings?”

“Right,” Jessa replied sarcastically. “No, we just don’t want to have to stand around in mung all night, or take out all our jewelry. We said we’d be naked, so no lingerie.”

“You know, cause if you wanted to wear stockings, that might – “

“Rule Two: It will only be brothers in the house – no guests.”

“Agreed.”

“Rule Three: No cameras, no hidden cameras, no video tapes, nothing. What you guys see on Friday night is it.”

“That’s fair.”

“I mean it, Mason. I don’t want pictures of us popping up on websites all over the place.”

“I promise. You have my word.”

Despite other faults, Mason was always true to his word. Even if Jessa didn’t trust the other brothers in the house, she knew that she could trust Mason to enforce the rules. “Rule Four: No touching without permission. If a girl wants to be touched, she has to clearly show that she wants to be touched.”

“That’s fair.”

Jessa knew that she should drive the point home. “That’s not just sexual touching, like touching my tits or something. Dancing, getting someone a drink, everything. If you want to shake my hand, Mason, I have to extend it first.”

“Okay, okay. No touching. Gotcha.”

“Rule Five: No sexual intercourse. We’re going to be naked and drunk. And while Rule Four is pretty clear, we’re stressing this rule with the girls, too. We don’t want anyone getting taken advantage of at this party.”

Mason hesitated on this one. He was going to be amazingly turned on at the end of the night, and the thought that he wouldn’t get to score was somewhat disappointing. But he knew that Jessa was right. Outlawing sex altogether - even if it were consensual and between two people who weren’t drinking – would help prevent a myriad of other problems. While that meant that he’d probably just end up masturbating alone at the end of the night, he treasured the fact that the Skin Ball was probably going to give him something to masturbate about for years to come.

“Understood,” he agreed.

“Rule Six: At three o’clock, the party is over. The girls can start to go to sleep up in the main hall, and the brothers have to be out by three thirty at the absolute latest.”

“Actually,” Mason interjected, “Dunny and I were thinking that the basement might be better.”

Jessa had a disgusted look come over her face. “We’re not going to sleep on the floor of the basement, Mason. The main hall is fine.”

“Fine, fine. Agreed. There’s more room in the basement, though.”

“There’s also going to be a shitload of beer and all else on the basement floor,” the blonde replied. “The main hall is fine.”

“Fine.”

“Rule Seven: The brothers stay full clothed at all time around the girls.”

“You don’t want competition? Is that it? You want the Skin Ball to be all yours?”

“On any other circumstance, a completely naked party might be better than just one of the sexes being naked. But I think that if you have brothers getting naked around the girls, that’s just going to lead to some of the other problems that we’re trying to combat with these rules.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right. Polite and courteous, that’s the TriGam way.” He looked at the sheet spread out in front of Jessa. “Is that it?”

“Well, we’ve got one more rule, but it’s more for us than it is for you guys. Rule Eight is the buddy rule. We’re going to pair the girls up so that no one’s even alone. Safety, you know?”

“You guys are making us look absolutely evil,” Mason said, legitimately hurt at all the legislation that the girls had drawn up. It all made them sound as if TriGam were Beta Upsilon, the frat down the street that was derogatively nicknamed “Nightmare House.”

“No, it’s just…” Jessa began. “It’s just that it’s sister solidarity. We just want to make sure that we’re looking out for each other.”

“I know, I know. If I were you guys, I’d probably put together most of those same rules myself. How are you going to enforce the buddy rule, though? I mean, it’s all well and good, but I know for a fact that it’s broken down on more than one of my childhood field trips.”

Jessa shot him a grin. “We thought of that. You’ll see,” she teased.

The two of them looked over the list of rules. Jessa thought she had done okay – she’d made sure that all her important concerns were addressed. The logistics were set, and they could go and have fun, and maybe even relax a bit without worrying that the Skin Ball would sink to the lowest common denominator. Mason felt that even with all the concessions on the list, he'd be living through one of the most fantastic nights of his life.

With the rules agreed on, Jessa told Mason to get on with the planning for the Skin Ball. “We’ll be expecting alcohol, music, and an overall good party. This isn’t going to be just a strip show, no matter how many nude girls there are. This isn’t going to be us parading back and forth while you guys ogle us. This is supposed to be a party, a real party.”

“And what a party it will be,” Mason replied.

“Now get back to business,” Jessa said, standing up and descending down that stairs. She turned away, leaving the sheet-clad TriGam president on the top of the staircase, lusting after one girl while another was ready to go in his bedroom.

**The Skin Ball Part Two: The Strip Show**

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TRI GAM

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Just before ten o’clock, eighty-six Ep Chi sisters walked down Calhoun Avenue, dressed to nines. Each of them was wearing a stunning cocktail dress, as Alex had instructed them all. Even if they were going to spend a bulk of the night in the nude, they’d at least show up well dressed.

Alex and Jessa were at the front of the line, walking side by side up the walkway to TriGam’s front door. Jessa was dressed in a strapless pink dress that stopped just above her knees, while Alex was wearing a similar white dress, with straps that ran up and tied behind her neck. And, dangling in between them was Jessa’s solution to the buddy rule problem.

“Handcuffs?” Mason asked in disbelief when he saw the line of girls descend upon TriGam, two by two. “You’re worried about this turning overly sexual and you’re all wearing handcuffs?”

“Well, we’re handcuffed to each other, not to anyone’s bed,” Alex smiled as she brushed past Mason and into the house.

“Of course,” Jessa continued, placing her left forefinger on Mason’s nose, “tomorrow night is a different subject.” Successfully arousing the TriGam president, Jessa smiled to herself as Alex dragged her into the house.

The handcuffs had actually been Alex’s younger sister’s idea. When Lauren Poe had caught them drawing up rules to their Skin Ball, and struggling over how to enforce a buddy rule, she had jokingly suggested the cuffs. After all, if they were going to prance around a frat house completely naked, they might as well complete the fantasy and cuff themselves to each other. Though Lauren had been joking, Alex and Jessa had slowly come around to the idea, eventually agreeing that as sexual as it may have been, it really was the best way to keep the girls together and keep them safe.

And so, couple after couple of girls breezed into TriGam, past Mason and the others brothers who were standing guard at the entrance. A pair of fur-lined handcuffs chained each couple together, Alex having bought them online at an adult store. They hadn’t been cheap, but Kristin had assured her that the sorority had more than enough money to make this indulgence.

Earlier in the night, as all the girls gathered at Ep Chi, Alex had locked them together. Some couples, like Alex and Jessa, had been lucky, and were made up of both left-handed and right-handed people. Other girls, though, sacrificed the use of their good hand for the night, in the interest of safety and sexiness. Each pair was locked by a master key, which Alex was wearing as a necklace charm that hung on a silver chain down between her ample cleavage.

Every single sister and pledge from Ep Chi followed Jessa and Alex into the house. Alex had made sure that everyone was there – they were a house, and they were going to do this together. She had threatened them all, offering them three choices: they could come tonight, they could de-pledge, or they could serve naked cocktails at TriGam’s next house meeting. None of the options were terribly appealing, but in the end, every last sister in Ep Chi opted to attend the Skin Ball.

The alcohol was flowing freely as Alex and Jessa descended into the basement together. Two of the TriGam brothers, Drew Benson and Will Bredeson, were behind the bar, serving up just about anything that the girls would consume – cheap champagne, mixed drinks, wine, beer, and more. Though Jessa had warned the girls all to take it a little easy tonight so they could stay in control, it was clear that most of her sisters had the complete opposite idea – they wanted to have a few drinks to calm their nerves, and ready themselves for the idea of stripping naked in less than an hour.

Most of the girls just drifted around awkwardly, drinks in their hands. Tara Martz and Courtney Gagnon, cuffed together, both sought out their respective boyfriends, Scott Minner and Evan LeFebvre. Jessa was actually surprised that there weren’t more couples between the two houses, but didn’t spend too much time dwelling on it. After all, she herself had been hanging out at TriGam since she was a freshman, and had never dated a TriGam brother.

She had come close, though.

Mason saddled up behind Jessa and Alex, and handed them each a cocktail.

“Judd and I have a table, if you two girls are interested in a game of Pong,” he offered, gesturing with his head towards the ping-pong table in the corner.

“I think the last time that I played Pong with you here, I ended up losing all my clothes,” Jessa replied.

“Well, win or lose, it’s going to happen anyways,” he said, smiling at the petite blonde. “This time, though, I think we’re just going to have to settle for the alcohol, though. You know the rules – I have to keep all my clothes on.”

He’s flirting with me, Jessa thought to herself. “Okay, you’re on.”

Because they didn’t really want to mix their alcohol, Jessa and Alex played with water instead of beer, their mixed drinks being steadily drained and refilled on the side. Across the table, Mason and Judd Romney stuck with beer, though, while Mason had more than a few bottles in addition to the game. Mason always complained that he sobered up during games of Pong, rather than getting drunker.

Jessa had the luck of being left-handed, and partnering up with Alex, who was right-handed. Together, they were able to play a fairly decent game of Pong, in stark contrast to some of the other girls around the basement. The handcuffs definitely limited the use of half of the sisters’ strong hands, though the fact that many of them were wearing high-heeled shoes, high-heeled boots, or high-heeled sandals added to the difficulty.

About halfway through the game, Alex was approached by two sophomores, Acadia Richardson and Michelle Perdue. Pulling Alex and Jessa aside for a secret conference, Acadia whispered, “Um, Alex?”

“Yeah?”

“How are we supposed to use the bathroom with the handcuffs on?”

Jessa had believed that she had thought of everything. She had known that the handcuffs were going to limit the girls’ ability to strip out of their dresses, and had warned them all accordingly; all over the frat house, the girls were dressed in party dresses that had no straps, that tied around the back of the neck, or had straps that had simply not been pulled up over their shoulders for the night. Acadia was on of this latter group, her left spaghetti-strap hanging down the side of her body while her right strap held up the dress. But the bathroom…the bathroom hadn’t even entered Jessa’s mind. She found it odd that NONE of the girls had thought about this before.

“Oh come on, Acadia,” Alex replied. “I’m not going to play the key master all night, and stand outside the bathroom so no one gets embarrassed. We’re going to be in the nude for the next twelve hours – I think you should probably not worry about stuff like this.”

Acadia looked confused. “So just…?”

“So just go!” Jessa jumped in. “The guys have a trough in the next room, so they obviously don’t think it’s such a big deal.”

Still unsure of themselves, Acadia and Michelle made their way across the basement to bathroom, and went in together.

“Everything okay?” Mason asked as Alex and Jessa returned to the Pong table.

“Just a couple of girls who are going to have a hard time parting with a little dignity tonight,” Jessa answered. She picked up the ball, and started another volley back and forth across the table.

Upstairs, some of the girls were dancing in the main hall. Some of the girls sat awkwardly on the side of the room, too nervous to even think about anything other than the strip show later that night. A couple of brothers were busy shutting the shades, so that no passersby walking down Calhoun Avenue would be able to peek in and see what was going on inside.

Down in the basement, Jessa was beginning to feel a slight buzz. The clock-hand was moving ever closer to eleven o’clock, but the upcoming event was temporarily out of Jessa’s thoughts. It was something that she was going to have to do, but not right now. That was more than twenty minutes away, and she was more focused on her game of Pong.

Most of the girls in the basement were busy taking shots, despite Jessa’s warning to take it easy. They’d be spending the rest of the night together, on the floor of the main hall, and the last thing that Jessa wanted to do was fall asleep alongside someone who was so drunk that they were throwing up.

Eventually, ten minutes before eleven, Jessa sunk the winning ball into one of Mason and Judd’s cups, effectively ended the game. Judd meandered off towards the bar, but Mason set himself down on the shelf that ran alongside this particular pong table. Kristin and Wendy, who had been waiting in the wings, were granted the next game.

Mason sat to Jessa’s left, chatting with her as the ping-pong ball bounced back and forth across the table. He casually drank from his bottle of Magic Hat, imagining what the rest of the night was going to be like. Each one of the four girls here in front of him was absolutely stunning with all their clothes on, especially all dressed up like they were. It was an odd sight, really. All the girls were far too dressed up to be hanging out in a frat basement. Sure, there were formals that started off here, but they were never the ultimate destination. Tonight, each one of the Ep Chis looked like they’d be more at home at a high school semiformal than just hanging around and playing Pong.

And then, before anyone knew it, it was eleven. Chaz Ehrlich, a junior who was acting as the DJ for the night, made the announcement, letting it reverberate through the whole of the house. It was the dreaded hour for the girls in the house, and the moment of ultimate fantasy for the men present. Jessa and Alex were in the middle of badly losing this particular Pong game, but they had to take a break to follow through on the actual premise of the Skin Ball. They had to strip naked.

Mason had organized the whole thing to make the stripping itself less of an event. Scattered around the basement were four laundry baskets, each labeled with masking tape as E, F, G, and H. Baskets A through D were upstairs in the main hall. Chaz explained that the girls were to put their clothes in whichever laundry basket they chose, but they were going to have to remember which one so they could get them back the next morning. Dresses, underwear – everything that could be defined as clothing was supposed to go in the baskets.

“We’re going to take the baskets and put them up in my room for the night,” Mason explained to the girls in the basement. “That way they’re off limits to everyone, and they’re kept secure for the night.”

“Except from you,” Jessa teased.

“Except from me,” Mason acknowledged.

“So ladies,” Dunny Groom added as he stood up on the shelf alongside Mason, “if you find any of your panties missing tomorrow morning, it’s probably because Mason has added them to his wardrobe.”

Mason put Dunny in a headlock quickly, and forced him off the shelf.

“So? It’s eleven o’clock! It’s time for the SKIN BALL!” Mason shouted the last two words.

Jessa swallowed hard. She had been drinking for over an hour, if she included the shot that she had done with Kristin and Alex back at Ep Chi, but her inhibitions were hardly gone. This wasn’t like the game of Pong that she’d played with Mason two years earlier, where there was a chance that she’d be able to pull it out and stay in some clothes, even just her panties. This was it – she was going to be naked for the next twelve hours in front of a house full of horny fraternity brothers.

Jessa, in her pink cocktail dress, looked to Alex for leadership. Alex, unlike most of the girls in the basement, showed that she had some nerve. She wasted no time in peeling off her tight-fitting white dress, untying it at the neck with her right hand, and slipping it down her body, past her breasts, past her belly button, past her hips, and down her legs. Before Jessa had even blinked, she found herself handcuffed to a nearly naked brunette, dressed in little more than a white lace strapless bra, matching white panties, and a pair of high-heeled boots that came nearly to her knees.

Jessa felt her right hand tugged away from her as Alex reached around her back to unclasp her bra. Letting a pair of stunningly large breasts free from their covering, Alex managed to draw the attention of almost everyone in the room. Her nipples were hard, showing that there was at least a part of her that was enjoying this. To be fair, Jessa had to admit that she was more than a little turned on herself at the attention that they were all going to receive that night.

Alex turned and gave her partner a “I can’t believe that I’m doing this” look, as she bent over to slip her panties down her legs. Stepping out of them, she added them to the pile of the clothes on the table, before tossing all three articles of clothes casually into the laundry basket that had been labeled “F.”

Around the room, the other girls seemed to be following Alex’s lead. Kristin had already stepped out of her dress and was no reaching around her back to undo her bra. Wendy’s dress was halfway down her body, revealing that she had come to the party tonight without wearing a bra. Her nipples, too, were rock hard, though Jessa made a concerted effort not to stare. She wasn’t a lesbian by any means, but it wasn’t often that she saw her sisters’ breasts, and curiosity was taking hold.

Jessa, wasting no more time, unzipped the back of her dress and slithered out of it. She hadn’t been wearing a bra, either, as her dress had built-in support. As the dress dropped from her chest, her big, puffy nipples jumped into the spotlight, catching Mason’s attention, catching Dunny’s attention, and undoubtedly attracting the attention of dozens of other guys around her. Jessa was wearing a red thong, but she didn’t get to show it off for and significant amount of time, as it was soon tossed in laundry basket “F” along with her pink dress. Suddenly, she was standing there naked alongside the already unclad Alex, wearing nothing aside from her shoes and a few pieces of jewelry. Jessa West was naked. In front of EVERYONE.

Standing in a pair of platform shoes to make herself look a little taller, Jessa looked around the room. The brothers looked like they had died and gone to heaven. Mason later joked that if they had, they definitely would have left this world fulfilled. After all, there were surrounded by naked Ep Chi after naked Ep Chi.

Jessa’s hair was done up neatly, as if she were attending her debutante ball back in Tallahassee again. She was wearing a pair of long silver earrings, which matched the few rings and bracelets that she was wearing, as well as the choker that was wrapped around neck. Her tongue ring counted as jewelry, but Jess never would have counted it as clothing, even now. But the surprises of the night were the matching henna tattoos that she and Alex were sporting around their navels.

Mason did a double take when saw them. Jessa and Alex had gotten together earlier in the day to put them on, and now both of them had circular Indian designs encircling their belly buttons.

Jessa, Alex, Wendy, and Kristin all stood at opposite ends of the Pong table, all four stark naked. Kristin wanted to continue the game, but Mason interrupted them, asking for Jessa and Alex to help him with the laundry baskets. The two girls each hefted a laundry basket, both of which were stuffed to the brim with cocktail dresses and women’s underwear. Mason, carrying the remaining two one on top of the other, led the way up the stairs and out of the basement.

They had to walk past the main hall to get to second floor and Mason’s bedroom there, which meant they’d be looking into the dance floor there. All the brothers were clearly excited, but they seemed somewhat uncomfortable, not entirely sure what to do or how to act around so many naked women. The sisters were the same way, keeping their distance from the men, and from each other as much as possible. This was definitely not an ordinary college dance party – at this time in the night, the dance floor would usually be crowded with sweaty bodies, grinding together as much as possible. The rules change when one of the genders is without clothing, though.

When they got upstairs to Mason’s room, four baskets of clothes were already in front of the door. These were the clothes that had been stripped off in the main hall, obviously deposited in from of Mason’s door for him to take care of. The TriGam brother just kicked two of the baskets into his room with his feet, Alex and Jessa following close behind.

After Mason had grabbed the remaining two clothes baskets, and placed them with the others on the far side of the room, it got a little bit awkward. Jessa and Alex were standing here, naked together in Mason’s bedroom, obviously fulfilling any number of Mason’s sexual dreams. Conversation with stifled, the proximity and sexual tension in the room adding to the edginess.

Jessa needed another drink.

With the clothing business taken care of, all three returned downstairs to their Pong game. Kristin and Wendy drifted back, and they picked right back up where they had left off, while Mason went and joined Chris Warner in another game across the basement.

That first hour was uncomfortable at best. There was definite awkwardness, as the men fought their urges to just stare at the girls, and the girls themselves adjusted to being stark naked and partying. But then, alcohol is the greatest tool of social adjustment that there is, and as the hour wore on, everyone was getting more and more comfortable with themselves and their surroundings.

In fact, a good number of the girls began to feel more than just comfortable, but actually a little bit sexy, and more than a little turned on. Jessa was definitely one of them. After scoring against Kristin and Wendy at one point, Jessa decided to perform a little for the audience of men around her, and initiated a chest bump with Alex. Everyone watched in awe as the four breasts collided with each other in a congratulatory demonstration.

It was Alex, though, that shocked her. As one of the ping-pong balls went bouncing across the room, she and Jessa went to get it. Instead of just crouching down to pick the ball up, she shot a wicked smile at Jessa, saying that she was definitely going to have fun with this, and tease the guys around her. The brunette bent down, right at her mid-section, and kept her legs straight. As she picked up the ball, any of the people behind her could clearly see her pussy, out there on display for everyone. Hoots, howls, and hollers were heard from her audience.

“I can’t believe you just did that,” Jessa said under her breath as they returned to the table. Sure, she was naked, and people were going to every last part of her, but she wasn’t sure that she could go around showing it off as much as possible, as Alex just had.

“I can’t believe that I did, either.”

As Jessa and Alex lost this particular game of Pong to their adversaries, Jessa realized that she’d gone from being pleasantly buzzed to the early stages of being drunk. Seeing as how it wasn’t even midnight yet, and there were more than three hours left of the Skin Ball, Jessa decided to calm down a bit.

As the game ended, Alex wanted to settle down on the shelf alongside Courtney and watch the next game between Kristin and Wendy and Seth McGreevey and Evan LeFebvre. But Jessa felt the sudden urge to use the bathroom, and dragged Alex along with her. Strolling over to the bathroom, they found an impressive line of girls, all waiting to take their turn. The men were all using the trough in the next room over, but the line was still terribly long. Rather than go upstairs and find a less crowded bathroom, though, Jessa and Alex waited, talking with each other and scanning the basement activities.

“How are you feeling?” Alex asked, noting that Jessa had already gotten a little bit woozy.

“I’m fine,” Jessa replied. “I’m just gonna take it a little easier on the shots and mixed drinks for the rest of the night.”

“And think, you’re the one who drilled into us the importance of staying a little bit sober.”

“Well,” the blonde said, blinking at her companion, “I have you to look out for me, don’t I?”

The brunette smiled. “How about we go dance after this, instead playing any more Pong? That’ll give you a chance to work off some of that alcohol.”

Jessa nodded, looking around the basement. There were girls behind the bar, serving beer to the brothers. There were girls engaged in games of Pong, laughing, getting drunk, talking, and so on. “It’s definitely not the sleaze-fest that we were worried about, huh?”

“Yeah,” Alex answered, taking a step closer to the bathroom. “Everyone’s been pretty good. But…”

Jessa turned to her friend. “But what?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I’m a little bit sluttier than you, or anyone else here. But, you know, we’re NAKED! It should be a LITTLE sleazier than it is.”

“So do you want to go back to Mason’s room? We can invite five or six of the brothers to join us,” Jessa offered sarcastically.

The brunette bumped her with her shoulder, showing her displeasure with the way that Jessa had taken the comment. “No, it’s just….it’s just that we’re naked. And we’re all done up with jewelry and heels and all else. There is something innately sexual about the whole thing, and I don’t like pretending that there’s not.” She pointed to the corner, where Allison Huckabee and Jen Sanford were talking to three of the brothers. “See? Look at them!”

Jessa looked, but didn’t see where Alex was going.

“Those guys are doing their best to be all polite and chivalrous, like they’re pretending not to see that the girls are fully clothed. Look at Bobby Locke – he’s keeping his eyes locked on Allison’s eyes, not letting them drift at all.”

Jessa was confused. “So you want to be stared at, ogled, and treated like a sexual object?”

“Well, maybe a little. Come on, why do we dress up when we go out, Jessa? We do so to get noticed, to get guys’ attention, to be all sexy. And now we’re naked, letting everything hang out there, and they’re all too scared to look at us. I mean, we’re naked. Let’s have some acknowledgement of that fact. Let’s have a raised eyebrow. Let’s have a noticeable erection.”

The girls ahead of Jessa went into the bathroom together as the blonde mulled over what Alex had just said. Turning to her friend, she replied, “So that’s what that little peep show was about back there at the Pong table? Bending over an showing yourself off?”

“You’re telling me you don’t feel sexy right now? Having guys make little sneaky glances over here in your direction?”

Jessa had to admit that she felt a little turned on.

“So what’s the big deal if they look a little bit longer, a little bit more openly? We’re not being treated exactly like sexual objects, Jessa – like just a set of tits to squeeze and a pussy to fuck. We’re just acting like sexual twenty-one-year-old girls who are hanging out at a frat party.”

The two girls ahead in the bathroom casually stepped out, allowing Jessa and Alex to go next. Alex closed and locked the door behind them, while Jessa sat down on the toilet. Alex sat her bare buttocks down on the sink to Jessa’s right, and kept talking.

The blonde felt a little unsure of herself, and honestly felt bad at having belittled Acadia and Michelle’s concerns earlier in the night. She had definitely urinated with another girl in the room before, but there was something so vulnerable about it tonight, with Jessa wearing nothing at all. Nonetheless, she went ahead, Alex just continuing her rant as if they were still standing outside the bathroom rather than being in it.

As Jessa waited for Alex to take her turn to pee, she began thinking about what Alex had said. The brunette was right, in her way. Tonight wasn’t about art, or the female form. Tonight wasn’t about women daring to do something in the nude. The Skin Ball, from the beginning, had been a blatantly sexual thing – she certainly would have ogled the guys, and gotten turned on, if TriGam had lost the challenge. The very thought of Mason’s eyes on her body, of being out of control for the night, was enough to make Jessa get a little wet. If Alex could let her libido go and enjoy herself for the night, then Jessa was going to, as well.

In the distance, the clock tower at Van Buren Library struck twelve.

**The Skin Ball Part Three: Take Me**

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TRI GAM
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Up on the dance floor, Jessa was taken aback to see how much everyone had loosened. It wasn’t like a typical college party – people still weren’t quite close enough yet. But it no longer looked like a seventh grade dance.

Some of the girls were dancing together as one large group. Other pairs of girls had found pairs of guys, and were dancing with them. Tara Martz and Courtney Gagnon were perfect examples of this latter group, entirely enthralled in their respective boyfriend, and trying desperately not to let their handcuffed arms prevent them from dancing. Of course, Tara and Courtney were significantly more physical with their dance partners than other couples, for obvious reasons. Evan, in particular, had his hands rubbing all over Courtney, as if he were marking her as his territory, trying desperately to keep her from the other guys.

Together, Alex and Jessa made their way out on to the dance floor, and slowly began to dance. From behind the turntables, Chaz Ehrlich looked out across the sea of unclad women and sex-craved men, smirking as he put in his next song. ACDC’s “You Shook Me.”

Dancing felt incredible to Jessa, especially in the state she was in. She had pretty much lost all her inhibitions, and was beginning to let go on the dance floor. As the speakers blared and the bass reverberated inside her body, her whole body was writhing to the music. She had never felt this sexy before, never felt as turned on as she did as she danced. Jessa wondered if this was how strippers felt, the eyes of men around them on their bodies, tracing every curve, every movement of their bodies. She herself couldn’t help but notice the attention that she was getting from Ben Henry, who was trying to sneak glances at her every chance he got, all the while still dancing with Theresa Foster.

The brothers kept their distance, though. While they were dancing with most of the other girls, they were content to just let Jessa and Alex dance with each other, creating a spectacle at the center of the dance floor. Jessa’s inhibitions were gone, and she was having fun. It didn’t seem to matter that it was just she and Alex there, together, dancing amazingly close for two naked girls. As the Chemical Brothers’ “Take Me” began playing in the background, both girls were lost in music, lost in the moment, lost in the thumping of the bass within them.

Thump. Thump.

Alex’s left hand and Jessa’s right hand were locked together at the wrist, but it didn’t seem to inhibit them at all; Alex had her left hand on Jessa’s right hip, and Jessa’s hand was write on top of it, guiding her hips as they moved. The free hands were able to move wherever they wanted, but while Jessa’s was floating freely over her head, Alex’s had found Jessa’s other hip. One of the brunette’s legs was firmly planted between the blonde’s, and vice versa. They danced close together, their nipples swinging dangerously close to each other as their breasts bounced with the music.

Thump. Thump.

Jessa’s eyes were closed. Alex’s were focused on Jessa’s neck, not looking at her face or her body, just her neck. Jessa could feel Alex’s pubic hair, nearly trimmed as it may have been, occasionally brush up against her thigh, but she gave it no notice. Her own pussy shot bolts up electricity up and down her body, every time it ground into Alex’s leg. At first it was accidental, then casual, and finally done with a noticeable amount of force. The touch of naked flesh against her own naked pussy was enough to excite her, even if it was just the naked flesh of another girl.

Thump. Thump.

Jessa felt her nipples touch Alex’s body, just below the brunette’s own breasts. There was a height difference between them, and even if it was a small one, their eyes didn’t look straight into one another, and their areoles weren’t exactly lined up. Alex’s hands were still on Jessa’s body, though they had worked their way a little south of her hips, catching a hold of her upper thighs.

Thump. Thump.

Alex watched as sweat dropped down from behind Jessa’s right ear, and traced it with her eyes as it dribbled down the blonde’s neck, down her chest, between her breasts, and onto Alex’s own body. She felt the droplet roll down her skin, before it puddled up somewhere around her navel.

Thump. Thump.

The music reached its climax, and began to settle, allowing both Alex and Jessa a release after over six minutes of intensely sexual dancing. Jessa had originally intended to dance close with Alex just to turn Ben Henry on. She had ended up turning herself on even more.

As a new song – something by the Thievery Corporation - began emanating from the speakers, the two girls broke apart to the disappointment of the crowd of people around them. Even the Ep Chi sisters had stopped to watch, and had to admit that they were getting turned on just watching their house’s president and fundraising director dance with each other. Ben Henry was standing next to fireplace, his tongue hanging out, and had forgotten entirely about Theresa and the other girls that he’d been dancing with.

Jessa, regaining her composure, wasn’t exactly sure about what had just happened. She had never danced with another girl like that when she’d been fully clothed. She shook her head, smiled weakly at Alex, and searched the crowd.

Ben Henry saw his moment to swoop in. The tension that had existed between Jessa and Alex dissipated quickly, the two girls focused on their next conquest – Ben.

Alex and Jessa’s little show had excited everyone around them, and given their fellow sisters a small push of encouragement. All around them, as the music changed from song to song, the Ep Chis got bolder and bolder and bolder. Jessa, out of the corner of her eye, saw Acadia guide the hands of a younger TriGam pledge up her naked stomach to her breasts, where she let them settle on her nipples.

Ben was trapped between two naked, sweaty bodies, and he didn’t seem to mind the least. Where before there had been nothing to keep Alex and Jessa apart, now there was a thin, good-looking senior. Ben’s head was shaved completely bald, and more than once Jessa relished in running her hands on its smooth surface.

But Ben wasn’t alone with the two girls for very long. Before any of them knew it, they were joined by two more brothers, each coming up from behind on the two sisters. Jessa could see Drew Benson dancing into Alex’s naked back, but she couldn’t see the body that had come up from behind her. Nonetheless, she grabbed his hand, and made sure that he felt welcome enough to run in across her body, so long as it stayed away from more sensitive areas. Her ass found the crotch of the mystery man behind her, and she pushed herself into him, until she could feel his hardness between her cheeks. And even through what felt like khaki material, Jessa could tell that whoever he was, it was clear that he was a big, big boy.

After a few minutes of dancing like this, getting increasingly turned on, Jessa had to find out who it was behind her. She turned, and looked up…and up…and up…to see all six-foot-five of Mason MacNeill, muscle from head to toe. As Alex did pirouettes behind her to get into a comfortable position with her handcuffs, Jessa looked up into Mason’s brown eyes and melted into his body. There was little more that Jessa wanted than to just have Mason take her at that moment.

While she couldn’t have sex with him right then or there, or that night for that matter, Jessa could dance with him as sexually as she had with Alex, and as she had been with Ben Henry.

Guys around them came and went. Girls around them came and went. But when it came down to it, the focus of Mason’s attention was evenly divided between just Alex and Jessa. And both the brunette and the blonde made clear to everyone else that joined them that Mason was their primary interest, even if they did dance with other people.

Alex made sure she got eye contact from Jessa before she began dancing close to Mason, though. It was clear that she didn’t want to butt in if there was something developing between Jessa and Mason. Jessa just shook her head and pulled her friend closer to their bodies. There had never been anything more than physicality between Jessa and Mason. Never had been. Never would be. Even when they were flirting heavily during sophomore year, Jessa never wanted anything more from him than just his body. Mason was a sweet guy, a nice guy, and a true man’s man, but Jessa had never wanted to make him her own. There was something about Mason that just couldn’t be tamed, and Jessa didn’t want to be the one to try.

Jessa ground deeply and forcefully into Mason’s leg, getting hotter the more she did it. After a few minutes of dancing this way, Dunny appeared from behind her, tapped Mason’s shoulder, and pulled him away. As the two brothers walked away, Jessa was mortified by what she saw – she had left a small stain of pussy juice on his khakis. She gasped, unsure of what she could possibly do.

Alex saw what she was looking at, and wrapped her arm around her friend. “I actually don’t think he noticed,” she offered.

“Oh my God!” Jessa cried, buying her face in Alex’s naked shoulder. “What am I going to do?”

“Don’t worry about it!” the brunette smiled. “Even if he notices, do you think it’s going to turn him off? If anything, it’s going to bring him back for more!”

Jessa jokingly pushed Alex away.

“Besides,” her friend continued, “it’ll be gone by the time he makes it to the basement.”

Jessa certainly didn’t feel good about what had just happened, but she was able to push it away for the time being. She hadn’t had anything to drink in over an hour, and her drunkenness was beginning to wear off with all the exercise.

“Do you want to get a drink?” Jessa asked.

“Sure, but let’s go upstairs,” Alex shot back. “Judd’s got alcohol up in his room, and he was planning to take a bunch of people up there to get high, too.”

Jessa raised her eyebrows. She hadn’t smoked in months. “Let’s go then.”

As they walked towards the stairs, they passed a line of girls all waiting to use the bathroom on the first floor. As they walked up, they passed a pair of sophomore girls coming down, who explained that the second floor bathroom was being renovated, and couldn’t be used.

“What about the one of the third floor?” Alex asked. She had spent the night at TriGam on more than on occasion the previous year, when she’d been hooking up with Brett Flannery. Brett had graduated in June, but Alex’s nights with him up on the third floor had left her with the knowledge that there was one bathroom on each floor of the house. Alex didn’t count the trough.

“It’s locked,” Suzy Granholm explained, obviously having tried the door herself. “The whole third floor, that is. Right at the top of the stairs.”

“That’s weird,” Jessa said. Why would they lock the third-floor door?

“Well, I guess it’s just back to the line,” Suzy said. “With all the drinking, those lines have gotten pretty bad. Some of the girls have even been peeing in the shower stall downstairs. ”

“Plus the fact that every trip is a two-for-one special,” Alex added.

Groaning, Suzy and the other sophomore descended the staircase as Alex and Jessa brushed by them.

Judd Romney’s room had been transformed into a middle-eastern pillow room. From one wall to the other, the carpet had been covered with comforters, beanbag chairs, pillows, and other soft objects, which Judd had obviously scrounged from any number of the brothers on the second floor. Even Judd’s mattress lay on the floor, the bed frame itself having been removed from the room.

Judd himself was leaning against one wall, laughing about something that Mark Carcieri had just said. Scattered throughout the room were six naked girls, five fully dressed men, and an overwhelming haze of pot smoke. No one made a big deal about the addition of Alex and Jessa, who both dropped into one of the corners between Jay Kemp and Valerie Thorne after pouring themselves drinks.

“So did you guys hear about the new professor that the college scored for next term?” Judd asked the new arrivals.

Alex shook her head, but Jessa asked, “Elisabeth Parker? The woman that Columbia fired, right?”

Judd nodded, and Mark picked up the ball. “Yeah, the college managed to convince her to come up here to the middle of nowhere. They’re giving her complete leeway over some sort of research project that she’s working on.”

“Now wait,” Valerie stopped the conversation, trying to get a hold of her own thoughts. She handed the pipe that had been circulating around the room to Jessa, who took her turn. “This is that ‘New Feminism’ woman, right?”

“Yeah,” Judd replied, “but it’s not any of that conservative garbage that’s been circulating around. She’s sort of carved out her own path, and it apparently got a lot eyebrows raised and temperatures up down in New York.”

“I’m actually in her class next term,” Jessa added, exhaling the smoke. She hadn’t wanted to take the class, but her friend Daniella had talked her into it, getting exciting about the hubbub surrounding the class. “Women’s Studies 68.”

“So close to sixty-nine,” Jay said druggily, laughing at the reference. Everyone else around the room just ignored him.

“The whole idea of it is supposed to be to get women to appreciate their own bodies, and their own sexuality, rather than have their sexuality forced upon them by men,” Judd explained.

The irony was not lost on the eight naked women that were lying every which way around the room. “Well, I think we’re proving that particular goal wrong,” Julie Leavitt peeped from next to Judd.

“Are we?” Alex asked, her interest in the conversation suddenly piqued. She handed the pipe off to Jay. “Are we really? I mean, yeah, we’re doing this because we lost a bet to a house full of guys, but WE’RE doing this. I’ve already had this discussion with Jessa – we’re not objects here tonight, no matter what any of the guys think.”

“But what’s wrong with being an object every now and then?” Jessa asked. “Or as you said earlier, just acknowledging that we’re sexual beings? What’s wrong with letting go, getting naked, and being out of control every now and then?”

Judd clapped. “Here, here,” he concurred.

“That’s actually her point,” Beth Baldacci said from across the room. “That as long as we’re empowered, and that we made this decision out of our own free will, than we’re acknowledging that we’re sexual beings, not some sort of inanimate fuck-toy.”

“But does losing a bet and following through on the consequences count as free will?” Mark asked.

“Sure it does,” Jessa replied. “Because we made this bet. We knew the risks, and even though we’re still mystified at how we possibly could have lost to you guys, we’re following through on it. We’re still the ones that decided to come here and get naked, even if we handed a little bit of control over.” She looked over at Alex, knowing that she could speak for more than just herself when she added, “And some of us are enjoying it.”

There were a few moments of silence, before Beth agreed. “I think it’s more than just some of us.”

Looking around the room, Jessa was shocked by all the heads nodding. Were they really all turned on by tonight? By the attention that they were getting from the TriGam brothers? The idea that she wasn’t the only one comforted her a little, made her feel a little less slutty.

The marijuana-fueled philosophical conversation carried on for a good deal longer. Now stoned, and on her way to getting her buzz back, Jessa leaned over and whispered in Alex’s ear that she had to used the bathroom.

“Do any of you guys have the key for upstairs?” Alex asked. “So we can use the bathroom?”

Judd and Mark exchanged a cryptic look. Mark explained, “Nah, sorry. It’s just Evan, Jeff Rowland, and Mike Murkowski living up there now – they’re the ones that would have the keys.”

“I guess we’re standing in the line,” Jessa admitted, sounding downtrodden as they stepped from Judd’s room.

“Well, we’ll see how bad it is,” Alex replied as they descended the stairs.

It was bad. Eighty-six girls were scattered throughout the house, partying naked, drinking naked, dancing naked. And yet they all seemed to be in the line for the bathroom.

“The one downstairs is out of order,” Haley Johanns explained. “Jenny Riley apparently booted all over the floor. Last I heard, Mason and Dunny were trying to find a mop, but it hadn’t been cleaned up as of ten minutes ago.”

“Wonderful,” Jessa replied, resigning herself to the line.

Alex, though, had no intention of waiting. “Come on,” she said, pulling Jessa behind her. They walked towards the back of the house, through the kitchen, and in the direction of TriGam’s back door.

“No we’re not,” Jessa came to a standstill, knowing that Alex was leading her outside. “First of all, it’s freezing out there. It’s December, remember?”

“We’re only going to be out there for a second.”

“Secondly, I really don’t want to go outside and risk getting seen by everyone at Mu Tau or Wolf House.”

“We’re not gonna go that far out, Jessa. The only way anyone will see us is if they happen to be strolling through TriGam’s back yard at one in the morning.”

“And thirdly, isn’t that a little gross?”

“Suck it up,” Alex said, pulling the blonde along behind her.

Jessa started to fight it, but gave in. After all, she really did need to pee, and this option was slightly better than waiting for a half hour in line. As they walked out into the dark night, Jessa couldn’t believe how cold it was. She stepped down onto the lawn behind the house, and saw frost forming on the blades of grass. It had snowed twice this term, one of those times just a few days earlier. But the ground was still bare, having gotten little more than a frosting on Tuesday. Her nipples were rock hard, but for the first time since she’d stripped, it wasn’t because of sexual excitement.

When they had returned to kitchen, Jessa rubbed her arms to warm herself up. Alex, though, helped herself to a bottle of tequila that was sitting on the counter, and did a shot straight from the bottle.

“Drinking for warmth,” she explained, handing the tequila off to Jessa.

As Jessa knocked back a shot of tequila, she let her mind wander over the course of the night. It was already one thirty, with only an hour and a half left of the party. Since eleven o’clock, she’d stripped naked in the basement, played a game of pong, danced with Alex, gotten turned on by Alex, danced with Ben, gotten turned on by Ben, danced with Mason, gotten turned on by Mason, and gotten stoned up in Judd Romney’s room. Just thinking about Mason rubbing up behind her while she’d been dancing was enough to bring all her libido back. Thinking about dancing with Mason behind her and Ben in front of her brought it back with a fury. And remembering how turned on she’d become when she’d been dancing with Alex put her over the top.

She was unsure of how to say it, so she just blurted it out. “Alex, I need to get myself off.”

Alex didn’t give her the look of disgust that Jessa had been bracing herself for. Instead, she let out a sigh of relief. “Jesus, I thought I was the only one. I can’t even think straight.”

That was a surprise. Jessa hadn’t really thought about what she had expected Alex to say, but the brunette’s candor and similar thoughts caught her off guard. They locked eyes for a few seconds, each of them lost in what to say next, what to do next. Alex finally broke the silence. “Here?”

“Too busy,” Jessa replied. She didn’t want to think about the ramifications that this might cause with their friendship. She didn’t want to think about how they’d look each other in the eye tomorrow or afterwards. She really just needed to touch herself, and focused all her energy on trying to think of a place they could do it.

“Mason’s room,” they said in unison. That decided, they proceeded silently up the stairs and around the corner, letting themselves in to the sizable room of the TriGam president.

Neither of them was entirely sure what to say to each other. Even in such a sexually charged night, this was still a little weird. They were about to masturbate together.

“The bed?” Alex asked, her voice trembling with a hint of fear.

“The bed,” Jessa replied, dropped herself onto Mason’s comforter. She edged her way back towards the headboard, Alex doing the same on her side of the bed. She parted her legs, wasting little time in getting to work.

If thinking about the party and the dancing had gotten Jessa turned on, the idea of someone lying there beside her and witnessing her masturbate got her head spinning. The shallow breaths that had started to escape Alex’s lips just added to moment, sending Jessa to a divine place.

Their hands were handcuffed together, lying on the bed between their naked, squirming bodies. Each of their free hands were hard at work, Jessa’s dipping deep inside her pussy while Alex’s paid more attention to her clit than anything else. As Alex began to moan with pleasure, her handcuffed fingers interlocked with Jessa’s, and they began holding hands.

Jessa wasn’t exactly sure what to do next. Her eyes were focused on the Christmas lights that Mason had hanging over his bed, but her thoughts were focused on her pussy, and on Alex’s hand. Does she want me to touch her? Does she want to do more than just masturbate together? Jessa brushed the thoughts from her head for the time being. Just this was taking their friendship to a different level – anything more was beyond the current scope of Jessa’s thought.

Her fingers worked her pussy, going in and out of her swollen lips, tracing circles around her clit. She, too, was moaning like Alex, sighing as shots of pleasure struck out from her crotch, enveloping the rest of her body. She was panting, she was sighing, she was arching her back. All the while, the brunette was doing the same thing.

The music blaring from downstairs. The sounds of voices from down the hall. The heat that was emanating from Alex’s body. It was all too much for Jessa, who felt a wave of sexual energy wash over her body, bringing her to a climax, and then crashing down with a groan of relief. She hadn’t meant to be as loud as she had. She hadn’t meant to orgasm like that. But Jessa had lost herself in her fantasy, and had let the animal inside her take control of her for just a few minutes.

Alex finished a few second later, her sighing containing more and more guttural noises. She squeezed Jessa’s hand tighter as her body surged with pleasure, eventually releasing her grip and moaning with relief as she lay on the bed.

Jessa wasn’t sure what to say next. She wasn’t sure how awkward it was going to be.

Alex, though, quickly made light of the whole situation. “My god, do your orgasm loudly.”

Jessa, faking a profound horror, belted the brunette with one of Mason’s pillows. She mimicked the sound of Alex’s own orgasm – even if it had been quieter, it had contained more than a few vowel sounds that Jessa could use against the brunette.

In one quick second, the tension that had formed between the two was gone. It was definitely different, what had just happened between them. But it wasn’t something that they’d lose each other over. In fact, if anything, Jessa felt even closer to Alex at that point.

“Do you usually cum so quickly?” Jessa asked as they made their way down the empty hall, back towards the party.

The brunette shook her head. “No, never. Tonight has just been turning me on so much, I was like a time bomb ready to go.”

Jessa agreed. But the relief that came from the orgasm was only temporary – by the time they’d descended the stairs back into the basement, Jessa could already feel the pressure building back up again. It was paradoxical. After cumming, the thought she’d be less turned on. But instead, she was swimming in sexuality.