**Tradition**

by rsw

**Chapter 1**

Emily surveyed the parking lot to make sure that no one was watching her as she exited her cousin’s car. Not bothering to wait for Beth to get out of the driver’s seat, she took off practically at a run after she determined that the coast was clear. As she reached the concrete steps leading to the brick façade of Riverside High School, she noticed a freshman boy, whose name she couldn’t recall, struggling with what looked to be some kind of science project.

In addition to his backpack, he carried a large piece of plywood piled high with glass beakers and electronic gadgets. She looked wistfully at the entrance and briefly considered ignoring him.

Sighing, she turned to him, “Need help?”

Was the boy gawking at her, his eyes devouring the exposed flesh under her too-short skirt?

“That would be great,” he said. “I can’t exactly put this down easily, and I had no idea how I was going to get in the door. Would you mind opening it for me?”

She followed behind him as he limped up the stairs at an excruciatingly slow pace and, when he finally reached the top, let him in. After he assured her that he could manage the rest of the way, she grabbed her first period books from her locker and hurried to the bathroom to hide.

It didn’t take long for Beth to find her.

“Emily, honey, I’m wearing the exact same outfit that you are, as will all six of the other cheerleaders. It’s okay, really.”

“That’s easy for you to say. I’ve seen those tiny bikinis that you wear to the beach. You have no shame.”

Beth didn’t bother to reply. Instead, she grabbed Emily’s hand and pulled her over to the mirrors.

“Look at yourself. You’re completely covered. There’s nothing obscene or even abnormally revealing about what you’re wearing. It’s a cheerleading outfit, for God’s sake. Girls your age all over the country right this moment are dressed the same way.”

Emily made herself look.

“See,” Beth said. “It’s not that bad. I’ve seen you wear sleeveless shirts before, and I know that you’ve worn shorts that covered less than that skirt.”

“Not to school, I haven’t! Besides, this whole outfit is designed to draw attention. Look at the royal blue of the skirt and the bright red top. The colors are practically blinding. Look at how far down the neck plunges and that pleated skirt shows off my panties with every step that I take. When I sit down, it rises up all the way over my butt.”

“Stop exaggerating. The neckline doesn’t plunge; it barely makes a tiny little ‘v,’ and you can’t see any of your cleavage. The skirt doesn’t show your panties; it shows your bloomers. You’re supposed to see the bloomers.”

Emily could see clearly both the affection and the annoyance in Beth’s look as she continued.

“Stop being so dramatic. You wanted to be a cheerleader, didn’t you?”

“I wanted to be a part of something,” Emily said, “instead of just being my older cousin’s tagalong, and I knew that it would please you. I think that the only thing that made you prouder than being selected as squad captain for your senior year was seeing me be selected as the only freshman to make the team.”

Beth hugged the younger girl.

“I was so proud, and I’m still proud. You’re going to do great! Now, buck up and get out into that hall.”

Emily knew that she didn’t have much of a choice; she couldn’t hide out in the girls bathroom all day long. Still, she hated the thought of all the attention and the boys staring at her. She made it through the day, though, without dying of embarrassment. Then she fought the butterflies in her stomach and performed at the pep rally in front of the whole school. She cheered on the sidelines during the game and danced at halftime. Emily never really grew comfortable in her outfit, but, eventually, she got used to wearing it.

The season wore on, and the football team did great. For the first time in many years, there was talk about the playoffs and maybe even a state championship. As the prospects for the team increased, Emily more and more caught mysterious snippets of conversations about “the tradition,” but no one, not even Beth, would elaborate, regardless of how much she pleaded. As the regular season ended, their team sat atop the standings. Beth called a closed door meeting with the other two seniors on the squad to discuss preparations “just in case.”

By this point, Emily was dying of curiosity. She knew that eavesdropping was wrong, but she just had to find out what they were saying. She also knew that she couldn’t just stand by the door and listen. If one of the other cheerleaders saw her, they’d tell Beth, and she’d be in big trouble.

Instead, she circled the area looking for a concealed location and discovered an unlocked supply closet right next to the room. As quietly as she could, she stacked boxes and buckets to make a platform that would allow her five foot two inch frame to reach the ceiling. After carefully removing one of the acoustical tiles, she found that, if she listened closely, she could just make out what they were talking about.

“It’s tradition,” Beth said. “Obviously, we have to do it. Do either of you really have a problem with it?”

“No,” answered Meg.

“I think that it could actually be kind of fun,” Julie said.

Emily heard Beth’s voice next.

“You are such a slut!”

“And you’re an exhibitionist,” came Julie’s retort.

Though the voices were faint, she could tell that humor filled the exchange. She heard Beth’s voice again.

“What about the other girls?”

“I’ve been talking about it with a few of them,” Meg said. “They’re a bit nervous, especially Kate, but are okay with it since it’s, you know, tradition and all. The only one that I’m really worried about is Emily.”

“Yeah,” said Julie. “Not only is she the youngest, but she’s so shy. She’s such a sweet kid; do you really think that she can handle it?”

Emily tensed.

‘Sweet kid. I’m not a kid! I’m a high school sophomore, practically an adult. And I’m not that shy; I run around all the time in that skimpy cheerleader outfit, don’t I?’

She wanted to yell out but that would have just exposed her eavesdropping. Instead she listened intently as Beth continued.

“No one has said anything to her, have they?”

“As per your orders,” Meg answered, “no one has said a thing.”

Emily let out a little yelp and then quickly covered her mouth with her hand.

‘Beth is the reason that no one will talk to me about it? Does she think that I’m a child that needs to be protected?’

In the next room, she heard Beth.

“That’s good. I think I’ve got an idea to mitigate it somewhat for her, but I have to talk to Greg first.”

“Don’t hold out on us,” Julie said. “I’ve been really concerned about her having to do this. If you’ve got a possible solution, please let me know what it is.”

Emily strained to hear Beth’s faint voice.

“Well…”

Two students in the corridor outside the supply closet started talking so loudly that she couldn’t hear much of the rest of the conversation and caught only little pieces. Meg seemed concerned about Beth’s idea at first but then got enthusiastic about it. Emily also heard the name “Ben” mentioned. Ben Miller, the offensive tackle, maybe? She was so frustrated that she wanted to get down and ask the people in the hallway to leave.

‘It’s not their fault,’ she thought. ‘They don’t know that I’m desperately trying to snoop on my cousin’s private conversation.’

The thought rattled her. Since when did she eavesdrop? How would she feel if someone invaded her privacy? Her guilt overrode her irritation at being referred to as a shy kid who needed to be protected. She closed the ceiling back up and waited for the students in the corridor to leave.

**Chapter 2**

Greg Barnes watched Beth as she entered the room. He loved her outfit, the short skirt, the tight top that accentuated her breasts, and those long black boots. There was just something about the bare skin that showed between the boots and the skirt that so turned him on.

Not for the first time, he thought ‘I know it’s a cliché for the captain of the football team to date the head cheerleader, but tell me again why we decided to just be friends?’

“Hey girl, what’s on your mind?” he asked after she sat next to him on the couch.

“I’m concerned about what is going to happen if y’all win the championship.”

There it is, then. So far, they hadn’t discussed it. He teased her a bit.

“Nervous about following through with the tradition? I would have thought that you’d be into it.”

She smiled.

“You do know me well.”

She crossed her legs.

‘Did she deliberately flash her panties at me?’

“What I’m concerned about is Emily,” Beth said.

Greg had been focused on his team and preparations for the playoffs.

“You’re right. I hadn’t thought of that. I can’t picture her going through with it.”

Though Emily easily made it to the top five on anyone’s list of cutest girls in the school, none of the players talked about her in the locker room. Some girls were just too angelic for vulgar comments and thoughts, public ones anyway.

“All eight of us, including her, WILL go through with it,” Beth said.

“There isn’t anything that we can do? Between the two of us, we lead the football team and the cheerleaders. Can’t we just exempt her from having to take part? I’m sure that the guys will understand.” Greg said.

“Don’t take this the wrong way, and, believe me, I’m glad that you understand and are willing to help with the problem. Emily will be taking part. It wouldn’t set a good precedent to let one girl out of it. It would go against tradition, and it would hurt both her honor and the honor of the cheerleaders as a whole.”

Greg wasn’t willing to give up that easily, but he could tell that Beth was leading up to something.

“Okay, then what do we do?”

“I have an idea, but it’s going to take a some doing on your part,” Beth said.

“Go on, share.”

“I was doing some research on the matter, reading the past Cheer Captain’s Chronicles, and I found a caveat to the tradition. Apparently, it’s customary for the most valuable player to be able to choose any one of the cheerleaders for a private performance, and the two of them usually do their thing completely separate from everyone else. It seems that the MVP is allowed far more perks than any of the other players.”

Greg nearly dropped his Coke.

“How does that help us? We don’t want to subject Emily to more than what is expected from the others.”

Beth explained quickly.

“Well, if the right person were chosen MVP, he could make it a lot easier on her.”

Greg got the picture.

“I understand. It sort of sucks for me, because I’ll probably get the MVP award as the quarterback. I’ll miss out on all the action, but it’s worth it to protect Emily.”

Beth smiled and reached over to grab his knee.

“That’s not exactly what I had in mind. I wouldn’t want you to miss my show.”

Greg grinned at her.

“What if Ben Miller were voted MVP?” Beth asked. “He’s an all state tackle, and you know better than me that linemen just don’t get all the recognition that they deserve. As captain, you could swing the vote his way, right?”

“Hey now,” Greg replied, “that is a great idea. You’re smart AND beautiful. Gentle Ben is a great choice; he’s even shyer than she is. I doubt he was even planning on going to the party.”

“Do you think he’d do it if we told him it was to protect Emily?” Beth asked.

“I’m absolutely positive that he will.”

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The team cruised to victory in the final playoff game. After the following Monday’s cheer practice, Beth called all the squad members together for a meeting. Emily listened intently as Beth began to speak.

“Our sports and cheerleading programs here at Riverside High are steeped in tradition. We have traditions for initiation, traditions to ensure continuity of leadership, even traditions for which cheers to use. We take these traditions seriously, and teach them to each new initiate. There’s one tradition, however, that is only discussed once a particular situation arises.”

She paused before continuing.

“In the event that the football team wins the state championship, the cheerleading squad throws a party for the seniors on the team. Since the team is playing in the championship game this Friday night …”

The seven girls interrupted Beth with loud clapping and cheering.

“Since the championship is Friday night, we need to discuss your responsibilities for that party if our team does happen to emerge victorious.”

Emily’s heart rate sped up. She was finally about to hear what everyone else apparently already knew.

“There’s no way to sugarcoat it; the cheerleaders will be expected to strip for the senior players and to stay naked for the entire party.”

Emily’s eyes got big.

‘What? She can’t really mean what she just said, can she?’

On the other hand, it made sense. Them wanting to protect her, the joking slut and exhibitionist exchange between Julie and Beth, the nervousness she sensed in some of the other girls. Beth was serious.

“There will be a strict look but no touch policy. I trust that Greg will keep his guys in line. If any of them get fresh, he will make sure that they are removed from the premises. It’s up to me to watch over you girls.”

Julie yelled out, “Who’s going to watch over you?”

Most of the girls laughed, and Beth gave Julie an annoyed look.

“Once the party is over, what you do is your business, but, while it is officially in session, you will not have more than the most innocent physical contact with the players. Dancing is okay, even slow dancing with body parts touching. Intimate contact is not, and there will be absolutely no drinking. Do you understand me?”

The girls each nodded their assent.

“There is, however, one notable exception to the rules. One of the seniors will be voted most valuable player for the game by his teammates. That player will be allowed to choose one of us cheerleaders for a private party. The policy for the private party is, basically, anything but. That means anything that he wants goes. Touching is allowed. Only actual intercourse if forbidden. Are there any questions?”

Beth didn’t give them much of a chance to respond before continuing.

“Great. Now for some details. There’s not all that much planning to do for the actual event. Meg and Julie have volunteered to make all the necessary arrangements. All you need to do is leave Saturday night open in case of a victory, and practice the routine that we’re about demonstrate for you. If we’re going to strip for the guys, we’re going to do it as a team, and we’re going to do it right.”

She gestured for Meg and Julie to join her in front of the others.

“The routine that we’ve worked up is relatively simple. Once you watch us perform it this once, you’ll be expected to practice on your own and know it for this weekend.”

The three team leaders removed their shoes and socks.

“Julie, Meg, and I will also be modifying a set of older uniforms, so you won’t be wearing our normal game attire. We’ll also be making three other changes. First, obviously, is the lack of shoes and socks. Tennis shoes just aren’t sexy, and we couldn’t think of a way to make taking them off fun or exciting.”

“I wanted high heels and stockings, but Beth nixed the idea,” Julie said.

There were some nervous laughs in the room. Emily sat paralyzed.

‘Are they really about to demonstrate a strip routine that I have to learn?’

Beth lifted up her skirt. Instead of her normal red bloomers, she was wearing a pair of white panties.

“Next, leave the bloomers at home, ladies, and the sexier the panties you wear, the better. Finally, we couldn’t figure out a good way to take off normal bras and not break the rhythm. It’s sports bras for the evening.”

Meg started the music, and the three girls began to dance. Emily watched in amazement as her cousin and the two other seniors stripped naked in front of the rest of the squad. She felt nothing but dread at the thought of having to do it herself.

‘I can’t do this,’ she thought. ‘I can’t strip naked in front of a bunch of boys. I’m not even comfortable when I have to shower with the girls at camp. Should I resign from the team? Beth would be so disappointed.’

Consumed by her thoughts, Emily didn’t speak a word as Beth drove her home. Should she agree to do something that she found mortifying, or should she let down the one person who had been there for her for the past five years, who had practically raised her?

Just before she exited the car, Emily finally turned to Beth.

“I just wanted to let you know that I won’t let you down.”

Beth leaned over and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

“That’s my girl.”

**Chapter 3**

On Thursday morning, the football team loaded up in two buses and headed to the state capitol. In the afternoon, they did a walk through in shells – helmets, shoulder pads, and shorts – at the university stadium and then went to their hotel rooms to settle in for the night.

Taking the adage that a quarterback’s best friend is his left tackle to heart, Greg made sure that he roomed with Ben. With about an hour to go before lights out, he clicked off the television and turned to his teammate.

“You decided what you’re going to do next year?”

“I think that I’m going to accept the scholarship to Tech. They have the better engineering program and are willing to red shirt me. I just don’t think that I can finish an ME degree in four years and play football. You?”

“I think that I’m going to choose State,” Greg said. “That’s where Beth is going.”

Ben didn’t look surprised at the announcement.

“You two are finally an item? That’s great.”

“What do you mean?”

Ben looked at Greg like he was a complete idiot.

“Let’s see. You’re the quarterback and captain of the football team. How many girls have you asked out in the past year?”

Greg thought about it for a second and was shocked that he had a hard time remembering the last girl that he asked out.

“I can’t think of any, but there has to have been some.”

“Man,” Ben said, “you two hang out together every chance you get. Every dance, y’all go as ‘friends.’ You’re already dating, just without any of the benefits.”

“We’re just friends. Her parents are going to be moving out of state, and I don’t want her to feel deserted. That’s all.”

Greg hadn’t intended for this conversation to revolve around his love life. He changed topics.

“Are you nervous about tomorrow?”

“Not really. Oakridge has a strong team, but I think that we match up well. I’m not overconfident or anything, but I think that we’ll win.”

“A lot is riding on you,” Greg said. “You’re one of the best linemen in the state, and I need you to bring your A game.”

“Hey, I’ve got your back. Literally. You know that. You’re sounding nervous. Are you okay?”

Greg tried to figure out the best way to broach the subject with his friend.

“I’m concerned about what’s going to happen after we win. You know about the party, right?”

“I’ve heard rumors. The cheerleaders are throwing a bash for the senior players. There’s wild speculation among some of the players about what’s going to happen. Regardless, I wasn’t planning on attending.”

This news did not surprise Greg.

“I’m not sure what rumors you’ve heard, but they may be truer than you think. The cheerleaders will be partying butt naked with us. No touching is allowed, but they really are going to strip.”

“You don’t mean ALL the cheerleaders. Surely not Emily too?”

“ALL of them. Including Emily.”

Greg knew that Gentle Ben didn’t get mad often, but, when he did, he was an erupting volcano. The last time was when a couple of freshmen had been playing around throwing rocks in the parking lot and one of them had hit Ben’s 1970 Dodge Charger, putting a chip in the windshield. Ben had saved money since he was ten to buy that car, and Greg knew that Ben and his dad had spent countless hours working on it. Ben had been livid. He had chased down the one that threw the rock. If Greg and a few of his buddies hadn’t restrained him, he might have seriously hurt the kid.

Greg could tell that Ben was starting to get mad now.

“You can’t make her strip naked in front of all those guys. It’s not right!”

Greg expected Ben to sympathize but didn’t anticipate such vehemence.

“Calm down. It’s okay. I agree with you. Beth came up with a plan.”

“A plan? Beth should tell Emily to stay at home!”

‘What’s the deal? Why does he care so much about this?’ Greg thought.

“I know man. Calm down. That’s what I suggested, too. Beth said that it was some kind of cheerleader honor thing. We can’t mess with their traditions anymore than they can mess with ours.”

“It’s still stupid. She should stay home.”

Greg had never known Ben not to listen to reason.

“How would you feel if they told us how to handle a situation with one of our players? Would you at least listen to her plan?”

“Go ahead.”

“A part of the tradition is that the game MVP gets to choose one of the squad for a private party. I guess that the idea is that he gets a special bonus in that the no touching rule doesn’t apply. The important thing is, though, that he and the cheerleader disappear for the duration of the party.”

Ben cocked his head to the side, looking like he was trying to work out the ramifications.

“How does that help? Unless you truly screw up, you’ll be the MVP. You’ll surely choose Beth, right?”

Ben suddenly snarled at him.

“Don’t tell me that you’re going to choose Emily? Exactly how far can you go with the touching?”

If he didn’t watch it, he was about to be receiving more punishment from his own lineman than from the opposing defense. Did Ben have a thing for Emily?

“Wait a second. Hear me out. I’m not going to choose Emily because I’m not going to be the MVP.”

That comment stopped Ben in his tracks.

“Huh?”

“I’ve been talking to some of the guys, and, assuming you have your usual great game, we’re going to choose you as the MVP.”

“You’re the QB, the team captain. The honor should go to you,” Ben said.

“You’re just as much of the reason that we’re here as I am, and I’ve already received a lot of honors. Besides, I need to stay with the other guys to make sure that they behave themselves.”

Ben objected again.

“What about Beth? You’re going to let her strip in front of everybody?”

“She’s an exhibitionist; it’s not going to bother her. To tell you the truth, I think it’s hot.”

Ben tried another tack.

“You want me to stay with Emily while this party happens? You know that I don’t really talk to girls, and she’s as shy as I am. Are we just supposed to sit in uncomfortable silence for hours?”

“Look, this is the only thing that we could think of that works. Is there someone else that you would trust to stay with her?”

Ben shook his head.

“Would you rather her stay with you for a while and be mildly uncomfortable or have her walking around naked in front of a bunch of guys? This way, you’re the only one that will see her tight little bod.”

Ben started to erupt once more.

“I’m not going to see…”

Greg cut him off.

“Sorry, just teasing you there. Look, as MVP, you can do anything short of sex with her, or you can do nothing. Your call. Will you do it?”

Ben didn’t look happy, but he agreed.

In the championship game, the lead changed hands eight times. Down by four points with time about to expire in the fourth quarter, Riverside’s team lined up at their own 40 yard line. Greg took a seven step drop. Oakridge rushed their four linemen and blitzed the middle linebacker. The full back picked up the blitz. The four other offensive linemen teamed up to block three defending players, leaving Ben isolated on Oakridge’s prep all-American right end.

Ben exploded from his stance and pancaked his guy. With the end out of the action, he looked into the backfield and saw Greg rolling to his left because the fullback had missed his block. Ben ran back to help and laid the linebacker out. Greg, now with plenty of time to set his feet, heaved the ball as hard as he could. The football came down 55 yards later in the hands of senior wideout, Mike Conner. Oakridge’s free safety, who had played deep in the center of the field, sprinted at Mike.

The two met at the one yard line. Mike tried to leap over the defender just as the safety lunged at him. The blow hit his legs and flipped him completely upside down. Mike landed on his shoulder in the end zone still clutching the ball as time expired. Touchdown! With the extra point, Riverside won by three points, and their fans rushed the field.

With Greg’s encouragement, the team voted Ben MVP. After a night of revelry and travel back to their hometown, preparations began in earnest for the Saturday night party. Mike arranged the use of his uncle’s cabin, located just outside of town, for the event. Though somewhat isolated in the woods, there were still neighbors close enough that might call the cops if they suspected that an underage party were taking place. The planners assigned parking at various spots near the cabin so that the celebration would be less conspicuous.

**Chapter 4**

About an hour before Beth was scheduled to pick her up, Emily finished her shower and wrapped herself in a towel. Walking to her bed, she looked at the outfit laid out for her with dismay. The senior cheerleaders had taken one of the older uniforms and made major alterations. The skirt was now a good three inches shorter than the one on her normal uniform, and the top was cut off so that not much of the section between the bottom of her breasts and her waist would be covered.

Then, she looked at the underwear. The black sports bra was okay, better than wearing something sexy and lacy. The panties were a problem. She had two pairs laid out, both black as well, and couldn’t make up her mind which one to wear. The first was a really dainty pair with lots of lace. Though not a thong by any stretch, it would show most of the sides of her legs and a great deal of her butt. The other wouldn’t show much less than her bloomers would have.

Sighing, she finished getting ready and got dressed, putting on the more conservative panties. She then waited by window in her room, forcing herself not to fidget or pace around the room. As soon as she saw Beth’s car arrive, guilt got the best of her, and she hurriedly changed into the sexier panties. Grabbing her overnight bag and throwing on a jacket, she kissed her dad telling him that she’d be spending the night with Beth. He barely looked up from the book he was reading as he told her goodbye. After slipping some flats on her otherwise bare feet, she was out the door.

“So, girl, are you ready?” Beth asked when Emily got into the car.

Emily blushed.

“As ready as I’ll ever be.”

“I’m so proud of you. I know that this isn’t easy for you, but you haven’t complained once.”

Emily was eager to change the subject.

“So, did Ben Miller pick which cheerleader he wanted for the private party? I’m guessing Julie. It surely would have been you if Greg had gotten MVP.”

“Actually, Ben has chosen, and it wasn’t Julie. He chose you.”

The revelation shocked her.

“Me? I thought surely that one of the senior girls would be chosen. Oh Beth, I don’t think that I’m ready to go that far. I’ve never even kissed a boy.”

Beth pulled the car over to comfort the upset girl. Putting her arm around her and giving her a squeeze, she spoke to Emily softly.

“It’s going to be okay, Em. You know Ben; he’s a really great guy. He won’t try to get fresh with you at all.”

“I don’t know him that well. We’ve been in the same group a bunch when I’ve tagged along with you to hang out with Greg and his friends, but I don’t think that Ben has said more than twenty words to me total.”

“Come on, you’ve been around him for years. Surely, you know that he’s a nice guy.”

Emily forced herself to calm down and think for a minute.

“I know that he got really angry at those guys who damaged his car. The rumors were that he would have put one of them in the hospital if it hadn’t’ve been for Greg.”

“That was one time. I’ve never heard him utter a single mean word about anyone except for that once.”

Despite not wanting to like the guy who was going to force her to strip tonight, she couldn’t help but recall some of his better qualities.

“Okay. There are some positives. I remember when Julie had her leg in a cast last year. He carried her around and was at her beck and call the whole time. You know how Julie is, she wanted to ‘repay’ his kindness, but he wouldn’t take advantage of it.”

“See…”

“And you’re right. I’ve never heard him say anything bad about anyone, and there’s not a person in the school who doesn’t like him. He’s a good football player, and he’s smart. I’ve heard that he’s probably going to be the valedictorian for your class. But…”

“Go ahead. What is it?”

“He’s huge. He’s like, what, 6 – 5? The program guide says that he’s 275 pounds.”

“All muscle, too. What’s wrong with that?”

“He dwarfs me. I feel like a tiny kid next to him, like he could crush me like a flea if he wanted.”

Beth looked like she had finally had enough of the coddling.

“Will you just trust me? It’s going to be fine. When we get to the house, go upstairs. He’ll be waiting in the first bedroom on the right. There’s an iPod in the glove box that you can plug into the radio in the room. Just walk in the room, turn on the music, and do your routine. After that, do whatever he says.”

“You said that he wouldn’t make me…”

Beth cut her off.

“I am one hundred percent positive that he will not make you do anything besides strip. Greg has assured me of it. Do you really think that I would let you walk into a situation like that if I didn’t feel that it were safe? Still, though, the tradition is that he’s in charge. I expect you to do whatever he says.”

Emily knew that Beth always looked out for her. Ever since Emily’s mom died, Beth had been part older sister and part mother to her. Beth wouldn’t let anything bad happen to her. If Beth trusted Ben, then so would she.

“You’re right. You wouldn’t have me do it if you didn’t think it was safe. I’m sorry if I’m acting like a brat.”

“You’re not acting like a brat; you’re just scared. Think about it this way, though. Yes, it will be terribly embarrassing for you to strip for Ben, but he’ll be the only guy that sees you. No dancing naked with the other fourteen seniors. Some of those guys are real horn dogs, not gentlemen like Ben.”

Beth started the car, and they rode in silence the rest of the way. They were parked near the cabin before she knew it.

Emily grabbed the iPod and got out of the car. Before she shut the car door, Beth instructed her, “leave the coat in the car.”

Emily shot her a pleading look. Beth ignored her, removing her own jacket and putting it in the car. Emily reluctantly followed suit.

Though the temperature had dropped quickly with the setting sun, Emily’s primary motivation for wanting to keep the coat was not warmth, but modesty. The garment reached almost to her knees and fully covered her scanty attire. Without their coats, she wouldn’t have been surprised if someone seeing them walk down the street called the police to report a couple of prostitutes. At least, the street was dimly lit, so the darkness of the evening concealed them somewhat.

The outfit was even worse than she anticipated when she had stared at it on her bed. No matter how hard she tugged it down, the top didn’t fully cover the black material of her sports bra. And, the skirt! The skirt was impossible. She wore it as low on her waist as she possibly could, but it would only come down far enough to barely cover the bottom of her butt cheeks. Being pleated, it came up when she made any movement. In effect, she flashed her panties, back and front, with every step. If there would have been anyone out on the street to see her, she would have died of shame.

Though dressed almost exactly the same, Beth didn’t appear to be bothered. When they reached the door of the cabin, she removed her shoes and walked in. Emily knew that there were boys inside, but the thought of having Beth disappointed in her was even worse than having them see her in this humiliating outfit. She followed her cousin in the door.

She and Beth were the first two cheerleaders to arrive, but all the football players were already there. Every eye in the place was on either her or Beth. She froze. Was she expected to stay down here and mingle with these guys? She looked at Beth, who motioned for her to go upstairs.

She was relieved that she didn’t have to socialize with all the boys while dressed so provocatively until she realized what she would now have to do. Not only did she have to cross the room with everyone watching her bouncing skirt, but she had to climb the stairs, too. There would be no way to preserve her modesty as her panties would be on full display after the first step.

She tried hard to forget her outfit and her audience as she went up the stairs. She focused on putting one foot in front of the other and fixed her gaze straight ahead.

‘Maybe they’re not even looking. Maybe they’re all staring at Beth.’

She couldn’t fool herself, however, and was greatly comforted to walk into the bedroom away from all the prying eyes.

‘Only two eyes in this room,’ she thought, ‘but they’re going to see a lot more than just my panties.’

Ben was sitting on the bed on the opposite side of the room. Even seated, he was still head and shoulders taller than her.

‘He’s so massive,’ she thought.

She saw him jump as she walked in the door. He looked in her direction for a moment and then quickly averted his gaze. He continued to look at the floor as she closed the door, walked over, and plugged in the iPod.

‘I think that he’s more scared of me than I am of him!’

“Are you ready for my dance routine?” she asked.

**Chapter 5**

Ben flinched as the door opened. It was Emily. He couldn’t help but see how she was dressed as she walked into the room. She looked really good, with the cutest little bare feet.

‘Does she have to buy child-sized shoes?’ he wondered before berating himself for having such an idiotic thought.

The bare skin didn’t end at her feet either. It traveled all the way up her legs, ending at the white and blue lining of her red skirt that started, in his opinion, way too close to her waist for him to be comfortable.

‘I can see her bloomers without her even moving that skirt is so short. Does she normally wear black ones?’

Her uniform also left her midriff completely uncovered. He couldn’t help but gape at her exposed navel.

‘What’s that black fabric showing at the bottom of her top? Is that her bra?’

Taking into account the rest of her apparel, he was surprised that she was even wearing a bra or that the shirt didn’t show off more of her breasts.

‘No one told me that she was going to be dressed like that!’ he thought. ‘At least, it’s safe for me to look at her face.’

He found that it wasn’t safe, however. He was too intimidated to look her in the eyes, and all he could think about was how beautiful she was and how much he would love to run his fingers through her long blonde hair.

As soon as he could, he tore his eyes away from her. He figured that the safest thing would be to pick a spot on the floor and stare at it.

He could hear her walk across the room and do something with the radio. He resisted the temptation to look at her while her back was turned. He heard her feet scuffle more, probably her turning around to face him. Then came her voice, which trembled slightly, “are you ready for my dance routine?”

‘Dance routine? Maybe she meant the stripping?’

He continued to stare at the floor, but he finally found his voice.

“That’s okay. You don’t have to dance for me.”

He expected her to be relieved, maybe even grateful. Instead, anger sparked in her voice.

“What do you mean, I don’t have to dance for you?”

“Just that. I don’t want you to dance for me.”

“Let me get this straight, a cheerleader walks into a bedroom with the intension of giving you a private striptease, and you don’t want her to do it. Are you gay?”

He winced at her harsh tone.

“No.”

“I see. Then, obviously, you don’t find me attractive. It was my understanding that you had chosen me as your reward. Would you prefer that I go get someone else? Julie perhaps.”

“No. God, no. Of course, I find you attractive. You’re the most beautiful girl on the squad, in the entire school even. Probably the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen.”

He hadn’t meant to say that. She had him flustered. How can he be expected to carry on a conversation with someone that pretty dressed like she was?

Some of the edge disappeared from her tone.

“Can you please explain to me how a normal, red-blooded teenage guy can possibly have an attractive teenage girl, dressed like this, offer to strip naked for him and turn her down?”

Ben didn’t know how to answer. He prayed that she didn’t say the word “naked” again, or, for that matter, “strip.”

She walked over and sat down right next to him on the bed, just inches away from touching. He could now see her bare thighs in his peripheral vision. He couldn’t help but notice that the skirt had ridden up and that her bloomers seemed quite brief and lacy.

‘Those aren’t bloomers; those are her panties!’

He couldn’t keep his eyes on the floor under these circumstances, and it would be rude to turn away. He forced himself to meet her eyes. He couldn’t help it. He just started talking.

“Look, Greg told me about this party and about what the cheerleaders were going to do. He and Beth were worried about you being in front of all those guys. Then, Greg told me that the MVP could choose to have one of you meet with him in private. The plan was to have me win the MVP so that I could protect you from having to do that in front of the guys.”

“And this plan was completely altruistic on your part,” Emily said. “You had no intention of seeing me naked. They told you that I would just sit up here with you fully, well almost fully, dressed while the rest of the squad has to do who knows what downstairs?”

The anger was back. What had he done wrong?

“Sort of. Greg actually told me that you would, uh, remove your clothes. He said that he and Beth were fine with that because they thought you would be okay if it were only for one guy instead of everyone. I asked him why you even had to do that. If it’s my choice, why don’t I have you stay dressed?”

He honestly had no idea whether his answer would make her more mad or sooth her.

“So, the idea that I wouldn’t have to go through with this was solely your idea? Beth had nothing to do with it.”

Good. She seemed less angry.

“Yes, completely my idea.”

“And, why did you come up with this idea? Why don’t you want to take advantage of this situation to at least see me naked?”

She said it again. He knew that this question was dangerous, but, having no clue by what merits she was judging his answers, he had no idea how to spin his answer. He couldn’t tell her the truth, but he should get as close to it as possible.

“I know that we’re not exactly best buddies or anything, but we have hung out in the same crowd for a long time, at least occasionally. I tend to care about people who are in my circle of friends. I don’t like to see them hurt or even uncomfortable if I can help it.”

A part of her felt incredibly guilty for getting angry at him. He was obviously a nice guy who was trying to do a good deed for her. Her temper, however, was a coping mechanism that she had learned after her mom’s funeral. Then, it had been a lot easier to be mad at her mom than to grieve. Now, it was a lot easier to be mad than embarrassed.

Given what she had overheard while eavesdropping and her conversation with Beth in the car about keeping her safe, she had begun to think that Beth had arranged it so that she wouldn’t have to strip. It had been tempting, for a split second, for her to accept this protection. Her sense of fairness overcame her momentary relief, however. How could Beth expect the rest of the squad to do something and not her? Wasn’t she just as much a cheerleader as the rest of them?

She was gratified when he revealed that Beth had nothing to do with that aspect of the plan. It made sense that her cousin would look out for her and arrange for her to have a slightly easier route than the rest of the squad, but she couldn’t tolerate the idea that Beth thought she was too weak to do it at all.

She turned her attention back to Ben. What was his motivation? She listened to him explain how that’s just how he treated his friends, and it made her temper rise.

“Don’t you think that your friends are capable of making their own choices?” she practically shouted. “I made the choice of being a cheerleader, and I made the choice to come here tonight with the rest of the squad. I will not let them down.”

He looked at her blankly. She felt sympathy for the poor guy, but she had to embrace her anger. Otherwise, she’d chicken out.

“You do have one thing right, though,” she said. “It is your choice whether or not you want me to get up there in front of you and do my striptease routine. So, choose. I either do the routine right here, right now, or I go downstairs and join my teammates and do it there. And, if you do choose to have me perform it for you, you had better not take your eyes off me.”

She couldn’t believe what she had just said, and, by the expression on his face, neither could Ben. He sat there for what seemed to be a long time. She began to think that she had pushed him too far and that he was going to send her out to perform with the other cheerleaders. Instead, looking like he had been slapped and then kicked while he was down, he said simply, “Dance.”

She managed to keep her anger burning long enough to turn on the iPod and stand with her back to him. Once the music started, she tried to block him out of her mind and concentrate solely on her performance.

When the intro music started, she shook her hips. From watching the three seniors perform the dance in longer skirts than the one that she currently wore, she knew that she would be exposing her full panty-clad backside with every other beat. At least she didn’t have on a thong like Julie had had. Though, what would it matter considering what he’s going to see?

She continued to shake her booty until the lyrics started. In time with the music, she smoothly brought the backside of the skirt up and tucked it into her waistband. Then, keeping her knees locked, she bent her limber body at the waist and lowered her hands until they were flat on the floor. Moving with the beat, she moved her hands to the back of her ankles and ran them up her legs until they covered her butt. Still bent completely over, she grabbed her panties, pulled them down, and stepped out of them.

She kept her legs clamped together like Meg’s had been, not obscenely parted like Beth’s and Julie’s. He would see those parts of her soon enough anyway.

She tried not to think about the teenage boy not five feet from her who was, probably, staring intently at her bare ass.

As the chorus started, she executed three and a half full pirouettes. Each of the turns caused the skirt to flare up to her waist showing off the trimmed triangular patch of her pubic hair to Ben. Knowing that her light colored hair didn’t do much to conceal her nether lips, she got a little bit flustered as she came to a stop facing him.

‘Get a hold of yourself. He’s about to see a lot more than that in a second.’

In one smooth motion, she took hold of the bottom of her blouse and, extending her arms above her head, whipped it completely off. Dropping the shirt to the ground, she used her back and legs to bend over backward until her hands were once again flat on the floor. She knew that the move had the effect of shoving her clit directly in front of Ben’s eyes.

Unable to stop from blushing, she carried on. She slowly lifted first one leg and then the other until she was doing a handstand. When the team leaders had done the same move, the entire squad had seen every detail of their vaginas and butt holes. Having not yet had occasion to visit a gynecologist, no one had previously had such an intimate view of her. Ben now had.

With her micro-mini skirt hanging down around her stomach, she rotated one hundred and eighty degrees so that she could now see him, upside down from her point of view, staring once again at her exposed pussy. As the chorus began for the second time, she bent her legs, one at a time, away from Ben once again and resumed a standing position for two beats before turning, extending her right leg toward him, and sinking into the splits.

She then gracefully removed the sports bra and sat there, hands over her head, letting him drink in the view of her perky breasts until the beat told her to rise. She once again turned away from him. This time, there was no need to shake her hips to expose herself. Rather, she unzipped the skirt and let is slide down her legs. She stepped out of the garment and waited. Just as the song ended, she turned, thrust her chest out, and dropped her hands to her side.

**Chapter 6**

Ben stood there staring at the beautiful naked girl. Over the course of the last two and a half minutes, he had literally seen every part of her. While she seemed embarrassed and flustered, he was completely mortified. He had no idea what to do now.

As his silent staring began to get awkward, someone pounded on the door.

“Cops!” the person shouted.

Instantly, Ben grabbed his letter jacket and threw it over Emily’s shoulders. He rushed to the window, opened it, and stepped out onto the roof overhang.

“Come on!” he yelled, gesturing for Emily to join him.

The command in his voice broke her from her stupor, and she climbed out the window.

“I’ll go first.”

With that, he was on the ground before she knew what he was doing.

“Jump,” he called.

When she hesitated, he yelled, “don’t worry, I’ll catch you.”

She launched herself off the roof, positioning her body to fall butt first. He caught her like she weighed nothing and helped her into a standing position.

“Follow me. My car’s this way through the woods.”

She stayed right behind him until he suddenly stopped and pushed her down behind a bush.

“There’s a cop with a flashlight,” he whispered, pointing toward the house.

Suddenly, a light shone directly on the bush and a voice called out.

“You there. I can see the red on the jacket. Step out here right now!”

He practically ripped the jacket off of her, leaving her naked once more.

“Stay right here until I draw him away,” he whispered in her ear. “Here are my car keys. If you walk straight that way, you’ll reach a dirt road in about a quarter mile. The Charger is parked there. If I don’t show up by the time you get there, take off and get somewhere safe.”

With that, he took off running to the right.

She waited until she could no longer see either Ben or the beam of the officer’s flashlight. Trying to find the right balance between prudence and haste, she struck out in the direction that Ben had pointed out to her.

The adrenaline from almost being caught by the cops quickly wore off, and she began to feel the cold night air. She shivered as the it bit at her unprotected body. Emily felt so vulnerable. Without any clothing or footwear for protection, each rock, tree with rough bark, and sharp thorn became a danger that tore at her sensitive skin.

She found that walking on fallen leaves offered the fastest course because of the cushioning the dead foliage afforded her feet. She cringed, however, at the noise that she was making. Alone and naked in the dark forest, she had literally no defense against anyone or anything that she might encounter.

At frequent random intervals, she would suddenly stop and stand completely still, even to the point of making sure that her breathing was as light as possible, while listening intently for any signs of life around her. During one such stop, she heard movement near her. Her heart started pounding.

‘Is there someone there? Should I call out? What if it’s the police or one of the boys from the party fleeing the police? No telling what some of those players would do if they caught me out here alone, completely undressed. What if it’s not even a human? Are there bears here?’

The limbs and remaining leaves of the thick growth of trees diffused the already dim light from the quarter moon. She could make out shapes of big things, like a tree trunk when she was close enough, but she could see no details. She wished desperately for a flashlight, or, even better, for Ben.

‘Get a hold of yourself, girl! What are you? Some sort of weakling character from a romance novel?’

She stepped in the direction of the noise, stepping hard on leaves and sticks to make a loud ruckus. Then, she suddenly stopped again and listened. She heard a scurrying noise rapidly retreating from her.

‘Stupid!’ she berated herself. ‘It was just a rabbit or something.’

With her newfound bravery bolstering her, she made better time. Still, she frequently found herself wishing for company. Any friendly face would have been great, but she found herself mostly wishing that Ben were there. His huge muscles would have made her feel so much safer.

She walked until she abruptly realized that she could now see the moon and stars. The tree line had ended. Proceeding forward a short distance more, she felt packed dirt under her feet, and, with the forest no longer blocking the moon’s rays, she could make out more of her surroundings. She saw a dark blob by the side of the road and hoped that it was Ben’s car.

Being in the middle of the dark woods had been bad because she hadn’t been able to see what was around her. Being on the road was almost worse because, since she could see her surroundings, anyone looking could see her. Feeling vulnerable, she used her arms and hands to cover her private parts as she cautiously approached the vehicle.

She saw no signs of movement, though, and, when she drew close enough to read the lettering on the back, determined that it was definitely his Charger. She unlocked and opened the driver’s side door. The inside light surprised her for a second. It seemed to shine with the light of a thousand suns, illuminating her supple form to any onlookers. She jumped in and pulled the door shut, shutting off the light. She placed the key in the ignition and thought about what to do next.

Ben had told her to take off if he wasn’t waiting at the car for her, but should she just leave? She tried to think logically. Ben probably knew the woods better than she did, and he was fully dressed. The shoes, especially, would have allowed him to move much faster than her. Surely, he would have made it here before her if he were able to. The cop must have caught him.

‘I can’t believe that he sacrificed himself for me like that. He didn’t even hesitate. I hope that he doesn’t get in too much trouble.’

She decided that her best bet would be to try to head home. She didn’t relish driving through town naked; she didn’t even have a driver’s license, just a learner’s permit. She didn’t have much of a choice, though. She couldn’t stay here all night, and, after she sneaked in through her bedroom window, home would provide clothing.

She also felt weird about driving Ben’s car. He didn’t let anyone, not even Greg, drive it. It felt even stranger being naked, the hard metal of the brake on her bare foot, the coarse fabric of the seat on her behind, the seat belt brushing her exposed breast. Shaking off the effects of the abnormal sensations, she turned the key. Nothing happened.

‘What’s wrong now? Don’t tell me that, on top of everything else, the car’s broken!’

She looked around the interior in frustration and noticed that the shifter was a lot different than the one in Beth’s Honda Civic. She felt around with her left foot. There was another pedal beside the brake. The Charger, apparently, had a manual transmission.

Beth had been the one to teach her how to drive. Her dad had only gotten involved in the process twice. Once to take her to the DMV to get her actual permit and once when he decided that all young drivers needed to learn how to drive a manual transmission. He had borrowed a friend’s car and took her out for practice.

The experience had not gone well. Her dad didn’t have the patience or the skill to teach her properly. The only way she had been able to get the car out of first was to press really hard on the gas while releasing the clutch.

Even as she now tried it, she thought, ‘This is a really, really bad idea.’

She didn’t floor it, but she revved the engine much higher than she should have. When she let out the clutch, the back tires dug in and spewed dirt everywhere. Not prepared for the rapid acceleration, she lost control of the car and ended up heading straight at the ditch on the opposite side of the road. Seeing that she was about to crash, she jerked the steering wheel hard to the left, managing to alter the path enough not to drive directly through the ditch and crash head on into the trees on the other side. She finally remembered to brake, and the car skidded to a halt as the front passenger-side quarter panel scraped against the trench’s dirt wall. Since she neglected to push in the clutch, the engine came to a sputtering halt.

Giving no thought to her modesty, she leapt out of the car, leaving the door open, and rushed around the Charger to inspect the damage. Even in the inadequate light provided by the headlights and interior lamp, she could tell that there was a huge dent, and the paint was all messed up.

‘Ben’s going to kill me!’

Just as she had that thought, she saw an enormous figure burst from the woods on the opposite side of the road a short distance away and sprint towards her. She could tell instantly that it was Ben.

For a split second, she remembered her nakedness and was glad that it was Ben who was seeing her. Then, she realized that she had damaged his prize possession a lot more than just putting a chip in the glass. Should she run? Even if she did, how would she ever outrun him? Would he hurt her or yell at her? Which would be worse?

As he neared, she braced herself for his wrath. She expected him to lambaste her for being a careless idiot or to threaten her with physical violence. Instead, his first words were “Are you okay?”

She didn’t know how to respond.

He gently grabbed her by the shoulders and looked her in the eyes.

“Are you hurt? Are you in shock?”

The cumulative effects of the evening caught up to her. The humiliation of parading her panties in front of half the football team, stripping naked for Ben, the fear of being caught by the cop, her arduous journey through the pitch-black woods, and crashing the car overwhelmed her. For the first time since her mom’s funeral, Emily started to cry, and, when she did, the floodgates opened.

Tears poured down her cheeks as she sobbed uncontrollably. Ben wrapped his arms around her and pulled her to him. She buried her face in his chest and bawled. He continued to hold her until she finally regained control of herself.

**Chapter 7**

The loss of composure embarrassed her. She tried to apologize, both for damaging his car and for being such a baby.

“I’m so sorry.”

“No, don’t apologize. It’s my fault. The Charger isn’t the kind of car that you just hand the keys to a stranger and tell them to drive it. It’s very powerful and very temperamental. I could have got you killed. Are you sure that you’re okay?”

Emily nodded.

“Could you stand here for a second without me? I’m going to see if I can get it out of the ditch.”

After carefully rocking the car back and forth a couple of times, he was able to back it out. He pulled up next to her and got back out. He briefly checked out the damage before guiding her to the passenger side door and opening it for her.

A vivid recollection flashed through her mind. Just after she had gotten her permit, her dad gave her permission to drive his car with Beth riding as a passenger. While backing out of the driveway, she had misjudged the distance between the car and their brick encased mailbox. Her dad rushed out of the house at the sound of the crash.

His only reaction had been to exclaim about the dent and to harshly scold her for her carelessness. In contrast, Ben’s only concern seemed to be whether or not she was okay.

She reclined the seat back and closed her eyes; she needed to think.

It was obvious that Ben had a major crush on her. That was the only way to explain his actions. He was a nice guy, but, even as inexperienced as she was, she knew that no guy would pass up what was offered tonight just because he was nice. His manner with her, his actions in distracting the cop, and his easy forgiveness of her wrecking his car all spoke to his infatuation. It was going to be hard to let him down without breaking his heart.

Then the thought occurred to her, ‘Why?’

Why break his heart at all? At first, she had been intimidated by his gargantuan size. She had quickly found out, though, that he was much more cowed by little old her than she would have thought possible. She didn’t even have to open her eyes to know that right now he was studiously looking anywhere but at her uncovered body.

Ben was intelligent, strong, competent, and confident, and he was not bad looking at all. The only area where he seemed to lack confidence was in regards to her. She could fix that.

If she was going to be completely honest with herself, part of her refusal to date anyone had been her fear that, at some point, he was going to want to see her without her clothes. She didn’t have to worry about that anymore; being naked for Ben wasn’t nearly as bad as she had anticipated.

If she had no excuses not to date, why not date Ben? If he wasn’t good enough for her, then she was setting her standards a mite too high. She made up her mind; he was the guy for her.

She opened her eyes and returned the seat to its upright position.

Ben surely heard her move because, without looking in her direction, he began to speak.

“I had to use the jacket to get the cop off my trail, and I don’t have any blankets or anything.”

‘What the heck is he talking about? Oh, he’s worried about me being naked.’

“I can pull the car over and give you my shirt.”

He applied the brakes.

She made a quick decision.

‘It’s okay for my boyfriend to see me naked, and it will probably be easier to get him to realize that he’s my boyfriend if I stay this way. Besides,’ she felt a little slutty for even thinking it, ‘I’m starting to have fun.’

“No,” she said.

“No?”

“No.”

“I don’t understand,” he said. “Why not?”

“Ben, you’re a great guy, but you need to learn a lesson about friendship. I understand that your first reaction is to try to protect your friends from their own actions. You have got to learn, though, that sometimes it’s a sign of disrespect to do so. To me, it’s like you’re saying that I’m not mature enough to take care of myself, that you have to do it for me.”

He looked at her and, then, realizing that he had just seen her naked again, jerked his eyes back onto the road.

‘He has no idea what I’m saying.’

“First, you tried to relieve me of my responsibility to my squad. You refused to understand that I needed to stand up for myself and accept the consequences of my choices head on.”

He interrupted her.

“What does that have to do with you not getting dressed now?”

He was practically pleading with her to get dressed. She almost laughed. She never realized just how much power being naked provided.

“I’m the idiot who stood there like a deer caught in the headlights when the guy warned us about the cops. I’m the idiot who didn’t think to grab her own clothes off the floor before fleeing into the woods. It’s my fault that I’m not dressed. I won’t have you giving up your clothes because of my stupidity.”

He was silent for a minute, obviously thinking through his words.

“I understand your point. You don’t want others to suffer because of your actions, and you want to be treated as someone mature enough to make her own decisions. I respect that. Would you, instead, take the shirt as a favor to me?”

‘Reflexive listening. Good, he does know how to debate, and he’s showing off some of that brainpower that I’ve heard so much about. I’m going to have fun sparring with him, but this is going to be so unfair.’

“Thank you for listening. That’s a good start, but how would you taking the shirt off be a favor for you? What benefit would you derive? Do you like driving shirtless and need me to take the shirt to justify doing so now?”

He could only answer no.

“Is it an imposition for an attractive girl to be riding with you while naked? You are a healthy, normal boy, right?”

He didn’t answer her that time.

“I can only conclude,” she continued, “that this ‘favor’ of yours is just a ploy to once again take responsibility for my actions. I swear, if you offer me your shirt one more time, I will refuse to cover myself AT ALL until you get me my own clothes back!”

They drove in silence for a few more minutes. She took his lack of a response as a capitulation.

“Speaking of getting my clothes back, though, where exactly are we headed?” she asked.

“Actually, I was about to ask you that. This road tees in about five more miles. When we get there, we need to make a decision. If I turn right, I can take you via backroads to your house. Uh, dressed as you are, would you be able to get past your dad to get some clothes? Or, could we call Beth or someone to get you something to wear?”

Emily thought quickly. Now that she had decided to date Ben, she didn’t want the night to end. She wouldn’t even let herself think the word “seduce,” but she needed time to make him see things her way. If she told him that she could easily sneak into her room, he would immediately take her home. Neither her nudity nor her arguments would be able to dissuade him. A little white lie wouldn’t hurt, would it?

“My dad would freak if I pulled up to the house with a guy even if I were fully dressed. It’s not worth the risk. We should call Beth, though, to let her know that I’m okay. My cell phone is in her car. Do you have yours?”

“It’s in the glove box. Greg forbade anyone from bringing a phone because too many of them have cameras. He wanted to make sure that no pictures were taken of the girls.”

Emily had always thought highly of Greg, but her estimation of him went up even more with Ben’s simple declaration. She was really going to have to adjust her estimation of the male population. Some of them, anyway.

Emily dialed Beth’s number. After four rings, the call went directly to voice mail. She left a message telling Beth to call her on Ben’s phone.

“No answer. Any other ideas?”

Ben seemed reluctant to speak.

“Come on. You’ve obviously thought of something.”

“Well,” he said, “if we turn left at the tee, we can go to a little fishing camp that my parents own not far from here. It’s not much, just a one room shack with a small kitchenette and a bathroom, but it would be a place that we could hang for a while until Beth calls you.”

“That’s a great idea. Why didn’t you want to tell me?”

Ben didn’t answer. She decided that she had been cruel enough already to the poor boy. She let the matter drop.

A little while later, Ben looked like he was going to start talking again, but then stopped. He did this several more times. Finally, she prodded him.

“Go ahead. What is it?”

“Well, I’m just about out of gas. I love this thing, but it’s not exactly fuel-efficient. There’s a convenience store on up the highway. We need to stop and fuel up. I could also get some snacks if you’re interested.”

“Sounds fine. But, again, why didn’t you want to tell me?”

“The station is very well lit. Anyone there could be able to see into the car. Are you sure that you won’t take my shirt?”

Before she thought the matter fully through, she took advantage of his lapse.

“That’s it, mister. I warned you. No more covering for me until I get my clothes back. You’re just going to have to get used to me being naked.”

She decided to push her advantage.

“You keep your shirt. I don’t need it. In fact, give me your wallet. I’ll go in and pay for the gas and get snacks.”

He took his time responding.

“I wish you wouldn’t.”

“Why not? I bet whoever’s in that store won’t be nearly as offended by my body as you apparently are.”

She knew that he wouldn’t allow her to go through with her threat. In fact, she counted on him not calling her bluff. She figured that he only had two choices left to him, try to order her not to do it or pleading. She thought that she had him figured out.

‘Wait for it…’ she thought.

“Please don’t do that. I’ll do any thing that you want.”

‘Bingo!’

“Pull the car over,” she said.

He found a little side road, turned onto it, and coasted to a stop.

“Look at me.”

He turned and stared directly at her eyes.

“No, look at all of me. I’m getting a little insulted that a fine upstanding, patriotic, healthy normal American boy like yourself cannot seem to bear the sight of my naked body.”

She was acting a lot more comfortable about her nudity than she felt. She tried not to gulp as he followed her command, his eyes taking in her legs and stomach, her exposed breasts and bush. Her nipples hardened.

‘Now, that’s an unexpected reaction. I’m turning into Julie, or, at least, Beth. I’m not going to start shaving down there anytime soon, though,’ she thought, remembering the view that the two other girls had presented at the practice performance.

“That’s good,” she said. “From now on, I want you to stop avoiding looking at me. You don’t have to be rude and stare, but you can at least look in my direction. In return, since you’re so concerned about my modesty. I’ll stay in the car at the gas station and even lean back so no one can see me unless they’re right by me. Deal.”

He looked embarrassed but relieved.

“Deal,” he said.

**Chapter 8**

He started the car and drove them to the store. True to her word, she laid the seat flat and hid while he went to pay for gas and get snacks. After he left, she risked a quick peak.

The place was hopping! There were at least ten separate cars there, not including the Charger. Ben had parked at the pump farthest from the building, but there were still a lot of people milling about. She quickly ducked her head back down, hoping that no one had seen her. Though she was having fun with Ben, she was far from being an exhibitionist.

She couldn’t imagine getting out naked with all these people around. She couldn’t imagine even just sitting up where they might be able to see her breasts. Noticing the level of illumination inside the car from the lights all around, she began to feel exposed and vulnerable. She brought her arms up to cover herself.

‘Any truck driving by could see me clear as day. Or, what if some guy decided that he likes Ben’s car and comes over for a closer look. I’d die of embarrassment.’

Then she had another thought.

‘What if Ben came back and saw me covering up like this? He’d know that I was lying to him about going inside.’

She forced herself drop her hands back down.

‘Hurry. Please hurry, Ben.’

She tensed when, a few minutes later, a shadow fell over the car. Someone was approaching.

‘Please, please be Ben.’

The driver’s door opened, and Ben reached in to drop some bags in the back seat.

“Just gotta pump the gas, and we’ll be on our way,” he said.

She heard him fill the tank and put the hose back up. She then saw shadows moving around the car.

‘He’s checking out the damage.’

When he got back in, she noticed that he looked directly at her. The glance seemed forced, but it was a start. She would have smiled, but she remembered that she was the one that caused the damage he had just inspected.

She asked, “Did I hurt it badly?”

“Just a few scratches,” he replied, as he started the car and drove off. “The fender’s not rubbing the tire, so driving it isn’t a problem. I’ll be able to fix it.”

“I really am so sorry. Can I pay you to get it fixed?”

He looked to be considering his next words carefully. Given how much she had abused him this evening, she didn’t blame him.

“Look. I really do understand what you said about personal responsibility, but this really wasn’t your fault.”

She started to object.

“Wait. Don’t say anything. Raise your seat back up and let me show you something.”

When she had done so, he completely stopped the vehicle. Traffic on the road was light, and there was no one around at the moment.

“You drive Beth’s car, sometimes, right?” he asked.

She nodded.

“Her Civic probably has a stock four cylinder engine. That’s what you’re used to. The Charger has a V8 that has been modified for racing. My dad and I got this engine and transmission out of a wrecked racecar and rebuilt it. Those two components alone are worth more money than your cousin’s entire car. There’s a lot of difference in horsepower and performance between this and what you’re used to. Watch this.”

He revved the engine and let out the clutch. The back tires squealed, and the front end lifted off the ground. He let up on the gas enough for the front tires to return to the road.

“Zero to sixty in under four seconds. I’ve done the quarter in just a hair over ten. I just need to make a few more modifications…”

He stopped himself and returned the car to a more normal speed.

“Anyway, the point is that this car is a lot different from what you’re used to. I don’t let anyone drive it for a reason. If you don’t have experience with high performance driving, it’s too dangerous. I could have got you killed.”

He seemed really dejected at the thought of putting her in danger.

She leaned over and kissed his cheek.

“You did the only thing that you could. Would you rather that I have been arrested? Would you have had me stay outside all night, naked and alone, at the mercy of rapists or who knows what? Thanks for making me feel better about wrecking the car. I’ll agree to let you take the blame for this one.”

They made small talk the rest of the way. He seemed to relax a bit regarding her state of undress, even if he didn’t appear to be completely at ease.

The fishing camp was located right on a small lake and, though somewhat isolated, had a few other buildings within sight. None of them had any lights on or seemed to be occupied. Emily made her way inside as quickly as she could without seeming to hurry.

The inside of Ben’s cabin was pretty Spartan. Two old chairs, a small table, and a queen-sized bed with a nightstand were the only furnishings.

‘I wonder if the bed was the reason for him being so reluctant to bring me here? Let’s find out.’

As Ben put away the groceries, she climbed on top of the covers.

“It’s been a really long day. I could really use a nice nap,” she said.

“You go ahead. I’ll turn off the light and rest at the table.”

“You’re going to sit at the table with all the lights off? What will you be doing?”

She was going straight to hell when she died for torturing him like this. She just knew it.

“Uh, nothing.”

“It doesn’t seem to make sense for me to get some rest and you not to, since the lights will be out and all.”

“True. I’ll just lay down over here,” he said.

“On what? There’s nothing to lay down on.”

“The floor’s fine with me.”

“I see,” she said. “Do you usually sleep on the floor?”

She was surprised that he didn’t just lie to her.

“No.”

“Then, stop being silly. Come over here. We’re two mature individuals. We can share the bed,” she said.

“Okay. You can get under the covers, and I’ll sleep on top of them.”

Was he ever going to learn to stop arguing with her?

“No, I said that I wasn’t going to cover myself up in any way until you get me my clothes.”

“But, you’re na… I mean, you’ll get cold. Sleeping with covers on isn’t the same as covering up. It’s cold in here, and the heater doesn’t work.”

She had him now.

“That is a good point. But, I can’t have you getting cold, either. You don’t even have your jacket. You’re going to have to sleep under the covers with me. Now, what do you normally wear to bed?”

“Boxers.”

The boy really needed to learn how to lie.

“Okay, go ahead and get undressed.”

She slipped herself under the covers and stared at him. He looked like he had no idea what to do.

“I can’t get undressed in front of you.”

‘Wrong argument,’ she thought.

“You’re telling me that it’s okay for me to strip naked and parade around in front of you all night, but it’s not okay for me to see you in your boxers?”

He started to respond.

‘Surely, he’ll remind me how it was completely my decision to strip and to remain naked.’

Instead, he began taking off his shoes.

‘I do believe that I’ve finally broken the boy.’

On one hand, she felt so wrong for manipulating him. On the other hand, she really enjoyed it as Ben unbuttoned and removed his shirt.

‘Oh my God! He’s absolutely ripped.’

He turned away from her to take off his pants, revealing yellow Sponge Bob boxers. He finally spoke as he turned around.

“Don’t you dare say a word. Not one word.”

She could tell that he was trying to distract her from seeing the front of his boxers as he quickly climbed into the bed, but she caught a good glimpse of the tent that had formed there. The size of what she saw, more than his admonition, left her speechless.

He lay down one his side with his back to her while he flicked off the lights.

“Goodnight, Emily.”

She snuggled up next to him, knowing that he could feel her hard nipples and firm breasts on his back.

“I hope you don’t mind if I use your body heat. I’m a little cold. Goodnight.”

She woke to the sound of his cell phone buzzing on vibrate mode. They had apparently switched position as they slept because she now had her back to him and his arm engulfed her body. She could hear Ben lightly snoring. She gently extricated herself from his arms and grabbed the phone. She quickly and quietly ran to the bathroom and shut the door before answering.

“Hello,” she said.

“Emily?”

“Hey Beth. You won’t believe what happened to me tonight.”

**Chapter 9**

Every single eye in the room, including Beth’s, watched Emily ascend the staircase. She, and maybe Greg, were the only ones, however, that didn’t have lust in their hearts as they stared at the diminutive beauty’s sexy black underwear. Beth felt intense pride in her cousin, who had even worn the skimpy panties instead of the grandma style ones.

Beth had been working to try to break the younger girl of her shyness, and, this year, Emily had grown in confidence so much. It was just months ago that Emily had hid in the bathroom rather than face the school in a totally conservative uniform. Now, she was showing off her lingerie to a room full of guys on her way to strip naked for one of the football players. She had come so far. If she would just finally agree to go out with a nice guy, Beth’s work would be about finished.

After Emily disappeared into Ben’s bedroom, Beth entertained the boys by herself for a while. She made sure that most of them got good looks at her thong-covered rear end under the ridiculously short skirt. By the time the next cheerleaders arrived, the four juniors – Ashley, Cara, Laura, and Kate, the football players were pretty worked up.

Assigning the perpetually early Meg to drive the always tardy Julie didn’t work as well as she had planned. The two seniors showed up almost fifteen minutes late, by which time the audience was starting to get a bit rowdy. As soon the two arrived, Beth hustled all seven girls to the front of the room to a cleared area between the fireplace and the coffee table. The other six took their positions with their backs facing the crowd. As Beth walked over to start the music, a knock sounded at the door.

‘Who could that be? Greg said the Ben was already upstairs and all fourteen of the other seniors are present,’ Beth thought.

Mike opened the door and discovered the unanticipated and unwanted presence of a police officer.

While Beth had forbid the girls from consuming any alcohol, Greg had made no such admonition. He allowed the guys to have beers, nothing stronger, and promised that he personally would kick anyone out who got drunk or disorderly. The cop, as he entered the room, couldn’t help but notice that there were several underage drinkers present.

A limited amount of chaos ensued. While more than half of the players made an effort to calmly hide their drinks, four or five of them bolted, mostly to the back of the cabin but one upstairs.

“Halt. Stop right there,” the officer yelled.

Two of the runners stopped.

“If I don’t see everyone of you back in this room in five seconds, I’m going to start arresting people!”

It took longer that the prescribed five seconds, but, with Greg’s help, the cop got all the whole crew reassembled.

The officer nodded at Mike.

“I’m Lou Mitchell. Your uncle let slip that you boys were going to be holding your celebration in his cabin, and the two of us and my partner thought that it would funny to come up here and give you boys a little scare. I was a senior on the ’88 championship team. Congratulations, boys. Fine job in the game.”

Greg spoke up.

“You just about gave me a heart attack.”

Officer Mitchell laughed.

“Well, we’re off. Y’all be safe, and make sure that I don’t get called back out here for an official visit.”

He eyed the cheerleaders and shook his head.

“Have fun. Good night.”

They could hear him talking in his walkie-talkie as he exited.

“Ron, this is Lou. Where are you?”

“Out back chasing…” came the voice over the speaker.

“Whatever you’re chasing, stop it and get back to the car. You missed me scaring the kids. It was hilarious. Now, let’s go.”

Greg didn’t know that anyone had warned Ben and Emily about the cops even being there, and, since they hadn’t come down the stairs, presumably the only way to exit the second floor, he had no way to know that they had left. With no thoughts about his two friends upstairs, he settled in to watch as Beth got the girls organized once again for the performance.

The start of the show was fantastic. Seven of the most desirable girls in school shook their rears in time with the music with each bounce exposing their thongs. Though Greg had the hots for Beth, he couldn’t help but watch the other girls as well. He assuaged his conscience by staring at Beth the most.

When the lyrics started, the girls, in smooth, coordinated movements, tucked the back of their skirts into their waistbands. The guys looked at girls and at each other and exchanged high fives. They then watched in awe as the cheerleaders all bent at the waist and touched their hands to the ground.

Knowing intellectually that the hottest young ladies in school were going to perform a strip tease for you doesn’t prepare you for the actuality. Greg couldn’t believe it when the seven girls pulled off their panties in unison. Beth, Julie, and Cara all parted their legs so that he could see, literally, everything. His erection strained against his pants even more.

‘I should have worn a cup. This could get embarrassing sporting wood all night,’ he thought.

They then rose and started doing spins. The tiny pleated skirts flared completely out, and the boys saw everything from the waist down. Greg knew that Beth shaved, but he was surprised to see that only Meg, Ashley, and Kate didn’t. He really liked the bare look but also appreciated the nice blonde landing strip that Meg sported. He didn’t care quite as much for Ashley’s full, though trimmed, triangle that matched the flaming red hair on her head or Kate’s hirsute patch.

Next, he was treated to seven pairs of teenage breasts encased only in sports bras. He took a second to marvel at how coordinated and graceful the routine was before the display that came next overwhelmed his cognitive abilities.

In one accord, the seven barely clad females bent backwards, displaying their nether lips to the audience as the short skirts inexorably rose. Then, one leg at a time, the girls moved into a handstand.

‘Oh shit. They completely showed off their pussies.’

They exhibited both the back and front of their bare groins before righting themselves and going into the splits. They then whipped off their bras leaving their tops completely uncovered for the boys’ viewing pleasure. Finally, they stood back up and let their skirts slide down to the floor. They ended with their naked bodies, breasts thrust out, facing the football players.

It’s hard for guys not to rate girls based on their physical characteristics, and Greg couldn’t help but compare the girls. While most guys in the school would not have ranked Beth as number one, he was so taken with her that he had eyes mainly for her. He looked her over completely, entranced by her athletic figure. He loved the way her straight jet-black hair framed her face and dark eyes and fell to just above her breasts. Though most guys liked more endowed girls like Kate, Greg thought that Beth’s perky 32B breasts fit her perfectly. He was most enthralled, however, by her trim stomach and shaved pussy and could tell that she was just as aroused by this experience as he was.

Next, he looked at Ashley. Depending on which guy you asked, you would be told that either Emily or Ashley was the hottest girl in the school, followed closely by the other. Her bright red hair matched her face at the moment, but he could tell that she too was enjoying all the attention. He especially liked her pretty green eyes and thought that her C cup breasts were extraordinary.

Kate, though cute in her own way, wasn’t the prettiest girl on the squad, but her other assets demanded attention. Her bra size was rumored to be a 40D, and, now viewing her mammaries unencumbered for the first time, he could certainly believe it. Though not fat by any stretch, she was easily the most rubenesque of the seven girls, and he appreciated the contrast that the extra meat provided. He could tell that Kate was the most uncomfortable with showing off her body and made a note to make sure to pay special attention to her during the rest of the party to make sure that she was okay.

Julie commanded attention from any guy within a hundred yard radius. She complimented her nice looks and great body with overt sexuality. Some of the girls at school whispered insults about her being a slut, but Greg didn’t agree with the condemnation. He knew that Julie had been raised in Germany as the daughter of a single military man. She grew up in a culture that had a completely different attitude about nudity and sex than America. She had no qualms about displaying her body and enjoying whatever pleasures of the flesh she wanted.

Meg was the only blonde on the squad besides Emily. He thought that her hair color might be why she kept the landing strip, to prove that it was natural. Though not in the same league as Ashley or Emily, she possessed an above average level of attractiveness and nice C size breasts. Besides, she had such an engaging personality.

Cara was the most average looking of the cheerleaders, but also the most athletic. Besides being on the squad, she was also the point guard for the basketball team and anchored several of the track relay teams. Her gymnastic and tumbling skills far exceeded even Beth’s. Though not nearly Greg’s favorite, just about any naked girl is worth a good look, and he appreciated her lithe body and B size breasts.

The only one of the girls that he didn’t appreciate looking at was Laura. She looked emaciated when she was dressed. When he saw her naked, he had to resist the urge to go get her something to eat. In contrast to the trimmed bodies and toned muscles of most of the other girls, Laura was all skin and bones. He didn’t spend much of his time eying her.

After a short period of stunned silence while they appreciated their tremendous good fortune, the team erupted in applause, hooting, and hollering. Wolf whistles and shouts of “great bod” abounded. There was no standing ovation, however. Greg figured that most of the guys were like him and wanted to avoid showing off tents in their pants. The looks on girls’ faces ranged from serious embarrassment, Kate, to sexual arousal, Julie.

Beth broke from holding her pose and went to switch off the music. She then stepped in front of the rest of the squad to make and announcement.

“The girls and I had a long discussion last night about what we could do to make this celebration extra special for all of you.”

She looked at the expectant faces and continued.

“Not that! Get your minds out of the gutter,” Beth said.

Most of the boys burst out laughing, though some did look quite disappointed.

“What we decided is that you should have a chance to view each of us individually as we pose for y’all.”

The boys weren’t exactly sure what she meant, but they went along with her as she motioned for the other nude ladies to go behind the boys.

As Meg turned out all the lights except the ones directed at the area where Beth was standing, Beth explained.

“For ten minutes, I’m going to model for you, any pose that you would like. Do I have any suggestions?”

None of the other guys spoke up, so Greg filled the void.

“Turn around. Good, now spread your legs out. Further. Just a little more? Great. Bend over.”

He couldn’t believe that the head cheerleader was displaying her gaping pussy and butthole to half the football team. He left her in the pose for a minute.

“Anyone else have a suggestion?” he said.

“Stand up with your side toward us,” Mike said. “Now bend over.”

Greg saw what Mike was going for, but thought that this particular pose would work a lot better with someone like Kate.

“Can I get someone to bring her a chair?” Greg said.

Julie brought one of the dining room table chairs and placed it in front of the fireplace.

“Sit down,” he told Beth “Put your feet on the coffee table. That’s fantastic. Spread ‘em really wide. Lean back. Is it okay if we have the guys get a closer look?”

Beth, even as much as an exhibitionist as she is, blushed at the request but did nod her assent.

The guys lined up and, one by one, walked right up to her and closely examined her exposed pussy. They couldn’t help but notice the signs of arousal and musky smell. Greg was surprised that Beth didn’t cum on the spot.

Her time finally up, Beth called Meg up to the front. With the ice broken, the other guys got into the act, asking for poses though they mostly repeated the same ones that Beth had done. Greg didn’t even consider that his teammates might have been reluctant to tell Beth how to model because of his presence.

Next was Julie. The guys knew that she was completely uninhibited and tried their hardest to find a pose that would embarrass her. They failed.

Probably the highlight of the night for most of the boys was Ashley’s turn as model. Most of them just wanted to stare at her and seemed reluctant to make her spread her legs. She had to prompt them by asking if they would like her to sit in the chair like the other’s had done. She blushed as she suggested it and the whole time that the guys were examining her.

Cara and Laura posed for their respective time periods as well. Greg noticed that a few of the guys actually seemed quite taken with Laura’s cocaine chic look.

‘Some guys must like those super thin waif types,’ he thought. ‘To each his own.’

Kate went last and, once again, seemed the most reluctant of the group. He noted gladly that his teammates also sensed her nervousness and took it easy on her. Mike took the lead in directing her poses and complimented her body as sincerely as he could whenever possible. By the end of her ten minutes, Kate seemed much more relaxed even though a room full of guys were closely inspecting her open pussy.

**Chapter 10**

When Kate’s time finished, Beth announced that there was now only about an hour until midnight, the time the party was scheduled to end.

“We have no more scheduled activities, so feel free to mingle and dance. Just remember, look but don’t touch,” Beth said before she set her iPod to the dance mix playlist and turned on the music.

Greg approached her and asked her to dance with him.

“At the risk of sounding like Paris Hilton, that was so hot!” he said as they danced to the first song. “I can’t believe that y’all went through with it. And, with such enthusiasm…”

She smiled at him.

“Did you honestly expect anything less?”

He stepped back and scanned her body as she danced, her heaving breasts and engorged clit.

“It’s been too long since I’ve seen you naked. You’re more beautiful than ever.”

After the song ended, they parted company for a while so that they each could patrol the party and make sure it didn’t get out of hand. For the next thirty minutes, they separately circulated the room and broke up any couples that seemed to be getting too close. Greg had intending to look out for Kate, but she stayed by Mike’s side the entire time, seeming happy and content.

With the party winding down, they danced a slow dance. He had to force himself not to break any of the rules that he had been enforcing. They did dance close, though, and he knew that she could feel his erection against her stomach.

The song ended, and Julie approached them.

“I’ve got an idea, but it goes against the rules,” she said. “It would end the party with a bang, though.”

They listened to her explain her plan. At the conclusion, Beth nearly burst out laughing while Greg could only nod in stunned silence.

“I guess it wouldn’t do any harm. Just make sure your little show lasts until midnight. I’ll not be responsible after the clock strikes twelve,” Beth said.

Still chuckling, she turned off the music and called for everyone’s attention.

“For the evening’s finale, Julie would like to put one final performance.”

Julie took over for Beth, nodding to four of the guys standing by the coffee table. At her gesture, the four cleared off the table and knelt beside it, two on each side. Julie strutted over and lay down on her back on the wood surface, her hands above her head. As soon as she got into position, the guys went to work. The two nearest her head immediately started caressing her breasts while the one located on the lower right side began lightly stroking her clit.

Julie closed her eyes and appeared to enjoy their ministrations. Her helpers gradually increased the intensity of their actions, squeezing rather than caressing her breasts and rubbing her clit more vigorously. Julie brought her knees up and spread her legs. The guys working on her breasts removed their hands and instead put their mouths to her nipples. While the boy servicing her clit kept up his frenetic massage, the lone one remaining stuck his finger into her hole.

Between the sexual tension of the evening and the amount of stimulation that she had already received, Greg anticipated her cumming almost immediately. Instead, she held out for nearly five minutes before erupting in a huge orgasm. Her whole body shook, and she ferociously grabbed the two players nearest to her arms. Her audience burst out in applause.

‘I can’t believe that she did that,’ Beth thought, stunned by the performance.

“Okay, everyone, that’s it. This party is officially over!” she said.

Beth began looking around for her uniform and found that most of the cheerleader’s clothes had disappeared. She was able to find her skirt but that was it. Ashley had had the presence of mind to hide all her clothes, so she was able to get fully redressed. None of the rest of the girls were able to locate any of their underwear or found both a top and a skirt.

Julie didn’t even bother to look around for her outfit. Instead, she led her four helpers upstairs, presumably to one of the unoccupied bedrooms. What most surprised Beth, though, was that she saw Kate, still naked and carrying her top, leading Mike upstairs. As Beth watched curiously to see if any other couples would form, Meg walked up to her and Greg.

“The rest of the girls and I spent a few minutes talking. We don’t think it’s fair to leave all these fellows so worked up with no chance of relief. Two to one isn’t a horrible ratio. Though Ashley claims never to have given head before, I think that the four of us can handle those eight players over there. I’ll just have to play referee to make sure that they don’t start fighting over Ash.”

Beth chuckled as Meg walked off.

“Well, kiddo, that just leaves you and me. I’m planning on staying the night here and have a bedroom upstairs. Care to join me?” Greg said.

“You want to add benefits to our friendship?” Beth teased.

Greg looked her in the eyes.

“That’s not exactly what I had in mind.”

Beth’s heart rate accelerated.

“Then what?”

Greg leaned in and kissed her. It wasn’t a friendly kiss. It was a pussy moistening, toe curling, soul baring kind of kiss. She found herself responding with equal intensity.

Greg took her hand and started leading her up the stairs. When the they reached the top, Beth realized that she had completely forgotten about her cousin. She stopped.

“Wait a sec. We better check on Emily and Ben and let them know that the party’s over,” she said.

She knocked on the door to the bedroom that Ben was using but got no response.

“You don’t suppose that they fell asleep?” Beth asked.

Greg, close behind her, replied.

“I wouldn’t put it past them. I don’t know if Ben would know what to do with a naked girl, and I can’t see them talking this entire time.”

Beth knocked a little harder before opening the door. She first noticed that the room was freezing cold. She then noticed that all Emily’s clothes were laying on the floor, but neither she nor Ben were in the room.

She turned to Greg in shock.

“Do you think something happened to them?”

“Like what, an alien abduction?”

Beth was getting worried. All kinds of nightmare scenarios flashed through her mind. She saw Ben kidnapping and raping her defenseless, naked friend.

“That’s not funny! I thought that we could trust Ben. What did he do with her?” Beth shouted.

Greg put his hand on her bare shoulder.

“Calm down. I’m sure that there’s a reasonable explanation. I’ll run to the bedroom and get my cell phone. We’ll call them.”

She appreciated the attempt to settle her, but horrible images kept coming unbidden to her mind. If anything had happened to Emily, Beth would have only herself to blame.

‘I shouldn’t have made her do this. I should have forced her to stay home. What was I thinking?’

Greg came back and handed her the phone. Not thinking, she immediately called Emily’s number. After ringing, it went to voicemail.

‘Idiot. Emily’s cell phone is in your car!’

She thumbed through Greg’s address book to get to Ben and hit “send.” The phone rang a long time before anyone picked up.

“Hello,” the voice said.

“Emily?”

“Hey Beth. You won’t believe what happened to me tonight.”

Beth had never been so relieved in her life. She sank down onto the bed.

“Emily! You scared me to death. I walk into the bedroom to find you missing, your clothes on the floor, the window wide open. Where are you? What happened?”

“Ben and I escaped out the window when the police came,” Emily said.

“The police? That was just a joke. A friend of Mike’s uncle, an old football player, stopped by as a prank. How did y’all even know about it?”

Emily told her about the warning and their escape and then about the cop in back of the house. She told her about being separated from Ben and walking naked through the woods.

“There’s no way that my shy little cousin was prancing around outside nude,” Beth said.

“Not only that, but I’m still naked. I haven’t had on a stitch of clothing since Ben took the coat back.”

“Wouldn’t Ben offer you his shirt?” Beth asked.

“He did, many times. I refused.”

“Why ever did you do that?”

“I can’t explain right now. Ben’s asleep, and I don’t want to wake him.”

“At least tell me where you are,” Beth ordered.

“At Ben’s family’s fishing camp.”

“Okay, Greg probably knows where that is. I’ll come get you first thing in the morning and bring you some clothes!” Beth told her.

“No, don’t. I want some more time with Ben. I’m going to tell him that you’re unavailable until tomorrow evening. You can meet me outside of town to bring me my clothes. I’ll call you later to coordinate.”

“Wait a second. You want to spend the day naked with Ben? What’s going on with you two?” Beth asked.

“Later, I’ll tell you everything. I promise. Love you! Bye.”

Curious but relieved, she handed the phone back to Greg.

“You heard?”

“I did, good for them,” Greg said.

“But, how far do you think they went? Are they just hooking up or…”

Greg interrupted her.

“I doubt that Emily and Ben would just hook up, but, right now…

He spun her around grabbed her around the waist, kissing the back of her neck.

“…the only couple that I care about…”

He squeezed her bare breast with his right hand while reaching under her skirt with his left.

“…is you and me.”

**Chapter 11**

Ben woke as Emily left the bed. He watched her nude form as she grabbed the phone and hurried across the cold floor into the bathroom.

‘She must be freezing,’ he thought. ‘At least the bathroom heater works.’

Between the acoustical dampening effect of the door and the noise made by the blower, he couldn’t hear any of her conversation. He waited for her to come out.

“Who called?” he asked.

She jumped a little when he spoke.

“Oh. It was Beth,” Emily said.

She shivered and clutched her arms around her midsection as she walked toward him. Instead of walking to the opposite side of the bed to get in, she pulled back the covers on his side and climbed over him, making plenty of bare skin to bare skin contact as she did so. Ben’s manhood stood at attention once again.

“I’m freezing. Warm me up,” she told him.

Still dazed by the her actions, Ben couldn’t figure out what she meant.

“Come on, share that body heat. Hold me.”

Ben turned over and laid his right arm flat on the bed above her head. She cuddled up next to him, her body touching his for its entire length, and rested her head on his shoulder.

She sighed.

“Ah, warmth. You feel good.”

Ben didn’t know what to do. He had dreamed for so long about her. His greatest fantasy was to put his arm around her and have her rest on his shoulder much like this. Now that it was actually happening, the situation was so complicated. He was embarrassed because she couldn’t help but feel his erection against her stomach. Surely she wasn’t too naïve to know what it was? And, he didn’t know how she felt about him. Was this just a fun night for her or was it something more? Even if it was more, was it worth the risk?

In the end, he simply could not resist the opportunity. He wrapped both his arms around her and enveloped her in his embrace. He wanted nothing more than to give her an affectionate kiss on the top of her head, but he refused to give in to his desire.

Still feeling somewhat awkward about the situation, he found his voice.

“What did Beth want?”

Emily told him about the prank by the police and about Beth being concerned.

“Is she going to come bring you some clothes?” he asked.

“Not tonight. She’s pretty beat. She also had something she needed to do tomorrow. I told her that you probably wouldn’t mind hanging out with me until we can all meet up tomorrow night. You don’t mind, do you?”

Ben quickly realized what the delay meant.

“You intend to stay naked the entire time, don’t you?”

“Is that a problem? I did tell you that I wouldn’t cover myself until you got me my own clothes.”

He decided that it was time to end the game. He released his grip on her.

“We need to talk.”

For the first time since they had left the cabin, she seemed nervous. She rolled onto her back and met his eyes.

“Yes. We do.”

Ben started.

“I’ve known you for a long time, and you’ve always seemed so shy and innocent. I could tell that doing that routine for me embarrassed you. Back at the cabin, you looked like you had to force yourself to stand there like that. Then, at some point when we were in the car, something changed. You somehow decided that you wanted me to see you. What gives?”

“I made a decision,” she said.

“Care to share what that decision was?”

She bit her lip before answering.

“Let’s just lay all the cards on the table. It’s obvious that you have a thing for me. When I got in the car, I thought about how I could let you down without hurting you too badly. Then I thought ‘why.’ Why let you down at all. Why was I so afraid to start dating?”

She paused.

“This is going to sound silly.”

“No. Please continue. I need to hear it,” he said.

“You’re a great guy, so I decided that I would like to go out with you. In fact, I started thinking about you as my boyfriend. The big thing, though, was that I decided it was okay if my boyfriend sees me naked. You do like me, right?”

He knew that it couldn’t have been easy for her to open up like that. It was difficult, but he realized that, to be fair, he had to respond in kind.

“I don’t like you; I love you. I have since you were in 8th grade. I’d sit home at nights thinking of myself as some kind of pedophile because of it.”

“How come you never talked to me? I know that you’re not much for socializing, but we were together in groups a lot. You practically ignored me.”

“There were a lot of reasons,” he said. “I saw you turn guys down left and right. Besides, I had a plan.”

She smiled.

“A plan? This, I have to hear. Do tell.”

“First, you have to understand how I see myself. I’m basically a nice guy. I think that I have a lot of good qualities, but I see them as qualities that women tend to look for in a potential mate once they’re ready for marriage, not the kind of stuff that high school girls are looking for in a boyfriend.”

He paused to gather his thoughts.

“Also, and this is hard for me, I seem to be more sensitive than most of the other guys that I know. The thought of going out with you and then losing you is horrifying. I’d rather have never had your love than to love you and lose you. I mean, as long as I can be your friend, I can handle the fact that you don’t love me. If we started dating, I’d fall so hard for you in an instant that I wouldn’t be able to recover.”

Her face hardened.

“And so your plan…” she said.

“Well, I figured that, since my qualities better suit someone older, I’d wait until you were almost finished with college before approaching you. That way, I’d optimize my chances that you’d marry me.”

He knew that it sounded ridiculous as soon as it was out of his mouth.

“I see,” she said. “So, I guess that out best bet right is to go ahead and elope right now. I’ll call my dad for permission, and we can rouse a justice of the peace out of bed.”

What was she doing? He poured his heart out to her, and she was making fun of him.

“Don’t play with me like that. We can’t do that.”

“Why? Do you think that it’s silly to get married before we even have a chance to find out if we’re compatible, if we like being around each other? That’s what dating is for. It’s even more silly to choose not to date because dating might not lead to marriage. Even if you waited until I was presumably ready, we still might find that we’re not right for each other. And, what if I find someone else while you’re waiting on the sidelines?”

She made good points.

“I know that it probably wasn’t the best plan, but it did eliminate having to take a huge emotional risk,” he said.

He stopped again and thought.

“I guess, with what I’ve already admitted, it’s too late to avoid taking that risk. What do we do now?”

Her smile lit up her entire face and reduced him to quivering jelly.

“You should kiss me.”

His mouth engulfed hers, but he was gentle. Years of pent up frustration and desire poured out in his one simple act. When he finally broke the kiss off, she spoke.

“Do you have, um, protection?”

He backed away from her.

“Don’t get me wrong. You are really beautiful, and I’m really attracted to you.”

“But…” she said.

“But, this is moving really fast. I didn’t know that you had any, uh, experience at this kind of thing. Do you want to go that far before we even have an official first date?”

She looked embarrassed.

“I don’t know. It’s just that, well, with all the running around naked and the feel of you next to me, I need, you know, release.”

Her entire body blushed at the admission.

“I’m not all that experienced, but I think that we can achieve that without going all the way,” he said.

She threw back the covers, which had been pulled up to her neck, baring her breasts.

“I am at your mercy, sir!”

One part of him recoiled at what he just did and what he was about to do. There was no way for him to remain even slightly dispassionate about her now. He was well and truly in her grasp. He felt like he was literally opening up his chest and having her clutch his heart. She could crush it at any time.

Her need overwhelmed his reservations. He stared at her hard nipples and smelled the musky odor indicating her arousal. He tentatively reached out for her.

She closed her eyes and let out a little gasp as his fingertips brushed her breast. The reaction encouraged him. He spent several minutes caressing her entire body, running his hands up and down from her toes to her shoulders and back missing nothing in between. Then, once again starting with her toes, he started kissing her all over. It took him almost fifty slow smooches to work his way up her leg.

She kept her thighs clinched as he kissed all around her golden triangle and made his way up her torso. He delighted in covering every square inch of her flat stomach, nicely rounded breasts, and shoulders. He saw goosebumps form on her arms and legs as he tongued her neck, ears, and face.

His eyes feasted on her flushed, exposed body. He gently kneaded her breasts. She moaned as his tongue found her erect nipples, and he worked her into a lather before moving down her body.

Ben placed his hands on the inside of her thighs, and she parted her legs wide. He caressed the smooth skin of her legs and ran his fingers through her downy hair before finding her engorged clit. Her hands clenched the bed sheet as he massaged the soaking wet folds of sensitive skin. Her breathing sped up, and she started bucking her hips up and down.

Ben let her catch her breath before inserting his finger in her well-lubricated pussy. With his opposite hand still rubbing her clit, he moved the finger in and out. After a moment, she started bucking her hips once again. She tried to clench her thighs, but his hand was too strong. He sped up the piston-like motion. Finally, she let out a scream.

“No more! Please, no more!”

He wiped his hands on the side of the bed and laid down next to her. Taking her into his arms, he whispered in her ear.

“I love you. I love you so much.”

She fell asleep with echoes of his proclamation ringing through her mind while cradled tight in his embrace.