**Self Dares**

by stripgnd

**Self Dares Ch. 05**

*Second date with Andy, strip game and another modelling job.*

I did invite Andy to come to the bar with us at the weekend. I almost didn't, but I couldn't think of a decent enough reason to not do so. It was just a simple message inviting him for a few drinks. I am not sure why I was being so standoffish with him. Like I mean, sex is fun and all that, but it really isn't the be-all and end-all of the relationship. As Hanna said, he can learn to be good at sex. It is unfair though. I am basing my entire reasoning on a one-off night where he licked me to two orgasms. Hardly a disastrous night when it comes to having sex. I have had sex with a long-term boyfriend and I have been left in the wet patch with a grand total of zero orgasms for myself. We had an awesome meal and an awesome night in general. Yeah, he was a bit premature on the first explosion and a little bit on the lower side for endurance on the second, but averaging the night. It was fucking awesome.

He took a while to reply. I didn't want to invite him, but now I was wondering if he was thinking of an excuse to not come. That would be really annoying. He messaged back with a "That will be great, see you there." I can't help but smile at that last sentence and I must apologise to all guys reading this. You really can't win can you and for that I am truly sorry.

This was the Tuesday and that Thursday I started my period. Fuck sake. A few days early, stupid body. I almost cancelled him but decided not to and soon enough it was Saturday night. It only took me an hour to get ready and that included showering, shaving, doing my hair, make-up and selecting my clothes. There was absolutely no way he was getting any action tonight. Most guys where it has been an issue at that time don't seem to be that phased by it, but for me, eww. Too messy.

My clothes were skinny jeans, a T-shirt and my Vans trainers. Underwear was socks and plain old boring black bikini-style panties. I wasn't bothering with a bra.

"Off to the bar," I shouted to Mum and Dad who were in the living room.

"Do you want a lift?" Dad asked. I could tell by his tone it was just from politeness. He really couldn't be arsed driving me anywhere.

"No ta, the bus is in a few mins," I replied.

I could practically feel the relief from the room next to the hallway. "Have fun love," Mum said, "Do you want a lift back?"

"No ta," I said popping my head in, "I will probably stay at Hanna's or just get a taxi. I will let you know though."

"Be careful," Dad said. Which was his go-to statement. I am not entirely sure what changes to my evening plans I could make to be careful, but I guess it made him feel better.

I left the house, locked the door behind me and went to catch my bus. When the bus arrived I sent Andy a message. "Just catching the bus now, I will be there for half 7 or so."

"Great, just on my way now so will be around the same time," he replied.

I got off the bus and went to the bar which was just half a block away. I went inside, ordered myself a drink and went to sit with my group of friends. There weren't loads of us, but there were enough to be a little intimidating when meeting them for the first time. I sent Andy a message to let me know when he was there and I would come and get him. I was halfway through my first drink when my phone buzzed. I answered it. "Hi, you here?" I said.

"Just walking up," he said.

"Sweet will come outside. See you in a min," I said and hung up.

I stuck my finger up behind my back towards the table as I walked away as they all wolf-whistled and teased me for being in luuurve. I went outside and saw him just crossing the road. "Hey," I said smiling at him.

"Hiya," he replied scanning me up and down, "You look nice."

"Ta, you too," I replied and rose up on my toes to give him a kiss. It was on the lips, but there were no tongues involved.

We went back inside, I introduced everyone and we settled in for the night. I sat with him for a while, but he quickly got involved in football talk so I sat back with the girls when I got a drink. There were no drink rounds sort of thing. When you wanted a drink you got one, you asked if anyone else did and that was how the system worked. You did about break even over the evening.

"He is cute," Hanna whispered to me.

I didn't reply, I just grinned in reply. I know he is cute. Super cute. He was discussed in great depth. No, not that sort of depth. I found myself watching him. Not in a creepy stalker sort of way. He fit right in, he seemed to be getting along with everyone and I couldn't help but smile. He was a keeper. I can teach him to fuck me properly and if he can't, then I will introduce him to some vibrators, anyone can fuck me to oblivion with one of those.

There were a few couples in the group and throughout the night they cycled around being sat next to partners for a quick kiss and a cuddle. I sat with Andy a few times and we had a few tentative kisses and the feel of his hand on my jeans sent electricity through my body. Nothing too heavy, we were in public, just the reassurance of "Yeah I am here with you."

Last orders came around too quickly and people started to leave. As the final bell rang there were only a few of us left. I was sitting on the bench seat with Andy leaning into him. Hanna was chatting with Sarah and a few of the other couples were getting more heavily into the kissing as unspoken promises were made for later. I looked at him and smiled. He saw me and smiled back and we had another kiss.

"Wanna come back to mine?" he whispered.

I looked at him with guilty eyes. I don't think I have blue-balled him, but I guess a few kisses can give the guy the horn. "Uh-huh," I nodded. I checked that no one else was listening in before I continued. "I am not going to have sex with you though," I whispered softly and kissed him again.

He looked at me for a few seconds, but he read my eyes. It was my choice, but it wasn't my fault. "Sorry," I whispered.

I don't know what I expected him to say, and I guess his approach of saying nothing was for the best. Any response would have been assuming on his behalf. We finished our drinks and went to the bathroom. Hanna followed me. "Are you going back to his?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," I replied but avoided eye contact. She could read me like a book.

"Oh dear," she giggled. She knew I was on. She probably was as well, we were fairly closely synced up in that regard. "Just a bit of sucky sucky then?" she asked with a giggle.

"Probably," I replied with a smile.

"Enjoy," she said.

We went back out and went outside. Hanna with Sarah, they lived fairly close so would share a taxi and me with Andy. The rest had already departed. "Lovely meeting you," Hanna said to Andy.

"And you," he replied. They had a cheek kiss.

"Have fun," Hanna said to me giving me a lips kiss. "Swallow it," she whispered as she pulled away.

"See ya later," I replied shaking my head. She was so gross.

We went our separate ways. Andy flagged a taxi down and we went back to his. I sent Mum a message to say that I was staying out. We cuddled in the back of the taxi and when we got to his I paid before he could react. He scowled at me but didn't comment. We got out and went into his.

There was no awkwardness this time. The cards were on the table. Yes, we were going to sleep together, but in the literal meaning of that statement. My legs were staying closed and my panties were remaining on. He was aware of the conditions and I am fairly sure he wasn't the sort to try and sway my decision. "Do you want a drink?" he offered.

"Just a water," I replied.

We went upstairs and into his room. "Back in a sec," I said as I went to the bathroom to refresh the required stuff. A quick wash, mouthwash swill etc etc.

I went back to his room and he was in bed. He was topless, or his shoulders were bare anyway. I smiled at him. He was so hot. "Do you want a t-shirt to sleep in?" he asked.

"What are you sleeping in?" I asked.

"Boxers," he said.

I grinned at him as I imagined him just wearing his boxers. "Nar, I will be okay," I said. I took my shoes, socks and jeans off. "If you don't mind," I said as I sorted the elastic of my underwear out.

He didn't reply. He just stared at me and shook his head. My t-shirt wasn't that long, he could probably see my underwear with him laying down. I lifted my t-shirt up and over my head dropping it on the floor. He could definitely see my underwear now, not that he was looking, with no bra on I was now topless. He was staring at my tits.

He pulled the duvet back for me and I got in next to him. I cuddled into him and kissed his neck. "Thanks," I said.

"What for?" he asked.

"Fitting in and tolerating my weird mates," I replied.

"They aren't weird," he replied.

"Eddie?" I questioned.

"Okay maybe a little," he said smiling at me.

I rested my hand on his bare chest and gently tugged at his chest hair. Not sure why I do that, but I always have. Almost a nervous twitch I guess. He didn't complain and even less so as my hand slowly edged lower and lower. I felt his stomach muscles tense as I touched his belly and crept towards the waistband of his boxers. I looked at him and smiled. I still felt like I needed consent before I ventured into his underwear. A strange concept considering I was laying next to him half naked wearing just panties with my boobs pressed against his arm.

He smiled back at me and glanced at my hand. "We don't have to," he said.

"I know," I whispered back as I gently slipped my hand into his boxers. I found his cock easily as it was already fully erect and like it came up to meet my hand.

"Fuck..." he whispered as my tiny hand closed around his shaft and started to work up and down him. "Oh wow," he whispered as he looked down his body at what I was doing. He couldn't actually see all that much, my hand was in his boxers.

I watched his face as I played with him. My previous experience was running around my mind as I fully expected him to go off into his boxers fairly quickly. He didn't though. I even had to adjust my awkward position a few times as my wrist was aching. Looks like my mouth is getting some action. I sped up with my hand in a last attempt to make him cum, but he lasted longer than my wrist. I kissed him on the neck and he twisted his head around to kiss me on the lips. Opening my mouth our tongues twisted together as I gently held him in my hand. I have no idea how guys do it, but my wrist was done for the night.

I gently nibbled his ear and pushed at his boxers so they slid down enough to expose him. I glanced down at him and grinned. Cocks are awesome. His exposed head glistened in the dim light of his room, and my fingers wrapped around his shaft as I slowly stroked up and down him. "Wanna blow job?" I offered. Again, I still felt we were at the stage of requiring consent.

He looked at me for a few seconds then nodded his head. He lifted his bum off the bed and slid his boxers down a little lower. I kissed him again, then manoeuvred so I was on my hands and knees. Shuffling down the bed I positioned myself between his legs and got comfortable. I am no stranger to sucking a dick, but I wouldn't classify myself as adept at it. I may be here a while, I had may as well get comfortable. I breathed through my mouth so he could feel my cool breath on his cock. I gently took his balls in my right hand and teased my fingers around them. Lowering my head while I stared up into his eyes I opened my mouth and lowered it around him.

"Oh fuck," he gasped as I surrounded him with my mouth. Even though he wasn't massive he still nudged at my tonsils and I gagged a couple of times. "Sorry," he said.

I just smiled up at him with his dick in my mouth. It was hardly his fault, I had been a little optimistic. I swirled my tongue around him, licking all around his shaft and head as I kept my lips sealed and sucked tight three-quarters of the way down his shaft. I pressed my tongue against the bottom side of his shaft then slowly started to have sex with him using my mouth sliding my tongue up and down him as I did so.

"Fuck... me..." he gasped as he stared down at me. It wasn't a request, it was just an expression of enjoyment.

I tried slow, fast, deep and shallow with my mouth. I tried cupping his balls, gently squeezing and just teasing my fingers around them. It didn't seem to make much difference, it seemed he loved getting sucked off by me. Who would have thought it?

I could tell that he was getting close. His consideration for my airway was getting less considerate as he thrust into my throat when he had the opportunity and his breathing was very laboured. I stopped for a second. "Cum in my mouth," I said and then resumed where I left off.

His leg started to shake and he was staring at me. His eyes were as wide as they could possibly get and although I had given permission for him to cum in my mouth I was expecting a warning. I didn't get one. "Fuck!" he said loudly as he stared at me. His volume took me a little by surprise and I looked up at him. I grinned as best I could with his dick in my mouth and then felt his cock pulse. Milliseconds later a salty goop flooded into my mouth.

"Ooo," I said as the flood of his semen took me by surprise a little. It probably shouldn't have done as I had been giving him a hand job for five minutes and sucking him off for another five or so. I can hardly look all innocent and claim I wasn't expecting him to cum in my mouth. Even so, it took me by surprise.

"Oh yes," he mumbled as a second ribbon of his cum rushed into my mouth and dribbled down my throat. My breath wheezed as it was partially blocked by his semen, but I adjusted my throat and finished swallowing what was halfway down anyway. I recovered a thread of control as I directed him to the roof of my mouth and let him finish his orgasm. I blocked my throat with my tongue and using my right hand I kept up a hand job until he stopped cumming into my mouth.

I sucked my mouth closed around his shaft and slid him out of my mouth with a very unsexy slurp. I need to work on that. "Soz," I said as best I could with a mouth full of cum. I tilted my head back to stop the dribble and wiped it off my chin with my hand. Very dignified. "Soz," I said again.

He smiled at me as I battled with keeping what felt like a shit load of cum in my mouth. He handed me a tissue, but I swallowed. The smile spread across his face as he saw my throat move as I swallowed his load. I even managed to mask the expression of pure disgust at swallowing cum. The taste is okay, but the texture is fucking wrong. "Ta," I said taking the tissue off him and wiping my chin.

"Fucking hell," he said grinning widely at me.

"You are welcome," I said as I dropped the tissue on the floor and lay next to him again. I rested my head on his shoulder and kissed his neck. After a few moments, I got up and went to the bathroom. The aftertaste is grim. Not sure if it is the actual cum or the pre-cum, but something leaves a not-great aftertaste. Who am I kidding, it is cum, I am fairly sure it is not designed to be tasty.

We fell asleep and the following morning I went home. Mum got her wry smile when she asked how my night had been and she smiled knowingly at me. I didn't cum. I didn't even get penetrated. Hell, I didn't even get naked. But fuck me, that was a fun night.

I got all the shit shifts at my new job, but I was on time for every shift. I stayed late when required and didn't complain. Much. After my two-week probationary period, they eased up and my shifts started to settle down a bit. I guess the plan is to throw all the shit possible at the start and if they stick it out then they pass the probation. There were more staff than I was used to and on the busy shifts, there could be 20 members of staff. I was the youngest, but not by much. The oldest being well over 60. I recommended it to Alice and she applied and started to work there as well.

Wednesday's were ridiculously busy. As the night was generally the quietest of the week they put on a good food menu offer which really brought the people in. It gradually became one of my regular shifts and the staff were usually the same ones on that day. The tips were awesome, but the workload was super high. When the kitchen closed at half 9 the workload fell off a cliff, but from 5 until half 9 it was none stop.

It became a bit of a tradition that when the kitchen closed the kitchen staff stayed and had a few drinks as well as played a few hands of cards. As people finished their shifts they joined them and stayed until the end of the night. Once the doors were locked we had a few drinks. There were 12 of us. Alice and I were the only girls. The ages ranged from me, at 18, up to Benjamin who was pushing 70. We used match sticks as the currency for the card games and it was always an entertaining night.

We had to buy our drinks, but we got a fairly decent staff discount so you could get very drunk for not a lot of money. They always insisted on playing Poker and I just couldn't get my head around it. I knew the rules and the hands, but it was pure luck if I won a hand and had nothing to do with working out the mathematical chance. It was a good laugh though. For the umpteenth time that night, I was handed more matchsticks as I had run out of them again and I threw in enough to call the hand. Which I won.

"How about we make it more interesting," Liam said, "How about a game of strip poker?"

"Absolutely no fucking chance," Alice said without missing a beat.

I hesitated a little longer. My hesitation wasn't because it would be ten against one, it was purely on the fact that I still had a scar on my hip and I was paranoid about it. Like if they could see the scar they would be looking at the scar and not the rest of my semi-naked body. Teenage insecurity sucks. There was also the small detail that I wasn't wearing any underwear. All eyes were on me as I hadn't rejected the idea yet. "Er, probably not," I said with a smile. Playing a strip game was very high on my list of exhibitionist fantasies. Especially one that I had absolutely no chance of winning. Even if I had underwear on it was still ten against one and the chances of me winning were practically zero. I looked around the table and felt my tummy flutter just at the opportunity. Ten guys would see me naked. Strip me naked, lube me up and throw me in.

"You were tempted though," Liam said smiling at me.

"Always tempted," I replied with a smile, "But not ten versus one," I added.

"Yeah that would end badly for you," Alice said with a wry smile.

"Help her out then," Liam suggested to Alice.

"Yeah because ten against two would make all the difference," she replied, "I have no desire to be a martyr, and definitely not a naked martyr."

They tried for a few more moments to talk us into it, but it was a none starter really. If I had underwear on and they agreed to a game that was just pure chance then I would have been seriously tempted. Playing a strip game of pure chance vastly outnumbered was more attractive as chances are you weren't the one getting naked. Ten vs one and I had may as well just strip and cut out the middle man. Eleven in a game of chance though and I was only 9% likely to end up naked. Assuming it was played to one loser. Those are odds that I would go for.

Guaranteed defeat was a fantasy though. Or maybe the fantasy was just losing such a game with a large group of people. Playing a game where it would be very unfair and not in my favour guaranteed the nude fantasy. The only reason I didn't was because of social pressure. Being naked was taboo and I was scared of the image I would project if I willingly entered into such a scenario.

Liam, Noah, Oliver, Elijah, James, Will, Benjamin, Lucas, Henry and Jack. I wouldn't date any of them. Half were too old and I realise age is just a number, but with the best will in the world a 40-year-old doesn't want to be out partying three or four times a week and it just wouldn't work. There was no one there who was my type, but even so, a strip game would be awesome fun. Arm twisted behind my back and I had to sleep with one of them it would be Elijah. The only reason? He is black, and I have never slept with a black guy. Stereotypes? Yes, please. Judge me however you wish on that one.

It played on my mind all week though and on the shifts I shared with Alice I tried a few times to raise the subject. She engaged and smiled at the prospect. She admitted to enjoying a strip game, but she had no desire to play a game where she had no chance of winning. We needed more girls. I checked the rota for Wednesday and it was the same as last Wednesday, with the addition of Ella. I am going to assume if Alice wasn't keen on 10 vs 2 she wouldn't be overly enamoured by 10 vs 3 either.

I considered various scenarios, but there was just no way it would be fair. Even if we had many times the number of clothes on to counteract the unfair sex split it would just take longer and statistically, we would just end up naked anyway. The only fair way I would think of getting the game off the ground was just a fully random game. Dice rolling, high card, something along those lines and the game was only played until someone was naked. That actually put the game in our favour as statistically it was less likely we would end up naked. We wouldn't have 13 dice, so high card was the most viable.

I waited for Wednesday and when it arrived I was actually nervous. Not for losing, defeat would be pure fantasy. I was nervous about it not happening. Again social peer pressure seemed to not allow me to suggest such a game. I am sure the guys would be more than happy for me to suggest a strip game, but I was worried that Alice and Ella would see me as a slut or something.

Shoes, socks. Black shirt, black skirt, bra and panties. My bra and panties were a matching set and were cute, but every day. I wanted them to be nice, but I didn't want them to be obviously "I have planned for this" levels of nice. If I rocked up in Victoria's Secret underwear it would look a little bit too keen. Not that I had any Victoria's Secret underwear, I am not made of money.

The shift was the usual. Absolute madness up until half 9 and then it tailed off fairly quickly. We were cleaning down tables and closing off the empty parts of the bar by 10 pm. The last few customers left at 10:45 and the doors were locked. 15 minutes early, but whatever. I joined the large table where people were sitting and took a sip of my drink.

Cards came out and as usual, I was fairly shit. I hated being shit at Poker. It was clear that I needed to learn the game and just playing it was not making me any better. I needed to understand why it was a bad idea to not go for certain hands in specific situations and not just see I had two of a kind and instantly hope for three or four of a kind.

The people who were there were:

Liam -- 28. Black hair. Not fat, but he could probably do with losing a few pounds

Noah -- 35. Blonde hair. Older surfer type. I bet he was super hot when he was early 20s, but he was a little bit too old now to pull off the look he was going for

Oliver -- 24. Brown hair. Average. In all aspects. I am sure he has a personality, but I haven't found it yet

Elijah -- 27. Black hair. Tall. Decent body

James -- 19. Meticulously styled blonde hair. Student like me.

Will -- 63. Greying hair. Tall, decently in shape and a real Grandad-type character.

Benjamin -- 68. Grey hair. Short, fat, moody. Fat is harsh. He wasn't huge, but he liked his beer and food.

Lucas -- 36. Quite cute. The sort of guy you could look at all day and not get bored. He is high maintenance though. He spends more time on his appearance than I did. I don't want to be fighting with my boyfriend over bathroom time. Clean is good, but a bit of dirty is fun too.

Henry -- 40. Quiet, keeps himself to himself. One-on-one though he is nice and quite talkative.

Jack -- 53. Jack is Jack. He is what he is. Zero fucks given. Like him or not it makes no difference to him. For that I respect him. I get on well with Jack.

Alice -- 22. Tall, brunette, bubbly.

Ella -- 29. Short like me, but not as slim. Attractive with curves. She had tits. Neither myself nor Alice do. So if boobs are your thing, you can't go wrong with Ella.

"Damn Sophie, you are getting humped tonight," Alice said with a giggle as she handed me some more matchsticks.

"Always," I said in acceptance of my poor performance. The way it was going it wasn't anywhere near a consensual humping. I was pinned down and getting fucked. Probably up the arse and arguably the lube was contaminated with sand. It was not going well.

"Oh is she? Who is the lucky guy?" Jack asked smiling.

"Who said it is a guy?" I said sticking my tongue out at him teasingly.

He stared at me. He suspected I was joking, but he would like confirmation. He wasn't getting confirmation. For the record, I wasn't getting humped tonight, not unless you count silicon as a humping. The game continued and my poor results continued. As the night wore on a few people started to leave and I was starting to accept that a strip game wasn't happening. Oliver had left as had Benjamin. I glanced at the time and it was almost half 11.

"Soooooooooo," Liam said glancing around the room and my heart fluttered a little bit. "Strip poker?"

I knew that Alice had already rejected the idea, so I got in there first. I threw my hat into the ring to lay down the marker. It is surprising what people will agree to if they have company. "I will play something." I said, "But not poker."

Alice and Ella looked at me surprised, but neither of them rejected the idea. That was an improvement, last time it was suggested Alice pissed all over the idea within less than a second of it being suggested. Ella grinned and looked around the room. "Hardly great odds," she said.

"Yeah, defo not," I agreed, "The game would have to be a random chance game." I almost said random luck, but luck sounded a lot riskier when wagering your decency. That may just be me, but I feel more at ease risking my panties on a game of chance than a game of luck.

"Wife would kill me," Will said, "That is me for the night. Enjoy," he said as he downed the last of his drink and got up to go home.

"Yeah, girlfriend would kick my ass," Lucas said, but I could see the pain in his eyes as he rejected the idea. Strip games are a weird concept. They are talked about a lot and are a common scene in many a teen movie, but in reality, it is very rare to get a chance to actually play one. He got up though and left with Will.

That left it as six against three, assuming Alice and Ella were willing to play. Still not great odds and in any game that relied on skill we would still lose badly. We needed a game of chance. Pure chance and it was only one in nine it would be me who ended up naked. I know I said earlier that losing was a massive fantasy of mine. It is, I genuinely would love to play a madly one-sided game that was 99.9% guaranteed to result in my total nudity. Fantasy though. Consequences and peer opinion left that as purely a fantasy.

Alice looked around the six guys and shook her head. "This is fucking mental," she said.

She didn't say she was out though and neither did Ella. I was 100% in if this happened. I wouldn't play on my own, but if Alice or Ella were in the game I would play. Shared culpability, the idea was foolish and offered no gain for me personally. Yeah, okay, seeing Elijah with no clothes on would hardly be a bad result, but the rest of them? Not interested. Saying that though, a cock is a cock and seeing one is always amusing.

"What game then?" Noah asked.

I shrugged. "Dunno," I said. I was trying to not look like I had spent a full week throwing around ideas. If I dived in with a fully planned out game then it would look a little bit keen. "Dice? High card?" I suggested with another shrug of my shoulder.

"Okay," Liam said as he eyed us suspiciously. Girls were notorious for setting a game up and then wimping out when it got interesting, or even not starting it at all.

"So lowest card strips?"Noah asked.

"Yeah," I said, "I guess."

"Just one item though?" Ella said looking at me. Like I was the ring leader? I guess I kind of was. It was Liam's idea, but it was me who was making this a possibility. That makes me sound way more important than I am.

"Oh yeah, defo," I said, "No way I am wagering everything on one turn of a card," I added.

"What if there is a draw?" James asked.

"Both of them remove something?" I suggested. That had been a scenario that I had pre-thought through.

"No phones, no creepy shit, nothing weird," Ella said. She was in and I couldn't help but smile slightly. It was on. Unless she lost her bottle.

"Yeah, defo," Henry said.

"Fuck it," Ella said, "Yeah. A game of chance. I am in."

We both looked at Alice and she looked like a terrified rabbit in headlights about to get mown down by a lorry. "Just to one loser?" Alice asked.

"Yeah, sure," I said glancing around the guys who offered no objection. They must have realised that their chance of seeing a girl naked had just reduced to one in three, but that was a whole lot better than no chance at all. Plus that part of the game could be a little bit fluid. Offer people the chance to abandon the game after someone lost, but also offer the opportunity to keep playing if we so wished. I had put a lot of thought into this.

"Okay, yeah," Alice said. "I can't believe I am doing this."

"Are you in?" Jack said staring at the three of us. I am going to assume it has been a long time since he has seen a twenty-year-old or teenager with no clothes on. I am being unfair there, for all I know he is a machine and regularly takes home the young ladies. He doesn't seem the type though.

We all said we were. "So what are we playing?" Elijah asked.

"High card sounds okay," Ella said.

"Lowest card removes one item of clothing," I added. "If a draw, both those players remove something."

"Aces high?" Ella asked.

"No, do aces low so it is just one through to 10, jack queen king," Liam said.

"And the Jokers?" Henry asked.

"How about if you draw a joker everyone else removes something," Ella suggested.

"Two jokers?" Henry asked.

"Everyone else removes two items," Ella said with a grin. I liked that idea. I hadn't thought of that. I suspected that this was not her first strip game.

The rules were clarified and re-clarified Equalisation of clothing was not done as "girls have more to hide." Not true really, guys have a cock and balls, we have a pussy and boobs. It is just ours don't hang around together, but they didn't argue about it. The items allowed were shoes, socks, 1 x top, 1 x trousers/skirt, 1 x bra / under-shirt and 1 x panties/boxers. That left me with six items.

We spread out around the table so we were all spaced evenly and shuffled the cards. The deck would be reshuffled after each hand and you could take any card you wanted except for the bottom one as that one could potentially be seen during shuffling. The order around the table was Liam, Noah, me, Elijah, James, Alice, Ella and Jack. The order was just how we were sitting. The cards were placed in the middle of the table and we all looked at each other. "I will just check the door," Noah said.

"Ha, yeah, good plan," I giggled. "That could be embarrassing."

He came back and took his seat.

For ease I will just list the cards as they are drawn in the order above, so they will all be Liam, Noah, me, Elijah, James, Alice, Ella and Jack. They are drawn in a different sequence each time, but for ease, I will always list them in that order.

Round one

Nine of Hearts

Black Joker

Three of Spades

Ace of Clubs

Eight of Diamonds

Four of Diamonds

Ace of Hearts

Ace of Spades

Two of Hearts

"Ha, yes," Noah said as he drew the Joker making everyone else's choices irrelevant

Everyone took their shoes off except for Noah. I smiled when I saw Ella wasn't wearing any socks. She saw me and smiled back wryly. "Yeah, wish I had put socks on," she said.

Round two

Five of Diamonds

Seven of Hearts

Six of Spades

Nine of Clubs

Nine of Spades

Three of Hearts

Five of Spades

Jack of Clubs

Ace of Clubs

"Oh man," Jack said as he took off his socks. It was cute how he neatly placed them into his shoes.

Round three

Ace of Spades

Ace of Hearts

King of Spades

Nine of Diamonds

Two of Hearts

Three of Diamonds

Seven of Clubs

Jack of Spades

Ten of Diamonds

"Ooo, draw," Alice said, "So Liam and Noah?" she confirmed.

"Yeah," Liam said as he took his socks off and Noah took his shoes off.

Round four

Two of Diamonds

Five of Hearts

Six of Hearts

King of Diamonds

Eight of Hearts

Queen of Clubs

Ten of Hearts

Queen of Spades

Four of Diamonds

"Fuck sake," Liam said as he took his shirt off. You could see how reserved he was at removing his shirt. He wasn't fat by any stretch of the imagination, but he was also no gym addict either. Ella, Alice and I all grinned.

Round Five

Queen of Hearts

King of Spades

Four of Clubs

King of Clubs

Seven of Diamonds

Six of Clubs

Queen of Diamonds

Eight of Clubs

Three of Diamonds

"Me again," Jack said, "The cards hate me." He took his shirt off to reveal an under-shirt

"Aww, no fair," Alice pouted jokingly. She knew that probably made his item count the same as hers though.

"Gotta stay warm," Jack replied.

Round six

Black Joker

Nine of Diamonds

Seven of Spades

Two of Spades

Five of Spades

Six of Clubs

Queen of Spades

Queen of Diamonds

Nine of Hearts

"Better," Liam said.

Noah, Elijah, James, Alice and myself all removed our socks. Jack took off his under-shirt and Ella hesitated. She was out of zero-value items. Bra or panties were about to be on show. No one said anything but we all looked at her as we waited. "Choices choices," Alice said with a wry smile.

"Yeah," she said.

"You are sat at a table, so trousers?" I suggested. If she took her top off everyone saw her bra, if she took her trousers off no one really saw anything.

"Yeah," she acknowledged, "But I have no idea how see-through my undies are," she said with a smile. Jack was sat next to her and reactively glanced down at her. He would have the best view along with Alice. After a few moments, she took her top off and crossed her arms over her bra. No one pulled her up on it and after a few seconds, she relaxed and revealed her bra. A cute black t-shirt bra strained against decent-sized breasts. She didn't need padding, she had awesome tits.

"Fucking hell," Jack muttered under his breath, probably a little louder than he intended.

Round seven

Two of Clubs

Ace of Spades

Four of Clubs

Ten of Spades

Nine of Diamonds

Five of Spades

Six of Clubs

Two of Spades

Queen of Spades

Noah took his shirt off with no protest or hesitation. Cute. Decent chest. A bit hairy for my liking.

Round eight

King of Clubs

Six of Spades

Four of Diamonds

Ten of Spades

Ace of Hearts

Queen of Spades

Queen of Hearts

Ten of Diamonds

Two of Clubs

James took his shirt off. He was super skinny and super skinny with a guy just looks scrawny. I know I am judging people by how they look, but come on, I am playing a strip game. Surely that is the idea?

Round nine

Eight of Diamonds

Three of Diamonds

Five of Hearts

Ace of Clubs

Ace of Spades

Jack of Diamonds

Two of Diamonds

Queen of Diamonds

King of Hearts

I watched with interest as Elijah took off his shirt. Yeah. I would snuggle into that chest all night. He was H O T. James shyly took his trousers off and was left just wearing boxers which he hid from view as well as he could. He was definitely not sporting an erection, or he was teeny tiny.

Round ten

Three of Clubs

Nine of Spades

Three of Hearts

Six of Diamonds

Six of Hearts

Ten of Hearts

Seven of Clubs

Eight of Diamonds

Ace of Spades

Jack lost again and stood up to remove his trousers. The confidence of age. He was wearing striped briefs complete with a bulge, and the bulge was... bulgy.

Round eleven

Three of Clubs

Six of Clubs

Two of Diamonds

Four of Clubs

Jack of Spades

Ten of Hearts

King of Clubs

Ace of Clubs

Two of Clubs

"Arr fuck," Ella said as she didn't really have an option. See-through or not see-through panties were a lesser evil compared to tits out. She unfastened her trousers and looked at herself as she slid them down. Jack also watched with interest.

"So how see through?" I asked with a grin.

She looked up and blushed. "Pretty fucking see-through," Ella said with a giggle, "Oops."

"Nice view Jack?" Alice said which snapped Jack out of gawping mode.

Round Twelve

Two of Clubs

Eight of Hearts

Seven of Clubs

King of Spades

Ace of Clubs

Queen of Hearts

Six of Hearts

Ten of Hearts

Queen of Spades

"Aww fuck," James said as he looked around the table and the colour drained from his face.

"Off off off." Ella chanted.

"Shit," James said and for a second I thought he was going to wimp out, but to his credit he didn't He wriggled his way out from behind the table and after a deep breath he dropped his boxers.

Five guys pretending to not look while secretly comparing and three giggling girls guaranteed he was not at all erect. He lifted his arms and twirled for all to see to whoops and whistles from Alice, Ella and myself. He was decently hung. He needed to shave or trim at the very least, but yeah, cute. I know guys hate their cock being referred to as being cute, but whatever, he lost, he has a cute cock.

"Are we continuing?" I asked.

"Fuck yeah," Alice said, "Kicking ass here."

"I am out," Jack said, "That was way too close for my liking."

"Wimp," James said.

"Wimp with his dick still private," Jack retorted with a smile.

"Ella?" I asked.

She looked down at herself and I could see her battling with herself. She wanted to, but she was down to her skimpies and any further defeat was embarrassing for her.

In the meantime, Jack and James got dressed and left. James could have stayed if he stayed naked, but he opted to cut his losses and go home. I would have stayed, he was already naked and if he stayed he may have seen one of us naked, but it was his choice.

"Yeah, okay, fuck it, I have come this far," Ella said.

Everyone else agreed to continue and the game continued. The new order was: Liam, Noah, Sophie, Elijah, Alice and Ella.

"Okay?" Alice asked as she placed the cards down on the table.

Round Thirteen

Five of Hearts

Eight of Hearts

Six of Clubs

Ten of Spades

King of Hearts

Black Joker

"I needed that," Ella said with a grin

Liam, Noah and Elijah all stripped to boxers and my view was awesome. Elijah was ripped. Like wow, C U T E and then some. I took my top off and shyly cupped my small breasts before revealing my bra to the table. Alice took her skirt off instead of her top. She was wearing mint green boy short panties so I guess the panties are less revealing than her bra.

"One more of them would be nice," Ella said, "Three willies."

Round fourteen

Jack of Diamonds

King of Spades

Red Joker

Four of Clubs

Eight of Diamonds

Ten of Spades

"And there it is," I shouted as I punched the air. "Come on!!!" I said excitedly.

"No fucking way," Liam said, "No fucking way."

"Yes fucking way," I grinned.

"You first," Alice said to Ella with a resigned expression on her face.

It was then I worked out that Alice wasn't wearing a bra. Ella and Alice were about to get topless. I must admit that I felt a little bit guilty. It had basically been my commitment to playing the game that had convinced them to play and then it had been my final hand that had cost them their tops. Okay, the same hand was going to let us see three cocks so it was hardly a terrible trade-off. In the grand scheme of modesty boobs are the lesser of the potential exposure. On holiday I willingly sunbathe topless if the beach or pool allows it, but "losing" your top seems to make it worse. I was sitting (quite literally) fairly pretty, I was still entirely decent. Okay, my bra was on show, but so what, the fact it was underwear gave it a higher value than it warranted, I owned and wore smaller bikinis in public.

It took Elijah a few seconds longer, but a smile spread across his face. He looked at Alice and scanned up and down her body. "You don't have a bra on do you?" he said grinning.

"I do not," Alice said with a smile. "Oops," she added playfully. I felt the sexual energy in the room skyrocket. Her tone or something seemed to light the touchpaper that was silently smouldering in the background.

"One of you get bottomless," Noah suggested.

Ella looked at him and smiled. "One of you three take a Viagra and I will get bottomless," she said smiling.

It was a fairly no-brainer option for her. I couldn't really see her panties, but from what I could there really was very little to them. They were a tiny thong that was probably closer to a g-string and the only material that was covering anything was pretty much see-through. It was like looking through frosted glass, but you get naked and press up against frosted glass. It doesn't hide much.

"One more hand for you three," I said, "Loser takes the Viagra?"

There was murmuring and discussion between the three of them but they eventually agreed to it. I will never understand the male mind. From a visual perspective, a topless girl is a lot better to look at than a bottomless girl. I could see that Ella was not fully shaved and so her removing her panties wouldn't actually show much more than she would if she got topless. Plus from what I could see she had awesome boobs. Maybe they were ass guys and not boob guys.

The game was set up again and they each drew a card.

Liam -- Nine of Spades

Noah -- King of Clubs

Elijah -- Five of Hearts

"Fuck," Elijah said as he saw he had lost that as well. I couldn't hide the smirk on my face. To say I was curious was an understatement. I wondered if the stereotype was true for black guys, probably not, but it would be fun to see for sure. I have never seen a guy take Viagra before. I assume there isn't much to see like I have seen an erection, and I assume the result will be the same.

The three of them stood in the middle of the small space we had next to our table and looked at each other. In one fluid movement, the three of them dropped their boxers. My eyes nearly popped out of my head. Fuck me Elijah was hot. Like seriously hot. Totally shaved and what looked like a perfect cock and balls hanging between his legs. He wasn't that big, five inches probably. Fairly girthy, but not massive. My favourite dildo was a similar size. Liam and Noah both needed to trim more. What is it with guys and not trimming down there? Life is so unfair, if I dropped my panties and I was a wild forest of pubes down there I am sure it would be commented on. I mean, it just looks nicer to not be wild down there. You don't need to be trimmed to perfect 5mm long hairs and in a neat shape, but come on, make an effort.

Elijah came back a few moments later with a blue pill packet. He opened it, held it up and swallowed it with no drink. "Damn, you should have been a chick with swallowing skills like that," Alice commented.

He smiled back but didn't reply. Ella and Alice got up and Alice went first. She took her top off and exposed her breasts. They were bigger than mine, but not massively so. She was probably a B cup. They were cute and all that, but in my opinion the guys had made a bad decision. Ella had the tits and wearing those panties who cares if she has them on or not? Now she was stood up there truly was fuck all to them. She hooked her fingers into the elastic of her thong and slid them to the floor. Yeah, okay, she looked hot wearing just a bra. She wasn't shaved, she had a neat strip of pubes just above her pussy, but other than that, she was hairless. She lifted her arms and did a twirl. Alice followed suit and they both sat back down again.

"Are you three playing on?" Noah asked us.

I wasn't expecting that question and Alice killed the suggestion instantly. "Nope," she said, "I have no desire to lose these," she said plucking the waistband of her panties.

There was no way Ella was playing me on her own as that would just be bra suicide. If Alice had played as well she at least had a decent chance of beating Alice and making her get naked. I still had three items on though. The odds were against her.

"Oh Jesus," Ella said. I looked at her and followed her gaze. My mouth fell open.

"Fucking hell," Alice said as the three of us stared at what was erect between Elijah's legs. He was hardly small when flaccid, but he was a grower. His six inches was now closer to ten inches and his girth had swelled to nearly twice the size it started at. He was literally thicker than my wrist and longer than my forearm. I had hurt myself being too enthusiastic with dildos half the size of that. He would snap my pelvis like a wishbone and then physically rip me in half.

Noah and Liam looked and they both reduced to button mushrooms as they suddenly felt very inadequate. "What the fuck is that?" Ella said grinning at him. "Fucking hell... wow."

It turned me off. As a girl, size is always the fantasy. Like come on, to make something better just use a bigger one. Fuck me though, that looked painful. I was still sitting down and I instinctively crossed my legs to protect myself. Not that he was coming at me, but hell, he was only a couple of meters away. He could probably penetrate me from where he stood if he thrust forwards.

Alice saw my reaction and giggled. "How much to lube up and let him go anal?" she asked me.

"Not enough money in the world," I replied with a smile.

We all stared at him like he was a piece of meat and I realise how dual standards that is. If a girl got the same treatment in front of a group of guys the PC brigade would be arranging a march.

Everyone got dressed and we finished our drinks. Noah locked up and we went our separate ways. As it was so late the company would pay for a taxi home so I didn't need to disturb Mum or Dad for a lift. It was way beyond bus timetables.

I got home and signed the digital thing to charge the taxi to the bar account. I got out and handed the driver £5 as a tip, which was generous, but I had made a good amount on tips that night, so share the wealth and all that.

I let myself into the house and quietly sorted myself a glass of water to take to bed. I always tried to be quiet as everyone would be asleep. I tip-toed upstairs and went into my room. I removed my makeup and closed my curtains. Glancing at the door to make sure that it was closed I stripped to my panties. I crept to the bathroom half naked just as a "why the hell not" sort of deal. No one would be awake at this time and I got there and back without being caught.

I had played my first strip game and survived. As much as I said I would love to lose it was awesome to win. I am fairly competitive so winning always gives a nice buzz. I was impressed with how well I had done. Don't get we wrong I realised that it was a game of pure luck and my lack of exposure was nothing to do with skill. Even so, I would have taken the result of four naked guys, zero naked girls (girl power, woo) and me only showing my bra.

It had made me really horny though. Like really really horny. All I could hear was Alice's voice, "How much to lube up and let him go anal?"

I opened my "girlie" drawer and picked out my biggest dildo. It was nowhere near the size of Elijah, but I ultimately wanted to enjoy it, not ruin myself. I had intended to use it properly, but her anal suggestion was intriguing. I have experimented with anal and I wouldn't say that I dislike it. Never anything that big though. I took out a condom and rolled it down the dildo. Condoms are lubed, plus it was going up my ass, you can just remove and bin a condom. I also squirted a bit of lube onto it and worked my hand up and down it.

There was a soft tap at my door. "One sec," I said urgently, "I don't have anything on," I added as Mum has a horrible habit of sticking her head in any way as she was just saying good night. Not ideal to be standing here naked with a lubed-up dildo in my hand. I dropped the dildo onto my bed and urgently covered it. Fucks sake, lube all over my bed now.

"Only me," Mum said in a hushed tone, "I was just checking you were back okay."

"Yeah, I am," I replied as I took my t-shirt from under my pillow and pulled it over my head. I walked to the door and cracked it open. "Hi," I said.

"Sorry, didn't mean to disturb you, I didn't hear you come in," she said.

"Yeah, no worries," I said, "Just getting sorted for bed."

"Night," she said.

"Night," I said as I closed my door. As my hand had been covered in lube the door handle had lube on it and my t-shirt had a bit on it. I took the T-shirt off and cleaned the door handle with it. I rolled it into a ball and dropped it on the floor. I would wash that next time I did laundry as fairly sure Mum doesn't want to be washing a lube-covered t-shirt.

I re-lubed the dildo and got in bed. I knelt up, bent over with my face to one side and my cheek resting on the bed. I stroked the toy between my legs and pushed it against my ass. It resisted, of course it did. It was not designed for entry and my body tried its best to reject the penetration. I was fairly determined though and after a few moments, I felt my bum succumb and stretch around the 6-inch dildo that I slowly pushed up it. "Oooooooooo fuck..." I moaned softly to myself. It felt awesome and horrible at the same time. It felt so wrong, and yet at the same time I was pushing deeper with each thrust until I was inserting the full six inches.

I imagined that it was Elijah knelt behind me fucking me up the ass. Ella, Alice, Noah, and Liam all watching as my tight ass got destroyed by a ten-inch black member. I picked up the pace and even got a little bit rough as I took myself. I rolled onto my back and spread my legs, still up my bum I increased the speed and ensured I was using the full length of the toy. My ass was getting used to the invasion now and I was starting to enjoy it. I have never managed to achieve orgasm with anal, but it somehow managed to feel quite nice and really fucking weird at the same time. Nowhere near as good as vaginal sex, but I wasn't complaining. I fucked myself as hard and fast as I could while keeping the noise down. I slowed down only when the lube needed topping up which I did with my free left hand.

I dribbled the lube directly from the tube onto the dildo as it thrust in and out of my tight ass I knew a not insignificant amount was landing on my bed sheets, but that was future Sophie's problem. I shivered each time my left hand drifted a little bit too high and I felt the cold lube land on my pussy or clit. "Wow," I breathed as I gave my ass a damn good fucking. It hurt, it stung, it felt stretchy and like I really needed to go all at the same time. Yet the overriding sensation was a humiliating pleasure. It was the ultimate submission to surrender your ass and I could feel my hand nudging against my bum as I took six inches.

"Do I have anything bigger?" I asked myself silently. I didn't think I did. I wish that I did though and for a second I considered going downstairs and seeing if we had a cucumber in the fridge. The only thing that stopped me was my secondary internal voice which simply said, "No, don't be so fucking stupid." Also fruit or veg straight from the fridge is not the most pleasant experience. Don't ask how I know that, but I assume you can work out how I know such information.

"Cum," I whispered to myself as I played with different angles to try and make myself climax. I rolled back onto my knees and took it doggy style. My cheek was resting back on the sheets facing the door, just in case, as my ass was in the air with a dildo slamming up it. "Come on..." I urged myself, but I knew I wasn't even close. It felt nice, but it wasn't nice enough to orgasm. I dropped the lube onto my bed and reached between my legs with my left hand. I stroked my fingers across my dripping-wet pussy and my vision flashed. I circled my clit and my entire body tensed. Unfortunately one of the parts that tensed was my already stretched ass and pleasure snapped to extreme pain. I heard myself yelp in both surprise and a stabbing agony. It was loud... really really loud. I just basically yelped like a dog when you step on its tail. I froze and listened.

I didn't hear any movement, but the moment was ruined now. I wasn't going to cum anyway. I gingerly slid the toy out of me and rolled the condom off it doing my best to touch it as little as possible. Eww. I dropped it onto the floor and recovered it with a few tissues and wrapped it up. I dropped it into the bin and flopped onto my side. "Oww," I said as I grinned to myself. My ass protested at the abuse I had just subjected it to. "Why would you do that to us? Like come on, what was the point of that?" I just smiled to myself and curled up into a ball.

After a few minutes once my ass stopped radiating discomfort, I got up and went to the bathroom. I checked the time and it was half 2 am. Deeming it to be late enough to not get caught I crept to the bathroom naked, with lube leaking from where you would assume. I cleaned up myself and the toy, went back to my room and got into bed, My sheets were ruined and I had post "horny as fuck" masturbation regret. I hated washing bed clothes and I now had to. I found a dry part of the bed, curled up and went to sleep.

My phone rang the next day and I recognised the number as my University. The numbers they used were all extensions on the end, but they all started with the same digits. They didn't come up as recognised on my phone, but I knew the first few numbers. "Hi," I said as I answered the phone.

"Hello, Miss Lloyd?" was the reply.

"Er.. yeah, speaking," I said as I wondered what deadline I had missed or what lecture I should have been attending at that moment in time. I was fairly sure it was free time though.

"Hello, it is Profession Davies from the art department," he said.

"Oh, hello," I said. I had forgotten about the modelling that I had signed up for as I hadn't heard anything for months.

"Hiya, are you available for a modelling job at one of our sister campuses?" he asked.

"I don't drive," I said.

"Yes, we have transport available if you are free," he said.

"When is it?" I asked.

"Tomorrow," he said.

I mentally checked my schedule and tomorrow was a free day so there was no reason why not. $50 would be handy. "Yes, I should be," I said.

"Great," he said, "It is actually two jobs at the same place. Two classes. Early start I am afraid. Set off will be around 8 am?"

"Yeah okay," I said suppressing a groan at the early start.

"You will of course get two session payments, so $100, as it is off campus they will also provide you with a meal subsidy for $15," he said.

"Awesome," I said.

"The first one is due to start at 11 am, and the second one will be 1 pm. Both will be for an hour. They are for much smaller classes, your last one was a full class wasn't it?" he asked to which I just said yeah. "This will be ten at the most," he said.

"Just me?" I asked.

"Yes, two solo sessions," he said, "The first is requested to be nude, but they have stated that any model is welcomed," he added.

"Yeah, nude is fine," I heard myself saying before I thought it through. Could I have got $50 for a jeans and t-shirt session? I assume not, but damn my mouth speaking before my brain engaged. Although public nudity was kinda the point of me doing it. "As long as it is tasteful," I added.

"Always," he said, "And as with your last session you can back out of it at any point. There is no obligation."

"Yeah, okay," I said, "Is the second session nude as well?"

"No," he said, "It is to be a nightwear/underwear type session."

"Err. Okay," I said not really understanding those clothing options. Nightwear and underwear leaves a lot to interpretation. I have both nightwear and underwear that ranges from totally decent and walk around the house to "Where the fuck is the rest of it?"

"Yeah, like a night dress and underwear or shorts and a vest sort of thing," he said.

"So lingerie?" I clarified.

"Yeah, I guess," he said sounding unsure, "To be honest I am not sure what lingerie is," he said.

"Sleepwear/underwear that is designed primarily to look nice above being functional," I began. "It doesn't matter, yeah, that is fine. I assume I need to provide my own?"

"Yes," he said. "You will be going on the football team bus. 8 am set off. Are you okay getting here for 8?" he asked.

Was he offering to pick me up? "Yeah, that is fine," I said and we hung up.

I shaved and waxed myself as well as cleaned and dried my bed sheets during the day. The next day I caught the 7 am bus that got me to the campus at half 7. I would rather be early than running late. When I got there there was a large bus in the car park as well as one of the football coaches milling around. "Hi," I said as I approached him. "I assume you are my transport?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah. Sophie?" he asked to which I nodded.

The team started to arrive around a quarter to the hour and I felt a little daunted. This was fantasy stuff, wasn't it? On a bus full of football players while I went to do a job that involved me taking my clothes off. I had a rucksack with various options of sleepwear and underwear. Dress me up, apply the lube, and have fun lads. I shook the image out of my head and got on the bus. The back was rowdy, and the front was empty. I selected a free row of seats that was far enough back to not have to engage with the coaching staff, and yet far enough away from the back of the bus to avoid getting involved in their shenanigans and slid by the window. I placed my rucksack on the seat next to me, put my earphones in, lifted my hood up and fully intended to mind my own business for two hours.

The players had a double take at me as they walked past me and a few hushed comments like, "Who is she?" and various approvals of how I looked. They probably needed to get out more, I was wearing skinny jeans and Vans trainers with a Barstool Preachers hoodie. Underneath I was only wearing panties. I did have a bra with me, but I wasn't wearing one. What they could see though I was fairly conservative and boring. Still felt good though, PC or not, being deemed cute by a bus full of hunky football players wasn't a bad thing for the ego.

It was exactly as you would expect a team bus to be. It was loud, it was rowdy and testosterone was very much at overdose levels. I could tell that I was being mentioned in lewd conversation. I am a fairly confident girl but come on lads, it is a little intimidating when a bus full of men wonder out loud if I take it up the arse, if I swallow, and if I fuck like a rabbit. To answer those questions. Yes. Yes. Yes. If I was alone I would have been terrified, but I did take comfort in the fact that the coaching staff were keeping an eye on things. I caught eye contact with one of them and gave a soft smile. He smiled back and looked at the back of the bus. "Reel it in a bit lads," he shouted, "Ladies around. Watch the language."

The language was fine, it was the suggestion that three of them make me airtight while the rest of them spunk on my face and naked body that was the intimidating bit, but it did the trick and they settled down. Or at least reduced the volume so I couldn't hear them over my music.

An hour or so into the journey one of them came over. I just smiled at him without removing my earphones. I wasn't engaging, no fucking chance. That is a party that I didn't want to encourage. I have fantasised about a damn good team fucking many a time, but not two hours before I am getting naked in public. Maybe that shouldn't have been the main reason why I wasn't on my knees in the aisle while they took it in turns, but whatever, as long as you don't do something then no fault no foul. The underlying reason is immaterial.

He motioned that I take my earphones out. I gently pushed my hood back and popped the left earbud out. "Hi," I said in my most girlie innocent shy voice. Yes yes yes, I know. Slut. Whatever.

"Why are you going to Lakedale?" he asked.

"Modelling for an art class," I said. I decided to just be honest.

A smile flickered across his face. "Nude?" he asked. Almost silently it was that hushed. I just gave a nod, playfully bit my lip and smiled at him. "Fucking hell. Any chance of a preview?" he asked a little louder.

"Leave her alone Jack," the coach said. I had to give it to him, he was on the ball (no pun intended) and he had been watching his approach.

"But... she... er..." he began.

"Leave her alone Jack," the coach said again, this time his tone carried a proper cautionary note.

"I am just being friendly," Jack argued.

"Leave her alone Jack or I will bench you," the coach said.

Jack held his hands in the air and went back to the back of the bus. I looked at the coach who mouthed, "Sorry," at me.

"No prob," I mouthed back, "Thanks."

I put my earbud back in, pulled up my hood and got back to my music. As we got closer to Lakedale I started to get nervous. I was going to be naked very shortly. With traffic and a slightly late departure time we were due to get there at around 10:30. That only left me with 30 minutes or so. My music was playing but I wasn't really listening to it any more I was playing out the next few hours in my mind. It was me, I was going to be the centre of attention. There was no Martin there to take some of the attention. Embarrassment is a lot easier to deal with when you have company. I know it is all for the art, nudity is beautiful and all that, but no matter what way you look at it, naked is embarrassing.

When we arrived someone was waiting and I was guided towards the art rooms. There wasn't an urgency in that I wasn't being rushed, but we were cutting it a little bit fine and there wasn't time for me to wander around getting lost while I looked for where I needed to be. I went into the art room and was a little surprised that most people already seemed to be there. There were nine easels arranged in a semi-circle around a small stage. Stage is generous, it was a cloth-covered box.

"Arr, Sophie?" the professor asked as he offered me his hand.

"Yes, hi," I replied as I shook his hand.

"Thank you for giving up your time," he said. I was giving my time up for $50, don't flatter yourself, but whatever. "We just need to sort the paperwork," he said.

"Yeah, no prob," I said and followed him into an office.

It was the same as the last one I did. An ID check to make sure I was over 18 and the usual relinquishing of image rights for the purposes of the course work. Artworks were not authorised for sale blah de blah boring legal shit. Signature, print, date. Sorted.

"Professor Davies said that you are okay with nude?" he asked, "Is that correct?"

"Uhm, yeah, kinda the gig," I said with a smile. I had made a promise to myself that I was doing this naked. I wasn't going to wimp out and keep clothes on. The deal was naked, so fuck it, I was getting naked.

"Okay, no obligation at all," he said, "We struggle for female models so your services are appreciated, in any capacity," he added.

"Yeah, no problem," I said, "Nude is fine," I added. Saying those words always makes my heart flutter a little bit. Nude isn't fine, nude is sooo embarrassing, but that is the buzz, that is the sly grin as you feel the tingle of excitement surge through your body. Taking all of my clothes off was the point of signing up for these.

He showed me to the changing room, which was an actual changing room with mirrors and even a shower. A far cry away from the store cupboard that my home University used. I stripped, checked myself in the mirror, put the provided dressing gown on and went into the art room. Three guys and six girls were already seated. I was beyond nervous. Fewer people seemed to make it worse. Having so many people see me the first time seemed to offer some sort of disconnect from reality. I could deal with the situation by convincing myself it wasn't happening. This was real though. This was very intimate and I think it made it worse that the majority of the room was female. Chances are a guy just wanted to see your tits, ass or pussy, girls judged. Girls saw and mentally noted the tiniest bit of sag underneath your arm or that minuscule ripple on your shoulder blade. It was also the first time I had my scars on show. The scar on my hip was still quite obvious and the one on my ankle from the compound fracture was still a visible jagged line.

"Okay, one hour. Usual rules, no cameras, no commentary," he said as he looked around. I was wondering what the required pose was. "In your own time Sophie," he added.

"What is the pose?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah sorry," the Profession said and the class giggled. "Sat on the platform, leaning backwards on your hands, legs crossed with your left or right foot positioned in front of you. There is an image on the platform," he said.

Basically boobs out, but my most intimate female modesty protected by one of my feet. I slipped the robe off without looking around the class. I think if I looked I would have lost my nerve. I placed the robe on the floor out of the way and then assumed the illustrated position. There is no dignified way of getting onto the floor when naked. Anyone looking would have got a fairly awesome view of everything God had given me, but I quickly arranged my feet so my left one was protecting my dignity and my right was assisting with my balance. "Okay," I said when I was comfortable.

"Your one hour starts now," the professor said.

For the record, a blanket-covered wooden box is not comfortable to sit on and I quickly started to go numb. My right leg died pretty quickly, but the sensation of pins and needles stopped quickly. That would be fun standing up with a dead leg. I flexed my fingers behind me to encourage circulation taking care to return my fingers to the original position each time I wiggled them. The air temperature was a few degrees cooler than I would have chosen and my nipples were reinforcing that observation. They were very erect and not purely due to the cold. Considering I was sitting on my arse doing nothing in front of nine people who would have reacted the same way to a bowl of fruit this was exciting. Really fucking exciting. My body was tingling and not all of it because it was slowly going to sleep due to discomfort.

I learned to not flex my legs as it brought back feeling and then came the pins and needles. The hour went fairly quickly though. As time was called the artists broke off into groups and chatted. I hobbled to my feet and put the robe back on. I shook life back into my limbs and shivered. It was really cold in here, colder than I realised. Each and every one of the artists thanked me and not just a "thanks," a genuine thank you. It was nice to be appreciated. Yeah, I was doing it partially as a dare, but mainly to satisfy a really weird exhibitionist kink I had.

Everyone slowly left and I had a wander around to look at the art. They were good. A pastel one was awesome. I am not sure what art style it was, it was washed out and not quite in proportion, but it looked brilliant. They were all good though.

"Thanks, Sophie," the professor said, "The second session is here again in an hour."

"Okay," I said. "I will get dressed. Is there a restaurant?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said and gave me directions. He also gave me his staff card so it wouldn't cost me anything. "We will still pay you the food subsidy, a bit of extra for you."

"Oh, cheers," I said as I took the card off him. "I will be back early to get sorted. I believe it is a clothed second session?"

"Yeah, didn't Professor Davies explain it?" he asked.

"Ish," I said, "I have a few options with me. I will see you in half an hour or so?"

"Sounds good," he said.

I got dressed and found the restaurant. I just got a sandwich, a bag of crisps and a drink. I am sure if I loaded up his card with a full meal he wouldn't have even commented, but it felt a bit cheeky. Plus I am a teenager. If I ate a full meal I would look fat. Full disclosure here. I would need to eat more than a single full meal to look fat, but teenage brains are stupid.

I headed back to the art room and had the second session explained to me in real words. Basically, sleepwear and my pose was sitting with my back against the wall, my legs crossed at the ankles and I was going to be holding a book that I was supposed to be reading. I have never seen a middle-aged guy's confidence crumble as quickly as when a barely legal teenager starts offering slinky lingerie options in a room with no witnesses. We eventually settled on my chemise and matching panties combo. The same one I wore for my Amazon delivery self-dare.

"Can I be cheeky?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure," he replied.

"Can you turn the heating up a scooch?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, so sorry, was that a bit cold?" he asked.

"Yeah, a little bit," I replied.

"Sorry, you should have said," he said. I did wonder how he hadn't seen my rock-hard nipples and connected the dots that it was maybe a little bit on the cool side to not be wearing anything. Maybe he was enjoying the view, or more likely he just didn't notice that I had two tan-coloured glass cutters projecting off my chest.

The second session was a lot more natural. I was sitting wearing what were effectively pyjamas leaning against a wall while reading a book. I wasn't sure if I was allowed to actually read the book and turn pages, so I just stayed on the random page I had selected. I don't even know what book it was. By the end of the hour though I knew that page fairly intimately. I was paid. $100 by cheque and the $15 food allowance as cash. I changed back into my jeans and hoodie then went back to the bus. After a fair bit of internal mental argument, I didn't bother with panties. It was going to be a long afternoon, I had may as well amuse myself by going commando for no reason other than why the hell not. It was 2:15 and the football game hadn't even started yet. When I got back to the bus it was empty but unlocked. I got on, went back to my seat and settled in.

My phone buzzed with a message.

Unknown number -- Sophie, I have got you a place in the home team corporate box if you are interested. Just give your name. Save you sitting around for a few hours.

"Awesome," I said to myself. I have no interest in football. Well, that isn't entirely true, but my interest is purely perverted as opposed to sporting. Guys who play football are hot. Yes, that is a very broad generalisation, but generally speaking, if you removed the social constraints and offered me a footballer in pretty much any situation I would "give it up" as they say. That probably says more about me than I intended to write down on paper, but whatever, it is true. With no social consequences, I would have knelt on all fours in the aisle on the journey here and let them take it in turns in all of my entrances.

I walked across to the stadium which was a fair distance and found the corporate box entrance. A burly security guard eyed me suspiciously as I approached. "Er, Sophie Lloyd," I said, "I should be on the list?"

He smiled warmly at me and had a quick check on his tablet. "You certainly are Miss Lloyd," he said as he stood to the side, "Enjoy the game."

I was very much a fish out of water. I was in a fairly large room with a crowd of people who I shared no real interest with. They were all there for the game. Most of them paying an exorbitant fee to be there to watch their favourite sport in the history of the world. I was there because it was more interesting than sitting on a bus on my own for three hours. I would keep that fact to myself.

When the game started I took a seat that was empty and watched. I understood the rules and knew enough to work out which team was which. I figured cheering for the Away team in the Home corporate box would earn me a few disapproving glances, so I remained silent. Not that I would cheer anyway. That would have required a much higher level of self-confidence than I possessed at 18 years old.

I got chatting with a few of the girls who were there. They were in a similar position to me, although they were banging one of the players each so felt obliged to watch the game. Well, I assumed they were in monogamous relationships, I didn't feel it was appropriate to ask.

I had more food at half-time. Only a bit as I had had a sandwich earlier. Plus it was fairly poncy. It was all Jus and deconstructed this and that with course-matched wine and all that bullshit. The wine was nice. Per bottle, it was also probably worth more than me though.

I enjoyed it. Not enough to become a football fan, but yeah, it was an enjoyable afternoon. We also won, which was nice. I received another text asking if I wanted to go to the changing rooms.

Maybe it is my mind being in the gutter, but I imagined the only reason for me to go to the changing rooms was so I could become the post-game entertainment. Again, fantasy world, fuck yes. Lube me up, bend me over and make me squeal. In real life though... probably not. Short of consent being given at the start it would very much be out of my control, and I didn't like the thought of that. I would definitely masturbate to the fantasy later though.

"No thanks. I will wait on the bus." I sent back.

I did wonder if that was a little blunt, or if I was being rude not accepting the invite. I am sure in reality it would just be a party atmosphere and not a sordid fuck party. The reply of "NP" with a smilie face at least suggested at him not being offended that I had rejected his offer.

I went back to the bus, took my seat, sorted out my earphones and settled in for the wait and the journey back home. My mind was wandering and it headed straight for the gutter.

For a few moments, I did consider taking him up on the offer to go to the changing rooms. What would they do to me? I am sure it would just involve champagne and nothing more, but maybe... just maybe.

Would there be a hierarchy? Like would the team captain get "first go?" Imagine walking into the changing rooms, naked, and just seeing what happens. An over-eager hand and fingers between my legs to get me wet enough for what was about to happen, but that wouldn't be required. I would be more than wet enough just from my imagination. Multiple hands all over me, squeezing my boobs and stroking across my naked body. Would they go for my bum? Silly question, they are horny guys, of course my ass would be on the target list and not only that, I would give it to them. I would bend over like a good girl and let them have a go at pounding me to dust.

How many of them are there? 20? Few more? Would the coaching staff join in? I would be like a toy. They would effortlessly pick me up and penetrate me however they wanted. I would be passed around like the sex toy I would be like. Only this toy is a good girl, this one swallows and begs for more as you fuck it up the ass and pussy at the same time.

I lifted my leg and placed my foot on the edge of the seat. I could feel how wet I was and my lack of underwear emphasised the sensation. I wasn't at the level of turned-on where I would be visibly wetting my jeans, but I was wet. Pull my jeans off and open my legs and you would be able to see the glisten of my excitement. Although the thick heavy material of the jeans was safe from visible excitement wetness, if I had panties on, the thin cotton would be a little darker where it was hugging between my legs.

I wanted to slide my hand down the front of my jeans and finger myself. Imagine getting myself off on an unlocked bus. The only reason that I didn't was the black glass dome that was at the front of the bus. It was some sort of CCTV system and I was not sure if it was only recording when the ignition was on. I assumed it would only record when the bus was on, but I was not convinced enough to slip my hand down the front of my jeans and finger myself.

I shifted myself so I was sat sideways on the seats and crossed my legs at the ankles. It was a terrible idea, but I was so horny I needed to sit at this awkward angle to limit my access. In my mind, I was in the home team changing rooms getting covered and filled with cum at the same time. Mouth, pussy, ass, each one having a cock in it and every few minutes one of them exploding and firing cum into my throat, ass, or vagina. Surrounded by guys who were waiting their turn. As one finished and pulled out of me he was instantly replaced with another unspent member and the pounding continued. A few got overexcited fluffing themselves and I was slowly getting covered in semen as well. The creamy deposits splattered my naked body as they all took it in turns.

As a consolation prize, they could invite the home team in once my team were finished with me. Talk about sloppy seconds. 40, or even 50 loads of cum in and on me. By the time both teams were done with me the first team would probably be ready to go again. I wonder how much I could take? Would my body endure sex forever? I assume not. I guess there is a limit to what I would be able to take. It would be fun finding that limit though. That shouldn't turn me on, but fucking hell, I felt like I had peed in my jeans.

Hanna -- Hi, did it go okay?

Sophie -- Yeah, it went okay. $115. Easy money

Hanna -- Why so much?

Sophie -- Two sessions, plus they pay a $15 food subsidy, but the professor gave me a staff card so I could pocket the food money.

Hanna -- Did he 'slip' you anything other than the food card? :-P

Sophie -- Wrong... So wrong... No, he didn't.

I was fully expecting her to slip into gutter comments, but she didn't I refrained from telling her that I was on the football bus, as that would encourage her to suggest what my mind was fantasising about. I welcomed the distraction though. Jeans took a lot of excitement before things got visible from the outside, but as a horny teenager, my body can generate a lot of excitement when left alone with the sordid musing of my mind.

Hanna -- Hardly easy money. Did you get naked?

Sophie -- The first session was nude yeah, but the second one was lingerie. Chemise and Panties while reading a book.

Hanna -- Very arty.

My conversation was disturbed as the football team came back and got on the bus. They were really loud now and my confidence dissolved. The fantasy was just that. In a controlled environment, I would love to get destroyed by these testosterone-filled animals. In reality though they would rip me up. I lifted my head and smiled at them as they came on the bus. I didn't remove the earbuds, but I said, "Good job guys." That was all though, That was my total engagement with them. I got comfortable, crossed my legs and settled in for the drive home. I was so wet... So fucking wet. What a waste.

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