**Becca Exposed**

by ratios

**Part 4:**

When Nicky texted sometime later that she was on her way over, I snapped out of my fugue state long enough to rise and speed dry and brush my hair. Throwing on the first clothes that I came across in my closet, I at least had the presence of mind to select a pair of plain white panties, hoping they would be slightly less embarrassing than the ones with unicorns that I had had on the previous evening. Walking down the hall to the stairs after I left, I realized that which underwear I had on probably wouldn’t matter very much considering that I was only going to be removing them again after a five minute car ride. At that thought, my simple plain white panties became my slightly damp plain white panties.

The drive to Monique’s was uneventful. I politely looked away when Nicky gave the shawl that I was returning to her a pointed sniff to verify that it was indeed thoroughly cleaned, but it was apparently satisfactory as she didn’t raise any objections.

“You know you’re gonna have to get naked as soon as we get there, right?”

Why did people keep asking me that? Did they think I was capable of forgetting such a thing?

Nodding absently, I looked out the window away from Nicky and watched the buildings go by. The answer was enough for her, I guess, as she didn’t say anything more on the subject until we were pulling up in front of Monique’s house.

“Well, hope you have fun tonight getting your naked jollies or whatever, but don’t go crazy, yeah?”

Have fun but don’t go crazy… Was it possible for me to have one in my current state without the other?

While I pondered, she was already getting out of the car. Leaning in, she told me, “Wait here a sec. I’ll let everybody know you’re here. You probably want to make as much of a production out of this as possible, huh?”

She didn’t wait for a response before closing the car door and heading up to the house. Had she waited, I probably would have told her that the lower key we could keep things, the better, but her quick departure made the point moot.

Shortly after Nicky knocked, Monique opened the front door and they exchanged a brief word before both going inside without looking back at me. Sitting in the car, unsure of what I was supposed to do, I fidgeted with the end of the vinyl strap on my backpack for a little while before the front door opened all the way to frame Monique looking out with a big grin. First, she gave me a playful wink, then she beckoned me with a single finger.

Crowded behind her in the entry hall I saw several figures that I assumed to be the rest of the group. While I couldn’t see their faces or hear what they were talking about, I imagined that they were all sharing a laugh at my coming expense.

Dragging behind me the perceived weight of their expectations as well the certainty of my imminent public shaming, I made the long, hard, twenty foot trudge from the car to Monique’s small stoop porch.

“Here, we’ll take that for you,” Monique cooed, pulling my pack off my shoulder before passing it behind to the first pair of hands that accepted it. The only hands available to take the bag belonged to Nicky, who briefly turned to sit it down at the entrance to the living room before returning her attention to my coming show. The other two ladies in the hall, Sasha and Deeta, had their hands occupied with their cell phones, both waiting, and probably filming, with great interest to see me go from zero to naked in six point stupid seconds.

Leaning casually on the frame, Monique was effectively blocking the doorway to my entry without actually putting any effort into it.

“Heya, Bex. Were you a good girl or a naughty goonette after our little talk last night?”

Goonette wasn’t a term I was familiar with, but I blushed at the implication in her ask regardless. Glancing fearfully at the rest of the women, I saw that they just looked confused at Monique’s, and this provided me with a moment of relief, though I wasn’t really sure why. It was obvious that Monique wasn’t going to keep my online stupidity a secret from anyone. For the moment, she seemed content to just tease me with it, however.

“We can worry about that later, I suppose. For now, I think you have some stripping to do, don’t you?”

Head down, I mumbled, “I guess.”

Clicking her tongue at my response, Monique reached out and poked me in the shoulder.

“Hey, don’t go being emo about this now. I’m sure I don’t have to remind you that you were the one that handed me your underwear and asked for this last night.”

Sure, I had asked for this, but I had been drunk with horniness at the time. Nobody should give serious credence to a person’s behavior in such a state.

I hated that Monique believed that I somehow wanted this. I hated that the rest of the group was standing, smirking behind her, believing that I would willingly strip out on the porch. I hated that they all believed that I would get turned on by denuding myself in potential view of the public. I hated the implication that there was some part of me that got off on all of this. Most of all, though, I hated that all of them were absolutely and unequivocally correct in their beliefs. This truth made me deeply ashamed, which turned me on an unacceptable amount, which just led to more shame, and thus, the rationalizations started.

It hadn't been that I had asked for this, so much as I had treated a half joke as a full order. That was completely different, right? It would mean the difference between me being a complete slut who asked to get naked in public for kicks versus an obedient girl who suffered for the sake of entertaining her friends. This was the argument that I made to myself as I began to unbutton my blouse.

Regardless of the underlying reasons for my stripping, the removal of my clothes in such a public setting set my pussy to throbbing and I had to restrain myself from rubbing my thighs together.

“Wow, she’s really doing it,” whispered Nicky to Sasha.

“Can you believe it?,” Sasha responded.

“After last night, I don’t know what to believe,” was Nicky’s reply.

“Woo! Go B,” shouted Deeta. Punctuating her words with wolf whistles, she added, “Take it off, girl!”

At first, my hands worked slowly, as if pulling the bandage off extra slowly would make it less painful in the long run. After my shirt was fully off and I was unzipping my skirt with painful slowness, a car driving on the street honked at me before passing by and I realized that delay on the porch was only extending the time I was nude outside, rather than in the comparative safety of Monique’s house. The rest of my clothes came off in record time.

“There we go. The real Rebecca is back with us once again. Don’t you feel better already?,” Monique teased, but made no effort to move from the doorway.

“Sure, whatever,” I replied, anxious to move on. “Can I go in now?”

“Yeah, yeah, in a second. Geez, what’s your hurry?,” she asked with a big grin, as if it wasn’t immediately obvious from the fact that I was hopping back and forth between my bare feet and glancing back at the street every two seconds to see if anyone might have seen me.

Rolling her eyes with aching slowness, Monique made a big production of standing up straight, giving a little stretch, and then looking down at the clothes strewn about her porch with surprise, as if having just discovered them there. After staring at them for a few seconds, a devious smile crept onto her face and she spoke again with exaggerated casualness.

“Hmm, rather than just leave all of these out here where some rando could come by and yank them, how about I make you a deal?”

Seeing that she wasn’t going to actually say anything else unless I responded, I gave a cautious, “Okay,” to move things along.

“Here’s the game. You have to divide your clothes into two piles. One, you get to keep; not to wear tonight or anything, that would be silly, but the first pile, you get to take home with you. The second pile is mine to keep.” Watching to see my reaction, she added, “I won’t tell you what to put in either pile, but you know how much I love to collect your pretty outfits.”

Almost forgetting for a moment that I was naked, I looked down at the clothing at my feet and found myself actually thinking about it.

“Keep them all, you stupid idiot!,” part of me yelled at myself, but another part was busy considering whether this constituted some form of order, and what I could get away with parting with.

My socks were the “logical” choice to start the new pile. Looking at the faces of the four women watching me, I saw nothing but amused grins and suppressed snickers. Also, a twinkle in Deeta’s eyes that wasn’t terribly hard to figure out but which made me focus my attention back on the clothes piles before I blushed so hard I popped.

“Just socks would be a lame gift,” a voice in my head argued. It was a weak argument, but enough. With my right foot, I pushed my panties into the second stack. Figuring that all my undergarments belonged together, I then moved my bra over as well.

Now, there was a stack with my socks, panties, and bra on one side of me and my skirt and blouse on the other.

“Just two more. It’s not like you’ll need them the rest of the night, anyway,” the same internal voice encouraged. Biting my lip, I looked down at the clothes on the ground and then glanced back at the rest of the women.

Monique was just grinning dumbly at me. Nicky was looking at me like I was a juggling bear or some other surprisingly unfamiliar thing. Deeta looked hungry and shouted, “Do it!” Sasha met my eyes and, I can’t say one hundred percent for sure, but I thought I saw a subtle head nod when she did so.

Feeling hornier, dumber, and far more impulsive than I thought that I should be at the start of the night, I shook my head at myself and whispered, “What the hell is wrong with me,” before leaning down to scoop up all my clothes. Shoving them into Monique’s arms, I then pushed past her and the rest of the women into the house, studiously avoiding eye contact the whole time. My shoes remained on her porch, but I didn’t want to deal with going back for them.

Grabbing my bag, I looked for a place to sit where I could start studying rather than having to talk to any of the other women and noticed that one of the chairs at the table on the side of the room had a checkered bath towel draped over it in a not-so-subtle message from Monique that I should sit there so as to not get my sloppy arousal juices on her nice furniture. Feeling my pussy ooze and my face turn redder, I sat down on the toweled seat, pulled out a textbook, and buried myself in it.

The rest of the women filed in shortly after, laughing and talking about my display, but I did my best to ignore them. Despite the fact that I was trying valiantly to distract myself with studying, I couldn’t help but see Monique make a very slow bee-line to her laundry chute. Opening it loudly, she waited until she caught my eye and then made a big show of depositing each item of clothing that I had handed to her into it, one at a time.

With each garment that disappeared into the hatch, I felt like I was stripping anew. Not only were my clothes removed, but now the possibility of me wearing them ever again was also taken away. My thighs clenched together and my breathing went a little faster with each new item she dropped a new item down the chute.

Something else clicked in that moment as well: I wasn’t rich like Nicky, and I wasn’t allowed to have a job like Deeta. All my clothes came from my parents and I didn’t really have a way to replace them. In just one weekend I had managed to lose two whole outfits. It wasn’t like I was going to have to go naked one day a week now or anything; at least, not yet, but I certainly couldn’t keep up this pace for more than a few more study sessions without feeling an impact in how I dressed on a daily basis.

While I was grappling with that knowledge, I noticed Deeta glancing at me repeatedly, but not at my face... At least, not until she noticed me looking back at her and gave me a cheeky smile and made a tiny pointing-downwards motion. For a second, I wondered what she was trying to tell me, when I came to another realization.

The other four women were all seated around the center of the living area on couches, like Sasha and Monique, or on the floor at the coffee table, like Deeta and Nicky. I was the only one sitting on one of the tall chairs at the table to the side of the room. This meant that I was the most elevated woman in the room, with my midsection at or above all of their head height. Of course, all the chairs on the other side of the table were conspicuously absent. That meant that, if anyone happened to glance my way, from their positions, any of the other women in the room could easily see under the table and…

Uncrossing my legs, I clapped them together and sat straight and still as a stone.

Laughing, Monique punched Deeta on the arm and shouted, “Less than five minutes. You were right.”

Money changed hands but I didn’t see the amount. Deeta gave me a thumbs up and an air kiss.

Blushing furiously, I stared at the page of the textbook in front of me and tried to tune the world out, but it was as if the words had morphed into a foreign language, and I couldn’t force myself to process them. The group actually sat there and did work for some length of time; it might have been ten minutes, it might have been two hours. All I know is that I only managed to get through half a page, starting and losing the same paragraphs over and over again. Eventually, Monique stood and stretched and looked at the group and then at me.

“Sooooo…,” she asked the room at large, catching everyone’s attention, “Do we all want to take a quick moment to address the naked elephant in the room?”

From the speed that books slammed and papers were tossed aside, I would have to say that the rest of the group had probably been ready for a while and had only been waiting for someone to make the first move. Now, all four of my friends gathered around the table to stare at me expectantly. What they were expecting, I had no idea. It was Sasha who asked the first question.

“How are you handling this casual nudity amongst your peers, Becca?”

Poorly, I answered in my head. “It’s…,” I struggled for words and meaning. “...scary? But, like, less scary than yesterday?”

If it was hard for me to understand what was going on in my head, how could any of them possibly do better? Sasha seemed determined to try, however.

“Yesterday we started exploring what the sexual excitement that you derived from your experiences was linked to.” Her mundane explanation of the group’s investigation into my burgeoning sexual proclivities made my pelvic muscles clench and I felt myself getting wetter as she continued. “Since we last met, I have spent some time online studying different types of fetish behavior around nudity and humiliation. Would you be open to trying a few things now to further the investigation into what underlying motivations might contribute to your arousal?”

Holy crap; what a question. Essentially, “Can we purposefully embarrass you to see what makes you wet?” The logical part of my head screamed a fervent, “NO,” but my throbbing pussy was pulsing out, “YES.” For some reason, my mouth actually said, “Uh, I guess.”

“Good girl,” she said warmly, causing another surge of embarrassment and arousal. “Stand up for a moment and let’s move your chair to the end of the table.” Obeying, she moved the tall backed, towel covered chair to the left side of the table so that there was nothing between me and the ring of women standing and watching me. Before I could sit down, Deeta reached out and prodded the towel where I had been sitting a few times. Holding up her finger, she showed the group that it was wet before wiping it off on the towel. Taking my seat, I felt like I was blushing tomato red.

“Great,” Sasha said, patting my tightly pushed together knees. “We can all see that you are at some level of arousal already. On a scale of one to ten, how turned on would you say you are right now?”

With my heart thudding in my chest, I could barely think. Finding an answer that made sense was difficult. What I was feeling right now would have been an eleven a week ago, but now felt almost like a default state. The best I could do was throw out a guess and hope it didn’t make me seem like too much of a slut.

“Ummm… Three, maybe?”

“That’s a three?,” Deeta asked, incredulous. “Damn, B. If you hit an eight, we’re all going to need snorkels.”

Everybody else smiled or laughed. I did not, but I did get a brief flashback of squirting sticky liquid all over the grass in the park the previous evening, and that caused my whole body to tremble.

Having only smiled briefly at Deeta’s joke, Sasha got right back to it. “I propose to run through a few questions and actions in an effort to see what it is that causes the most excitement for you. With a bit more data, we can perhaps determine what it is that underpins the sexual pleasure you seem to be gaining from your naked moments with us.”

Apparently, her proposition set off an impromptu vote, as the others started voicing their approval immediately.

“That seems like a solid plan,” Nicky agreed. “It would be interesting to figure out where all of this is coming from.”

“If it means more playtime with Ms. TNA here, I’m all for it,” Deeta chimed in cheerfully.

Feeling like my fate was all but sealed, I turned with the rest to look at Monique, but she was fiddling with her phone. Without looking up, she spoke.

“I might be able to save a bit of time. Do you all want to hear a story about what went on after our session broke up last night? I’ve got some hilarious screenshots.”

Gulping, I prepared to be the most humiliated I had ever been in my life and gripped the wooden armrests of the chair with all my strength to make sure that I didn’t start touching myself in response.