**A Small Price To Pay**

by Fred Key

**Chapter 9 - Three Times Over**

Sarah stood, looking at the girls she had once considered her friends, and wondering if any of them were her friends at all. How could they do this to her? They had to remember last week.

If she had known what they were going to make her do as punishment for refusing to answer their stupid question about which person at school she would most like to see naked, she would have just gone ahead and answered the question, and screw the consequences. Better to reveal that she was bi and that the person she wanted to see naked was Liz than having to strip in front of the others.

At the time, however, she hadn’t known, and when the group told her she was going to have to be naked for a full round as a penalty, her heart had dropped like a stone. Sarah was not a girl who begged for things, but she had begged the others to let her pick the truth instead.

That’s when they jumped her and started taking her clothing off.

Sarah had never felt so helpless or so horrified in her life. First they had gone after her denim skirt, unbuttoning it until they could yank it down. She fought, but the first tug dropped the skirt to her (somewhat bony, she admitted) hips, where it stopped. She could see the top of her pale green panties exposed, her belly now bare. Then another tug, and the skirt slid down off one hip. She managed to catch it with the other by shifting hard to one side, but her left leg was now bare to the thigh, and her mound was visible as a swell, covered only by her thin undies.

Then the skirt was off, sliding down her legs past her knees, her calves, her kicking feet, and her underwear was starting to descend. Cassie was gleefully peeling it down, gaping at her exposed pubes and laughing as her secret places were revealed. Then the embarrassment turned to terror as Jessica and Liz had pinned her arms to the floor, and Cassie began to unbutton her blouse. “NO!” she shouted, but the others laughed and told her to take her penalty like a big girl.

They didn’t know how deeply those words cut into Sarah, painfully aware of what was going to happen in mere seconds.

The blouse was unbuttoned, and her struggle to escape became even more frantic. Liz and Jess were too strong for Sarah, who was thin and had no muscle to compare with the two athletic girls. They took turns holding one arm firmly and removing the other from the light blue top she had worn that day. Now Sarah was naked except for her simple white bra, and that’s when Cassie had sealed her own fate a week in the future.

She wasn’t a mean girl, Cassie–Sarah knew that–but sometimes things slipped from her mouth that would have been better left unsaid. This was one of those times.

“Where are your boobs?” she asked, staring at Sarah’s chest.

Where are your boobs? Where are your boobs? Light as a feather, flat as a board! President of the Itty Bitty Titty Committee! Where are your boobs, Sarah? Are you a girl or a 12-year old boy with hormone issues? Tiny Tits that look like zits! Why are you even wearing a bra? You’re never going to score with a boy because he’s going to get lost trying to find second base!

The chants and cutting remarks from middle school rang in her memory, and while Sarah had made sure that she had become someone who was feared, not picked on, by the time she was a sophomore, she still could hear them clearly. It was a nightmare–one that got worse as one of the others popped the bra open and it fell forward onto her arms. The tiny bit of padding in the bra gone, leaving Sarah’s chest bare.

Her aureoles were smallish, but they barely protruded at all. Sarah DID look like a 12 year old boy, but with larger nipples. If not for those, she probably could have gone without wearing a bra at all; it only served to keep her from obvious “pokies”.

Sarah stopped struggling, and let the bra fall to the floor as the girls released her arms. “There,” she said, eyes on the floor. “Are you happy now? Any other comments to make, Cassie? If not, someone could take their next turn so I can get this over with.”

“I’m sorry, Sarah…” Cassie stammered. “I didn’t mean…”

“Whatever,” Sarah said angrily. She crossed her arms and sat down. “You’re all bitches.”

The other girls halfheartedly took their turns, each answering a truth quickly so that Sarah could dress again, but the damage was done. Once Sarah dressed, Liz had tried to turn the awkward situation around by suggesting they all watch a movie, but it was clear the mood had gone south, and everyone went home shortly thereafter.

Sarah had pretended everything was fine in school that Monday, and the girls had happily gone along with it, grateful that their friend had apparently gotten over her embarrassment and was willing to let it all drop. In the back of her mind, however, Sarah had been planning how she could humiliate Cassie, and had jumped at the opportunity to make her strip in front of the boy she was crushing on badly. It had been so sweet to watch Cassie’s tears of shame as she revealed more and more of the body she had kept hidden so carefully from boys all these years. The look on her face when she had taken off her bra…Sarah almost felt it was enough to balance her shame. Almost.

A thought passed through her mind - an old saying that her mother had repeated many times when Sarah was younger. “When you do an act of kindness, kindness will return to you. When you commit an act with ill will, ill will will be returned to you three times over.”

As Sarah let her pajama pants drop to the floor, she thought about how much she hated it when her mother was right. The teen favored high-cut, satin briefs, and tonight was no exception. Since she expected to be in PJs, Sarah had chosen a simple white pair, not wanting anything to show through the thin cotton sleep pants. They weren’t anything special, but she still felt the heat of her cheeks as she picked up the pants and deliberately folded them. She knew Ryan was watching, but anything that delayed the inevitable a few more seconds…

She put down the folded pants, and then unbuttoned the top button of her pajama shirt. Rather than unbuttoning any more, she turned away from the others – from Ryan – and began pulling the shirt over her head. In the meantime, she let her hips sway, hoping to draw his eyes to her ass, which she knew was attractive.

Ryan felt himself coming to attention quickly as he stared at the rolling hips. The panties clung tightly to the girl, teasing him with the view to come. He was so mesmerized that he didn’t even notice that Sarah had her shirt off, and was now down to those panties. Shaking out her hair, but keeping her back to the boy, she continued to sway back and forth. Her fingers slipped into the waistband of the panties, and she began teasing Ryan by pulling them up and down just a little bit at a time, giving him tiny glimpses of her toned backside.

Sarah continued the humiliating dance for a good minute. She was mortified to be doing this stripper crap in front of a boy, particularly one she didn’t have control over, but her desire to keep her chest from being revealed to Ryan outweighed her disgust, and she did her best to make Ryan blow his load without turning around. Maybe, she thought, MAYBE that would be enough of a distraction to get this over with?

She gritted her teeth, then looked over her shoulder with her best “you want me and you know it” smile. Ryan’s eyes grew wide as she slowly backed toward him, still rocking her hips, until she felt herself bump into his groin–or more particularly, the rock-hard dick extending from it. She began grinding on the boy, rubbing him with every inch of her ass.

The other girls were staring open-mouthed at Sarah. Cassie’s nakedness was forgotten as they watched their friend give a lap dance to Liz’s stepbrother. Sarah owned the boys at their school, not the other way around, and yet here she was, and now she was peeling down those white satin panties, and it was her bare ass rubbing up on Ryan.

Jessica was the first to shake herself out of the daze. “You were supposed to strip, Sarah, not give Ryan a personal pole dance on his personal pole,” she snapped. “Enough already. I’m gonna hurl.”

Ryan was not quite ready to agree, but he did realize that if this continued any longer, he was going to explode in his shorts. He stepped back, prominent erection obvious to all. Sarah gave Jessica a glare. “I got naked, all right? No one said I couldn’t make it a little more pleasant for myself.” She marched over to the other side of the room and sat down, folding her legs carefully to obscure as much of her privates as possible. Her arms were tightly wrapped around her chest, hiding the “breasts” she was desperate to keep Ryan from noticing.

For his part, Ryan was so aroused that he was having trouble focusing. He didn’t notice Sarah had never really revealed her front to him; after pulling back from the girl’s grinding, he had tried to look anywhere else, and had of course instantly focused on the very naked Cassie standing there. Cassie’s face was bright red, and she too was trying to hide her full breasts.

“Look, if you want to stare at Cassie’s boobs all night, that’s fine with me,” Liz said, ignoring Cassie’s squeal of embarrassed protest. “But otherwise, can we get on with this? I’ve got a couple more games to win.” She turned to Jessica and Annie and shrugged. “I’m sorry, but I’ve already given him a show tonight. I’m not giving him another one.”

Jessica nodded. “I don’t plan to either. It’s not your fault–I’m going to try just as hard to beat you two. Annie, you should do the same. No hard feelings. We’re all stuck, and we have to do what we have to do, right?”

Annie looked at the other two girls sadly. “We shouldn’t have been such idiots.”

“Well, we were, so there’s no sense crying over it,” snapped Sarah. “At least you’re still dressed. Cassie and I are stuck like this until these stupid games are over, so pull on your big girl panties and get on with it!”

“I bet you’d like to be able to pull on some big girl panties right now, wouldn’t you, Sarah?” Jessica retorted. “Karma is a bitch, isn’t it?”

“Takes one to know one.”

Jessica took a step towards Sarah, and Liz quickly stepped between them. “Ryan, will you tell us what the next fucking game is before they decide it’s an MMA bout?”

Ryan, now slightly more in control of himself, tore his gaze off Cassie again. “Right. The next game is an old favorite. Let’s go downstairs, everyone.”