Emily takes a chance

Little Joe   
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And a special extra story for Em Tee. Thanks to Em for agreeing to be embarrassed by my putting her in a story!   
  
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Emily takes a chance   
  
Game and six - love," Emily called out as her well directed smash landed a few inches inside the base line.   
  
"God Em, you're getting way too good for any of us. You'll be having to take on the guys next."   
  
Emily smiled to herself, Jacki was right. She was way too good. She tossed her head, and flicking her wayward lock of hair of her face she picked up her rackets and headed back to the locker room. God, it was hot; summers in Brisbane were always hot. She needed a few days up the Whitsundays to relax, but her vacation wasn’t for a couple of weeks yet.   
  
She turned the cold water of the power shower on and winced as the jets of freezing water hit her naked skin. She looked down at her slim body, which might have been described as boyish were it not for her generous bosoms. Generous though they were they showed no tendency to sag and she gazed at them admiringly as the cold water bounced off her nipples making them stand out hard and erect. She loved her cold showers on a hot day - invigorating, yet somehow arousing. She walked out into the locker room. Jacki, modest as ever, was dressing discreetly under her towel. Emily rubbed herself down vigorously making her skin glow pink after the cold water.   
  
Jacki looked on admiringly. Perhaps if she had a body like Em she wouldn't be so nervous about displaying it the way Em did; Em seemed so little self-conscious about hers. The sight of Em’s gorgeous body as she towelled it roughly down, set off a little light bulb in her head. The little gem of an idea. It might just work; she thought to herself, it might just work.   
  
Jacki had a project that she had set herself. Every year the tennis club raised money for a charity. Jacki was keen to raise as much as possible, but she was also keen to beat the amount raised by the guys. Over the years a competitive element had developed to these events. The guys in the club tried to raise money, and the girls tried to raise money. The losers had to treat the winners to a night out. Jacki was sick of paying out money to pay for tinnies for dumb boys. This year she was determined to win. She had an idea. An idea that would be a dead cert and Em was just the bait she needed. Should she tell Em? She thought that on the whole she’d better not. It would, on the whole be funnier if she didn’t. Anyway she was fed up with Em always beating her at tennis; it was time she got a bit of revenge.   
  
Her birthday party would be the place for her plan. A few drinks, some nice food, some sexy music; that was the way to get people into the mood. And the mood that she wanted Em in was the mood to play strip poker. And Em didn’t know it yet, but Em was going to lose.   
  
Emily, in her state of happy ignorance, and having played poker since the age of about one was certainly up for it. In fact she didn’t need that much encouragement. She rather liked the idea of getting those guys stripped. Not that anyone would end up naked. She knew that – those chicken vanilla guys always found they had to be urgently doing something else when they got down to their boxers. And as for Emily getting naked – no chance. Nobody was going to see her in her pink cotton undies with the little lace frills. That was Emily’s one little vice. Sporty as she was, she was a girly girl underneath and she loved her sexy underwear. Brief panties in delicate pink cotton with a little lacy frill and a pink cotton bra for her gorgeous bosoms trimmed with matching lace. No – those were her little secret. No chance of her losing, and no chance of the guys getting a flash of pink.   
  
“Simple rules,” said Jacki, “Draw poker, winning hand gets to choose who strips, and here’s the fun. First to quit has to do a forfeit to get their clothes back!”   
  
Emily smiled. Good old Jacki. They’d have one of the guys begging for mercy by the end of the night!   
  
But Jacki smiled to herself as well. Em would get her the charity donations. The guys had promised $5 each for every bit of clothing Em lost, and an extra $50 if she got naked. So Em was going to have to lose. And she didn’t even need to fix it. It was all in the way she’d manipulated the rules. Poor Em didn’t even realize. She was the one with the gorgeous body; she was the one the guys wanted to see naked; one of the guys would win at least half the time and they sure as hell would pick Em. And if they didn’t win, then the girls had been tipped off to help them along.   
  
It wasn’t till her shoes and socks were off that Emily realized what was happening. She’d lost four pieces of clothing and nobody else had lost more than a couple. Sure she was good at the game; sure she knew what to keep and what to throw. But she couldn’t win all the time, and it seemed like whoever else won picked on her.   
  
“Hey you guys,” she said, tossing her head and flicking the hair off her face “stop picking on me. These chicks want to get naked as well.”   
  
“Hey Em, no way are we picking on you,” said Jamie, but when Jamie won next round and Emily’s top went; she’d realized the guys had picked on her for a sucker. She had to think quickly. She was only bra, skirt and knickers off flashing her naughty bits and she had to think quickly.   
  
Turn the tables on someone. Jacki – turn the tables on her. Get them all picking on her. She had to win a couple of rounds. The thought of quitting never occurred to her. She was no quitter and in any case she thought Jacki would think up something special by way of the forfeit lined up for the first quitter.   
  
Jacki looked at her. Em needed tempting; needed to be given the scent of wining. Let her win a couple of rounds.   
Emily smiled. She’d won a couple of rounds and Jacki was down to her bra, skirt and whatever lay underneath it. Her heart was beating. She was going to do it. Beat Jacki. She’d win again. She always won - but then the inevitable. She drew nothing on the next round and she was picked on again. Her ploy wasn’t working; her skirt or her bra had to come off.   
  
Emily had decided at the start that – okay if the worst came to the worst they could see her pink frilly panties. But that was it – no further – no sir! She unhitched her skirt and let it fall. Her panties were brief indeed and a little tuft of soft blonde hair poked out the top of them. She hitched them up, but that only served to show the clear outline of her private place beneath. She grimaced, realizing the stares were focused where the tight material outlined her sex rather intimately.   
  
Oh heck she thought. I’ve shown them enough. I’m going to have to quit.   
  
Jacki looked at her smugly. Em thought she would quit there did she; thought she’d never be showing her titties. But Jacki wanted those $50 dollar bills. Time for a little bit of goading   
  
“Quitting already, Em? Never took you for a quitter”   
  
Emily saw the smug look – she’d thought she’d won eh! No way. If she won the next round. If she could just win the next round Jacki would be down to bra and panties and no way would Jacki risk more. It was a gamble, and there was nothing Emily loved more than a gamble. Risking something to win.   
  
“Who says I’m quitting, Dumbo,” she said, tossing her head again, “I never quit.”   
  
Jacki smiled to herself.   
  
Emily picked up her hand. It was rubbish. She kept the one high card and changed the rest. It was no better. There was no chance she’d win. She looked round hopefully for who had the best card. It was Patty. Surely Patty wouldn’t pick on her. Patty never won anything but hadn’t lost a single item of clothing. Emily looked at her imploringly. But it was no good. Patty knew who she wanted stripped.   
  
Emily put her hands behind her back and unhitched her pretty pink bra with its lace frill, and as best she could with one arm across her chest let it drop to the floor, but not before everyone had got a glimpse of a delightful little pink nipple.   
  
Jacki smiled again. Those fifties were nearly hers.   
  
“Hey, Em,” she said, “I win – too scared to risk your panties eh?”   
  
Emily however was excited. The thrill of the risk was so great. The chance to get one over on Jacki was so enticing. She was no quitter. She wanted to win. She’d beaten her at tennis. She’d beat her at strip poker. It had become personal. She’d even risk her panties for a chance to win.   
  
Jacki looked at her expectantly, and Emily fell for it, right up to her neck   
  
She flicked the hair off her face, “Count me in.”   
  
Emily picked up her hand. Two kings and four of the cards hearts. What should she go for – a third king or a flush. The odds were on the flush. She threw the king of spades and drew – the king of clubs. Still two kings – she stood a chance. She was winning till the last hand was shown. Jacki had two aces and a broad grin on her face. That was a close thing.   
  
She’d never thought Em would strip naked; she’d really expected her to quit with her panties intact. Now she couldn’t help feeling a little surge of triumph. Em always beat her at tennis, always beat her at everything. But now she’d stripped Em in front of everybody. She was the victor. The money for the charity was hers when Em stripped naked.   
  
“Hey, Em, what are waiting for, didn’t you trim down below this morning?”   
  
Emily blushed. That thought had crossed her mind as well. Oh well, at least they’d see she was a real blonde.   
  
She stood up. There was nothing for it. She’d lost. She gritted her teeth, and taking hold of her panties she pulled them straight down athletically bending at the waist and keeping her legs straight. She kicked the panties off.   
  
“Ta dah,” she said posing with her arms above her head. May as well give the lads a gawk. And gawk they did. Em was stunning. Her lightly tanned fair skin had no bikini lines, her butt was cute and tight, her boobs generous for such a slim figured girl. She’d been worth every cent of those fifty dollar bills.   
  
“OK guys, what’s the forfeit,” she said, no point in beating about the bush, she could have got away with doing it in her bra and pants, and now she’d have to do it naked.   
  
“Hey, Em, you did it!” cried Jacki, as laughter burst out round the room.   
  
“What?” said Emily.   
  
The laughter continued.   
  
“WHAT!”   
  
Why was everyone so amused?   
  
“Em, you nerd, you’ve been set up and you fell for it!”   
  
“Set up?”   
  
“The guys bet me fifty dollars to the charity I couldn’t get you butt naked, and you fell for it!”   
  
The laughter redoubled. That was the best part of a set up. You embarrassed the victim by getting them naked, then redoubled it by telling them they’d been tricked.   
  
For the first time Em felt really embarrassed. She went bright red and tried covering her boobs and her untrimmed girly parts with her hands. She’d been a dupe. Tricked by a silly faith in her own ability and a determination not to be beaten. And now she’d have to pay a forfeit.   
  
“Come on Em, all in a good cause,”   
  
“What good cause,” Emily was still trying to keep herself covered.   
  
“The Kangaroo Orphanage.”   
  
“Kangaroo Orphanage. I’ve done this for a Kangaroo Orphanage! What do I care about orphan kangaroos!”   
  
“Don’t be more of a nerd that you are already, Em. The Kangaroo Orphanage is for orphans in Africa not Kangaroos. It’s called the Kangaroo Orphanage because it’s an Australian charity.”   
  
Emily was a bit abashed, then felt a bit proud. She’d earned hundreds of dollars for a really good cause.   
  
“Come on then,” she said,” what’s the forfeit. I hope that earns money as well.”   
  
“We’ve auctioned a dance with you naked.”   
  
“What!”   
  
“Sealed bids. Highest bidder gets one dance with you naked. Then you get your clothes back. And the bids are here.”   
  
Emily gasped. They were so sure of duping her they’d even bid for her in advance.   
  
“And the winner at $500 is….” Jacki’s mouth dropped open. She hadn’t been expecting that… “Patty!”   
  
‘Oh my God,” thought Em, I’m going to be dancing naked with a girl.   
  
Patty chose a slow waltz. Well what better way to get your arms round a naked body like Emily’s?   
  
“Hey,” said Emily, as they twirled round, “get your hand off my ass!”   
  
“Considering the money I paid, and the fact that you’re naked” laughed Patty, “getting my hand on your ass is the least of your worries!”   
  
Emily tossed her head, and flicked the hair off her face. She was beginning to realize there were certain advantages to being naked.