**What would it take?**

by katie

“Hello everyone and welcome to another edition of What Would It Take, the game show that asks, how much would it take for our contestants to do something that they normally would not do. My name is Gene Oakland and I am your host.

“Today we are live at a prestigious University here in the city. Classes must be in session because there are very few students out here on the quad. Here comes a gorgeous young woman now. Excuse me miss, would you like to be in our game and make some money?”

A cute young woman seemed a bit wary of coming too close to the man with his television crew. But the thought of making some money was too much to pass up.

“What do I have to do,” she asked.

Gene eyed the girl up. She was perfect for the set of stunts they wanted to film today.

“Well, that depends on how much money you want. Are you game to be a little daring?”

The girl was quiet for a moment. Truthfully, she wasn’t daring at all but she was dying to break out of her nice girl image.

“Sure, I can be daring,” she answered, hoping she was telling the truth.

“Excellent. What is your name miss?”

“I am Sarah. Sarah Edwards.”

“Excellent Sarah, would you like to make $1,000?”

The sound of money echoed in her ears. She was so snowed under by college loans, choosing to do it alone rather than let her rich parents help her.

“Yes I would. I definitely could use the money for tuition and books.”

Gene smiled. He was really going to enjoy seeing this girl do the stunts today. He had no doubt that she would do it. She was too submissive to say no. It would cost his production company some money but he would have one hell of a show.

Sarah was young, no more than 20. Her pert breasts looked firm pressing against her tight top. The weather here was about 65 or 70, enough of a chill to make Sarah’s nipples press through her bra and top. Gene estimated the girl to be about a 34 or 36 C. Full but perky…not too heavy…just about a handful.

Her legs were long inside tight blue jeans and the girl was wearing a pair of clogs on her otherwise bare feet.

“Well Sarah, you say you are daring. You say you need the money. Now it is time to prove it. Strip off you clothes and run around this campus quad completely naked two times and I will give you $1,000 cash.”

The girl gulped. She had guessed that the task would be difficult…no one would just give $1,000 away. But she had never guessed this.

“But I will get arrested.”

“No need to worry about that. We have permission to film this series here today. No one participating in one of our stunts will be arrested. So, should I get my $1,000 ready or are you not as daring and needy as you said before.”

“I just have to run around the quad twice?”

“Yep, that is all and you will be $1,000 richer.”

“Can I wear my shoes,” she asked, dragging the process out.

“Nope, completely naked. Shoes would constitute some clothes. Now Sarah, are you ready to perform this harmless task for $1,000?”

“Ok, I’ll do it,” Sarah said, kicking off her clogs. She reached down and unbuttoned her jeans and slid them down her long legs. She now stood naked from the waist down except for a flimsy pair of white cotton bikini briefs.

“Not such a daring underwear choice Sarah,” Gene said laughing into the microphone. Sarah’s face grew red but she knew this was the least of her humiliation.

She had no idea why she was going through with this but grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up and over her head, revealing her full breasts encased in a plain white bra.

“Sarah, may I ask your bra size, for information sake only,” Gene asked.

“Um, yeah, uh, I’m 34C,” she said shyly, her face now a deep crimson.

Gene was admiring the smooth white skin of the beauty in front of him. He had done this now at five other colleges but none of the other girls had this wholesome quality about them…and none of the other girls would be tempted to be this debase.

“Ok, take the rest off and then you can start your lap.”

She was grateful that they were currently standing in a secluded area, just off the main walkway where they had began to talk. She was keenly aware of the camera whirling next to her, filming her currently in her underwear. She knew the camera was about to get a whole lot more.

Tentatively, she reached behind her and unclasped the bra, loosening the cups around her breasts. Slowly she pulled the straps off her shoulders and down her arms, letting her full breasts pop out for the view by Gene, the cameraman and the several million who would see the show.

“You have beautiful breasts…it’s a shame you can’t show them off more often,” Oakland said. “Now remove those panties and show us your little bottom there and the race can begin.”

Sarah hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her dainty panties and quickly lowered them, closing her eyes shut so that she couldn’t see the lust on the men’s faces.

Gene gasped. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Her skin was flawless, her breasts were full and pert and her legs were to die for. Just above her slit was a tiny tuft of hair, matching the brown on her head.

“I see you recently shaved Sarah, you are daring,” he said smirking.

Sarah cursed herself now, wondering how it looked. She had shaved because of a bikin she had worn this summer…it had high sides and her bush had shown. She had it removed by electrolysis and was happy with how it looked. But now she looked like a slut.

What did it matter now, her other half of the brain wondered. You’re about to run nude around the campus of your college. Your pubic hair is the least of your worries.

“Wonderful now young Sarah. Now, you have to run around the quad. Don’t worry, we have camera all over this campus to catch your dash. Complete two full laps and you are $1,000 richer. Got it?”

The girl nodded.

“Ready, set, go!”

Sarah’s nude form took off in a full sprint out of their relative safety of their hiding spot. She felt her bare breasts bouncing a little bit. She was a vision of loveliness, Gene thought, watching her thigh muscles and ass cheeks quiver. She was in pretty good shape it seemed as her run had yet to make her winded.

She ran around past the old stone buildings of her college, wondering who was looking out the big windows of the classrooms and offices. She wore no mask so that everyone that knew her could identify her.

As she ran, she realized that she had asked for no proof from that man of who he was. He now had her clothes, schoolbag, keys and id…and she had nothing but what came to her when she was born.

She prayed to God that no one would come out onto the quad to see her in this state. She did notice the cameras stationed every 100 feet or so, catching all of the angles of her nudity. This made her feel good and bad…good that the guy had been telling the truth about the TV show…bad that her nude body was being filmed for all to see.

Sarah had run to the furthest point in the run and was heading back to the spot where she started. Then she remembered it was two laps. She realized that her first trip would draw notice that a naked girl was running along the quad and her second trip would be for the display of the most people. She wanted this to be over, the $1,000 to be in her pocket and she could be on her way back to her dorm room and under the covers in bed.

She had been lucky so far, she thought as she completed about half of the task. No other student had come out onto the quad and no one had seemed to notice her. She felt her feet being rubbed a bit raw from the running barefoot on the brick walkway, but knew that it was a small price to pay for $1,000.

She felt she was home free as she passed the last classroom building before starting the loop again. Just then the door opened and her schoolmates streamed out. The first person to notice her gasped and said, “Holy shit!” That sent a murmur through the group. She didn’t slow down long enough to see if she knew any of them, instead she turned up her speed and began the second trek around the campus.

This one was so much worse. The word spread that some girl was sprinting around the campus nude and that drew quite a crowd. Tears flowed down her cheeks as she ran, trying desperately to finish her task without falling or running in shame.

A number of people starting running with her, trying to talk to her. She ignored them all, concentrating on keeping her breath and ignoring the pain on her bare soles.

“Shit, that’s Sarah, Tom’s girlfriend. What a fucking rack,” she heard a voice say. “Look, that slut shaves her pubes. Wonder how long she’s been planning this?”

She tried to shut them out but the voice became too loud. Finally she was finished and rushed to where she had stripped. The crowd did not follow her, convinced that the show was over. Gene’s job was to make sure it wasn’t.

Sarah leaned against the wall, working to catch her breath. She was grateful that her clothes and bag were still there as was Gene.

“Excellent job Sarah, you are now $1,000 richer. Now, would you like to go for $25,000?”

CHAPTER 2

Sarah stood up straight and looked Gene in the eye. She could not imagine being given $25,000. That would pay for the whole year of tuition and give her some spending money.

“Did you say $25,000,” she asked a bit out of breath.

“Yes, $25,000, if you are game.”

Sarah was a little flustered. She was still nude but hidden here it didn’t seem so bad, especially after what she had just been through. But then she wondered what could be worth $25,000 if what she had just been through was only $1,000.

“What would I have to do?”

“Well, just one more lap with one extra burden to it. What do you say?”

One extra lap wasn’t so bad, she thought to herself. After all, most of those guys had seen her last lap. But the extra stuff did not sound so good.

“What extra stuff?”

“Sarah, could you use $25,000? Wouldn’t that help pay for your education? What do you want to be in life Sarah?”

“I want to be a lawyer who works pro bono for abused women.”

“A noble cause. Isn’t a little stunt on “What Would IT Take” be worth it to help all of these women?”

She nodded. “Okay, I’ll do it. What do I have to do?”

“Great, hear that folks, Sarah here is going to take the extra challenge. Now, for $25,000, Sarah, run another lap around the quad and….”

Sarah’s knees were shaking in nervousness.

“…give one blowjob on the way around the man of your choosing!”

Sarah gasped. “What? No way. That’s gross.”

“Come on Sarah, just one little blowjob and $25,000 is yours. Think about all of the things you could do with $25,000.”

Again, the nude girl shook her head. “No, I couldn’t do that.”

“Well, how about for $40,000?”

Sarah’s eyes sprang open. That would be enough for tuition, books and a car. Oh God, she thought, could she possibly go through with it.

“Ok, ok, I’ll do it.”

“Great, but Sarah, you must bring the boy to orgasm and swallow his spunk to finish the stunt. Are you game?”

Sarah looked a little queasy. She had only swallowed sperm one other time and had gotten sick…the taste was gross, she believed, and the act itself was degrading.

“Ok, for $40,000 I’ll do it.”

“OK, but if you fail to complete this mission, you will lose the $1,000 already earned. Ready, set GO!”

The young coed took off at a sprint, wanting to get this stunt over with. Why the hell did she agree to do this? Was the money that important? Then she thought about all of the things she could do with that money and decided that it was well worth it.

She heard her feet slapping the hard concrete as she ran. The students, mostly men, who had followed her before were still gathered there in a circle, probably discussing whether anyone could believe what they had just seen. She ran past them and heard them holler. Her bare breasts were really bouncing now, her nipples were achingly hard, threatening to burst out of her chest. Tears streamed down her face and onto her reddened chest.

She ran up the hill of the left side of the quad to towards the main campus building. There she saw several older people, probably faculty and administration, out on the balconies, laughing and pointing at her. She sobbed now, certain her reputation at the school was ruined. If they thought this was bad, wait until she completed the task.

She turned left and continued around the quad, her feet screaming in pain from the unusual feel of barefoot running. Sarah tried to get her mind off of the embarrassment and pain but was unsuccessful. She felt the air blowing against her naked body…it was so weird to feel it against her mostly bare slit and naked tits.

As she turned the second corner to head back towards her clothes and ending this mess, she remembered she had to find a boy to suck. Oh God, she couldn’t. But then, this would all be for nothing.

She steeled up her courage and looked around. She would never ask the pack that was trailing her, mocking her. No, that would be too humiliating. She spotted a boy sitting on a bench around the quad, seemingly reading a book. Sure she knew he was watching her too, but he wasn’t making a mockery of her.

She rushed towards where he was sitting, the soft grass feeling good against her bare feet.

“Excuse me, um, I have to ask you something very embarrassing.”

The man looked up and smiled, his eyes concentrating on her bare pussy and tits before meeting her eyes.

“Sure, anything.”

“Um, can I, um, give you a blowjob?”

The hoots and hollers from the gang that had been following her, including some girls calling her a slut and a whore. None of that mattered now…all that did matter was this boy and his $40,000 answer.

“Sure sweetie, right here?”

The girl nodded and fell to her knees in front of the man. She hadn’t realized how large this boy was but then realized she had seen him on the basketball team. Ty was 6-6 and about 230. That didn’t matter now…she frantically worked to get his belt undone and his jeans unbuttoned. The crowd was screaming at her and she felt unsafe.

“Back off guys. Give a man some space to get some head alright,” a voice said. She realized that it was Gene Oakland with his microphone.

“Ladies and gentlemen, Sarah is about to suck the cock of this large African American man. What is your mane Sir?”

“Ty,” the man said moaning as Sarah’s hands found his cock and was working to pull it out of the boxers and jeans.

Sarah gasped as her hands found a long, thick cock, nothing like the few that she had touched or had inside of her before.

“Yes, Ty proves the adage about black men…he is well hung,” said Gene. “Our Sarah is going to have trouble wrapping her lips around that one.”

The crowd laughed at the commentary but Sarah was oblivious. She was trying to figure out how to manage this huge thing. She pulled his pants apart and slowly leaned in, taking the bulb at the tip in her mouth first. Ty moaned and the crowd got silent, shocked at the behavior in front of them.

Sarah slowly worked her tongue around the cock as she had learned from her girlfriends. She especially focused on the underside of it, hearing that boys like it there. The reaction from Ty proved she was right.

By now, the girl had managed to get at least four inches in her mouth but that was still less than halfway to the bottom. She was moaning around his cock, trying to keep breathing. But she also was highly aroused at the feeling of being naked in front of so many people and doing this degrading act to a total stranger.

She then began to suck, making his cock nice and wet. She heard the moans and the gasps and knew that this was the right move. The crowd was shocked at the scene and the fact that the girl, so selfconscious a few seconds ago, had forgotten all about them and was completely into this.

She moved her mouth up and down the large cock, using her tongue to linger a little. She took her hand and began to massage his balls, another trick the girls had shown her. That was enough to push her partner over the edge and he grabbed her by the hair and screamed.

She felt his cock twitch inside of her mouth and readied for the discharge. It did not take long and soon she was swallowing for all of her life, needing the juice that she had created from his balls. This taste was so different than with Tommy…this was real and dirty and she loved it.

The volume was too much and some dripped out of her mouth around his cock and onto her tits. She finally released his cock and moved her face away, to the cheers of the now adoring audience. Even the girls who had mocked her now had a grudging admiration for her.

The cheers brought her back to reality, back to the fact that she was naked on her knees on her college campus in front of dozens of people having just sucked a complete stranger to orgasm. Her knees felt like jelly as she stood.

“OK Sarah, finish the lap and you have done it.”

The nude girl began running again, moving from the small patch of grass onto the hard ground again. She ran to the end of the path and again turned right to finish the loop. Again, as she passed the last classroom building, a large group of students streamed onto the quad, shocked at the sight of a nude girl with cum on her chest and chin running.

She ignored their hoots and derisive comments and moved to the small crevice where she had started. Her clothes and bookbag were still there, as was one of the crew with a camera. “Awesome,” he said.

She waited there, bent over in humiliation and physical exhaustion at the last three laps. Finally Gene Oakland and the other cameraman caught up.

“Well, Sarah, that was most impressive. You are $40,000 richer and you can take that now. Or, you can try for $75,000.

CHAPTER 3

Sarah could not believe her ears. “$75,000? Jesus Christ!”

“No, I’m Gene Oakland, the host of What Would It Take,” the man said laughing. “It wouldn’t involve too much more than what you have already done. Are you game?”

The girl had been nude for nearly a half hour now and stood ramrod straight, looking at the host.

“What is the task this time?”

“Well, all it would take is for you to run to the center of the quad and climb up on the statue of the college’s founder.”

Sarah breathed a sigh of relief. If that was all, she could do that no problem.

“And then, you need to spread your legs wide open and masturbate to orgasm in full view of your schoolmates.”

The nude girl shook her head, not wanted to believe it. “No, I could never do that, I’d be too embarrassed.”

“Come on Sarah, you’re run three laps around the quad naked and sucked the large cock of one of your schoolmates in front of dozens of people. What is so wrong with giving yourself a little bit of the pleasure that you have given the rest of us?”

Gene could tell that the girl was seriously considering it. Maybe if he upped the ante just a bit. “How does $90,000 sound to you Sarah? $90,000 to give yourself sexual pleasure. That’s like stealing money.”

The girl was shaking…she desperately needed the money and wanted to cum so badly…all of the exposure and sucking Ty’s cock had pushed her to the edge of sexual frustration. But giving a public blowjob was bad enough, to openly masturbate and make herself cum was more than she had imagined.

“How about $100,000? Six figures to put those fingers down in your pussy and release all of that tension. What do you say?”

“Yes, oh God, yes, I’ll do it.”

“Alright ladies and gentlemen…Sarah here, a student at this fine University, will run to the center of the quad, climb up on the statue of the school’s founder, spread her legs and masturbate to orgasm. Is this the best show on television or what?”

Sarah’s legs were like jello as she stood, poised to run at Gene’s direction.

“OK, for $100,000….remember, you must complete the task or lose all of the money. Ready, Set, GO!”

For the third time today, the nude girl took off in a mad dash towards the quad. She was not surprised to see the group of students hanging out there, waiting for something else to happen. They hooted again at the naked girl and followed her as she passed them. The group was surprised that she did not take her route up the hill along the side of the quad. Instead, she darted directly onto the cross towards the center where the statue of their beloved founder was situated.

Sarah was humiliated but kept running, remembered in the money that she would get at the end. She made it to the large stone statue and scampered up onto the base, feeling the smooth stone under her bare feet. She sat on the lap of the statue and spread her legs onto either side of the statue’s. This felt so wrong, she knew, but she desperately wanted to cum…maybe even more than the money.

She reached down with her right hand and found her soaked slit…she was wetter than she had ever been before. Her fingers easily slipping between the folds of her pussy lips and inside to that soft, warm flesh inside. She moaned loudly as her fingers found that magic spot on the front of the inside of her pussy…she closed her eyes and continued moving her fingers, the sounds of her movements inside of her wet sex filtering out among the onlookers.

“Christ is she horny,” one of the boys said. The girls looked in awe at this woman, doing what many of them dreamed of doing.

“Oh Godddd,” the masturbating nude groaned out, her voice sounding less like a woman and more like an animal in heat. “Oh, Oh, OHHH!”

The fingering went on for what seemed like forever, but was no more than 10 minutes. All eyes were on the incredibly beautiful nude sitting astride the old statue, her body humping her fingers, her eyes closed, her fingers buried in her snatch, her breasts bouncing as she did. Finally, they heard her cry out in pure ecstasy and saw her body shake and shiver…they all knew that her orgasm had come. She was a vision of beauty, the naked form in all of its God-given splendor.

Sarah could not believe the power of the orgasm that was sweeping over her. In her frenzy to cum, she had forgotten all about the crowd that was watching and the fact that she was naked and sitting on a cold, hard statue with her fingers buried in her wide open pussy. All that she could concentrate on was her orgasm and the incredible feeling that she was creating inside of herself.

The feeling was unlike anything she had ever encountered in her sexual relations with other boys and even by herself under her covers in her bed. This was so wanton and desperate…the attention and humiliation was part of it all. She came and came, her body getting exhausted but loving every second of it.

Finally her orgasm subsided and she came back to Earth. Her legs were like mush after being tensed for so long…her pussy lips still quivered from the continual touch…she was a mass of feeling.

She opened her eyes and saw, then heard, the crowd applauding, cheering her sexual release. She was mortified that she had let herself go so far along in front of these men and women, her schoolmates. Could she ever just be a regular student at this school again?

She dug deep within herself and found the energy to dismount the statue and again took off in a sprint towards where she would meet up with Greg Oakland. Once again, the group did not follow her, respecting the distance being set and the game being played.

Gene was ecstatic. This show was going better than any others. Sure, he was paying the girl a lot of money, but the show would make it all back plus millions in video sales and syndication to the spice channels. When he pubbed this episode on Howard Stern next week, he would make even more money!

“WOW, $100,000, six figures! And you looked beautiful when you came!”

“May I get dressed now. I think I am done.”

“Sure Sarah, you have done well. $100,000…unless you want to turn it into a quarter of a million dollars!”

CHAPTER 4

Sarah started to sob. The pressure on her was too great. She could not believe the enormous sums of money being thrown around by this man. $250,000 was more than she could earn in 10 years out of college.

“Please Mr. Oakland, I can’t take any more. Please stop tempting me.”

“Okay, don’t want to force you to do anything. I just thought a struggling college student may need $250,000 in her bank account. But that’s fine. I am sure that I can find another willing contestant to finish the game and win your money.”

Sarah’s mind was whirling. She was beyond humiliated. Her insides were churning at the embarrassment and confusion going on in her mind. But that money was rightfully hers. She couldn’t let another girl win it.

“What would I have to do?”

“Gotcha ya,” Gene thought.

“This task is much simpler than the last three, no running involved, unless you wish to.”

“No, I’m just going to take the $100,000.”

“Oh, that’s too bad Sarah. $250,000 is more than most people make in five years. You can clear that in less than 20 minutes if you do the job right.”

The man could see Sarah hesitating.

“What would I have to do,” she asked softly.

“Well, just stay as you are, completely naked, and go into the cafeteria and eat lunch. That’s something you do every day.”

The girl nodded. She knew that she would be mortified to sit in the cafeteria and eat lunch but for $150,000 more she would deal with it.

“OK, I’ll do it.”

“Great, but you haven’t heard it all. Are you still game?”

Her mind raced. Should she agree to this without knowing what else was in store?

“Well, that depends on the other part.”

“Just eat dinner nude and then you are done…oh and you need to have somebody fuck you doggie style while you are eating lunch, with you leaning over your table. And you both must orgasm for the stunt to be successful.”

The nude girl shook her head. “No, Mr. Oakland, please, I could never. I can’t, I just can’t…that’s too much.”

“Okay Sarah, but I am sure there is a girl on campus who would love to be fucked from behind for $150,000.”

“No, I mean, that money’s mine. Please, but this is too much. Please, make it another stunt.”

“Sorry Sarah, this is the stunt. Maybe, if I made it $400,000, you would do it.”

The girl was getting woozy. $400,000 was more than she had ever thought she would have. She thought of all of the good things she could get with the money…her money worries would be over.

“Oh God, please, please, don’t make me fuck someone. I can suck another boy off. Or maybe give oral to a girl? Or stuff things inside myself. Anything but being fucked from behind in the cafeteria. Please.”

“Would you do it for half a million dollars?”

The girl gasped and fell back, leaning against the stone wall for support. She had forgotten all about being nude…she was now only thinking about the money.

“Yes, Christ, yes, I’ll do it.”

“Wonderful! Sarah is going to eat her lunch nude and then get fucked doggie style by a random schoolmate of her choosing. It only took $500,000 to get her to try it. Sarah, we have found your price.”

The girl blushed a deep red, humiliated at the words. She felt like a prostitute, accepting money for sex but the price was so high and she really needed it.

“Ok, take your meal card and go in and buy your food. We will have cameras all over the dining hall to capture your movements. We have a table set up but we suggest you find a partner before you sit down. On your mark, get set, GO!!!”

For the fourth time in the last hour, the girl became a nude blur, running towards the dining hall. She heard the catcalls and knew that this would be her fan club throughout her school experience. They again followed her as she pushed through the glass doors into the dining hall.

Once inside, she was on display to a whole new group of people who had missed her before. She saw the shock register on the faces of the diners who had heard about the naked student but not seen her. She felt the cool tile under her feet and was reminded of her nude state.

She ran over and grabbed a prepared salad and a bottle of water. She didn’t plan to eat too much. She was forced to stand in line at the register, opening herself up to all kinds of eyes. Finally she reached the register and saw that the regular guy who took the money, Fred, was there. The guy was in his 70s but not too old to devour this nude girl with his eyes, drinking in every inch of her body that he could see.

She swiped her card through and went looking for the table where the cameras were. She headed there but remembered Gene’s advice. Instead, she looked for a partner, someone to fuck her from behind while she ate. Then she would have to accept his cum inside of her and she had to cum as well for the stunt to be complete.

She walked around and finally saw Chris, a lacrosse player she had always found cute. She knew that he was a good fucker…one of her friends had dated him for a while and said he knew the right places to touch a girl. Sarah was embarrassed when she realized that it wouldn’t take much for her to cum…just a few strokes would do it, even after her self-inflicted orgasm on the statue.

“Chris, I need a favor,” she said softly, touching him on the arm. He had seen her walk over towards him, shocked to see the nude girl.

“Um, okay. What is your name again?”

If it was possible, her face turned even more red. Here she was, about to ask him to fuck her, and he didn’t even remember her name. His eyes weren’t on her face though…they were directed right at her rigid nipples and full breasts.

“Sarah, my name’s Sarah. Remember, Carly’s friend?”

“Oh right. You are some fine piece of girl honey. Christ, awesome!”

“Uh, yeah, thanks Chris,” she said, not knowing how to respond to what she thought was a compliment. “Um, I need to complete this dare for a TV show and need you to do something to me.”

“Yes, this is nice. Listen to this guys, this naked chick needs me to do something to her. Alright Sarah, what do you need?”

She leaned in, her voice barely above a whisper. “I need you to fuck me while I eat lunch.”

The boy’s face turned bright red. “You need me to what?”

Why was he doing this, she thought. “I need you to fuck me from behind while I eat my lunch. And I need us both to cum or I don’t win.”

“Holy fucking shit.”

“Please Chris, this would mean a lot to me. And you don’t have to wear a rubber or anything. I’m on the pill. I just need you to fuck me so I can finish this dare.”

His friends egged him on. “Do it Chris! Make the girl’s day! Give her the fuck she needs! Maybe after you fuck her, she won’t need to run around bare titted and naked all the time.”

The boy looked reluctant, unwilling to perform in front of such a large group. But he knew he would never live it down if he said no to a free fuck, especially from a piece as nice as Sarah.

“Fine, let’s do it,” he said, reaching for his belt.

“No, not right here Chris. Over at that table where the camera is.”

“Holy shit, you’re going to fuck her on camera! Awesome!”

The nude girl led the boy over to the table. She placed her tray on the table and moved her chair back. “I need you to fuck me from behind while I eat…my pussy is soaked so I am ready. Can I do anything for you?”

She looked down at the bulge in his pants and realized he was ready as well. She took the fork and started eating, sticking her bottom out to make it easier for the boy. She didn’t even turn around, not wanting to see what was happening.

Sarah did see the crowd filing over, gathering around the table but out of camera range. She wanted to close her eyes but knew that she had to keep eating. She tried to ignore the gathering throng but they were calling out insults at her, critiquing her body or her reputation. Before today, few on campus had known her and those that did thought of her as a nice, innocent girl. Now many knew her but few of them considered her innocent.

She felt Chris’ presence move closer to her. The camera was picking it all up in full detail. The boy had dropped his pants to his ankles and his long cock was sticking out of him and pointing directly at Sarah’s ass.

He took a step towards the nude girl’s upturned bottom and slid his cock into her dripping wet snatch in one thrust. She cried out at the invasion, her mouth full of lettuce. She tried to continue eating as the boy began thrusting into her back and forth, sawing away at her pussy. It felt so good, he was touching all of the right places inside of her. But she just wanted a touch of her clitoris and she would be gone.

She heard Chris moan. The boy was in heaven, fucking a tight pussy here in the cafeteria. He would never have believed it if someone had told him the story but here he was living it. He reached around and grabbed onto those luscious tits that were grazing against the cold, hard table. He heard the girl moan…what a slut…he didn’t know many girls who would get off being fucked like this in this situation.

Sarah needed to touch her clit. She put another forkful into her mouth, knowing that eating was part of the stunt. Then, she slid her left hand down to her mound and felt Chris’s cock entering her pussy. She then touched her clit and sparks flew up and down her body. “Oh GOD, oh GODDD OHHH GODDD!” she cried out in pleasure. She had blocked out the now dozens of onlookers and concentrated on the cock sawing in and out of her wet slit.

“FUCK ME CHRIS!!! OH FUCK!!! AHHHHHH!!!!”

Her orgasm erupted quickly and strongly. She began cumming and then could not stop. Wave after wave of orgasm flew through her as she closed her eyes and rode it. The fork dropped to the plate with a loud clang, her fists slammed against the table in ecstasy. Finally she heard her partner groan that low animal like sound that men make when they are about to spurt and then she felt the hot liquid shooting into her pussy. She continued rocking back and forth, milking his cock with her pussy.

She heard Chris let out a deep flow of air and felt all of his weight fall on top of her. She also laid her top parts down on the table and forgot about the situation and environment, glowing in the aftermath of a powerful orgasm.

In a few seconds, they both realized that they were not in the privacy of their dorm rooms but right in the open in the cafeteria. Chris pulled his now limp cock out of Sarah and pulled his pants up.

“Thanks Sarah, that was good,” he said quietly.

“No, thank you…that was better than I thought it would be. Let’s do that again.”

With that, she gathered her tray, dumped the contents in the trash, and headed out of the dining hall, running towards Gene and her clothes. She felt the cum dripping out of her but it was no longer degrading. In fact, she had loved every part of the day’s activities and liked the $500,000 even more.

“Sarah, that was amazing! You have completed all four stunts and you are now $500,000 richer. What do you have to say for yourself?”

“um, nothing but I would like to get dressed now.”

“Well, you could. Or you could sell me all of the clothes you have there, including your shoes for an extra $50,000.”

“Why not,” the girl said, handing the pile of clothes to the man. With $550,000, she could buy new everything!

“Great…here is a cashier’s check for $550,000 made out to cash! Enjoy it and thanks for playing “What Would It Take.” Goodbye everybody!”

The host waved and then the camera panned to Sarah, walking away back towards her dorm, her only covering being the book bag on her back. Inside the bag was a check for $550,000.