**Alternate Dimensions**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

"What exactly are you saying, Brad?" Rebecca Stoles asked. They were sitting on his couch in his apartment. Rebecca was just a friendly neighbor to Brad, living two doors down from him in the building complex. By now, she should have been accustomed to his crazy inventions, but this one sounded more ridiculous than most.  
  
Brad was the brightest of his class coming out of MIT, but his awkward, antisocial ways obstructed his path to success at any company who wished to employ him. For the past ten years, Brad instead supported himself by creating some inventions, some practical and some rather strange. There had been no break-out successes, though just enough to fund his meager lifestyle.  
  
The last thing of note Brad had invented was an automated vacuum that was much more efficient and powerful than the big name brand. He hired a tooling company, and because of to the high expense of low volume manufacturing, sales were somewhat limited due to the high cost of the finished product. Still, it was a moderate success. Brad thought the vacuum was a waste of his talents, but it had given him enough of a boost in income to develop new things.  
  
"Rebecca, I know I mentioned to you that I have been working on a time machine for several years now."  
  
"Yes, I know. Even though you're smart, I find the idea laughable. It can't happen. Wouldn't we know if time travel existed by now, by having seen someone travel through time into our own history?"  
  
"Perhaps," said Brad. "It's an interesting theory you have... but I have more scientific reasons to believe that time travel could never exist, and I discovered that evidence by accident... when I opened a portal to another dimension."  
  
"Which I also find unbelievable."  
  
"Well, I'm going back and I'm going to take photographs," said Brad, huffing. He wasn't one to make jokes and found the idea of not being believed by his one decent friend almost offensive.  
  
"Brad, do you really think I'm buying this? Is this some elaborate prank? I'm envisioning you taking fake photos and testing my gullibility."  
  
"Have I ever done anything like that?"  
  
He hadn't and Rebecca knew it.   
  
"Well, why don't you just take me with you then?" she asked.  
  
Brad paused, looking awkwardly at the floor. "Uh... um... I don't think that would be a good idea."  
  
"Yup, I figured. Whatever, Brad. Just try and fool me."  
  
"Look, Rebecca, the thing is... the women go naked there." Brad's eyes were still avoiding hers, darting across the floor.   
  
"What? Is it like some ancient civilization?"  
  
Brad finally looked up. "Actually, no. In fact, I'd say their technology is slightly ahead of ours."  
  
"Then why do the women go naked? Does everyone go naked?"  
  
"That's the thing. Just the women. The men dress almost identically to us. The remarkable thing is they speak our language and in essence, their earth is just like our earth. In fact it is, I suppose, but in an alternate dimension. At first, I thought I went forward in time, but time passes the same from there to here. If I spend a day there, I am indeed missing one here. No time travel. Simply an alternate dimension, the craziest thing."  
  
"You're pulling my leg, I tell you."  
  
"No, I'm not. At first I thought the dress, or rather the lack of it, was just a custom of theirs. I guess it is, but more than that, I discovered that if a woman dares to cover herself after the age of 20 and before the age of 60, that she could be fined and imprisoned for up to a year. It's an actual law. A federal law. In what is essentially their America. Nations exist there, but the borders aren't exactly the same."  
  
"This all sounds so stupid," said Rebecca.  
  
"I don't know how it came to be that women dress like that. I was lucky enough to glean that information when I inquired about it. The man I was speaking to looked at me as if I were an immigrant, which apparently they do not take kindly to there, either."  
  
"So it's a sexist country, filled with bigots, in this dimension?"  
  
"I suppose so, putting it bluntly," Brad agreed. "Which is why you can't go. If you were seen with clothes on, it could spell big trouble for us."  
  
"You could always just zap us back to this dimension if we were about to get caught."  
  
"Only when the battery on the portal box is fully charged. Solar can power it, but it takes a couple days of solid sunlight. I don't yet have a method to charge it using those people's electric outlets. Totally different design than ours, but I didn't get to a chance to further investigate it. Unfortunately, it takes all the juice to make one jump. I had spare batteries with me, and even those got drained in the jump. So did the battery in my phone. Completely dead. Must be something the jump causes. Thankfully, I designed the portal box with back-up solar power. This time, I'm bringing a solar charger for the phone, too."  
  
"I see," said Rebecca. "So you'll go and take pictures, but this time, after charging the camera phone."  
  
"As discretely as I can. I hope to be gone no longer than two or three days."  
  
"So you have been only once before?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"When you accidentally discovered it?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"What if it doesn't work a second time? Or if it sends you to yet some other dimension."  
  
"I thought about that. Unlikely. It's all in the math. The 'velocity' of the portal gun, for no better word, remains constant. The shift should always land me to the same place in their dimension, at the same time frame. I'm confident the math checks out."  
  
Rebecca crossed her arms and tapped her right foot. Crossing her arms gave her heavy breasts a gentle lift. She wore a D-cup, but even that was a little tight. Cleavage tended to spill out at times. Regardless of its affect on men, Rebecca was careful not to show the goods. With larger than average areolas and very thick and puffy tips to her nipples, she was somewhat shy of her appearance. Whenever she was intimate with men (not often), she preferred the lights to be off, due to her modesty.  
  
Rebecca also wasn't one to pass up on challenges. She continued tapping her foot before finally saying, "Promise me you're not pulling my leg. Swear to me."  
  
"Uh, okay. I swear," said Brad, struggling again to look her in the eye, but that was his natural shyness rather than any deceit, surmised Rebecca.  
  
"Tell me, what do the women do there?"  
  
"The same thing as they do here. Though there, life is considerably more automated."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Robots everywhere. Essentially slaves. Bipedal robots that program themselves to perform what once were the tasks of humans. They run the healthcare industry with advanced robot doctors and nurses, agriculture is all automated, factories have the bodies they need via these robots... you get the picture. People actually live quite well. Like I said, it's the same time frame, but they are slightly more technologically advanced than us, probably by 50 or 60 years. I also believe there is an elite class of citizens, but I have yet to meet them or see how they live. Nevertheless, the average people seem quite happy. I'd almost call it a utopia of sorts."  
  
Now this was getting interesting, thought Rebecca.   
  
Brad continued, "It's like most everyone is on a permanent vacation. Food and housing is supplied by the government. Crime is almost non-existent."  
  
"But why the naked women?"  
  
"Again, I don't know. I want to find out, though."  
  
"I swear, if you're fucking with me."  
  
"Why do you keep suggesting that?"  
  
"Because I'm going with you this time, dummy! I'll just get naked and go, but promise me you WON'T take pictures of me. I want to see this. I'll call off work for a few days. But again, you have to swear to me this is for real. If this is some big game just to see my tits, I will never forgive you. Everyone always wants to see my tits, and if this is an elaborate hoax from you to do the same, you won't imagine my disappointment with you. I'll never be your friend again."  
  
Brad looked down at the floor once more, but then managed to look at her directly and said, "If you really want to go, okay. We cannot tell anyone what we're doing, though, and we cannot tell the people there that we are from a different dimension."  
  
"I figured that," said Rebecca. "When can we do this?"  
  
"How about day after tomorrow. It'll give me time to prepare."  
  
"Fine," said Rebecca. "I'll make arrangements at work."  
  
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Under her robe, Rebecca still couldn't believe she was doing this. She stepped out of the bathroom and into the living room where Brad was waiting, dressed in jeans, a plain blue tee, and what only could be described as a hipster jacket. In one hand, he held a rather large cube, what he referred to as his portal box.  
  
"So what do we have to do?" Rebecca asked.  
  
"The box is charged. We can't go with any of our own identification, money, cards or anything. I am carefully sneaking this phone in, though," he said, picking it up off the coffee table and pocketing in his jacket. "The phone will lose its charge going through the portal, but the portal box will charge over time if we leave it somewhere discretely outdoors. I fixed it so we can charge the phone from that and we can do our work."  
  
"I can't go through with anything, so what does it matter," Rebecca said flatly. She was getting nervous about the idea of dropping her robe in front of Brad, displaying her meaty nipples she was so accustomed to hiding.  
  
Brad noticed her discomfort. "Rebecca. If you don't want to..."  
  
He cut himself off as Rebecca quickly pulled the belt loose and flung the robe back across her shoulders. It fell lightly to the floor. Brad was surprised she had shaved completely before coming on the trip. She hadn't even asked if that was a fashion custom. Luckily, he had seen a few shaved pussies on his first visit.  
  
What stunned Brad the most was Rebecca's glorious breasts. He had always wanted to see Rebecca naked and the real thing was far better than what his imagination had conjured.  
  
"Jesus, Rebecca. You're... you're... uh... you're very pretty pretty." Brad quickly lowered his head and darted his eyes to across the floor and then to the equipment.  
  
Brad didn't see it looking away, but Rebecca blushed from the surprising compliment. On the other hand, she knew Brad was kind of a dweeb who probably never saw a girl naked before, in the flesh, anyway.  
  
"Okay, put your hand on the box here," said Brad, putting his hand on one side of it. "Any place will do, actually."  
  
Their fingers almost touched as Brad used his other hand to push a button on the side of the machine. A jolt ripped through Rebecca's core, not unpleasant, but surprising. In a blink, she found herself standing next to Brad, still touching the box, but instead of being in his living room, they were at the edge of a wooded area.  
  
"What the shit?" exclaimed Rebecca.  
  
"Exact same place as last time," said Brad, smiling confidently. "Just like I surmised. There's a small town not far from here. See that path over there." Brad pointed to a meadow about thirty paces away. From there a trail that was clearly cut out winding in and out of the woods. He continued, "This is a MetroParks area. Not much foot traffic last time I was here. I found a clearing deeper in the woods where I left the box to charge last time. We'll do that first before we head to town."  
  
Rebecca was so enraptured by the inexplicable trip and Brad's discussion that she barely noticed she was naked anymore. That was, until she was aware of Brad's eyes locking on to her tits. He was struggling not to look, in fact.  
  
"Get it together, Brad. I'm freaking out enough already. Let's get going."  
  
"Oh, okay," he exclaimed, coming to his senses. "This way."   
  
Brad led Rebecca through fifteen minutes of difficult terrain as they made their way deeper into the woods.   
  
"I wanted to be sure to find a place where I felt the box wouldn't be found," said Brad, as he helped Rebecca navigate the area in her bare feet. "It would be a terrible thing to have this discovered by someone."  
  
"If you say the civilization here is more advanced than ours, then wouldn't it make sense they would have built a device like yours by now?"  
  
"Who's to say they haven't? Even if they have, hypothetically there could be countless dimensions, and they could be tuned into other ones. Even if one could adjust a device like this to go to any dimension, the statistical odds of finding one in particular are astronomical. This just happens to be the one I stumbled across. You see?"  
  
She didn't, really. It was all above her.  
  
Finally, they made their way into a small clearing surrounded by trees, perhaps an area once used for camping by someone. Brad buried the box near the center allowing tall grass to cover it from view, while still being exposed to sunlight. He turned to Rebecca when he was finished, for the first time taking a solid look at her entirely, from head to toe.  
  
"Well, you ready?" he asked.  
  
"As ready as I'll ever be," she said. "Please tell me I won't make a fool of myself. Why are women forced to go naked here again?"  
  
"I intend to find out," he said. "In the meantime, let's just call this a working vacation. We have a couple days for the batteries to charge."  
  
Half an hour later, they had finally managed to escape the woods and make their way back to the path to town, when they saw the first sign of civilization. It was a traditional park area at the entrance to the nature park. There were what looked like tennis courts and playground equipment. A young couple was sitting on a bench having lunch. Sure enough, the girl, short and petite, sat completely naked next to what was assumed to be her fully-clothed boyfriend. They couldn't have been barely out of college.   
  
"Alright, I believe you now," said Rebecca, eyeing Brad.  
  
"Told you. Just be sure to act completely normal. As if you have seen this all your life. We don't want modesty to be apparent to the natives. It's important they think we're locals."  
  
"You said they don't take kindly to foreigners?"  
  
"Immigrants. Like Canadians or Mexicans coming into America. From what I gathered, this version of America is overtly nationalistic and protective of their borders."  
  
"It's almost as if in this world the far right has 'won' and gone overboard," said Rebecca.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Like back in our dimension. The stereotype of the conservatives hating immigrants. And the misogamy and disdain for women's rights. Not all conservatives, but enough to stereotype them. Here, they subject their women to constant nudity, they go to such depths of misogamy."  
  
"Hmm... that's an interesting take on things," said Brad. "You would think the far left would have people running in the streets naked, not the far right. Maybe it's not political at all, though."  
  
"Yeah, I bet it's just some system of the men being empowered over the women. Why else would it be this way?" Rebecca glanced over at the couple sitting on the bench as she spoke. The young man was leaning back gently finger fucking the girl next to him. Rebecca was shocked as she watched the girl struggle to maintain a conversation with the young man as he went about his business of working her pussy.   
  
"Arch your shoulders back. Stand up straight," whispered Brad. "Again, you need to look the part."  
  
Rebecca scoffed. "You just wanna see my tits. And why is she not only naked, but taking that sexual harassment in public? Did you know about that?"  
  
"Come on, we went over this. You agreed to come, so please don't give us away. And stop trying to cover yourself so often, please." It was true Rebecca had been covering herself now and again with her arms and hands. She was so unaccustomed to being naked, she couldn't help it.   
  
Brad continued, "I didn't see any of that stuff the first time I was here. Well, not too much, I guess."  
  
Rebecca straightened up as he requested, thrusting her big tits forward. "Fine, we should get moving. Maybe find a hotel room or something."  
  
"Not sure how we can pay for one," said Brad. "We'll figure something out, though. Look, there's a bus stop at the entrance to this park. It'll take us into town and it's free. I used it last time."  
  
They made their way out to the stop. They noticed the park wasn't very busy as no one else was in sight other than the couple, now far behind them. About 20 minutes later, a small bus finally arrived. Two men in their early 20s stepped out with what could only be assumed was their mother behind. Nearing 50, the woman still held onto an attractive figure, albeit her C-cup breasts hung much lower than Rebecca's. She appeared perfectly comfortable being naked next to them.  
  
Brad and Rebecca stepped into the bus once it was cleared, surprised to see no one driving.  
  
"Sit anywhere ya like. Bus is empty," said a voice through some speakers.  
  
"This place is crazy," said Rebecca, sitting down. Brad squeezed in next to her, even though he could have taken any other empty row.  
  
"Believe me now?" he whispered.  
  
"Yes, yes. I'm not sure I'd rather have preferred you were lying to me, after all. I'm completely naked, Brad. It's just now sinking in. I have to stay this way for two more days?"  
  
"Well, think of it this way. To everyone here, you're completely accustomed to it. See if you can play it like an actress. Act. Role-play someone you're not. It's probably the best way to approach this situation, and it's the only way I am managing to power through this."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Believe me, Rebecca. I am a nervous wreck, not just from being here, but being next to you. I... I..."  
  
Rebecca saw though his discomfort and interrupted. "So you mean I should pretend that this doesn't bother me? Or pretend to enjoy it?"  
  
"I think whatever role you see fit to get through this, Rebecca, but you must promise not to behave embarrassed or insulted in any way. I'm very concerned we could be arrested and we won't be able to get back home. Listen, if anyone asks where we're from, say 'upstate.' I discovered last time I was here there is a larger city north of here. I forget the name, though."  
  
"Okay, okay," said Rebecca. "I won't give us away, I promise. But can you please explain what we saw back there? That man was finger-banging that girl! Did you see that? Is that normal?"  
  
"I guess. Thinking back, I may have seen some inappropriate behavior the first time I was here, but it got so commonplace, kinda, that I didn't find it shocking after a while. Still, I never saw anything quite that blatant before. I think it was happening because they were boyfriend and girlfriend and in a secluded area. You know, just playing."  
  
"Okay. Then what inappropriate behavior did you see?"  
  
"I saw a lot of breast fondling. Some nipple sucking on occasion. Some of the girls tended to rub their own breasts, too. Maybe once or twice I witnessed girls masturbating. Oh, wait... three times including the girl at the cafeteria I'd met." Brad mumbled off to himself.   
  
"Brad, did you purposefully keep this information from me?"  
  
"Well, maybe. It was embarrassing to talk about."  
  
"Do I have to be subjected to that stuff?" Rebecca asked, meekly.  
  
"I honestly don't know. I never saw a girl actually say no to anything being done to her."  
  
"Oh my god, Brad. I don't know. You don't understand. I'm not very experienced and I'm shy."  
  
"But why? You're hot!" Brad spat the words out without even thinking. He immediately turned beet red.

Rebecca found herself silent after hearing Brad's testament to her looks. She knew she was attractive enough, but "hot" hadn't really crossed her mind. In some way, it gave her confidence and she smiled.  
  
"So... I was in a few school plays, ya know. Maybe I could do what you said. Pretend to be someone I'm not. Just pretend to be this person who has subjected herself to nudity her entire life. I wonder..."  
  
"Yes, that's actually an excellent idea," said Brad, looking her up and down. "Really? You were an actress?"   
  
Rebecca noticed Brad's glances and sat up, letting him get a clearer picture. "It was a fun time. I've thought about doing community theatre, too. Just haven't been convinced I can sacrifice the time."  
  
"You should!" exclaimed Brad. "I'd love to see you on stage."  
  
"I'm sure you're loving this," Rebecca giggled, for the first time relaxing to the situation, trying to play the role as suggested.  
  
Brad looked out the bus window. "You've got maybe ten minutes to get ready. Your first day in town ought to be interesting."

**Alternate Dimensions Pt. 02**

Rebecca Stoles was already working on playing the role of someone who is comfortable being naked at all times, while she sat next to Brad on the bus. She was sitting up straighter, allowing her breasts to jut out more, regardless of all the creeping her friend seemed to do on them. After thinking it over, she figured it was pretty much involuntary on Brad's part. He was a dweeb, utterly unfamiliar with being in the presence of a real naked girl, much less his apartment neighbor. Rebecca knew Brad crushed on her a bit, too, which only made it more awkward.   
  
But here she was, in another dimension, just as Brad had described. While it was strange, and a touch humiliating being naked, Rebecca was excited to see what the two would discover. She could grin and bare the discomfort of nudity for the time being.  
  
"How long before the portal is ready again?" she asked.  
  
"Solar charge takes a couple days, but we're going back tomorrow to charge the phone. I figure we spend a day here first. We'll have an idea of where to come back with the camera after scoping out the place, too."  
  
"Have you considered the library?" asked Rebecca. She noticed the automated bus began to pass buildings. Glancing out the window, she saw a few people outside. One woman, a rather heavy one, was standing alone stark naked like there was nothing to it.  
  
'Okay,' thought Rebecca. 'The more I see it, the more I can handle this.'  
  
Brad responded, "Last time I was here I tried going to the library, but arrived late. Didn't get much time there. I agree with you, though. We'll go there soon and see if we can't read up on the history of this place."  
  
Brad kept perving on Rebecca's tits while they talked and she wondered if he'd ever look her in the eye again while they were visiting this dimension. The bus came to a stop at what appeared to be an uptown square. Shops and restaurants lined the streets, with their signs and street boards decorating the background. The theme was modern, yet it seemed out of place, Rebecca thought. Small business seemed to thrive here, rather than being suffocated by big box stores. People were going in and out of shops, talking, laughing, going about their day. All would have appeared normal except for half of the people were butt naked, all women.  
  
"Come on, door's open, we better go," said Brad.  
  
The two stepped off the bus, with the doors instantly closing behind. Brad knew the bus wasn't powered by gas or diesel as it quietly drove away. About ten feet from the curb was an old man selling ice cream. Two women in their mid thirties were speaking with them, one of them giggling. Her pineapple sized cans jiggled as she engaged with the old man, when he suddenly reached out and pinched one of her nipples, but not before pulling on it, making the breast point towards him, and spring back when he let go. He smiled and performed the exercise on the other breast before handing the woman her strange-colored cone, a deep purple and green.  
  
"Have a good day, ma'am. You?" he asked to the other woman, who shook her head in response.   
  
Rebecca thought she would decline the frozen treat, too, if she had to have her breasts grope to get it, but without warning he reached out and squeezed the woman's tits, palpating her small mounds and twisting on her nipples. Finally, he let go and she joined her friend, walking back toward an office building.  
  
"Huh, you think maybe they work there? Secretaries? Maybe they are the bosses?" It was Brad asking. Rebecca looked at him like he was an idiot and retorted, "Brad, that man just molested those women, and you're worried about where they work?"   
  
Then the old man spotted them and raised his hand high in the air, insisting they come to him. Brad looked and Rebecca and shrugged.  
  
"I guess we better..."  
  
"You, sir," said the man. "How about an ice cream on such a hot day."  
  
"Well, that uh.. would be nice."  
  
"That will be four dollars. Chocolate, Vanilla or Blasherberry."  
  
Brad had no idea what Blasherberry was, but it didn't matter. He had no currency on him and said so, apologizing. "I think I left my wallet at home, I am so sorry."  
  
"Oh, that's okay," said the old man, scratching his beard. "Maybe your girlfriend will share."  
  
"Oh, she's not my girlfriend... and she doesn't have any money , either."  
  
The old man practically snapped his neck reeling at Brad. "What's wrong with you, boy?" The man stepped closer to Rebecca. "Well, would you like one, ma'am? Blasherberry perhaps? Share with your... brother, maybe, if he isn't your boyfriend? Whoever he is?" The man was eyeing Brad skeptically as he spoke.  
  
As Rebecca answered, the dirty old man was already reaching up to grope her tits. 'Stay the part, stay the part!' she cried in her head to herself. The man had groped the other women like it was everyday, normal behavior and as he tugged and squeezed on her nipples now, she knew she had to allow the same. "Yes, sir. I would like a Blasherberry."  
  
"I thought you might," smiled the man, who stopped molesting Rebecca to retrieve the treat. "Here you go. And hey, between you and me, your friend could use some sleep or something. Something's not right about him."  
  
Brad quickly grabbed Rebecca's hand and nodded. "Maybe you're right, sir. Thank you for the ice cream."  
  
Brad hustled Rebecca across the street, away from the man. "I am so sorry about that, Rebecca. I had no idea it worked quite like that... if I had been here with a woman last time I visited, maybe I would have known more."  
  
Rebecca, holding the strange colored ice cream, but not yet eating it, pulled Brad back. "Hey, I know this is all fucked up, but if anything, maybe you need to blend in better."  
  
"Well, what was I supposed to do?" asked Brad.  
  
"I dunno. I don't know the rules here, either. So women get stuff for free if they get molested?" Rebecca pointed at her cone. "Well, wait. That one woman still got groped even though she didn't get a cone."  
  
"I don't know, either," said Brad. "Why don't we park it over there and people-watch a few minutes before we go to the library." Brad was pointing at an empty bench near a fountain in the city square. Other passers by were seated at other benches nearby or on the ring of the fountain. It was active, but not overly busy.  
  
"Oh yeah, the library," said Rebecca. "I'd almost forgotten already."  
  
They strolled to the bench, sitting down, when Rebecca finally bit into her cold treat. "Oh my god," said Rebecca. "This is fucking amazing. What is this?"  
  
"The ice cream?" asked Brad. He wasn't looking at his friend (or her tits) at the moment. Instead, Brad's attention was focused on the couple on the bench next to theirs. The man was reading a book while the woman leaned back. He was slowly massaging her sizeable tits as if it was an everyday thing. The woman noticed Brad looking and smiled to acknowledge him. When he didn't wave or nod back, she seemed to scowl a bit. Finally, Brad turned to Rebecca.  
  
"You have to try this, Brad," said Rebecca, excitedly. She didn't care one whit she was naked at the moment. This was a brand new discovery. A new THING. "Just taste it."  
  
Rebecca handed the treat to Brad who bit in. It was like a rich vanilla, with a sweet, earthy truffle undertone. It felt as if the sugars and cream just melted into the tongue. Brad was impressed. "That is good," he said, giving it back.  
  
"Yeah, the rest is mine. Especially if I have to go naked the whole time and you don't. I should get some kind of perk." Rebecca winked at Brad. This was perhaps the first time she really felt like she enjoyed it... or at least she didn't mind it... being seen naked by her dweeb friend.  
  
Just then, an officer and a stark naked woman who was built rock hard with small, perky breasts, walked up to the unknown foreigners. The officer spoke, "Everything okay over here?" he asked. The girl stepped forward looking at Rebecca. "Ma'am, are you okay."  
  
Rebecca was biting into the last of her ice cream, her eyes darting side to side. "Uh, yeah. Everything's fine, thank you. I was just enjoying my treat."  
  
The male officer began squeezing the naked girl's right butt cheek firmly with his left hand. The naked girl didn't take much notice to it, instead taking a moment to eye Brad before addressing Rebecca again. "Ma'am, I'm Officer Darlene Woods and this is my partner, Officer Thomas Hinkley."  
  
"So you do have jobs..." whispered Brad. It immediately caught the attention of both officers.  
  
"What's that?" asked Hinkley to Brad. "You smarting off?" He put his right hand to his baton while he continued to molest his partner's tight ass with his other.  
  
Suddenly, Rebecca leaned into Brad, whispering as softly into his ear as possible. "Just shut the fuck up and start rubbing my tits." Brad's eyes instantly went wide. "I mean it. NOW!" Rebecca whispered-screamed, before turning back to the two officers and smiling. "I was just finishing up, I was so hungry, that's all."  
  
The two officers stood fully upright, breathing in. They appeared skeptical in their body language. Brad, getting the courage to follow through on Rebecca's instruction, awkwardly reached over with his left hand and began pushing and pinching on Rebecca's right tit. It certainly felt like Brad had never touched a tit before, thought Rebecca, but the act seemed to placate the two authority figures.  
  
"Well, okay then," said the naked one, Darlene. She pinched her nipples and looked at Brad. "You folks stay out of trouble."  
  
Rebecca and Brad watched the two walk away, far from earshot, before Rebecca said anything. Brad was still groping, getting erect, and fearing what his friend might say to him. "Brad, take a close look around us."  
  
Brad put his hands down and began scoping the scene. Brad was not a natural people watcher, or one who socialized. He was more introspective and more concerned with how THINGS work, rather than people. Perhaps it was the reason he had missed so much the first time he visited, and why he had suggested doing it this time around.  
  
"Brad, don't stop rubbing my tits. I mean it. And look around you!" Rebecca grabbed Brad's hand and put it back on her bosom. "Keep fondling me and pay attention. Every woman out here is stark naked, and if they aren't moving from point A to point B, they are being molested. It doesn't matter what they're doing."  
  
Brad saw it clearly now. From the couple next to him, to the young man on the far side of the fountain. He was surrounded by three girls his age while he casually pinched, prodded, pulled and groped on their various body parts. Not one of the ladies seemed to give a care in the world about it. The man even reached down and stroked on the tall girl's clit. She smiled, looking into the man's eyes, while he did so, but otherwise seemed quite indifferent to the experience. Perhaps pleasantly surprised.  
  
On the other side of the park were more women and men. If the women were stationary and around someone, they were getting physically assaulted. At least, that's the way Rebecca would have viewed it anywhere else, but here, while Brad was flicking on her thick nipple, she was just astounded... maybe perplexed.  
  
"Come on, let's get to the library," said Rebecca. Brad was glad to finally have the pressure off him. His cock was hard and he felt out of place being so forward with his friend. Yet even she was beginning to show signs that she could get comfortable with this behavior. Brad would never understand people, he thought.  
  
"Library's this way... several blocks." Brad took Rebecca's hand this time, instead of her tit, anyway. He began walking her east at a brisk pace. As they passed people, the two still noticed unusual stares.  
  
"Brad, let go of my hand."  
  
He immediately did so, but turned to question her. He was distracted by her breasts again, as they tended to bounce heavily at this pace. Rebecca didn't mind so much him staring.  
  
"Notice there are no genuine public displays of affection here," said Rebecca.  
  
"What? Women are getting their breasts rubbed and asses handled. What do you mean?"  
  
"I mean, look... no one holds hands... or hugs, or kisses. i mean, you can tell some people are officially couples, but the men just fondle and molest their partners while in public. No public affection outside of that. I wonder if they behave differently in private."  
  
Brad was shaking his head. "So holding hands is personal, but rubbing ass cheeks isn't?"  
  
"Yes, Brad, believe it or not, there can be more intimacy in holding hands than even getting fucked by a giant cock." Rebecca was surprised she was so blunt with her friend. The words came out like nothing. She began having thoughts like, 'Why couldn't Brad just grope her tits like she saw other men on the street doing?' Some of them put some real effort into it.  
  
Rebecca had to admit, though. that even though Brad wasn't experienced, it was fun to get away with this act. To be in a place where it was apparently mandatory to get molested, and to be naked at all times... well, it was kind of exhilarating for her.  
  
Rebecca pointed out an observation to Brad. "Maybe if I saw someone forced... or some girl raped... I wouldn't find this acceptable in any way, but this is just the culture here. Being naked, getting groped. It doesn't make sense, and it should be repulsive, but it's... I don;t know... okay, I guess?"  
  
Brad was a bit surprised to hear his friend's confession. "You're okay with it?"  
  
Rebecca almost stopped, but picked up the pace again. "How much further?"  
  
"That big building there," said Brad, pointing again. "Two blocks."  
  
"I guess I am okay with it here, Brad. We have to do it to blend in, anyway." Rebecca looked up at Brad to get his attention, but he was too busy staring at her tits. She just smiled and shook her head. "So look, anytime, okay?"  
  
"Anytime?" asked Brad. "Anytime what?"  
  
"That's it is appropriate to fondle me, you better do it. I mean it. Start acting like the locals here, Brad, or it's YOU that are going to give us away."  
  
Rebecca was secretly mortified she had just asked Brad to molest her... and to do a better job at it! She never would have seen herself asking for such a thing, even yesterday. But she couldn't wait. Rebecca loved the idea of it. Certainly, when they made it to the library, Brad was going to have to keep up the charade. Maybe, just maybe, she could convince him to rub her pussy...

**Alternate Dimensions Pt. 03**

By the time they walked the two blocks to reach to the library, Rebecca was feeling more accustomed and confident than ever about being stark naked in public. Considering every other adult woman was naked in this world, it made the experience easier. After a time, it felt natural. Even refreshing.  
  
"Hold on, before we go in," said Rebecca to Brad, just before biting into the last of the Blasherberry ice cream cone. She got it from an old man, a street vendor when they first got off the bus. It was a flavor not known on their Earth, and she absolutely loved it. She groaned as she took in the succulent, sweet flavors. "Let me just throw away this wrapper."  
  
Rebecca strolled to the trash bin near the entrance, discarded the paper and turned to Brad one last time before going in. "Don't forget. If it was like at the fountain, you'll need to molest me when we get in there. It's okay, just try to look casual."  
  
Brad blushed. He'd already groped his friend for some time and had difficulty refraining from holding back lengthy erections. Rebecca was ridiculously attractive and he was a putz, too nervous to enjoy the opportunity. "Okay, I'll do my best," he huffed.  
  
Rebecca opened the door and they made their way inside. Sure enough, there were at least a half dozen naked women. Two were behind a counter, one in a chair next to it, and three others scattered nearby. Two of the women standing were getting their bodies groped and rubbed by the only men in the place. One of the guys was even holding and reading a book with one hand, while forcefully tugging on some poor girl's hard nipples with the other. She didn't seem to mind at all.   
  
"History section," whispered Brad. "Over there, next to Resources."  
  
The two made their way through the isles and Brad quickly pulled a few books that caught his interest. Minutes later, they found a table. It had a small bowl of mints centered on it like all the other tables in the library, but was otherwise empty. Brad began pouring into the pages.  
  
"Hey, play with my boobs or something while you do that. As I said, let's not look out of place."  
  
"You're worried about that more than I am, I think," said Brad, stopping at a page. He looked up and saw one of the staff, a woman with enormous udders for tits, giving him a cold stare from behind the counter. Rebecca saw it, too.  
  
"See? Hurry up already," Rebecca whispered. She leaned forward and Brad, somewhat better practiced now, reached over and began fondling her nipple for a moment before rubbing and massaging her breasts. The woman went back to punching books or some other obscure task.   
  
"Look at this," he nodded at the page the book was opened to.  
  
Rebecca saw photos of what looked like an assembly hall with men and women in it. Another photo had a woman standing behind a podium giving a speech. All were dressed. The styles were dated, as the men and women dressed in what looked like what was worn back in the forties in Brad and Rebecca's world.  
  
"Look at that. This article is about the nation's first woman senator." Brad flipped the pages, advancing the years. Apparently the book chronicled the history of women in the country, as most of the pictures focused on females. Brad knew this universe was on the same timeline as theirs and quickly flipped to the front. His other hand continued to grope and prod his friend, who secretly wished he'd get more daring. "Printed in 1988." He turned to the back of the book now. "Look, even the last pictures show the women as dressed. We're going to have to find a more recent book."  
  
Rebecca reached over and grabbed one of the mints in the dish, while still allowing for Brad's reach to stay on her tits. "You just had an ice cream," said Brad.  
  
"Yeah, well, I wanna try new things while we're here. Do we need to go find another book?" She popped the mint in her mouth and instantly smiled. "Oh my god," she said, almost too loudly for a library.  
  
"What?" Brad asked.  
  
"It's that blasherberry stuff again! That flavor! So fucking delicious, even in a mint. I mean damn, I gotta take some of these home with me." Without hesitation, she grabbed more from the small bowl, but then realized she had no place to put them. "You mind?" holding them out to Brad.  
  
He sighed and quickly took them from her, stuffing them in his pockets. "Did you really need to take all of them?"  
  
"Hey, I left a couple!"  
  
"Come on, let's go find a better source."  
  
Before they even got out of their chairs, a bell rang and a voice crackled over a few loudspeakers. The woman behind the desk was slouched over with her tits swinging underneath her, talking into a microphone. "Everybody checking out, please do so now. The library will be closing in five minutes. We are having a crew come in for an annual cleaning. Thank you for your understanding."  
  
"Of all the days to close early," sighed Brad.  
  
"It's okay," said Rebecca. "We'll just wing it. Besides, we can come back tomorrow, right?"  
  
"Yeah, maybe before we go back home."  
  
"Why don't we take the bus back to the metro-park? We'll spend the night, check the equipment and figure it out from there."  
  
"Good idea," said Brad. He knew that they would probably be alone there. It meant he didn't have to keep physically assaulting his friend. Surely she had to feel awkward about it, too.  
  
Brad's partner was observant. Rebecca knew the strange circumstances were taking its toll on her friend. She enjoyed the groping, surprisingly, but he was still very green and nervous. She knew he could use a break. Still, Brad stayed truer to the form of a local and rubbed and groped on Rebecca, whenever they had to stop while they made their way back to the bus stop to the metro-park.  
  
"I do like the public transportation here," giggled Rebecca. "Free! And automated. Pretty cool."  
  
While standing at one corner to cross a street, Rebecca moved Brad's hand to her ass. For the first time it really felt like he put some effort into his squeeze. It pinched, but felt good. After several more blocks and a short wait, the two were back on the bus and headed to where they started from. There weren't too many people along the path and by the time they made it to the portal device they'd hidden deep in the park, no one was around.  
  
Brad ran to it when they were within ten feet, though. "Oh, no!" he screamed. "Someone's been here." One of the panels on the side was open and Brad started flipping the object around, back and forth.  
  
"Is everything okay?"  
  
"Looks like someone opened the case. Nothing out of place that I can see." He pushed a button and the unit lit right up. "Holy shit, it's fully charged. Maybe there was better sun this time. I didn't expect it to charge so quickly."  
  
"Well, that's something," said Rebecca.  
  
"I've got an idea. You still have several days off from work, right?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Let's zip back to my place. This will take us right there. I'll charge it overnight, the faster way of course, and then we come back tomorrow. We'll have to find a new place to hide this coming back. Anyway, going home will allow us to bathe and sleep comfortably."  
  
Rebecca shrugged, "Sure, why not?"  
  
"You can get some clothes on, too," said Brad. "I know this was a big... well... hard thing to do, I guess."  
  
"It's okay, Brad, I got used to it. Come on, it's been a long day. We'll see what tomorrow brings."  
  
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Rebecca got dressed not long after they got returned home. Once showered and in night clothes, she met Brad in the living room. "Your turn."  
  
"Yeah, I won't be long. I have some ideas about tomorrow I'll share when I get back." Brad got up and began to empty his pockets, placing the contents on the coffee table. First he had to dig out dozens of blasherberry mints that Rebecca had forced him to take from the library, followed by his keys and wallet.  
  
"Oh, fuck yeah! You have to try one of those!"  
  
"When I get back," Brad said. "Give me ten minutes."  
  
"Alright, I need to call my mother anyway. Forgot about Dad's birthday coming up."  
  
Sometime later, Brad was also dressed in his jammies and reappeared in the living room with Rebecca.   
  
"Yes, mom, I'll be there. Yeah, thanks for the tip. OK, bye bye. Love you!" She paused looking to Brad, before dropping the phone next to her on the couch. "Perfect timing."  
  
"Well, have you thought much about it?" asked Brad.  
  
"About today?"  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"I can't stop. I almost wanted to tell my mom. Hah!" Rebecca reached over and grabbed one of the mints, popping it in her mouth.  
  
"Have you been eating those ever since I went to take my shower?"  
  
"No! Asshole. I was on the phone with my mom. Distracted. Seriously, you should try one."  
  
"Fine," said Brad, picking one up and sniffing it. "It's that earthy, truffle smell again."  
  
"Yeah, but with that burst of sweetness. And it's not like sugar, or worse, a fake sugar. It's weird, but hits the palate like BAM!" Rebecca was raving about them. "We need to pick up a lot more of these when we go back," she laughed.  
  
Brad smiled. "You act like those made it all worth getting naked for."  
  
"That's a good way of putting it," said Rebecca, winking. "It gives me an idea!"  
  
Before Brad could object, Rebecca jumped up and stripped off all her clothes. She was just barely beginning to show stubble which Brad thought was pretty hot, but her gorgeous, full breasts got most of his attention. She jiggled them left and right. "You should practice more."   
  
As badly as he wanted to, Brad resisted. "Uh, Rebecca, it's okay. I did well enough to pass while we were over there. I'll do even better next time."  
  
"Brad, I want you to try. Come on, now. I insist!"   
  
Rebecca was practically stuffing her tits in Brad's face. Without thinking, he opened his mouth and took a nipple in, his first time experiencing the pleasure.  
  
"Mmm, that's better," said Rebecca. "You should get used to this. I need to, as well.  
  
Though she seemed to be thoroughly enjoying it, Brad couldn't make out if she was actually sexually aroused. Maybe he wasn't doing it right., he thought. He sucked harder, and then much softer, afraid he might have gone too far.  
  
"Just suck on it, boy. Don't be afraid to pull on the other one or maybe considering stroking my clit."  
  
Brad pulled back. "Um... your, uh..."  
  
"Yes, like this."  
  
Rebecca wasn't sure why, but she NEEDED her body to be groped. It wasn't a desire. It was a flat out necessity. but like Brad, even she was unsure if she was sexually aroused. Given the situation, she didn't yet mention that fact, and Brad certainly wasn't going to ask if she was enjoying it. He was sweating bullets as it was, barely able to communicate.  
  
After twenty minutes of fondling, with Brad getting more and more sexually aroused (he almost came, but barely managed to hold back), Rebecca pushed him off and turned away. She picked up her bottoms and quickly slid them on before turning around and grabbing her top.  
  
"Okay, I think that's enough practice for one night. You're getting better."  
  
"Thanks, I guess," said Brad.  
  
Rebecca grinned and said, "Come on. Don't worry about it. You're right. You'll be even better tomorrow. I'm going to head to bed. Couch okay?" Eve though she lived next door, it made sense to stick together during their adventure, she thought.  
  
"You can have the bedroom if you want."  
  
"No, that's fine. Just grab me a pillow and I'll be fine." Rebecca took another mint off the table and popped it in. "Can't help myself. One more before bed. Hope these are low in calories."  
  
Brad left to get sheets and a pillow. Making his way back, he almost dropped everything. Once again, Rebecca was stark naked.  
  
"Uh, do you sleep naked?" he asked, trembling.  
  
"No, but I needed to take my clothes off."  
  
"Uh, why?"  
  
"I guess.. well.. I don't know... maybe you need more practice still."  
  
"Rebecca, it's getting late and I need to write a report. Are you sure?" He placed the sheets and pillow on the couch and Rebecca approached.  
  
"A quick tug on my nipples before you leave then."  
  
It hit Brad. It didn't take much to connect the dots. "The mints," he said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Or rather, the blasherberry. I bet it causes this."  
  
"What? How?"  
  
"Rebecca, not two minutes ago you stopped having me fondle you, and got dressed. All of a sudden, you need to be fondled again? What's the connection?"  
  
"Oh my god, you're right. And after that blasherberry ice cream, I had no problem being comfortable naked. The more I ate, the more I wanted to be groped, too."  
  
"We need to go back to that library and find a book on blasherberries."  
  
"Fine, we'll go to the same place tomorrow, but Brad, while you are standing here now, could you?"  
  
Brad, getting more autonomous with this, reached out and began groping his friend again. "You might want to hold back on those," he said, eyeing the mints.  
  
"They're so damn delicious, though," said Rebecca sighing.  
  
"We'll learn more tomorrow. You good now?"  
  
"I guess." Rebecca dropped her head, looking somber.   
  
Brad, not knowing how to respond to that, went to his room and after writing up a journal entry, dozed off quickly. Rebecca, a bit frustrated and confused, fell asleep not long after him.  
  
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"I've got a theory," said Brad, gently pushing on Rebecca's shoulder the next morning, waking her.  
  
"Mmmphghph... what? What time is it?"  
  
"Almost 8:30. You need to get up. Long day. The sleep was good for me. I think I have an idea what is happening over there."  
  
"Over where?" Rebecca rubbed a knuckle into one eye while lifting herself up. She was dressed again, Brad noticed. The blasherberry must have worn off before she fell asleep.  
  
"Those pictures we saw, the people we've met... this is my theory. Our dimensions are, for all intent and purpose, clones. The pictures we saw in those books resembled our own history, even if it wasn't exactly the same. So as these two dimensions co-exist, the cultures and lifestyles may have had slight deviations, but nothing major... until blasherberry came to existence."  
  
"How do you know this?"  
  
"It's the only explanation. That is, if our theory on blasherberry is correct, that's it's the cause of the... behavior. Maybe it's some fruit or plant they discovered. I'm curious... after they found out it makes people behave this way... how did it become part of the culture? Is it addictive in nature?"  
  
"It sure is tasty," said Rebecca. "I wouldn't mind having one now. I don't suppose you have anything to eat?"  
  
"Cereal, maybe."  
  
"Well, we are leaving soon. Maybe I should just pop a few mints before we go. I have to be naked anyway."  
  
"I wonder if it skews your thinking in any way," said Brad. "Maybe you should, for no better term, stay sober... and avoid blasherberry."  
  
Rebecca sighed. She really wanted those mints, but her friend was right. "Fair warning, I may not be as receptive to you fondling me, though."  
  
Brad darted his eye to the floor. "You know I wish I didn't have to do that."  
  
"It's okay. Small sacrifice, I guess."  
  
Brad pulled out his portal device and placed it on the coffee table. "Time to go. Normally I'd say get dressed, but in this case..."  
  
Rebecca genuinely laughed and stood up. "Enjoy it while it lasts," she said, lifting her shirt. A moment later, she was stark naked and she and Brad placed their hands on the device, preparing to be transported to the strange dimension once more. "Can't be any crazier than yesterday," she sighed.  
  
How wrong she was...