**Anne & Coco**

by[G-String](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=402063&page=submissions)©

I arrived at the bus terminal on Hong Kong Island side just after 7:00 am. I was only a few minutes late but they should have waited for me. Well, I wasn't sure if I really wanted to go anyway! Gave me the creeps just thinking about the trip. Perhaps this was my perfect way out. Sod it! Sod them all!  
  
"Coco." An unfamiliar voice called me from behind just as I was about to leave.  
  
"Oh, hi Anne. A surprise to see you here."  
  
I wasn't trying to mock her but Anne blushed crimson all the same. I didn't know Anne that well, as we attended different classes in school. But this was Anne, one of the top students from our graduation form and a senior prefect. Who would imagine a good girl like Anne joining this trip!  
  
"Don't worry Anne, nobody will know about this."  
  
She nodded shyly and said, "Where are they anyway?"  
  
"I don't know, I just arrived. Perhaps they caught the last bus. I think one just left at 7:00. Let's see, the next bus is... 7:30. Perhaps others will join us by then."  
  
You might wonder what this was all about. No big deal really, nothing sinister, just plain wicked. You see, we just took the open examination and were waiting, in my case very nervously, for the results. If all went well, I could be starting university life in about two months' time, but in the worst scenario, I would have to start looking for a job. I was so worried it was driving me crazy. Then yesterday, Ivy and a couple of the girls proposed that we should do something bold and daring together before we went our separate ways. Ivy joked about skinny-dipping at a secluded beach near Shek O. Well, one thing led to another, Ivy who was my best friend and confidante talked me into it. I wondered who persuaded Anne to come. However, as she was obviously more embarrassed about this than I, I kept quiet.  
  
In the next 20 minutes, we waited mostly in awkward silence but nobody else showed up. I was thinking that perhaps there was still a chance that we could both get out of this with no loss of face. The ignition of the New World Bus engine jostled me back to reality.  
  
"Are you girls hopping onboard or not?" The bus driver asked.  
  
Sheepishly, I took a sideway glance at Anne, hoping that she would say something like, "Sod it! It's a really stupid idea. Let's go home!" After all, Anne was the prefect. I look up to her literally as she was also a few inches taller.  
  
I could see that she was deliberating.   
  
"Say it, Anne. Say, 'Go home' Anne! For Christ's sake, the bus driver is waiting. Make up your mind, Anne!" I screamed at her, but only inside my head.  
  
Anne bit on her lower lip and said, "Let's catch them unexpected on the beach." Then, with bold strides on her long legs she stepped aboard the double-decker bus and paid the fare with her Octopus card. Shit, trust Anne to make a decision!  
  
Anne and I studied at a very conservative girls' school. Our uniform was a light blue traditional Chinese long dress, or cheongsam as it was called. Those from Hong Kong would no doubt recognise the school I was referring to. School rules stipulated that the hem must cover the knees but the splits on the sides were not strictly regulated. For some, the splits went way up almost to the hips showing a lot of legs. But never Anne, the good-girl-at-school!   
  
Today, she had a white Disney t-shirt, a pair of powder-blue running shorts and a pair of Birkenstock T-strap in neon green. Being the good girl, she kept her long jet-black hair in braids in strict compliance with school regulations, even though there was no school today. Christ, why couldn't she loosen up just a little and be bad for a change?  
  
This was the first time I caught a really good look at Anne's legs and I envied her. How come some girls had it all? Tall, good-looking and score good grades! Life was just so unfair!  
  
Well, if the good girl said: "Go" then who was I to complain? I wasn't about to chicken out in front of Anne. I stepped onto the bus. But as my mind was so preoccupied, I dropped my purse along with the coins everywhere. This was a truly bad omen and I should have taken heed. The bus was delayed when Anne and I gathered up my change of 13 coins for the fare, another bad omen! Then I followed her to the upper deck, admiring her smooth muscle-toned calves and the soft soles of her high-arched feet on the way up.  
  
The bus snaked around Shaukeiwan district a bit gathering up passengers. You could tell there were groups of high school graduates just like us heading for the beaches on the south side of Hong Kong Island. You couldn't miss them as they were still discussing the exam papers that we sat for just a few days ago.  
  
"Was that the correct answer?" I whispered to Anne, hoping to get a little reassurance.  
  
Suddenly, she looked worried and whispered back, "I am not really sure. The papers were all very difficult this year. To tell you the truth, I was so worried that I couldn't sleep at night. Can you see the dark patches under my eyes?"  
  
That coming from Anne was a surprise. Anne had none of the snootiness or pretensions of the other top students at school. She was such a genuine, nice and friendly person. Dark patches under her eyes or not, Anne was undeniably very pretty with a clear complexion, bright intelligent eyes and an exquisitely chiselled face. The tensions and awkwardness between us started to disappear as we began gabbing away during the rest of the bus trip, momentarily forgetting what lay ahead of us.  
  
By the time we arrived at the last stop at Shek O Beach, the sun was already burning fiercely on this early summer Thursday. We filed out of the bus with the rest of the passengers.   
  
"Anne, do you know where we are going as I wasn't sure."  
  
"Don't worry Coco. When Jenny asked me yesterday, I checked it out on the map. But I want to go round the kiosks on Shek O Beach to get a bottle of mineral water first, if that's alright with you. Who know, we may catch them having breakfast there."  
  
"Sure, I think I should get a bottle for myself."  
  
We followed the crowd to a string of tin huts by the beach front, selling anything from sandwiches, noodles, to suntan oil and huge inflated crocodiles. We got our bottled water but there was no sign of Ivy, Jenny or whoever else was supposed to be coming.  
  
"If they are not here, then they must be down on that little hideaway beach by now. Let's surprise them." Anne grinned mischievously.  
  
"Yeah, let's give them a fright... for leaving us behind."  
  
We retraced the short distance from Shek O Beach past the bus stop. Anne took a right turn at a small gap on the roadside then down a footpath to Rocky Bay Beach to find it deserted. We stepped precariously round the rocky sea edge for another 15 minutes or so towards the nameless beach on the map, right below the cliff of the Country Club golf course.   
  
We kept our approach dead silent, intending to scare the hell out of the rotten lot who left without us. As we sneaked around the last corner, however, we were both surprised and disappointed to find our destination, a small secluded stretch of sand and pebble beach surrounded by scrubs, also deserted.  
  
"Where the hell are they?" Anne and I echoed together.  
  
"May be they all chickened out!" Anne looked around and said after a while.  
  
"Now what?"  
  
I suddenly felt embarrassed at our predicament. Now, Anne and I had to decide whether we went ahead skinny-dipping with just the two of us, or chicken out like the others.  
  
"Well, what do you think?" Anne asked.   
  
I could hear the hesitation in her voice. Her cheeks were once again flushed.  
  
"Well, do you want to do it Anne? Or..."  
  
"When Jenny told me about it yesterday, I said right away that I didn't want to come. She really talked me into it. Then I thought, as you all labelled me the good-girl-at-school, may be I should really try something bad just once. It seems a crazy idea, but is such a big challenge for me. If I don't do this now, I don't think I ever shall. Well, I'm not really sure though." She looked nervously around the deserted beach.  
  
I wanted to get the hell out. Yet, I had an urge to help Anne fulfil her challenge, to be bad for just this once.  
  
"Hey, this may be fun. Since we are here already, why don't we at least give it a try."  
  
"And this stays just between the two us, right?"  
  
"Goes without saying." And we hooked our little fingers to seal the pact.  
  
Anxiously, we scanned around checking carefully that there was no one spying on us, not from behind the scrubs, not from the cliff top and not from out there in the sea. Then awkwardly we turned our backs to each other to disrobe. I had never gone starker before anyone, not since I was five or six anyway. Oh God! Just thinking about it, Anne had such an attractive body. I would look awful naked beside her.   
  
Nervously, I pulled the polo shirt over my head. I hesitated a few seconds and looked around some more to check if we were really alone, finding that Anne was doing the same. Our eyes met momentarily before we turned our backs at each other again in awkward silence.   
  
With shaky hands, I reached behind my back to unclip the bra. And I felt so insecure when it became loosened. I took a deep breath but that didn't help calming my nerve at all. When I shrugged off the white cotton bra, I was shaking like a leaf! But once that was out of the way, there was really no turning back. Quickly, I dug my thumbs inside the elastic waistband of my denim mini-skirt and lowered it together with my pair of plain cotton knickers to my ankles. Stepping out of them on the pebble beach I quickly stuffed them into my tiny satchel. I had never felt so nervous before!  
  
Gingerly, I turned around to find that Anne still had her back to me. Like me, she was now stitchless but was busy arranging her things into her chic little sports bag. Looking at her naked backside made me even more uncertain about the whole thing. She looked so slender and sexy, just like a fashion model.  
  
"Are your ready, Coco?"   
  
Anne said as she turned and caught me ogling at her. I felt like a thief getting caught. She blushed then said something out of character but which ultimately made sense.  
  
"Well, we may as well give each other a good once all over and get it out of the way."  
  
So that was exactly what we did!  
  
Anne had fair skin showing a healthy glow of pink under the sun. Her small breasts were very perky jutting out high on her chest, A-cups I guessed, with the top curvatures slopping slightly inward and capped by taut and up-tilted deep red nipples. I couldn't help but compared hers with my bowl-shaped B-cups, silver dollar pale brown areolas and now equally erect nipples. We were both so nervous yet terribly excited to find ourselves naked in the open air, under the glaring tropical sun. Hers was nicely shaped but mine's bigger. Round One, I think it was a draw.  
  
My gaze fell on her slender waist, concave on the sides but curved alluringly over her slim hips, her tummy was taut and flat. Her waistline would be 22" at most compared to my 24" with baby fat! Even her belly button looked so cute and sexy! Her pubes was a neat silky black triangle, just large enough to hide her intimate bits while mine was really sparse leaving virtually nothing to the imagination. I always thought that I looked gross down there. So, Round Two to Anne.  
  
My eyes travelled southward to admire her long-stemmed legs, slim at the thighs and shapely at the claves. She must be at least 5'5" and I only 5'2". Standing next to her I seemed to have short fat legs. There was really no competition.  
  
"You win, Anne!" I conceded.  
  
"What? Are you kidding? Coco, you are so gorgeous and in such great shape while I am just too skinny,"  
  
I thought she was just trying to be nice but her unexpected compliment did somehow restore my self-confidence.   
  
"The sun is so strong today. Let's oil up and catch an overall suntan." Anne said.  
  
"Yeah... Oh, wait! I heard that you can get a deeper and longer lasting tan if you soak the body in seawater before applying sunscreen."  
  
"Really? Let's do it."  
  
She grabbed my hand as I kicked off my flip-flops. Together, we skipped to the edge of the water.  
  
"It's freezing cold, Anne." I complained when it was just over ankle deep and I tried to pull back.  
  
"Don't be such a baby, Coco. Where's your sense of adventure?"  
  
Anne grabbed both my hands and dragged me deeper and deeper into the icy seawater. When it was chest-deep, my teeth were clattering incessantly. It was so bloody cold that my breasts began to ache and I thought that I couldn't possibly take it anymore. Just then, there was an unexpected drop ahead and Anne and I suddenly went under. We panicked and became separated.  
  
"Fucking shit!" I squealed when I surfaced but checked myself immediately. Kicking water, I looked apologetically at Anne hoping she would forgive my vulgar outburst.  
  
"You're right, that scared the fucking shit out of me too!" Anne grinned at me. Seeing the shock in my face, she added, "What's the matter, I can say anything I bloody like, can't I? And I am not your snooty, pretentious good-girl-at-school!" Then for good measures, she added, "Fucking shocking, eh?"  
  
"Anne, you are so full of surprises." I said, still in shock.  
  
"Yeah? And Coco... you are so full of shit." She giggled.  
  
"You bitch!" I retorted then laughed.  
  
In the next minute or so, we took turn to spit something rude at each other until we ran out of vocabulary and out of breath, as we had been kicking water vigorously and the current was pulling us away from the beach. However, it felt so incredibly exhilarating, swimming stitchless in the cold sea and swearing at the top of our lungs, against taboo set by our teachers at school and without a care of the whole damn world.  
  
"You think we do enough soaking already?" She asked finally.  
  
"I think so."  
  
We swam back, strolled up the beach hand-in-hand, nipples pointed and all back to our patch. Quickly, we dried with the small towels we brought and dug out our sunscreens. Then, busily we applied thick coats all over our breasts and on the shoulders, giggling nervously to hide our embarrassment.  
  
When I saw Anne was trying to do her back, I offered my help. Her skin was blemishless and felt silky smooth and supple. I had an urge to slap her cute little butt but decided against it. Anne most definitely wouldn't like that. Then she reciprocated the service, smoothing oil all over my back. And her touches felt so nice and sensual, making me all tingly! When she was done, she stood quietly behind me. Just as I was wondering what she was doing, I felt a pair of soft hands grabbing my breasts from behind. Stunned, I turned and yelled at her.  
  
"Wa! What the hell did you do that for?"   
  
I didn't know why but I was suddenly furious. Although I had played this prank at school with other girls before, it had always been over their school dress but never on bare flesh. No body had touched me so intimately before! I thought I was going to hit her.  
  
"That, was for you making me so jealous!" She just stared at my breasts as though she really meant what she just said.  
  
Was she really jealous of me because of my breasts? My cheeks burned but my anger vanished all of a sudden. I screwed my face and said, "I am going to get you. Just you wait."  
  
We finished slapping sunscreen onto the rest of our bodies and did a quick buddy check to make sure that we left no spot uncovered. As we didn't bring any beach mat, we just lay side by side on the pebbles to catch our all over suntan.  
  
"Anne, what's your plan after graduation?"  
  
"I have applied for a number of telecommunication courses at different universities. I just hope that I scored the grades in the exams to meet the offers."  
  
"So you want to be a reporter?"  
  
"Well, if I can make it into the university."  
  
"Ann, if you can't do it, nobody else can. So, one day I can tell people that sexy news anchorwoman on the box is my best friend." I said, leering teasingly all over her nakedness.  
  
Anne blushed and asked, "How 'bout you Coco?"  
  
"I don't know, nothing definite. I picked economics major and got offers from a couple of universities. Though I doubt very much if I could get through with the difficult papers this year."  
  
"Don't worry Coco. I'm sure you can. May be we shall end up in the same university."  
  
"Then we can get together skinny-dipping again..."  
  
We giggled and looked around again to make sure that we were still alone. Then we began to relax under the tropical sun, lost in our private thoughts about the future.   
  
After a while it was all quiet, except for the gentle lapping waves around our beach. Then I noticed a steady breathing on my right to find that Anne had dozed off.  
  
The sun was burning fiercely in the cloudless sky. I sat up and stole a glance at her. She had her arms raised, pulling her perky breasts taut. The backs of her hands were shielding her pretty face and her lips pouted sensually. Fine hair just started to appear under her armpits while I had mine shaved yesterday. A big drop of sweat rolled around the small swell of her left breast then quickly down her ribcage onto the pebbles. She was so sexy and I had an inexplicable desire to touch her. But she was sleeping so sweetly and peacefully I didn't want to startle her, despite what she did to me a little while back.  
  
I looked down my oil soaked body, now glistening silvery under the sun. The bra-strap and knickers elastic marks had all disappeared from the skin now. Droplets of sweats kept rolling down my round breasts, slaloming across my tummy and one or two ended up disappearing down my crotch. I glanced at Anne and she was still sleeping. So I eased myself a little away from her, splayed my thighs, smeared more oil down below and let my pussy catch some sun.   
  
As I mentioned earlier, my pubes was really sparse. Now that I had my thighs wide open, the inner lips sprouted out like orchid petals. I had a weird sensation of being intensely aroused as if the tropical sun was giving me hot kisses on my pussy lips. How wicked!  
  
The heat was getting more and more unbearable, burning into my ivory white breasts. Anne woke after a while and her perky breasts were glowing pink. She turned over and I did the same.  
  
"I made you very mad, didn't I?" Anne asked.  
  
"Come again?"  
  
"When I grabbed your Big Tits."  
  
It felt strange to hear Anne called my B-cups big tits. She was being uncharacteristically vulgar again and I was not that big anyway! Still, I was quite proud of my bosom.  
  
"Oh well, just for a second... No one had touched me there before and I sort of wanted to preserve the moment for a boyfriend... I mean when I had one."  
  
"You don't have a boyfriend?"  
  
"Nope, how 'bout you Anne?"  
  
"Me neither. I don't want to rush things."  
  
Anne and I kept tossing and turning as we grilled our bodies on that hot pebble beach. Finally, it came to a point that we could stand it no more.  
  
"You think it's about time that we do the soaking again before we reapply sunscreen or go and get something to eat?" Anne asked.  
  
"Why, not?"  
  
"I shall race you to that rock and back."  
  
I squinted my eyes. It was almost 100 metres out in the sea.   
  
"Okay!" and I jump-started ahead of Anne.  
  
The water was still freezing, though slightly more bearable than last time but the current was strong. Half way out we decided to stick together, just in case. When we made it to the rock, we were both breathless.   
  
"Whose stupid idea was it to swim out here?" I yelled through clattering teeth.  
  
"Shut up! I am starved, let's swim back."  
  
We struggled against the current and finally made our way back. We were so exhausted that we just flopped at the water edge to catch our breaths back. When we got up, the unthinkable unfolded before our eyes.   
  
As we hobbled towards our patch, we discovered that her bag and my satchel had disappeared. A piece of paper was weighed under her Birkenstock.

"Thank you for the show. 'LOL!' If you want your things back, you will find them behind the public phone booth at Big Wave Bay car park.   
  
Hurry!"  
  
Anne and I raised our palms spontaneously to shield our three strategic spots and strained our eyes around the deserted beach. But whoever took our bags, along with all our clothes and money must have gone by then.  
  
We looked at the hand-written note again in dismay, our bodies shaking with fear.  
  
"Big Wave Bay, that's two miles away." Anne broke our stunned silence.  
  
"The writing looks familiar." I said.  
  
"Yes, was it Jenny's?"  
  
"But I thought it was Ivy's."  
  
"No, I don't think so."  
  
"What shall we do Anne?"  
  
We looked around hoping that perhaps our friends would peek out of a corner or come out of the bushes. But no such luck!  
  
We took account of our situation. Between Anne and I, we had her pair of Birkenstock and my rubber flip-flops, my waterproof Casio Baby-G, one piece of paper that we just read and two shivering bodies. Oh, on top of those, whoever did this left Anne's quick-dry sunscreen behind. How very fucking thoughtful, LOL! Except, we were scared shitless and not in the mood for this sick joke!   
  
It was 1:30 pm. We looked at each other in despair.  
  
"I think it must be them. Let's go and find them."   
  
"But how, Coco!" Anne was almost in tears.  
  
"May be they are just waiting around the corner."  
  
Slipping on our sandals, we headed nervously back towards Rocky Bay Beach, hoping that perhaps our friends would be ambushing us on the way, had their laughs and then return our clothes. With shaky palms, I tried my very best to shield my nakedness and walked ahead of Anne. My heart was knocking at a maddening pace. By the time we rounded the corner of Rocky Bay Beach and found the place empty, we were really worried.  
  
"They're not here!" I could only state the obvious, as my mind just went blank.  
  
"Let's think, perhaps if we could get to a phone, then we could call them."  
  
"Yeah? There's a phone booth near Shek O Beach car park. But we have no money, remember? Do you want to stroll starker up to those tin huts and ask to borrow a dollar for the call, Anne?"  
  
"You have any better suggestions, smartarse?" She glared back at me.  
  
"I'm sorry Anne."  
  
"No, Coco, I should be the one to apologise!"  
  
"Perhaps we should just move along. May be they are just waiting ahead on the footpath to see how far we dared to go." I said but not really believing in it.  
  
"Let's go."  
  
Each step brought us closer to the real world, with civilized people wearing clothes! Half crouched, we hobbled gingerly to the top of the path and peered outside.   
  
The long stretch of Shek O Road to our right where we arrived on bus was deserted. I recalled from the bus timetable that there was no service for a few hours this time in the afternoon. To our left, three public phone booths were under 100 metres away down the road right next to a roundabout, leading to the right, a public car park and the tin huts, and to the left, Shek O Village. The whole place looked deserted.  
  
"What shall we do, Anne?" I searched her frightened eyes for reassurance, but finding none.  
  
"I... really... don't know." Anne was literally shaking with fear.  
  
Somebody had to make a suggestion otherwise we could be here forever!  
  
"I know that we don't have to worry about buses coming here right now. And I bet nobody in his right mind would be around the car park this time of the day in this hot weather. Shall we give the phone booths a try?"  
  
Anne stared blankly through me. Her white-knuckled hands were each gripping and shielding a breast and her jaw was quivering. She nodded uncertainly.  
  
"We do this together, right?"   
  
She nodded again; her gaze more focused this time, on the phone booths.  
  
We took another look at both directions of Shek O Road. Seeing no movement, we dashed for the phone booths, palms shielding our breasts and pubes! My heart was suddenly knocking so crazily that I thought it was trying to leap out of my mouth. When we got there, we found that our earlier assessments had been correct. There were just a few cars in the huge car park but no body was in sight. Down below, there were a few scattered beach-brellas on the beach but nobody was swimming at this time of the day. And of course, we had no money for a phone call.  
  
"In the movies, people forget to retrieve their coins." Out came my wishful thinking.  
  
Quickly, Anne and I searched the three phones but with no luck. Then I spotted it, a silver dollar coin on the ground wedged in between the last two booths.   
  
"Psst..." I picked the coin and waved it triumphantly at Anne.  
  
"Coco, you make the call and I do the lookout for you."  
  
I was glad that Anne had got her wits back. Quickly, I inserted the coin and dialled Ivy's mobile number while Anne gingerly went to the centre of the tight roundabout, palms hiding her treasures as she kept scanning at the directions of the car park and the entrance to Shek O Village.  
  
"Waai!" It was almost a relief to hear Ivy's voice.  
  
"What the hell is this all about!" I screamed into the phone.  
  
"What? Did you get my SMS alright, Coco?"  
  
"What!"   
  
"I tried calling you last night but your phone was off. So I left you a SMS, didn't you get it? Don't tell me that you went to Shek O."  
  
"Yes, I mean no... uh, I mean I got your SMS. What happened?"   
  
Last night, I went home and switched off my phone and forgot to check it this morning. Did I bring it with me when I left home, I wondered. So, I pretended to get Ivy's message to hide the fact that Anne and I were stranded at Shek O with no clothes or money.  
  
"Well, after we broke off yesterday, I talked a bit more with the girls. They thought it was not such a good idea after all and decided to call it off. They chickened out, not me. So I tried calling you. Anyway, I caught flu from my sis and am now poorly in bed. Wait... wait. Coco, I shall talk to you later."  
  
I heard the sneeze before the line was cut abruptly. I stood there, dumbfounded!  
  
"Psst... psst..."  
  
Anne was waving her hands frantically. I looked up the road and my jaw dropped. A mini-van was heading down Shek O Road. It would be upon us in about 30 seconds, if not sooner.  
  
I dashed out of the phone booth. Boobs bouncing, I grabbed Anne by her hand as we raced against the mini-van for the narrow exit to Rocky Bay Beach. After a dozen of strides, the bouncing weight of my 'Big Tits', as Anne called them, became unbearably painful. I had to let go of Anne's hand and cupped my wobbling boobs to lessen the pain.  
  
Surely, they spotted us on the mini-van and started sounding the horn. Anne and I almost had a heart attack but we kept running. Our lives depended on it. My head was spinning by then. As the mini-van drew nearer, I could make out the stunned look and the sly grins on the three guys sitting at the front.  
  
We made it to the footpath with no time to spare as the van screeched to a halt past us then backed up to the narrow entrance. I was worried-sick but kept running, all the while thinking would they catch us on the deserted shingle beach and do the unthinkable to us!   
  
"Hey, what's the hurry sexy?" Someone yelled.  
  
"Ladies, can I give you a ride?" Another shouted.  
  
They laughed, but then they drove off again.  
  
"What shall we do?"   
  
I asked Anne in between big gulps of air when we reached the deserted shingle beach. I had never run so fast, felt so frightened, not to mention been so humiliated in my life. I slouched forward, my hands resting on the knees, feeling sick.  
  
"It's not safe here. They may come looking for us. Let's go back to our beach and wait till it's dark." Anne said.  
  
I had no bright idea to offer so I picked up my feet and followed Anne. On the way, I told her what I learnt from Ivy. It turned out that Anne's mobile phone was sent for repair. I guessed that it was just our luck!  
  
By the time we reached our little beach, our shoulders were scorched. So we helped each other with Anne's lotion. There were no cheap gropes this time as we were clearly not in the mood. We were simply scared out of our wits.   
  
After we were done, we decided to huddle together behind the scrubs, in case whoever took our clothes or that mini-van load of sex maniacs would come searching for us. But no body came.  
  
By about 4:00 pm, we felt the fatigue of the long crouch. Mosquito bites didn't help our mood either. So we ventured out from our hiding place and soaked our tired and itchy bodies in the sea a third time. After warming under the sun for hours, the water temperature became more agreeable. Washed and itches soothed, we lay flat near the water edge, totally drained. We felt hungry and miserable and we started to weep.  
  
I must have somehow dozed off. When Anne shook my arm, it was almost 5:30 pm. The sun was still up, though the heat had relented. My breasts ached from the sun. So, I turned over. Having nothing better to do, I checked my body and found an even tan had started to appear. I looked at Anne and saw a deeper tan glowing all over her lithe body. By now, she was getting used to my leering.  
  
"What now, sexy?" I asked tiredly.  
  
"Do you think it's too early to make our way back? But I think the tide is coming up. I am worried that if we don't get a move on now, our trek back may be cut off."  
  
I never thought of that. We got up and padded down the sand and salt from our bodies.  
  
"Coco, No matter what, we stick together, ok?"  
  
"Yes, no matter what!" I searched her eyes and found the reassurance that was missing earlier.  
  
Oddly, we were in a lighter mood as we skipped hand-in-hand across the pebble beach, humming our school song together in an attempt to boost up our courage. The tide was definitely up and it was indeed more difficult to find sure footing on our way back. I was grateful that Anne had thought of that and made a mental note that I must thank her later.   
  
Once again, we found the shingle beach deserted. As we stepped up the path, we became nervous again. There was a throbbing pain coming from my erect and now sunburned nipples, as though they were glowing hot radars, searching for dangers ahead of us. Our ears were pricked. Then I definitely heard something.   
  
We were half way up the path when we saw the nose of a red canoe floating in the air. Then two men carrying it over their shoulders negotiated round the narrow footpath entrance. They were about 30 metres away and we were surely dead ducks this time. I almost screamed but Anne quickly muffled me with a palm and pulled me back into the bushes on our right.  
  
They were coming nearer and nearer. I was in such panic that I nearly peed myself. We hugged and braced ourselves for the humiliation of our discovery. As they came closer, they said something about taking a round trip somewhere and back before sunset. I held my breath. Then, as if by a miracle they walked past us just a metre away without realizing what they had missed. Later, I thought it comical that one would only find this situation in a TV comedy: two people carrying a boat on over side of their shoulders, totally oblivious to what was happening on the order side of the world!  
  
After they were gone, I suddenly realized that Anne and I were still in a tight embrace. Breasts squashed, our bullet-hard nipples sticking into each other's flesh, hearts hammering like crazy and our bodies shivering with fear. We searched each other's eyes and our cheeks burning hot, though not from the sun. Awkwardly, we let go of each other.  
  
Our retreat to the beach was now cut off. There was no place to hide on the other side of the footpath. So we pushed deeper into the bushes, against the attack of the branches. However, after a few difficult steps our way was suddenly blocked by a wire fence. Beyond was the Country Club golf course.   
  
We didn't want to risk going up the path, not until it was dark. So what else could we do? Finally, we sat down in front of the fence in a most un-lady-like fashion. Knees raised and spread, pussies agape, elbows on knees and chins in palms, we just sat there watching the few remaining golfers putting at a distance. If they could only see us!   
  
Their leisurely movements had an oddly calming effect on us. After a while, the golfers were gone, leaving just Anne and I then sitting back-to-back in silence, except for the chirping of a few sparrows on the treetop above us, waiting for our luck to change.   
  
I kept checking my watch. It was 8:00 pm when the sky began to turn dark. We wanted to go and get our clothes back in a hurry but did not dare risking it just yet, remembering that the men with the canoe had yet returned. So we waited. Then it was at 8:45 pm when I heard a loud gurgling sound from Anne's stomach and I giggled.  
  
"I'm so hungry." Anne sighed.  
  
"Me too."   
  
The men with the canoe hadn't returned. By then we sussed that they must have landed at Shek O Beach or some other places.  
  
"Anne, may be we should make a move now?"  
  
"Let's do it."  
  
We pushed our way out of the bushes, ignoring the sting as branches lashed across our sunburnt skin. Cautiously, we ventured to the top of the path and found both directions of Shek O Road deserted.   
  
"What do you think, Anne?"  
  
"Well, we can't wait here all day. Shall we give it a try?"  
  
As quietly but quickly as we could, we ran to the phone booths. With a sigh of relief, we found no one in sight though the place was illuminated like daylight by powerful street lamps. We checked the phone booths for coins. No luck this time!   
  
We hid in a shadow to check our surrounding. There were more cars in the huge car park now, though the mini-van loaded with sex maniacs that spotted us earlier wasn't there. People must be returning to the village from town. The tin huts were all closed. In contrast to the car park, the long stretch of Shek O Beach lay in darkness below us. However, at a far distance to our left just off the beach were people barbecuing. It was a blessing that they were far away and there was little chance the delicious smell of their grilled meats attacking our senses. However, just thinking about food made my stomach rumble.   
  
We turned to check the long stretch of Shek O Road behind us. The headlights of a car just turned at the roundabout at the other end and were heading down towards us. There was no panic this time.  
  
"I need to use the loo, Anne." I said.   
  
"Me too."  
  
"Perhaps we could find something we could use, a forgotten towel or something."  
  
We headed down some steps to the toilet to relieve ourselves. No, we could find nothing to shield our nakedness. There were just some discarded polythene bags lying around but they were mostly transparent anyway!  
  
When we were done, we stood by the toilet entrance to take in the serene night scene of one of Hong Kong's most beautiful beaches. I strained my eyes across the long stretch of sand and was relieved to find the beach was indeed deserted.  
  
"I wonder what it's like skinny-dipping here!"  
  
"Coco, you can't be serious!"  
  
"Why not. You can see that it's still too early to streak up that mile of Shek O Road to get our clothes back."  
  
"You really want to do this, don't you?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Then let's do it together." She flashed me a grin and grabbed my hand.  
  
Kicking off our sandals, we sprinted down the powdery sand then slipped quietly into the warm sea. For a while, we practised our backstroke. I wondered if those people barbecuing could see us. At this distance, they probably wouldn't realise that we were swimming in just our birthday suit.   
  
I wanted to scream for it felt so exhilarating swimming in the nude at a public beach. Just imagine, during weekends the place would be jam-packed with both locals and tourists. I recalled we had a school picnic here a couple of years back. Ivy and the others would freak out if they learnt that Anne and I went skinny-dipping at Shek O Beach! But of course, they would never know. This would remain a secret between Anne and I, the brave ones.  
  
I guessed it was 20 minutes later when we finally felt a bit of chill and walked out of the water. Hand-in-hand, we strolled down the whole length of Shek O Beach as though it was only natural and legal to do so in the nude. The gentle swaying of my unrestrained breasts felt oddly titillating. The night sea breeze caressed my nubile body sensually, licking the sea salt away. I stole a sideway glance. Anne's perky breasts were jiggling gaily to her long strides. She was so sexy and she was wearing a smile!   
  
I realized that we were actually enjoying this quiet naked stroll! I had a sudden thought. Wouldn't it be nice if Anne and I walk down this beach proudly in the nude in broad daylight and let hundreds of bathers ogle our nubile teen bodies! Perhaps amongst them would be our headmistress, teachers and friends! Just image the look of shock in their faces. I giggled at the wicked thought.  
  
"What?" Anne asked and I told her.  
  
"You're nuts, Coco." Anne rebuked.  
  
"Don't you think it's fun, if we could get away with it?"  
  
"Let me know if you can find a way to get around it without being arrested. I just may join you." Anne said and pulled a mischievous grin.  
  
At the far end was an open-air shower facility. It was at a corner of the car park farthest away from the road and was well lit but there was no one around. So Anne and I took our time to rinse off sand and salt from our bodies. There was much silly messing about this time on both sides and we discovered that we were both very ticklish. Then we exchanged complimentary notes on how we envied each other's body. Funny, how nakedness could bring people together so quickly.  
  
"Coco, you want to stroll your naked arse across the car park like we just did on the beach?"  
  
"Anne! It's like broad daylight here. Are you fucking out of your mind!"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You really mean it?"  
  
"Nope." She giggled.  
  
We hid by the shadow of the tin huts and made our way back to the phone booths.   
  
Sitting on a roadside railing, we looked up the straight stretch of well-lit Shek O Road. On the left side was the hill slope and on the right was the wire fence of the golf course. It was over half a mile with nowhere and absolutely nothing to hide our bodies. At the far end was another roundabout. Take a left turn, you eventually head back to the city. Take a right turn, you follow a narrow winding road leading to Big Wave Bay car park where our clothes were waiting.  
  
"Now, what?" Anne broke the silence  
  
"Very risky."  
  
"We've got to make a move sometime."  
  
"If we are going to streak up this long stretch, I think we better wait till well after midnight. At least after the barbecuers are gone. At this time, you wouldn't know whom you might come across. And even..."  
  
Two tiny specks of light suddenly appeared at the far end of the road.  
  
"Told you it's not safe just yet."  
  
"Christ! Peoples are still cycling at this time of the night! Don't they ever go to bed?"  
  
"Let's hide."  
  
Into the shadow of the tin huts we hid. Some 20 seconds later, we heard the brakes of their racer bikes. A man and a woman in cycling gears dismounted.   
  
"I'm dying to go to the loo." She took off her helmet and headed for the toilet where Anne and I went not that long ago.  
  
"I shall keep an eye on these and wait for you to come back before I go."  
  
"There's nobody here. You may as well go now. I don't want to wait here on my own when you're gone."  
  
They headed down the dozen of steps. Suddenly, Anne and I looked at each other then at the couple disappearing down the steps. Our gaze settled on their bikes leaning against the railing where Anne and I were sitting on just minutes ago.  
  
I grabbed Anne's hand. She looked startled but suddenly we were racing towards the bikes.  
  
As we were mounting them, we heard the man calling behind us.  
  
"Hey, what the heck! Hey, stop! Stop!"

We wasted not another second but started paddling as fast as our tired and hungry bodies allowed. During the first twenty metres, we heard the man closing in but his steps gradually faded away. We didn't dare looking back!   
  
Paddling hard, we cleared the roundabout without another incident and turned right towards Big Wave Bay.   
  
"Wait! Let's slow down a bit." I called breathlessly over to Anne.  
  
I had to slow down a bit as my legs ached from the exertion. There was also this weird though not entirely unpleasant sensation coming from the vigorous grinding of my bare pussy against the saddle. My nipples were rock hard against the night air. The whole experience just made me weak at the knees.  
  
"Oh, I can't breathe..." Anne coughed then continued, "Coco, do you think that guy could recognise us."  
  
"I don't know. He might be able to pick out our naked butts from a line-up!"   
  
I giggled nervously. In fact, I was mortified. Now that we did not just expose our bodies illegally in public, we stole! What would happen if we got caught? You know, I had a very good reason to worry. My dad is a cop and news like this travelled fast! Oh My God!  
  
The narrow Big Wave Bay Road was tree-lined and dimly lit. An occasional villa adorned the ghostly winding road here and there. We saw dozens of surveillance cameras as we went past the villas. I wondered what people would think if they saw us cycling leisurely in the nude in front of their homes! But what else could we do? In any case, we were within reach of our clothes and our hopes soared.  
  
We slowed to a halt just before the entrance of Big Wave Bay car park. Compared to the one at Shek O Beach, this one was tiny, just about the size of two tennis courts and was poorly lit. Plastered hill slopes enclosed the car park, with the exception of two corners - the one we arrived and the one diagonally across leading down a path to Big Wave Bay Beach.   
  
At the far corner directly ahead of us was a single public phone booth where our things would be waiting! Half a dozen vehicles were parked - four saloon cars, a mini-van and a pickup truck. Although the place seemed deserted, we wanted to make sure. It just wouldn't do to have whoever taken our clothes ambushing us here.  
  
We left the bikes behind and sneaked quietly into the car park. Half crouched, we treaded lightly round each vehicle to check. The four cars parked nearest to the entrance were cleared. Next was the mini-van parked at the darkest corner and we saw the windows were left open a slit. On approach, we immediately sensed what was going on inside.  
  
Anne grabbed my hand sharply and made a sign for me to keep quiet. Stealthily, we came closer. When we peeped through the windows we saw a naked butt rocking between a pair of splayed legs and the girl was making a whining sound.   
  
"Mmm... mmm... Oh, harder, harder... fuck me harder!"  
  
That should fill a gap in our health education lessons years ago that was skimmed through with bare information from the teachers. Anne and I looked on in stunned silence. We finally had a practical demonstration on the taboo word "Fuck".   
  
Fascinated, I watched as they shifted position with the man lying on his back and the girl lowering herself then grounded her pussy repeatedly onto the man's hard cock. Just imagine, the sight of a live cock before my very own eyes for the first time! I reached out a hand to touch the mini-van, feeling the couple's coital movement. My cheeks were heating up again and I was suddenly feeling queasy in my pussy.  
  
"Mmm... mmm..." The girl grunted as her perky breasts, similar in shape and size to Anne's, were jiggling rapidly up and down on her chest.  
  
Anne was pulling me away by the hand. I wanted to stay and watch the live show. But she was right. Reluctantly, I left with Anne to check that the remaining pickup truck was empty then we headed for the phone booth.  
  
We grinned at each other when we spotted our bags in the bush just behind the phone booth. When we picked them up, however, we were dismayed to find them empty, well almost. There was a note in my satchel.  
  
"Hi Sexy,   
  
I am really disappointed that my long wait here had not been rewarded. Originally, I was going to ask you two a small favour before returning your things. Well, I waited until after dark and you weren't coming. Shame on you!  
  
So, I reward myself with your clothes but otherwise left your things behind just in case you girls would eventually show up. I took the money, as I don't want to make it too easy for you. I shall probably drop it in an Oxfam donation box or something. You see I am not really a thief.  
  
Good Luck!   
  
P.S. You two looked so sexy in the photos I took of you on the pebble beach!"  
  
I shuddered as a chill ran down my spine, my palms sticky in cold sweat!  
  
"What shall we do now? How can we go home?" I whispered thinking all the while that we were surely going to get arrested in the buff. And dad would be the first to hear about it, as he was working nightshift this week!   
  
"We'll have to find a way. But do you know what really bothers me?"  
  
"You mean what will that bastard do with our photos? Oh, God!"  
  
Anne and I stared at each other in horror. A thought suddenly came to me.  
  
"Anne, have you ever been to Big Wave Bay before?"   
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"There are a few houses down the path, right? Perhaps we can find some clothes?"  
  
"Well, we have already stolen the bikes. We may as well do the break-in and steal some clothes. It really wouldn't make any difference, would it?"  
  
"At least we would be decently covered."  
  
Quietly, we found our way down the pitch-black winding path. We passed two houses without luck. They seemed unoccupied. Then we suddenly hit the beach. It was deserted and looked haunted under the half-moon, with waves crashing noisily in.   
  
"No skinny-dipping here if that's alright with you, Coco!"  
  
"Very funny, Anne!"  
  
We sneaked across to the changing rooms to find them locked. Next to it was the open-air shower stands and behind, a few houses. Suddenly, I saw some t-shirts and jeans left hanging to dry at a front garden. I grabbed Anne by her elbow and pointed at the clothes. Our hopes rocketed. Perhaps, after a full day in the nude, we could finally get covered up.  
  
Gingerly, we approached the chest-high wire fence in front of the house. When we were about five metres away, two dark beasts jumped out from nowhere and barked at us behind the fence. I almost shit myself!  
  
"Ben... Bob... Shut Up!"   
  
A man called from inside the house to silent his Alsatians.   
  
"Who's out there?"  
  
Simultaneously, light came on from the houses near us illuminating our nude bodies. Anne and I were scared shitless and we just scrammed.   
  
As we ran up the last stretch of the winding path, we realized that something had gone terribly wrong. Blue light was swirling across the car park. We peeked under the darkness at the path entrance. The mini-van with the lovers had disappeared. But there was a police motorcycle, with its blue light flashing, parked just by the racer bikes we abandoned.  
  
"5354 to console." The officer's voice was clear across the night air.  
  
"5354 send." His police radio crackled.  
  
"I think I've located the stolen bikes at Big Wave Bay car park, over."  
  
"Any sign of the girls, over?"  
  
"Uh..." the officer scanned around the car park then added, "Nope. The descriptions please, over!"  
  
"Suspect 1: Chinese female, long black hair in braids, unknown age and height. Suspect 2: Chinese female, short straight shoulder-length black hair, age and height also unknown, over."  
  
"Is that all? What about their clothes? Over."  
  
"The informant did not see their faces. And here is the incentive for you to find them. They were stark naked when last seen paddling up Shek O Road on the stolen bikes."  
  
Anne gripped my arm so sharply that brought tears to my eyes. Oh my god, the guy had already called 999. Now Anne and I would not only be arrested for indecent exposure but theft as well!   
  
"Fucking hell! I mean... Roger." The officer exclaimed then added, "Hang on."   
  
At the same time, we heard a man talking over his mobile phone a short distance behind us. We were suddenly sandwiched. I looked around, grabbed Anne's hand and pulled her into a refuse collection hut just next to the path entrance.  
  
"Yes, I am coming over now. What... Come again? Hok Yuen Street, Hung Hom, right? I shall be there with you say, in an hour. Is that okay?"  
  
My heart was hammering madly.  
  
A fat man in shirtsleeves, denim shorts and sandals emerged from the path. He didn't see us but headed straight for his pickup truck parked virtually in front of us.  
  
"Hey!"   
  
The officer yelled as he came nearer. For a second my heart stopped, thinking that Anne and I had surely been discovered.   
  
"Hey, did you see two girls down the beach on your way up?" The officer asked.  
  
"No," the man hesitated then added, "but I am sure there was somebody down there as my dogs started barking for no reasons. Perhaps, your girls were there. What's up officer?"  
  
"Never mind. Oh, but can you show me where?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
From the smelly hut, I saw the officer and the fat man disappearing down the path. Despite the horrible smell and the creepy crawlies that were all over my feet, my hopes soared again.   
  
I grabbed Anne and practically yanked her out of the smelly dump.   
  
"Sssh. Let's hide on the back of the pickup truck, Anne"  
  
"What for? We better stay in here. They're coming back any second!"  
  
"Quickly, onto the pickup truck, Now! Anne, trust me. We're in this together, right?"  
  
I saw the hesitation in Anne's frightened eyes. Then we were dashing toward the Isuzu pickup. Clumsily, we climbed and hid ourselves on the cargo bed just as the officer and the fat guy reappeared at the path entrance.  
  
"Thanks, pal." The officer said to the fat man then over his radio, "5354 to console."  
  
"5354 send."  
  
"I believe the girls are hiding somewhere down Big Wave Bay Beach. Request assistance!"  
  
"Roger. Hey, thought you wanted to catch them all by yourself."  
  
"Me too!" the officer chuckled, "Over and out."  
  
"Hey officer, can I leave now? I'm in a hurry." The fat man said.  
  
"Sure, sure and thanks!"  
  
I shuddered as the fat man climbed into the driving cabin and started the engine. Suddenly the whole world was spinning around us. The pickup pulled out of the car park and went passed the flashing blue light. A couple of seconds later when we were out of the way, I sneaked a peek and saw the officer was waiting by the stolen bikes.  
  
The cargo bed was barren. There was nothing we could use to cover our bodies. It was a good job that the back of the driving cabin was covered and the fat man could not see us from inside the cab. We couldn't sit up and risk being discovered though. So Anne and I just lay flat on our backs on the cold steel bed, watching the trees, villas and surveillance cameras went by.  
  
"I hope you know where we are going?" Anne was justifiably worried.  
  
"Yep, we are going home."  
  
"Home? How do you know?"  
  
"I heard where the fat guy is heading. It is just a few blocks from my home. I think we can make it back."  
  
"Really, are you sure?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"Oh, thank god!" Anne sighed.  
  
Once we cleared the roundabout, the winding Shek O Road leading back town was wider and well lit. There was no car on either direction. We just stayed on our backs stargazing. The ride was bumpy, my bare bum kept banging against the cold steel and my tits were wobbling lewdly. My satchel and her sports bag made nice pillows, providing us our only comfort.  
  
Not five minutes had passed and we suddenly saw flashing blue light at a distance. A police van was speeding downhill towards us. Anne and I panicked. In despair, we hugged and braced ourselves for the inevitable arrest. Ten seconds, nine... We had no idea how they could have missed us. But the police van flew past and disappeared round a bend.  
  
"Can you believe it, Coco?"  
  
Still in a tight embrace, we gazed into each other's eyes and suddenly we laughed. I couldn't resist it but gave my pretty friend a little peck on the cheek before we broke the embrace.  
  
"Anne, I think as long as we stay together, nothing can go wrong for us!"  
  
Lying on our backs, holding hands, we stared at the cloudless night sky as we headed back town along the winding hill road.  
  
It was another 20 minutes of bumpy ride before we hit urban area. Concrete jungle with scattered lit windows lined either side of the road. Although it was well past midnight, there was still a good chance that someone from behind those windows could have spotted us. Well, we could do nothing about it and so we tried not worrying too much about it.  
  
The pickup took a sudden right turn and headed up the highway along the Eastern Corridor. Yes, we were definitely going home. This highway would lead to the East Harbour tunnel. Across the harbour on Kowloon side would be another 15 minutes or so on the highway before the fat guy would cut back into town for his destination in Hung Hom. It would be familiar territory, just a few blocks from home! Suddenly, I was feeling so chuff.  
  
About two miles ahead of the cross-harbour tunnel were a number of pedestrian footbridges. As we went past the second footbridge, I saw a couple staring and pointing down at us. I didn't even think but waved at them, knowing full well what they were seeing.  
  
"Coco, are you crazy?"  
  
"Well, they have obviously seen all of us already. What's the harm?"  
  
"You're fucking out of your mind, Coco." Anne admonished with a giggle.  
  
"Now, take it easy, be a good girl and don't swear Anne!"  
  
Suddenly, the bright light in the tunnel blinded us. I squinted my eyes then pointed up at the surveillance cameras under the roof and Anne almost freaked out. Quickly, we grabbed our tiny bags to cover our faces and prayed that the tunnel staff would not stop the pickup at the other end. The echo of engine noise was deafening inside the tunnel, driving us bonkers!  
  
We almost reached Kowloon side when an all-night double-decker bus loomed up behind us unexpectedly. From under my tiny satchel, I could make out the bulging eyes and lecherous grin of the bus driver. Again, I pointed out to Anne when she screamed and used her one free hand to shield her pubes. Needless to say, the bus driver followed at a dangerously close distance right behind our pickup. Me? I didn't care any more. What's the point of shielding if he had seen it all?  
  
When our pickup cleared the tunnel, the loud echo stopped abruptly and I was feeling light-headed but foolhardy. The double-decker was still following us and the tunnel-controlled area was well lit like daylight. Then I had a wicked idea.  
  
"I dare you to flash your pussy at the bus driver." I turned my head under the satchel and called to Anne.  
  
"What? No way! Why don't you do it yourself, you pervert!"  
  
"Yeah? Watch me!"  
  
I raised my knees and spread them wide open, knowing full well the bus driver was gawping up my virgin pussy. I thought I could see him drool all over the driving seat. My heart was thumping wildly and there was this weird heat surging to my sprouted pussy. I felt delirious! God, I was mad and I chuckled to myself!  
  
"See, now's your turn."  
  
Anne giggled but shook her head vigorously under her tiny sports bag.  
  
"We do everything together, remember? Your turn!"   
  
Anne giggled and shook her head some more.  
  
"Your turn, quickly!"  
  
Anne bit her lip then splayed her slim thighs, opening up her pussy to the bus driver.   
  
"Good girl, Anne. That would certainly make his day!"  
  
By then we were laughing hysterically under the cover of our bags. Our show lasted for perhaps 10 seconds when the bus drew aside to the bus lane and our pickup sped past the automatic tollbooth. And I realized that my pussy had been dripping wet all the while.  
  
"That was so fucking wicked and exciting, Anne. And my pussy is soppy wet!"  
  
"You are fucking disgusting!"  
  
"Don't tell me that wasn't fun! Admit it, Anne." She giggled but said nothing.  
  
The pickup sped up a flyover onto the elevated East Kowloon Corridor.  
  
"Anne, you want to try another dare?"  
  
"No thanks!"  
  
"Why not?"  
  
Anne just smirked at me and said nothing.  
  
"Hey, shall we flash our tits at the oncoming traffic?"  
  
"No!" Anne shook her head in total disapproval.  
  
"Why not? See, we are stuck on this highway for at least another 10 minutes. There is no way that traffic across the central divider can catch us."  
  
Anne turned her head and checked the traffic. We were virtually alone on our side but there was still a bit of traffic on the opposite side despite the small hours. Lighted but empty office windows flew past our left and deserted old factory buildings on our right.  
  
"Coco, you are fucking nuts!"  
  
Just as I was going to try some more persuasion, Anne suddenly stood up. With one hand grabbing a steel rack fixed behind the cab Anne waved her free hand at the oncoming traffic to our right, twisting her torso and flashing her perky tits.  
  
"Oh My God! You crafty bitch!"  
  
Not wanting to be outdone by Anne, I stood and wobbled my tits right next to her. The first few cars slowed abruptly and flashed their high beam past us and those behind sounded the horns when they saw us. Wickedly, I felt disappointed that our tits show didn't cause a traffic accident. I wondered what the pickup driver must have been thinking with everything that was happening around him.  
  
Anne and I didn't budge, as we didn't want to be out-dared by the other. We kept up the charade right until the pickup took a slip road and rejoined the city traffic. My heart was still thumping crazily long after we ended the tits show. That was surely an adventure that neither of us would ever forget.  
  
The city traffic was light and my watch said it was 1:05 am when the pickup finally stopped. The fat guy climbed down and banged the cabin door. I shuddered and prayed that he would not come round to check the cargo bed. There was no reason for him to do that, was there? Gradually, his steps faded away.  
  
I waited for almost another minute when I sneaked a peek and saw that we were parked at a metered parking space across the Post Office at Gilles Avenue. The fat guy was walking away from us towards Hok Yuen Street. Home was just two blocks away the other direction!   
  
I couldn't wait any longer and pulled at Anne's elbow. Carefully, I climbed down the pickup. But as I was helping Anne down I heard a shout.  
  
"What the fuck!"  
  
The fat guy must have turned unexpectedly and caught Anne's naked arse shaking about in the air. Anne squealed and jumped down from the pickup.  
  
"Hey, I gave you girls a lift didn't I? If I only knew... No thank you, whatsoever?"  
  
Still with our backs to him, Anne and I looked at each other. Yes, we owed him one. Giggling, we used our small bags to shield our faces, twirled our nakedness around a few times for him, flashing him our titties and kittens.  
  
"Jeez..."  
  
He stood dumbfounded when Anne and I waved him goodbye, still with our faces covered. I grabbed Anne by the hand and dashed towards Bailey Street away from him.  
  
"You could've asked and I would let you girls sit on my lap..." his voice faded as we turned the corner.  
  
Ahead was a crossroad junction. Home was two blocks beyond to our left and was almost in sight. I was feeling so confident that we could make it back.  
  
"Where are we going, Coco?"  
  
"Across that junction. It's not far now."   
  
I squeezed Anne's hand to give my worried friend a little reassurance and she returned a nervous smile.  
  
We hid in the shadow under the awning of an old building. Not fifty metres across the road to our right was the site of a 50-year-old building that collapsed just two months ago, killing four people. The site was still taped off but thank God there was no policeman on guard! We scanned the wide road junction. Although the traffic was light, the road was not exactly deserted.

When the traffic light turned red on our side we stayed put, as there were a couple of scooters stopping just diagonally across the junction. The wait was becoming unbearable. Any second now, someone could have turned a corner or came out of a building and caught us starker. When the light turned green again, the scooters sped ahead and disappeared. The roads were suddenly empty. My heart was thundering, charging adrenaline all over my shivering body. I looked at Anne and we nodded together.  
  
Quickly, we climbed over the railing and checked there was still no traffic on all directions. With a squeeze in Anne's palm, we dashed diagonally across the junction. The bouncing weight of my sunburnt tits hurt even more this time and I had to let go of Anne's hand to cup them.   
  
As I dashed ahead of Anne, a taxi suddenly rounded the bend to our left and was heading straight at us. I made it to the pavement when I heard a deafening screech.   
  
I looked back in horror and saw Anne's bag was on the ground. She was standing right in front of the taxi that braked just in time, looking absolutely petrified! Her palms were covering her face and her small breasts were partly shielded by her forearms. The rest of her slender naked body was caught in the beam. She was rooted to the spot and was shaking like a leaf.  
  
"You fucking crazy bitch!" The taxi driver lowered his window and yelled at Anne, who started to sob.  
  
Quickly, I grabbed her bag and pulled her shivering body to the pavement and into the shadow behind me.  
  
"I shall call the cops and have you two bitches arrested."  
  
"Hey, why don't you just push off, please!"   
  
I tried to pull a brave face and talked back, knowing full well that he was feasting his eyes all over my naked full frontal. My tautly erect nipples were suddenly throbbing in pain under his lecherous gaze. It was so goddamn embarrassing! I just prayed that he would accept this show as a form of bribe and leave Anne and I alone. I was so nervous and my cheeks burned with utter humiliation. My knees were shaking so badly that I thought they were going to give any second!  
  
More cars suddenly rounded the bend and were sounding their horns on approach to the motionless taxi.  
  
"Fuck you, bitch!"   
  
Then taxi driver flashed his mobile phone and snapped a picture of me before speeding off. He was so quick that I didn't have time to hide my face.   
  
I was stunned at the realization that this hateful taxi driver now had a nude picture of me taken in close range. I would die if he posted it on the Net. And even if I didn't die of embarrassment, my dad would surely kill me if he found out. Then I heard Anne sobbing behind me. I pulled her into the dark stairway of an old building. I couldn't begin to imagine what would happen if Anne got knocked down by the taxi. But one thing I was sure. I would never leave her behind. Tears were welling up in my eyes.   
  
"I'm so sorry, Coco. Scared the shit out of me." Anne said faintly.  
  
"You really scared the fucking shit out of me this time!"  
  
We grabbed each other in a tight embrace. I would never let go of her again. We held in each other's arms, enjoying a moment of togetherness and trying to regain our waning courage.  
  
"Come on. It's just another block away."  
  
"Thanks Coco."   
  
The main road was the direct way home but I chose the long way round the back streets. There would be no traffic and the narrow lanes were only dimly lit. But as we made a left turn, I was astonished to see a familiar face at a distance.   
  
She was an old lady, must have turned sixty, pushing a wooden cart. She collected garbage from restaurants after they were closed at midnight. She knew mum and I since I attended the kindergarten. I could not let her recognise me. Quickly, I used my satchel to cover my face and Anne did the same with her bag.   
  
The old lady had by then spotted us. I pulled Anne alongside me, as we nervously brushed pass the old lady in the narrow lane. My heart was knocking so painfully that I thought I was going have a heart attack. But that just wouldn't do. I couldn't collapse here and leave Anne alone to fend for herself, particularly when we were so close.  
  
"Are you two crazy? Have you no shame of yourselves? You want to get raped going out like this? You think its fun, eh? Girls these days..." she kept mumbling, shaking her head in disgust as she laboured the garbage kart away.  
  
We stopped at each corner on the way to check. However, it seemed that as long as we stuck together, nothing could really go wrong for us. After two more minutes, I rounded the last corner and saw the steel gate of my home building. But then I also heard the familiar crackles of police radios. Where were they, couldn't be that far away!  
  
What should I do? Retreating our way past the old lady a second time or risk going ahead? Well, as long as Anne and I stick together, nothing could go wrong, right?  
  
I squeezed Anne's palm as we dashed towards our final obstacle. On approach, I pointed up and used my satchel to shield my face from the surveillance camera that was connected to the management office and to all the 60 odd flats in the building. It was a good job that we no longer had a night watchman. But I could only pray that none of my neighbours was watching the CCTV channel and perhaps decided to come down and investigate. Still holding Anne's hand, I punched in the code pad.  
  
"7... 0..."   
  
There was another crackle of the police radio, closer this time. Focus and don't panic!  
  
"9... 3... 9... 4" and there was a loud click.  
  
I yanked open the gate and pulled Anne inside as I heard more crackles of the police radio and footsteps. I wondered if the taxi driver had called in and reported us. But that was all behind us now.  
  
"Let's take the stairs, there is a CCTV in the lift." I warned Anne in a very hush voice.  
  
Slowly and silently, we climbed the stairs. By the time we reached the sixth floor, we were both exhausted. For the first time since that bastard had stolen our things, I was truly grateful to him for giving me back my keys.   
  
Quietly, we slipped inside home. In the darkness, I guided Anne round the dinning table toward my bedroom. It felt so strange walking around home naked.  
  
"Coco, is that you?" Mum called from her bedroom and I saw a light coming on under her door.  
  
Panicked, I replied in a quivering voice, "Yes, mum."  
  
"Why are you so late?"  
  
"Mum, we missed the bus. Mum, I am with a friend and she's staying for the night. Can we talk tomorrow?"  
  
"Oh, do you want me to fix you some supper?"  
  
"No, we're okay but thanks!"  
  
"Alright, talk to you tomorrow then."  
  
"Goodnight, mum." And I saw the light went out from under her door.  
  
With a sigh of relief, I pushed Anne into my tiny bedroom. When I closed the door and switched on the light, I saw that her face was ashen. I could only imagine that mine must be the same.  
  
I grabbed two towels and showed Anne into the bathroom just across the hallway. No, Anne didn't want to be left alone. So we took the shower together and let it rinse away our worries.   
  
For the first time, I saw her long braids getting undone and her hair came all the way down to her buttock. She looked beautiful and angelic!   
  
Towel-wrapped, we went back to my bedroom and I plugged in the hairdryer for her.  
  
"Want something to eat?"  
  
"Yes, but just a little bite."  
  
"I shall be back in a minute."  
  
I left Anne behind to go to the kitchen. As I switched on the light, a guy in the kitchen not five metres across in the opposite block turned and stared at me. I checked myself. The top swells of my sunburnt breasts were jutting out from the bath towel and I was showing too much cleavage. He had not seen me so scantily clad before. But after a full day in the nude, I felt almost overdressed now! Why should I care? Have a good gawp, if that was what turned you on!  
  
Quickly, I made two peanut butter sandwiches and poured some milk. Abruptly, I switched off the light to let him know that the show was over.  
  
When I returned to my room, I saw her towel was draped over the back of my computer chair and Anne was sound asleep naked in my bed. She looked so sexy yet so very sweet. I had a heart and didn't wake her.   
  
Locking the door, I took a couple of bites and a sip of milk. Leaving my towel over hers, I slipped quietly in bed beside Anne. She stirred in her sleep and wrapped an arm around me, draping a soft palm over my right breast. No, I didn't mind! I snuggled up against her warm body and slipped into weird dreams.