**Embarrassed Girlfriend**

by[**OMGURNaked**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1478536&page=submissions)©

**Embarrassed 1 -- Embarrassed Girlfriend**  
  
"You want to go already?" Wendy asked with a surprised look on her face.  
  
Her mother chimed in, "Yeah, why don't the two of you stay for supper?"  
  
But Wendy saw the twinkle in Peter's eye that told her maybe it was time to leave. "You know what Ma, we might as well go. I'd like to just have a quiet evening at home."  
  
Peter and Wendy had driven out to her parent's place early that Saturday morning. They had only been together for six months, but he got along really well with her parents. They already regarded him as a son-in-law and had started encouraging their daughter to make it permanent. Her parent's didn't know anything about the secret bond her daughter had formed with her new boyfriend.  
  
After going out to the backyard to say goodbye to her dad, they drove off. It was one of those perfect July Saturdays. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. It was hot out, but not blisteringly so. Just one of those days where you wanted to spend the day out on your deck with a nice cold beer.  
  
They had only driven a couple of block from her parent's house when Peter pulled the car over. He had that silly little grin.  
  
"I think it's time for you to get naked, don't you?" he said with a smirk.  
  
"Here? I can't do that," she said." I grew in this neighborhood. Someone might recognize me."  
  
She was smiling though, so Peter knew she wouldn't need too much convincing.  
  
"I think we both know you want to do it."  
  
Wendy did want to do it. This is what excited her. They had already been on a quite a few adventures together. The thought of driving through her parent's neighborhood naked has making her horny. She was already thinking of the fucking she was going to give him when they got home.  
  
She pulled her T-shirt over her head revealing a black bra. She always wore sexy underwear. You never know who might get to see it. She then unzipped her jean skirt and slid it down her legs to reveal the matching thong. Looking around nervously, she continued her striptease. Her breath had quickened. She looked him right in the eyes as she took off the bra and slid her panties down her legs.  
  
"The shoes and socks too," Peter said, now unable to contain his zeal.  
  
She was a little surprised at this request, but again, the thought of being completely naked in her own neighborhood was exciting. Peter had made her go naked in a park once and she had masturbated in a McDonalds, but the possibility of being seen by someone she knew was a whole new level of excitement.  
  
Wendy was more than a little shocked when Peter picked up of her discarded clothes and walked out of the car.  
  
"There's something in the trunk for you," he said with a huge grin.  
  
As he took the car keys and left the car with her clothes under his arm, Wendy looked both nervous and horny. She was watching him intently but it still took a few seconds for his next move to register in her mind. As Peter walked to the back of the car, he just put the car keys on top of the trunk and kept walking away. She could see him walking down the street. She could still see her clothes in his arms, but she couldn't understand what he was doing. She just watched in a daze until he turned the corner on the first street and disappeared. She didn't even move for 2 full minutes, expecting him to come back, but he didn't.  
  
As she lifted herself up in the car, she could see the car keys sitting on the car trunk. Then, her face changed from puzzlement to realization and then to terror. She had fully expected Peter to put her clothes in the trunk and come back with some sexy outfit she would have to wear for the hour long trip home. She had even let herself think that maybe he would make her ride all the way home naked; this thought really got her juices flowing. It had never occurred to her that he would leave her, naked, in the car, by the side of the road. Now, she just wanted to rub her clit and make herself cum. This was beyond all of her "naked in public" fantasies. Her pussy was dripping on the seat and she could smell her own arousal in the car. Really, she needed to cum badly but the thought of being caught naked in her neighborhood where she grew up wasn't as bad as the thought of being caught naked and masturbating.  
  
After sitting in the car for five another minutes, she decided she couldn't just sit here all day and wait for one of her parent's neighbors to come along and find her. She needed to get out of there. Unfortunately, the keys were still sitting on top of the trunk and the only way to get them was to step out into the bright sunlight. She knew Peter well enough to know that he wouldn't make her drive for an hour by herself with any way of covering up so there probably were actually some clothes in the trunk. After screwing up her courage and making sure she couldn't see anyone, she opened her door and ran to the back of the car. Grabbing the keys, she found the right one and opened the trunk. What she found was a big cooler and her pair of thigh high leather boots. As she was trying to open the container and feeling the hot sun on her ass, she heard a truck driving up on her. She managed to get her head out of the trunk long enough to see Peter and his friend Rob drive by. Their windows were rolled down and they were both hollering and whistling at her. Rob started beeping his horn as they drove by. They were in a quiet neighborhood and the beeping horn was bound to draw some attention.  
  
Wendy wanted to yell back at them but her instinct to get covered up superseded everything and she started at the cooler again. When she finally got it opened, it was full of ice water. She stuck her hand in the freezing water and found the wet pieces of clothing that were in there. She hurriedly grabbed the boots, slammed the trunk closed and ran back to the driver side door. Of course, Peter had locked the door on his way out. As she was fumbling with the keys, she spotted a teenage boy coming down the street.  
  
"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," she kept repeating.  
  
Despite her panic, Wendy managed to get her door opened. She jumped in her car and then struggled to get into the scraps of clothing she had. The top was a white crop T-shirt that was obviously way too small. It was freezing cold and soaking wet. When she finally pulled it down over her tits, her nipple stuck out like bullets. The shirt was thin and completely see-through when wet. It didn't even cover all of her tits so the bottoms were hanging underneath the shirt. The kid was now less than ten feet from the car and still walking straight towards her.  
  
She slipped the wet skirt up her legs. It was a black spandex mini skirt that was only about 9 inches from top to bottom. The only way for her to avoid having her pussy on constant display, especially while sitting in a car, was to wear it low on her hips. It was a good thing she had shaved her pussy because her hair would probably have peeked over top of her skirt.  
  
Since the skirt was low on her hips and the shirt just barely wrapped over her tits, her flat stomach was completely bare. The look was even sluttier than a cheap street hooker but, in fact, no one would have mistaken her for a hooker. She certainly had a body that any hooker would have been proud of; Wendy had a nice size pair of tits and she constantly exercised. The reason she wouldn't be taken for a hooker is because she had the most innocent looking face you have ever seen. Wendy is the kind of girl any guy would be happy taking home to mom. No one would ever be able to imagine her with a big cock in her mouth. And now, with these clothes on, her face and body just didn't fit together.  
  
Wendy didn't get a chance to put the boots on before the kid arrived at her car window. Her hope of it being a stranger evaporated immediately as she recognized him right away. As a teenager, Wendy used to babysit this kid named Eddie Cameron who lived a few houses down the street from her parents. Eddie had even had a boyhood crush on Wendy. Now, Eddie was 18 and he was looking at her and she knew she was in trouble. Reluctantly, Wendy rolled down her window. Her slim hope that Eddie wouldn't recognize her was dashed with a simple "Hi Wendy" from Eddie. His eyes took in every inch of her body. She felt humiliated and it was turning her on. Again, she just wanted to reach between her legs and start playing with her pussy. Instead, she started rambling on about just visiting her parents and not being up to anything. The more she talked, the bigger Eddie's grin grew. When she finally stopped, Eddie just said that he was glad to have seen her and that he would have to tell his dad that she had been around to the old neighborhood.  
  
This was more than an idle threat. Eddie's dad was a high school teacher who had taught Wendy in her senior year. He was a handsome man that all the young school girls always lusted over. Wendy had done a little more than lust over him though. The last week of her senior year, she went to school wearing a short skirt. When she got to Mr. Cameron's class, she sat in the front row. As he was teaching, she let her legs open until they were 6 inches apart. She was sure that Mr. Cameron could see her panties and the thought was making her so horny that she thought he might be able to see the wet spot too. At the end of the class, Mr. Cameron had asked her to stay behind. She thought that maybe her invitation was going to be accepted. Mr. Cameron, however, just explained to her that, although she was a very attractive young lady, he was a teacher and there could never be anything between them. As he was talking, he let his eyes roam over her body and she knew that, if circumstances had been different, he would have taken advantage of the situation. Mr. Cameron also added that he wouldn't tell her parents about her advances but that, if they persisted, he would have to do so in order to protect himself. Wendy had been extremely embarrassed by the whole thing but she had masturbated over the episode many times.  
  
So, here was Eddie Cameron, who looked surprisingly like his dad, implying that he was going to tell his him about seeing her naked and then dressed like a common hooker. She couldn't be sure that Mr. Cameron wouldn't just go talk to her parents -- which she couldn't have happen. Wendy figured the only way out was to make a deal with Eddie.  
  
She said, "Eddie, I would really prefer if you didn't tell your dad you saw me today."  
  
"Why not?"  
  
Wendy needed to think of something quickly. "Well .... your dad didn't always have the highest opinion of me in high school .... and .... I don't want him to think any less of me."  
  
Eddie knew exactly what Wendy was referring to but he thought he would make her squirm.  
  
"Why would he think any less of you? Oh, you would be referring to the way you are dressed would you? Why are you dressed this way anyhow?"  
  
Wendy's face was beat red. She didn't say anything  
  
"Well, maybe we can make a deal," Eddie volunteered as he came around the car and sat in the passenger seat.  
  
Knowing this wouldn't be good, she replied, "What do you want?"  
  
Eddie confirmed her fears, "Well, I've always wanted to see those beautiful tits of yours."  
  
That didn't take very long. With Eddie coming to the point so quickly, Wendy knew she wasn't going to get off cheap but what choice did she have. She quickly resigned herself to her fate and pulled her shirt over her head revealing her pert tits to the lusting teen.  
  
Eddie continued, "Now that we've got that settled, the price for my silence is a blowjob."  
  
Here she was sitting topless in her car in the neighborhood she grew up in about to give little Eddie Cameron, who she used to babysit, a blowjob. She reached over to him and unzipped his pants. Well he wasn't "little Eddie" anymore. Wendy was surprised to see a thick 7 inch cock pointing up at her and she didn't waste any time before wrapping her lips around it. She'd had lots of experience sucking cock so Eddie got to experience his cock sliding down someone's throat for the first time. She alternated between pumping his cock down her throat and licking his balls while jerking him off. With this intense treatment, it only took 5 minutes for him to approach orgasm. Eddie never forgot the embarrassment he felt when Wendy spanked him and he thought a little payback was overdue. As he started cumming, Eddie grabbed Wendy hair and pulled her off his cock. The result was that he shot three thick blasts of cum all over her face.  
  
Eddie stuffed his cock back into his pants and as quickly as he'd appeared, he was gone. Wendy was left topless with cum stinging her eyes and dripping off her chin onto her tits. As she looked at herself in the car's mirror, she felt the deepest embarrassment she'd ever felt. In her mind, she was right back to the incident which linked embarrassment to horniness in her mind forever. A few years back, she had stayed up late watching a movie. The movie turned out to have an outdoor sex scene in it and she started getting turned on. Feeling somewhat inspired by the movie and horny, she had stripped out of her PJs and started happily rubbing her clit. She got carried away and she never heard her father unexpectedly walk into the room. He couldn't sleep and had come down for a glass of water and ended up walking in just as his daughter's climax started.  
  
"Oh my God," Wendy heard her father gasp. Her eyes flew open and she looked right into his face. Unfortunately, her climax had already started and she couldn't do anything to stop it. Her father was apparently completely stunned and he just stood there, watching her for 20 seconds as she came. They never spoke about the incident, but as she relived it in her mind, her obsession with embarrassment grew. Now, sitting only 2 blocks away from home, what she really wanted to do was walk back to her parent's place with the cum dripping from her face, plop herself on the couch next to her dad, and masturbate until she came repeatedly. Of course, she didn't do that. What she did instead was to stick one hand in her pussy and rub her clit furiously while she scooped the cum off her face and ate it. It took less than a minute for her get reach her orgasm. She still needed to clean up her face, so she used the only thing she had -- her still wet top.  
  
With the tingling in her pussy temporarily quieted, she got ready to begin the drive home. Her top was still wet and now it smelled like cum. Putting on the leather boots was a challenge while sitting in the driver seat, but it was better than getting out of the car. When she was finally as decent as she could be, she started her car. The first thing she saw was the "low fuel" light blinking at her.  
  
"Fuck you Peter," she mumbled out loud.  
  
Her anxiety rose again as she realized more people were going to see her in this slutty outfit. She couldn't wait to get home where she was already making plans to kick Peter in the balls several times and then fuck his brains out. Wendy also hadn't brought her purse with her so she had no money, no credit cards and no driver's license. A new wave of panic struck her as she considered her options. She could try to make it home and risk getting stranded, almost naked, by the side of the road (no way would she make it); she could go back home and ask her parents for money (not a chance); she could try to catch up to Eddie and ask him for some money (what would he want for that?). She made up her mind quickly and drove off in the direction Eddie went. After 10 minutes of driving through her old neighborhood and wasting gas without any luck, she decided to try to make it home. If she ran out of gas, she would just have to hope that whoever stopped to help her wasn't a rapist.  
  
After making it back to the highway, she managed to relax a bit and reflect on what she had been through. She knew this adventure would keep her fantasies going for years. One of her hands automatically went to her pussy and she started to rub her clit. She wanted to cum again but she couldn't do that going at highway speeds. So she just kept making herself hornier and hornier.  
  
She had been on the highway about 10 minutes when she saw the flashing lights in her rear view mirror. This couldn't be happening. The cop was in an unmarked car. She didn't think she had been speeding but with 3 fingers shoved inside her pussy, she had been a little distracted. They were on a relatively deserted stretch of highway and there wasn't much traffic here on weekends. She turned onto a small side road, pulled over and immediately turned off her car. Wendy didn't have her purse to she didn't even have her driver's license. She started sweating as she tried to think of what she would tell the cop. When she saw him get out of his car though, her stress turned to fear. He was a black cop and he had to be at least 6'4".  
  
"License and registration," he said coldly.  
  
She leaned over to the glove compartment to grab the car ownership, allowing the cop the chance to look her over. Her black leather boots came mid-thigh but that still left a good 4 inches of thigh visible between the top of her boots and the bottom of her skirt. As she reached over, her short top came up enough for him to see the bottom half of her nipples. It would have been impossible for any heterosexual male not to be affected by the sight of her.  
  
As she handed the registration to him, she meekly told him, "I don't have my license."  
  
"Step out of the car," he immediately bellowed.  
  
Wendy knew that there was no way she could get out without showing him her shaved pussy. He stood there and watched her try to keep her legs together as she swung them out of the car but he still managed to get a good view of her cunt. When she stood up, he was at least 8 inches taller than her, even with the 3 inch heals on her boots. The cop unceremoniously brought her to the back of her car and told her to "assume the position". Of course, it was ridiculous for him to search her. He had no reason to do so and it's not as if there was any place she could hide a weapon. On the other hand, she was in no position to argue.  
  
Wendy faced her car, put her hands on her trunk and spread her legs out a foot apart. The cop stepped in behind her and knocked her feet out another foot causing her tight skirt to ride up and show off her butt cheeks. He then proceeded to search her. He started with her shirt by feeling her back and then feeling around to her tits. His black hands felt huge as he grabbed and mauled her tits. He wasn't satisfied with feeling the material though so he reached underneath her top and started pinching her nipples. Her nipples were aching and she felt like a bitch in heat. With the state she was already in, her crotch started heating up all over again. Wendy actually yelped when the cop took hold of her top and ripped it in two.  
  
"What the fuck," she started to protest, but then thought she had better just shut up. Now she was topless again by the side of the road and her only cover up was destroyed.  
  
The cop reached down to her feet and felt up each of her legs. As he did this, he could easily see Wendy's open pantiless cunt. He took the time to unzip each of her boots and asked her to step on of them. The boots then joined her top by the side of the road. By this point, Wendy was shaking uncontrollably. There was no way she wasn't going to be fucked by this SOB. He moved on to her skirt. Rather than feel all around the short skirt, he just grabbed the bottom and pulled it right off of her leaving her naked. She was still standing with her hands on the trunk of her car. He then started what he called "his search for concealed weapons". He reached around her front and massaged her clit with one hand while pumping her pussy with 2 fingers in his other hand. He kept this up for a few minutes letting her orgasm build. Unbelievably, even though she was technically being raped, she thought she would actually cum from this mauling. He removed his fingers from her cunt and shoved them into her ass. He continued fingering her clit and pumping her ass until Wendy was moaning. She didn't care anymore that she was showing herself on the side of a highway and being finger fucked by this big black cop. She just needed to cum. The cop kept this up until he knew she would cum and then he stopped. She was so close, she instinctively took her hands off the trunk of the car to finish herself off but he caught her wrists and held them in place.

"Fuck you, I need to cum," she yelled as she struggled against his vastly superior strength. Her sexual excitement had overtaken her fear.  
  
In this position, with him towering behind her and holding her wrists to the car, she could feel his hard cock in the small of her back. Desperate to feel something inside her, she simply grunted "Fuck me, then" and started grinding her ass on his hard-on. The cop let go of her right arm and she sighed in relief, thinking that he was going to open his zipper. Unfortunately for Wendy, his hand came back and he clamped a handcuff on her wrist.  
  
"What the fuck are you doing?" she exclaimed in surprise.  
  
He just laughed and said, "I'm taking you in for indecent exposure. You can't just drive around naked. Besides, you'll be a great morale booster for the guys back at the station."  
  
As he put her other arm behind her back, she started pleading with him. "I wasn't driving around naked. My clothes are right there."  
  
The son-of-a-bitch just laughed again and put her in the back seat of his car. The thought of being paraded through a cop station naked was like living out a fantasy but the reality of having a criminal record was making her sick to her stomach. She watched, in a panic, as the cop went back to her car, picked up her clothes and boots and put them in his trunk. She was feeling more defiant now. Part of her just wanted to tell him off, tell him that she would have his badge for this, that he was just a sick pervert, that he must have the smallest prick in his precinct. On the other hand, she didn't want a criminal record, she was a little afraid of him and she was feeling horny as hell. Perhaps a more submissive approach would work better.  
  
When he sat down behind the wheel, she spoke up in the softest voice she could muster, "Excuse me, sir, is there any way we can make this go away?"  
  
"What did you have in mind?" he replied with a grin.  
  
Fuck, if she offered him sexual favors, he could add "attempting to bribe an officer" to the charges. What the hell, he already showed her he could charge her with anything he wanted.  
  
"Well, I'm pretty good at sucking cock." She volunteered. She didn't tell him that he wouldn't be the first cock she sucked today.  
  
Without a word, the cop got out of the car and opened her door to let her out. He led her to the front of his car and made her kneel in the dirt in front of him. He then unzipped his fly and pulled out his hard black cock. His cock looked to be a good 8 inches long and it was thick. She had only seen black guys in porn videos. They looked big on the videos but that was nothing compared to facing the real thing. Sucking this guy off was not going to be easy, especially with her arms still cuffed behind her back. Always up for a challenge, Wendy tackled it right away. She licked the large head of his cock and sucked it into her mouth. She then started bobbing back and forth on his dick while using her tongue to swirl around the side of his shaft. After a few minutes of this, she managed to get his large cock down her throat. She couldn't get his entire cock into her mouth but she did manage to get at least an inch into her throat. Clearly, this was not something he was used to but he was enjoying it tremendously. Without the benefit of her hands, it would take longer than she hoped to make him cum. Her head bobbed back and forth as she worked her tongue over his large cock. It was at least 15 minutes before he showed any signs he was even coming close to orgasm. By then, rivers of sweat were pouring into her eyes and down her back. Her jaw and knees were hurting and she thought she might cramp up. Despite these distractions, she increased her pace and focused on the head of his cock. That was enough to send him over the top. The cop grabbed her head with both hands and started pumping her mouth with his cock. She felt the first spurt of cum in her mouth and swallowed it but he pulled out and pumped his cock with his fist before the next 5 spurts came. He must have been saving up for a month as Wendy had never seen so much cum from one cock. The second spurt flew over the top of her head and landed in her hair. The third one hit her square in the forehead and leaked down into her eyes. The fourth one hit her on the nose and right cheek and she licked the cum from her lips as it dribble down. The last two kind of dribbled down onto her chest. Wendy's hands were still cuffed behind her so she couldn't even wipe the mix of cum and sweat stinging her eyes. Still, she looked up at the cop with a victorious smile. The cop helped her to her feet, turned her around and took the handcuffs off.  
  
"You're free to go," he said and turned to leave.  
  
"Wait a sec," she yelled out, "what about my clothes?"  
  
The cop got into his car and started writing something down leaving her standing there naked with cum all over her face and tits. She thought maybe he was actually giving her a ticket. After a minute, he got out of his car and went to his trunk. When he came back though, he wasn't holding her clothes. He had something else in his hands.  
  
He said, "I'm gonna keep your clothes as a souvenir. Here's twenty bucks. You can wear this." He handed her the twenty and a sleeveless black leather vest. Wendy realized that she really had whored herself out after all. The vest looked pretty tattered and it had some holes in it.  
  
"I can't just wear this. It won't even cover my ass. And my boots cost way more than twenty bucks."  
  
"It was long enough to cover the ass of the hooker who left it in my car. Well, almost long enough." The cop said indifferently, ignoring her comment about her boots.  
  
As the cop was getting back in his car, Wendy put the vest on.  
  
"There aren't even any buttons on this vest."  
  
Her pleas were only met with an indifferent shrug. The black cop got into his car, backed out of the side road and drove off.  
  
Wendy assessed her situation. The vest only covered about half of her ass but it was tapered in the front so her pussy wasn't covered at all. She could hold the front closed but it was so small that she could barely make the sides overlap by an inch. It was going to be really hard to keep it closed and do anything else. On top of that, she was barefoot.  
  
She put the crumpled up twenty in the vest's pocket. It really pissed her off. Twenty bucks!! Her boots cost two hundred. She didn't even have a box of tissue in her car to clean the cop's cum off her face and in her hair. Most of the cum in her hair was already dry. She started her car and saw that annoying "low gas" light come on. Well, at least now she had money for gas.  
  
Wendy still had about 45 minutes more to drive before getting home. The gas station was just a few minutes up the road though. This was the only station on the highway so she had to pull in here and hope no one was around. When she got there, she saw that she wouldn't be so lucky. The station had two pumps and someone was filling up at the first pump. When she pulled in behind him, she saw an elderly gentlemen filling up ahead of her. He glanced up at her car as she pulled in and went about his business. Wendy considered just staying there and waiting for him to finish but she figured that would arouse more suspicion than anything else. Instead, she wrapped her vest tightly around herself and got out of the car. The old guy glanced at her again and then did a double take.  
  
What a sight she must have made. A young 22 year old without any shoes, wearing only a vest and clutching it with one hand while trying to unscrew the gas cap. She stood facing away from the guy and she could feel his eyes burning holes on her naked ass. In her mind, she thought that it must be obvious that she had sucked two guys off today. The dried cum in her hair would be an obvious sign. Thinking of herself as a slutty whore was making her horny again. When she looked at the old man again, she thought he had kind eyes. He looked harmless enough so she decided to turn and face him. He was still staring at her as he filled his car up. Wendy looked back at him, smiled, and let go of her vest. The vest parted revealing her shaved pussy. A good portion of her tits were also visible although the vest didn't slip past her nipples. The man grinned at her without saying a word. Wendy excitement was fuelling her fantasies. "He probably got the biggest hard on he'd had in years," she thought to herself.  
  
As the man's tank got filled, he replaced the nozzle and put the cap back on his car without ever taking his eyes from her body. He started walking toward her but when he got to the end of his car, he turned toward the convenience store. As he walked by, he just said "Thank you" and kept going. That is when Wendy looked again at her pump and saw the amount up over twenty-five buck and rising. Fuck!! She let go of the nozzle immediately. She had been so preoccupied with showing herself off that she had put more gas into her car than she could afford. She briefly considered just hoping into her car and driving off but the thought of that black cop pulling her over again and charging her with theft stopped her. Instead, she wrapped the vest back around her body and walked toward the store. She had no idea how she was going to explain this to the attendant. If it was a male attendant, she might have a chance though.  
  
When she reached a portion of the pavement that was in the sun, it scorched her bare feet making her rush through the door. As she stepped through, she saw the old guy was still at the cash chatting with the attendant. The guy had a stupid name tag that said "Hello, my name is Raj". As soon as she came in, they shut up and just watched her. Raj was dark skinned and he was talking with an Indian accent. The old guy finished paying his bill. He turned to her, thanked her again and then he left. Wendy tentatively approached the counter.  
  
Raj said, "That will be $25.42" in his typical friendly Indian accent.  
  
Wendy swallowed hard and said, "I only have twenty," and dropped the crumpled twenty the cop gave her on the counter.  
  
Both of them looked at the twenty on the counter and noticed that there was something written on the bill with a red marker. Raj uncrumpled it and they both leaned over slightly to read what it said. Raj started laughing while Wendy's face turned beat red. The fucking cop had written "Thanks for the Blow Job" on the twenty.  
  
Raj looked up at her. Then he looked up at the dried cum her hair. Still smiling, he asked, "You don't have any credit cards?"  
  
"No."  
  
"No other money?" he continued.  
  
"No."  
  
Always being helpful, Raj volunteered, "Sometimes, when this happens, we hold the customers' driver's license until they come back to pay."  
  
"I don't have my driver's license either," she replied.  
  
Raj was generally a good guy who believed in helping out his fellow man. When confronted with a very attractive, nearly naked 22 year-old without enough money to pay her bill, even the nicest guy in the world wouldn't be able to resist taking advantage of the situation. "You know, technically, what you have done is theft," he said tentatively.  
  
Wendy already knew where this was going so she just let go of her vest and let the two sides fall apart. Knowing that she was sealing her fate, she asked if there was any other way she could pay off the amount she owed. Raj laughed and said, "If the last guy thought a blow job was worth twenty dollars, I would be getting a deal for $5.42." Now she was going to be reduced to a prostitute who would give a blow job for five bucks. She thought the crack whores probably charged more than that.  
  
Wendy came around the counter and took off her vest. Now she was naked in public again. He put her vest on the counter while she kneeled on the floor. She unzipped the guy's fly. Not surprisingly, he was already hard. Raj's cock couldn't have been more different than the black cop. His dick was short, maybe four inches long and it was really thin. Wendy tried to stifle a giggle but the term "pencil dick" kept popping into her head. She took him in her mouth and started to suck. His cock tasted unusually salty.  
  
With Raj, she had no problem taking his entire length into her mouth. As a matter of fact, her nose was often buried in his pubic hair and she was even able to stick her tongue out and lick his balls with his cock still in her mouth. Raj seemed to particularly enjoy this. As she was working his cock, she thought she might have heard the door open but Raj never moved to she kept sucking. When she heard another noise she looked up to see the old man pointing an expensive looking camera at her. He snapped a picture exactly as she looked up, no doubt catching a great shot of her face with an Indian dick in her hand.  
  
Wendy didn't think there was much she could do about the old man. Here she was, naked in a gas station convenience store and kneeling in front of an Indian clerk giving him the best blow job of his life. She just went back to licking and sucking and the old man kept snapping away. The guy was coming around the counter and taking all kinds of obscene pictures of her tits, ass and pussy. Wendy didn't care anymore. The situation was surreal and after already blowing Eddie and the cop, her mind was in sexual overdrive. She even opened her legs to try to entice the old guy into joining them but he never touched her. The fact that she was disappointed the old guy didn't join in the action made her think maybe her father/daughter issues weren't completely resolved.  
  
Finally, Raj started showing signs that he was going to cum so Wendy really concentrated her efforts on finishing him off. When he finally came, he cried out surprisingly loudly but the actual cum that he shot into her mouth wasn't really very much. She had no problem capturing all of it but she turned to the old man, opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue so he could take a picture of Raj's cum before she swallowed it. Raj's cum tasted awful. Wendy couldn't imagine what this guy was eating to make his cum taste so bad but if he wanted someone to give him regular blow jobs, he'd better change his diet.  
  
Wendy stood up and asked Raj, "Do you mind if I help myself to something to drink?"  
  
Before he even answered, she walked to the back, grabbed an orange juice from the refrigerator and drank down a few gulps. On her way back to the front counter, she saw herself, naked, on the security camera. Oh well, Raj was going to have a souvenir. Hopefully, the video wouldn't show up on the internet. When she got back to the front, the old man was gone and so was her vest. She asked Raj where her clothes were and he just pointed out to the gas pumps where the old guy was standing, waiting for her. Raj just grinned and said, "George took it". He had put his "pencil dick" away and he now looked like any other gas station clerk -- except that he was smiling more than most clerks.  
  
By now, quite a few men had seen her naked and she had sucked off three guys today. She was beyond any modesty so she simply walked out the door toward her car. When her feet hit the hot pavement again she hopped past the area on the tips of her toes, fully aware of how it made her tits bounce in the sunlight. Throughout the walk, the old guy, George she now knew, was snapping pictures. When she reached him he said, "Sorry for taking your vest. I just wanted to see you walk naked outdoors. It's kind of a fetish for me."  
  
Wendy smiled back at him, "Me too. I'm going to need the vest back though."  
  
George opened his car door and gave her the vest. Wendy reached into the pocket and grabbed her car keys. She then threw the vest back at him. As she walked back to her car, she said, "you can keep the vest, I just needed the keys. By the way, I would have blown you too if you had asked." George just stood there with his mouth open as she pulled away.  
  
Wendy got back on the highway. If something happened to her car or if she got stopped now she would be in real trouble because she had nothing to cover up with. The thought was exciting her and she had one hand on her pussy for the rest of the drive home. She was so wet that her fingers pumping in and out of her pussy were making slurping sounds. She wished her car had been a convertible as she definitely would have put the top down to enjoy her naked ride home.  
  
She was also thinking about how she would get into the house after she got home. It was now just past 5:00PM and most people would be eating supper. As she drove through her neighborhood, she saw some people outside; walking their dogs, mowing their lawns. No one seemed to notice that a naked lady was driving by. Finally, she saw her driveway. Rob's truck was parked right at the end of the driveway and blocking it. Now she was pissed all over again. Not only was she was going to have to park on the street and walk up her driveway naked, she would also have to try to sneak upstairs without being seen by Peter's friend.  
  
Wendy pulled up to the curb. She looked all around her and she couldn't see any of her neighbors so she got out of the car and ran to the front door. When she got there she tried the door but of course, it was locked. She searched through her car keys but the house key was gone. Wendy knew that someone could walk or drive by at any time. With some panic, she rang the doorbell. The cars were in the driveway so Peter and Rob had to be there. She stood, naked, on the front porch and waited. After 30 seconds, she rang the bell three more times -- what the fuck was taking so long. After another 30 seconds, she knew she had to do something. The backyard is completely private so she could wait there. Making her way to the back would put her in full sight of the neighbor's house but she needed to move. She made it to the side and when she tried the gate, it wouldn't move at first and she thought Peter must have blocked that too. She tried again though and it opened. As she closed the gate behind her, she felt safe for the first time in three hours. She was still naked and outside but no one could see her here. She slumped down against the fence and started to cry. She wasn't sure if the tears were due to the relief of being home, the raw emotion of her day or sheer horniness and excitement.  
  
After a couple of minutes, she gathered herself up and made her way to the back yard. As she rounded the corner, she saw Peter and Rob sitting in lawn chairs drinking a beer. They were talking and laughing and having a good time. Instantaneously, her anger returned. Naked or not, she ran to her boyfriend and started hitting and kicking him.  
  
"You're a fucking asshole," she shrieked.  
  
Rob was laughing and enjoying the show until his friend screamed for help. Rob generously got up and held Wendy from behind, taking the opportunity to cop a feel of Wendy's tits.  
  
"Do you know what you put me through today?" she asked. Peter could tell that her anger was somewhat feigned as she had a half smile on her face. She was so horny that she was even enjoying the attention she was getting from Rob.  
  
"You have no idea what I had to do to get home, you fucking asshole," she continued as she tried to kick him in the balls.  
  
"No, but I can't wait to hear all about it," he replied.  
  
"I could have been raped, abducted or arrested today."  
  
"You were never in any real danger," Peter told her.  
  
"How the fuck would you know?" she countered. She had already calmed down quite a bit and Rob had pretty much released her.  
  
"Because Frank was giving me regular cell phone updates," Peter informed her.  
  
"Who, the fuck, is Frank?" Wendy screamed.  
  
"I'm Frank."  
  
Wendy recognized the voice immediately. She turned around to see the big black cop whose cock she had sucked an hour earlier. Once again, she turned beet red. She had no idea that her boyfriend knew anyone who was a cop.  
  
"Why don't you grab a beer and tell us about your day, honey?" Peter offered smugly.

Wendy huffed and headed to the back door, "I'm going to get dressed."  
  
Of course, when she got there, that door was locked too. "Where's the key?"  
  
"Honey, come here for a second," Peter said.  
  
Wendy slowly walked back to her boyfriend. Frank and Rob were both grinning widely as they checked out her tits and shaved pussy.  
  
"Now Wendy, I understand why you would be pissed off but deep down, didn't you enjoy your day today?" Peter asked.  
  
"No," she sulked.  
  
"If you hated every minute, why did you let that old man at the gas station take your picture and then give him your vest?"  
  
Busted.  
  
"Well, I was feeling a little cocky at the time."  
  
"So, when you CHOSE to drive the rest of the way home naked rather than have your vest, weren't you enjoying yourself a little?"  
  
"Maybe a little," she spoke slightly more softly.  
  
"And now that you are safe in your own back yard, doesn't it turn you on to know that three horny guys are looking at your beautiful body?"  
  
Wendy looked at Rob and Frank. She could easily see that she was turning them on and it was making her horny as hell.  
  
"Yes," she whispered.  
  
"So, how about we just sit down, have a beer, and you can tell us all about your day?"  
  
"OK, but you are going to pay for this later," she reluctantly agreed.  
  
So that is how Peter and his friends got Wendy to spend an evening in the nude. Frank got a beer for himself and for Wendy. She gulped back half the bottle on her first drink and then started her story. She told them about how scared and thrilled she felt when Peter first left her naked in the car. She told them who Eddie Cameron was and how it felt to have to give a blow job to a little runt she used to babysit. By the time she got to the part where Eddie had cum into her mouth, she was done her beer, she had one leg on the side of Rob's chair and she was gently massaging her clit. Her shyness was now completely gone.  
  
She went on to tell them how she panicked when she saw the low fuel light and then panicked even more when Frank pulled her over. She looked at Frank and told him how relieved she was when he put his hands on her tits because then she knew she probably wouldn't get a criminal record or anything. By the time she got to the part about blowing Frank while in handcuffs, she had to stop.  
  
"I need to cum now," she said as she leaned back, put her other leg on Frank's chair and started rubbing her pussy furiously. Frank and Rob helped her out as Peter just looked at her bring herself off. Rob moved closer and started pinching her nipples while Frank inserted one of his long black fingers into her pussy. Wendy even managed to put one bare foot in each guy's lap so she could feel their hard cocks. It only took her about three minutes to explode into a powerful orgasm. The three guys were just left with aching hard-ons.  
  
After she calmed down, she thanked the guys, sat back up and resumed her story. She told them about the gas station and having to blow Raj for $5.42. They all laughed when she described his "pencil dick" and his awful tasting cum. And finally, she told them about her drive home, about being pissed off because Peter had made her park on the road and had even thought of removing her house key from her keychain.  
  
When she finished her story, the three guys all had hard-ons and were ready for some relief. Wendy, however, had other plans.  
  
"Who wants another beer", she exclaimed as she got up and pranced to the beer cooler.  
  
"Umm, Wendy, I think the three of us have something else in mind," Peter said longingly.  
  
"All good things come to those who wait dear. Or is that all who wait for things get to cum? I haven't been in control of anything all day. For the next part, I will let you know when I'm ready."  
  
Wendy behaved as if she was just entertaining friends on a beautiful Saturday afternoon. You would never know that she was walking around naked and she had just had a mind blowing orgasm in front of three men, one of whom she had just met today. She barbecued hot dogs for everyone. Everyone was making jokes and having a good time. Wendy was joking about how they should have bought bigger wieners because these reminded her of Raj, the "pencil dick". As they all continued to drink beer, everyone was feeling good and the boys started taking liberties with her body. She never complained once and even copped her share of feels of asses and cocks. One time, she reached inside Frank's pants and said, "Now there's a wiener I could eat -- Oh wait, I already did."  
  
After everyone had eaten and had another beer, Wendy simply stated, "OK, I'm ready now."  
  
She got up, sat on Rob's lap and stuck her tongue into his mouth. That started the process going. Rob picked her up and laid her down on the picnic table. He then moved up to kneel beside her so he could stick his cock in her mouth. As she was sucking her fourth cock of the day, Frank slowly slid into her cunt. Wendy was certainly wet enough to handle Frank's cock. Peter went to her other side and she managed to jerk him off while sucking Rob and fucking Frank. The four of them spent the next hour fucking her and by the time the sun started setting, she had cum on her face, tits and leaking out of her pussy. Everyone was now pretty exhausted so they went in. Wendy had a shower while Peter put the boys up in the guest bedrooms and everyone went to bed early. Peter woke up in the middle of the night and found that Wendy wasn't in bed. He could hear some grunting so he knew that someone got a visit from his girlfriend.  
  
Sunday morning, Peter woke up to a wonderful smell coming from the kitchen. He put on some shorts and went downstairs where Wendy frying up some bacon. She was wearing an apron and nothing else. Peter reached around and cupped her tits while softly kissing her neck.  
  
"Good morning, honey, that smells delicious and looks yummy, and I'm not just talking about the bacon."  
  
Being a little concerned, he asked her, "Are you OK with everything that happened yesterday? Did I push it too far? I'm really sorry if ...."  
  
Wendy interrupted him by sticking her tongue into his mouth.  
  
"Yesterday was the best day of my life. Peter, I never thought anyone would understand me, but you and I were made for each other."  
  
The other 2 guys were up shortly after and were surprised to see that Wendy never got dressed. She proudly announced that she had now been naked for 18 hours and planned not to get dressed again until Monday morning. After breakfast, Rob and Frank had to leave so Wendy and Peter saw them out to their car. There were no neighbors out on an early Sunday morning as she walked Rob so his truck and gave him a kiss goodbye. She also walked Frank to his car, which was parked on the street, and gave him a kiss goodbye. Wendy walked back to the house and announced she was going to go park her car. Peter couldn't believe it as she walked back out to the street and drove her car into the driveway.  
  
When she got back to the house, the front door was locked again but she just started laughing. When she came around to the backyard, she couldn't stop laughing. The two of them spent the day out in the backyard making love and enjoying the sunshine.