**Emma's Prom Night Plan Goes Awry...**

by[LuckyDave1066](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5057919&page=submissions)©

With the post-prom party she and her boyfriend were at beginning to wind down, Emma caught Jason's attention from across the room. Her smile was met by his raised eyebrows silently asking if it was time to leave. It was. Emma had been looking forward to her senior prom since school had started back in August. She had begun dating Jason just before her senior year at Winchester High and his freshman year at UNC had begun, and her vision of what going to the prom with him would be like had turned out to be fairly close to the actual event. He went all out with an elaborate prom-prosal, actually bought his tux and the rest of his outfit, and had generally made the night live up to her expectations.  
  
Even with a picture-perfect prom and a relaxed party with friends already accomplished, there was still much more Emma was looking forward to doing before the night was finished. Back when she started her Freshman year, she decided to remain a virgin until she was in college; she never had a serious boyfriend before Jason, so it hadn't been too hard to stick to her plan. To avoid being tempted into letting some minor fooling around lead her into serious temptation, she never once let herself be coaxed out of her bra, and anywhere below her waist was strictly out of bounds.  
  
The lack of the sort of relationship drama many of her friends went through gave her more time to focus on her studies, and the strategy had paid off, literally, as she was accepted at every university she applied to and had received and accepted a very substantial scholarship offer from Duke. After she turned 18 in February, and especially with her path to college set by mid-April, she told herself that she was as good as in college, and began to look forward to giving up her virginity; prom night, with she and Jason dressed to the nines and her hair and makeup looking more sophisticated than usual seemed like the perfect time.  
  
Without coming right out and saying so, Emma had given Jason some pretty strong hints that her normal limits would be gone after the prom and after-party were over, telling him, "I'm not sure where you'd like to go after we're done hanging out with our friends, just make it someplace nice. And private, that would be good." With that on his mind as the party wound down, it was no surprise Jason was eager to slip away with her and move on to the next part of their evening. Looking across the room at his girlfriend, he couldn't help thinking how lucky he was. She was smart, funny, kind, cute, and effortlessly sexy.  
  
Emma usually dressed in a fairly conservative mode, but in keeping with her plans for the night, her dress made it clear she could definitely do sexy if she wanted to, with a plunging neckline and a slit showing much more leg than she'd ever done at school. The shimmering gold fabric went well with her long brown hair and green eyes. He couldn't help chuckling at a few comments from some of the guys in her class, who apparently hadn't noticed before now what a babe she was. With most of the couples at the party already gone, Emma said her goodbyes to a few of her friends still hanging out.  
  
Emma and Jason left the party and walked down the long driveway to the car he'd borrowed from his aunt's boyfriend, a vintage convertible perfect for the warm May night. As he opened her door she asked, "So what have you got planned next?"  
  
"It's a surprise. I can tell you this much -- where we're going meets your requirements of being a nice place, and private." She decided not to press for more details, but was relieved when they passed by the only hotel in town without stopping. Judging by several cars she recognized in its parking lot, the local Hilton Garden Inn was a popular destination with her classmates. With that option having been rejected, her curiosity grew, but she trusted Jason to have come up with something special. When he turned off the main drag into a residential neighborhood, she wondered what her boyfriend was up to; when he parked in front of a large brick colonial house with no lights on she gave in and asked what was going on.  
  
"Come with me and you'll see in a minute," Jason said. He led her along a path cutting across the large front lawn, leading straight to the front door. He flipped open the cover on a lockbox hanging on the doorknob and, using his phone as a flashlight, keyed in a four-digit password, opening a compartment holding a single key. He took the key out and held it up triumphantly, saying, "And we're in!"  
  
"We're breaking in to some family's house? This is crazy!" Emma whispered, even though the nearest neighboring house was well out of earshot.  
  
"Not exactly," he replied, "You know my Mom is a realtor, right?" She nodded. "Well," he explained, "The lockbox is for any realtor to use when they need to show the house to a possible buyer. I looked through her listings and found this place, which besides being a great house has the advantage of being vacant; the owners have already moved into another house way over in Waterloo."  
  
"I don't know, this sounds thoroughly illegal," she said.  
  
"Maybe, technically," he replied, "but as long as we don't make a mess, break stuff or set the place on fire it shouldn't be a problem."  
  
"Security system?" she asked.  
  
"I checked my Mom's notes, the owners shut it down, and I made a visit a few nights ago just to be sure."  
  
"Okay, but I swear, if I get arrested you'll be in so much trouble!" Emma replied, her smile showing she'd begun to get comfortable with the setup.  
  
Jason opened the door and walked in, holding her hand as he led her on a short tour. "Right this way, Miss. Note the hardwood floors in all rooms. There are large built-in china cabinets in the dining room. The living room features a gas fireplace operated with a remote."  
  
"And not much else!" Emma laughed, looking around the empty living room, "They must have taken all their furniture to their new house."  
  
"True, but they left the refrigerator here," he said, smiling, "which was nice of them." He opened the refrigerator, which was empty except for a bottle of champagne, two flutes, and a bowl of strawberries. He handed Emma the bowl and took the bottle and glasses out.  
  
"Where are we taking these?" Emma asked.  
  
"Upstairs, they did leave some furniture behind up there."  
  
"Upstairs," she thought, "probably nothing but bedrooms up there. Okay." The butterflies she had begun feeling when Jason opened the front door became more insistent.  
  
Jason led the way up the stairs and along a hall, passing one totally empty bedroom, one with only a few free weights and a well worn couch inside, and a bathroom before finally arriving at their destination. The bedroom at the end of the hall looked to be fully furnished; he set the glasses down on a dresser and began working the bottle's cork out. Emma had a strawberry, then fed one to him once the cork was safely out. He poured them each a full glass of champagne, then sat on a large cushy chair in a corner across from the bed. Emma sat on his lap and they began alternating sips of bubbly and kisses. Once their glasses were empty they concentrated fully on making out, their hands beginning to explore over, around, and through their formal wear.  
  
Emma led the way, unbuttoning Jason's shirt, then pulling it free from his pants and sliding it off. Taking the hint, he reached around her and unzipped her dress's zipper, from just below her shoulder blades all the way down to a spot just above the upper slope of her ass. Along the way he didn't notice any sign of a bra; knowing it wouldn't take much more to make her naked down to her waist, he hooked a finger under the fabric on each of her shoulders but paused, asking, "Is this okay?" Her deep, passionate kiss was reply enough; he tugged the dress off her shoulders and down her upper arms. She pulled her arms free and he let the fabric in each hand drop onto her lap, revealing her full, firm breasts and taut belly. He bent down to take her right nipple in his mouth, teasing it with his tongue before sucking it deeply for a minute, then moving on to give her left nipple the same treatment.  
  
Emma was too distracted by now to reciprocate, but her soft moaning told Jason she was enjoying his attention. Eventually, she whispered, "In case you haven't guessed, I'm yours tonight, all the way." If Jason had any doubts left, she did away with them, stepping off his lap and unzipping the zipper the last few inches, letting the dress slide off her entirely. Still facing away from him, she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and slid them down, slowly revealing her ass, then released them, letting them join her dress down around her ankles. She stepped out of the pile of fabric at her feet and turned to face him, a couple of sheer black thigh high stockings away from being completely nude. "Nearly naked isn't enough tonight," she thought, and lifted her right foot up onto Jason's knee. He didn't hesitate, sliding both hands up her leg, then back down, taking her stocking off as he went. She presented her left leg, and less than a minute later stood before Jason with nothing at all between him and every inch of her body.  
  
Jason moved from the chair to the bed, pulling Emma gently towards him as he lay back on top of the bedspread. She went along, but stopped short of joining him on the bed. He propped himself up on his elbows and asked, "Too fast, or is something wrong?"  
  
"No, no, everything's...amazing, but I have an idea about how to proceed. Where more than how, really," she said, continuing in a whisper, "If it isn't too much trouble, I'd like to do it by the light of the fireplace!"  
  
Jason smiled and replied, "I've used the same kind of fireplace at my Grandmother's house, so I think we can do that. Let's take our refreshments downstairs and see if we can get it lit!"  
  
Emma gave Jason a long kiss as he got up from the bed; they brought the champagne, glasses, and strawberries downstairs. Before leaving the bedroom Emma grabbed her mini-purse as well. Though she didn't need her ID, house keys, or the small wad of cash in the purse where they were headed, she wanted to have the condoms she had tucked inside handy if Jason hadn't thought to bring any. As he thought, the fireplace worked just like the one he had used at his Grandmother's house; he had it up and running before Emma had finished pouring them both a second glass of champagne.  
  
Jason sat on the carpet in front of the fireplace, Emma joined him, sitting by his side. They resumed alternating kisses and sips of champagne; with Emma naked now, the intervals between sips became longer and more heated. After a few minutes, Emma set her glass down; Jason was happy to follow her lead. With both hands now free, their foreplay became much more intense. She unhooked and unzipped his pants and slipped her right hand down the front of his boxers. Getting his boxers off was difficult with the erection she had been encouraging blocking their removal. She held his cock tight to his belly with one hand and used her other hand to work his pants and boxers down and away from his ass.  
  
With his pants now halfway down his thighs, she gently pushed him down on his back and pulled them all the way off, taking his boxers with them. Gently stroking his cock while straddling his legs, she unwrapped a condom and rolled it down his shaft, then whispered, "I want you inside me. Now. Let's fuck!" Jason had no objections whatsoever; he felt like he would explode if he didn't bury his dick in her pussy soon. Emma slid forward and reached down to guide his cock into her pussy, settling in position with the tip of his cock just barely pressing into her lips. She felt a surge of warmth and silently savored her last seconds as a virgin.  
  
That was when she heard it; a few seconds later Jason did too. Both froze in place, straining to be sure of what they were hearing. Definitely a motor vehicle of some sort, way closer than the road! They both realized that there was only one explanation for the sound, which continued to grow louder. Someone was driving up the driveway! Terror almost completely replaced arousal as the dominant feeling in the room. Emma stood up and looked out the nearest window; it had no view of the driveway, but she could see reflections and shadows changing by the second. Jason hoped that it was just someone using the driveway to turn around, but couldn't explain why anyone would need to come so far up the driveway to do that.  
  
Emma was thinking of nothing now but escape, but didn't know the house well enough to be sure which way to go. Jason got to his feet and sprang into action. He got his pants back on and fastened, stuffing his boxers into a pocket.  
  
The sound of a garage door opener raising a door jolted Emma into action; she quickly tried to remove all traces of their presence, grabbing the bowl of strawberries, her purse, and the empty condom package. Jason shut down the fireplace and gathered up the champagne and glasses. Not wanting to spill champagne anywhere, he swallowed the last few ounces in the glasses. Seeing Emma heading towards the stairs to the 2nd floor, he whispered as loudly as he dared, "NO, if we go upstairs we'll be trapped, there's no way out from up there except second-floor windows!"  
  
"Jason, all my clothes are up there!" she hissed, "What else can we do?"  
  
"The cellar has a door to the outside, with some steps under a metal cover, we can get out that way, if we're quiet we could get away unnoticed," he replied, "Whatever we do, we need to do it NOW, whoever just drove into the garage is bound to come in any minute."  
  
"Be real! I can't leave here naked!"  
  
"I could go out and get you something to wear at the Walmart over in Winchester. I'd be back in way less than an hour."  
  
Emma reluctantly nodded her head in agreement. Jason led her to the cellar door; they crept down the stairs using his phone to light the way. No sooner had they made it down to the cellar floor than they heard people above them speaking, too muffled to make out what they were saying, but clear enough to be sure it was a man and a woman talking. A few minutes later the voices grew fainter, with footsteps on the stair to the second floor eventually covering them up entirely.  
  
Emma held on to Jason's hand as he walked around the cellar searching for the door leading outside. He used his phone to light their way, not turning any lights on for fear the couple upstairs might look outside, see light streaming out the windows and come down to the cellar to investigate. After a few minutes of cautious exploration, they found the door; luckily the lock was operable from the cellar without a key. Jason opened the door and lifted one side of the metal shed cover.  
  
He paused before heading up the stairs; turning to face Emma he whispered, "I'll be back as soon as I can be. Make sure your phone is on and the ringer is off. I'll text you as soon as I get back and meet you right here with clothes for you."  
  
"Please hurry," she said, silently thinking, "Where the hell else would I be?" before kissing him goodbye. She went up two steps, enough to watch Jason walk away, then lowered the metal cover. She thought it was completely closed before she let go of it, but the door dropped down an inch or two to its resting position, clanging loudly against its frame. She turned back inside the cellar, closed and locked the door, and began listening for any sound from above in reaction to the sound of the door.  
  
"I'm being paranoid," she told herself, "It sounded loud to me, standing right under it, but the people upstairs probably didn't notice it at all." As much as she wanted to believe it, she couldn't help worrying about the owners coming down and finding her with nothing but her tiny purse for cover. She felt her heart pounding as she imagined herself being discovered. The muffled but unmistakable sound of footsteps coming from the stairs above, five minutes after she came back inside the cellar, sent her pulse racing even higher.  
  
Emma's first instinct was to open the door, lift the cover and get the hell out of the house before whoever was coming down to the first floor made it all the way down the cellar steps. She had her hand on the doorknob before she realized that if she followed through with her current idea she'd be naked, outdoors, in an unfamiliar neighborhood, most likely with police looking for her. Looking around frantically, she saw one possible bit of shelter. She was startled by the sound of the door at the top of the stairs opening, but far more shocked when lights all over the cellar came on a few seconds later. She had been in darkness or very dim light since well before she had parted ways with her clothes, and with the harsh cellar lights on, she felt far more exposed than ever; catching a glimpse of herself in a large mirror leaning against a wall didn't help at all.  
  
Emma wasn't sure how many steps the stair down to the cellar had, but was sure that by the time she had reached her shelter, whoever was coming down would at most have only a few steps left to descend. She crouched behind the furnace, trying to contort her body to fit completely behind it. She shivered as she heard a man walk by within 10 feet of where she was hiding. He checked the handful of small windows, then tried the door. He opened the door and stepped outside. She heard a rattling sound, then heard him close the door and head back to the stair. She was startled one more time when he began talking, saying, "You can relax. The door was still locked and the cover was closed. I padlocked the cover just to be sure nobody could open it. Coming back up now"  
  
Emma exhaled when the lights went out and she heard the door at the top of the stair being closed; she felt like she'd been holding her breath forever. Her breathing returned to something like normal, but she definitely didn't relax. With the metal cover padlocked, Jason couldn't get back in that way, and more importantly, she couldn't get out. She got her phone out and sent Jason a text, explaining the latest problem.  
  
A few minutes later her heart sank as she saw his reply. Trying to get back to her as quickly as possible, he went home to get her something to wear instead of the store, and his parents wouldn't let him go back out this late. He promised to come as soon as they left for work, around 6:30 AM. He told her he'd stake out the house and text her as soon as the people left.  
  
"WHAT IF THEY DON'T LEAVE!!!" she replied.  
  
"There's no food in the house, they're likely to go out to breakfast," he answered, adding, "Once I see them leave, I 'll text you and you can come up from the cellar, I'll bring the clothes in and we can get you out."  
  
She looked at the time, only 2:30. She was already tired but didn't dare let herself sleep, even if there had been anything available to sleep on. She paced around the cellar for a while, then sat on the bottom step and tried to think of the quickest way out of the mess she was in.  
  
"Go quietly upstairs and sneak out the front door, hide out in some bushes until Jason can get here?" she thought, "But the sun will be up before he gets here, I can't be sneaking around like this in broad daylight!"  
  
"Same plan, but try to walk home while it's still dark and quiet?" she wondered, quickly rejecting the idea of trying to walk more than 4 miles to make it home while stark naked.  
  
"Same plan, but call an Uber once I'm outside?" she thought, rejecting the idea when she remembered that some friends of her Dad worked as Uber drivers. She wondered if she could have made herself take that option if she could be sure of being anonymous!  
  
"Do my best Ninja imitation, sneak upstairs to retrieve my dress, that would be enough to walk home in!" she thought. It was risky, but had the distinct advantage of not calling for her to be naked out in the world at all, or naked in the cellar indefinitely.

Emma was amazed to even be considering the option calling for her to go upstairs in the nude. Upstairs, where people were. Sleeping, maybe. Or not.  
  
"Screw it, I'll lose my mind if I just sit here another 4 or 5 hours," she whispered, "If I hear anyone stirring I'll just backtrack. She turned her phone completely off to avoid any surprise chirps or buzzing, then slowly began walking up the steps. When she opened the door between the cellar and the mudroom on the first floor, she was stunned to see the lights on, both in that room and the kitchen beyond. She shuddered as she noticed her reflection in the kitchen windows, then smiled as she imagined some insomniac neighbor spotting her and wondering who exactly the couple upstairs had visiting them, maybe even asking them about her sometime later!  
  
She shook off the unexpectedly exciting distraction and began her stealthy trip up the stairs leading to the second floor, straining to hear any sound indicating someone might be awake up there. Hearing only snoring, she moved slowly down the hall, remembering the layout as she crept along. She stopped at the door of the empty bedroom and at the bathroom, scanning each room by the light of her phone for anything she might be able to cover herself with. Seeing only a washcloth resting on the edge of the bathtub, she went on to the second bedroom; its door was halfway closed and her memory of it from a few hours ago was that it was about as barren as the first one. She got down on her hands and knees to crawl into the occupied bedroom. She looked around the side of the bed where she had stripped out of her dress, but all she found was a pair of sneakers. She hesitated before continuing past the foot of the bed, not wanting to have anyone between her and the door, but pressed on, peeking around the other side of the bed.  
  
Emma practically jumped when she heard a woman's voice say, "Gary, roll over, your damned snoring woke me up again. Roll over!"  
  
She heard the snoring stop, frozen in place by the realization that there might now be TWO people awake within a few feet of her!  
  
Emma heard the man's voice, the same one she had heard in the cellar, "You want me to roll over? Like this?"  
  
"No, not on top of me!" she replied, laughing "You know what I meant..."  
  
"So you want to be on top?" he replied.  
  
"That's not what I said; really, Gary, it's 3 AM!"  
  
"I know, but you woke me up. Being in our old bedroom brings back some fun memories."  
  
"I know what you mean, but I'm so tired...would a blow job help you get to sleep?"  
  
"Worth a try!" he said.  
  
"You can close your eyes and pretend the high school girl or bridesmaid who left her dress behind is going down on you."  
  
"I don't need..." he began before his wife shushed him.  
  
"I really don't mind, sweetie, especially if the fantasy makes my job easier and helps you drift off to sleep."  
  
By this point, Emma was desperate to be pretty much anywhere else, so much so that she chose to believe the man's eyes were shut tight. She tried to not think about what movie might be playing in his imagination, but couldn't quite get the scenario proposed by the wife to leave her alone. She was willing to take a chance on his wife's eyes also being closed, or at least busy enough going down on her husband to not notice the naked teen slowly crawling backwards out into the hall. After Emma cleared the doorway, she stood up and allowed herself a quick peek back into the room. Her jaw dropped as she saw the wife lift her head off her husband's dick and peel her nightshirt off, then slide forward until she was in a position to climb on his waiting hard-on!  
  
Emma decided she had pushed her luck far enough and pulled her head away from the doorway. The last thing she noticed before leaving the doorway was her dress, draped neatly over an arm of the big chair in the corner! Knowing that there was no way was she going to get that far into the room now, she silently said a wistful goodbye to the dress and headed back to the cellar.  
  
When she reached the kitchen, she paused her return trip to the cellar, taking a minute to step close to the group of windows and look outside. She told herself she was just checking to see if Jason had been able to sneak away and might already be parked on the street, but in fact, the majority of her delay was spent wondering if anyone in anyone in the 3 houses she could see from the kitchen might be awake and wondering why all the lights in the kitchen were on.  
  
Emma reached the cellar without any further drama. She settled in to relax as best she could, sitting on the second step from the bottom, the only place other than the dusty concrete floor where she could get off her feet. She checked her phone for texts, emails, voicemails, any indication at all that Jason was on his way. Nothing had come through while she'd had the phone turned off, and her checking her phone every 4 minutes during the first hour after she had returned to the cellar didn't turn up any attempt from Jason to reach her. Around 4:30 she finally decided to save her phone's battery for a while. She sat quietly, listening for any sign of activity above or any sound from her phone. She didn't fall asleep, the combination of her vulnerable state and uncomfortable location made sure of that, but she did drift and almost doze for a few hours.  
  
When she felt her head jerk up after she drifted off briefly she was startled by what she saw. The cellar looked generic enough; bare concrete floor, wood floor framing above, furnace and hot water heater at the far end, and a washer and dryer along one wall. What startled her was the fact she could see all this at all! The handful of windows were now letting early morning sunlight in. She picked up her phone and saw 7:17 AM on the screen! She was about to call Jason when a notification came on the screen alerting her to a text from him.  
  
"Parents just left"  
  
"Where ARE u," she tapped out in reply.  
  
"On my way there in 5"  
  
"With clothes?"  
  
"Yes will text when im there"  
  
Emma almost cried, all the pent up stress of the last 5 hours letting loose. She stared at her phone, looking for the notification that Jason had arrived and would be delivering some sort of clothing any minute now.  
  
After what seemed like an hour, it finally came, "Here now"  
  
Emma thought she could sneak upstairs without waking the couple upstairs, quickly get into whatever Jason had brought for her to wear while just inside the front door, then take off before they had time to react to the sound of their front door opening and closing.  
  
She typed in "Come to door" and was about to hit send when she heard the sound of footsteps coming down from the second floor, definitely more than one person. She deleted the text and replaced it with one word: "WAIT"  
  
Half a minute later, Jason sent a flurry of updates.  
  
"garage door opening"  
  
"car backing out"  
  
"I see man and woman inside"  
  
"theyre gone"  
  
"meet at front door?"  
  
No longer worrying about being heard, Emma called Jason, telling him, "Now that they've left I don't need replacement clothing, I can go upstairs and get into my dress! Stay in your car, I'll be out in a few minutes."  
  
"Okay, but hurry, we don't know how long they'll be gone!"  
  
Jason's urging her to hurry wasn't really needed; after spending all night completely nude in some stranger's house Emma was more than ready to get some clothes on and get the hell out of there. She made a mental note to look around for a few seconds to see if she could find her panties and stockings. She was relieved to not have to explain to her parents how it was that the entire outfit she was wearing when she left the house the night before had been lost! She raced up to the first floor, pausing one more time at the kitchen windows to see if Jason's car was in sight. Her heart skipped a beat or two as she saw an elderly man out walking his dog pass by. The white-haired dog walker's focus on his beagle cost him a golden opportunity to see a beautiful nude young woman, definitely not a regular event on his morning walk; trying to avoid catching his eye, Emma stood frozen in place until he was out of sight. She took the steps leading to the second floor two at a time, excited to be so close to escaping this fiasco.  
  
Emma walked briskly down the hall, past the empty bedroom and the one with the couch. She spotted her shoes next to the bathroom door; she'd forgotten all about the shoes, and couldn't even remember where she'd taken them off. Though she didn't expect to wear the shiny gold heels much, or maybe ever, finding them was a pleasant surprise; she slipped into the shoes and bent over to buckle the straps around her ankles.  
  
When she replayed, as she frequently did later, the sequence of events that began with her decision to pause to put her shoes on, she thought the single most important element was the bathroom fan. She had disregarded it when she first reached the second floor, thinking either the man or his wife had left it running after showering; since they had left just a few minutes earlier, this seemed plausible. The droning fan masked the sound of her footsteps in the hall and also hid the sound the son of the homeowners made toweling off his hair after his shower.  
  
Emma was too focused on fastening the straps on her heels to notice the size 12 feet approaching her until it was too late to get out of the way of the naked man who belonged to the feet. She was already unbalanced, bent over her shoes, so the 190 lb 22 year-old stumbling over her easily toppled her onto her back. He landed mostly on top of her, stunned to find himself suddenly rolling around on the floor with a buxom young woman, every bit as naked as he was. Until he toppled over her, he was completely unaware there was anyone else in the house but him, let alone a naked high school senior crouching in the hall, right in his path back to his old bedroom, where he'd slept soundly on the fold-out couch.  
  
Emma pretty much freaked out, yelling, "Get off me! Who are, why are you here?"  
  
"Okay, calm down," he said, "My parents own this house, at least they do until they can sell it. We came to spend a couple nights here while they're having some work done on their new place. I'm Ian, by the way; and you are who? And here, naked, why, exactly?"  
  
I'm, uh, Amy. My boyfriend thought nobody would be here; I promise, we didn't damage anything or make a mess." She noticed Ian hadn't made any effort whatsoever to disentangle himself from her; in fact, his right hand had begun lightly stroking the side of her left breast!  
  
"Your boyfriend is here, too?" he asked, suddenly nervous.  
  
"No, he's outside, in his car," she replied.  
  
"Well, my folks won't be back until after lunch, so if you want to hang out a while you're welcome to stay..." he said, fingertips closing in on her nipple.  
  
Emma was shocked that this stranger was actually trying to seduce her right there in the hall; she was amazed when he rolled one leg over hers. She felt his cock, pleasantly warm against her thigh, larger than Jason's she was sure, and still growing. She knew letting this go on was wrong, but the new wave of sensations was undeniably enjoyable. When his left hand began stroking the inside of her right thigh, right around the time his right hand finally found the nipple it had been circling, Emma was about ready to lose her virginity in this seemingly random encounter.  
  
The sound of her phone ringing, playing Jason's ringtone, shook her out of the fog she was in. She shoved Ian, but he didn't budge until a much harder shove finally got him off her, she scrambled to her feet and said, "I'm sorry we intruded, but I have to go now." She bolted back to the stair down to the first floor, raced through the foyer and threw open the front door. She knew going out without her dress, or any clothing at all, was beyond risky, but didn't trust herself to resist the pretty hot dude fate had placed between her and her clothes if she made another attempt to get past him to the bedroom where her clothes were. She definitely didn't want Jason coming in and catching sight of Ian.  
  
The sound of Ian's footsteps hurrying down the stairs settled the matter.  
  
She needed to go.  
  
Outside.  
  
Now.  
  
Naked!  
  
Standing outside, Emma pulled the door shut! Hearing the lock click, she couldn't stop thinking how complete her exposure would be if anyone else were to come along before she made it to the shelter of Jason's car. Just the idea made her legs go wobbly for a moment and brought on a nervous giggle. She forced herself to step out of the small covered alcove outside the door, and down the single step to the brick walk leading to the street. Her head was spinning when she moved beyond the shadows the house cast, out into the morning sunshine on the first few feet of the walk.  
  
She still didn't see Jason or his car; since she had an unobstructed view down the street to her left, she assumed he must be to her right, hidden by a tall hedge. Not seeing Jason yet, despite being almost a quarter of the way to the street, was making her more nervous by the second, but the hedge was also helpfully blocking any view of her from the closest house.  
  
Emma looked down the street to her left; there was nothing at all blocking her view in that direction for a whole block. She was relieved to see no sign of activity anywhere down the street, until it dawned on her that any of the dozen or more windows she had a clear view of might have someone behind them with an equally clear view of her! Despite knowing she'd have to live with never knowing for sure if she'd been seen, she continued walking and scanning the length of the street. Focusing on the far end, she didn't notice right away when doors on both sides of a car parked on the street just two houses away were opened. It was the thunking of several doors closing which caught her attention, by which point two women and one man were out of the car and walking. Towards her, she realized.  
  
Desperate to not have to explain why she was walking around in the nude on this fine morning, she picked up her pace as much as the combination of her heels and the uneven brick walk allowed. The trio bearing down on her was still fairly far off despite wearing more practical footwear, not on track to intercept her before she reached Jason's car, IF he was parked where she thought he was.  
  
"He'd better be," she thought.  
  
He was! She was thrilled, relieved, and oddly enough, the tiniest bit disappointed to see his car less than 20 feet beyond the end of the hedges. He noticed her in his rear-view mirror, popped the trunk open, and stepped out to greet her, saying, "I'm so sorry I got you into this mess. Clothes are in the bag in the trunk."  
  
"Never mind that right now," she yelled, "Don't you see the people behind me? Unlock the damned door and get me out of here!"  
  
Jason truly hadn't noticed anyone but his naked girlfriend, but now he as looked down the street, he saw Emma's pursuers. Whatever their original reason for being here was, it had clearly been forgotten for now, the three were now focused on finding out what was going on with the naked teenager a few dozen yards ahead of them.  
  
As the trio came closer, Jason stared and stood still with his mouth wide open, but made no sound.  
  
Turning to take her first long look at the people behind her, the stunned Emma asked, "Mrs. Cortin? in a shaky voice.  
  
"Dan, Liz, why don't you two walk around the exterior for a few minutes while I sort this out," the woman leading the group said, "Go ahead, I won't be long." The couple headed off, though Dan looked back several times before finally disappearing beyond the hedges.  
  
"Jason? Emma? What the hell is this? What are you doing here, and why is she naked?"  
  
"It's not her fault, I can explain," Jason replied sheepishly.  
  
"Can I please get dressed?" Emma asked, still wearing only her heels, goosebumps, and a deep full-body blush.  
  
Looking first at her son, then at Emma, standing helplessly with one hand on the passenger door handle, Jason's mother held off laughing long enough to say, "Yes, Emma, please do make yourself decent before the whole neighborhood sees you. I've got to show the house to this couple, but don't you two go anywhere, I can't wait to hear your explanation."