**Jessie and the Motorcycle**

by Helmhood

I was meeting my friend Robbie for lunch at a street café. It was a warm spring day, and he said that he wanted to talk to me about something. We were actually co-workers, Robbie was a young man who worked in my office IT department. But the two of us were also friends, and we would hang out on occasion.

Walking over to the small round table, I had dressed in jeans that hugged my onion-shaped bottom, with a simple white blouse and sensible flats. Short and curvy, I had shoulder-length chestnut hair, which would be turning lighter as we got closer to the summer. When I sat down, I saw that Robbie had already ordered me a raspberry ice-tea.

“Hey,” I smiled, thanked him for the drink, and took a sip. “What’s up?”

Robbie grinned. “Hi, Jessie. I got a message from Rod last night.”

Rod was my other friend. I had known him for a while, growing up together. Our relationship was more… complicated.

I could feel my face blush, and started to grow nervous. “Oh crap…”

“I was talking about the motorcycle thing,” Robbie said.

My friend Rod had recently purchased a motorcycle. It was no secret that I had wanted to go for a ride, but did not have the chance yet. Naturally, there had been joking and teasing. I would probably fall off the thing. Maybe he was concerned for my safety, but so far Rod had not followed up on his offer to let me take a spin.

The guy from work seemed to confirm my thoughts. “You can ask him about taking you for a ride.”

“Dammit,” I muttered under my breath.

But there was more to it. From that first day when I saw Rod roll up in front of my house, I was in love with that machine. The sleek metal, the roar of the engine. I imagined what it would be like to straddle the seat. As a woman, I, um, was sensitive between my thighs. Being a “PAWG”, I felt this especially so. I guess I was kind of flirty with Rod, and there was some more teasing.

“He never got to follow up from earlier,” Robbie was continuing, apparently relating last night’s phone conversation. “He would love for you to ride on his motorcycle, Jessie, if you are able to.”

“What was the… stipulation, again?” this of course had been part of our talks since he picked up the bike. “Just to open my top… right?”

No surprise, it ended up being implied that Rod would let me ride on his motorcycle if I showed him my boobs. At the time, I wasn’t sure if he was serious. I did have medium sized breasts, but with long nipples that were cherry red when excited.

Robbie shook his head. “I think you were planning to go out late at night. He would pull over to a park stop. And you would take off everything.”

I looked around the outdoor café and blushed in embarrassment. “But not ride that way!”

My friend, my co-worker, smiled again. He was having a blast egging me on. “Well, yes. You would be on the back of the motorcycle. Your arms around Rod.”

“No… no…” I protested, biting my lip and fidgeted. I was afraid my hazel eyes would betray my emotions. “Not naked on the bike… no…”

“Completely naked,” Robbie replied softly. “Think how that would feel.”

For a moment, I closed my eyes, savoring the fantasy. “Mmm… ya…” And then I caught myself. “But no!”

Robbie waited, took a sip from his own drink. “Well, Jessie, you have to ask Rod and see what happens.”

“Anything but ride naked…” I trembled. My words were defiant, but my mind racing.

“Like just stand in front of him, with arms at your sides?” the young man taunted.

“Oh my god… no…” I whispered, my will starting to crumble.

Robbie treated this like a simple matter of arranging plans between friends. “Talk to Rod about when you can go out for a ride at night. Once that is set up, we will see how much you have to take off.”

“OK…” I said, slightly quivering.

The IT guy cleverly added, “It’s so warm out at night.”

“Ya…” was all I could respond.

“This could be good timing,” Robbie urged me further. “Rod is back in town, we just spoke yesterday. You only have to touch base with him.”

“When?” I asked, a little more eagerly than I would have liked.

Robbie slid his cell phone across the circular table between us.

“How about now,” the young man said.

I looked over at the young man sitting in front of me. This plutonic friend who I was usually comfortable with. But Rod, on the other hand, the feelings were different, more intense. Maybe it was that I had known him longer, and I did not think he was attracted to me.

Picking up the phone, after some hesitation, I punched in Rod’s number.

“Hi,” I said when the other guy answered. “It’s me… Jessie. I’m calling from Robbie’s phone.”

My co-worker laughed, listening to one side of the awkward conversation.

“So… can I go for a ride on your motorcycle?” finally, I blurted out.

There was a pause, which must have seemed like an eternity to Robbie.

“I remember. Ya… I know… Everything?”

While talking, I continued to look at my other friend. Beneath the table, I had crossed my legs and squeezed my thighs together. Rod was asking me about a time and place, to figure out the logistics. He made a suggestion.

“OK…” I confirmed, and said good bye. Utterly helpless to refuse.

Taking his phone again, Robbie asked, “So you two set up a date?”

“It’s not a date!” I shot back, my round face blushing.

The young man laughed. “All right, have it your way, Jessie. But when are you meeting Rod?”

“Tonight,” I answered as a matter of fact, although in truth, shocked at how quickly this was happening.

Robbie grinned and teased, “I can tell you are excited.”

“Whatever!” my reply was meant to blow off his comment, act casual. But I was nervous, could already feel my heart beating. “I… I better go home, and get ready.”

Thankfully, Robbie agreed rather than keeping me here and getting me all worked up. He watched as I stood from the table and stepped aside, grabbing my purse. We said good bye, and then I turned around to leave. I was short, and the shirt tails of my blouse hung down on the back of my tight jeans, covering my bubble butt behind me. When I looked over a shoulder, I saw Robbie wink.

“Stop it!” I admonished my co-worker.

Upon my return home, I set about planning the rest of the day. First I took care of my cat, Charlie. Then I tried to keep myself busy and my mind off Rod and his motorcycle. After working in the garden, I made an early supper and managed to take a nap. This is because we had settled on doing the ride late, like well after midnight. It would be dark and there would be a lot less people around.

“Oh my god!” I said to myself when the alarm went off hours later, realizing that what we had talked about was not just a dream.

I immediately hopped in the shower. Under the water, I shaved off any stubble between my legs, leaving me pink and smooth. This was probably a mistake, as I would be extra sensitive now if I was going to sit on the bike. Also, as tempted as I was, I did not play while I was in the shower. This was another mistake, because by denying myself the pleasure, I would only be completely horny when I saw Rod. I just hoped he wouldn’t notice.

All freshened up, I put on a pair of black lace bra and panties and then pulled on the jeans that hugged my curvy butt. I was going to wear a leather jacket, which I looked forward to feeling against my skin. Last I dressed in socks and boots. It really was warm out, exactly like Robbie had said, but I figured my outfit was appropriate for a motorcycle ride. I even had a studded black belt to complete the look.

We agreed that I would drive out to meet Rod. The arranged spot was a little rest area near one of the highway exits. Rather than him riding by my house to pick me up, I would have to wait before getting onto his motorcycle. I guess it was to build up the anticipation.

Surprisingly, I found myself wide awake with excitement. I could no longer comprehend what I was doing, losing track of time whether it was two or three in the morning. The whole way there I think I passed only one car, which I suppose was not unusual. Even when I had left my house, it was so still, so dark except for the stars above in a clear night sky.

I parked my car at the quiet rest stop. Well, maybe I could hear the chirping of crickets in the background. But it would be otherwise silent for another few minutes before I heard the roar of a motorcycle engine. For a moment, I had half wondered if Rod was going to show up, as if making me come out here in the middle of the night was just a prank the boys were playing. I almost would have felt relief. And yet, my heart leapt when I caught side of the sleek bike turning into the narrow lot off the side of the highway.

The rider pulled up along the back of my vehicle. He revved the engine once, and then let it idle. After I opened the door and stepped out of the car, then he shut off the purring motor. Once his helmet was removed, I recognized my friend Rod.

“Hi Jessie,” he greeted me. “Glad to see you could make it!”

“Ya,” I answered nervously.

Climbing off the bike, he regarded me with a smile. “So, you want to go for a ride?”

All I could do was nod my head and look up. Even though I was wearing boots, my other friend was much taller. I clutched my hands, fingers intertwining in front of me.

“What was the deal again?” Trying to stall, I pretended to forget all about our previous conversations. “Just sit on the back and open my top?”

Rod raked a hand through his hair and laughed. “Well, now, I remember we were saying something different.”

“I was drunk!” defensively, I fired an excuse.

But my friend shook his head. “You hadn’t touched a drop.”

“OK…” I relented, reluctantly, and decided to put it in his hands. “What do you want? Should I take off all my clothes?”

This was the moment of truth. Deep down, I knew I would agree to whatever he said.

“Sure,” Rod answered, indicating that he didn’t think I would really do it. “Yes, Jessie.”

Part of me wished the ground would open and swallow me up. My face blushed and my heart skipped. How did I get myself into such a position! I lowered my eyes.

“Um, could you turn around, please?” I asked softly.

The thing is, I was embarrassed about letting Rod see me nude. And I wasn’t sure how I would behave. Silently, I cursed my friend Robbie for talking me into this. Nevertheless my other friend must have known I was bashful as he walked to his motorcycle, his back toward me.

Immediately I opened my leather jacket and pulled it off, leaving me in the black bra I was wearing underneath. The door to my car was unlocked allowing me to slip the top onto the back seat. I then reached down to unzip each of my boots. With an awkward shuffle I got them off and chucked them into the car. I paused to look up. It was so quiet, surprisingly for being out near the highway, except for the crazy late hour. The starlit sky was otherwise velvety black, although there was a lamp not far from where I had parked.

My hands fell to my waist. Nervously I unbuttoned my jeans and started the process of wiggling them over my onion-shaped booty. All the way down my short legs. I sort of hopped on one foot to get the denim pants off and removed completely. Flustered, I quickly gathered them up and put the jeans on the back seat. The fresh air actually felt nice on my bare legs. But I knew I wasn’t done yet.

I peeled off my socks as the toes of my chunky feet touched black asphalt. Chunky was my word. Whenever we went swimming, the guys would say I looked cute barefoot. Liars! Now I took a deep breath and with trembling hands, searched for the clasp of my bra behind me. Rod was still facing his motorcycle, not even trying to sneak a peek. Oh god, I was about to take off my underwear!

Wanting to get this over with, I may have hurried to slide the straps down my shoulders and then tossed the lacy bra into my vehicle. Only now, much to my escalating embarrassment, I could feel my nipples responding.

“Stop it,” I whispered in secret. But there was no way to prevent them growing stiff and cherry red.

So all I could do was grab the sides of my black panties and pull them down to my ankles. There was no turning back at this point. Blushing, I stepped out of the delicate things and picked them up. For a moment, as I stood straight again, I clutched the panties to the front of my body. Then I discarded them with all the rest of my clothes in the parked car. Dropping arms to my sides, the motion made my cheeks jiggle behind me.

It was a humbling reminder that I should not be on display out here like this! Instinctively, one arm hugged across my chest, effectively hiding my breasts. I lowered my other hand over my nude pussy. Trying to find my voice, I called out to Rod.

“Oh… OK, I’m ready…” I told him.

My friend turned around, fully dressed in his own leather jacket and jeans. He folded his arms and regarded me for a moment. I bounced a little on my toes, anxiously.

“I can’t believe you did it!” Rod grinned.

“Ya… do I look fat?” with the question, I inched forward.

The much taller guy only laughed, not exactly answering. I hated him seeing me like this, yet part of me loved it. Under the street lamp, I was in pretty good view. Then he told me that I needed to wear a helmet.

I watched as he went back to the motorcycle and grabbed the spare head gear for me. It was thoughtful for him to remember, I just hoped it would fit. As he stepped closer to where I was standing, I saw the round helmet was mostly black with green, red and silver stripes. And it had a transparent visor that dropped down. Rod held it out for me to take.

Hesitantly, I reached out to accept the helmet. Just as quickly, I pulled back my arms and brought it down in front of my lower body. The two of us looked at each other in awkward silence, as my soft skin tingled. Helpless, I felt like I needed to be told what to do. I couldn’t believe this was really happening.

“Put it on?” I finally quivered.

Rod smiled and nodded his head, “Safety first, Jessie.”

Now it was me who needed to turn around. Since lifting the helmet to my head would mean showing full frontal nudity, and I wasn’t confident enough to do that yet. Slowly I spun until my back was facing him. Because my hair only reaches my shoulders, this left my entire bare back and round bubble-butt on display. Of course I kept my legs together, although I think this just reinforced the shape of my figure, like a curvy vase.

Then I heard my friend let out a wolf whistle!

Quickly glancing over my shoulder, I reprimanded him. “Cut it out!”

In truth, if he started to tease me making comments or whatever, I would grow even more wet and horny. So I concentrated on raising the helmet over my head. It wasn’t that heavy, but not something I was used to wearing. The fact it would be the only thing I was wearing, was not lost on me. With arms lifted, my perky breasts bounced up and down, nipples sticking out straight. I strapped on the helmet and then hurried to cover again using an arm across my chest and holding one hand between my legs.

In this way, I turned around again to see Rod smiling through the visor. I thought it looked like he was trying to keep from laughing. At any rate, I thought I must look ridiculous. Like a short chubby astronaut.

“Are you sure you’re ready?” the taller guy asked.

“Ya…” my voice muffled inside the black helmet.

Rod motioned for me to approach the motorcycle. I took a few hesitant steps.

Naked.

Then he held out his arm and I gave him my hand. The one that was trying to hide my boobs. I still had the other hand cupped over my sex. Too embarrassed to let him see how aroused I was. In this way, he would draw me closer to the bike, leaving behind my car and all my clothes.

We were standing near each other, and Rod looked down to give me instructions. “I’ll get on first, Jessie. Then you climb up in back of me.”

In the round helmet, I nodded my head.

Then I watched as my friend smoothly mounted the leather seat. If he was riding solo, I imagine he would have fired the engine and roared off, taking the highway. As it was, he allowed me the courtesy of waiting until I was on the bike before starting the ignition.

Nervously, I put a hand on Rod’s jacket and squeezed his arm. The motorcycle was parked perfectly still in the side lot. And I was short. And barefoot, which meant I gingerly had to climb up onto the raised end of seat behind him. I doubt it was done with any kind of gracefulness, but at least no one else was here to see me. My friend patiently faced forward while all I could think about was how fat my butt felt.

Once I had the cushion straddled, however, with my thighs open, I nearly melted. Knees pushed forward as I leaned in, and my little legs dangling down to bare toes unable to reach the ground. I think that helped create a sensation of feeling vulnerable, in an erotic way, sitting completely nude on the motorcycle. Instinctively, I wrapped both arms around my friend. Just like Robbie said I would.

Now Rod glanced back slightly, his own helmet fixed on his head, and I heard him laugh, “Not too tight!”

The next thing I knew, he started and revved the engine, sending vibrations up and down my body! I should have known this would happen, I mean, my… um, area, was making direct contact with the bike! Behind the visor, my hazel eyes went wide, and I even let out a small moan. Of course, I squeezed Rod tighter.

The bike rolled forward, after a pitch to one side, turned and started for the off ramp out of the rest stop. It was in that moment it dawned on me what we were doing. I saw the bright lights of the highway come into view.

“Where are we going?” I squealed.

But my friend was already accelerating, picking up speed to hit the open road. There were no other cars around that I could tell, although my mind was going in crazy directions. The buzz of the engine was in my ear, that first rush of air across my bare body.

Beneath me and between my legs I felt the rumble of the bike on the pavement. I could no longer deny the electricity, my emotions, that this was amazing on my pussy! Overwhelming, coupled with the realization that I was out on a public highway butt naked on Rod’s motorcycle. As we reached cruising speed, I let out a long womanly purr of arousal…

“MMMMMMMM…”

I only hoped my friend could not hear me over the roar of the engine. Did he not know how incredibly sensitive I was and it was driving me wild! This was the most outrageous experience I ever had. All I could do was lean further into Rod, my tits and nipples brushing against the back of his jacket. The wind of the ride caressing me all over…

How far we would go into the night, I had no idea. But clearly we were leaving my clothes miles behind, and I would have no way to get dressed until we returned. My skin tingled, making me inescapably aware of my nudity, down to the soles of my bare feet. I did not even notice at first, when we started to reduce speed and coast toward a highway exit. My heart beat faster.

“Where are you taking me?” I finally exhaled, voiced muffled under the helmet, as I wrapped my arms tighter around Rod and pressed my bare body against the back of his leather jacket.

He turned his head for a second to reply, “Running low on gas.”

And that was all my friend said. He couldn’t be serious! Like this? True, it was very late and dark, but we were now rolling down a side street closer to a neighborhood. I felt completely helpless as he seemed to take a spin around a few blocks, the noise of the engine making me increasingly nervous, while feeling so good between my thighs! Was the fuel meter really running low, or was Rod just teasing me? Every now and again, he would rev the motor causing me to jump a little, or rather bounce in the seat.

Soon enough, I had my answer as we approached a gas station near the highway.

“No, no, no, no, no….” I whispered desperately.

Fortunately drawing closer to the stop, I could see no other cars around. Rod pulled right up to the pumps like the naked woman on his motorcycle was nothing out of the ordinary. At least he positioned us out of direct view of the attendant, if there was one at this hour, or any surveillance for the moment. My friend shut the engine, and told me I could get off.

Those were the wrong words! I actually hopped down from the bike and used both hands to lift and remove the helmet I was wearing. Placing it on the seat, I shook out my hair. It felt nice to feel fresh air on my face again. Only now, without the headgear, I was completely nude. My legs were a little wobbly, and my whole body was tingling. I stood in front of Rod without covering, leaving my sex exposed and nipples sticking out.

When he moved to activate the gas pump, I slid next to the taller guy, pressing up close. Asking him to lower his head, I cupped my hands to his ear to whisper something. I don’t know why I was whispering with no one else around, but it was just so embarrassing.

“Sure,” he said laughing, “I think you can go around the side of the building.”

This was in reference to the central quick mart that was open during the day. Beyond the small shop was a grassy area, away from the lot where cars pulled in from the road. This would give me a little privacy. I wasn’t asking to do that… but, um, something else.

So I turned around and started moving off to the side, still not convinced that there wasn’t an attendant on duty who could watch us. I covered up my breasts and pussy, leaving my curvy butt on display for Rod. It jiggled with each barefoot step I took.

Shortly, I reached the grass while Rod went about refueling his motorcycle. I was out of view from this position and sank to the ground. Lying on my back, I kept my knees up and spread apart, as one hand slipped between my legs. Using my fingers, I started to play, and play, and play! Because I had shaved just a few hours earlier, I was extra smooth and sensitive. The bike ride had me stimulated and I was cumming in no time. Now Rod was a gentleman and did not sneak around to watch. But my friend did know what I was doing because I told him how bad I needed it. That thought sent me over the edge to another orgasm.

After several minutes, I found the strength to get back up and return to Rod at the gas pump.

“Are you ready to get going,” he asked.

“Ya…” I replied quietly.

Finally, I guess he couldn’t resist teasing me, and Rod wondered with a sly grin. “How many times, Jessie?”

“Five,” I lowered my eyes, blushing.

I guess the evidence was all over my flushed body and other signs of my arousal. Since I was standing there numbly, he helped me put the helmet back on. To my surprise, his hands moved to my shoulders and he gently turned me around. I felt him brush my skin down to my bare butt, and all I could do was stand still, mouth opened silently behind the visor.

“You got some grass from the ground stuck to your back, Jessie.” He explained.

At that moment, a car pulled into the gas station! I couldn’t believe the timing, it was like three in the morning! But as the headlights of the approaching vehicle flooded over me, my full frontal nudity was on display. The car beeped its horn playfully.

“Rod… we have to go!” my muffled voice squealed.

Thankfully, my friend agreed. He pulled me around to help me up on the motorcycle. Again, his hands felt all over me. Not that I was complaining, at this point I was so horny. Rod mounted in front of me. Just before he started the engine, I could hear the guys behind us getting out of their car, whistling. They thought Rod was some dude taking his girlfriend out for a naked ride. Except, we weren’t dating or involved in any kind of relationship. The whole thing was crazy!

His motorcycle roared and we sped off onto the road, with my short legs dangling on either side, the bare soles of my chunky feet facing the boys fading behind us. Around the next block we turned, and I had to glance back to reassure they were not following. Once again it was just me and Rod out here in the middle of night. I wish I could say it was getting more comfortable riding like this. But straddled across the leather seat combined with the persistent running engine left me feeling continuously pleasured. My toes curled as I wrapped my arms tight around him.

I thought we would return to the highway and start heading back to where I parked my car and clothes, which already seemed so many miles away. However it turned out we were going in another direction, although it was hard for me to keep my bearings. We were now leaving a residential area, as I could make out the shops and stores that were closed at this hour. But on the corner of one intersection I saw a fast food place that was open late. It was a Taco Bell.

“What are you doing!” I was growing more nervous as Rod slowed down to pull into the parking lot.

There were a few cars here. Maybe other customers, or the people who worked at the restaurant, I don’t know. My first wild thought, was that he would attempt the drive through. And then I realized my friend had other ideas.

“Oh, no… No!” I fretted while he shut off the noisy motorcycle.

Rod swung his leg around to climb down from the bike. I was almost in shock, having believed I would be going home soon, only to find my prolonged nudity would continue. Nevertheless, I scrambled down as well and even took off my helmet again. Like before at the gas station, I ran a hand through my chestnut hair and stepped away, standing in the parking lot with nothing on at all!

Reaching a long arm toward me, teasing, he rubbed my tummy. “Aren’t you hungry, Jessie?”

“Hee hee,” was all I could manage in reply. “Mmmm…”

Then, bashfully, I averted my eyes only to see the back seat of the motorcycle, which glistened wet. Rod followed my gaze and laughed. His hand was still on my stomach, fingers crawling around my bellybutton. Oh god, if he would just move a little lower!

Instead, he took my arm and started to gently tug in the direction of the Taco Bell. Without resisting, I followed along across the parking lot.

“You’re going to do this?” my taller friend asked, sounding amazed himself.

“Ya…” I answered.

The two of us walked right up to the doors of the entrance. Until I could see my short curvy reflection in the glass. I wasn’t able to tell if the place was crowded inside, it was just to the side of the lobby. Then I stopped, as some sort of sense came over me.

“Wait… what?” I looked up, confused. “We are going in?”

Typical of the way he would taunt me, lead me right to the point of no return before crossing it, Rod just grinned.

“No… please, I can’t!” I whimpered, moving closer to my friend.

Oh my god, but I wanted to! I wanted to run and hide in the ladies restroom to play! But I would never make it past the lobby without people seeing me, at least the people who worked here. They were probably high school or college-aged.

Near the front of the parking lot, there was a manicured grassy divide, with bushes and trees. I glanced back, beyond the few cars and Rod’s motorcycle.

“You… you can get what you want,” I mumbled. “I need to go over there… and do something.”

“Again?” he asked.

I nodded my head, completely embarrassed but undeniably turned on.

With that, I spun around and started a slow jog over the pavement. Giving my taller friend a great view of my round naked ass. I guess he watched until I made it to the grass and hid behind some bushes.

This time, I sank to my knees, and then lowered my arms to the ground. Soon my butt was higher than my head, as I reached a hand between my legs. I started masturbating in a face down position. It felt so good! My senses were already overloaded. I reached climax after climax effortlessly. Five times at the gas station, now six, seven, eight…

After a while, I was vaguely aware of someone standing behind me. Through the erotic haze in my mind, I could hear boots on the soft grass. I could smell Rod’s after shave lotion and the leather of his jacket. Instinctively, I presented myself on all fours, wiggling my butt and pushing back and forth. I wanted to say those two words, but couldn’t bring myself to ask.

“I think it’s time to take you home, Jessie.” I heard him say.

“Mmmm,” I moaned. “Ya…”

It was another few minutes before I could collect myself. I could have probably stayed out hear another couple of hours, but then the sun would be rising. Slowly I got to my feet, stark naked in front of my friend. Somehow we managed to walk back to the motorcycle in the parking lot. If I stumbled a few times on weak legs, Rod was there to catch me.

Rather than go back to my car and my clothes, he decided it would be best to bring me back to my place. I had forgotten that I had given him my keys when I locked everything up at the rest stop. Now the third time riding on the bike was no less incredible. I have a vibrating egg that I like to play with, but that was nothing compared to the rippling steel and leather cushion of the seat between my legs. By the time we rolled up into the driveway, I had my tenth orgasm while on the back of the motorcycle.

Rod helped me up to the house, all but carrying me the rest of the way. What a night! He even had to open the door and bring me inside to my bedroom. There, I flopped down on the bed and rolled over on my tummy. I felt him give me a tender pat on my butt before saying good night. Exhausted, I fell instantly to sleep.

The next day, Robbie stopped over to pick me up and bring me back to get my car and things. I was showered and cleaned up. Dressed again, it felt strange thinking about the whole experience as a vivid dream. It was going to be embarrassing for my co-worker to find all my clothes in the back seat because it would be undeniable proof that I did everything we talked about, and more.

On the drive over there, of course Robbie did not stop teasing me, knowing full well how sensitive I was and unable to control myself. I had to tell him all the details.

“How many times, Jessie?” he asked, amused.

In reply, I punched him in the arm. This was all his fault. He conspired with my other friend, orchestrated the entire humiliating episode.

Then I answered, “Ten…”

“So, Rod saw all of you,” the young man continued, keeping the visual image fresh in my mind.

“Shut up!” blushing, I crossed my arms sitting in the passenger seat.

But as we pulled into the rest stop along the highway, I turned my head away and secretly smiled.

THE END