**Kate & Jen - The Concert
by Dogget**

I hardly got anything at work that day because I was so excited about the concert. Jen picked me up right at 5:00 and we were off to our first big concert. We’d both been to small club type concerts before but nothing as big as a major concert in a big area. Jen got really lucky when she heard the right sequence of songs on the radio to call in and win a pair of tickets. Of course she took me since we are roommates and total BFF. Neither of us makes very much money since we both left home after high school and didn’t go to college. This is a huge treat for us and was sure to be a night to remember.

My name is Kate, and I work as a secretary in a small office and Jen works in an Abercrombie store. We are really similar in every aspect of our lives. I’m 5’6" while Jen is 5’7, both of us have nice bodies and we are both 22 years old. We live in a small 2-br apartment on the top floor of a five-story building in a nice part of town.

It was really warm that evening as we drove the short distance to the arena. I had changed into a pair of short shorts and a halter and some chunky heeled shoes before we left and I’d left my work clothes and my car at work. Jen was wearing one of the new super short skirts from Abercrombie and a strapless top. She was wearing some real kick ass boots that I had never seen before; they were almost knee high and had a metal stiletto heel. We were trying to dress slutty so we might get a chance to go backstage and meet the band. As we got a little closer to the stadium it became clear that almost every car on the road was going to the concert so traffic immediately ground to a halt. As we sat in traffic the gaslight in Jen’s car came on. No biggie since she has a little economy car that gets good mileage.

After some time we finally parked the car in the main lot. We stayed and had a few beers before we went inside, as we knew the vendors would be too expensive for us. We debated what to bring since neither of us wanted to bring a purse. We decided to each take our ID, credit card, and whatever cash we had (which wasn’t much). I had to carry it all since Jen didn’t have any pockets. I actually talked Jen out of wearing her boots since we found out the infield was grass, which her heels would sink right into. She put on some thick-heeled shoes she brought and we were off. Before we got anywhere we realized we didn’t want to bring Jen’s huge key chain so we just took the car key and alarm remote.

When we got to the front gate they informed us that we would be in the VIP area, which was separate from the general admission. They gave us each a wristband and showed us where to go. We went and each got another large beer with our little bit of cash before the concert. After the beers in the car and inside we were both feeling pretty good. We went inside to see where the VIP area was. There was a small area just below the stage that only had about 50 people in it. Jen went over to one of the bouncers and started talking to him to see if we were in the right spot. "Oh yah, you two are definitely in the right spot!" he said as he eyed us up and down. The opening act was playing and they were really good. Jen and I were dancing and screaming having an absolute blast. We listened to about three songs before they were done. Next up would be the main act. During the downtime Jen went back to talk to the bouncer to see how long it was going to take. He said it would be about 45 min. She then asked him if we could go backstage and use the bathroom (a common ploy to get backstage).

"Funny you should ask that since I was just about to ask you if you wanted to go backstage and meet the band."

Jen and I looked at each other and started screaming "oh my god YES!!" We seriously couldn’t believe what we were hearing.

"You’ll have to go talk to Susan, she’ll give you all the details." He let us through a small gate and took us to a small room in the back. There were six other girls in there all waiting to see what was going on. Pretty soon a middle-aged woman walked in and introduced herself.

"Hello ladies, my name is Susan. I’m the entertainment manager for this show. I understand you’d all like to meet the band members." All the girls in the room furiously nodded their heads. "Well you can meet them tonight but you need to do something for us first. We need you to all be performers in our show tonight." This got everyone even more excited. "There is a catch to all of this... you’ll have to be naked in front of the entire crowd." A silence went over the room.  "Now let me explain, we have four cages up on stage that the guys like to have naked girls dance in. Normally we hire local strippers to dance in the cages, but we thought it would be a great opportunity for actual fans to be on stage. As an incentive you’ll get to meet the band in person and get their autographs and pictures after the concert."

One of the girls raised her hand and asked, "Do you want us to be totally naked or wearing g-strings and stuff?"

Susan replied, "Actually you will have an outfit on and it includes a mask so that no one can see your face, but you will be completely exposed... the eight of you were picked out of the entire crowd by our bouncers. If you don’t want to participate, it’s no problem, we can find someone else and you can go back out to watch the show. Think it over and I’ll be back in five minutes to see what you decide."

Jen and I looked at each other in a bit of a daze "what do you think?" Jen asked. The alcohol was making me feel pretty good but I wasn’t sure if I could dance naked in front of 50,000 people.

"I don’t know..."

I’ll do it if you do it," Jen fired back "If you’re down to do it then I’m totally in, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity." We looked around the room and saw that everyone was in agreement.

Susan returned and asked everyone to sign a consent form so that we wouldn’t sue for sexual harassment or something like that. I couldn’t read too well in my state. "Ok ladies it’s time to get you into uniform." Two girls brought in a rack of leather outfits for us all to put on. Susan announced, "Now unfortunately, we can’t let you keep any of the outfits because we need them for other shows. The other thing is we can’t give you any type of cover up till after the show. At previous shows we’ve had girls chicken out or just wanted a souvenir so they took the outfits and ran off into the crowd. Our only option is to keep your clothes till afterwards, everyone agreed?" All of us nodded yes. "Ok what we’re going to do now is have you strip and put all your belongings in a bag that we’ll staple shut and keep close to you."

With that order we all started undressing. I’d seen Jen naked before, but just for a bit like when I needed something out of the bathroom and she was showering. I don’t think either of us has ever been completely naked in front of a room full of strangers let alone 50,000. I started by taking off my shoes, then my halter and shorts. It was kind of unnerving to part with the last bit of coverage that I had. I watched as the other girls were stripping off like they were home alone in their bathroom. Then I looked over to see Jen standing in only her tiny little thong, which she removed without hesitation. I have to admit, she looked great. Her tits were extremely perky but not quite as big as mine and I was I bit surprised to see her narrow landing strip of pubic hair. Most of the other girls were completely shaved. I’ve never had the guts to go completely bare for fear it wouldn’t grow back. I realized I was staring and I was the last one wearing anything so I quickly removed my bra and finally my undies. A quick look around the room was all I needed to tell my how they selected girls for dancing. We were a mix of races but we were all about the same height and age. Some of the girls had bigger boobs or rounder butts but overall fairly close. Since Jen and I were together we put all our stuff in one bag. I did my best to cover myself while the two girls were passing out the leather outfits.

"Before you put on your outfits we need you to put on body glitter to really make you shine. You can help each other out with that." We each got a bottle of body glitter lotion that we each proceeded to rub over our entire body. The stuff was cold so it was a bit of shock when it hit your skin. My nipples were already rock hard with excitement, after the lotion I think they could have cut diamonds. Jen helped me by rubbing it on the parts of my back that I couldn’t get and I did the same for her.

Susan was right that we would be completely exposed. Jen started to put on what she thought were pants, but then quickly realized were actually chaps. For a top she had a leather bra that had no cups, it was basically just a triangle around each boob. She also had long leather gloves that went up to her elbows. I could tell from my outfit that I didn’t even have that much coverage. I had a pair of thigh-high leather boots that laced up the whole way. The top was interesting; it had a leather collar and three leather straps going down from it, one between my tits and one on each side. There were chains going in between the straps that draped across my boobs and a chain in back to keep it in place. There was also a studded leather belt to go around my waist. After a bit of struggling and some assistance from the wardrobe girls, all of us we dressed in our outfits. Susan then went around to each of us and wrote our names on the paper bag that had our stuff in it. She then collected the bags and put them on a cart. She then gave each of us a mask to put on to complete our outfit. I looked around the room and could hardly recognize any of the girls especially Jen. She looked like a dominatrix and was kinda scary. The mask hid our faces well and these outfits made us look like we were going to a fetish show. The body glitter really accentuated every part of our bodies drawing particular attention to our chests.

"Ok ladies, ready for the show?" With that she led us out of the room and onto the stage. Most of us were doing our best to cover our chests and crotched while we walked by some of the stagehands. Most of us had some sort of chain in our outfits so there was a metal clinking sound that came up from the group. I was trying to keep my eyes on the ground in front of me so I wouldn’t make eye contact with anyone. Unfortunately that meant I was staring directly at some girl’s bare ass right in front of me. Susan led us over to a series of cages that were covered with tarps. There were 2 on each side of the stage with one at ground level and one raised above it. Jen and I got put in the upper cage on the left side of the stage. That meant that I had to uncover myself as I climbed up the steep steps. Jen went first and I was a bit shocked as I watched her climb up I had a clear view of her vagina. That really made me self-conscious, as I knew Susan would be staring right at mine as I climbed the ladder. Once inside the cage was about 10’ x 5’ with bars on all sides and the top. Susan was right behind us and put a lock on the door. "This is for your own protection ladies, keeps the stage crashers from trying to get in. You’re bag is right down there by the side of the stage. I’ll come back before the encore to let you out. If you can take off your outfits after they stop playing that will help me out. Like I said before some girls tried to make off with the outfits so I won’t unlock the cage until you hand them over ok? Have fun you two." She then went around to all the cages and gave them the same instructions.

There was a curtain in front of the stage so we couldn’t see the crowd, but I could definitely hear it. Every once in a while you’d hear a bunch of guys cheer. I knew that was some girl flashing her tits to the crowd. I had never had the urge and here I was about to flaunt all my goods for the next few hours. Jen and I looked at each other laughing a bit at how we looked. We were both a bit nervous as everything had happened so fast and we finally had a second to realize what we were doing.

Just as I was collecting my thoughts the lights went out and huge cheer went up from the crowd. The drums started to play and even more cheers came. Then each of the band members came on stage and started to play slowly at first. The lights came up a bit and the curtain rose. We were still covered by a curtain covering the cage. My entire body was tingling as I stood there in anticipation. In one swoop the curtain lifted off all the cages and floodlights went right onto us. It felt like a laser beam of adrenaline going through my body, as I stood naked in front of a sea of people. Thank god I had a mask on so no one could see my face. The band started playing hard and I looked over to see Jen doing her best stripper dance imitation. I closed my eyes and started to move to the music. I was rubbing my hands all over my body, bouncing my tits up and down, and shaking everything I had. As the concert went on we started to get wilder, rubbing each other bodies and freaking on each other. I’d never touched another woman’s tits, let alone rubbed my own against hers. I have to admit it felt great to rub against such nice smooth skin. By the end of the fifth song we were each soaked with sweat. Jen was really playing to the guys in the VIP section and noticed she could make them go nuts by pressing her tits around one of the bars and rubbing them. I tried the same and they went nuts just the same. I then turned around, bent over, and put my ass against one of the bars. While I was moving up and down the bar rubbed right up against my clit and sent the most intense shock throughout my body. Oh my god that turned me on so much I almost had an O. I didn’t want to get that out of control so I was careful to avoid doing that again. Jen and I started totally grinding on the bars and on each other, spanking each other, anything to get the crowd pumped up.

During one of the songs the guitarist was thrashing on his guitar when one of his strings broke. He looked at the crowd and started to smash the guitar on stage. When he was done he spun it around his head a few times and threw it at the side of the stage. Unfortunately it hit a floodlight that was on a stand. The light went flying until it hit the side of the stage where it burst open and started a curtain on fire. The crowd thought it was part of the pyro for the show so they cheered it some more. He then went over and yanked the curtain off the wall and let it burn. The fire was right next to us and the band had stopped playing, so now all eyes were on us. We didn’t disappoint them doing our best to dance our asses off. Jen even grabbed on the top of the cage and spread her legs towards the crowd. I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. Not to be outdone I did the splits with my back facing the crowd and then slowly got up to my knees where I shook my ass some more. While on my hands and knees Jen came over and started spanking my bare ass, which even got applause from the band. She started slow just faking it really, but then the crowd started cheering her on. Something came over her and she pulled off one of her gloves and started whipping me with it. I could only take a few blows before my ass was burning and I had to get up. The band had continued playing so we continued our dancing.

Once the band was done with their final song the stage went dark and the curtains lowered over all of the cages. I saw the other girls stripping off their outfits while Susan and her assistants handed the girls their bags of clothes and unlocked the cages. We were of course the last ones to be let out which really didn’t bother me. Jen and I were both having trouble pulling off the sweaty leather clothes. Susan came up to us with twp towels and said, "Ladies come with me."

We wrapped the towels around ourselves and followed her down the stairs. The towels weren’t very big so they barely covered my ass; although I noticed when we put them on they had the band’s name embroidered on them, very cool. Susan led us farther back stage than last time. As we passed the spot where we had changed before I noticed that it must have been a temporary room because it had already been dismantled. She led us into what appeared to be the band’s dressing room.

"Susan, what’s going on, where are our clothes?" I asked.

Susan replied, "I’m really sorry, but that fire that was on stage seems to have burned the bag that your clothes were in... one of the stagehands was able to recover this." She handed us a small bag that had a few remnants of our stuff. There were a few buckles from my shoes, what used to be my wallet, and a charred key. We looked at each other in disbelief at what remained of our belongings.

Jen spoke up, "How could this happen?" Susan told us how the bag was placed right behind the curtain that caught fire during the show and no one noticed till the stagehand went to clean up the mess. Jen started to get upset, "Well you are going to replace everything aren’t you? I mean... this was the band’s fault!"

Susan calmly explained to us, "Actually, the letter that you signed before the show released them of any liability to your belongings. Even though it might have been the band’s fault they aren’t responsible for any damages."

Now I started to get pissed, "Well its certainly not our fault... what do you expect us to do, walk out of here dressed in a towel?"

Susan made a funny face and replied, "Here’s the bad part, those towels came from the souvenir store. Now I can authorize a 50% discount for you two for anything that you want. We’ve got lots of stuff T-shirts, hats, we even have souvenir underwear."

"This is ridiculous! You burn our clothes and now you want us to pay for crap!" Now I was really getting pissed and so was Jen. Even if we did have our credit cards with us there was no way we could afford to clothe ourselves for the crazy prices they charge. I started pacing around the room when I noticed a tattered leather jacket slung over a chair in the corner. It had so many patches and markings on it, I recognized it right away as the lead guitarist’s jacket. I instantly had an idea...

"How much are these towels?" I asked Susan.

"Thirty dollars."

"We’ll take these two and a T-shirt for each of us." Susan left the room to go get our stuff.

Jen looked and me. "What are you doing? We can’t even pay for this stuff!"

I grabbed the jacket and put it on. "We don’t have to, we’re leaving right now!" I explained to Jen that we could take the jacket and sell it on ebay for a huge price; all we had to do was make it to her car in our current state of dress. The encore was still going on so not many people would be in the parking lot yet. We could be out of there and home in no time.

Jen bit her lip a bit, "Let’s do it; everybody has already seen us butt naked anyway."

With that we left the room and made our way to the side of the stage where all the equipment gets loaded. There was a guard at the gate that we told we were leaving and he let us go. We got a few funny looks, especially Jen since she didn’t even have the jacket to cover up. As soon as we hit the parking lot we started to run. That didn’t last long without any shoes on so we walked as fast as we could to the car. It also didn’t help that the towels didn’t to a very good job of staying in place when we moved. Jen had the key in her hand; she unlocked the driver’s side door and opened it.

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP... the alarm started going off. Jen freaked out, we didn’t have the remote to turn it off. She climbed in the car and started to look through the glove box for the instructions. Since she was reaching across the car her ass was totally in view of anyone looking at the driver’s side. She found the instructions and quickly found the reset button hid under the dash. As soon as she got the alarm turned off a golf cart pulled up with two cops in it.

"FREEZE!" They both jumped out and had their guns drawn. "Both of you come around the front of the car now!"

Jen came out from behind the car door and I came around from the passenger side with our hands up. There was one older and one younger cop, both had to do a double take at what we were wearing. "Funny outfits for car thieves."

"This is my car officer, the remote was burned up in a fire so I only had the key to open it."

"Really... where are your clothes?"

"Burned up too."

He looked at me, "What about you?"

"My clothes were burned as well, I got this jacket backstage."

"I’m going to need to see some ID and registration for this car.

"I can show you the registration, but our wallets were burned up in the fire too, Jen replied.

"How convenient... what are your names?"

"Jen and Kate."

He then pulled out his radio, "Base this is Wilson I’ve got two ladies out in the parking lot who say their clothes and ID were burned in some sort of fire..."

"Wilson this is base, we were looking for those two. They are suspected of robbery."

The young officer then turned to us, "I need you to both put your hands on the hood of the car and spread your legs shoulder width apart." We both slowly turn around and did as he said. I was getting pretty scared and I could see Jen was really nervous. He patted me down from behind searching the jacket for anything. Then he went over to Jen and felt around her towel. As he was running his hands around her front, his hand slipped between the ends of the towel and hit her bare breast. Jen let out a yelp and moved away from him. The officer stepped back looking shocked and embarrassed. He shook his head "Base they don’t have anything on them."

"The item they are suspected of stealing is a jacket."

"Ok miss, hand over the jacket..." I turned, took the jacket off, and readjusted my towel to make sure it would stay on. "Got it base."

Just then a new voice came over the radio and sounded pissed. "This is Susan Brown, I’m the entertainment manager for the band. Do the ladies each have a towel in their possession as well?"

"Yes," the officer replied.

"Unless they pay for them, they can be considered stolen as well."

My face turned bright red as I thought about losing the only clothing I had. I couldn’t believe she would do such a thing to us. In a small voice I said, "We don’t have any money with us."

The officer very coldly replied, "In that case you’re both going to have to hand them over as well." Jen and I both looked like we were ready to cry. I unwrapped my towel and handed it to one officer then quickly covered my chest and crotch with my arms. Jen whipped off her towel and dashed to the side of the car so they couldn’t see her naked. "Ma’am get back here and put your hands back on the hood, you too!" the young officer barked at us. I reluctantly turned around and put my hands on the hood leaving myself completely uncovered and my ass on total display. Jen came around the car and did the same. "They’ve handed over the merchandise Miss Brown, do you still want to press charges?"

"I’ll have to see if there was any damage done, I’ll be there in a minute."

With that the radio went dead. "You two will have to wait here until she comes out."

Just then my worst fears came true, the encore stopped and people started leaving the stadium by the thousands. Before Susan could get to us, hundreds of drunk guys strolled by on their way to their cars and got the view of a lifetime. Both of us butt naked with our hands down on the hood of the car ass out. I felt so violated at each whoop and haler we heard, all we could do was wait. "Hey baby, how bout a quickie..." that and other things were yelled at us as we waited.

Finally Susan showed up in another golf cart. "I hope you two are proud of yourselves."

"Would you like to press charges ma’am?"

Susan inspected the jacket and towels, and then looked at us up and down. "Do you have any other clothes in the car?"

"No"

"Then I think that’s punishment enough, have a good evening ladies." With that Susan took the jacket and towels with her, got back in the golf cart and took off.

The officers looked at us "Ok, looks like you’re free to go. We can’t cite you for indecent exposure since this is private property. If I were you I’d high tail it out of here and find something to cover up with."

Jen and I immediately got into the car and locked the doors. I was covering my chest while Jen was trying to start the car with one hand and cover her tits with her other hand. There were so many people in the parking lot now and all the cars were filing out. We only made it a short way and then hit dead stopped traffic again. It was dark now so nobody really saw that we were naked in the car, they probably just thought we had tube tops on or something similar. One guy in a lifted truck got a great view of Jen while he was right next to our car. We inched along for at least 15 minutes before we got to the freeway onramp. It seemed like everyone was being directed to one place so Jen just followed along. When we finally got to the freeway we were forced to go in the wrong direction.

"Fuck, I don’t believe this!" Jen blurted out.

I tried to calm her down a bit. "It’s ok Jen, all we have to do is go to the next exit and turn around."

"That’s not the problem, my gas light just came on again!" I looked over and the gas gauge was way below E.

"How far can you go on empty?"

"I don’t know, I’ve never ran out before." We were both starting to panic pretty bad. I didn’t know how things could get any worse. Right as that thought entered my head, things got a lot worse. Jen was on the next off ramp, which went uphill to the overpass. As soon as we started up the ramp the car started to stall. "C’mon... c’mon don’t stall here!" we were both praying for it to keep going. We made it up to the top and made a left over the freeway. We both saw a gas station straight ahead but about a quarter mile down the road.

"We have to stop and get gas or we won’t make it home," Jen said to me. "I’ve got a bunch of change in my ashtray that we can use." Just as she was talking the car completely died. "NO, not here!" We were smack dab in the middle of the overpass dead stopped. "Now what?"

I thought for a second... if we could just get a bit further we could coast down quite a ways. "Let’s push it," I said.

Jen looked at me as if I had two heads. "No way!"

"Not all the way, just a bit to get us going downhill."

"You’re crazy! In case you’ve forgotten we’re both butt naked in the middle of an overpass. Since it’s your idea, why don’t you get out and push, I need to steer anyway." I looked at the distance we needed to go and looked behind us... no cars.

"Ok, put it in neutral" I undid my seatbelt and opened the door. The air was a bit colder than I remembered but not bad. I started pushing on the doorjamb to get it rolling... nothing. "Can you help?"

Jen reluctantly took her seatbelt off and opened her door. Just as soon as she got out a car pulled up behind us and lighted us both up like daylight. HONK HONK was all we heard. We both started pushing as hard as we could then and slowly got it rolling. We both jumped back inside and the car passed us up honking again. The car slowly started to gain speed as we went downhill, but as soon as we hit the flat it started to slow.

"We’ll have to pull in somewhere, I don’t want to leave it in the middle of the road." Jen was looking for a place as we both spotted a driveway to an empty parking lot in front of some office building. She went to pull in but had to slam on the brakes. There was a gate going across the driveway that was painted dark green that neither of us saw. Luckily we didn’t hit it, but now our car was in plain view. "Great what are we going to do now?" Jen said with a frustrated tone.

We hadn’t had time to sit and think about anything since the evening started. "Well I guess our options are to sit here and wait for a kind person to come help us, or we can walk down to that gas station and bring back some gas." Those were the only things I could think of.

Jen nodded her head, "You’re right, but its about midnight so I don’t think are any kind people out right now, only drunks and idiots. Looks like we’re going for a walk." I nodded in agreement. Jen looked around her backseat and saw her boots from earlier. "Almost forgot about these" as she proceeded to put them on. I grabbed my purse and looked through it. Nothing of value, just my keys, some makeup, some tissue, and other girl crap. Jen looked through her little clutch and found nothing. I took out here ashtray and dumped it out. There was over $1.70 in there, which should be plenty for the ride home. I put all the change in my purse and looked at Jen.

"How do you want to do this? I can’t really run with no shoes and you can’t really run in those things."

"Let’s stay as far off the street as possible and then come in from the back" I nodded. "Ready"

We both waited for some random cars to pass by. When the coast was clear we got out of the car. Jen locked the door with her key and then stuck it in her boot. We made our way towards the office building first. The asphalt hurt the bottom of by feet, but not too bad. Jen’s boots were pretty loud as she walked. We made it about halfway across the parking lot when the lights in the parking lot all turned on. The shock of the lights coming on made us both just like we had been busted again, but there was no noise. They must have been motion lights. It lit up the parking lot just enough for cars to be able to see us so we started to run towards the trees. This street was just like a strip mall so it was mostly trees behind all the businesses. Now that we were moving through the trees we were much more protected from the street. My feet were fine unless I hit the occasional twig. We moved past all the businesses fairly slowly. It was dark and we couldn’t see much so it took us quite a while to get to the gas station. The station itself was completely lit up and there were a few cars there.

"What should we do now?" I asked Jen

"We’re going to have to go inside and ask to borrow a gas can from the attendant, then go out and pump the gas." I hadn’t even thought about getting the gas back to the car. We decided to wait till there weren’t any cars and then make a mad dash. It kind of made me laugh to think what the attendant would think when he saw two naked girls come walking in. We hid in the trees for about another 10 minutes till the coast was clear. We both dashed across the lot and went inside the small office. I went in holding my purse over my crotch and my arm over my chest, Jen had to use both her hands to cover herself. Behind the counter was a middle aged Asian man "Holy crap! What are you doing -- trying to get arrested?"

"Our car ran out of gas down the street and we only have a little bit of money, can you loan us a gas can for just a bit? We’ll bring it right back I promise."

"Sorry ma'm, the only gas cans we have here are for sale only. They are right back there for $12.99."

"We don’t have that much, we only need it for a bit and we’ll bring it right back." Jen pleaded with the guy.

"Look, I’m sorry, but there are cameras here that watch over the business and they would notice that." Just as he said that we both saw our bare asses exposed on the small security TV. "Don’t you have a credit card or something like that?" We were about to explain our situation when the door swung open and a large black man walked in.

"DAMN! Hey guys, you gotta come in here and check this out!" we saw three other guys get out of an SUV and make there way inside when Jen bolted for the door on the opposite side of the room. I had no choice but to follow her, so I started running after her. We both started running back towards our car. "Hey baby, why don’t you come back here and suck my dick, I’ll show you a good time!"

Jen was running towards the building next door, not to the trees that we came from. There was still a 10-foot section of trees that separated the two. We could hear the guys running after us, which made me try to run faster. It was extremely difficult for us to move fast, my purse was flopping all around and my tits were bouncing totally uncontrolled, not to mention my feet were killing me. Jen was just as bad with her heels. Jen made it to the trees and had to slow down, I was right after her. I barely made it in the trees when I smacked into one and fell. I got up and started running again.

"They’re over here in the trees."

I made it all the way across the next parking lot before I realized I had dropped my purse when I fell. Too late for that now, I didn’t care about that bag anyway. We both set our sights on getting back to the car when we saw something terrible. Down where we left the car we saw a tow truck loading Jen’s car onto the back. There was no way we could make it there in time. I crouched down in the trees and looked back to see that the guys in the SUV had stopped at the trees. Jen just stood there and watched her car get hauled away. Neither of us said a word, we were now completely stranded, miles from home, no money, no car, and most important no clothes. I thought Jen was ready to lose it when she started giggling.

"What’s so funny" I whispered at her.

"You’re still all covered in glitter, I can see your ass sparkling in the lights." I didn’t see the humor since if she could see me that meant those guys could see the both of us. We waited a bit till the guys lost interest and drove off after filling up. "Ok coast is clear, lets go back and find my purse."

We went back across the parking lot to the place where I had fallen. "I don’t see it do you?"

"No."

"Oh crap, I think those guys must have taken it." Sure enough we found a few things they must have thrown out when they went through it. "Oh my god, do you know what that means? We don’t even have keys to the apartment now!" Jen’s keys were in her car and my keys were in my purse. Now we had one more thing working against us. By this time I think we were both numb from so many bad things happening to us tonight. Jen was just staring back at where her car used to be while I looked around on the ground hoping to find my keys when it hit me. "Wait, that’s it! I’ve got home keys and my work clothes in my car which is still at work!"

Jen turned to me. "How far do you think it is from here?"

"It should be just a few miles into the city."

"That’s great Kate, how do you propose we get there, just stroll along all naked for several miles in the city?"

"Lets see if the gas station guy can give us a ride," I suggested.

We went back into the gas station and asked the attendant for a ride. He was not happy to see us stroll in again since he knew we were trouble. After a while of pleading with him and getting nowhere he finally broke down. "Look you two are going to get me fired, now I understand your situation, but I can’t just leave here. Tell you what, I’ll call you a cab. You can have five bucks out of my wallet, it’s all I’ve got."

"Thank you, thank you so much!" We went and hid in the bathroom and waited for the cab.

When the cab showed up we ran up to it and got in the back. The driver was an older guy, I’d say mid 50’s. "What’s the story with you two?"

"Long story sir, can you get us to 10th and David?"

"I don’t work for favors, do you have any money?"

"Yes sir, five dollars."

He looked at a map and then back at us. "I don’t think that’s going to be enough."

Jen spoke up "Just drive us there and then we can pay you the rest."

"Sorry lady doesn’t work like that."

"Ok then just take us as far as the five dollars will get us," I said to the guy.

"Ok you got it." With that he pulled out.

We made it through most of the city without anything happening. Both of us were keeping our eyes on the meter the entire time. When the meter hit $5 he stopped at the next block. "Ok David and 7th is as far as I can go."

Jen hissed at the driver, "Thanks a lot buddy!" as she tossed him the $5. We got out and he sped off. The street was dead; there were a few streetlights and some cars parked along it, but nothing moving. Most of the street was plain-faced industrial looking buildings with no place to hide if any cars came along. "We better get going, only three blocks until we’re home free." I had my arms folded tight across my chest first to try to stay warm and second to hold/cover my breasts. Jen looked like she was just strolling along with her arms at her sides just wearing a pair of boots. The silence was only broken by the metallic sound of Jen’s heels hitting the sidewalk.

"Wait a second." Jen stopped and took off her boots. "These things are killing me." Now with a boot in each of her hands we kept walking. We were one block away from my building when a car pulled on to the street coming at us. It was several blocks down so it gave us time to run behind one of the buildings and down an alley. I was in front going down the alley towards my building. We didn’t hear the car drive by and as we got closer I thought I heard voices. I got to the end of the alley, which was right across from my building, and I definitely heard something now. I peaked my head around the corner and saw the SUV and the guys from the gas station. Oh shit!

One of the guys was holding a card in his hand. "Well, miss Kate Brown of Dilenbach and Associates, thank you for the car." He must have found one of my business cards in my bag. Jen and I were powerless to stop them, what could two naked girls do to stop four big guys anyway?

One of the other guys opened up my car door and started it up. They all let out a big "Yaaaah; easy as pie baby, now lets get out of here," just like that they drove off with two guys in the SUV and two in my car. Now I was the one staring in disbelief.

"Great, just fucking great!" Jen belted out.

I was so relieved to see those guys leave without either of us getting raped or worse I almost didn’t care that my car was gone. "At least we can still get into my office, it’s a punch code on the door." I made sure the coast was clear and went across the street to the front entrance of my building. Jen stayed behind waiting for me to get the door open. I punched in the code and stepped inside, Jen quickly followed. This was the weirdest feeling to me, here I was at work while no one was there and I was naked. It kinda made me laugh.

"What’s so funny?" Jen asked.

"Do you ever walk around your work naked when no one else is there?"

I went over to my desk and got my spare keys out of one of the drawers. "Ok, now we can get into our apartment, but how are we going to get there?"

"I guess we have to walk there," Jen said.

"No way am I walking home now, it’s close to 2 am when the bars and all those drunk people will be out on the street. I’m calling another cab." I pulled up my chair and got out the phone book. I called the cab company I usually used to take people to the airport. They said it would be about 45 minutes.

Now that we were in a safe place and had some time to kill we were a little more relaxed. Jen got bored so she started wandering around the office. She went over to the water cooler for a drink, "Want some?" I nodded and went over to get a cup. "This is kinda funny. It’s too bad we don’t have a camera. When’s the next time this will happen in your office" Jen joked to me. She then walked into my boss’ office and sat down in his seat. "What would your boss do if he knew my bare ass was in his chair?"

"He’d probably have a heart attack!" I said laughing. I jokingly picked up a file and walked into my boss’ office, "Here’s the file you wanted Sir. Is there anything else you needed."

Jen tried to talk in a deeper voice "I think you’re in violation of our office dress code young lady."

"Oh I’m sorry sir, you’re not going to fire me are you?"

"No, but I believe some disciplinary action is in order" Jen opened up a few drawers looking for something and soon found a wood ruler and hid it behind her back. She then got up from the chair, "Stand in front of my desk Miss Brown."

"Yes sir." I did as I was told just to play along.

"Now bend over and make your chest touch the desk."

"Yes sir." I bent over till my nipples hit the cold desk.

"Good now stand on your tip toes... good..." WHACK Jen smacked my ass with the ruler.

"Oww that hurt!"

"That will teach you to not wear shoes in the office again." I totally started cracking up at that. "Think that’s funny, you won’t be laughing for long." WHACK

"Ok, that hurts." Still laughing I got up and covered my butt with my hands. Jen’s joke made me remember I had shoes at work that I used for walking at lunchtime. I walked out of my boss’ office and Jen tried to whack me again but this time I caught her hand and took the ruler from her. "Nice try."

I got back to my desk and found my walking shoes right where I had left them. No socks, but I didn’t care because my feet felt fairly raw after walking barefoot all night. I put them on and then stepped out to the aisle. "Who’s in violation of the dress code now?" I chased after Jen and got a couple of whacks in before she stopped and cried uncle.

We both sat down and looked at the clock. It had only been about 15 minutes, 30 to go. "I never had a chance to ask you if you enjoyed the concert." I asked Jen.

"Oh yeah, it was a blast."

"No, I mean did it bother you dancing naked or was it fun to you?"

"I thought it was fun, but that was because no one knew who I was and I wasn’t the only one doing it. I just wish we could have hung around for the after party. What about you?"

"I loved it, I seriously felt so sexy when everyone went crazy whenever I’d do anything. Its not like I’m going to become a stripper though."

"The rest of the night has been so crazy I didn’t even have a chance to think," Jen said as I could tell she was recounting the evening.

"Seriously, I’ll be glad to be home and finally get some clothes on," I replied.

"Well I’m sure we made a lot of people’s dreams come true tonight. It’s not everyday you get to see two young women buck-naked for free," Jen said with a smile.

"That’s true, in fact we still have one more person to expose ourselves to... the cabdriver." That reminded me, we needed some cash to pay the guy. I went to my desk where I kept the petty cash box and opened it. I took out $40 just in case and wrote a receipt for it. Since I didn’t have any pockets I folded up the bills and put them in my shoe.

Jen laughed again as she looked at me. "What?" I said to her.

"Oh nothing, you’re just all ready for your midnight jog," as she continued laughing out loud.

"Like my outfit do you?" I walked down the office a bit, then turned and came back like I was a model on a runway.

"Bravo, your fabulous darling, your designer should be complemented," Jen said in her best snooty voice while giving me a golf clap.

"What about you?" Jen looked around and found her boots and put them on. She started strutting through the office swishing her hips back and forth while I narrated, "Here we have the latest fashion for the girl on the go. Forget about going through all those closets and drawers each morning, just throw on your best boots and prepare to impress..." Just then we heard a horn outside. We saw that the cab had arrived early. The fun and games stopped right then as we covered ourselves once again and stepped outside. I reset the alarm as Jen hustled over to the cab and got in. When I got in I saw the driver was a gross looking Mexican guy.

"Where to ladies? Party hopping tonight?" he said with a big smile on his face. I whispered to Jen that I didn’t want him to know where we lived, Jen agreed and we just gave him a cross street that was close.

The entire ride home I could see the cab driver checking us out in his rear view mirror. I was a bit afraid he’d get in an accident because he was looking back at us instead of at the road. He tried to make some small talk with us, but we just said that we were really tired and didn’t want to talk. Once we arrived at our fake destination he turned around in his seat and said "$13.50 please." I handed the guy one of the 20’s and sat there as he slowly counted out my change. I only tipped him 50 cents since his real tip was seeing us naked. He sped off and we were left alone on the street.

Now that I had my shoes I felt like I could sprint back home, but I knew Jen could never go that fast. We made our way across the street and down a half a block. This was the most nervous I’ve been because if anyone saw us they would most likely know us and maybe even live in our building. This part of town was well lit with sidewalks. Each time we passed directly under a light our bodies lit up and the glitter made us sparkle in the night. Jen’s shoes were still loud and I really thought they would make someone notice us. As we approached our building I could see that several lights were still on, particularly on the 4th floor. Damn! Someone must be having a party. I was afraid of someone seeing us going in the front entrance and using the elevator. Our only other option was to go to the far end of the building and take the stairs up. There was an entrance on that side that you had to use your key for.

We made our way to the far end of the building while still on the other side of the street. We were both hiding behind a car just to make sure the coast was clear. The street was full of parked cars but no movement of any kind. Just as we were about to cross the street a young couple exited out building and crossed the street. Jen and I quickly hid between two cars hoping they wouldn’t see us. They got into one of the parked cars and left without incident. After they were gone we hurried across the street to the back door. I unlocked the door and went in. As soon as the door shut we could both hear voices in the stairwell. It didn’t sound like the people were moving so they must have been hanging out smoking. There were smoke alarms in the halls so people often hung out in the stairwells to smoke. We figured they were on the 4th floor, which meant either waiting for them to leave, streaking by them, or using the other stairwell. We whispered to each other and decided to use the other stairwell. We had to go up one level to the 2nd floor because the bottom floor didn’t go all the way through. I tried to walk as quietly as possible, but Jen’s boots kept making a clinky sound. Just when we got to the 2nd floor I heard someone say, "What’s that sound?" "I don’t know lets go check." I immediately panicked, so I opened the hall door and sprinted down the length of the building. I beat Jen by a mile so I waited for her with the stairway door open. She was struggling to run in her heels.

"C’mon, hurry up!" she finally made it and I shut the door. There was a small window in the door that we looked through to see if anyone had followed us... nobody there. "Will you take those damn things off, they’re going to get us caught." I whispered to Jen. She took off her boots and held them. We started climbing the stairs again. When we got to the 4th floor we hurried past because there were some party stragglers out in the hall. Finally we got to our floor and peaked through the window. The coast looked clear so we made our way down to our apartment as quietly as possible. Of course we were the farthest from this side so we had to go past every single door. Once there I opened up the door and we stepped inside to safety and locked the door behind us.

Jen let out a big sigh, "Finally back home! Well that was quite an adventure. I guess we’ll figure out what to do about our cars in the morning." She came over and gave me a quick hug; "I had an amazing time tonight, thanks for being there with me. I probably would have lost it if I were alone."

It was a weird to have our bare boobs touch again, but at this point I didn’t care. "I had a great time too... and I’m glad you were with me too. It got a little scary there for a while." At this point we were both exhausted from everything that happened this evening so we went to our separate rooms and went to bed.

To be continued