**LMC Ch. 06: Rachael Learns a Lesson**

by[**BobbieKayeCutie**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4887237&page=submissions)©

Dan greeted them at the drive thru window. "Hi! That'll be..." He froze when recognized his sister's friend, and couldn't get another word out. He just stared, open-mouthed, at the very lovely, very naked, and very embarrassed vision before him.  
  
Joy gave Rachael a little poke in the side just then. She knew her friend was insanely ticklish, and she was determined to cause the greatest humiliation possible. The tickle evoked an involuntary smile, and Rachael quickly took the hint.  
  
"Hi, Dan," she said, her red face flashing an empty smile. "How much do I owe you?" This was embarrassing enough, but being tickled would make it so much worse. They completed the transaction, although in exchange for this treat, Dan would gladly have paid the bill himself.

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Rachael was a practical joker. For as long as anyone could remember, she had been known as a prankster. While her friends' favorite holidays always included Christmas, birthdays, Halloween, and the Fourth of July, Rachael lived for April Fool's Day. Not that she ever needed an excuse to play a prank, not at all. Any time of the year was suitable for a practical joke. It was just that on the first day of April, everyone was expecting something, and she appreciated the additional challenge.  
  
When she was younger, the jokes were simple and juvenile. She would turn the showerhead towards the curtain, so when her victim reached in to start the warm water running, they would first be blasted with an icy cold spray. She might switch the contents of the salt shaker and the sugar bowl, a personal favorite because it never failed to surprise her victims. One time, Rachael poured a clear gelatin mixture into the toilet bowl. The results were quite predictable, and even though she'd been grounded for a week, she'd felt the look on her father's face had been worth the punishment  
  
As she matured into young womanhood, the content of Rachael's pranks became more adult in nature, as well. One memorable day in high school, Becca, the Senior Class President, was giving a speech in the auditorium before the entire student body and faculty. Rachael reached through the curtains behind her and, with a single yank, Becca's pants were at her ankles, leaving her standing in front of everyone with nothing below the waist but a white thong.  
  
Rachael willingly endured the punishments that sometimes followed her best pranks, content in her belief that it had all been worth it. Of course, most of her practical jokes were played with such skill that, while she was usually a prime suspect, there was rarely sufficient evidence to provide a conclusive link back to her.  
  
Not even the time when she'd applied slow-drying glue to Ms. Boyd's chair, so that when the mortified young teacher had stood to address her students, her lightweight skirt had been left firmly attached to the chair. This had given the entire class a good look at her lacy pink panties as she first struggled in vain to pull her skirt free, then dashed, red faced and utterly humiliated, from the classroom. Though she'd demanded retribution, and a thorough investigation had ensued, there had not been enough evidence to eliminate reasonable doubt as to who the guilty party had been.  
  
A strikingly beautiful blond, Rachael was quite popular, despite her reputation. She carried a B+ grade average, she was a cheerleader, and while she wasn't quite voted Queen of the Prom her senior year, she was still one of four members of the exclusive Queen's Court. And when Jessica, the Prom Queen, found that the back of her dress had mysteriously come untied during the dance, briefly exposing her full, luscious breasts to half of the senior class, everybody who knew Rachael understood that it was nothing personal. Jessica was just her latest victim.

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The passage of time seemed to mature Rachael, and the frequency of her pranks declined steadily. She found herself with a good job, doing data entry for a small Internet clothing store, and she took her office life quite seriously. Rachael may have been tempted, but never seriously considered playing a practical joke in the office.  
  
She spent the majority of her free time with her roommate Allisa, and their best friends in the world, Joy and Hannah. The girls were all in their mid twenties, and spent their time off frequenting the malls, playing tennis, or going to bars and clubs together. Rachael never had any trouble attracting men, although after her recent breakup with her boyfriend Chuck, she was in no hurry to find a relationship. She was having too much fun being single again.  
  
And while her practical jokes were far less frequent than they had once been, Allisa, Joy and Hannah were not immune from the occasional prank, even today. Through experience, they were certain that Rachael would never do anything that might prove dangerous, but they'd all suffered some degree of embarrassment at their friend's hands, and more than once. But they had learned to tolerate the little jokes, and never to attempt to retaliate. Any attempt at payback would invariably provoke something far worse in return.  
  
The one factor that seemed Rachael's best protection was that the other two girls generally enjoyed the embarrassment of the third, no matter who was the victim. Such was the time that Hannah was trying on a new skirt and blouse in the department store dressing room. Hannah was the shortest of the group, with shoulder length blond hair and startling green eyes. And as were her friends, she was extremely attractive.  
  
So Rachael gathered a small crowd of passing men and women, including Allisa and Joy, then knocked on the door. Hannah naively opened the door just a crack, but Rachael grabbed with both hands, and pulled it open wide. This gave everyone a good look at her friend's sleek body, clad only in a bra and a thong, as her face instantly turned as red as a tomato. Hannah was actually a bit of an exhibitionist, and was quite proud of her generous breasts. But her bare bottom was completely visible in the thong, and she was much more reserved about showing off anything below the waist.  
  
The following weekend, all four girls were at a club, dressed to the nines and out for some fun. Rachael's roommate Allisa was particularly stunning that evening in a red backless dress that tied at the top, her long, dark blond hair flowing freely over her shoulders. As usual, all four girls were dancing a lot, each quite capable of attracting the attention of any number of good-looking young men. A few cocktails had been consumed as well, but heads were still reasonably clear as Rachael coaxed her partner stealthily in Allisa's direction.  
  
The little tie gave away easily, and Allisa froze as the top of her dress was suddenly down to her waist, exposing her nicely tanned skin and perfectly proportioned breasts. She didn't let out the scream that Rachael had counted on, though, and only a couple of people even noticed. So Rachael gave a little scream of her own, grasping both of Allisa's arms as she did, holding them behind her back and turning her about. Laughing, she released her victim several seconds later, but not before a couple of dozen men and women had been treated to an unobstructed view of her friend's luscious boobies and surprisingly erect nipples.  
  
Allisa was extremely embarrassed by her unexpected public exposure, but the lingering goose bumps on and around her areola belied the fact that having her breasts seen by so many strangers had in fact been rather arousing. Alone in her bedroom that night, right down the hall from Rachael's room, she reluctantly credited her explosive orgasm to the embarrassment she had suffered earlier that evening at her friend's hands.  
  
But it was her next prank, played on poor Joy, which pushed her friends beyond the limit. Like all her friends, Joy was nothing less than gorgeous. But she was quite shy about her ever so slightly plump body, and was keenly aware that her quite large breasts provided a distraction to others. It often seemed she could have a conversation with a man for half an hour, and he wouldn't be able to tell her the color of her eyes. This was because it seemed that men's eyes never left her chest.  
  
So while Joy had fallen victim to Rachael several times before, she had never been quite so mortified as when she found that her one piece bathing suit had been sabotaged. The girls were at the water park one hot summer day, and she and Rachael had climbed to the top of one of the slides. Just before Joy started down, Rachael gave a small tug, and had the bathing suit completely off before Joy knew what was happening. One little shove and Joy was on her way down the slide, totally nude, and away from any sort of cover.  
  
To compound matters, her neighbor Roger was visiting the park that day and, attracted by Joy's screams, he got a good look at her naked figure. He was there as she climbed out of the pool, unable to cover herself at all until she was out, and even then not able to cover much. And while Roger was grinning from ear to ear, he of course was unwilling to offer to any assistance in covering up.  
  
Allisa and Hannah were there within a few moments with their towels, shielding their naked friend from the dozens of eyes which already had a good view of her gloriously naked form. And while Joy had been pranked by Rachael before, she'd never before been left in tears. Not until this time.  
  
"This was too much," she sobbed, and her friends nodded in agreement.  
  
"You know," added Hannah, "she's getting worse. Out of control."  
  
"I agree," added Allisa. "She likes to have her fun, but she's never made any of us cry before."  
  
"What are we going to do?" sniffled Joy.  
  
"I don't know, exactly," said Hannah, glancing at Rachael, who was just climbing out of the pool, a broad smile lighting her pretty face. "But it's time for some serious payback."

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"Okay," said Hannah, "are we all in agreement?"  
  
"I'm still not sure." Allisa sounded a little worried. "I live with her, and I'll bear the brunt of the revenge."  
  
"This time, we have to make it bad enough to discourage revenge," Hannah insisted.  
  
"Come on, Allisa," begged Joy. "Saturday was too much. We have to teach Rachael a lesson."  
  
"Okay," conceded Allisa, "count me in."

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So the following Saturday, the girls invited Rachael to go shopping with them. Rachael climbed in the back seat of Hannah's Toyota Corolla, right beside a smiling Joy. Allisa was riding shotgun, and the four girls headed for the mall. Hannah didn't take the mall exit, though, she just kept right on going. Rachael, however, was chattering happily, paying little attention until they pulled off the highway, into a deserted clearing.  
  
"What's this place?" she asked innocently.  
  
"This, Rach," replied Hannah, climbing out and opening Rachael's door, "is the Hall of Justice."  
  
Joy grabbed Rachael's right hand, and Hannah grabbed her left. Rachael was giggling at this point. The girls often played silly games with each other, and those games usually involved physical horseplay. So she didn't even object when Hannah slapped the handcuff on her left wrist. But when Joy placed another on the right, she showed her first signs of concern.  
  
Hannah hooked the other end of the handcuff onto the handhold above the door. Allisa had opened the right rear door for Joy, and together they pulled Rachael over by the arm until they could latch the right handcuff to the corresponding handhold on that side of the car. Now stretched across the width of the vehicle and helpless, Rachael was still giggling, although it suddenly seemed just a little bit forced.  
  
But she let out a scream when Joy produced a pair of scissors. Hannah and Allisa held Rachael immobile as Joy began cutting up the leg of her jeans. Snip! She tried to wriggle free, but was held firmly in place. Snip!  
  
"Hey! Those are my best Levis!" she complained. Snip!  
  
"They were your best Levis," Joy corrected her. Snip! She continued to cut at the fabric, while Rachael struggled in vain. Snip! Once she'd reached the crotch, Joy began cutting up the other leg. Snip! It wasn't long before Rachael was sitting there with nothing on below the waist except a pair of lacy turquoise panties. Joy then went to work on her top. Snip!  
  
"No!" squealed Rachael, her words ignored. "Not my new top!" Snip! "This top cost me sixty bucks!" Snip! Moments later, Rachael was sitting in the back of the Corolla in nothing but her bra and panties. She couldn't believe they had done this to her. But they weren't finished yet.  
  
"Please, no," she begged now, her demeanor suddenly serious. But to no avail, as her bra and panties came off with a few more cuts. She was naked from the ankles up now, and even the great prankster Rachael was turning red. She laughed again, though without humor. She couldn't believe what they'd done to her! Forget destroying more than a hundred dollars worth of perfectly good clothes. She was naked in Hannah's car, in the middle of nowhere!  
  
The girls removed the handcuffs, setting their victim free. She jumped out of the car and examined the shredded bits of her clothing. She went through myriad pieces, realizing that they hadn't just been cut from her body, they'd been cut into tiny pieces! There was nothing she could even begin to cover herself with.  
  
Her friends had all seen Rachael naked before, and she'd seen all of them. But this was different somehow. Rachael was the one being pranked, and this time she had zero control over the situation. She could feel the heat rising in her cheeks, her face growing redder by the second. "Okay, you guys have had your fun." She sounded more than a little perturbed. "Now give me something to wear."  
  
"Nice tattoo, Rach," Joy giggled, pointing at the little dolphin adorning her friend's most private place. "Hannah, did you see her tattoo?"  
  
Hannah actually reached down and petted the adorable creature, causing Rachael to jump back. She'd never been touched so intimately before, at least not by another girl.  
  
"I think you just earned a new nickname, Rach," Hannah declared. "From now on, I'm calling you Flipper!"  
  
"Oh, that's perfect," smiled Joy. "Hi Flipper! How's a little payback feel? "  
  
"Hannah, did you bring any extra clothes for... um... Flipper?" giggled Allisa.  
  
"Why, I do believe I forgot!" Hannah smiled innocently. "My bad!"  
  
Joy was laughing openly at Rachael's predicament. "Not so much fun, is it, Flipper?"  
  
"And you know what, Joy," added Allisa, "nobody has even seen her yet. Not like at the water park!"  
  
"Okay, I get the point," Rachael said, fuming. "I won't ever do that again."  
  
"You believe her, Allisa?" asked Hannah.  
  
"Maybe," Allisa replied. "But let's make sure she gets the point. I'm starved. Let's go get some lunch."  
  
Hannah, Allisa and Joy piled back into the Corolla, while Rachael stood there. But the reality of the situation hit her. She was stark naked in the middle of nowhere, five miles from town, and her so-called friends were about to leave her stranded. She ran for the car, only to find the door locked. Hannah slowly started to pull away.  
  
"You guys can't leave me here!" Rachael protested, just a hint of panic in her voice.  
  
"Shall we let her in?" asked Hannah.  
  
"Only if she says 'please,'" suggested Joy.  
  
"Okay, please!" Rachael shouted.  
  
"Nicely," added Joy. Hannah started to drive again.  
  
Rachael bit her lip. "Okay. May I please get in the car now? Pretty please?"  
  
Hannah unlocked the door, and Rachael scrambled in. She was angry with her friends, and humiliated with her state of undress, but mostly fearful of what else they might have planned for her.

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"Hey, you know who I was talking to the other day?" asked Joy, as they headed back into town.  
  
"No, who?" asked Hannah.  
  
"You know Mr. Van Horn?"  
  
"Sure, the sweet guy who manages Rachael and Allisa's apartment building," Hannah replied.  
  
"He eats lunch at the McDonald's on Main every day," Joy giggled. "Right about this time, too!"  
  
"Yeah, that's him." added Allisa. "He's always so nice, and you know he has a big crush on Rachael, don't you?"  
  
"You wouldn't dare," said Rachael, half under her breath.  
  
Joy just smiled at her. "Let's go say hi!"  
  
"You can't make me go inside a McDonald's like this!" screeched Rachael. "I'll get arrested!"  
  
"Of course not," Hannah reassured her, as she pulled into the parking lot. "We're going through the drive thru anyway."  
  
The lunch rush was on, the counter inside was packed, and several cars waited in line at the drive thru. People scurried back and forth about the parking lot.  
  
"You have some cash, Rach?" asked Allisa. "Um, I mean Flipper? Or your ATM card? Because lunch is on you."  
  
"I'm not paying for your lunch after you cut up my good outfit!"  
  
"Well, then I guess we are going inside, after all," replied Allisa. "They don't allow four orders in one vehicle in the drive thru. Slows things down too much."  
  
"Okay, I'll pay!" snapped Rachael, reaching for her purse. At least they hadn't cut that up, too.  
  
"Shall we keep it simple?" asked Hannah as they approached the speaker. "Four Big Mac combos with Diet Cokes?"  
  
Rachael wasn't feeling very hungry just then, but she agreed. Hannah placed the order, and they inched their way forward through the line. Just before they arrived at the window, Joy informed Rachael that she was paying the cashier from the back seat. And that if she even tried to cover her charms, that they'd kick her out of the car right then and there. And further, she was to be sweet and friendly to whoever took her money, and she had to give the friendliest smile she could manage.  
  
Hannah knew that her younger brother Dan was working that day, and she'd told him to be sure he was working the drive thru during lunch. Dan had told his sister before that he thought Rachael was totally gorgeous, but that he knew he'd never get to be close to her. Well, he may never be close to her, but he was certainly going to get an eyeful today in the drive thru.  
  
Dan greeted them at the drive thru window. "Hi! That'll be..." He froze when recognized his sister's friend, and couldn't get another word out. He just stared, open mouthed, at the very lovely, very naked, and very embarrassed vision before him.

Joy gave Rachael a little poke in the side just then. She knew her friend was insanely ticklish, and she was determined to cause the greatest humiliation possible. The tickle evoked an involuntary smile, and Rachael quickly took the hint.  
  
"Hi, Dan," she said, her red face flashing an empty smile. "How much do I owe you?" This was embarrassing enough, but being tickled would make it so much worse. They completed the transaction, although in exchange for this treat, Dan would gladly have paid the bill himself.  
  
As they pulled away from the window, Hannah pointed out Mr. Van Horn, just coming out of the dining room. "There's Mr. Van Horn, Rach! Call him over and say hi!"  
  
"Oh God, don't make me do that!" Rachael's face felt so hot, and she could feel that same heat spreading down her entire front. She also felt a familiar dampness growing, and tried desperately to ignore it.  
  
"Rachael," Joy said sweetly, "Either call Mr. Van Horn over and say hi, or you can ask him for a ride home. And you'll be riding home with him naked!"  
  
"Oh God," Rachael repeated, then mumbled "Mr. Van Horn."  
  
"Hold on, Allisa, let me park." said Hannah. "I'll open her door and pull, Joy can push, and Rach can catch a ride with Mr. Van Horn!"  
  
"No, wait! Okay, okay," said Rachael. "Mr. Van Horn!" she cried out, and he looked in their direction. All four girls waved him over.  
  
"Hi girls," he smiled. Then he realized that Rachael was sitting there without a stitch on. "Wh... why are you... um... dressed like that?" he stuttered. He tried to be polite, but couldn't tear his eyes away from her generous bosom, on such unashamed display.  
  
"Rachael lost a bet!" lied Hannah. "Now she has to say hi to her friends. In fact, she has to give them all hugs!"  
  
As they say, if looks could kill. But they can't, and resigned to her fate, Rachael got out of the car. Being tickled by Joy as she stepped out, she was already plotting revenge. She gave Mr. Van Horn a quick hug, which he hesitantly accepted, then clambered back into the car and pleaded with Hannah to leave.

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"One more stop," announced Hannah, "then back to my place. If you cooperate, we won't take you to my Mom and Dad's place to meet my brother when he gets home from McDonald's!"  
  
The three girls enjoyed their lunch as Hannah drove, although Rachael's remained untouched. It was clear that they were out for some serious payback. And other people might have learned a lesson by now, that humiliating a friend the way she'd done to Joy was not the best idea. But not Rachael. She already was plotting her next round of revenge, and it was going to be so good!  
  
But her plans for revenge vanished when they turned into the parking lot at the mall. They couldn't be planning on taking her in the mall while she was naked. No way! "Why are we here?" she asked nervously.  
  
"We invited you shopping, remember?" replied Allisa.  
  
"You can't make me go in the mall naked! They'll arrest me for sure!"  
  
"Of course not," reasoned Hannah. "You're not going in the mall naked!" Rachael breathed a little sigh of relief. "But you might be coming back out naked," Hannah mumbled under her breath.  
  
She parked in a remote corner of the lot, and three girls hopped out. Hannah popped the trunk, and produced the tiniest mini skirt Rachael had ever seen, along with a tube top that was no more than three inches wide. "Put these on, Rach, and hurry."  
  
Grateful for anything to cover up with, Rachael complied. But when she got out and stood up straight, she realized the skirt barely covered anything. And with the tube top covering her nipples, both the top and bottom of her breasts were showing. She gave each of the girls a pleading look, only to be met with stony grins.  
  
They led her through the mall to the shoe store, and found a very familiar looking clerk to help them. Christopher lived in the same building as Rachael and Allisa, and while he was polite and friendly, they always sensed he was checking them out whenever they walked past.  
  
Hannah and Joy sat on either side of Rachael, as Allisa led Christopher over with several boxes of shoes in hand. He sat on the little stool before the red faced young woman. And when Joy prodded her to offer her foot, Christopher was treated to an unobstructed view of Rachael's most private place. Even worse, she was certain he could see that she was glistening with moisture. The scent of her arousal filled the air.  
  
Hannah leaned close to Rachael. "Look at you," she whispered, giggling. "You little slut! You're totally turned on by this!"  
  
Tears were forming in Rachael's eyes by this point. She was beyond being humiliated, but at the same time, it had become plainly clear that she was extremely turned on. In fact, Rachael was so turned on, she could hardly stand it! She was confused, she was angry, she was embarrassed, and she wanted to go home.  
  
She whispered to Joy, sounding quite sincere as she choked back tears, "Look, I'm really, really sorry for what I did to you at the water park. It was too mean" Joy was listening. "You've had your revenge now, and several times over. But if you don't put a stop to it, and take me home right now, our friendship is over."  
  
Joy saw the look in her friend's eyes, as well as the tears, and knew she was serious. She gave Hannah a glance, and they all stood up. They thanked Christopher for his time, and headed for the exit. Back outside on the parking lot, Rachael climbed into the car, while the other girls caucused outside. They agreed that Rachael had endured enough public humiliation. But they weren't finished with her, not quite yet.  
  
They made Rachael strip again, and promised they were going straight to Joy and Hannah's place. No more stops, they swore. When they arrived, they made the naked girl walk with them, slowly, from the carport to the front door of the building.  
  
As they were about to enter the lobby, they encountered Joy and Hanna's neighbor Roger, toting a bag to the trash can outside. Stunned by the view of the very naked Rachael, he froze in the doorway, forcing the red-faced girl to squeeze past him. She could feel his eyes scanning her from top to bottom, much as he had done with Joy at the water park the previous Saturday. Only now it wasn't so funny.  
  
Once inside the apartment, Hannah told her how it was going to be. "I think we've made our point," she began. "You're our friend, Rach, and we love you. But you've been embarrassing us for years, and we've generally gone along with it, because you've always made your revenge against our own pranks even worse."  
  
Rachael was sitting on the sofa, still naked, trying halfheartedly to cover herself. "I know, and I'm sorry. But you guys have more than made up for everything I've ever done to you."  
  
"Close," Hannah continued, "but not quite."  
  
Joy spoke then. "We all saw how wet you were in the shoe store. The fact is, showing yourself off in public has been a big turn on for you."  
  
Rachael shook her head in denial, then Allisa spoke. "We could see it, Flipper. We could smell it, too!" This was followed by a brief round of giggling, by everyone but Rachael.  
  
"Here's what you're going to do, Flipper," explained Hannah. "For your final humiliation, you're going to play with yourself right here, right now, with all of us watching. And you're going to bring yourself to orgasm."  
  
"What? You must be crazy! I never do that!"  
  
"You're such a big liar," Allisa chuckled. "Sometimes you make so much noise in your room at night, I can't sleep! I can always tell what you're doing!"  
  
Rachael was shaking her head, her long blond hair swaying side to side. "It's okay, Rach," Hannah said a little sympathetically. "We all do it sometimes. But you're going to do it right here, right now, with all of us watching."  
  
"And we are crazy," added Joy, "now that you mention it. We're crazy for putting up with your pranks for so long."  
  
"You have two choices," declared Hannah. "Do it, or you're out the front door, and on your own."  
  
Rachael knew she had no choice. She did play with herself sometimes, a lot, actually. But never, ever with anybody watching. It was much too private. They were right about one thing, though. She was so wet, so turned on, and she really needed to get herself off, and soon. She licked her middle finger, then brought it down to explore her secret treasure. She closed her eyes, and thought about all those people seeing her naked.  
  
How embarrassing it all had been! She certainly wasn't ashamed of her body. Rachael had a great figure, nice boobs, and guys always told her she was pretty. The skimpy bikinis she usually wore were made to show her body off. There were a few particular body parts, however, that she wasn't accustomed to showing off. But everybody had seen them today, just everybody!  
  
She moved her finger slowly at first, then a little faster, reaching inside for a little more moisture. Her pace gradually increased, as the world around her disappeared. A little faster now, and she could feel the orgasm building. All she could think about were Dan, Christopher, Mr. Van Horn, Roger, all the people who had seen her naked today. She was getting close now. So close!  
  
The fact that she was so close to climaxing didn't escape her audience. Joy paid close attention, as Rachael's orgasm became imminent, unavoidable. She chose that moment to remind her that she was being watched.  
  
"Hey Rach!" she cried out. "You're putting on a great show!"  
  
Rachael's eyes opened just as the contractions began. She could feel her hips bucking as the most powerful climax she could remember washed over her. Everybody had seen her naked, and now everybody was watching her cum, and it was so powerful and so magnificent and so eternal, and she thought it would never stop!  
  
But it did stop, eventually. Her heart was pounding, her breath was coming in little gasps, and her finger was still resting on her sensitive clitoris. She felt dizzy, she felt high, she felt humiliated, and she felt satisfied. Mostly she felt satisfied. Her cheeks were the color of ripe strawberries, and she was completely spent.  
  
Hannah disappeared, then returned shortly with an old skirt and blouse, as well as some undies. As Rachael dragged herself to her feet and began to get dressed, everybody remained quiet. Until Joy spoke.  
  
"Well, Flipper, I hope you learned a lesson this time. We hated putting you through this," she lied, "but we had to make you understand."  
  
"Oh yeah," Rachael panted, still out of breath from the intense orgasm. "I've learned a lesson all right. And it's a lesson I won't be forgetting any time soon."  
  
Her friends were exchanging high fives, thinking they were finally going to be free from Rachael's practical jokes. But had they only been able to read her mind...  
  
'Oh my God! That was the most unbelievable orgasm of my life! Getting exposed like that really was a huge turn on! I never dreamed! And then having to play with myself while they were watching was so erotic! I want this to happen again, only better! I'll just have to come up with some even more outrageous pranks, something that will outdo even my best!'

The end