**Naked Night**

by RWS

**Chapter One**

Rebecca crept down the alley. A stirring breeze tickled her bare breasts and sent a shiver through bits of her that she never dreamed she'd be displaying so openly.

Normally, when she felt awkward in a situation where anything remotely sexual was suggested, she knew she was just being weird. Most girls who’d just graduated high school were much more experienced than she was. In this instance, though, she felt strongly that even the most confident of them would feel uncomfortable.

For her, it was probably ten times worse, though. She’d never been naked anywhere except in the shower. She’d never expected to be naked anywhere other than that except, perhaps, a doctor’s office.

“That stupid, moronic, idiotic, asshole,” she muttered.

How could her brother have locked the garage door? He barely ever even remembered to close it. The one time she needed it to be open ...

He wasn’t the only one at fault, though. Even if it was dark, she should never have ventured out wearing only a towel. But that, really, was his fault, too. He was so busy playing video games that he neglected to do any cleaning, not even in the kitchen, and she’d just finished a shower when he’d told her that he was expecting friends in a little while.

In both his defense and hers, though, who would have thought in a million years that a quick trip to dispose of the smelly trash would have resulted in such calamity?

There’d been no one at all in sight of the short driveway between her garage and the alley when she’d stepped from her backyard, careful to keep the gate from closing fully. Then, the neighbor’s dog had appeared from nowhere, wanting to play tug of war.

He’d won, too, running away with the towel and leaving her completely unclothed. Worse, she’d grabbed onto the gate to give her leverage during the scuffle. It had closed, of course. It always locked when it closed, of course.

God! This couldn’t be happening to her. She couldn’t really be naked outside.

But it was, and she was.

Dwelling on how she got here wasn’t helping, though, so she resolved to put the incident from her mind. She needed to concentrate on the path forward.

With no way into the back of the house, she’d been faced with only one option – going all the way around to the front. That would have been a terrifying prospect even if it only mean circling just her house. It didn’t. In her neighborhood, the fence from one house abutted the fence from the next. To get to around, she needed to travel more than a half dozen houses down and then back again.

She hurried down the back alleyway. Every second she spent outside was a second in which she might be spotted. Besides, she just wanted this whole ordeal to be over with.

At least both sides were lined high with privacy fences that shielded her from the view from the houses she was passing behind, and she was likely to hear anyone outside their garage before she reached them. The only real danger was a car appearing, but the noise should give her ample warning.

She was probably safe enough for now, as safe as a naked girl who desperately wanted to avoid being seen could be, anyway.

Soon, she reached a drive between houses. As she crept to the edge of the fence lining it and peeked around the corner, she was filled with dread. Nothing would protect her from view and she made her way down the drive toward the street.

It was either accept the risk of being caught out in the open or stay where she was and definitely be seen eventually, though. After taking a deep breath, she stepped out onto a narrow strip of grass adjacent to the concrete and hustled forward.

Her breasts and every other part of her jiggled as she ran. If anyone saw her like that … God! She’d have to move to another town. That would be the only option.

As far as she could tell, though, there was no one about to see her, and she reached the edge of the first house quickly. Luckily, there were no lights on, and it was quiet, meaning that, probably, no one was home. No one at that house, at least, would see her naked body.

The wall of the house was in shadow, and she felt some sense of relative safety pressing herself against it. She stood there for a while, listening in an attempt to determine if anyone was out and about.

She gazed at the long stretch of open green between her and her house. Unlike the alley, there was nothing other than shadows cast by trees in each yard to block her from view. If a car drove down the street, she’d almost certainly be seen.

To get home, not only did she have to remain in complete view of the road for a long time, but she’d have to pass at least a dozen lit windows. Once there, she’d have to find the spare key hidden in a fake rock and get the door unlocked to get inside. She had to do it fast, though. Her brother’s friends could be arriving at any time.

Rebecca couldn’t even imagine how embarrassed she’d be if one of them saw her like this. Crap, how embarrassed she’d be if anyone at all saw her like this.

She shuddered. What if someone she knew saw her, like Rick from across the street? She’d simply die.

The cool, soft grass caressing her bare feet highlighted her vulnerability. She never even left the house without shoes for gosh sake!

God! She had to get home! She had to get inside!

To do that, she had to move, to leave the imaginary safety of her current position, but the thought of leaving that relatively shielded position and entering the wide open spaces of the front lawns was her personal nightmare. There was no choice, though. She had to move.

With one hand clutched over her breasts and the other covering her most private part, at least anyone seeing her wouldn’t really see anything. Except her butt.

Heat rose to her face.

Marching as quickly as she thought prudent, she passed completely by the first house and stopped at the corner of the next, waiting in the shadows. Light streaming from a window ahead made her nervous. Anyone could be standing there looking out.

Rebecca edged slowly up to the side of it and peeked in, her heart pounding. No one was there. Good.

She didn’t have time to check each window like that, though, so she dashed past the next one, hurrying from the start of that ranch-style home to the end of the next one.

To that point, she’d been able to keep almost exclusively to the shadows, making her feel at least somewhat concealed, but there was a big open space between her and the next tree. Not only that, the area was fully illuminated by a street light a short distance away. Even the thought of being out of the shade made her feel so exposed.

Again, though, she realized that there was no choice. Home. Inside. Safety. Those concepts became her mantra.

Examining the surrounding intently both with her eyes and ears, she stood there for a moment, searching for any signs of life. She didn’t think anyone was about.

It occurred to her that she could just sprint the rest of the way home. The sooner she got inside, the less chance there was she'd be seen.

Taking it slow and cautiously gave her the opportunity to avoid people, though. If someone was at a window, she could crawl underneath. If someone walked outside, she might be able to find cover behind a bush or something.

In any situation like that, running meant her being seen.

Too risky. No way she was doing that!

Not hearing anything, she stole out into the twenty yard stretch between houses. Midway across, she heard something. A rustling. Air moving.

At first, she thought it was just the breeze moving through the tree limbs, but it got louder. A light appeared on the street.

A car.

Rebecca looked around frantically. There was no cover. The houses were both too far away. There wasn’t even a shrub nearby.

The car was coming fast!

Seeing no other choice, she dove onto the ground, praying that the driver wouldn’t see her.

As it approached, she hid her eyes, unable to watch.

From the sound, the car drew near her, opposite her on the road.

Rebecca wished with all her might for it to continue. Then, she had a really horrible thought – what if it was the police? The thought of being handcuffed naked and taken to the station made her just about have a heart attack.

The car stopped. A door opened.

“What have we here?” a female voice called.

**Chapter Two**

Lying face down on the damp grass, Rebecca thrust her hands over her butt.

She couldn’t imagine what she must look like—bare naked from the tips of her toes to the top of her raven hair, her pale, nude body glowing under the harsh fluorescent glare of a nearby streetlight, her massive breasts spilling out to the sides from the weight pressing against them. How could she have been so stupid to get caught outside like this? Someone was about to see her completely naked!

Another car door opened.

“Is she naked?” A different female voice asked.

“Damn! That girl is getting her freak on right here on the grass.”

Rebecca grimaced. Any slim hope that they hadn’t seen her vanished. What should she do? Run?

As the two girls got closer, she couldn’t look at them. She opted for closing her eyes and hoping they’d go away.

“It’s okay,” the second one said. “We’re not going to hurt you.”

Rebecca had been so focused on the humiliation of being seen without any clothes on that she hadn’t even considered how vulnerable her state made her. She whimpered.

“Are you hurt? Did someone do this to you?” For the first time, a note a concern crept into one of the voices.

Rebecca shook her head and regretted it the instant she did it. Much better to play the victim right now than to be truthful, but it was too late.

The closer of the two voices laughed. “Told ya. She was out for a little streak and got caught. Good times.”

This couldn’t be happening. Not only were these two girls looking at Rebecca, but they were being loud. If she didn’t do something, the whole neighborhood would come out to investigate. God, she’d just die if anyone she knew saw her, especially a guy. It was bad enough that these two strangers, both girls, were seeing so much of her.

“Please, could you just leave?” she asked.

“Where’s the fun in that?” The nearer one raised her voice.

“Shh, Carly! No need to scare her.” The other girl walked closer. “I’m Jules.”

What was Rebecca supposed to do, shake her hand? Instead she tensed, tightening her grip on her buttocks.

“Is this your house?” Jules asked.

Rebecca looked down the street to her home which was still a depressingly long way away. “Three down.”

“Why don’t we give you a ride?” Jules said.

“Wh-Why?”

“It’s safer,” Jules said. “I wouldn’t feel right about leaving you outside like this.”

It would have been much preferable if the two girls just went away. On the other hand, Jules did have a point. It was only a short distance to the house, but who knew what could happen? Danny’s friends could show up at any moment.

Rebecca grimaced at the thought of being caught by any of those guys. She’d never, ever, ever live that down. If the girls could drop her off at her front door, it would get her there that much faster and running to their car left her exposed for a much shorter distance than what she currently faced.

“O-Okay,” she said, still trying to avoid looking at them as if her not seeing them would somehow protect her from their view. “Th-Thanks.”

Nobody moved or said anything for a moment.

“You kind of have to get up, now,” Jules said.

Rebecca would need her hands to do that, meaning that there was absolutely no way for her to get up with much of her modesty intact. “Would you mind turning around?”

Carly barked out a laugh. “Not so much. You ain’t got nothing we don’t have, anyway.”

Rebecca looked at them for the first time. Carly, a plump brunette in jeans and a blue blouse, smacked gum and wore a cross expression on her face.

Jules, a cute blonde with huge eyes in a short skirt and tight tank top, smiled. “C’mon. We don’t bite.”

Protesting would have only prolonged Rebecca’s ordeal. Best to treat it like a Band-Aid. Staying crouched and clutching my arms to protect her breasts and privates from view, she stood.

They’d surely seen her boobs while she was getting up, but that was all. Soon, she’d be safe inside, hopefully to fall into a deep sleep and forget this had ever happened.

All things considered, the situation could have been much worse. No one had even really seen much of her at all.

“Okay,” she said. “After you.”

Following would be much better than knowing they were staring at her naked butt.

Carly grinned and the most evil, malicious gleam ever shone from her eyes. “I don’t know, Jules. Who knows what she’s hiding under them hands? I don’t feel safe. She’s going to have to show us.”

**Chapter Three**

Rebecca was one hundred percent naked. She didn’t even have on a strip of clothing, much less a weapon or something that could be considered dangerous. The only thing she hid was her modesty.

Surely, Carly couldn’t be serious. She couldn’t really be scared.

Rebecca grimaced, realizing suddenly that fear wasn’t driving the demand at all. A chance to exert power was. A chance to humiliate a weakling was.

Carly was a bully.

Rebecca looked to Jules, who had at least seemed friendly, for help, but the blonde just shrugged.

God! Things had just gone from bad to worse.

“I’ll just … I’ll just walk home then. Th-Thanks for the offer and everything.”

“I can’t let you do that,” Carly said, grinning gleefully. “The thought that anything had happened to you would keep me up at night.”

Yeah. Right.

“Please, just let me go,” Rebecca said. “You can watch from here.”

“I told you that I can’t let you do that.”

Rebecca winced at the hard tone in Carly’s voice. “Please don’t make me do this. No one … No one has seen me naked before.”

Carly’s answer was a cold glare. There was not a single hint of mercy in her eyes.

“Best to just let her have her fun,” Jules said. “It won’t be any real harm to you, and, then, we can get you home.”

“Best hurry, too. I’m starting to feel all scared of you. I tend to scream real loud like when I feel scared.” Carly glanced significantly at the surrounding slumbering households.

Rebecca did not want to show off her body to these two. To anyone, really. The thought of it made her arms and legs literally tremble. These girls were obviously not going to leave her alone until she lowered her arms, though, showing them all of her. It was either reveal herself completely to them or have the whole neighborhood see her. That was really no choice at all.

She didn’t have the willpower to consciously move her arms. Instead, she just kind of relaxed and let gravity take over. Her hands shook as they slowly sank to her sides, revealing her breasts and completely bare private parts.

It was the most monumentally embarrassing moment of her life.

“Damn,” Carly said. “What are those, a D cup?”

More like DD, not that Rebecca was going to admit to that. Though not completely obese, she wasn't exactly svelte, either, and most of the excess weight seemed to go to her chest and hips. “Y-yes.”

A car door slammed, causing her to jump. Her eyes darted behind her, but the sound had come from far away, echoing off many houses.

“And look at the jiggling!” Carly said. “We gonna have us a good time.”

Jules shot her a glare. “Be nice.”

“What? I’m nice. We offered her a ride, didn’t we?”

“It would really be better if I just walked,” Rebecca said. “Please? You’ve had your fun.”

“You really want to do that with the entire neighborhood watching?” Carly said.

“Huh? There’s no one out.”

Carly smirked. “There will be when I start yelling about seeing a naked girl.”

Rebecca hung her head. Again, they had her. For the umpteenth time tonight, she had no options save a bad one and an unthinkable one. Like a condemned prisoner on the way to the gallows, she followed them to the car.

**Chapter Four**

Rebecca climbed into the backseat of the car, hoping against hope that Carly and Jules would simply take her home and let her out.

Instead, Carly started the car and flipped on the inside light but didn’t start it moving, instead turning to look in the backseat. “I want to see what’s between them legs.”

“Carly!” Jules yelled.

“What? She wanted to get her freak on, so we might as well let her.”

Rebecca was near tears. No. No way. That was not going to happen.

“Let’s see that pussy,” Carly said.

“I … I … can’t.”

“Sure you can. Just spread them legs wide, girl!”

Rebecca’s vision blurred with moisture.

“The car’s running,” Carly said. “Inside and outside lights are on. People probably gonna start checking us out to see what we’re doing.”

She was right. In this neighborhood, a car idling in front of a house was a cause for people to investigate, and, when they did, they’d end up seeing … everything.

Rebecca hung her head. She couldn’t let that happen. Thoroughly defeated, she decided to just do what she was ordered to, even if it meant her complete humiliation, so, though exposing her most private place to this bully was her ultimate nightmare, she spread her legs wide.

“Damn,” Carly said. “Slut is shaved bare.”

“Most girls do that nowadays, you know,” Jules said.

“No shit? Do you?”

Jules didn’t answer Carly’s question, seemingly too captivated by the view being presented in the backseat.

Rebecca sat with her palms flat on the seat to each side and her tits with their hard nipples drooping down unrestrained. Not much of her that she’d normally have covered was concealed from sight.

Both girls’ eyes were intent on the mortifying display.

Rebecca had never been so mortified in her life. Surely things could not possibly get any worse.

“Oh God!” Jules covered her mouth with her hand.

“What?” Carly said.

“Her ... her private place. It’s glistening. She’s wet.”

In just that instant, Rebecca went from thinking she’d reached the pinnacle of disgrace to, as the evidence of her extreme arousal was pointed out, realizing that there remained lower and lower levels of debasement still to experience. Her face felt like it was going to burst into flame.

“No shit?” Carly said. “Told you. She’s loving this.”

Rebecca wanted to protest. She wanted nothing more than to just be out of this situation. To be in her bed, clothed from head to foot in flannel. No words would form, though.

Not that that the inability to speak was necessarily a bad thing. She couldn’t imagine what she could possibly say that would make things better.

“Stay exactly like that, freaky girl,” Carly said. “Don’t move a muscle.”

Scared of what would happen if she disobeyed, Rebecca nodded. Carly turned around and eased the car forward.

Rebecca took a long breath. It would all be over soon. All she’d have to do was run from the vehicle to her front door. She’d quickly find the key and get inside. Surely idiot brother’s friends hadn’t made it over yet. She’d rush inside and to her room.

But her salvation was not to be.

Carly accelerated and kept accelerating. Rebecca’s house passed in a blur.

“Th-that was my house!”

“It was a nice one, too,” Carly said.

“Wh-Why didn’t you drop me off?”

Carly glanced back. “What would be the fun in that?”

**Chapter Five**

Rebecca couldn’t believe this was happening to her. She was being kidnapped by two girls and driven around town completely naked with her legs spread and her palms flat down pressed against the seat. No part of her was covered.

Carly had been cruising around aimlessly in the residential part of town for a good ten minutes with no sign of an intent to stop anytime soon. In the back seat, Rebecca winced in fear every time a car passed, especially tall SUVs whose passengers could so easily peer down into the backseat of the little sedan she was in. Stopping at traffic lights was a special circle of hell for her.

To that point, though, she was pretty sure no one besides the two girls in the front seat had actually caught sight of her. That was surely about to change, though. Her eyes widened in terror when Carly turned onto the main drag. Even though it was relatively late in the evening, there were so many people and so much traffic about.

The first establishment that was open that they came to was The Big Burger Bun, and Rebecca tensed as the car slowed and turned into the parking lot.

Oh God! She was going to be made to do something at the fast food joint. She just knew it.

As the car reached opposite the glass front door, Carly pulled to a halt.

The place was nearly deserted, which wasn’t that unusual considering that most people seemed to prefer the more name brand restaurants.

Nearly deserted wasn’t the same thing as empty, though. Three employees, two girls and a guy all looking about Rebecca’s age, worked behind the counter. Another guy and girl in their twenties sat at a table near the back, and a lone teenage boy ate at a table near the front.

“Hey, naked girl,” Carly said. “I’m hungry. Run in and grab me a burger.”

“You can't be serious!” Rebecca said, frozen in her position in the backseat.

“Kinda, but not totally. You are definitely gonna get out of this car, but you don’t have to get me anything.”

Rebecca’s heart pounded. No way she was getting out. No way.

“Pl-Please, Carly. Please.”

"Two choices. Option one, you can run in the front door, streak to the other side, and exit the opposite door where I’ll meet you. If you do that, I’ll take you home. Option two, I pull your ass from the backseat and leave you here.”

“But I'm naked!”

Carly rolled her eyes. “Well, yeah. Wouldn’t be much of a streak otherwise.”

“They’ll see everything, and surely they all have cell phones. They’ll take videos. My face will be all over the internet.”

“Don’t care,” Carly said. “You’re getting out of my car here regardless.”

Rebecca had no doubt the stout looking girl was stronger than her and tougher than her.

“Jules, is there … is there anything you can do?” Rebecca asked.

The blonde looked at her friend.

“Don’t even think about it,” Carly said. “This is happening. Besides, the little slut wants it. She’s juicing major and I haven’t even had to remind her not to shut her legs. She’s totally getting off on this.”

Rebecca looked down at her gaping crotch. Even in the sparse light, her pink folds glistened. She felt more tingly than she had ever felt before.

God! What if Carly was right?

Jules turned to face the backseat. “I wish I could, but Carly’s pretty determined when she gets like this. And it’s her car.”

“I can’t streak through there. I just can’t!” Rebecca yelled. “People will see me!”

Jules frowned sympathetically. "I guess what you have to think of is – how many more people are going to see you and take videos of you if you have to walk five miles back to your place?”

Rebecca shuddered, on the verge of tears.

“Is your biggest fear that you’ll be recognized?” Jules asked.

God, being seen at all sounded absolutely terrifying. Rebecca nodded mutely, though. It would definitely be better if no one knew who she was.

Jules chewed her lips a second. She whipped off her shirt, revealing pert, bra-encased breasts. Her hard nipples were poking out.

“Jules! Damn! What are you doing?” Carly asked.

“You can use this to cover your face,” Jules told Rebecca. “But only your face. Cool?”

Rebecca nodded, suddenly very thankful for the nice, pretty blonde. Maybe it wouldn't be quite so bad to be seen naked by all those people if they didn't know who she was. Maybe it would be kind of exciting if three guys she didn't even know saw her.

God! What was she thinking? No it wouldn’t be.

For yet another time, though, it wasn’t like she had any real choice in the matter.

She shuddered. “Okay. Fine.”

**Chapter Six**

Rebecca couldn’t help but ruminate on the fact that, before today, no one had ever seen her completely naked – well, since she was a young child, anyway. Other than that one doctor visit her mom insisted on dragging her to, no one had seen much of her body at all.

Now, as she wrapped a shirt around her head making sure it was secure and that only her eyes would uncovered above her neck, two girls stared at her very naked and exposed body, and, God, nine more people were about to see her, too.

She literally could not imagine anything in her life that she wanted to do less than step out of the car. As her trembling fingers opened her door, though, she couldn’t help but be very aware of the tingling sensation in her nether regions.

If she hated this so much, why was her body reacting like that? If she hated this so much, why had she been so easy to convince?

When Carly had demanded that she show herself back in the open on that lawn, Rebecca could have easily simply made a run for it. Even if loud screams had followed her, it was likely she would have made it inside before any of her neighbors had a chance to get to their doors. At worst, someone would have gotten a fleeting glimpse of her glowing white butt.

Because of her monumentally bad decision to instead comply with the wishes of a bully, a lot more people were about to see a lot more of her. She was actually about to streak a burger joint.

God! She wished whatever was causing her supremely bad errors in judgment would just go away!

She stepped out of the car, her legs shaking with fear. Her hands flew to cover her bits.

“Hey!” Carly yelled. “No covering!”

Rebecca winced. She had to do as she was told, right? She had to walk into the restaurant and let everyone look at her completely uncovered body. Flopping breasts. Jiggling ass. Shaved slit. If she didn’t run fast enough, everyone in the place would see all those things.

The thought made her want to die. It also made her … giddy … though. She didn’t understand what was happening to her.

Now wasn’t really the time to try, though. Instead, she concentrated on the fact that Carly could easily – would easily – simply drive off. If she did that, Rebecca would be left here, a long, long way from home while on foot, completely naked.

Stranded. Nude. Two powerful concepts that didn’t belong together.

She told herself that she had no choice. No choice at all. She dropped her hands.

People were going to see her body, all of her body. Soon.

A car passed on the highway. It didn’t slow, but it passed. More people could have seen her.

God! She wanted so badly to cover herself, to clutch her arm over her breasts and let her erect nipples rub against her soft skin, to clench her hand over her clit and pussy and let the motion of her steps rub the two together. It would feel so, so good. She’d get such sweet, sweet relief …

No. She wanted to cover herself so no one would see her. That was the only reason. Not because doing so would bring certain body parts within close proximity to other body parts.

What was happening to her?

Rebecca realized that she was just standing there, exposed, in a very public parking lot that was in full view of the main drag. She needed to move it, quickly.

Without another thought, she took off toward the building. Behind her, Carly’s car sped off, hopefully to meet her on the other side.

Oh God! If it didn't, she didn’t know what she'd do. Die, probably.

Rebecca ran to the front door and pulled it open. The glass swung so forcefully that it clanged against the doorstop. Every eye turned to her. She stood there frozen for an instant.

Guys were seeing her. Her boobs. Her erect nipples. Her intimate place. The solo guy near the front pointed his phone at her.

Her tummy tingled with excitement.

Then one of the girls behind the counter pointed and laughed. “Look! The fat chick is naked.”

Others joined in. “Shake it baby!”

Oh God! Rebecca had to get out of there. Unable to process anything other than her need to leave, she sprinted across the restaurant, her bits wobbling and jiggling.

Everybody laughed. She was mortified.

Soon, though, she'd reach the door. Carly’s car was just outside. Safety. Relative safety, anyway.

Rebecca finally reached the exit. Salvation! She tugged on the door. Nothing.

She pushed on it. Nothing.

“Oh,” a girl behind the counter said, “that door doesn't work.”

**Chapter Seven**

The task, though embarrassing beyond belief, had been relatively simple. Go in one door. Run across the fast food joint. Exit the opposite door.

That the opposite door might not open hadn’t even occurred to Rebecca. It was a door. It opened. If it didn’t open, what, exactly was the point of it existing?

She’d never even considered what to do if it didn’t, so, with her exit blocked, she had no idea what to do.

Rebecca spun, her stare wide. As everyone in the restaurant watched her, she froze like a deer caught in headlights, went tharn like those rabbits in that book. Everyone was staring at her! At all of her! At her totally nude body. Her jigging breasts. Her bare butt. Her shaved privates.

God! She had never been more mortified in her life. Nor had she ever been more turned on.

That wasn’t important at the moment, though. Escape! That was the only thing she needed to be considering. Getting to cover.

Cover! Oh God, her hands weren't even over her. Why wasn’t she using them to provide some protection? These people held cameras. They were taking pictures. Videos.

Her arms went to cover herself as she eyed the door she came in, now her only way out.

The teenage boy near the front stood and moved between her and the exit. “I don't think so.”

“Wh-what?” she asked, confused.

“You came in to give us a show, so give us one,” he said.

Rebecca didn’t understand what was happening.

“Drop your hands,” he said in a very commanding tone.

“N-no.”

One of the guys from behind the counter approached while she was concentrating on the boy giving her orders. She felt a tug at the shirt concealing her identity.

“No!” she yelled.

But she was too late. The covering was whipped off her face. If they recognized her, if they took pictures of her face, her life was ruined. She’d be the joke of the entire town for the rest of her life. Stories of naked fat girl Rebecca streaking The Big Burger Bun would follow her for the rest of her life.

Protecting her face was so, so much more important that covering her body, which they’d all already seen anyway.

She plastered her hands – both her hands – to her face. That action, of course, left the rest of her completely revealed.

The boy grinned. “Look, all we want is a bit of a show. If you follow instructions, we’ll even let you keep your face covered. Okay?”

Rebecca nodded.

“Good. Now, lean forward and shake those tits.”

Oh God! She couldn’t believe this was happening to her, couldn’t believe that she didn't have any choice but to present to this leering crowd whatever degrading, vulgar display they demanded.

With her hands plastered over her face, only her eyes revealed through split fingers, she did as he demanded. She leaned her body forward, letting her massive breasts dangle beneath her, stretching toward the floor.

“C’mon,” he said. “Jiggle them!”

Closing her eyes, she moved her torso back and forth, feeling her breasts sway and undulate. The guy clapped.

“Man,” someone from the direction of the counter said, “she’s like a cow. I’d love to squeeze those nipples.”

A surge of deep, intoxicating humiliation spread throughout her body. These people were not only seeing her most private parts, but they were judging those parts. These people weren’t just seeing her nude body, but they were forcing her to perform for them.

It was the most demeaning, most erotic experience of her life.

Rebecca moaned as the extreme mortification was accompanied by a wave of intense arousal. Her nipples stuck out like erasers. She was positive that her pussy dripped fluid.

“Keep doing that but turn around,” the boy said.

She had to open her eyes to keep her balance, but she didn’t dare look at the people and cameras watching her. Still swaying wildly, she spun so that her backside was facing the crowd.

“Great,” the boy said. “Lean over a little more. A little more.”

Her torso was nearly horizontal by that point, her breasts hanging fully down. She was so humiliated.

At least things couldn't get any worse.

“Fantastic,” the boy said. “Now spread those legs!”

**Chapter Eight**

Rebecca was already in the most humiliating situation of her life. She wasn’t wearing a stitch, and a bunch of people were staring at her, pointing their camera phones at her.

God! She was bent over with her ass sticking toward the people watching her. Her boobs hung down beneath her, and she’d been forced to get them swaying back and forth, making her feel even more like a cow than she normally did.

She’d just been ordered to show them even more, to spread her legs, to display literally every inch of her private parts to them. That vulgar, disgusting, humiliating, debasing view would be immortalized digitally.

She couldn’t do it. She just couldn’t.

Her only other option, though, was to have her face bared to those cameras. For now, she was able to hold out some hope that anyone viewing the images wouldn’t be able to recognize her. If they pulled her hand away from her face, though, it would definitely reveal her identity. She’d never, ever live it down.

Again, she really didn’t have a choice at all.

Her thighs were clenched tightly together, allowing nothing of the inside of her legs to be seen by her audience. That was about to change drastically.

Slowly, slowly, slowly, she pushed her ankles apart. Each inch of separation brought with it more humiliation and agonizing emotional pain. This couldn’t actually be happening to her. She couldn’t be revealing her most private parts to these strangers.

But she was.

Further and further, her legs spread until she was sure that all of her was exhibited to them – her muffin, her hole, her puckered exit. Everything.

“God!” one girl called. “Check out how wet she is. Her fluid is dripping down her thigh. She's totally getting off on this.”

If the girl had been lying or even exaggerating, it would have been bad. That she told the absolute truth made it devastating to Rebecca. She’d never been so mortified.

“Please,” Rebecca pleaded, “I’ve got nothing left to show you. Let me go. Please!”

“Cum for us, baby,” the guy said. “You know you want to.”

That was the problem. She did. She’d never wanted to cum so badly in her life. But she simply could not do that while people were watching. She never even did that when there was a tiny chance she might be heard.

Being seen while … God! It was inconceivable.

But the guy had ordered her to, right? She had to do what he said, right?

Keeping one hand plastered across her face, the other drifted down her body.

Rebecca tried to stop the offending hand, but she couldn’t. It had a will of its own, and, now that the prospect of the achieving the release she so badly needed had been raised, it would not be dissuaded from its task.

She couldn’t even imagine how debasing committing such an act in public would be. Her mind couldn’t process the magnitude of how shameful she’d feel.

Her body didn’t care, though. Her body craved an orgasm. Her body was going to get an orgasm.

The hand reached the end of its journey. Fingers found her clit. She moaned.

“Oh. My. God!” one of the girls squealed. “I can't believe any woman would do that in front of us! What a slut!”

A dreamlike state enveloped Rebecca. This wasn’t really happening. She wasn’t about to get herself off in front of a crowd of people.

She knew that it wasn’t happening because, it if she orgasmed in public, she’d never be able to face herself in the mirror again.

Her fingers entered her hot, wet hole, and it felt so, so good. She panted and moaned as the hand thrust back and forth.

It was happening. She was about to cum.

She had to stop herself. She willed her fingers to cease, but they didn’t. They kept going and going and going.

Tears welled in her eyes. Nothing her mind did would make the fingers stop. They kept rubbing, and she kept moaning. Sweet, sweet release was so, so close.

**Chapter Nine**

“Oh God!” Jules said from inside the car. “Look at what they're doing, making her show them simply everything as they point their phones at her. Why doesn’t she run out?”

“Must be something wrong with the door,” Carly said.

“That sucks! She must be dying of shame. I feel so bad for her.”

“Yeah, right,” Carly said.

“What do you mean? Of course I feel bad for her. I just wish there was something I could do.”

“Look at your nipples. If they were any harder, they’d literally poke a hole through your bra. You’re juicing major.”

“I am not! The AC is just a little chilly,” Jules said. “That’s all.”

“Really? Want to make a bet?”

“I have literally no motivation to do that.”

“Really? Cause I know how she can escape. If you’re serious about wanting help her …” Carly shrugged.

“You’ll tell me if I win?” Jules swallowed. “What if I … lose?”

“I’ll lay the knowledge on you whether you win or lose, as long as you play.”

“What do I have to do?” Jules asked.

“Show me your panties. If there ain’t a huge wet spot, you win. Simple.”

“And if there is one?” Jules was turned on big time, so this bet was a ridiculous idea. She couldn’t just let the girl they’d picked up continue to be accosted by that crowd, though. Who knew what would happen?

“You give me your skirt and boots.”

Jules squirmed at the thought. With no real prospect of getting her shirt back from the guy who’d taken it inside the restaurant, she was already down to just her lacy bra covering her boobs. She’d feel awfully exposed giving up more of her clothes.

She shuddered. Really exposed. And really excited.

“Either way, you tell me how to help her?” Jules asked.

“Swear to God.”

“Fine.” Jules lifted her butt off the seat in order to get her skirt up to her waist in back. Then, after sitting once again, hiked the front up as well, revealing her panties.

Carly flipped on the interior light, and Jules glanced down. As she’d expected and feared, there was a huge wet spot.

“Someone's happy to see me ... or to watch that girl showing herself off,” Carly said.

Jules flushed. She was creaming so badly. Betting her outer clothes had been the only way to help the girl, though.

At least, that was what she told herself.

Feeling humiliated and even more turned on, she unzipped the skirt and slid it over her butt and down her legs. Her boots and socks followed. “There.”

“Hand them over,” Carly said.

“But ...”

“That was the deal. You give me the skirt and boots.”

“Fine.” Jules handed the clothes over, knowing she wasn't going to be getting them back anytime soon. She shuddered as she wondered what more Carly had in store for her. “Tell me how to help her.”

“That door don’t open from the inside, only from out. Run over, pop it open, pull her out, and close it behind you. There’ll be plenty of time for you to get away.”

“I can't do that!” Jules said. “I'm practically naked.”

Carly smirked. “That girl is showing off everything she got. A dozen people are staring at every part of her. Taking videos even. If you don’t want to help her, though ...”

Jules considered. She didn’t really know the girl, not even her name, and certainly didn’t owe her anything. But she also couldn’t just leave her hanging.

Man, what to do? What to do?

Underwear wasn’t that much different than a bikini, right? All the important stuff was still covered.

Jules would never even consider going into The Big Burger Bun wearing just a tiny swimsuit, though. Unless, maybe, if her boyfriend wanted her to. They’d done some stuff like that in a more private area, and the results had been …

She cleared her throat as she came to a decision.

After taking a steadying breath, she opened the door and stepped out into the parking lot, feeling incredibly vulnerable and awkward standing in a public place wearing so little. She’d die if anyone she knew saw her, especially if they happened to notice how turned on she was.

God! She couldn’t believe she was about to face a bunch of people while undressed like this. After throwing one hand up to cover her face, she rushed toward the door.

**Chapter Ten**

Rebecca was close to cumming. Really, really close. So close that all thoughts of humiliation and debasement and how she couldn’t possibly do … that … in front of people had gone away, replaced by her overwhelming need to finish.

She thrust her fingers hard in and out of her pussy, moaning in time with the rhythm of the movement.

Suddenly, the door in front of her burst open.

Jules, with one hand covering her face and, for some reason, wearing only her underwear, took one step inside.

“Come on!” she yelled. “We’ve got to go!”

Rebecca was way too close to achieving what was, at that particular point in time, her sole ambition in life – an orgasm. She didn’t respond, just kept pumping her fingers and moaning.

“Did you hear me?” Jules asked. “We’ve got to go!”

“No! I’m too close. Please!”

Rebecca heard snickers at that from behind her, but she didn’t care. As long as she got release, nothing else mattered.

Jules grabbed Rebecca by the upper arm of the hand currently frigging her pussy and tugged, pulling the fingers free. The cessation of the pleasure being produced by those fingers filled her with an intense sense of longing.

That feeling lasted only an instant, though.

Jules had the door open. Rebecca didn’t have to orgasm in front of all these people. Sure, some part of her really, really still wanted to, but she now had a real choice.

“Come on!” Jules yelled.

That spurred Rebecca to action. She took off after the pretty blonde, and they slammed the door behind them as soon as they were outside.

She expected Jules to keep running, to put as much distance between them and the people in the restaurant as possible.

Instead, Jules stumbled to a halt. “Oh shit!”

Rebecca was still dazed and frustrated from being denied her orgasm. She had no idea what was happening. “What?”

Jules pointed to a vehicle pulling out of the parking lot. “That’s Carly.”