**Naked Night**

by RWS

**Chapter Eleven**

Rebecca’s heart leapt into her throat. She was outside in a very public place, miles from home, with no way to get back. And, oh yeah, she was completely naked.

Her new friend, Jules, wasn’t in much better shape, wearing only her bra and panties. Sure, those covered her most vital parts, but she wasn’t exactly dressed enough to be in public.

“What are we going to do?” Rebecca asked, pleading, hoping the pretty blonde had an idea.

“Those people inside the restaurant are going to give up trying to get through that door pretty darn quick. They’ll soon realize they can get out on the other side of the building. We better make a run for it.”

Rebecca looked around. The nearest building across the parking lot was one of The Big chain drug stores, DWT. It was closed, but going around the back would at least offer them cover. She pointed to it. “Over there!”

With her hands clasped tightly over her jiggling boobs, she took off, trying not to think about what her big ass and stomach would look like to anyone who saw her.

Jules, being taller and in much better shape, could have easily ran ahead. Instead, she stayed right at Rebecca’s side.

Both were winded by the time they reached the relative safety of the backside of the building.

“Thanks,” Rebecca said, her breasts heaving.

“For what?”

“For saving me back there. For staying with me.” Her eyes teared. “I don’t know what I would have done if ...”

“Hey,” Jules said. “None of that. We’re fine. You’re fine. We’ll get out of this somehow.”

“Do you think Carly will come back for us?”

“I don’t think we can count on that.”

“Aren’t you two friends?” Rebecca asked.

“Not really. She’s my boyfriend’s sister, and she’s never really liked me. He’s out of town, and I was trying to do some bonding with the person I hope will become my sister in law in the future, you know?”

Ouch. Yeah, they really couldn’t count on Carly to come back.

Rebecca felt like she was going to throw up. This was really happening. She was one hundred percent butt naked and stuck miles from home. So many bad things could happen to her.

“Hey, calm down,” Jules said. “We'll get through this, I swear. A few months from now, it’ll be just a cool story to tell your friends in college.”

“How can you say that?”

“Because this town is tiny and very safe. And very accepting. I work at the theater with John – that’s my boyfriend – and, several months ago, one of his friends brought his girlfriend in to watch a movie completely naked. It was so freaking hot!”

Rebecca's jaw dropped. People actually did stuff like that?

“After they left, John and I tried watched the same flick with me like that ... just wow. Some of the best sex we’d had to that point.”

“Hey!” came a shout from far away. “Let’s look behind the drugstore!”

“Crap!” Rebecca said. “We’ve got to do something!”

“Look. There’s a car parked back here. The store hasn’t been closed long. Maybe there’s someone still there?”

Rebecca tensed. If so, that was someone else that would see her naked. If there was any chance of her escaping the crowd from before, though …

“Fine,” she said. “Let’s knock on the back door.”

Jules was already halfway to the door before the words had dissipated in the air. Worried that they hadn’t been able to think of a better plan, Rebecca followed.

As the shouts beyond the building grew louder, Jules rapped hard on the door. Nothing happened. She knocked again. And again. They waited for what seemed like forever with no response.

“We need to run,” Rebecca said. “Those people from the restaurant have to be close.”

“Just a second. I thought I heard something inside.”

Jules was right because the door cracked open. Rebecca let out an “eek” and flattened herself against the building out of view.

“We’re closed,” a guy’s voice said.

“My friend and I need help,” Jules said. “We’re kind of experiencing a lack of adequate clothing situation.”

The door opened wider. “What do you want from me? I can’t give you anything from the store or even sell you anything.”

“Just let us in so we can hide,” Jules said. “Some people are after us.”

“Let me see your friend.”

Jules motioned to Rebecca, who shook her head. Jules motioned more emphatically.

Rebecca felt like she was near tears again. They had to get inside that building, and, to do that, she was going to have to let someone else know that she was running around completely naked. Yet another guy was going to see her covered only by her arms.

Suppressing a whimper and with her hands clenched tightly to her body, Rebecca stepped in front of the door.

“You weren’t lying,” the guy said, “definitely suffering from a lack of clothing.”

“So?” Jules asked. “We don’t have a lot of time.”

“Hmm,” the guy said. “What do I get out of it?”

Jules narrowed her eyes. “Excuse me?”

“Not that!” the guy said quickly. “I promise I won’t touch you or your friend, but I could get fired if my boss finds out I let any non-employee into the building after hours. I know it isn’t much, but I need this job. Why should I take the risk?”

“What do you want?” Jules asked.

“I’ll hide you inside for as long as it takes for whoever is chasing you to go away,” he said.

That sounded good to Rebecca. She was so scared and tense. Safety, even for a little while, would be so wonderful. Maybe she could even find a private spot to finish what she’d started inside the restaurant.

That sounded really good to her.

“Again,” Jules said, “what do you want in return?”

“Your underwear,” he said, “and the promise that both of you won’t cover up at all.”

Voices sounded from just the other side of the building, so close that any attempt at running away was sure to be a failure. There was no place to hide. If they didn’t hurry, the crowd would catch them.

“Come on!” someone shouted. “Run faster!”

Rebecca really wanted to cry.

The choice was either to let this one perv get all the show he wanted inside a building where who knew what could happen or to be again subjected to the demands of the audience who was so intent on her complete humiliation.

**Chapter Twelve**

Rebecca froze. The situation was too overwhelming for her. There was no way should could make a decision.

Jules reached around her back and unlatched the bra. She quickly shrugged it off her shoulders and slipped off her panties and then held them out to the guy. “Deal.”

Rebecca looked at Jules like she was crazy. Who would just strip willingly like that? Why would she do that?

“Nice. Very nice,” the guy said. “Now I just need your friend to drop her hands.”

“You can’t be serious,” Rebecca said.

The voices grew louder. They had to be just the other side of the building by now.

“C'mon, I'm naked,” Jules said.

Yeah and whose fault was that? But Jules was trying to get them out of this situation, and being inside out of sight of everyone but this one guy was better than the crowd seeing them again.

“Fine.” Rebecca dropped her hands, revealing her large breasts and glistening slit to the guy.

“Come on in.” The guy stepped aside.

First Jules and then Rebecca rushed in the back of the store. He hurriedly closed the door behind them, and they all waited silently for a few minutes, dreading a knock that would indicate the crowd knew where they were.

Instead, the voices got louder – closer – before fading.

Rebecca let out a long, slow breath. Finally, something had gone her way. They’d escaped the crowd.

She looked around. They were in the back of a large storage area, holding boxes and pallets of all kinds.

“I’m Steven,” the guy said. “As long as you stay right here, you can hide out as long as you want or until I leave in a couple of hours. If you decide to go before then, yell for me, and I’ll come back to unlock the door, okay?”

Jules nodded, and Steven turned to go about his business, apparently uncaring that there were two completely naked girls present.

“What do you make of him?” Rebecca asked.

“He’s a little weird, but I know his family. He’s harmless.”

That didn’t make Rebecca feel any better. They lived in a small town. Even if she didn’t happen to know any of the people she’d seen so far tonight, it was an absolute certainty that friends of hers did know them. It wouldn’t take much for everyone to find out that the streaker at The Big Burger Bun was her.

The thought of everyone looking at the videos those people had taken made her nervous as hell. The thought that people might watch it knowing it was her made her shudder, which reminded her vividly of exactly how close she’d come to orgasm such a short time ago.

“I need the restroom,” she said.

“I think I see one right over there,” Jules said with a smirk.

Rebecca hated that the pretty blonde knew exactly what she needed the restroom for but that wasn’t enough to stop her from doing it anyway. Her need was too great. She rushed over to the room and closed and locked the door behind her.

After doing her business –she hadn’t been one hundred percent fibbing – she took a moment to reflect on all that had happened to her tonight. So many people had seen her completely naked – her tits, her shaved mound, her ass, everything. The people in the restaurant had really seen everything.

The way they’d referred to her, the comments they’d made – it was so humiliating.

God! She was getting so hot just thinking about it. Her fingers found her hot clit. She moaned at her first tentative rubs. It wasn’t going to take long.

When she could be sure she had complete privacy like when both her parents and her brother weren’t in the house, she occasionally masturbated and, in general, liked the feel of it. Never before had she felt such need, though. It was like she’d magnetized her pussy while performing for those people. Her fingers were drawn inexorably toward it, and she was pretty sure that attraction wouldn’t go away until she achieved release.

She gasped as her fingers found her hole.

In and out. In and out. In and out.

Pumping those fingers gave her such massive pleasure. It was all she could do to stifle her moans. She was pretty sure that, by the time she came, she wasn’t going to be able to choke her screams down enough to avoid being heard, but she was beyond caring.

At that moment, she would have traded her ability to wear any clothes at all for the rest of her life for that one massive orgasm that was building in her.

Boom!

Someone knocked on the door.

Boom!

“Get out of there!” Steven yelled. “I told you to stay put!”

“Just a minute,” Rebecca called back breathlessly. “I’m almost done.”

She thrust her fingers frantically inside her, trying to force herself to finish quickly.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

God! The guy wasn’t going to relent, and it was distracting her from what she needed so badly.

“Get out here now or I’m calling the police!” he shouted

He sounded serious. Really serious.

“Fine! Just a second!” With the greatest of reluctance, I abandoned my attempts to get myself off. After the quickest wipe up and handwashing in my history, I pulled the door open.

His phone was to his ear. When he saw me, he quickly hit the red “End” button. “What were you doing? I told you to stay put?”

“I had to use the facilities,” she said. “I didn’t think you’d mind.”

“See those?” He pointed to two different locations. At each one was a small glass globe sticking out of the ceiling. “Video cameras. The one on the back door doesn’t work, but, since you moved, you’re on tape.”

Oh God! No! I’d done nothing to hide my face. He’d make copies. It would get out. My life would be totally ruined.

“Please erase it. Please. I’ll do anything.” She looked over at Jules. “We’ll do anything.”

**Chapter Thirteen**

Rebecca had never been so scared in her life. She and her new acquaintance, Jules, were both completely naked in the back storeroom of a DWT Drugstore and the weird guy, Steven, who had allowed her to hide there, had just told her that he now had her nude body on tape.

She’d also never been more aroused in her life. Twice tonight she’d fingered herself so very close to cumming, and, both times, she’d been interrupted before she could finish. With the shock of finding out that her naked body and face had been captured on video, some of that feeling had gone away, but not nearly all of it.

“You’ll do anything to get that erased?” he asked.

“Can you do it?” Jules called, not moving from her safe spot by the door.

She, at least, wouldn’t be on camera.

“I can, but it’ll be a pain in the butt.” His phone rang, and he took it out of his pocket and ended the call without even looking at it, too intent at staring at all the naked flesh on display.

“I don’t mean anything anything,” Rebecca said.

He held his hands up. “We agreed on no touching. I’ll still good with that.”

She let out a relieved breath. “Did you … Did you have something in mind?”

“There are a couple of things that I’d like a lot. Hold up a second.” He spun and hustled off toward the front of the storeroom.

Rebecca decided she’d be better off getting out of the camera’s view. She went over to stand by Jules. Steven returned a moment later with several items in concealed in the closed palm of his hand.

“I have to admit that your offer intrigues me,” he said. “There’s some stuff I’ve seen on the internet but never dreamed I’d get the opportunity to see in person. If you’d … Well, we’d definitely be even. I’d even be willing to throw in a ride when my shift is over as long as you’re not going too far out of my way.”

God! None of that first part sounded promising. Rebecca didn’t even want to know what perverted things he had in mind.

Jules sighed. “What exactly are these … things … that you’re into?”

He opened his fist and revealed two zip ties and a small white plastic cylinder. Rebecca had no idea either what the ties were for or what the cylinder was.

“No way I’m letting you tie us up,” Jules said. “It’s too dangerous. You could do anything to us.”

“It’s just to secure your hands behind your back,” he said. “Your legs will be totally free, and you won’t be tied to anything.”

Rebecca shivered. He wanted to zip tie her hands behind her back? Why?

“Not going to happen,” Jules said. “Just no.”

He shrugged. “Well, I guess I’ll always have the video, then.”

Rebecca’s eyes widened. “Jules, please. There’s got to be a way. Please!”

“Do you understand how vulnerable we’d be if he decided to do anything creepy?”

“I’ve worked here for forever,” he said. “I’m pretty identifiable. If I did anything wrong, you could go to the cops. Believe me, I have no desire to go to jail.”

“Unless you’re a serial killer and decided to just get rid of us!”

“You could take a picture of my license with my phone and text it to someone,” he said. “As soon as it goes through, there’s no way I could do anything to you and escape being identified.”

“What do you think?” Rebecca asked. “That sounds like a good plan, right?”

Jules sighed again. “I guess I could text my boyfriend the picture of your ID and tell him you’re giving me and a friend a ride or something. I still don’t like this, though, and you haven’t told us what you want us to do with the vibe.”

Vibe? Vibrator? Oh God!

“Right before I do up her hands, she puts it up her … you know.” He gestured toward Rebecca. “I just want to watch.”

Jules smirked. “Well, miss doesn’t want to be a video star, what do you say to that?”

If there was one thing that Rebecca had absolutely no desire to do, it was cum in front of anyone, much less a creep and a girl she barely knew. She did, however, very much want to cum. She’d been so, so close before. And, back in the restaurant, she’d fingered herself in front of a crowd. She told herself this wasn’t any different.

“If it gets him to erase the tape and give us a ride, fine.”

Steven grinned like it was his birthday and Christmas all rolled up into one. He and Jules got the texting thing out of the way, and he secured her hands behind her. Then, he handed the vibe to Rebecca, telling her to twist the flat end to turn it on.

Rebecca could not believe what she was about to do. Before this awful night started, no one had ever even seen her boobs. Now, she was about to let herself be tied up while a vibrator made her have an orgasm, all while two people watched.

She couldn’t think of anything more humiliating, but she had no choice.

Acutely aware of both sets of eyes on her, she switched the device on and nearly dropped it as it started buzzing in her hand. Trying hard not to look at the people staring at her, she reached down and used the fingers of her opposite hand to spread herself open. She was so wet that the vibe slid right on up inside her without any problems.

“Hands behind your back, please,” Steven said gleefully and closed the zip tie tightly around both her wrists, securing them together.

It was the strangest situation she’d ever been in. Even if she wanted to cover herself, she physically couldn’t. She was so vulnerable, almost helpless, and, deep inside her, the vibe was working furiously. Sensations built fast.

The only saving grace in the whole thing was that it would all be over with soon. She’d cum. He’d untie them. And they’d wait around until time for him to get off work.

Rebecca closed her eyes, imagining that she was alone in her room in complete privacy anticipating The Biggest and best orgasm of her entire life.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Loud banging came from the front of the building. Her eyes popped open, the pressure steadily building inside her pushed way down her list of priorities.

Without a word, Steven hustled toward the noise. A second later, he returned, breathless from his short sprint. “It’s the … It’s the … police!”

**Chapter Fourteen**

Rebecca’s heart thudded in her chest. Each beat felt like a sledgehammer assaulting her insides.

There was only one explanation she could think of for the police knocking on the drugstore’s door. She’d streaked the restaurant and the parking lot. Going naked was against the law. Someone had called the cops.

She was going to jail!

“Hide me, please!” she cried. “I’ll do anything. Literally anything.”

This time, she meant it, too. If her first time having sex had to be with this guy, it would be worth it if it kept her out of jail.

“You have to get out of here!” Steven said.

“What? No!” Rebecca said. “Please don’t. I don’t want to be arrested.”

“They’re not here for you two.” He pulled out his phone. “When you wouldn’t come out of the restroom, I called 911. I hung up immediately, but it was too late. And I didn’t answer when they tried to call back; I didn’t realize who it was. They’re here to see why I called.”

“You’re going to turn us in?” Jules said. “I swear I will get you fired, man!”

“No! Of course not,” he said. “I’ll tell them it was a butt dial. It happened to coworker one night. It’ll be totally cool, but they’re going to want to take a look around.”

Jules narrowed her eyes. “You promised us a ride!”

“We don’t have time for this! If I don’t go open that front door soon, they’ll bust it down. Then I’ll really be in trouble. We all will.”

“We’ll hide by your car,” Jules said. “You can let us back in when they leave.”

He put both his hands to his head and literally pulled on his hair. “They’ll probably want to check outside, too. You’ve got to get away from here.”

“No way, man,” Jules said. “You promised.”

“Look, get to the back of the shopping center,” he said. “There’s a dumpster. Go down the hill right behind that. You’ll be completely hidden from view. I get off in an hour and a half. I’ll pick you up there.”

As Jules and Steven had been arguing, the vibrator was working its magic in Rebecca’s pussy. She was barely even able to concentrate on what they were saying. At that moment, she didn’t care about getting a ride home. She didn’t care about not getting arrested. All she cared about was the massive orgasm that was building in her.

He opened the back door and peeked out. “Coast is clear.”

God! Rebecca hadn’t even thought about the people from the restaurant. They could still be out there. Being caught by them was better than being caught by the police, though. She needed to run. Soon.

She just needed to take care of one little thing first. She was so close.

“J-Just a … J-ust a m-minute,” she said.

“You don’t have a minute.” Steven grabbed her arm and tugged.

She was so, so very close, so close in fact that she could barely think coherently. When he pulled, she struggled to her feet despite her tremendous need to finish.

“Go!” he yelled.

“Wait!” Jules said. “Untie us.”

He patted down his pants pocket. “I don’t have the box cutter.”

“Go get it, then!” Jules yelled.

“It’ll take too long to find.”

“I don’t care!”

“You should,” Steven said. “If the cops bust in here and find you, both of you are going to be arrested, and I’ll be fired. Is that what you want?”

Jules shook her head.

“I’m serious,” he said. “You have to leave. Now.”

“Fine,” she said with a huff. “But, if you don’t meet us and give us a ride, I swear to God that my boyfriend will find you and mess you up. I swear it!”

“I’ll be there. I promise. Now go!”

Rebecca had taken the time that they argued to find a position where the vibe was working really well. She felt the pressure building to a climax.

Almost there …

Almost there …

Almost there …

Something pushed at her from behind. Her legs moved. Jules was already outside. Rebecca was heading that direction. Her feet found the rough concrete. The door slammed behind her.

She was out in the open night air again, still completely naked. Worse, her hands were now securely bound behind her back, as were her equally naked companion’s. Policemen or the crowd from the restaurant could come around the building’s corner and spot them at any time. They wouldn’t be able to hide their faces or any other part of themselves.

As if all that wasn’t bad enough, she noticed something truly, truly horrible.

“No!” she yelled.

“What?” Jules asked. “What’s wrong?”

“The vibrator. It fell out. Inside the store.”

 **Chapter Fifteen**

Rebecca banged her head against the door, hoping against hope that Steven would relent and let her back inside. She wanted that vibrator. She needed that vibrator.

She was even willing to let him do the insertion.

“Stop that!” Jules yelled.

“Please. I need it.”

“Girl, if you don’t stop that this instant, I’m running off without you. I’m not getting arrested because you’re too horny to think straight.”

Rebecca banged her head again, and, true to her word, Jules took off running, her small breasts and ass jiggling with each step. Rebecca had never been attracted to a girl before, but, in her current state of heightened arousal, everything seemed to make her hornier.

In fact, the only thing that she didn’t find exciting was the prospect of being left alone. Being naked outside and not knowing how she was going to get home considering how many miles away she was and having her hands bound behind her was bad enough. To be in that situation without Jules seemed like such a worse thing.

It was such a bad thought that Rebecca finally stopped pounding on the door and took off after the other naked girl.

The strip mall – She couldn’t help but grimace at that term. She and Jules were lending a whole new meaning to the strip part. – consisted mainly of a long row of stores set back quite some distance from the main road. Four businesses were spread out along the front with the drugstore anchoring one end. It was a long, long way between it and the stores further back – probably a hundred yards or more of completely open parking lot, all visible from all the other stores and the main road. The entire parking area was lit, if dimly, by fluorescent lights.

Jules crouched down at the front of Steven’s car, the last bit of cover they’d have for that long, long distance.

Rebecca, already winded from the short jog, sank down to her knees right beside the other girl. “Are we really going to go all that way out in the open?”

She didn’t even want to think about the view anyone watching would be getting – her massive breasts undulating wildly, her ass jogging up and down, her flab shaking every which way.

“I don’t think we have any other choice,” Jules said.

That was exactly the thinking that had taken Rebecca from relaxing under the shower in her parents’ house to running around the parking lot of a strip mall completely butt naked with her hands bound behind her. Try as she might, though, she couldn’t think of another option. The police or the crowd from the restaurant could discover them at any minute. Ahead lay a very dangerous journey but, at the end, was, hopefully, safety.

All they had to do was make it across a large expanse. Once they reached the building, the shadows would conceal them as they made their way to the back, and, once there, they could hide out of sight until their ride got there.

If, you know, Steven actually did as he’d promised and showed up.

She shuddered at the thought. If he didn’t, she … and Jules … were pretty much screwed. All they could do was hope he followed through on his word.

Rebecca looked back and forth. As far as she could tell, there was no one around. Even traffic on the main road was dying down as time ticked further into the night.

“I guess we should go, then,” she said, even though she really, really didn’t want to move.

“I guess so.”

Neither girl moved, though. Instead, they just crouched there, listening.

“Let’s go, then,” Jules said.

Rebecca didn’t respond, and, again, neither girl took so much as a step forward.

“I’m really going this time,” Jules said.

“Uh huh.”

Jules took a deep breath, keeping her profile bent and low, crept forward. Rebecca’s eyes were drawn to the other girl’s retreating backside. Even though the light was dim, she could see simply everything.

God! How many people had views almost exactly like that, though with her legs spread wider and the area better lit, on video?

A surge of arousal shot through her. She would have given just about anything for an orgasm. Her hands strained against the zip tie, trying to get her fingers into a position where they would do her some good. It was no use, though. She simply couldn’t reach.

She chastised herself. There was no time for that now, anyway. Her priorities were to get out of sight and then to get home, not to get off.

As she’d been trying to reach her private parts and staring at the view of the same area on her pretty companion, Jules had been getting further and further away. Crouching, Rebecca hurried to catch up. The grass of the median separating the drugstore’s area from the larger parking lot tickled her feet as she ran.

When she stepped off the curb onto the pavement, a rock stung her foot. When she took a step, another one did the same.

“Ouch!”

The area around the DWT had been much smoother with no debris. They probably had it swept or something on a regular basis. Apparently, the strip mall didn’t.

Jules looked back. “Don’t go barefoot much, huh?”

“No. Bare back, bare breasts, nor bare anything else, either.”

Jules laughed. “At least you’re keeping a sense of humor about it. Be careful. I think there’s glass over there.” She pointed to the right.

Great. Just great. If there was a little glass, there was probably more. Slicing open her foot would be just the perfect completion to her night.

Jules slowed down to accommodate the slower pace and kept a beeline to the edge of the store at the closest end of the mall. Rebecca trudged after her, wincing each time the bottom of one of her feet touched the rough concrete.

Suddenly, as they reached about the three quarter mark on their way across the wide open space, twin beams of light swept across the parking lot. Headlights.

The glare highlighted Jules first. The pale flesh of her ass glowed, standing out from the rest of her tanned skin.

Then the light passed over Rebecca. She winced at what she must have looked like. Since all her flesh was white, she must have stood out like a glow stick in a dark cave.

She glanced back. The lights came from the police car, which was pulling around back of the drugstore. As she watched, horrified, the vehicle sped up, its tires squealing.

“Jules!” she yelled. “The cops. They’ve spotted us!”

**Chapter Sixteen**

Rebecca froze. She was naked outside in full public view with her hands bound behind her back. A police car had spotted her and her companion and was surely heading toward her.

They’d be arrested. Thrown into jail. Booking photos would be taken of their naked bodies. Blurred versions would be sent to the local paper. They’d be laughing stocks.

Her conservative parents would find out. They’d stop paying for college. She’d be disowned.

Life as she knew it would end.

“Run!” Jules yelled.

Her shout broke the spell Rebecca had been under. She ran toward the far corner of the store, her legs pumping furiously.

The cop car had to circle around the front DWT to make it to the road leading to the main parking lot. To do so, it actually had to head in the opposite direction from her and Jules, meaning they’d be completely out of sight for a little while. If they could just make it to the corner of the strip mall in that short time, it wasn’t all that much further to the back of the building. All they had to do was make it to the ditch before the police car figured out where they went, and, maybe, they could hide.

That was a lot of ifs and maybes, but some chance was better than nothing.

Rebecca had never realized how much pumping arms added to her ability to run. With her hands bound behind her, her motion felt awkward, off balance, and the whole situation was dangerous. If she tripped, there was no way to catch herself. She’d faceplant on the rough concrete.

There was absolutely no choice, though. Anything at all was better than being arrested.

She sprinted as if her life depended on it. The tender soles of her feet pounded against the pavement, somehow seeming to find a new rock or bottle cap or something with each step. Her boobs bounced wildly, swinging up to literally hit her in the face before flopping back down against her stomach. Likewise, her flabby stomach and thighs jiggled like jello in an earthquake.

If anyone saw her body moving around like that, she just knew she’d die.

Her fear had given granted her a fleetness of foot that she’d never before achieved. She matched the taller and in much better shape Jules stride for stride, and they soon made the small jump up to the sidewalk in front of the corner store. Another few galloping steps brought them to the other side of the wall, putting a foot of brick between them and the cop car, and all before the headlights had swung around to find them again.

They still weren’t out of danger yet, though. A car was a lot faster than two girls on foot, especially bare feet and especially especially naked girls with their hands bound behind them and bits flouncing about in all directions. If the officers decided to accelerate quickly to check the far side of the building, the girls would never get out of sight in time. Their only chance was if the car slowed to check every nook and cranny along the front first.

Hoping against hope that that would be the case, Rebecca sprinted full speed toward the back of the building, not even sparing a glance back. To do so would only slow her.

Yard after yard churned under her feet. The back was in sight. Twenty yards. Ten. Five.

Shadows stretched across a lane separated the building from a drainage ditch. Rebecca had never been so grateful for darkness in her life as when she slipped into the blessed shelter it provided.

She kept running, though, as did Jules. Not far to true safety, now. The ditch would provide the first bit of true protection they’d have since being kicked out of the drugstore. They might even be able to reach the woods beyond. The police would never be able to catch them then, or, at least, she couldn’t imagine that it would be worth their effort to do so, not just for two streaking girls.

Rebecca allowed herself to believe she’d make it. She was so close. Not far. Not far at all.

Suddenly, a beam of light swung past her from behind, illuminating her pale, nude body for a moment.

No. Not now. Not when she was so close to getting away.

She didn’t know what to do. One didn’t run from the police, not when they had you dead to rights. That just made things worse. Added resisting arrest to the charges.

Without any idea what else she could do, she halted. That, after all, what one did right before one was arrested.

**Chapter Seventeen**

Rebecca shut her eyes, not believing that the simple act of taking out the trash had led her to this moment. She was outside behind a very public shopping center with her hands zip-tied behind her back and her body completely, one hundred percent naked. Not a single square inch of her skin was covered by even a little bit of cloth. Even the plastic binding her wrists together was mostly transparent.

She and her new acquaintance, Jules, had been spotted streaking across a parking lot by the occupants of a police car, and, though they’d been so, so close to making it to safety, lights sweeping pasts Rebecca’s pale butt cheeks told her that she hadn’t quite made it.

She tensed, tears forming in her eyes as she awaited her fate.

“Girl!” Jules yelled! “What the crap are you doing? Hurry!”

What?

Rebecca opened her eyes and glanced back. The headlights had come from a car in a far away parking lot, not from the patrol vehicle. She still had time. She still might make it.

Her head darted back to the area in front of her. A large dumpster was to the left, and, directly in front of her, Jules was standing at the top of a hill that descended into darkness. If Rebecca could just reach it and climb down, she’d be safe.

Wishing she could pump her arms to increase her speed, she accelerated as fast as her thick, stubby legs could carry her, making her large breasts wobble uncomfortably. She cared not about the irritation caused by her unfettered boobs or the pain impacting her bare feet with each step or the sight her nude flesh bouncing like a bowl full of Jello created, though. All she wanted was to be out of sight, to not be arrested.

“Hurry!” Jules shouted.

“I’m going as fast as I can!”

To be fair to the blonde girl, Rebecca possessed much more inertia than did the taller, lighter girl. It took a bit to get her larger body moving from a start at rest. Once she got up to full speed, though, her feet flew over the pavement. She hopped over the curb and landed in the grass.

“C’mon,” Jules said. “But be careful!”

The hill was pretty steep, and the thick grass covering it was more than a little slick. Considering that the bottom was buried in deep shadow, Rebecca couldn’t even tell how far down it went. A fall might be disastrous.

The fact that she couldn’t use her hands and arms to balance herself at all made her descent even that much more treacherous. She slipped and almost fell backward. Given that that would have left half her body fully visible from the pavement while she struggled to get back up, it would have been disastrous. The police, who surely weren’t far behind by now, would definitely have caught her.

She was forced to drastically slow her pace, carefully placing one foot in front of the other. Being much more athletically inclined, Jules scampered quickly ahead.

The extreme slope did have one benefit, though. Each step forward lowered Rebecca quite a bit. All she had to do was get a little further down the hill, and she’d be fully hidden.

One step. Two. Three.

Not far now. Her head was almost even with the surrounding surface.

A light swept past her, illuminating the treetops of the wooded area beyond the drainage ditch.

Rebecca let herself fall on her ass, sliding several feet more downward in the slippery grass and lowering her head well below the top of the rise.

The headlights were obviously much closer this time than last, and she was positive that it wasn’t a false alarm. Red and blue flashing flooded the area above her, proving her conclusion to be correct.

The police had arrived.

She held her breath. With any luck, the officers hadn’t seen her and would simply pass by. She hoped beyond hope that the car would just keep going.

Instead, it screeched to a stop, tires crunching loose gravel. Two car doors opened. And closed. Two flashlight beams swept back and forth over where Rebecca had begun her descent.

She’d been seen. That was the only explanation. Otherwise, they wouldn’t know exactly where to look or even to look down the hillside at all.

This time, there was no mistake. The officers were coming. They’d shine their light down the hill and see her. She’d be arrested. The story would rip through the town like a wild fire. Everyone would put two and two together and know that she was the naked girl who was featured in the videos from The Big Burger Bun.

She’d be a laughingstock. Forget going to the university an hour away. Forget going to any college in the entire country, in the entire hemisphere. She’d have to find an institution somewhere that the internet didn’t reach to escape the ridicule sure to be heaped upon her.

Sobbing quietly, she hung her head as the flashlight beams drew closer and closer.

**Chapter Eighteen**

Rebecca tensed as the police officers’ footsteps and their flashlight beams neared. She had only seconds of freedom left. In a moment, her pale, nude body would be illuminated. The cops would force her to rise and return to the top of the hill.

They’d see her, all of her. Then, they’d arrest her for indecent exposure. She’d be taken downtown. Processed. She wondered if she’d be allowed clothing for her booking photo.

Her parents were going to be so ashamed. She was so ashamed.

She had a hard time even imagining what it was going to feel like to be escorted into the police station wearing, at most, a blanket over her. Who knew, they might even make her do it in only her bare skin, all their fellow officers laughing and enjoying the show. Jeering at her.

Even worse than that momentary humiliation was the scorn that was sure to be heaped on her by the entire community, people who, despite her living in this town most of her life, she barely knew. The paper would probably even run a story about her escapades. It wasn’t like the reporters exactly had a lot of other stuff to write about.

The footsteps and lights neared the top of the hill. It wouldn’t be long until life as she knew it ended.

She swallowed a lump in her throat and tried to hold back tears. The attempt was unsuccessful as one trailed down her cheek, pooled on her jawline, and dropped to fall with a faint splash on her naked breast, highlighting just how exposed and vulnerable she was.

“Car 54,” a loud voice called from a radio. “Car 54. Where are you?”

“Shit,” one of the officers said. “That’s us.”

The footsteps halted, and the other officer reported their location and status to dispatch.

“Hit and run reported on Main Street,” the radio said. “Injuries reported. Ambulance en route.”

“We’re on it,” the second officer said.

Footsteps retreated from her rapidly, and two car doors opened and closed. An engine revved, and tires squealed as the car accelerated away.

Just like that, it was over. Rebecca was safe – for the moment, anyway. She was still nude with her hands bound behind her back by unbreakable plastic and miles from her parents’ house with no way to get home, though. She couldn’t help but wonder what fresh horrors the rest of her naked night held in store for her.

**Chapter Nineteen**

Rebecca allowed herself to relax for a moment. She’d been through so much already – the dog stripping her naked by stealing her towel, Jules and Carly discovering her, being forced to streak The Big Burger Bun, having her most intimate areas videoed, masturbating for her tormentors’ pleasure, the DWT employee blackmailing her into putting a vibrator inside herself, almost cumming so many times but being denied, and, now, barely escaping arrest.

She was physically and emotionally drained.

Jules climbed up the hill and plopped down next to her. “Are you okay?”

“No, I’m not. I’m really, really not.”

The pretty blonde leaned in and laid her cheek against Rebecca’s shoulder, trying to lend what comfort she could. “I know. It’s okay. Why don’t you try to get some rest?”

“Rest? Are you crazy? The cops could come back at any time, and it’s not like we’re exactly safe here!”

“We’re safe enough for the moment, and there’s no reason to believe that the police will return,” Jules said. “After all, we could go anywhere in the time they’re gone.”

“Then, why don’t we? Trying to get home is better than just sitting here!”

“Steven swore to pick us up,” Jules said. “I know that he might not show, but I don’t know how we’re going to walk all the way back without being seen and arrested. Just the chance for a ride is so worth waiting. Besides, it can’t be much past ten, and there are still a lot of people out and about. Even if he doesn’t keep his promise, we’ll have a better chance of getting to where we’re going undetected if we wait a couple of hours for traffic to die down.”

Rebecca realized that Jules was right and stopped arguing.

“You’ve had a really rough night,” Jules said. “Why don’t you try to take a quick nap?”

“There’s no way I could go to sleep. Not out here. Not so … so …”

“I understand,” Jules said. “It wouldn’t hurt anything for you to just lay back and close your eyes, though. Right?”

“I … I guess not. But it won’t do any good.”

Rebecca laid back on the grass with a sigh. Though the green growth would probably make her skin itch big time, it was soft and comfortable for the moment, and, despite her being completely naked, the night air was warm enough that she was, temperature wise, pretty comfortable.

Maybe things would turn out okay. Maybe Steven would actually show up and, at the price of only a little more embarrassment of being seen naked by him again, they’d get a ride home. If not, maybe Carly would return and find them.

Yeah. Things would turn out okay or, at least, get better. They certainly couldn’t get any worse.

Rebecca closed her eyes.

**Chapter Twenty**

Carly watched the underwear clad Jules pull the naked fat girl from The Big Burger Bun and slam the door behind them, trapping the spectators inside – for the moment, anyway. The customers and employees who’d been videoing the girl could, and probably would, just go around the other side.

From the look on Jules’ face, she thought she’d pulled off her daring rescue. No embarrassing exposure for her. She’d pull Rebecca back to the car, and they’d all be on their merry way.

Carly grinned. As if. She stepped on the gas and accelerated rapidly out of the parking lot.

What an airheaded bitch! She couldn’t believe her brother was dating such a loser. And to expect her to make friends with the girl? Puh-lease.

She couldn’t just desert the two idiots, though, because he’d be ticked off as hell if she left Jules just hanging. No, Carly would have to treat this like a prank. Go away for a while and come back. Make it sound possible that she’d done it for the sake of harmless fun.

Now, she just had to think of something to do with her time.

The tingling coming from her nether regions gave her an idea, and she grinned. Not that she was into any freaky lesbian – or, more accurately, bi – shit like Jules seemed to be, but seeing that lard ass they’d picked up parading naked in front of all those people …

To be responsible for making someone go through that kind of humiliation just did something to Carly’s body. Then, to trick Jules into stripping to her underwear and exposing herself to those same people …

God! Carly definitely was going to need to change her panties before bed, and the sensations shooting up from down there were quickly turning into an itch that demanded scratching. Before returning to find the two dipshits, she decided that she’d take care of it.

After taking her time and grabbing a snack from a different nearby fast food joint, she wound up at a gas station not far away that was still open. She quickly filled up and went inside to make use of the facilities. No one else was inside the restroom, which suited her needs perfectly. After doing her business and wiping, her fingers found her wet clit.

She’d never been naked in front of a guy and never planned to be. Her body was rounder than the naked chick she’d picked up tonight and the excess flab hadn’t even settled in good places like the boobs and ass like it had with the other girl. Not many boys seemed interested in seeing her with her clothes on, and she assumed that they’d have even less enthusiasm for seeing what was underneath.

It was one reason she’d taken such an instant intense dislike to Jules. The blonde was just too damn pretty, way out of her brother’s league. Carly had no desire to even look at the girl as it prompted her to constantly compare the pretty girl’s looks to her own.

As she stroked herself, though, her mind turned to the fat girl. She imagined what the girl must have felt like inside that restaurant, and, as she rubbed, gradually her mind placed her in the girl’s position, with the group taking pictures of her as she showed off everything she had, them watching as she touched herself.

Carly moaned. This wasn’t something she’d ever considered before, certainly nothing she’d imagined doing. The thought of being forced into such a situation, however, really got her going.

She inserted her fingers inside herself and, sooner than was normal, she had to clamp down on her lips with her teeth to stifle a scream as an orgasm exploded through her.

When she recovered, she realized that she’d not only cum a lot faster that than she usually did in her bate sessions but a lot harder as well. This whole embarrassed exposure scenario was something she’d have to explore. Maybe there were stories online or something. Maybe even videos.

Even better was real life. Somewhere back at the strip mall, one very naked girl and one nearly naked girl were running around. It was time to go find them and see what further mischief she could get them into.

Carly hummed happily to herself as she washed up, returned to her car, and drove back to the parking lot. Just as she arrived, a police car with flashing lights hurtled from the shopping center. It passed in a rush, and she couldn’t tell if there was anyone in the back or not.

For the first time since all this started, she began to worry. Putting her brother’s girlfriend in danger while playing a prank on her was bad enough. Getting her arrested took things to an entirely different level.

John was going to kill her if that was what happened.

Carly pulled up Jules’ contact info and hit the button to dial. A sound rung out in her car, in the back seat. The stupid girl had left her phone in the pocket of her skirt!

WTF? Really? Who the fuck went anywhere without a phone in this day and age?

Slowly, she circled The Big Burger Bun but saw no sign of the two underdressed girls. Looking around, she spotted the drugstore and thought it a likely place for them to hide. Driving around it yielded no results, either, though, and neither did making a quick circuit of the parking lot and front of the strip mall.

Jules and the fat girl must have already found a ride or they’d been arrested.

Carly sighed. Either way, there wasn’t exactly much she could do about it. With one last look at the empty pavement around her, she drove back to the main road and headed home.