**Naked Night**

by RWS

**Chapter Twenty One**

Rebecca woke with a start, not understanding for a moment where she was or how she got there. She appeared to be outside, laying in the grass. And she was naked! Her boobs and private parts were just out there for anyone to look at.

She tried to move her arms up to cover herself, but they appeared to be stuck. No amount of tugging would free them.

“Hey sleepyhead,” someone said.

She looked over to see a pretty blonde, just as naked as she was, laying right next to her, their bodies touching along their full length.

Jules.

The events of the traumatic evening came rushing back.

“How long was I out?”

“Not long,” Jules said. “I don’t exactly have a watch on, but I’d say less than a half hour. How are you feeling?”

Rebecca took stock of herself. She was still naked miles from home with her hands bound behind her, but she did feel … better. Not good by any stretch but better. She told her new friend that.

“Something has been bothering me as I waited for you to wake up,” Jules said.

“What is it?”

“I don’t recognize you, like at all. Are you new in town or something?”

“Actually,” Rebecca said, “I’ve lived here almost all of my life.”

“How is that possible? I mean, I don’t personally know every single person in the community, but the town’s not that big. Surely, I would have seen you somewhere around, but I haven’t. I don’t even know your name.”

“I’m Rebecca.”

“I’d shake your hand,” Jules said with a grin, “but …”

Rebecca couldn’t help but return the infectious smile before sighing. “You’ve probably heard of my brother, Danny. He’s a bit more outgoing than I am.”

“Oh … the homeschool kids. Now that you mention it, I think I do remember that he had a sister. Twins, right?”

“That’s us.”

“Okay,” Jules said, “so I get why I never saw you at school or anything, but I don’t remember seeing you at any of the festivals or out shopping or even at the theater.”

Rebecca shrugged, setting her large breasts jiggling. That made her uncomfortable even though there was only an equally unclad girl around to see it. “My first attempts at making friends in my neighborhood didn’t go very well, so I guess I just became a bit of a recluse. It’s okay, though. I like being alone. I read, like, all the time, a hundred books a year at least.”

She wished she was inside one of them right now. That way, she’d be assured that, somehow, everything would turn out okay. If it was a romance, she’d probably even end up with a new boyfriend by the end of it.

“You never had any friends?” Jules asked. “None at all?”

“I had my brother.” Rebecca paused. “Actually, for a while, I hung out with a guy who lived across the street from me – Rick – but that ended up not going well either.”

“Rick Pressly?”

She nodded.

“He was in a lot of my classes,” Jules said. “I remember him being a super nice guy. What happened?”

“I don’t really want to talk about it. The whole thing was kind of embarrassing.”

Jules laughed. “The two of us are completely naked together. I’ve watched you almost cum twice. How much more embarrassed can you get?”

True. Besides, they still had a while to wait to make sure that Steven wasn’t going to show up. What else were they going to do but talk.

“Fine,” Rebecca said. “Years ago, like pre high school, I found out that he and another girl in the neighborhood, one who’d always bullied me, had played doctor.”

“And you were jealous?”

“Not in the way you’re thinking. I mean, I never had any illusion that he’d want to go out with me or anything.”

“He’s a nice guy and all, but it wasn’t like girls were falling all over him or anything,” Jules said. “Why wouldn’t he want to?”

Rebecca didn’t respond.

“Never mind, then,” Jules said, clearly frustrated. “Please continue your story.”

“Anyway, I guess I was a bit short with him for a while and, after I made one too many snide comments about it, he confronted me. I told him that it hurt my feelings that he did that with her because he obviously didn’t want to see my body. He acted all shocked and told me that he would love to see me naked, but he knew that I was too shy. I protested, and the end result was that we decided to do a round of you show me yours and I’ll show you mine with him going first.” Rebecca hung her head. “Do I really have to tell you the rest of this?”

“You’ve got me totally hooked now, girl!”

Rebecca sighed again. “He was totally right, of course. I was way too shy to take off my clothes and let him see me, so, after he went through with his end of the deal …” Her voice choked. “We were in his room, and I ran out while he was getting dressed. For days, I dodged his calls, and, when he finally forced me to face him, I implied that I had deliberately tricked him into getting naked.”

A tear rolled down her cheek.

“He was so mad at me,” she said. “I mean, no one has ever been that angry with me before or since. He called me dishonorable and all kinds of other stuff, told me he could never trust me again. I thought that things would, you know, blow over, but we’ve never spoken a word to each other since. He won’t even so much as wave when we pass each other on the street.”

“That’s so sad,” Jules said, rubbing her cheek against Rebecca’s shoulder.

The contact, so fresh on the heels of telling that particular story, was a stark reminder of how much of Rebecca was on display. A fresh wave of shame washed through her and, with it, came renewed arousal. She’d been so close to cumming so many times tonight only to be denied each time.

Her nipples hardened, and she whimpered.

“What’s wrong?” Jules asked.

“N-Nothing.”

“Something obviously is.” Jules paused. “You know, the best way to make a friend is to open yourself up to it. Let yourself be vulnerable even though it’s scary. Take a chance.”

God! She was right.

Rebecca grimaced as she decided to follow the advice. “It’s just that I’m so … so … you know.”

“No, I don’t. So, so what?”

“Uh … excited? You know, excited? From not … uh, finishing?”

Jules eyes widened. “Oh.” Then, she laughed. “It’s okay. Really. Personally, I’m so horny that I’m ready to burst. I’d give anything to have my boyfriend here right now.”

God! TMI. But, at the same time, Rebecca felt comforted to know she wasn’t alone.

“Hey,” Jules said. “If you’d be willing to return the favor, I could … help you out?”

“What? No! I’m not … you know. Not that there’s anything wrong with it, but I’m just not …”

“I’m not either,” Jules said, “but … any port in a storm? I don’t know about you, but the metaphorical rain is coming down pretty darn hard on me right now.”

Rebecca wanted to recoil from the girl. After all, a lot of their naked bodies were touching each other, and that contact suddenly took on a lot different meaning than just banding together for comfort. The thought of finally getting off, though, was a powerful temptation, even if it meant a girl – a very pretty girl – was the one doing it. Even if it meant doing the same to the girl.

“I’ve never done anything like that,” Rebecca said. “I’m not sure if I’d know what to do.”

“I’ve never went further than kissing and a little groping with another girl,” Jules said, “and that was just to entertain guys, you know? I think we can figure it out, though. I mean, considering how inept some of the boys who have went down on me were, how hard can it be?”

With all the talk of sex, Rebecca’s pussy was throbbing. “I-If you … If you don’t mind …”

“Spread your legs.”

There was no hesitation or room for equivocation in the tone, and Rebecca immediately complied. Since the other girl was laying on her back and had her hands bound behind her, it took a while, though, to maneuver into position.

Rebecca tensed, her juices flowing, as she waited. She couldn’t believe what was about to happen, what she was allowing another girl to do to her. Heck, not just allowing, either – what she wanted another girl to do to her.

Jules finally made her way down below the spread legs and moved her head above Rebecca’s engorged clit.

“I have to admit that I’m a little nervous,” Jules said.

“Y-You don’t … You don’t have to do it if you don’t want to. I know I’m not …”

“Stop that!” Jules said. “You’re pretty and, as far as I can tell, a wonderful person. I’m glad that my first time with a girl is going to be with you.”

Rebecca’s face flushed. Her embarrassment and all other thoughts left her head, though, as Jules’ tongue made contact.

Nothing besides a loofah and Rebecca’s own fingers had ever touched that part of her body, and the difference in having someone else do it was immense. She liked it. She liked it a lot.

She started panting almost immediately. Pressure in desperate need of relief built quickly.

“Yes,” Rebecca moaned. “Oh God, yes!”

In an embarrassingly short time, the other girl’s wet manipulations had taken her right to the edge. She was close, so very close.

Lights swept the treetops above them. Tires crunched gravel.

A car.

Jules’ head rose, taking her wonderful tongue with it. “What’s that?”

Rebecca didn’t know what or who it was. It could be Steven or Carly or the police. For all she cared, it could be a bus filled with a varsity football team. All she wanted was just to finally finish.

“I better go check,” Jules said.

A Rebecca was left frustrated and wanting – needing – more, dread seeped slowly into her. Who was there for them? Did whoever it was bring salvation or a fresh hell?

She shivered, knowing, for good or ill, she’d find out soon.

**Chapter Twenty Two**

Rebecca was laying on her back in the tall grass growing on a steep slope. Other than the plastic zip tie binding her hands behind her, not a single thing covered any of her body. Her knees were bent so that the soles of her feet were on the ground, and her legs were spread wide.

Even though darkness concealed her almost completely and there was no one, to the best of her knowledge, looking at her, the thought of how much of her most intimate place was exposed normally would have filled her with intense shame. Instead, she barely even considered it. Her mind was consumed with her need for an orgasm.

She panted heavily, her rising chest imparting motion to her unfettered breasts with each rise and fall. She’d been so, so close to finishing. Jules’ tongue had felt so, so good.

Then, a car had come and that amazing, wonderful tongue had been pulled away from its best possible use.

The longer Rebecca laid there, the more her breathing came under control and the more her libido recovered from being thwarted once again. With her mind freed to consider other matters, she began to worry.

Jules had gone to check out who was in the car. She was naked and bound and vulnerable. At that very moment, she was putting herself in a very potentially dangerous situation.

Even though Rebecca had known the pretty blonde for only a short time, they’d been through a lot together. She felt like there might be a possibility of a real friendship there, something she’d craved for so long and basically given up hope of ever achieving. Her apprehension increased with each second, and she flopped over on her belly in order to see what was going on.

 Jules crept toward the top of the rise, her head almost level with the surface of the pavement. Keeping herself low to the ground meant she really had to bend her legs, spreading them wide for balance.

Even though there wasn’t much light, there was enough, and Rebecca saw a part of a woman’s body that she’d never seen on anybody besides herself and at an angle she’d never experienced. Her breath caught.

Jules’ head popped high enough to see into the parking lot, and she let out a relieved sigh. “It’s Steven. Come on up.”

She said that like it was no big deal, like prancing around in front of a guy they barely knew clad in only their birthday suits was totally cool. Just because he’d already seen them didn’t mean it wasn’t embarrassing when he saw them again, not to Rebecca, anyway.

She didn’t have much choice, though. Any choice, really. This was her best, perhaps only, opportunity to get home without being arrested.

By the time she struggled to her feet and managed to get up the steep incline, Steven was standing outside his car with Jules facing him.

“Can you get this zip tie off now?” Jules asked.

“Crap!” Steven said. “I totally forgot to bring a knife.”

Yeah. Right. He forgot.

“What about cutting them with the edge of your keys?” Jules asked.

“These are too strong for that, made for commercial use. They actually have thin piece of metal running down the middle. You’re going to need a strong serrated knife or a pair of kitchen shears to get them off.”

Jules pursed her lips, obviously not happy with him. “Fine. Can you at least open the car door for us?”

“Sure.”

Ostensibly in order to close the door after they’d crawled inside, he stood there watching a Jules climbed in the passenger side and made her way over to sit behind the driver’s seat. There’d been no way for her to do all that and keep her legs together, and, between floodlights mounted to the back of the strip mall and the car’s dome light, everything she had was displayed.

Rebecca cringed at the sight that both she and Steven had gotten. At the same time, though, she felt kind of tingly. Attributing it to the stress of the night and to not having achieved release yet, she disregarded it. She had more important things to worry about.

It was her turn to enter the car.

Fortunately, she was to sit in the seat nearest the door, meaning she didn’t have to climb over and give him a full view of herself from behind. She did, however, have to part her legs in order to step in, and she grimaced at how much of herself was on display to his view. Almost worse than that brief show was the attention attracted by her breasts. There was simply no way to keep them from wobbling about all over the place, drawing his gaze like flies to honey.

He was completely entranced by them.

After settling into her seat, she shuddered at the expression on his face, and the motion made her boobs jiggle that much more.

God! Things couldn’t possibly get any more humiliating.

Of course, she was wrong. Very, very wrong.

**Chapter Twenty Three**

Even though Rebecca wasn’t exactly comfortable being naked and bound inside a stranger’s car, she was very glad to be surrounded by the steel and glass. Combined with the dark of night, it provided her with more shelter and a sense of safety than she’d felt since first having her towel ripped off.

As Steven drove slowly toward the parking lot exit, he asked the girls where they lived, and they both gave the names of their neighborhoods.

“Well,” he said, “Jules’ house is on the complete opposite side of town from where I live, but … uh, I didn’t catch your name …”

“Yeah,” Rebecca said. “Let’s just leave me anonymous.”

There wasn’t anything she trusted about this guy.

“Okay. Anyway, you’re only about a mile or so from my parents’ house. Are y’all cool with both heading that direction?”

“Can you get me something to wear and take me home?” Jules asked Rebecca.

“Sure. Not a problem at all.” She paused. “What were you doing in my neighborhood, though?”

“John and Carly live near you. She’d picked me up so we could hang out. It was supposed to be a bonding thing while he’s out of town.” Jules’ tone was bitter.

Carly had a lot to answer for. Leaving the two of them undressed with no way to get home was mean and vindictive and dangerous.

“My place is fine,” Rebecca told Steven.

 At first, the ride went as perfectly as being completely naked in the backseat of a car whose male driver was basically a stranger could possibly go. Well before the entrance to her neighborhood, though, he turned onto a side street in a residential area.

“Uh … Where are you going?” Rebecca asked. “This isn’t the way to my house.”

“Just a second,” Steven said.

A moment later, he turned right on another road and, after another thousand feet or so, pulled to a stop on the side of the road. After putting the car in park and shutting off the engine, he turned to look at them.

Rebecca’s heart started racing. They were in a very vulnerable condition, making the situation extremely dangerous. This guy could do literally anything to them and there wasn’t much they could do about it. Her entire body tensed.

Jules’ face clouded. She was clearly not pleased about this turn of events either.

“Calm down,” he said. “I’m not going to do anything. I promised not to touch either one of you, and I mean to keep that promise.”

“Why did you stop, then?” Jules asked.

“Because my deal with you was to give you a ride. I did not, however, specify where I’d be giving you a ride to, and, frankly, I don’t feel obligated to go out of my way to deliver you to your doorstep.” He pointed at a ravine off to the right. “That’s a creek bed that is mostly dry right now. I played there a lot as a kid, and, as far as I remember, it will take you pretty much all the way to the neighborhood you want to go to. There are houses on both sides for about a quarter mile. After that, it’s basically woods. Should be a relatively easy trip for you.”

“You’re really going to make us walk the rest of the way home?” Jules asked. “We’re naked.”

“That’s not my fault.”

“Our hands are tied behind our backs!” Jules yelled. “We have no way to defend ourselves! That part absolutely your fault.”

He shrugged. “You made the deal to let me. There was nothing mentioned about me having to release you.”

God! This guy was so infuriating.

“Look, I think I’ve been more than fair,” he said. “You never even completed your end of the deal.”

Rebecca’s breath caught. In a way, he was right. She’d been interrupted before he could see her finish.

“In spite of your failure,” he said, “I deleted the video like I promised. I drove you a lot closer to where you’re going than you were before. I even pointed out a route that should get you there undetected.”

“What about when we get to my neighborhood?” Rebecca asked. “I think I know where that creek comes out, and it’s nowhere near home. Anything could happen as we try to get to my house. Do you really want it on your conscience if something happens to us? Please! You must have some kind of basic human decency, right?”

He frowned. “Well, maybe I could drive you directly to your house if you want …”

“Yes,” Rebecca said. “Please.”

“We just need to come to another arrangement first,” he said.

Rebecca was stunned. The guy obviously had more sexually perverse fantasies he wanted to try out on them. “You’re a monster, an absolute monster.”

“Hey, all I’m doing is offering to do a deal. If you don’t like it, you don’t have to take it.”

Jules let out a resigned sigh. “Fine. Just tell us what you want.”

Rebecca hunched her shoulders, knowing that, whatever came out of him, she wasn’t going to like it.

 **Chapter Twenty Four**

Jules was not happy about Steven trying to get her and Rebecca to go even farther than they already had. After all, they were naked with their hands tied behind their backs in his car. Only John had seen as much of Jules’ body for an extended period of time, and she was positive that, before tonight, no one had ever seen as much of Rebecca.

Steven should have been content with what he had.

On the other hand, Jules could understand where he was coming from. He was socially awkward at best, and she couldn’t imagine him getting a lot of play with women. An incredible opportunity had fallen into his lap. In one way, he’d be an idiot not to take advantage.

And, so far, he’d been pretty upfront about what he wanted and upheld his deals, if sticking more to the letter of the agreement than she would have preferred.

She was willing to at least listen to his proposal. Best case scenario, it would be something that wasn’t too bad for her to do. If he came up with something truly awful, maybe she’d be able to negotiate something that she could live with. Worst case, she and Rebecca could hoof it back to her neighborhood.

Having gotten a ride this far, they were a whole heck of a lot better off than they’d been when they were stuck behind the strip mall.

“Well,” he said, “though I’m definitely going to uphold my no touching agreement, I wanted to kind of amend our prior arrangement to clarify that no part of my body would touch any parts of your bodies.”

Jules didn’t understand the distinction he was trying to make. “Go on …”

“I did want, however, for something from, uh, inside my body to be allowed to, um, touch your bodies?”

“What?” Rebecca asked. “I don’t even know what that means.”

“It means that he wants to cum on us,” Jules said.

“Huh?”

“He wants to take out his pecker, rub it, and ejaculate on us. Isn’t that right?”

Steven nodded enthusiastically.

“Dude!” Rebecca exclaimed. “No way! Gross!”

Jules shook her head at the refusal. “Just to clarify, we let you cum on us, and you drive us all the way to Rebecca’s house, park, wait to make sure the way is completely clear, and let us out? No further deals. All through and all done, right?”

“Yes. Exactly.” His eyes swiveled between the two naked girls, taking in every part of them below the necks. “I’ve wanted for so long to do that. I never thought …”

He literally looked like he was going to burst with excitement. Jules snickered. He was going to burst, all right.

“You cannot be seriously considering this,” Rebecca said to Jules.

“Why not? He’s not asking for sex or even a blowjob. All we have to do is stand there.”

“Uh,” he said. “Kneel, actually. Definitely kneel. With your legs spread.”

Rebecca’s jaw dropped. “That’s disgusting, completely, totally disgusting.”

“Would we do this in the car or outside?” Jules asked, ignoring the outburst.

“Out. The ravine should give us privacy.”

Jules nodded. “Can she stay in the car? You can cum on me.”

He started to answer, but Rebecca interrupted. “No! I won’t let you do that. We’re in this together.”

“Be reasonable. I’m not exactly enthusiastic about letting him do that, but I can definitely live with it. Really, it’s not that big of a deal, definitely preferable to traipsing through a creek bed and down who knows how many streets lined with houses trying not to be seen.” Jules turned to Steven. “I’m willing to do it. If you’ll agree to let her remain behind while we take care of business, you’ve got a deal.”

“Sure,” he said. “I’d rather both, but I’ll take what I can get.”

“I’d shake on it, but …” Jules shrugged and gestured her head toward her bound hands.

“Great.” He practically jumped out of the car, and opened Jules’ door as if afraid she’d change her mind if he didn’t do it fast enough.

After staring at her swaying tits as she exited the vehicle, he started to close the door.

“Wait!” Rebecca said. “I’m coming, too. I can’t let you go through this alone.”

Jules was touched by the other girl’s offer. “I’ve got this. You really don’t have to-”

“Yes,” Rebecca said firmly, “I do. Just … Just … let me do this, okay?”

Jules reluctantly nodded, and Steven circled around the car to let Rebecca out.

The good thing was that their latest agreement shouldn’t take too long to fulfill, and, after that, he’d drive them to Rebecca’s house. Clothes waited for them inside, and they’d be able to find something to cut the zip ties.

It had been an exciting evening for Jules, but things had gone a lot further than she’d even imagined possible. She felt really exposed and vulnerable and was ready for it to be over. Soon, it all would be. So much had already happened that she thought it improbable that anything else could possibly go wrong.

**Chapter Twenty Five**

Rebecca couldn’t believe that she’d volunteered for what was about to happen. Instead of remaining inside the car, safe from prying eyes and the perverted act that Steven wished to inflict upon her and Jules, she was trudging along behind him as he led them into the creek bed.

Like he’d promised, there was no water running through it. It was, however, more well lit than she would have preferred, and the backs of houses abutted both sides less than a hundred feet away. Not exactly the most private location for walking when anybody looking would see every part of her naked body. She would never get used to being outside without any clothes on.

Worse than someone just seeing her body – if she could even imagine the concept of that dreadful proposition being qualified with “just” – was that any spectator might be able to view the vile, disgusting act that Steven had planned.

He stopped about fifty yards from the road at a place where trees and lower growth blocked views from both banks. An overhead light, though a ways distant, unfortunately provided plenty of light for them to see.

Steven bent and did something, but, from her position behind him, she couldn’t tell what. Jules apparently couldn’t either because, keeping her voice low, she asked him about it.

“I was removing some rocks from the dirt,” he replied in a similar tone. “I didn’t want them to hurt your knees.”

Rebecca sighed. He was a total dweeb, and she kind of hated him for all that he had made and was making them do. At least, though, he was thoughtful.

As she knelt where her directed, she tried not to think about what was about to happen. Her legs sank slightly into the soft dirt, and, grimacing, she spread them to fully expose her private place. Beside her, their bodies nearly touching, Jules did the same.

Rebecca was mortified at the display that she was creating, that the two of them were creating.

Steven clearly appreciated it, though. He looked like a kid on Christmas morning gleefully examining the incredible bounty that had somehow been delivered to him. She wouldn’t have been surprised if he would have actually rubbed his hands together.

Instead, his fingers went to the front of his pants. He unbuttoned and unzipped them.

God! This was really happening. He was really about to do this.

Standing way too close to the two naked girls and just about centered on the small gap between them, he hooked his thumbs under the waistband of both his khakis and whatever it was that he wore underneath.

“Wait,” Rebecca said. “I don’t have to … to … to watch, do I?”

“Well,” he said, “I think that you sh-”

“No,” Jules said. “There was nothing in the agreement about watching you.”

“True enough,” he admitted reluctantly.

Rebecca shut her eyes. Her only real experience seen a guy’s … thing … was that time with Rick. Despite what happened between them after, it was a good memory for her. She’d prefer not to taint it by associating it with the grossness that was about to happen.

Cloth rustled as, presumably, he pushed his pants and underwear down. Then, there were sounds of movement. Rebecca had no desire to even consider what those motions represented.

Very soon after, Steven grunted. A warm, wet glob of something landed on Rebecca’s cheek. She shuddered. Ew!

Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew!

The only thing that kept her from voicing her disgust out loud was the fear that opening her mouth would give him a new target.

A second later, something fell on her right breast. Then, a second after that, one hit her left breast. A final one landed on her stomach.

She shuddered again. This was the most disgusting, degrading, dehumanizing, revolting thing that had ever happened to her. A guy she’d never even met before tonight, a guy she wasn’t attracted to at all, had spurted his … stuff … all over her.

Ew!

She couldn’t even imagine a more humiliating activity.

From the sounds, he was pulling up his pants and refastening them. She waited until he’d stopped moving around before she opened her eyes.

“That was amazing!” he said. “Even better than I thought it would be. If you ever would consider doing this again, you can name whatever you want from me.”

For most of the night, Rebecca had desired exactly two things – to cover her nudity and to have an orgasm. The two had intensely competed for which held the higher priority in her mind. Literally no possible wish could have had a greater importance than one of the two.

Now, though, her absolute greatest desire was to shower. She wanted the filth off of her. Words could not describe how dirty she felt.

Maybe if he had been a guy she liked or, better, she was in a caring relationship with, having him do what he’d done to her would be okay. At the moment, though, both him and his act thoroughly revolted her.

“There is no way that is ever going to happen,” she said. “Never. Not for anything. Period.”

He looked at Jules.

“Yeah, no,” she said. “I can’t even imagine such a situation.”

“Oh well,” he said. “Thank you for upholding your end of the deal.”

Rebecca started to struggle to her feet. It wasn’t easy rising without using her hands at all. “Is there … Is there any way you could wipe … this … off of me?”

“Sorry,” he said, his face beaming. “That wasn’t part of our agreement.”

The bastard! The way he stared at her, at the lumps of rapidly drying semen marring her skin, he was clearly getting off on the fact that he’d marked her in this way.

Rebecca shuddered yet again. She’d just gone through the most humiliating experience of her life, but, at least, it was over. All she had to do was make it back to the car, and he’d drive them back to her house. This horrid naked night was almost over.

“Hey!” someone shouted from one of the houses. “Who’s out there? Show yourselves or I’m calling the police!”

**Chapter Twenty Six**

Once Rebecca had gotten into Steven’s backseat, she’d thought that the danger of being arrested was past, that all she had to do was duck down and ride to her house. Her relief had been palpable.

Apparently, though, she’d been wrong, not only about being delivered right to her door but about being hauled off to jail, too. She found herself in just as vulnerable a position now as she was in the drainage ditch behind the strip mall. Still completely naked. Hands still bound. Still outside in a relatively public area.

The only difference now was that she had Steven’s warm, sticky semen drying on her face and breasts and stomach.

After the relief of her previous escape, being thrown back into peril near about crushed her. She wanted to collapse onto the ground and cry. Instead, she froze in terror, waiting for the next shoe to drop.

“It’s just me, Mrs. Crenshaw. Steven Munchak, from down the street?”

“Steven? Little Stevie? What are you doing back there?”

Jules snickered at the Little Stevie reference, and he cast a harsh glare at her.

“I was driving by on my way home from work, and a dog darted past my car,” Steven lied. “Considering the danger from coyotes around here, I thought I’d try to catch it and get it to safety. See if it had a collar to tell me who it belonged to.”

“Did you find it?” Mrs. Crenshaw yelled.

“No, ma’am. It got away.”

“Aw, that’s too bad,” she yelled. “What don’t you come inside for a nice cup of hot cocoa?”

Hot cocoa? Really? In the middle of the summer?

“I’m sorry, Mrs. C, but I think I should keep looking. I’m sure the owner is worried sick.”

“Good thinking, dear. I’ve got a flashlight. I’ll be right out to help. We can do the cocoa after.”

God! This woman just wouldn’t give up, and, when she came out, she’d surely see the two naked girls. She’d call the police for sure.

Steven turned to the girls and shrugged, mouthing the word, “Sorry.”

“That’s okay, Mrs. C,” he said. “It could have gotten anywhere by now. I’ll come in for a mug.”

He made his way up the embankment on the side of the creek bed.

As much as Rebecca detested him at the moment, she also didn’t want him to go. He was their ride home.

“What do we do now?”

“Wait,” I guess,” Jules said. “Hopefully, he’ll come back as soon as he can and give us that ride.”

With the immediate danger past, Rebecca’s mind turned to her next highest concern, the absolute disgusting globs of … fluid … drying on her body. She shuddered violently.

“What’s wrong?” Jules hissed.

“His … His stuff is all over me. It’s ew! Just ew!” Rebecca couldn’t help but notice that Jules didn’t seem to have a drop of it on her. “Why did he do that to me and not you? You’re the pretty one. Am I so repulsive that he felt the need to humiliate me?”

“Rebecca! No! He was staring at you the whole time. Think of it as a compliment. He liked your curves so much that he focused on you and not me.”

Ugh! Even if that was true, it was a tribute she really could have done without.

“It’s so disgusting!” Rebecca said. “I just want it off me.”

“It’s not that bad, but, if you really want it off …” Jules paused. “Here. Lay down on your back.”

“What? Why?”

“Just do it.”

Rebecca had no idea what the other girl had in mind, but she did as she was told. Jules laid down on her stomach nearby. When both were settled, she leaned over and put her lips over the dripping spot on Rebecca’s face. Jules’ tongue licked up all the cum.

“That’s so gross,” Rebecca said. “How can you do that?”

“It’s really not that bad. I blow John all the time. I’m used to the taste.”

Rebecca shuddered again. “Ew!”

“Do you want it off you or not?”

“Yeah. Please. Thank you.”

Jules struggled up to her knees, a difficult proposition with her hands bound behind her back, finally resting her head against Rebecca’s right boob. Again, a tongue flicked out, removing all the offending fluid.

Once everything was up, though, it kept right on licking, caressing the entire breast and nipple. Rebecca let out a soft moan and started to pant, almost forgetting entirely about the original reason for the attention.

With a grin, Jules moved onto the other breast and gave it the same treatment before repositioning herself between Rebecca’s legs to reach the spot that had landed on her stomach.

“What me to continue?” Jules asked after she’d cleaned up the last of the cum.

“Yes, please. Oh God, please!”

Then that warm, wet, wonderful tongue found Rebecca’s clit, and she let out more moans as her breathing grew ragged. It didn’t take long for pressure to build, and she felt an orgasm building.

She was close. So, so close. Finally, she was about to experience the sweet release she’d been craving all night.

The tongue moved down. Rebecca widened her leg and scooched down to grant better access to the opening of her hot, wet hole.

So close.

The tongue explored the entrance to her pussy before darting inside.

So, so close.

She clenched her mouth tightly closed in anticipation. This was going to be so good, and a small part of her remembered that she couldn’t afford to draw any attention.

Though she was almost oblivious to her surroundings and everything else by that point, a loud rustling in the nearby brush drew her attention. There was a low growling.

The tongue retreated.

“What?” she panted. “Don’t stop. Please don’t stop!”

A four legged creature stepped out from behind a bush on the opposite side of the creek bed. A dog.

No, not a dog. A coyote.

Two more joined it. They were growling.

“Shit!” Jules said. “Get up. We’ve got to protect ourselves!”

**Chapter Twenty Seven**

Rebecca was mentally, physically, and emotionally drained. This night had been a constant series of humiliating experiences, each more crazy than the last. She’d been outside naked for hours, a lot of that time with her hands bound behind her.

More than anything, she just wanted to get dressed and crawl into a nice, warm bed.

Well, she wanted that more than almost anything. After getting so close to an orgasm so, so many times, what she really wanted most was just to cum. But she kept getting interrupted.

If it would have been anything other than a pack of wild animals, she would have begged Jules to ignore the most current disturbance. The growling and the bared teeth, however, terrified Rebecca enough to get her ass in gear.

She flopped over on her belly and got her knees underneath her. She pressed her head against the steep incline of the creek bed to push her to her feet. “What do we do?”

“Back away from them,” Jules said. “Throw stuff. Rocks. Sticks.”

With her hands tied, Rebecca couldn’t exactly pick up a rock to throw. As she backed away, she tried to kick a stick in the direction of the animals, but it landed far from them, not appearing to bother them in the slightest.

“This isn’t working,” Rebecca hissed.

“We only have one choice, but you’re not going to like it.”

“What?”

“Make lots of noise. Yell,” Jules said. “It’ll scare them off.”

“It’ll also attract everybody in the neighborhood, including Mrs. Crenshaw!”

Jules shrugged. “It’s that or be bitten.”

Ugh! How did they keep getting into these situations? Why couldn’t all this just end?

Rebecca really, really didn’t want anyone else to see her naked body. At the same time, she even more didn’t want to get bitten. Those things could have rabies or something.

She gritted her teeth. “Fine.”

They both started yelling.

“Get on out of here!”

“Shoo!”

“Leave us alone, damnit!”

“Scram!”

It didn’t take much to scare off the coyotes, but they’d been right about the other effect the commotion would cause. Lights started coming on in all the surrounding houses.

“What do we do now?” Rebecca asked.

There was no way they could just slink back down in the creek bed to wait for Steven. Too many people had heard them. Someone would surely come out to investigate.

“Run!” Jules yelled.

**Chapter Twenty Eight**

Before tonight, Rebecca had never run without a bra on – since developing boobs anyway. She certainly never had run without either a shirt or a bra on. And she absolutely positively had never run without a stitch of clothing protecting her body, to the extent of not even wearing shoes.

She didn’t like it. At all.

Everything wobbled and jiggled. Her thighs. Her ass. Her stomach. The fat bounced and shuddered with each step. Worst, of course, were her big breasts. They took on a life of their own, her hard nipples flapping in the breeze as the rounded masses reached up to slap her in the face over and over again.

And did seemingly every footfall have to end with her finding a bit of sharp bark or a rock or a knobby stick? Her feet hurt!

The discomfort, however, was worth it if it prevented more people from seeing her naked body. She followed as close to Jules as she could as they sprinted as fast as the terrain of the dry creek bed would allow. If they could just get far enough away from where they’d had to scream to scare off the coyotes, maybe the rest of their journey home wouldn’t be as bad as they feared.

Soon after she’d finally reached full speed, though, Jules suddenly stumbled to a halt. Rebecca nearly plowed over her, barely managing not to tumble herself.

“Wha-”

Rebecca slammed her mouth shut as a powerful floodlight swept across an clearing in the trees, illuminating bright as day the area in front of them. No wonder Jules had stopped. If they kept going, whoever directed the beam would surely see them.

“Who’s out there?” a voice yelled from in front of them.

Not good. There was someone along the path before them alert for their passage and surely more people coming out to investigate behind them. Neither direction led to safety.

“What now?” Rebecca whispered.

Jules gestured with her head over to the right. “That way.”

They were well past Mrs. Crenshaw’s house, and a copse was right beside it. With no idea where it led, going through it would be a risk, but they had no other choice. Anything was better than being caught naked and bound as they were. Rebecca nodded.

Jules took off, this time moving a lot slower as she tried to minimize the noise they were making.

“I can hear you in the woods!” the voice yelled. “I’m calling the cops!”

Crap! Their attempts at stealth had failed miserably. Their only shot at escape was to make a run for it. Jules accelerated into a sprint as she dodged trees. Rebecca concentrated on staying as close as she could to the other naked girl’s ass.

Hurtling through a forested area in the dark was a terrifying experience, especially with the fear of pursuit driving one forward. Especially especially when one was a naked girl who feared even being seen. Especially especially especially when one was a naked girl who feared being arrested.

Every low shrub and fallen trunk was a trip hazard, and, without the use of her hands to protect her face, running into a tree or falling would be disastrous. The wooded area was like the world’s worst, most dangerous obstacle course, and navigating it in the dark required all of her effort not to faceplant into something or lose her balance.

That was why, when Jules again suddenly came to a complete stop, Rebecca didn’t notice in time. Her much heavier body slammed into her new friend.

Jules was propelled forward, off balance. She stumbled and lurched head first toward the ground.

No, not the ground. The pavement.

She’d halted because she’d reached a road. Rebecca’s inadvertent push had sent Jules sprawling into the middle of the street.

Fast moving headlights illuminated her naked form as she fell, contorting so that the hard concrete impacted her shoulder instead of her face or head, directly into the path of the oncoming vehicle.

Having avoided one catastrophic outcome, it appeared the next one would be even worse. Tires squealed as the car bore down on the prone girl.

Rebecca, horrified, was positive that it wasn’t going to stop in time.

**Chapter Twenty Nine**

So far, Rebecca and Jules had risked ridicule and humiliation. The worst that could have happened to them was everyone finding out that they’d streaked the town and having videos of their naked bodies distributed to everyone they knew and being arrested. None of those outcomes was pleasant to consider at all.

And, okay, none of those was actually the true worst case scenario. The possibility of something involuntary being forced upon them that was of a more carnal nature was always in the back of Rebecca’s mind. She tried hard, however, to avoid even thinking of that happening.

What faced Jules now, though, was worse even than that. She might be killed, her young life cut tragically short.

Rebecca didn’t even want to watch but could not seem to tear her eyes away.

The car hurtled toward Jules. There was no time for the vehicle to swerve. It was too close. The driver stood on the brakes. The only chance that Jules had of surviving was if it somehow stopped in time.

Otherwise, it was two thousand pounds of steel versus barely more than a hundred of skin and bone. There was no question of the outcome if an impact occurred.

Rebecca screamed. Tires squealed. Rubber smoked.

With a mere inch to spare, the car halted. Jules’ tense form sank down onto the pavement.

Tears of relief streaked down Rebecca’s face. She rushed out into the street. “Are you okay?”

“That hurt like hell, but … yeah. I think so.” Jules twisted so that she lay on her back. Her shoulder was scraped badly, bleeding from multiple cuts.

“We need to get some bandages on that.”

“I’m more worried about what’s about to happen when the people inside the car get out,” Jules said.

The driver’s side door opened, and Rebecca let out an, “Eek!” She’d been so concerned for her friend that she hadn’t even considered that she’d just revealed her nude body to someone else, maybe even more than one someone.

There wasn’t anything she could do, though. Without use of her hands, there was no way to get Jules on her feet before the driver came close, and Rebecca absolutely refused to leave her friend.

A brunette wearing heavy makeup and a fuchsia dress that barely came down past the bottom of her buttocks got out. “What the fuck is going on here? I mean, what the actual fuck! Why are you naked? And what the fuck were you thinking running out in front of me?” Her jaw dropped when she reached the front fender. “Jules?”

“Hey, Tina.”

“You’re naked … and your hands are tied behind you? God! This is a story I’ve got to hear!”

“Can it wait until we’re in your car?” Jules asked. “I think someone back there called the cops.”

Rebecca tensed. Her fate had once again placed in the hands of a completely unknown person, and she had no idea what was going to happen next.

**Chapter Thirty**

Once again, Rebecca found herself butt ass naked in the back of a stranger’s car, and, of course of course of course, Tina didn’t have anything at all to cover either of them or a knife to cut the zip tie.

At least, she’d driven them away from the site of their near disaster, so the danger of being arrested again diminished greatly. After she pulled into her driveway, she’d put the car in park and turned to hear the story. Jules obliged, leaving out very little – too little to Rebecca’s way of thinking.

“So,” Jules said, “that’s about it. Will you help us?”

“Where do you live?” Tina asked Rebecca, who gave her address.

Tina smiled. “Awesome. That’s in the same neighborhood as the party I’m going to. I was just finishing up a date and about to grab a few cases on beer before heading over there. Give me just a second.”

And with that, she got out of the car and disappeared inside her house.

Rebecca couldn’t help but notice that the girl had never answered the question. “Can we trust her?”

Jules sighed. “I truly don’t know. She’s not a bad person, but she’s … wild. Really wild. I’ve seen her strip naked in front of a roomful of people any number of times.”

Great. Just great.

Several minutes of tense silence followed until Tina returned. After stowing several items, presumably the aforementioned beer, in the trunk, she threw a duffle bag on the passenger’s seat and again sat behind the steering wheel. She didn’t say a word as she pulled out of the driveway.

“Did you … Did you happen to grab a knife or scissors?” Jules asked.

“I did.”

“Good.”

Another silence ensued as Tina drove to the front of her neighborhood and turned in the correct direction. At least they were getting close to home.

“Are you going to cut us loose?” Jules asked.

“Eventually.”

Rebecca did not like the sound of that.

The car turned into her neighborhood soon after, though, and, for that, she was extremely thankful. Instead of turning right at the correct street, though, Tina kept straight.

“Uh …” Rebecca said. “You missed the turn.”

“No. Not really.”

“Where are we going?” Jules asked, her voice alarmed.

“To the party,” Tina said. “This is going to be so much fun!”

Jules’ eyes narrowed. “What, exactly, is going to be so much fun?”

Ahead, parked cars lined the road on both sides, obviously the party was nearby.

Tina pulled behind one of the vehicles and put hers into park. “Don’t worry. I brought these.” She pulled two black ski masks out of the duffle and held then up.

“What are those for?” Jules asked urgently.

“To hide your faces, of course.”

“Why do we need to hide our faces?”

“Well, I guess you don’t have to,” Tina said, “but I thought you might want to conceal your identities when you streak the party.”