**Naked Night**

by RWS

**Chapter Thirty One**

Rebecca’s jaw dropped at the announcement of what she was expected to do. She was so close to home. She’d thought that her nightmare evening of having her naked, bound body exposed to strangers was over. She’d counted on soon being dropped off at the door to her parents’ house.

Instead, she and Jules were being asked to streak a party, to expose themselves for the entertainment of that many more people, and, from the number of cars lining the street, there had to be over fifty revelers inside, maybe even a hundred or more.

“No!” Rebecca said. “No more! I won’t do it!”

Tina’s expression was smug. “Okay, but …”

“But what?” Jules asked. “What are you going to do if we don’t do what you want?”

“Well, for starters I’ll show everyone this …” Tina pointed her phone toward the two naked girls, and a shutter clicked. She glanced at her screen before flipping it to face the backseat. “Nice.”

There, in full living color, was a shot of both girls. Their faces and boobs topped with hard nipples were in full view. Each had their legs clenched tight, so their most intimate areas weren’t on display. The photo made the fact that both wore not a stitch completely obvious, though.

“Granted, if you streak the party, many, many more pictures will be taken and posted all over the place, but, like the videos from The Big Burger Bun, your identities will at least be concealed. With this …” Tina shrugged.

Rebecca grimaced. God! Apparently everyone in town had seen what she’d done at the fast food restaurant. If anyone linked her to that incident, she’d literally die from shame.

“Besides,” Tina said, “if you don’t do what I want, I’ll start shouting ‘Naked girls! Naked girls!’ as soon as you get out of the car. Most everyone will see you anyway, you’ll just not have the ski masks.”

Rebecca so didn’t want to display herself for anyone else, but she didn’t have a choice. Better for a hundred people to see her and not know who she was than for a naked picture that showed her face to be distributed, especially since that would be all anyone needed to figure out it had been her playing with herself in front of the crowd at The Big Burger Bun.

She looked at Jules. They nodded at each other, albeit reluctantly.

“Fine,” Jules said. “We’ll do what you want.”

“Awesome! I was so hoping you’d see things my way.”

Tina got out of the car and opened doors for Jules and Rebecca to do the same.

Even after being outside so much in her present state for so many hours, it was still really weird for her to step out into the open with nothing covering her. She felt so exposed and vulnerable as the night air caressed parts of her that should be concealed by multiple layers of cloth. A familiar tingling down there hit her.

Holding the duffle, Tina escorted them both to the sidewalk and placed the masks over their heads. In that, at least, she’d held up her end of the deal. Their identities were as protected as they possibly could be.

Rebecca and Jules followed mutely behind Tina up to the house. Luckily, no one else was outside to see them.

When they got to the door, Tina shouted over the booming music, “I’m just going to go inside for a couple of minutes to get everything set up. Hang tight until I get back.”

With that, she disappeared through the door, leaving Jules and Rebecca to just stare at each other.

The only thing slightly positive about the situation was that it was neither too hot nor too cold. Well, her face was a little warm, sweating under the thick, black fabric of the mask, but that was okay. Better to be a little uncomfortable than to have people be able to see her face.

 Nothing about standing completely naked on a doorstep outside a packed house in the middle of one’s own residential neighborhood was exactly a comfortable experience, though. Between how thoroughly embarrassed and defenseless Rebecca felt and the butterflies fluttering around her stomach in anxious anticipation of what she was about to have to do, she wanted to throw up.

She also wanted so, so badly to orgasm.

How many times tonight had she been close? In the restaurant. In the bathroom of the DWT. Standing in front of Steven with the vibe stuck up her … you know what. With Jules between her legs licking both back in the drainage ditch and outside Mrs. Crenshaw’s house.

Too many times. Five, by her count.

And her need wasn’t just because she’d come so close so many times, either. Something about her situation turned her on so damn much! She never would have thought her body would have such a reaction to being embarrassed and bared, but it absolutely did.

She took a deep breath. Once she finally made it to a safe place, she was going to spend a lot of time exploring herself and fantasizing about everything that had happened. It was going to be fantastic. Fantastic and explosive.

She focused on that her happy, happy plans, hoping that something so pleasant to look forward to would get her through the ordeal she was about to be forced to endure.

The door opened, and Rebecca tensed. It was just Tina, though, who stepped out and pulled the door closed behind her. Being exposed to even more strangers was to be put on hold for a few seconds longer.

“Okay,” Tina said. “We’re all set. Once you make it all the way to the back door, I’ll escort you to my car and take you home.”

She opened the door wide.

**Chapter Thirty Two**

Rebecca’s heart beat like a trip hammer. As hard as it was to believe, this was really about to happen. She was really about to streak through a house filled with people. So many more strangers were about to see her naked, her bits flopping all about as she ran with her hands bound helplessly behind her so that she wasn’t able to do anything at all to cover herself.

Tina led the way, and Jules followed, clearly nervous. Even the pretty blonde, who’d been relatively calm about everything that had happened so far, looked terrified at what they were about to do.

Then, it was Rebecca’s turn to go inside. Feeling like a coward compared to her friend, she stuck as close as possible to the other naked girl’s ass as she could in order to block views of her own body.

She gasped as she entered the door. Though she’d expected a crowd, she hadn’t realized how many people were going to be seeing her. Partygoers lined the entry two deep, creating a corridor that led deeper into the house.

So many people, so many eyes, so many lenses from camera phones, and they were taking in all of her. Nothing save her face was hidden from their sight, and it was all jiggling about as she ran. The experience almost overwhelmed her. She wanted to collapse on the floor and just cry.

But that would just prolong her exposure, make her intense humiliation last that much longer.

This night had been one mortifying experience after another. She just wanted it to be over.

And it soon would be. All she had to do was run through the house. Once she reached the back door – and, really, how long could that take? – she’d soon after be in Tina’s car on the way home.

Rebecca just had to endure a few brief minutes of degradation and shame first. She could do that. Just a few minutes. A brief run and it would all be over.

Jules passed from the entry into another room. Rebecca followed, expecting her friend to keep moving forward. Instead, Jules stumbled to a halt, forcing Rebecca to as well.

At first, she was confused. Then, she looked around.

The way out of the room was completely blocked by a large group standing in front of the exit. Behind them, all the people from the foyer had crowded in behind the naked girls. Every person at the party was in that large living room, and every single one of them held up a phone, taking pictures and videos. They looked like they were expecting something, expecting to be entertained.

But what …

A long, narrow coffee table stood in the middle of a rug. Two weird shaped rubber items, one blue and one purple, were stuck via suction cups to the top of the wood surface. They looked like … like … penises.

Oh God! That was what they were supposed to resemble. The items were dildos.

Rebecca’s heart pounded even harder. Surely, she wasn’t expected to … to …

God!

“We were only supposed to streak,” Jules said angrily.

“I implied that, but I never actually promised that was all you had to do.” Tina’s voice and face were again quite smug. “Look, all you have to do is put on a quick show – and given how horny you both are from what I can see and smell, it should be very quick – and I’ll take you wherever you want to go immediately after. I swear.”

The only thing worse than being naked in front of a large group of strangers was having that large group know how turned on that exposure made you.

No, that wasn’t quite right. Having people comment on how turned on the exposure made you was even worse than that.

Rebecca well and truly wanted to die. She was, however, resigned to her fate. She just wanted to get it over with.

Jules apparently felt the same because she didn’t put up any struggle, just headed over to the table. Once there, she straddled it and sank down on the first dildo – the blue one – letting it penetrate her pussy to its base. She quite obviously didn’t need any additional lubrication than what was provided by her body.

Rebecca so didn’t want to do that with so many people watching, with so many cameras watching. Like every other thing she’d been forced to do this long, horrible, miserable night, though, she had no choice.

She made her way to the table and eyed it critically. Her legs weren’t nearly as long as her statuesque friend’s. Neither was she nearly as athletic. Straddling the wood with her hands bound wasn’t going to be easy. The last thing she wanted was to suffer the further indignity of falling.

She glanced about. A guy who was watching nearby met her eyes.

“Need help?” he asked.

Unwilling and unable to speak, she nodded.

He put his arm around her, allowing her to lean into him as she picked up one leg and moved it to the other side of the table. In the process, she flashed pretty much everyone an absolutely unobstructed view of her most private places, revealing two of her holes in full detail to their hungry cameras.

God! If anyone ever found out her identity, she would never live this down.

She lowered herself onto the table. The dildo collapsed beneath her. She hadn’t lined it up perfectly with the entrance to her pussy.

She raised up and tried again.

Another failure. And another.

She wanted to cry. As Jules used her knees to propel the stationary dildo in and out of her hot, wet pussy, Rebecca couldn’t even get hers to go in. She was frustrated and embarrassed and so horny that she was actually jealous.

“I could … uh … help,” the guy said. “But I’d have to … touch. If that’s okay?”

Rebecca nodded again, this time much more vigorously. She just wanted to get on with this. Her body craved release. As mortifying as the experience was going to be, at least she’d finally, finally, finally get off.

As she lowered herself toward the table, the guy guided the dildo with one hand while using his fingers to spread her with the other. He was the first person other than herself to touch her there, and she didn’t even know his name.

It worked, though. The dildo slid right in, the large device filling her tight space fully, and it felt … good! Really good! Awesome. Incredible. Fantastic.

The English language lacked enough superlatives to fully describe how it felt as she slowly rose and lowered herself over the table, allowing it to slide in and out of her.

Somehow, she lost herself to the sensations, forgetting all about the people and the cameras watching her. The promise of the waves of pleasure that were soon to wrack her body was her only concern, that she was finally going to orgasm.

She’d scream and yell and shudder and convulse, humiliating her beyond all belief, but the intense sensations her body yearned for were sure to be worth it.

In and out, the dildo plunged, making slurping sounds as her juices coated it.

The noise didn’t matter. The embarrassment didn’t matter. All that mattered was that she finally got off.

She wanted so badly to cum. So badly.

Nothing was going to stop her this time.

A hand grabbed her arm firmly and pulled.

What?

Tina. She was pulling Rebecca, trying to get her to stop plunging her pussy down on the dildo.

What? Why?

“The cops!” Tina screamed. “One of the neighbors called the police! We’ve got to get out of here!”

**Chapter Thirty Three**

Rebecca stumbled along behind Jules as Tina led them both through the house toward the back.

“We’ve got to get out of here!” she yelled. “Hurry!”

Rebecca’s thoughts came through a haze. It was hard to figure out what was going on, only that she’d been so close to cumming and that she’d been prevented from doing so. Again.

If her hands hadn’t been bound, she would have collapsed to the floor and started going at herself right then and there. But they were bound and so she couldn’t.

Wait, though. The dildo. She didn’t need her hands for that, and it was still stuck to the table. Though she hadn’t resisted as much as she should have when she’d been pulled away, there was no reason not to rectify that mistake now. All she had to do was go back to the living room and sink down upon that wonderful device once again and she’d soon achieve what her body so badly needed.

Nothing else mattered to her. She’d have her orgasm.

She turned around, heading the opposite direction from her equally naked friend.

“Rebecca!” Jules yelled. “What are you doing? Come on! We have to get away.”

“No. Not this time. I was so, so close.”

“We’ve got to go.”

Tears streaked down Rebecca’s face. “I can’t. I need it. I really need it. I can’t take it any longer.”

“Yes, you can. I believe in you. Besides, aren’t we like really close to your house? A few more blocks, and we’ll be there. Then, we’ll get these stupid zip ties off and you can have all the orgasms you want. Hell, if you’ll come with me now, I even promise to help you cum later.”

As good as her fingers typically felt, Jules’ tongue had felt even better. A lot better.

Rebecca looked around. Besides several people who were literally passed out, probably drunk off their asses, the three of them were just about the only people left in the house. The only thing that could clear out a party in full swing that quickly was the arrival of the police, meaning Tina likely wasn’t just pulling a prank.

The cops really were there. Rebecca really was, again, close to being arrested.

The reality of the situation started to clear her dazed mind. Risking incarceration just so she could get off now really was stupid. She weighed the admittedly major desire to orgasm versus her need to reach permanent safety and Jules’ offer.

Unfortunately, delayed gratification came out on top. It was a close thing, though.

“You promise?” Rebecca asked.

“I’d pinky swear if I could.”

“Okay. Fine. Let’s go.”

Her body nearly collapsed into a heap upon learning that it would not be immediately getting that which it craved, but she somehow managed to make her feet trudge after the other two girls.

Tina quickly led them out of the house and opened a back gate for them. “You know where you are, right?”

“Yeah,” Rebecca said. “Not far from home at all.”

The gate had opened onto a lane that ran behind the house they’d just exited. Beyond it was a wooded area that separated it from the lane at the back of the houses on the next street over. If she kept going straight past another such set up, she’d be end up not far from her parents’ house on the opposite side of the road.

“Will you two be okay alone?” Tina asked.

“Wait,” Jules said. “You’re not coming with us?”

“I haven’t even had anything to drink yet, so the cops can’t really hold me on anything. I’d rather not leave my car here. If y’all can hide for a while, though, we can try to figure out a way to meet up. I still owe you that ride.”

Jules looked at Rebecca. “What do you think?”

“Truthfully, I just want to get home. What’s riskier – hoping that someone doesn’t spot us while we’re trying to hide or just keeping moving? I can’t imagine the house being more than a ten minute walk from here.”

“Okay,” Jules said. “We’re going to try to make a run for it.”

“Is there anything else I can do for you?” Tina asked. “Take off your masks, perhaps?”

Jules glared at her. “You don’t happened to have those scissors do you?”

“No, sorry. I accidentally left them inside.”

Rebecca really wasn’t sure how much of an accident that was. Everyone seemed to get off on keeping her and Jules naked, bound, and helpless.

“Then I think you’ve done enough already,” Jules said bitterly. “And we’ll keep the masks on. At least they hide our identity.”

“Well … sorry how things turned out. I hope you make it home okay.”

Without another word, Jules headed for a gap in the fence on the other side of the lane.

“C’mon,” she said to Rebecca. “Let’s get on with it.”

Once again, they were traipsing into the night not knowing what dangers they might encounter while naked and bound. It truly seemed like they were destined never to reach safe haven.

**Chapter Thirty Four**

Rebecca crept between two houses, fearing that any noise at all would attract attention.

Somehow, being outside naked in her own neighborhood was so, so much worse than when she’d been at the strip mall. She knew all these people, and they knew her. Despite the mask, it was way too probable that anyone seeing her would recognize her.

It had taken nearly three times as long for the two naked girls to get this far than she’d planned on, but their caution, stopping often to make sure no one was about and carefully deliberating on which houses to go between and not crossing streets until they were absolutely positive no cars were coming, had been well worth it. Not a soul had seen them, and they were so, so close to their destination.

“That’s my parents’ house over there,” Rebecca whispered, crouching behind a car. “All we have to do is cross the street.”

“There’s no one coming,” Jules said. “Let’s go.”

Though the coast seemed clear, something was bothering Rebecca. Something she couldn’t quite put her finger on just wasn’t right.

“Hold tight for a second,” she said.

Her porch light was on, but that wasn’t too weird. Danny had probably left it on for her when he realized she wasn’t in the house. She wondered if he was worried about her; disappearing like she had was very out of character for her. Heck, leaving the house at all was pretty out of character for her. Hopefully, he had no idea that she’d been wearing only her towel when she’d left.

It wasn’t really the porch light that bothered her. Something else was wrong.

She craned her neck, trying to get a better view. The light reflected off something shiny beside the porch. What was that?

The handlebar of a bicycle.

Oh crap! Though her brother’s friends were all over eighteen, some of them still got around the neighborhood on bikes. The presence of one meant that at least one of the boys was still there. And, if one was still there, it was unlikely he or her brother was asleep. It also meant that all the other boys were likely still there.

With her having disappeared, they’d be watching for her to return, too.

Walking into that house meant that every single one of them would see her naked body.

She choked back a sob. “I can’t. We can’t. Oh God! I don’t know what we’re going to do!”

**Chapter Thirty Five**

Rebecca had been focused on reaching home, not ever questioning that it might not provide her the succor she so desperately needed. It had been the bright shining light on the hill that represented the end of her ordeal. It had meant clothing. It was physical embodiment of safety. It was a place where she could finally, finally find release for the aching need that dominated her thoughts.

Before tonight, she’d never imagined showing her nude body to anyone. She’d even destroyed her relationship with the only real friend she’d ever had because of her acute shyness. After all she’d been through lately, though, the idea of strangers seeing her wasn’t quite as traumatic as it had been.

The same could not be said for the thought of her brother and his friends seeing her naked. The teasing would be merciless. Knowing that they’d seen all of her would be torture. Having to explain all that had happened tonight was unthinkable.

And they’d easily put two and two together and link her to the videos from the party and from The Big Burger Bun.

“What? Why? I don’t understand,” Jules said.

Rebecca explained about the bicycle and what it meant.

“Look, I know letting them see us is going to suck beyond the telling of it, but what choice do we have?” Jules asked. “We can’t just wait out here, naked and vulnerable, and hope everything works out okay. The police could be cruising the neighborhood. Anyone at all could happen upon us. Truthfully, we’re lucky than even worse stuff hasn’t happened to us. We’ve got to get to safety.”

Rebecca grimaced. Her friend was right. But she couldn’t let her brother and his friends see her like this. She just couldn’t.

A sudden thought struck her – a horribly embarrassing idea, but one that might work. Maybe. In one way, it was even worse than going home under the current circumstances. In all other ways, though, it was so much better.

“W-We … We could … We could go to Rick’s house,” Rebecca said.

“The guy you used to be friends with? The one who thinks you screwed him over? You think that’s a better option?”

“When you put it that way, I don’t know.” Rebecca’s heart was beating rapidly at the thought of displaying her naked body to Rick. Her palms were slick with sweat. As far as she knew, he hated her with the passion of a thousand suns. He’d been so ticked off by her actions that they literally hadn’t spoken a word to each other in years.

“We’re really vulnerable. If he’s still mad at you … God! He could do whatever he wants to punish you.”

“Don’t you think I understand that? That the thought of putting myself into his hands while like this is horrid beyond all reason? Because, believe me, all that and more is running through my mind at the moment.” Rebecca took a deep breath. “The thing is that I can at least live with him seeing me, and I can’t say the same for my brother and his friends. Besides, if Rick wants to punish me … well, maybe I deserve it, you know?”

Jules sighed. “Look, I don’t care where we go as long as there’s a chance we finally get these ties cut and find some clothes. All these people are strangers to me, so I kind of have to trust your judgment, here. You make the final call.”

Rebecca shut her eyes. She had to make a choice as to which was the better of two bad options. Either could end in disaster.

“Rick,” she said finally. “I choose Rick.”

She just hoped she’d made the right decision.

**Chapter Thirty Six**

Rebecca hesitated, her fist paused mid motion as she was about to knock on the back door of Rick’s house. Lights flickered inside and she heard sounds, both most likely caused by the TV, so he was probably awake. And, being so late, his parents were likely asleep.

What stopped her wasn’t the fear of encountering his mom or dad, though. It was the thought of facing him.

He’d been so mad at her.

No. Not mad, or not only mad. Hurt. He’d trusted her, and she’d betrayed him.

The last thing she remembered him saying to her was, “You have no honor.” And he’d said it like it was the worst possible insult he could imagine.

And now she was about to show up on his doorstep completely naked with her hands bound behind her asking his help? She’d be absolutely at his mercy.

God!

“I can’t do it,” she hissed.

“Okay,” Jules said, totally nonplused. “Let’s go to your house, then, and face your brother and his friends.”

Over the course of the evening, Rebecca had really grown to like and appreciate her new friend. If she had to pick someone to be naked and bound as they roamed the town with, there was no better choice. At that moment in time, though, she kind of hated the other girl. Bigly.

“Fine!”

Rebecca rapped lightly on the door.

“Who is it?” Rick called, his voice sounding surprised.

She could understand why. This was a quiet neighborhood. People didn’t go around knocking on doors this late.

“Rebecca.”

There was a pause.

“What do you want?” His voice was cold. Harsh.

“I need … I need your help.”

“And why would I lift a finger for you?” he asked.

Rebecca’s eyes teared. This was going as badly as she’d expected. “No reason other than that you’re a good person and that you have to know that I’d never ask if I wasn’t completely desperate and had no other good options.”

There was a long, long period filled with only silence.

“Please?” Rebecca begged. “Really, just please!”

That last had come out stronger and louder than she’d wanted, and there was a very real possibility of waking up his parents, which would be a disaster. At that moment, though, she didn’t care. Not about being seen. Not about getting clothes. Not about someone who would likely tell her parents about what happened finding out about all her recent misadventures.

All she wanted was some measure of kindness from someone she’d cared so much about. After all the trials she’d faced this night, she needed it more badly even than the physical release her body craved.

No words came in reply to her plea, but a light was switched on, its gleam filtering though curtains to the outside. The knob turned. The door swung open, illuminating the naked girls and the area surrounding them.

“Rebecca! You’re naked! And wearing a ski mask? What … What happened? Are you … Are you okay?”

She blushed as his eyes roamed her bare body, sparing barely a glance for the much more attractive naked girl beside her. As embarrassed as she was to have him see her nudity, though, she was touched that, against all reason, he’d actually expressed concern about her. She’d really thought he’d not care a lick after how she’d treated him.

“Can we … Can we come inside?”

“Oh. Yeah. Definitely.” He stepped out of the doorway to give them room to pass.

With Jules right behind, Rebecca rushed into the house. A surreal feeling passed over her as it hit her that she’d been in this place hundreds of times as a child and now she was walking inside stark naked. It just felt … weird.

They moved into the living room where a TV quietly played on one wall. He faced the two naked girls as they all three just kind of stood awkwardly for a moment.

“Since no one seems interested in introducing me … I’m Jules.”

“Oh. Sorry. Rick.”

“Nice to meet you. I’d shake your hand, but …” Jules shook her bound arms, causing her boobs to jiggle and drawing his attention to her chest.

“Are y’all … okay?” Rick asked. “Should I call the police or something?”

“No!” they both answered.

“No,” Rebecca said again. “We haven’t been … There’s no need to involve the police. If you can just cut these zip ties and let us borrow something – anything! – to cover ourselves, we’ll be out of your hair before you know it.”

“Uh …”

“Okay, look. I know you hate me, and I owe you. Big time. Whatever you want, it’s okay. I’ll do it. Just, please, let Jules go first and then … whatever you want. I swear.”

“I don’t want …” He shook his head, his expression becoming stern. “After what you did, like I’d believe you’d uphold your end of the deal, anyway.”

Rebecca’s eyes misted. “You want to take pictures? Video? Get your camera. Rip off my mask and fire away. I’ll pose any way you want. How about this?” She jumped up and down a few times, making her breasts bounce and slap her in the face. “Or this?” She turned and spread her legs, bending as far down as she could and still maintain her balance without her hands to help. “Anything!”

Very away of the view she was presenting to him, a part of her was completely mortified by her actions.

“Rebecca …”

“You don’t even have to cut me loose or give me clothes or anything. Just, please, forgive me!”

**Chapter Thirty Seven**

Rebecca stood there, butt naked with her legs parted wide, showing off her most intimate places to a guy who hated her. The worst part was that she deserved every bit of his animosity. She’d betrayed him. And she was willing to do whatever it took to earn some level of forgiveness.

Whatever it took.

“You’re both idiots,” Jules said.

“How so?” Rick asked.

“She thinks you despise her when you’re really just hurt. You think she purposely played a trick on you.”

Rebecca couldn’t believe this mortifying conversation was taking place, especially considering that she was still posed with everything she had displayed. Still, though, she preferred her current position than having to face him.

God!

“She did trick me! She admitted it,” Rick said.

“She told you what she thought you wanted to hear,” Jules said. “The truth is that she was too shy to show you her body. She thinks she’s too fat and that you’d be disgusted by her.”

“What? That’s ridiculous,” he said. “I’ve always thought she was pretty. That had to have been obvious to her.”

He thought what?

“It wasn’t,” Jules said. “She’s too insecure about her body to see it.”

“But … But … why didn’t she just tell me?” he asked. “I’d have understood.”

“Because … Because I was too shy and too stupid even to do that,” Rebecca said. “Do you really think I’m pretty?”

“Uh … Could you stand up now?” he asked. “The view is kind of distracting.”

Rebecca’s face felt like it was going to explode. She grimaced as she stood and turned to face him.

“Of course I think you’re pretty,” he said, meeting her eyes. “I always have. And you’re not fat!”

She frowned.

“He’s right,” Jules said. “So, okay, you’re bigger, but all the weight is in exactly the right places. I can only dream of having your curves.”

“Can I take those things off you?” he asked. “It’s weird enough talking to two naked girls, but the ski masks are really wigging me out.”

“Anything you want,” Rebecca said.

Jules just nodded.

He went to each of them and carefully pulled it over their heads.

“Much better,” he said. “Now, where were we?”

“I was promising to do literally anything you want to get you to forgive me,” Rebecca said. “Anything!”

“Okay. How about dinner and a movie?”

She tried to hide her dismay, though her heart was beating a mile a minute. If there was something she hadn’t expected him to suggest, it was more public nudity.

“I did tell you anything, so … okay,” Rebecca said. “Just … try not to get me arrested if possible? Jules works at the theater, so she might be able to help with that. As for the restaurant, though … Either way, though, I’ll do it, even if I end up in jail.”

“What the heck are you talking about?” Rick asked.

Jules was openly snickering. “She thinks … She thinks … Oh God! Too funny!” She burst out laughing.

“What does she think?” he asked before turning to Rebecca. “What do you think?”

“You want to make me go to dinner and a movie naked, of course. To humiliate me.”

If Jules’ hands would have been free, she looked like she would have been slapping her knee. Rebecca didn’t see what was so funny.

“Why would I …” He shook his head. “Look, I don’t know what you’ve been through tonight to make you think such a thing, but I assumed you’d be completely dressed when we went out.”

“Huh? I don’t understand. How is it punishment for you to take me to dinner and a movie while I’m dressed?”

“It’s not, silly,” Jules said, finally getting her chuckles under control. “It’s a date.”

Rebecca swallowed. Jules wasn’t correct. She couldn’t be. Could she?

Rick was nodding vigorously, though.

“You want to go out with me, go out with me?” Rebecca asked.

“Very much,” he said.

“I … uh … yeah. Yes. Please.”

“Great,” he said. “Let me run to the kitchen and grab some scissors. I’ll have y’all free in a jiffy.”

He’d half turned to leave before Rebecca found her voice.

“Actually,” she said, “if you don’t mind, there’s a more pressing need that I really need you to deal with first …”

**Chapter Thirty Eight**

Rebecca felt like her face was about to burst into flame, and her heart was beating so hard against her chest that she feared it was about to start breaking bones. As if being naked and bound in front of Rick – who’d just asked her on a date! On an actual date! – wasn’t bad enough, what she was about to ask of him was the most mortifying thing she could even comprehend.

She had no choice, though. She needed it. She needed it, now.

“Sure. Anything,” Rick said, responding to her request of a pressing need that she needed him to deal with.

He’d agreed. Now, all she had to do was tell him what it was.

Oh God! This was going to be so embarrassing.

“I … I need … I need … release.”

“Yeah,” he said, looking at her like she was a complete moron. “That’s why I was on my way to go get scissors.”

“No! Not … Not that kind …”

“I don’t understand,” he said.

“She means that she’s horny and wants you to get her off,” Jules said. “I know how she feels.”

His eyes went wide. “I’ll run and get the scissors. Then, you can … can … you know.”

Rebecca’s heart was still beating a mile a minute. Her palms were slick with sweat. “I know this is a big, big ask, but you don’t understand what my night has been like. It feels like I’m in some kind of stupid erotica story written by a hack. Every time I get close to … release … something happens. Maybe … Maybe, if we do it fast enough, he – because it’s got to be a man doing this; it’s got to be – maybe he won’t have time to think of something to interrupt me. Please!”

“That … That makes no sense,” Rick said.

“Well,” Jules said, “she did mention that he’s a hack writer, so …”

“Nothing is going to happen,” he said. “I’ll go get scissors and cut you loose and you can go to the bathroom and …”

“You don’t understand!” Rebecca said. “Your parents will come down. An airplane overhead will lose its engine, and it will crash into your living room. Or, most likely, given how uncreative this hack is, the police will show up. Again!”

“Rebecca …”

“Please, Rick, I’m begging you. If you do this for me, I will literally do anything you want.”

Rick sighed. “What do you want me to do, exactly?”

“Maybe … Maybe your fingers? I mean, if you have a condom you could …”

“No!” he said. “Fingers are good. I can do fingers.”

Jules chewed her lip. “I have a boyfriend. I can’t …” She sighed. “On the other hand, I think he’d understand given the circumstances and, it has been a night! Would you mind doing me at the same time?”

His jaw dropped. “Uh … I … I … don’t mind, but … Rebecca?”

Rebecca tensed. She and Rick were going to go on a date, which meant … what? She didn’t really know, but he was kind of asking as if they were exclusive or something. That was a good sign, right?

But, onto the topic at hand. How did she feel about him doing that to Jules?

It was more than a little weird, honestly, but what hadn’t been tonight? Jules had a boyfriend she was apparently very committed to, and Rebecca was so happy that Rick didn’t hate her anymore that dating him was the last thing on her mind. Besides, it would be kind of rude to withhold this from her friend, right?

“I’m fine with it,” she said confidently.

Jules grinned. “Great. Follow me.”

The couch in the living room was very deep and plush, and Jules used those features to her advantage, burying her face in the crack between the seat cushion and the back edge. With her legs spread, she exposed all of her to view. All of her.

It also allowed for really easy access to the part of her where Rick would be sticking his fingers. The position was at once practical, mortifying, and erotic as hell.

Rebecca felt even more heat rush to her face, both at seeing her friend’s parts so wantonly displayed and at the fact that she was about to be presenting the exact same view. With more than a little trepidation, she approached the couch. She didn’t have time to delay, though. The more she stalled, the more chance there was that something would put a stop to their activities.

She buried her head in the couch and spread her legs wide for him.

“No matter what happens, don’t stop,” she said, her voice muffled by the couch. “Not for the police. Not for your parents. Not for anything.”

**Chapter Thirty Nine**

Rick couldn’t believe what was happening. He’d been watching a little TV while checking out social media on his phone. Reports and videos of naked girls streaking The Big Burger Bun and a party had definitely gotten his attention. He never in a million years thought they’d show up at his house, though, and that one of them would be Rebecca!

She’d always been so shy, and, for so many years, he’d felt like her protector, keeping some of the meaner neighborhood girls from picking on her. Though not in love with her or anything, he’d always felt … affection … toward her.

Then, she’d betrayed him. He’d been so hurt by it for so long.

When Jules had explained why Rebecca had done what she’d done, he felt like an idiot. Of course, she was too shy to show him her body. Of course, she was even too shy to admit that was what was wrong. He should have known.

They’d lost years of friendship because he couldn’t get past his own pain to see clearly. He was determined to make up for it now. And if this was what she wanted him to do …

Rick moved the coffee table out of the way and stepped up to the couch, positioning himself between the two naked girls. Not just naked girls, either. Naked pussies. Everything they both had was right there in front of him.

He took a moment to enjoy the view and the aroma. Both girls were visibly aroused, their pink folds glistening with their own juices, completely willing for him to do whatever he wanted to them as long as they got their orgasm. Their hands were even bound behind them, making them helpless.

Even if he lived to be a thousand years old, he doubted he’d ever encounter another situation like this. It was the single most erotic experience of his life. His cock strained against his jeans.

He couldn’t help but think that, considering the reason he and Rebecca hadn’t talked for years, the fact that all of her was on display to him now was more than a little ironic. That wasn’t important at the moment though. He had a task to perform, one he desperately didn’t want to screw up.

Rick raised both hands at once and stuck two fingers of each girl’s waiting hole. Satisfied moans greeted the insertion.

As he began pumping both hands in and out, he listened carefully, halfway concerned that, as silly as it sounded, something would happen to interrupt him. The only thing that he heard was panting and moaning and the slurping that his moving fingers created.

Rebecca came first, her body arching and shuddering violently. She screamed into the couch cushion, which – luckily considering that his parents were asleep upstairs – muffled the noise greatly.

Jules finished not long after, and the three of them collapsed onto the couch for a long cuddle session.

Rick was in heaven. Being surrounding by so much exposed female flesh was amazing. He wasn’t a virgin or anything, but neither had he the opportunity to be with two girls at once.

The only thing that made the situation at all uncomfortable was the painful erection straining his pants. Rebecca didn’t seem to notice. Jules, though, did, looking at it pointedly.

“I think it’s time to cut us loose,” she said, wiggling her zip tied hands. “Then, Rebecca can give you your reward for your help.”

“What?” Rebecca asked. “What reward?”

“You don’t think he deserves one?”

“Of course he does, I just don’t know what you meant.”

“A blowjob, of course.”

Rebecca looked reluctant. “Uh …”

Rick swallowed. He figured that he’d just be left to his own devices once the girls’ left. “I’m fine. You don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do. You don’t owe me anything.”

“No! I want to. I really do. It’s just … I don’t … I don’t know how.”

Jules grinned. “That’s okay. I’ll talk you through it.”

And she did.

**Chapter Forty**

Jules stepped out of the shower. It felt so good to be clean. Running around naked all night involved a lot of, well, running around, which led to sweating. Other activities had gotten her hot, too – in more ways than one.

She toweled off and put on the clothes Rick had dug up for her, one of his t-shirts and a pair of shorts with a drawstring. The garments were way too big for her, but they were definitely much, much better than nothing. It also felt really good to be dressed. There had been a certain excitement involved with all she’d gone through tonight, but it was nice not to be able to relax in a safe place while actually being covered.

As she walked back to Rick’s living room, she saw he and Rebecca snuggled together on the couch, Rick’s spare clothes fitting her much better than Jules.

Rebecca grinned. “I am so glad that tonight is finally over! Aren’t you?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Huh? Which part?” Rebecca asked.

“About the night being over. We’re both going to get dressed in our own clothes. After that, I’ve got a few texts to send. Then, the real fun begins.”

“What fun is that exactly?” Rick asked.

“Well,” Jules said, “The expression is that revenge is a dish best served cold, but I prefer mine fresh. I aim to make Carly pay for what she did to us, and I mean for that to happen tonight!”