**Naked Night**

by RWS

**Chapter Forty One**

Carly hadn’t even tried to go to bed. She was too nervous. When John found out that she’d left his girlfriend at a strip mall clad only in underwear and then that his girlfriend had somehow, from the videos that had been posted on social media, ended up streaking a party completely naked except for a ski mask, he was going to kill her. Totally dead, hide the body, kill her.

There might be some hope of not being totally wiped off the face of the Earth, but that was only if Jules made it back home safe and sound, but the last report of her and the fat girl had been hours ago. There hadn’t been a single posting of a sighting or anything since the party. Carly worried that the two of them might have been murdered or abducted or something.

In retrospect, perhaps leaving them at that restaurant hadn’t been a great idea.

Her phone dinged with a message from an unknown number. She checked the text.

“Hey, this is Tina. Are these yours?”

A picture was attached to the text, showing Jules and the fat girl from just below the neck up. It was obvious they were both naked.

Carly let out a relieved sigh. “LOL! Yes! Where?”

“Hgh schl soccer field. Wanna pick em up?”

“Be there n 20! Thx”

How awesome was that? Not only were the two girls fine, but she was going to get to torture them some more before allowing them to get dressed. Deliberately not grabbing a thing from her house that could be used to cover a naked body, she rushed to her car.

The drive across town to the high school took fifteen minutes, and there was only one other car parked in the lot near the field. She pulled up next to it.

Soccer was big in their town, so there were bleachers and everything surrounding the area. The gate leading from the lot to the field was open, so she strolled through it without a care in the world. When she rounded the building housing the concession stand just inside the fence, though, she encountered a surprise.

Jules and the fat girl were waiting for her, fully dressed. Tina and a guy Carly sort of recognized were with them.

“Hey, Carly,” Jules said, grinning. “Ready for some payback?”

Oh crap! Carly spun to run away, but she wasn’t fast enough. Tina grabbed one arm. The guy grabbed the other.

“You thought it was funny letting everyone see us naked,” Jules said. “Let’s see how you like it!”

“Hey, I didn’t strip her.” Carly nodded at the fat girl. “And you were in your underwear the last time I saw you.”

“You really think the things that happened next weren’t your fault? You fucking left us there, bitch! Abandoned us! Now, you’re going to pay.” Jules pulled a pocketknife out and locked the blade into position.

Carly’s eyes grew wide, understanding immediately what was about to happen. The thought of letting three other girls and a guy see her body was terrifying. She couldn’t even imagine how awful it would be. “Don’t do this! Please don’t do this!”

“It’s too late for mercy. It was too late when you left and didn’t come back.”

“I did come back. I tried to find you,” Carly pleaded. “I didn’t see you.”

“When? When did you come back?”

“Uh … later. But not that much later. I swear!”

“That’s not enough. Not nearly enough.” Jules advanced with the knife. “Hold still. I don’t want to end up cutting you.” She flicked the blade, and, just like that, the top button on Carly’s shirt flew to the ground.

Carly almost thought that being stabbed would be better than what was about to happen. Almost. Instead, she watched, powerless to do anything to stop it, as button after button disappeared, until, finally, only her the fact that her shirt was tucked in held it together at all. As it was, the center of her bra and a lot of her generous cleavage was in full view.

The button on her shorts was the next to be cut off. After that, Jules unzipped them and tugged them down. Inch by inch, they slid down Carly’s legs, exposing her white panties to the people watching.

Once they hit the ground, Jules ordered, “Step out of them.”

Her eyes misting, Carly obeyed.

“Be really, really still for this part.” Jules stuck the blade into the shoulder of the shirt and pulled.

Just like that, half the shirt was nearly ripped apart, only a thin strip near the neck holding it together. She repeated that motion on the other side.

The garment hung around Carly like a necklace. Her sides were completely bare, luckily leaving her bra-covered boobs and rotund stomach were still covered. She knew they wouldn’t be for long, though.

“You’re already humiliated me,” Carly said. “No more. Please?”

“The two of us were naked for hours. Hundreds of people saw us. No way I’m stopping now.” Jules sliced the remaining strips. The shirt fell to the ground.

Carly tensed as her bra-encased breasts and her shameful stomach were exposed. “I’m only wearing my underwear. That’s what you were in when you left me car. Let me keep this on, at least.”

Jules rolled her eyes and bent, swiftly removing Carly’s shoes. “Now, we’re even compared to how I was when you left me.”

Carly let her shoulders slump in relief. It was over. She’d be allowed to keep her underwear, at least, on. Though having that posted on social media – as it surely would be – was awful. It wasn’t nearly as bad as it could be.

“We are not even, however, compared that all we went through tonight!” Jules slipped the knife under on of Carly’s shoulder straps and pulled.

Carly gasped. She’d thought she was out of danger, only to have her expectations thwarted. Her right bra cup sagged as the strap was cut, revealing her nipple.

Her nipple was exposed. To four people. To a boy!

God!

She trembled as Jules cut the other strap, making the bra essentially worthless, but she wasn’t done even then. Nope. She cut the back, too.

A tear streaked down Carly’s cheek as her bra popped off and fluttered to the ground. The entirety of her large, sagging breasts were revealed.

“Jules! Please!” she wailed. “That’s far enough.”

“No, dear. It isn’t. Not by far.”

Carly tensed as the blade trailed down the side of her naked torso and slipped under the waistband of her panties. “Please! I’m begging you!”

“You should have thought of the ramifications before you left us.” Jules tugged on the blade.

Carly’s panties had not chance of withstanding the sharpness of the metal. They slit quickly, and half the fabric fell loose. One side of her butt was revealed, and her hairless pussy was barely covered. Soon, she wouldn’t even have that much protection.

“Jules! No!”

Wordlessly, Jules moved the blade inside the other side of the waistband and tugged. Just like before, the fabric parted. This time, though, there was nothing to hold it up. It fluttered uselessly to the grass.

Carly stared at the shredded fabric in horror and disbelief. The tangled white lace draped itself over a small area of green, shielding blades of grass from view. It should have been securely around her waist, not laying on the ground. It should be protecting her privates from view, not vegetation.

This so could not be happening to her.

But it was. She was stark naked outside in front of three girls and a boy, all of whom were obviously enjoying her discomfort, their eyes feasting on her nudity.

“Stop looking at me!” she yelled.

“Oh, honey,” Jules said, “We’ve barely begun to look.”

**Chapter Forty Two**

Carly was completely naked and, with Tina and a guy whose name she didn’t even know holding her arms tight, she had no way to defend herself from the others’ wrath. She tried to resist as she was dragged onto the soccer field toward the goal nearest the parking lot, but there was literally nothing she could do.

Sure, she managed to make her tormentors job difficult – slumping down so that they had to carry her full, not unsubstantial weight, locking her legs, trying to push the opposite direction – but, in the end, all resistance was all fruitless. With Jules and the fat girl lending their efforts, the four carried, pulled, and pushed Carly to the goal.

“What are you going to do?” she asked, terrified.

“This.” Jules pulled out zip ties from her pocket.

“You … You can’t! You wouldn’t!”

“Oh, you bet I would.”

Again, there was nothing that Carly could do. The guy held her tight across her waist, trapping her arm in his bear hug. Even as she struggled against him, she realized how weird this situation was. No other guy had even seen her naked, and this stranger’s body was in so much contact with her bare skin, not taking advantage or anything but still touching her.

Between the embarrassment at her exposure and the feel of him against her, places she’d rather not be on view were really tingling, a development she hoped no one would ever find out about.

With one of her arms held fast, Tina and the fat girl raised the other up to the top of that six foot high goal post crossbar, and, in short order, Jules zip tied both of Carly’s wrists to the white pole.

Though her legs were unsecured, there was absolutely nothing she could do to preserve her modesty. Her tits, her pubic mound, her ass … all were on display to simply anyone and anything, including cameras.

Carly whimpered when all four of the people backed away and pulled out their phones. “No! Not that. Anything but that. Please!”

Jules laughed. “Oh but yes. Pictures of us are all over the internet, so why shouldn’t you join in the fun?”

“But … But … no one knows your identity. Your face was covered.”

“That’s true.” Jules pulled a black ski mask from her pocket. “And we’ll do the same for you. These pictures are just a little bit of insurance to make sure no one ever finds out it was us in those videos. Understand?”

Carly nodded vigorously, wincing at the motion it imparted to her unfettered breasts. Her face heated.

Jules laughed again. “I know exactly how you feel.” After all four people clicked away for several minutes, Jules halted them. “Ready for the next step?”

Next step? There was more? Oh God!

Everyone nodded.

Jules approached and knelt very near Carly’s exposed pussy, pulling yet something else from her pocket. How deep was that thing, anyway? Carly couldn’t see what it was, but Jules’ intent was clear. The object was to go … inside Carly!

“Don’t Jules! Please!”

In response, Jules inserted it, pushing it all the way in. “No lubrication needed, either. What was it you told me, that I was happy to watch a girl show herself off? Looks like I’m not the only one who finds this stuff interesting.”

Carly flinched in horror. Having that particular secret revealed was almost as bad as having her body exposed. Not quite but close. “I’m not … I mean, I don’t …”

“Yeah. Right.” Jules stood and raised her arms, her hands stretching the mask open.

The last thing Carly saw was the other girl’s smiling face. “You put it on backwards! I can’t see a thing!”

“I know,” was the only response.

After that, there was a long, long period of relative silence. Phones were tapped. They buzzed. Shutters clicked. Clothes rustled. Minutes passed. Many, many minutes. Maybe even as long as an hour.

No one talked. At all.

Carly stood there for so long that her arms and legs started to hurt, and she sweated the whole time, dreading what was to come and very, very aware that all of her was on view. She grew paranoid, wondering what was happening, what was going to happen to her.

The worst part was that, though she couldn’t be sure, she suspected that more people had joined the four already looking at her. She couldn’t hear footsteps on the soft grass, but the amount of shifting legs and rustling clothes seemed to grow louder. More numerous.

Nothing happened, though, for seemingly forever. She just stood there, tied and naked and vulnerable.

It almost grew … boring. She didn’t understand how something could be out of this world scary and mind numbingly dull at the same time. This experience, though, managed it.

When something finally happened, however, she wished it hadn’t.

First, a weird sensation started … down there – you know, inside of her. Then, she heard something buzzing from the same place.

She realized what it was – a vibrator. The thing that Jules had stuck inside her pussy was a remote controlled vibrator.

Carly shuddered.

Surely, surely, surely, Jules wasn’t that evil. She couldn’t … she wouldn’t … But she definitely could – the vibrator had already started. And she’d proved that she would do quite a lot.

Carly knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that all pleas would fall on deaf ears, that no amount of crying or cajoling or anything else would do any good. With who knew how many people watching, she was going to be made to orgasm.

She couldn’t even imagine experiencing that level of humiliation, that level of complete mortification. Soon, though, she wouldn’t have to bother with imagining it because she was about to experience it.

A thought occurred to her. Maybe she could jar it out. To that end, she spread her legs wide as wide as her restrained arms would allow and jumped up and down.

The silence broke. There were multiple snickers and outright laughs. A few gasps.

There were definitely more than four people watching. A lot more. All of them seeing her completely naked body and she had no way of even knowing who they were.

She wondered if that might actually be better.

Then, she realized that all of them had just seen her jump up and down. Her boobs had surely undulated wildly. And she’d spread her legs as wide as she could get them, surely showing off the entirety of her pink, private place.

God!

Besides actually cumming in front of so many people and cameras, that was absolutely the most humiliating thing she could think of, and it hadn’t even worked. The vibe still buzzed away inside of her, seemingly unmoving.

There was no way she was going to do that again.

Minute after minute after minute, the vibe kept buzzing, and the pressure inside her kept building. She so didn’t want to orgasm with so many people watching. She really, really didn’t want to.

She squeezed her thighs together. She clamped her lips tight.

There was no choice, though. It was going to happen. Her body would not be denied.

With the same suddenness it had begun, the vibrating stopped.

Reflexively she thrust her hips forward in a vain attempt at completion. When it became apparent that it was over and that she at least wouldn’t be orgasming for this faceless crowd, she took solace in knowing that she had held strong.

After taking a moment to catch her breath, she gathered herself and stood straight; relishing any false bravado she could muster. She may have been stripped, bound, and vibrated to the brink of orgasm, but she had not been beaten. There was dignity in that.

Just as she got her breathing under control, the dreaded buzzing started again. Even though she was already primed and revved up by the first round, the initial shock took a moment to register. Once she realized what was happening she again gritted her teeth trying to hold back the inevitable explosion. This could not be happening. Apparently orgasming naked for an untold amount of people wasn’t torture enough, she was to suffer the embarrassment without the satisfaction. This had to be some sort of demented dream created by her mind.

As the buzzing continued, though, she realized that this time there would be no holding back. Sure, she’d cum in front of who know how many people – she’d be shamed beyond belief – but at least she’d have the pleasure.

She wanted the pleasure. She needed the pleasure.

Closer. Closer. Closer.

Just as before she finally reached the point she could hold back no more, though, there was sudden stillness.

Again, she’d been denied.

Being pushed so close to the brink again with no release left Carly frustrated beyond belief. Involuntarily, she pulled against her restraints as her arms desperately reached to finish what the sex toy left incomplete. Her efforts only added to the strain of her aching shoulders. Her arms were now forced to hold more of her heavy frame with her legs wobbled by the teasing.

Minutes passed as she recovered her breathing, as her body and mind calmed from their heightened states.

Once she could think clearly again, she realized she was furious. “You assholes are going to pay for this! I’m going destroy-”

The buzzing resumed, instantly consuming the torrent of her words. Caught off guard, she undulated uncontrollably, losing her feet. The sudden shot of pain in her shoulders as they took on her body weight stunted the pleasure from the return of the vibrator. As angry as she was at the crowd, her body wanted release more. She couldn’t help, but make fruitless humps into the air. Her body and mind could only be occupied by one thing. Do whatever it takes to get over the edge.

Dread washed over her as the buzzing stopped a third time.

Desperate for this all to end she started to cry into the silence and pleaded, “Please, make it stop … or at least let me finish”

She couldn’t come up with much to offer so she hopelessly proclaimed to whoever was listening, “I’ll apologize. I’ll let you see whatever you want. You can touch me wherever you want! It doesn’t matter who. If you get me out of this, I’ll even get you off with my mouth. Guy or girl, I don’t care. Just make it-”

By the fourth time, she knew the drill. The ski mask was tear soaked and depression washed over her as she was reduced to Jules’ play thing. There was obviously a large crowd watching her torture and no one cared to help her. How could she be so rejected? Maybe if she just stayed still she could manage to at least orgasm before being pulled back. Her head dropped when she was again denied by the empty silence she was all too familiar with.

**Chapter Forty Three**

Rebecca watched the catalyst of her terrifying naked night twist in exposed frustration at another denial of satisfaction. She turned to Jules, who looked so beautiful fully dressed and holding the remote that so utterly controlled Carly.

Rebecca sighed. Most of the short time she had spent with her new friend had been in the nude. Even though they were vulnerable together all night, she admired how Jules had remained calm and was always looking for a way to make things right, even if they went horribly wrong. Rebecca was terrified to think what would have happened to her if she had to endure any of the events of the evening on her own. Not only had her new friend guided her through the night’s events but had bridged the giant gap she had created with her old friend Rick.

What Jules was doing to her original tormentor, though … This wasn’t justice. This was revenge.

Even though both of them had suffered greatly as a result of Carly’s actions, Rebecca could take no pleasure in what was being done. In fact, she wanted to stop it.

Jules, though … Jules looked like she needed this.

She was simply the most incredible woman ever. If she needed this, then Rebecca would bite her tongue.

As the fifth round of tease and denial made its cycle, Jules asked, “How many times were you denied finishing tonight?”

“Enough,” Rebecca said quietly. “And I think Carly has had enough, too.”

Jules grimaced and put Carly through another round of stimulation, walking her right to the very brink and even risking going over before taking it all away.

“I don’t think she has,” Jules said through a pressed smile as she stopped the vibrator once more.

“Please, I’m sorry, I really am!” Carly muffled voice cried through her damp mask.

With Rebecca following, Jules walked slowly toward the bound and exhausted woman. She hit the button again activating the sex toy buried inside of Carly, sending her on a seventh ride up towards the peak she had been denied now six times. The tear soaked mask stuck uncomfortably to her face as her sweat covered body writhed under aching arms.

When the two new friends reached their villain Jules stopped the toy once more to ask, “What was that?”

Carly still catching her breath from her seventh round of denial, cleared her throat and repeated, “I’m sorry for what I did to you and that girl”

“That girl has a name. It’s Rebecca.”

“Then I am sorry for what I did to you and Rebecca. It was wrong.”

“Why, Carly?” Jules asked. “Why did you do it?”

“I always fantasied about what it would be like to be exposed, but I never had the body for it. I was never brave enough. Seeing her – seeing Rebecca naked like that – I thought … I thought it would be fun. I got off on it, okay? I got off on it!”

Jules glared at her.

Even though Carly couldn’t see the expression, she must have sensed that her words weren’t well received because she quickly continued. “And I was jealous, okay? Rebecca’s body had curves in all the right places. She wasn’t just flabby like me. She was … womanly. I thought she would like it. Find it exciting. I didn’t know how horrible it would feel to be this out of control and vulnerable. If I would have known then what I know now, I never would have made someone do that. I swear!”

“Fine,” Jules said through pursed lips. “We’re done. As soon as the crowd clears out, we’ll untie you.”

Carly whimpered.

“What?” Jules asked.

Carly didn’t say anything. She clearly couldn’t.

Rebecca understood, though. “She wants to finish. She needs it.”

“Is that true?” Jules asked.

“Yes! Please!”

Jules handed the remote to Rebecca. “She’s all yours.”

Rebecca looked around at all the people staring with wide eyes. She couldn’t imagine cumming with so many people watcthing. On the other hand, Carly was at the end of her rope. To not do it was the greater cruelty.

Rebecca hit the button.

Carly’s exhausted body shook. Her fat went shook and wobbled and jiggled. It was, in a way, enticing.

Rebecca had always been ashamed of her body. Her belly wasn’t flat as a board like Jules. She’d never given a thought to the idea that there were people out there who were jealous of her.

When Carly’s orgasm came, it was sudden. An eruption.

She arched her back and let out a howl. Her muscles convulsed. She groaned and moaned and panted. She was lost in the pleasure.

Once her quivers subsided, Rebecca turned off the vibrator, and Jules quietly motioned for everyone save their original small group to leave.

Once the field was clear, they all approached the bound girl. Jules, her clothes brushing against the naked girl’s bare skin, pulled off the mask.

 “Who saw me? How many?” Carly asked.

“You’ll probably never know.” Jules cut first one zip tie and then the next.

Carly collapsed to the ground. Jules started walking away. Rebecca, accompanied by the other two, hesitated for a moment before following.

Jules turned. “Oh, by the way, we’ve got your car keys. Have fun getting home.”

Rebecca felt really bad about leaving the girl like that, but what choice did she have? Her loyalty was to Jules, considering all they’d faced together tonight. The thought nagged at her, though, that this simply wasn’t right.

**Chapter Forty Four**

Carly sat on the grass in a crumpled heap, thoroughly defeated. She’d been shamed and humiliated, having cum while an unknown number of people had watched. The sight of her naked body and her having an orgasm would be the talk of the town.

She wanted to cry. The only thing stopping her was the she didn’t want to give Jules the satisfaction.

“I know what she feels like,” a voice said from near the soccer field’s exit. “I can’t leave her like this.”

Carly looked up, hope in her heart. It was the fat girl – No, she had a name, Rebecca – who had spoken.

“After all the stress her actions caused us? Really?” Jules asked. “She deserves everything she gets and more.”

“I don’t care if she deserves it or not. I won’t be a part of it.”

“Fine!” Jules said. “We’re not giving her a ride, though, and her clothes are destroyed.”

“Here’s what we’ll do …”

After that, Rebecca lowered her voice, and Carly couldn’t make out what they were saying. After a minute or so, Tina’s fingers started flying over her phone, probably texting.

With Carly scared but somewhat optimistic that something would happen to improve her situation, the four of them just stood around obviously waiting for something.

They didn’t have to wait for long. A few minutes later, a car pulled into the parking lot.

At first, this made Carly anxious. Someone else was about to see her body. Then, she realized that, given how quickly the car had arrived, the person or persons in it had probably witnessed her display.

If it got her a ride home, she honestly was okay with whatever more embarrassment she had to put up with.

When the person walked through the gate, however, her chest tightened. It was a guy, Jim Haskins. She knew him from school. They’d actually studied together a few times. He was nice but kind of a wuss.

The thought of someone she knew so well seeing her like this made her want to just sink into the ground.

He and Rebecca walked toward her. Carly covered her nakedness with her arms the best she could.

“Hey,” Rebecca said, “This is Jim-”

“I know who he is!”

“Hey, Carly,” he said. “I can … I can give you a ride if you want.”

“I’m sure you’d love to give me a ride, all right!”

That actually wasn’t true at all, and Carly didn’t know why she’d said it. Jim was about the least likely person to be sexually aggressive that she knew. And the thought of him or any other guy wanting to do anything with her grotesque body was ridiculous.

He looked hurt by her words.

“I’m … I’m sorry,” she said. “I didn’t mean that. It’s just that … that … It’s been a bad night.”

“It’s okay. I understand. I can go, if you want …”

“No. I need … I need to get home, so, if you really don’t mind …”

“I don’t,” he said. “Not at all.”

“I guess … I guess I’ll get up then.” She grimaced.

Though the concept of being modest had been thrown out the window quite a while ago, she still had the urge to protect herself from view, and there was no way she could hide any part of herself while getting to her feet. Resigned at having to show off again, she lowered one arm to the ground.

To her complete surprise, Jim turned her back, giving her privacy as she rose. He didn’t face her until she told him it was okay once she had her hands clamped tightly over her breasts and crotch. Then, he led to his car, not even making her go first so that he could stare at her butt, and, once inside, he did his best to keep his eyes straight ahead.

As an awkward, uncomfortable silence ensued, she really thought about what he’d just done – both in not looking at her here in the car and turning his back on the soccer field – and it made total sense. He was obviously disgusted by her mounds of flesh. Of course, he would have turned his back. Everyone who had been there watching was surely motivated solely by their desire to see her humiliated. None of them liked what they saw. She was lucky they hadn’t all started barfing.

“Thank you so much for doing this,” she said, as much to pierce the quiet as much as for any other reason.

“It’s not problem. I’m sorry that … you know … that happened to you. I feel kind of bad for watching.”

“Not your fault.” She had to spit the words out, but, surprisingly, she found that she kind of meant it. She was sure he didn’t enjoy it and really didn’t blame him. The blame lay solely on Jules.

“If it helps, which it probably doesn’t …” he said. “That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.”

She rolled her eyes. “Well, you didn’t upchuck, right? That’s something.”

“What do you mean?”

“It couldn’t have been pleasant seeing me like that.”

“Are you crazy?” he asked. “I mean it. Are you? I think you’re totally hot. I wish I could see more of you. I wish I could touch-”

Her jaw dropped. He couldn’t possibly have meant that.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I shouldn’t have … You have to be totally uncomfortable right now. I’ll just shut up.”

“You’re really being straight with me? You liked seeing me.”

“Of course I did! Why wouldn’t I?”

Because her breasts sagged and her stomach and thighs were too big and she wasn’t anything like the girls in all those magazines?

She couldn’t bring herself to admit any of that, though. Instead, she decided to make him admit the truth, whatever it took.

“There’s a parking lot up ahead,” she said. “Turn into it and park under a light.”

They both remained silent until he’d pulled into a spot and turned off the car.

Carly glanced over at him and smirked. He was studiously not looking at her – obviously because he was repulsed by her body – and looked nervous as hell. Making him tell her the truth was going to be easy.

“If you think I’m so hot,” she said, “look at me.”

 “I don’t want to-”

“Exactly, asshole!” she yelled. “Thanks for making my point.”

“You didn’t let me finish,” he said, his eyes still straight ahead. “I don’t want to make you uncomfortable. I’d love to look at you, but …”

Her arms were clamped over her, covering as much of her flesh as possible, as they had been for the entire ride. Moving them down to her sides so that they concealed nothing was one of the hardest things she’d ever down. She managed it, though, and, after, she reclined the chair and laid back.

“If you want to look, look.”

“Carly …”

“I mean it, Jim.”

He huffed. “Fine.” His head swiveled toward her, and his eyes swept over her body, devouring her naked flesh.

There wasn’t a hint of disgust on his face. Instead, there was hunger. She couldn’t help but glance down to his lap. His pants were definitely tented.

Her heart started beating rapidly. He’d been telling the truth. That tingly feeling low down that she’d felt earlier returned.

“Did you … Did you want … to touch?” she asked.

“God, yes,” he said. “Are you sure?”

Carly nodded. She’d never been more sure of anything in her life.