**Naked Night**

**Chapter 22**

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 23**

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 24**

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 25**

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 26**

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 27**

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 28**

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 29**

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 ... is going on here? I mean, what the actual ...! Why are you naked? And what the ... 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 30**

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.”

**Chapter 31**

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 32**

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 33**

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 34**

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 35**

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 36**

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 37**

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 38**

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 39**

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 40**

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!”

**Chapter 41**

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 ...ing 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 42**

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.

It was sudden when it happened. An eruption.

She arched her back and let out a howl. Her muscles convulsed. She groaned and moaned and panted. In spite of herself and knowing how embarrassing this all way, she lost herself in the pleasure.

Then, as she caught her breath, the buzzing stopped.

Carly listened, intent. Rustling clothes moved away. Having had their fun, having been entertained, it seemed the crowd was leaving.

Quite a while later, someone approached. Clothes brushed against Carly’s bare skin. Her mask was pulled off.

Jules stood in front of her, knife at the ready. The other three were the only ones in sight.

“Who saw me? How many?” Carly asked.

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

Thoroughly defeated, Carly collapsed to the ground. Jules started walking away, accompanied by the other three.

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

**Chapter 43 - Final!**

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. Her 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’m not going to leave her like this.”

Carly looked up, hope in her heart. It was the fat girl 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, the fat girl 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 the fat girl walked toward her. She covered her nakedness with her arms the best she could.

“Hey,” the fat girl 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 standing. 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.