**Naked and Humiliated**

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**Road home**

Penelope laughed as she and her friends left the gala hall. It was almost midnight, but they were still in high spirits. The dinner, as with all of the tennis society's dinners, was an unqualified success. The students all got drunk on wine bought for them by the alumni, the speakers were toasted raucously, and there was a venue deposit that most likely was not going to be returned.

They weren't done yet though. Though the dinner was over, the night was only just beginning. It would be on to a string of clubs next, likely until they all closed for the night. This was always how it went with all university society fundraiser dinners, but the tennis society prided themselves on having the most generous alumni, the most expensive events, and the latest nights.

In accordance with the prestige of the annual event, all of the attendees were dressed as finely as students could be. Many would have looked more in-place at a fancy wedding, or even an aristocratic ball. Penelope herself was dressed simply but elegantly. Her dress was royal blue and crushed velvet. It had spaghetti straps and a slit up to a little past the knee on one side. The rest of it fell to her ankles.

The dress looked good on her. She was small and slight, only a few inches over five feet tall. She had slim arms and legs and a small waist. Despite her diminutive size and narrow hips, her arse was very round and firm from her training. Her skin was pale, and her black hair came down just past her shoulders. She had straightened it for the occasion, and it fell in a single glossy sheet. Her breasts were a B cup, but didn't look too small against her scant frame.

The night was cool and crisp, and their small group left the gala hall for the clubs after almost everyone else had left. The city wasn't big, and even here in the centre it got very quiet at night. As a result, they felt like the owned the place. Just the ten of them, walking along the road shouting and laughing to where their Ubers would be ordered to.

Penelope was more often than not the one to order the Uber, but today she couldn't. She didn't have a bag that matched this dress, and had no pockets for her phone and wallet, so had elected to leave them at home. Presently, an argument was ringing out about who would take her place.

"I always get them," insisted Robert. "Claire let me in yours and I'll buy you a drink in the club."

"How many are we?" asked Claire.

"Ten, I think. So, an XL and a normal."

"I'll get the normal," said Claire, pulling out her phone.

"Ah fuck it," Said Tom, who had been quiet until then. "I'll get the XL, but you all have to send me the money." The insistence was rather half-hearted, but everyone assured him that they would.

"Who's going with who?" asked Penelope, who could get a bit anxious about these things.

"We'll just get in them as they come. Mine's two minutes away."

"So's mine."

They arrived outside of Constantinople kebabs, the traditional place to order an uber from when leaving the gala hall. Penelope always felt that it did a good job of setting the new, grubbier tone for the night at the clubs compared to the dinner, especially as the Kebab shop was closed and desolate.

They waited there alone. Claire was riding around on Clyde's back, and everyone laughed as they drunkenly raced an invisible adversary down the street together. The small city was quiet this time of night, and their footsteps echoed long and loud across the street.

Penelope, who had drunk far less than her friends, was less interested in the wild antics than the rest. The dinner served mostly wine, which she no longer drank after an unfortunate vomiting incident last year. Besides, she was never one for boisterousness anyway. She turned away, and looked down one of the long alleyways that ran between the shops. There was something about deserted places like this that she found oddly calming.

Something moved in the alleyway. A low, pale shape. She squinted, and saw that it was a cat. It sat there demurely, licking an outstretched leg.

"Hello," she crooned, in her best 'talking to a cat' voice. She moved slowly towards it, into the alley, getting down low and stretching out a hand slowly. The cat sniffed her tentatively, before licking her hand. The ruckus from the street sounded faint as she started to stroke the cat. It nuzzled its head into her hand and purred affectionately.

She crouched there a few moments, stroking the cat, scratching under its chin. Suddenly the cat bounced back, and ran off quickly into the back of the alley. It rounded a dark corner, and was out of sight. That was odd, thought Penelope. But stray cats are often skittish. Maybe one of her dangly earrings had jangled and frightened it. Ah well. It was about time she got back to her friends.

She stood, turned, and saw what made the cat run.

A huge wall of a man was standing behind her. He was six and a half feet tall, and almost as wide. Behind him in the distance she could see her friends on the street, laughing and oblivious.

"Wallet and phone. quickly please," He said. He seemed more bored than anything, as though this was as much hassle for him as it was for her. Something metallic glinted in his hand. Penelope's throat felt dry. She hated confrontation. When she spoke, her voice squeaked awkwardly.

"I don't have them. My phone or my wallet. I left them at home."

"Turn out your pockets."

"This dress doesn't have any." She sounded earnest. Her eyes were fixed on that metallic glinting from her hand. She had to make him believe she really didn't have anything to steal. If he thinks I'm lying to him, who knows what he'll do.

"Look, see?" she patted her pocketless thighs. "Please I don't have any pockets, please." There was panic in her voice, and a slight waver. She always teared up when under any stress, and now was no exception. Her vision was blurred by the tears, which only served to make that metallic glint all the more prominent.

"The dress then." Said the man, impatiently.

Penelope was confused. "What about it?"

"Give it to me."

"Give you... my dress?" Penelope felt queasy.

"Well I have to have something. What, you think not having your phone and wallet with you means I walk away empty handed? Not a chance. That dress looks expensive, and if it's the only thing you have on you then I'm taking it."

Penelope searched her mind frantically for anything else she could give the man, but came up blank. "I don't have a bra on," she said meekly, almost too quiet to hear.

"And who's fault is that? Come on, I don't have all day."

She hesitated a moment. She didn't know if she was shaking from fear or the cold. The man moved forward a threatening step, and she saw that the metallic glint was from a knife. That scared her enough to stop her hesitation.

With trembling hands, she slid the spaghetti straps off her shoulders. The Blue velvet dress fluttered smoothly to the ground. Modesty compelled her to cover her breasts with her hands. The man didn't seem so interested in them though. His eyes were on the dress, and as Penelope stepped out of it, he wasted no time in scooping it up.

"Thank you," said the man. The curtesy felt like an insult, as if to imply she had given up her dress as an act of gracious politeness. It was balled in one of his fists, his knife in the other. "Now I'm going to leave this alley, but I don't want you trying to see where I go. As a result, I will be checking back over my shoulder. I don't expect to see you come out of this alley for the next... let's say two minutes. If I do, you will regret it. Is that clear?"

Her eyes were on the knife the entire time he was speaking.

"Yes." Her voice came out as a hoarse whisper, but he seemed to hear.

"Very good."

And just like that, the man left. Penelope was frozen to the spot, shivering gently as she cupped her hands over her breasts. Now that the man was gone, she could see out from the dark alley onto the lit street again, with just enough time to see two Ubers, a regular and an XL, pull away out front of Constantinople kebabs. They haven't noticed, she realised. One person between two Ubers, and I'm usually quiet anyway..."

Penelope sniffed. She stood there in just a royal blue thong. She also had on blue heels and her dangly earrings, but somehow, they only served to make her feel more naked. She was small in the alleyway. A pale white shape in the cold oppressive darkness. The cobbles and walls around her were hard and cold and dirty. That too seemed to make her feel more naked. She was a single slither of soft pale flesh, painfully apparent in a world of hard stone and grubby shadows. This was not being naked in her bedroom, or a bathroom, or even the communal changing room at the tennis club. This was the street.

It occurred to her as she stood that she had no way of knowing when two minutes had passed. Where men with knives were concerned, she did not want to take any risks.

She cried more openly now. It was her way of dealing with even small stresses, let alone something on this scale. The tears ran hot down her cheeks. What am I going to do? She thought. She couldn't go to the clubs to find her friends or carry on her night, that much was obvious. I'll have to walk home, she realised. That filler her with dread. Like all of the students, she lived on the outskirts of the city. Home was a forty-minute walk away.

I could run? No, that was preposterous. It would only draw more attention to her. Far too undignified. Although, there seemed to be few options on offer to her as far as dignified was concerned. She looked around. There was nothing in the alley she could cover herself with. It'll have to be walking. Her stomach was a sinking pit of anxieties. The panic of the mugging had given way, leaving only clarity on the nature of her situation. It was bleak indeed.

Still teary eyed and sniffling, Penelope stood there shivering for at least five minutes. When finally she decided that enough time had passed, she crept to the end of the alleyway, hands still covering her breasts. poking her head around the corner, she scanned the street. She looked left and right, and saw no sign of the man, or anyone else for that matter. That was something, at least.

She could feel the hardness of her nipples beneath her fingers, and the goosebumps that pricked her milky white skin. It was not a warm night. I need to get home quickly, she thought, or that could be a real problem. Just the thought of leaving the relative secludedness of the alley for the orange glow of the streetlights made her stomach turn with anxiety. It wasn't like she had a choice. She couldn't exactly wait a day.

Tentatively, Penelope stepped out onto the deserted street. The sound of her heels clacking on the hard paving stones seemed far too loud to her, and redoubled her sense of exposure.

She took a deep breath to steady herself. And another. They were shaky, but they made her feel a little better. She started to walk.

She walked quickly and awkwardly, her body moving in a strange way to accommodate her keeping her chest covered. Penelope felt her face flush. She felt as though a thousand eyes were on her, though there was nobody else on the street. Her breathing quickened again as her heart pounded in her chest. She shook as she walked, and felt her eyes get wet again. The jangling of her earrings and clacking of her shoes both seemed impossibly loud. People will hear, she thought. People will notice. Penelope walked even faster, as fast as her heels and immobile arms would allow.

Once at the end of the road, she turned right, past the desolate husk of Constantinople kebab. This road was larger than the one she had come off, and now she was not alone. About 100 meters Infront of her she saw a group of men, probably in their 20's. They looked like they had been drinking. Penelope's courage left her. None of them seemed to have seen her yet, so she turned back and scuttled down the street she had come from. It was still a real struggle to move quickly, but still covering herself with her hands, she darted into the relative obscurity of the alley from which she came.

She was panting. She could feel her heart fluttering in her chest as adrenaline made her whole-body shudder. She couldn't walk all the way home like that. She couldn't handle it. She didn't think she had been noticed, but even so her embarrassment was almost unbearable.

Humiliation aside, walking home in just a thong was dangerous. In fact, Penelope kicked herself for not realising before just how dangerous it was. She had been damn lucky, in a way, that the mugger had only wanted her clothes. There are worse things than being robbed, especially when out like this.

If she walked all the way back, how many people would see her? it would only take one with untoward intentions...

No, she couldn't walk. What options were open to her though?

It was then that Penelope had an idea; she could hitchhike. On the surface it seemed just as embarrassing, just as dangerous, but it did also offer a number of advantages. It would be quicker for one, and she would only really have to be seen by one person. The danger was still there of course, but the fewer people who saw her, the less risk there was. Last but certainly not least, it would get her out of the cold. Penelope had been continually shivering since losing her dress, and her arms and torso were pocked with milky white goosebumps. Her nipples had become so erect that the constant contact of covering them was starting to irritate.

Hitchhiking it is then, she decided. Instead of turning up the road and going right, she would turn down the road and then go left. That would take her to the coast road. This time of night there should still be the odd person driving down it, and it had plenty of laybys that someone could use to pick her up. It would still be humiliating, but all things considered, it was probably her best option.

For the second time that night, Penelope poked a head round the corner of the alley to scan the street. Thankfully, it was empty.

She scurried out and down the street in that awkward way that modestly necessitated. Adrenaline made her shake the entire way, her body bursting with fight-or-flight energy. She took a left at the bottom of the road, and came onto the coast road. This stretch, thankfully, wasn't street-lit in the way that earlier roads had been. That said, her extreme paleness made her almost glow beneath the moonlight, a conspicuous slither of pale skin.

Penelope began to walk along the road, ensuring to keep well off to the side. The noise of her heels and earrings didn't feel quite so loud out here. This area was not very pedestrianised, and so she was unlikely to see anyone not in a car.

After walking for several minutes, a car came past. It slowed, and relief started to fill Penelope. I'll be home soon, safe and warm, and this will just be a bad dream. Her relief was short-lived, however, as the car did not slow to a stop. Instead, the car crawled past her, and she saw two leering men's faces glued to the windows. They honked the horn at her, making her jump. She flushed red, but kept walking, hanging her head low. Somehow, she thought that breaking eye contact might make her feel less exposed. It didn't.

It was only after the car had passed that Penelope realised that she had not signalled to it to stop. Idiot, she cursed internally. It might have been for the best though. They didn't seem like the best people to be picked up by.

Penelope rearranged her arms, so that one forearm covered both her breasts. It meant raising her shoulder awkwardly, but did free up one hand to raise the hitchhiker's thumb at passing cars.

Several more cars passed by, with Penelope waving her thumb at them with increasing desperation. Each time a car passed, she felt her face flush and her heart pound, but it was certainly better than them walking past in person. Some people leered, some kept their eyes firmly on the road, and one even seemed to speed up past her.

With each car that passed, humiliation slid lower down her list of concerns. Of course, she was embarrassed, but that embarrassment had become a constant, painful baseline. While bad, she felt confident it wouldn't get any worse. The cold however was a different matter. She could no longer feel her fingertips, and was now constantly shivering, her teeth chattering together as she walked.

Just then, a dark sedan came up behind her. Penelope raised a thumb, trying and failing to catch a face behind the darkly tinted windows.

"Bugger," she cursed under her breath as the car drove past. That must've been, what, number 10? Her disappointment was short lived, as she saw the sedan pull up into a layby no more than 50 meters Infront of where she was. Eagerly, Penelope sped up towards it, though found covering her breasts with one arm allowed for even less speed than cupping them.

The sedan was dark and gleaming. The licence plate told her it was less than a year old. Penelope approached the drivers side door, and the tinted window rolled down to greet her.

Inside was a man who looked, for lack of a better description, completely average. He had brown hair and brown eyes, a medium build, and a forgettable face. That face gave nothing away as he looked up at her from behind the steering wheel.

"Hello, hi, thank you for stopping, could I come in please? My dress was stolen and I'm very cold, please may I have a lift home? And if it's not too much trouble, do you have anything in your car I could put on? A jumper or anything?" Penelope huddled her shoulder as she spoke. She could feel a cloud of warmth wafting out of the window.

The man looked at her blankly for a moment. He was in gym shorts and a t-shirt, and looked slightly out of place in such a nice car.

"Show me your tits."

Penelope was shocked by the sudden vulgarity. She set her jaw angrily.

"I just want to get home," she reiterated, a distinct edge to her voice. "I don't want you getting the wrong idea, I wouldn't ask at all if I wasn't in such a predicament. I didn't choose this; I don't just go around without any clothes on looking for people to show m—"

Penelope was cut off by the sound of the window being raised. As it came up, the buffeting of warm air dwindled back into the cold of the night. It really is bitterly cold, she lamented.

"Ok," she said abruptly, before the window could close fully. The window stopped. "Ok, I'll let you see them. Can you roll the window back down please?"

There was another whirring noise as the window lowered again. The man was still sat there, implacable.

They looked at each other a moment. Penelope's face was still a mask of irritation. The man couldn't be read.

Her mind worked for an alternative, but found none. She was all out of options. She looked away, and slowly lowered her arm away from her breasts. She was so pale that she seemed almost to glow.

She stood there a moment, arms to her side, gazing off as absently as she could into the middle distance.

"Look at me."

Begrudgingly, Penelope obliged.

The man made firm eye contact, then his eyes wandered down to her exposed chest. She felt herself redden, but forced herself not to look away.

She heard the distinctive sound of a car door unlocking.

Taking the non-verbal cue, Penelope went to the passenger side and got in. When she did, the sudden warmth seemed to permeate her entire being. Her skin tingled as blood returned, and she unclenched aching muscles that had braced themselves against the frigid night. Despite the humiliation of showing this man her breasts, she was warm and off of the street. As much as it ashamed her to admit even to herself, that was a worthwhile trade.

Sitting in the seat and cupping her hands back over her breasts, Penelope found herself a little unsure of what to say.

"Put your hands down," said the man.

Penelope gave him an exasperated look.

"Really?" she asked. The man didn't answer. He just sat there looking at her.

Realising they weren't going to get going while her breasts were covered, she lowered her hands again.

"Where do you want to go," he asked flatly. Penelope hesitated a moment, before giving an address a two-minute walk away from her student flat. It seemed a wise precaution, despite how petty it was next to getting in this strange man's car. The man nodded, but still didn't pull away. "You want something to wear?"

Now there's a pleasant surprise. "Oh, yes please, if you have anything." She scanned the back seat for a jumper or a hoodie, but could see none. Without another word nor explanation, the man lifted his handbrake and drove off.

That was odd. Some strangeness was to be expected though. It takes an odd man to pick up a nearly naked hitchhiker. Penelope tried looking out the window to take her mind off of how exposed her chest felt. It didn't work. When she looked back to the man, he noticed his erect cock sticking out the top of the waist band of his shorts. She looked away quickly, shielding her eyes with her hand.

"Don't be shy," he said, rather flatly. "Lean over and give it a kiss."

She kept her gave averted. Something about the way he said it made her skin crawl. She made a disgusted face, and kept quiet.

"You know, it makes no difference to me where I drop you off. So, do you want to go home or not?"

Penelope fixed the man with her most withering glare. He gave her a lazy glance, before looking back to the road. Bastard, she thought. She was in the car now. She could be home in ten minutes. The idea of being dropped back in the cold, still undressed and being god-knows how far from home? No. At the end of the day, kissing this man's dick was a cheap price to pay.

She made the sourest face she could to ensure the man knew how fowl she thought he was. She screwed he eyes closed in disgust. Her earrings jangled as she leaned over. She felt for the man's cock with her face, and when she felt it, she planted a blind peck on its shaft. She sat up abruptly, opening her eyes and wiping her mouth with the back of her forearm.

"Disgusting," she muttered. I can't stop him from doing this, but I'm gonna do my bloody best to make him feel bad about it. The man however, seemed unperturbed.

"You know that's not what I meant. If you want to go home, suck it."

Penelope shot him a dirty look. Always another thing. She felt so helpless, and the only rebellion available to her was in her attitude. Because in the end, he had her. She had to go home. Being dropped off in the middle of nowhere was no an option to her.

"Arsehole," she cursed, glaring, before bending back over to his cock.

She took it in her mouth and began to suck. She had to twist over awkwardly from her seat, and her cheek rubbed against his shirt.

I should scrape my teeth across it, she thought. He doesn't know I'm good at blowjobs, and I don't want this arsehole to get any more pleasure out of this than necessary. The thought was an entertaining one, but futile. It would be ultimately pointless, and irritating her only way home did not seem too smart. She sucked him deeply, bringing over a hand guide him deeper into her mouth.

Her loose hair fell all around her face, tenting out the light. She felt the man gather it up behind her head as she sucked, and he held it there. Penelope's nose was touching the man's waste band with each bob of the head now. She varied her speed, swishing her tongue up against the head of his cock in her mouth. She could feel arousal start to build in her core, but pushed it down. Not a chance am I going to let myself be turned on by this.

As she continued, she felt the car come to a stop. Were they at her house already?

Suddenly, the hand holding her hair behind her head pulled back. Pain shot through the back of her head as she was yanked back by the hair and off of the man's cock. He held her head low, just over the gearstick. The man twisted his hips and, with his left hand, began rapidly stroking his cock. It was barely a few seconds before the man exploded all over her. A hot jet of cum shot from the man's cock and landed on her awkwardly positioned chest. Then another. Then another. Still holding her in that awkward twisted position by the hair, he reached his other hand across and roughly rubbed the cum across her tits and stomach. It has an unpleasant, sticky feeling to it, and it was starting to cool quickly now it was spread thin.

"There's something to wear," said the man. He patted her on the cheek, then released her hair.

Penelope sat up, disgusted. She felt so dirty, and guilty at the undeniable arousal she had felt. The cum had already partially dried into a cold, sticky mess. When she looked out the window of the car, she saw that they were at the address she had given him, just one road away from her own.

She looked at the man. She had always been taught manners, and for some reason her instinct was to thank the man for the lift. Not likely, she thought, biting her tongue. She opened the door and left the car. The man did not say anything as she left. In fact, he drove off the moment she closed the door behind her.

It took a moment for it to dawn on Penelope that she was outside in just her underwear and heels again, only this time covered in cum. She cupped her breasts awkwardly again as she scuttled to her flat.

Fortunately, the road was empty, and she made it to the front door of her flat without incident. As she approached the door, something dawned on her. No. The relief at being home dissolved away, and in its place came stomach turning anxiety. No no no no no no no.

She had planned on coming home with Claire. She had no wallet. No phone.

And no keys.

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Thanks for reading, as always, your feedback is very appreciated. For those of you waiting for Phonepoint three, it is still coming at some point I promise you, I just keep getting side-tracked by other ideas, and am rewriting parts I don't like. Are there any other stories you would like me to write sequels to? Would anyone be interested in a crossover between this and 2k/hr? or any other of my works for that matter? Let me know.