**"The Carjacker"**

by ToddCheese

She was eighteen, or at least she claimed she was. Looked to be fresh out of high school, at any rate. Short, five-three tops, with long reddish-brown curls that tumbled down her shoulders. High, rounded cheekbones, and an aquiline nose between soft brown eyes. A little too much makeup, maybe, but it didn't hurt her appearance any. She wore a black T-shirt with the sleeves cut off, and tight, faded jeans slashed at the knees.

The first time I saw her was outside an Interstate rest stop where I'd parked briefly for a 2am bathroom break during one of my cross-country excursions. She was hunched over the steering column of my car, prying at it with a screwdriver in an effort to break open the plastic and expose the starter wiring underneath.

Actually I didn't ask her age until later. My first question to her was, "What the FUCK are you doing with my car?" And I asked it as I abruptly tore open the driver's side door and pointed right between her eyes with my unregistered .45, loaded with a single bullet.

"Ohmigod," she squeaked as she found herself looking down the muzzle of my gun. "I'm sorry! I'm SO sorry! Ohmigod, PLEASE don't shoot me!"

Now let me make it clear that I'm not a violent person, and I had no intention of ever pulling that trigger while it was pointed at her. Hell, I had the safety on, just in case my finger slipped. But she didn't know that. You should also understand that stealing is one thing I simply can not tolerate. Someone works hard for something, somebody else comes and takes it away, it's just wrong. And yeah, my car may be just a crappy old beat-up rustbucket, but it's as close to a home as a drifter like me has, and seeing this scrawny little bitch trying to steal it kind of set my blood to a boil.

At the same time, I'm an excellent bullshitter, and there's nothing I enjoy more than screwing with the mind of someone younger and stupider. With my other hand I took out my old cellular phone, which for some reason I still carry around in my coat pocket. She was out of the car now, looking around for someone to help her out of this fix, but of course at this hour there was no one.

"Are... are you calling the police?" she asked timidly.

"Brilliant deduction," I replied.

"No, please, you can't do that! If they bust me for grand theft auto, I'll go to jail for sure!" She sounded desperate, begging for mercy. "I have a record," she confessed.

"Caught stealing before?" I asked. She nodded. "Drugs?"

"Once," she admitted. "But I'm clean now."

"Prostitution?"

Now this, this touched some nerve inside her. Here she was, freely and openly discussing her klepto and drug arrests, but when I said the "P" word, she blushed furiously, hunching her shoulders a little.

"No." She shook her head vehemently. "Never."

Intrigued by this unexpected reaction, I probed further. "Indecent exposure?"

The red in her cheeks deepened, and she averted her eyes, unable to look at me. Again, a shake of her head.

"Let me have your purse," I instructed her, holding out one hand as I kept the gun trained on her with the other.

She obediently handed it over, and I proceeded to sift through it. A metal flask of some liquor, despite the fact that she was clearly under 21. Couple of tampons. A cash receipt, a few Presidents, some change. No ID. And a plastic bag with a couple of small round tablets, probably ecstasy, I guessed.

I held them up and glared at her hard. "'Clean now?'"

"I... I forgot I even had those, it was a long time ago..." But the way she avoided looking directly at me, her pupils dilating slightly, told me she was fumbling about for an explanation. Thief and a liar, no big surprise there.

"Empty your pockets," I directed. Her pants hugged her form pretty tightly, but I had to make sure she didn't have a blade or something concealed in there.

She turned them inside-out. Nothing. "Y-you're n-not going to strip-search m-me... are you?" She was trembling.

I stood there, fascinated. Here was a girl who had no qualms admitting to being a thief and a drug user. But deep down, she was a conservative prude, the mere mention of public exposure causing her embarrassment. I decided I could have some fun with this situation, while at the same time teaching this bitch a lesson she'd remember. The tiny germ of an idea in my mind quickly spread to an erection-inducing epidemic.

To make it work, though, I knew I'd have to get her away from this rest stop, before some truck driver pulled in, saw us, and decided to get all noble and help the little "damsel in distress". But first I had to make sure she didn't try to make a break for it. Time to put the fear of God (or at least the local Finest) into her. I reached for the phone.

"Hey! Wh-what are you doing?!"

"I've decided we're going to play a little game, missy. Here are the rules: Rule One, you do exactly what I say, no objections, no backtalk. Rule Two, as long as you go along with Rule One, I don't turn you in to the cops. Deal?"

She looked apprehensive, but realized she had no choice. "O-k-kay," came the reply, a stuttered murmur.

"Good," I said, pleased. "The first thing you're going to do is take off your shirt and pants."

"Wh-what??" The horrified look on her face as I said that -- eyes widened, brow furrowed, the corners of her mouth turned down -- was nothing short of priceless. It took a conscious effort on my part to keep up the act, and not blow it by laughing.

I pronounced each word slowly and distinctly: "Strip. Down. To. Your. Underwear."

"N-no." She mustered her courage, did her best to sound tough. "You can't make me."

I shrugged. "Then I'll make you go to jail." I lifted the phone, dialed a "9", then a "1"--

With a swipe far quicker (and braver) than I'd've given her credit for, she snatched the phone out of my hands just as I dialed the final digit.

"HELP!!" she screamed, at the top of her lungs. "SOMEBODY HELP, THIS PERVERT'S TRYING TO RAPE ME!!"

"We're at a roadside rest stop, sweetheart. 2am, middle of nowhere. No one can hear you, no one's coming for you."

"Hello? HELLO?!" she cried into the mouthpiece. But no answer. The call hadn't gone through.

I raised the pistol, reinforcing who was in control here. "Give me the phone." Seeing the gun again, her courage evaporated, and she obeyed. "Now," I ordered, "strip."

Again with the shake of her head, and a whispered, "Please, no, don't make me do this! Anything but this!"

Okay, I know she'd already broken Rule One, but at this point I just HAD to know: "What exactly are you so terrified of?" When she didn't immediately answer, I added, "Look, you're not going anywhere for awhile, so you might as well tell me."

"I don't know," she answered quietly, "It's-- It's just a thing I have. Nobody's ever seen me undressed before, except when I was little."

I raised an intrigued eyebrow. "Really?"

She nodded. "Even at slumber parties. I'd always change in the bathroom."

Her behavior was starting to make sense now. "And that's why you're so intent on not ending up behind bars."

"I've heard stories, seen movies," she said. "They make you shower with other women..." Her voice dropped to a horrified whisper. "They strip and CAVITY-search you in front of the other prisoners... It's so DEGRADING..."

"That's absolutely right. But on the other hand, I'm just one guy. A guy you'll probably never see again after tonight. So," I continued patiently, "you can either be degraded in front of me just this once, or you can go to prison and be degraded in front of the guards and several hundred fellow inmates, day after day, for six months, a year, five years, however long the judge gives you." I paused a moment, to let this sink in. "Now. Which would you rather have?"

"N-neither," she whimpered softly.

"But you don't have a choice," I said, enjoying watching her squirm with discomfort. "Now if those clothes aren't off in 10 seconds, I hit redial."

"C'mon, please, there must be some other way--"

I began the countdown. "Tennnn..."

She hesitated for just a moment, lower lip quivering, debating what to do. Her eyes darted in another direction, weighing the possibility of fleeing on foot, wondering if I'd be able to catch her... and what I might do if she tried and failed to escape.

I stood there, thumb poised over the phone. "...Niiinnne..."

Abruptly, she decided not to risk it. Off came the clothes, starting with the black T-shirt. She pulled it up over her head, revealing a smooth white bra, B-cup size, I guesstimated.

Next she kicked off her shoes and struggled to unbutton her jeans. Swore softly to herself. A flustered expression as she looked up at me. "The snap is stuck."

This didn't buy her any time. "...Siiiix..."

She was close to panicking now, but she hooked her thumbs inside the belt loops, and by wiggling her hips back and forth a bit, was able to tug them down with two seconds to spare. Stepping out of her jeans, one foot at a time, she lifted them and placed them on the trunk of my car along with her shoes and shirt. Then she stood there, red-faced, shoulders hunched, wondering, dreading what was next. Her hands were crossed over her front in an effort to keep herself covered from my eyes.

I looked her over, taking my time. Nice, tight little body, her limbs tanned and toned, suggesting she worked out regularly. A slender waist and thighs, framing a nicely rounded ass that fit flawlessly with everything else. She was wearing a pair of bikini-cut cotton panties, full front and bottom, trimmed in red lace and covered with a pattern of pink and white candy-stripes, with little red hearts. Combined with her reddened face, it made her look very sweet and innocent.

As she saw the growing smirk on my face, she looked down at herself and realized she was wearing that particular pair of panties. Her expression took on a look of extreme mortification, and she redoubled her efforts to cover herself up. "Oh gawwddd..." she moaned softly, "Why did I have to wear THESE today??"

"Now how can you be ashamed to show off cute little undies like that?" I teased, deepening her embarrassment. Satisfied, I waved the gun at the passenger door. "Okay, get in the car, hon', we're going for a ride."

She quickly reached for her T-shirt and jeans on the trunk.

"No, leave those here. You won't be needing them."

"Please, this is humiliating, just let me get dressed again?"

"Get in the car, or I call the police, and you go to jail. Dressed like THAT."

That seemed to make her see straight, as her face took on a resigned look, and she climbed in the passenger side. I wondered just how far I could take this while holding that threat over her head. I started the car, making sure to point out to her how easy it was when you had the KEYS, and we took off down the interstate. I kept the gun in one hand, driving with the other.

"This is kidnapping," she protested.

"Anytime you want out, just say so, I'll pull right over."

"Yeah, and sic the cops on me, right?"

I smiled. "Now you're catching on."

So she sat there, fuming silently but completely helpless, at the mercy of whatever my next whim might be. Every now and then I'd sneak a look over at her, sitting there in just her underwear, hands in her lap doing her best to cover them. I felt a distinct stirring in my pants the whole way, making it hard to concentrate on the road.

At one point I noticed her easing one hand up to the door handle, where it tensed, as if she was considering opening it and jumping out.

"I wouldn't," I advised her. "You'll scratch yourself up bad, maybe break something. Especially dressed like that." She quickly moved her hands to cover her panties again. "So," I continued. "I've gotta know. How the hell'd you ever make it through high school without showering in gym class?"

"Didn't. Dropped out after 8th grade."

"Well," I said, "that explains you stealing cars for a living."

She snorted derisively at me.

"Where you headed?" I asked.

"I dunno. West coast, maybe Hollywood. I always wanted to be a dancer, like in a music video. Or a model, my friend said I have the hair for it."

"Hmm." I had to admit she did, those long reddish-brown curls. "Body too," I added, and again she hunched over, hiding it. "Who you running from?"

"Huh?"

"You're running from someone," I reasoned, "and you must be pretty desperate to be stealing a car."

"Cops," was her answer. The plot thickened.

"Aha," I nodded. "A wanted fugitive, too. This is getting interesting."

We drove for awhile, as I tried to think of what to do with her next. Eventually it was her, not me, who broke the silence.

"Um... mister? I kind of have to... go to the bathroom."

"Really?" I smirked. "Well why didn't you take care of that back at the rest stop? Oh, WAIT!" I added in mock surprise. "You couldn't, you were too busy trying to steal my car!"

"Shut up," she muttered miserably. "Just find a place to stop, please?"

"Okay, okay," I relented. "Wouldn't want to pee-stain those cute little panties, would you? Especially since that's all you've got to wear!"

She glared at me with an expression of absolute hatred. I found an exit to a deserted two-lane highway, and soon came upon a small backwoods gravel road. A phone booth, a lone monolith illuminated by a single overhead streetlight, stood beside a widened shoulder with just enough space for a single car to park.

I got out and went around to her side to open the door, still keeping the gun where she could see it. "Okay," I said, "do your business."

She got out, looking like a scared rabbit, then glanced around in disbelief. "What... In the phone booth?!"

"No, don't be disgusting!" I waved off to the side. "Just squat down in the ditch and let it flow."

She swallowed hard. "Y-you mean... with you w-watching me??"

I grinned. "Well I'm not about to turn my back on a known fugitive, am I? Oh, and since you're going to be pulling those panties down anyway, you might as well just take them off altogether. The bra first, though."

"Please, I really need to go..."

"Then I'd hurry up and get undressed fast."

She swallowed hard, but didn't object. I watched her anguished face and her every move as she reached back to unhook her bra, then slowly pulled it down her arms with one hand while trying to keep her exposed chest covered with the other.

"Now the panties."

Again, she complied. The candy-striped undies dropped around her ankles, and she stepped out of them. She stood there, one hand over both breasts, the other over her pubic area. There was a visible lump in her throat, as if she was going to be sick. Tears glistened in her eyelashes, threatening to spill down her face.

Slowly I walked around her, admiring the view from all sides. She tried to keep herself covered from my view, but was cursed with only two hands, and they had their work cut out for them protecting her breasts, her ass, and her womanhood, simultaneously.

"Move your hands, sweetheart, let me get a good look at you."

With extreme reluctance, she did so, leaving her arms hanging limp at her sides, shoulders slumped, face bright crimson. Again I took my time, taking in every detail. Her breasts were firm, perky ones, a perfect handful, pink nipples erect in the chill morning air. But pale, tan lines contrasting with the less concealed areas of her skin. Which made perfect sense when I thought about it: Her extreme modesty dictated she tanned in a bathing suit. A conservative one, from the looks of it. One breast with a little dark birthmark on it, beautiful in its imperfection.

"C-can I PLEASE go to the bathroom now?" she asked meekly.

I gestured with the gun. "Be my guest."

But she stood there, waiting for me to leave. "I can't go with you watching!"

I smirked. "If we wait long enough, eventually you will."

And so she squatted down in the ditch, her breasts and ass jiggling slightly as she shivered. It took her a little while to get started, but before long I heard a trickling sound as her urine puddled on the ground beneath her. When she stood back up a minute later, she was crying, biting her lip as tears ran down her cheeks, smearing her excess makeup into a hideous mask.

I looked her over some more, this time focusing below her waist. Her bush was thick and unshaven, and it did not escape my notice that she had a small rose tattoo on her ankle, and a tiny silver ring around one of her toes. While admiring her slender back, I playfully slapped her cute little ass, eliciting a loud shriek of surprise and outraged humiliation.

Which gave me my next idea.

"Okay, sweetheart, I think it's about time you got your punishment." I gestured toward my car. "C'mere, get over here, lean over the hood, that's it."

"P-please..." she wept. "J-just please l-let me g-go...?"

"After you've learned your lesson. What you did was wrong, wasn't it?"

"Y-yesss," she whispered pitifully.

"And WHY was it wrong?" I prompted.

She went along, telling me what she knew I wanted to hear. "B-because your car belongs to you... It wasn't mine to t-take."

"That's RIGHT." And I brought my large, strong hand down forcefully, repeatedly, first on one side of her, then the other. Each time, a sharp \*SMACK\* echoed into the still air. All the while she sobbed quietly, occasionally emitting a whimper of pain, as I was spanking her ass rather hard, enough to redden this set of cheeks until they matched those on her burning face.

She didn't struggle, but took her punishment, completely submissive. Only after I had stopped for a full ten seconds did she ask, quietly, "Can I go now?"

"Not quite. Now that I've punished you, I need to prepare you for your re-entry into society. Just like prison. You said you were on your way to Hollywood, to be a dancer, right?"

She nodded, sniffling. "Uh-huh."

"So... dance for me."

"What? Now?? Naked?!"

"Yes. Now. Naked."

"But... but I'm not going to do THAT kind of dancing for a living!"

"Oh, come on now. You think you're just going to become a star as soon as you find work? It's Hollywood. Everyone has to start at the bottom. Now. DANCE." And I tapped the gun in my palm for emphasis.

I could see the knife edge of panic in her eyes: What if someone drove past us, and saw her bare body? But she did as I said, probably praying if she endured just a little bit more, maybe I'd let her go. Her body swayed back and forth and she waved her arms listlessly above her head.

"More enthusiasm," I directed. "You think anyone's going to hire you if your audition looks like THAT?"

She put more energy into the arm-waving, gyrated her hips, did a little step, even a few kicks (beautiful view there). She kept her eyes squinched shut, tears spilling from the lids, in an effort to block out her surroundings and the sensation of nakedness. I only let this go on for about a minute, but it must have seemed like an absolute eternity to her.

I clapped a little, indicating she was done. "Good, good. Now there's just one more thing you have to do..."

She sighed heavily, resigned to her fate, a broken woman. "What's that?"

"If you're going to Hollywood," I reasoned, "you need a new look. Specifically, you need to lose that hairy crotch. You see models in bikinis, movie stars in those slinky outfits, they don't have THAT."

Her eyes widened, her forehead crinkled up, and her jaw dropped agape in an expression of sheer horror. It held for the briefest moment before she suddenly became defiant. Or, rather, she would have if she weren't still attempting to block my view of her naked body with her arms and hands.

"No," she said bravely, choking back a sob. "Absolutely not. This stupid game has gone far enough! You could drag this on forever! At least a prison sentence ENDS! Call the goddamn cops, I don't fucking care anymore!"

"I have a better idea", I said. "Why don't you call them yourself?"

I tossed the cell phone to her. Instictively, she brought up her hands to catch it, again exposing herself to my leering eyes. When she had it, she moved up against the car, hunched down, and covered as much of her femininity as possible with one hand while dialing with the other. "H-hello?" she stammered into the phone. Then turned to glare angrily at my amused smirk. "I think the batteries are dead."

"Been dead for three years," I replied.

"Wh-WHAT?!"

"I never use it anymore. Think about it, chikarita: Why would a drifter carry a cell phone?"

\*BOOM\*, it hit her: "Y-you mean... There was NO WAY you could have called the cops before?!" Her face went ashen as she realized the humiliation she could have spared herself, had she just had the courage, back at the rest stop, to call my bluff! But then new resolve dawned in her eyes: "All right, FINE. But now it's OVER, there's nothing you can do to keep me here any longer!"

"You forget," I said, pushing away from the car. "I've still got my gun."

"Ha!" she snorted, turning to walk away. "Your phone was fake, I bet your stupid gun isn't even loaded."

I decided to call her on that. Aiming at the phone booth, \*BANG\*, I sent a shot ringing out through the clear night air, leaving cracks radiating from a pair of perfect holes in two of its glass sides.

"Believe me now?" I asked, switching the safety back on. Not like I needed to, as I'd just fired the only bullet. But she didn't know that. All she knew was there was no hope for her, none at all. Obediently, she turned around and came back. She cowered before me, shaking.

"Please," she begged, "I REALLY d-don't want to do this..."

"Okay," I said, playing along, "you've been a really good sport so far. If you absolutely do not want to shave down there, you can do something else instead."

"Thank you," she gushed, looking eternally grateful.

"Or, more specifically, you can SHAVE something else instead." My gaze rose from her vulva to her head.

It was beautiful, watching her face morph from confusion to horror in slow-motion, as it dawned on her. She let out a little gasp and clutched at her thick, red locks, her face bone-white. "No," she begged. "I'll shave my body if you want, let's do down here instead, please, PLEASE, ANYTHING BUT--"

"No, it's too late now. You said you didn't want to."

"Oh no," she pleaded. "No no no no nononononoooo..." Her voice rose in pitch until it became a steady whine.

Firmly, I told her, "Yes."

Opening the trunk, I procured from my single suitcase a straight razor and a can of shaving cream. Looking absolutely wretched, she pressed the top of the can, bringing a small amount of white gel foaming out into her other hand.

"Not all of it," I instructed. "Just the sides."

She spread the cream above both her ears, then took the razor from me. I unscrewed the loose rearview mirror on my car's passenger side and held it up for her. With exquisite care, she shaved every bit of hair from each side of her head, her beautiful red locks tumbling off her bare shoulders, falling around her, leaving a thick red stripe down the middle. She went slowly, gingerly, taking care not to nick herself with the blade's sharp edge, as her body heaved with quavering sobs, her vision half-blinded by tears.

"Okay, I'm done," she said contritely. "Here." She held the cream and razor out to me. I handed her a towel from the trunk to wipe the remaining cream off, but instead she sniffled miserably, blew her nose on it. I had a serious bulge in my pants from watching her shave, and she noticed. Her eyes were puffy and swollen from crying. She looked absolutely ridiculous, and utterly, thoroughly humiliated.

She handed the towel back to me.

I reached for it... and \*WHAM\*, felt a howling pain in my groin as her foot lashed out. I dropped to the ground, losing grip of both the rearview mirror and the gun, the latter of which she snatched up and pointed at my head.

"NOW I've got you!!" she hissed, breathing heavily through clenched teeth. "And you are going to pay SO BAD, you SICK, DISGUSTING, PERVERTED, **EVIL** FUCKING BASTARD!! OHHHH, the things I'm gonna do to YOU! To start with..." And this grin of pure sadistic delight spread across her face as she pointed at my crotch, "I'm gonna slam that big ugly boner of yours in the car door!" She took a step towards me, gun leveled, her newfound sense of power making her forget she was still naked. "Take off your clothes!"

I lay there, only beginning to recover from the pain, but making no effort to comply. I even managed a shaky laugh.

"I SAID TAKE OFF YOUR MOTHERFUCKING CLOTHES!!!"

And right then, with a beautiful wave of fate's hand, out of the darkness came a convertible loaded with teenagers, two guys in the front, three girls in the back, on a late-night back-roads cruise. These kids slowed down, saw her standing over me, naked, holding the gun, shouting "TAKE THEM OFF **NOW**!!", I can only imagine what they were thinking.

I turned to them, smiling, and shrugged. "What can I say?" I called out. "She must really want me!"

Hearing this, she finally took her eyes off me and realized what was happening. Still holding onto the gun, she quickly crossed one arm over her breasts and laid her other hand flat between her legs, covering her privates from their view. There were whoops and catcalls from the guys, giggling from the girls. The one in the middle had a camera, stood up and snapped a picture of the amusing scene.

The horrible scowl on her face broke, and she let out a scream of absolute, unrestrained RAGE. In frustration she pounded my car with her fists, sobbing and screaming words I couldn't even understand. It was actually a bit scary. Must've freaked the kids out, they sped off at that point.

She whirled around, leveled the gun at me...

"Goddamit," she hissed, pounding at the grip, the trigger stuck. "Goddamn-sonofaBITCH-motherFUCKing-pieceofSHIT--"

Biting back laughter, I explained, "Safety's on, hon'."

She got it off, pointed the muzzle square at my head.

Pulled the trigger.

\*click\*

"NOW," I said, "I call the cops."

I struggled to my feet, went to the phone booth and deposited one of the coins I'd taken out of her purse. Dialed.

\*BEEP\*-\*BOOP\*-\*BOOP\*

"Yeah, hey, I'm on Rural Route 39, could you send a few officers out here? I just had a run-in with this girl, she's wanted for something, I saw her on the news. I think she tried to disguise herself by shaving part of her head. She's crazy, on drugs I think. Hollering her lungs out, running around naked, and she just put a bullet through the phone booth out here--"

I had to cut them off, as she finally got the booth door open. Angrily, like a wild animal, she clawed at my eyes, defiant to the bitter end. I put my hand against her chest, gave a firm push, and sent her sprawling, smack on her sore ass, in the puddle of her own piss.

Wiping my fingerprints away, I dropped the bag of ecstasy tablets at her feet. Evidence. Let her keep the gun, too. Figured I can always buy another in the next town.

Her voice carried well in the early morning air. I could still hear her screaming obscenities at me over the car engine for a solid minute... as I drove off.

Yeah, I left her there. My one regret was not being around to watch when the police found her, standing stark naked in the middle of nowhere, screeching like a banshee, with her bushy pubis and her mohawk haircut. But I didn't want to have to explain everything to them, like I am to you now. Ah well, some things are better left to the imagination. I never did find out her name, or learn what it was she'd done to necessitate stealing a stranger's car.

As for me, I think I've drifted long enough. Figure maybe I'll take her idea, head toward L.A. and look for steady work. I hear they pay pretty good money down there for people who can bullshit an audience. Even give out awards for it every year.

Hey, what's wrong, hon? You look really uncomfortable, all of a sudden. Something I said?

So anyway, that's my story, now it's your turn: What's a cute young blonde -- with a very nice rack, I might add -- doing with broken handcuffs around her wrists, and hitching rides with a complete stranger?

THE END