

Ciara Jones

Naked in Prague, pt. 2



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By Ciara Jones

There was a gorgeous little mini-park alongside the Vltava river, sort of a grassy promenade with trees for shade. Painters often went there during the day to set up their easels and paint the Charles Bridge, which you could see getting licked by gentle river waves over the railing. At night it was eerie and magical. There were no streetlights on the promenade, just dark eddies of mist. Moira could hear the roiling of the river, could feel the moisture in the air on her bare skin. She cast nervous glances at the trees, which were pitch black in the low light. A murderer could easily be lurking behind one. Kaye seemed completely unconcerned. She just puffed her cigarette and walked alongside Moira, occasionally placing a hand on her bare ass, just because she could.

“Hang on,” said Kaye, finally. “I don’t want to walk and smoke.”

She walked over to the railing and leaned against it, staring out over the river. Moira stood behind her, doing her nervous hop from one knee to the other, eyes as wide as she could make them, looking out for watchers. She felt like a hunted deer. Every corner hid eyes. Every rustle of leaves was a predator.

The words *naked in public* kept repeating in her mind. There was nothing to do about it. Moira tried not to think about the club, about the boy with the glasses who’d stared at her as she’d been marched past him, naked except for high-heeled shoes, tied up like a prisoner, being spanked like a disobedient babe. About Alena, that pretty Czech girl with the big eyes and the pointed features who’d just given her the weirdest orgasm of her life. *What kind of girl just hops onto a tied up American and rides her until she comes?*

Czech ones, apparently, came the answer.

“Come here babe,” said Kaye, “I need to show you something.”

Moira tore her gaze away from a particularly suspicious looking shadow and joined Kaye at the railing. It was quite a beautiful view. The

lights on Charles Bridge blazed all through the night, and the mist created haloes around each lightbeam. It looked positively alien.

“Not that, silly”, said Kaye. Moira turned towards her, and Kaye lifted up her shirt. She had been wearing no bra this entire time. Her perky breasts stuck straight out. The nipples were round and pointed.

Moira couldn't help but smile.

“Come on,” said Kaye, insistent. “They're standing up for you.”

Moira leaned over and placed her lips, gently, on Kaye's right breast. Kaye murmured softly as Moira ringed the nipple with her moist lips. Her tongue peaked out, once, then disappeared, twice, then disappeared. Kaye's hands went to the back of Moira's head, caressing it, squeezing it.

Moira's tongue became more insistent. She licked Kaye's nipple like an ice cream cone. Kaye's murmurs became whines. Moira let her teeth brush the nipple and it became rigid. Then she abandoned it for the left breast (taking one furtive look around the shadowy park on the way).

“I love when you do this to me,” said Kaye. “You *oh!* You make me feel... so good... every time.”

Moira furiously teased the nipple. She licked and kissed it. She could feel her own nipples hardening, for the hundredth time that night.

“I love controlling you...” whispered Kaye, “I've never... had that... before *ohhhh!*”

Moira could feel another orgasm welling up inside her. It was distant but definitely there. Kaye's sounds were bringing it closer to the surface, but she would need help to get it done.

Moira tore her face away from Kaye's gorgeous breasts and rose up to her face. Planting a deep, aggressive kiss on her open mouth.

“I love it too.”

Kaye seized Moira's head and held her in the kiss, so tight. Moira was melting again; she felt hot and stupid and delirious with passion. Adrenaline exploded through Moira's exhausted neural pathways. Wind and

mist lapped at her body. But she would not open her eyes, just kept kissing the perfect girl who'd made her as naked as she could ever be.

Kaye grabbed Moira's shoulders and guided her backwards towards the railing. Moira yelped as the cold metal touched against her tied arms, her ass. Kaye's hands were everywhere upon her, moving from each breast to her stomach to her neck to just near her pussy. She was getting rough. Moira couldn't handle it. She wished she had hands free so she could attack Kaye. She pulled at the ropes and remembered her helplessness.

Then Kaye reached behind her and grabbed her bonds and Moira wondered if she was to be free at long last. They continued kissing, nibbling, biting as Kaye worked on the knots. Moira felt heat well up inside her. She was going to destroy Kaye. Going to punish her right back. Going to make her scream in pleasure twenty times, a hundred times, until she begged for mercy that Moira wouldn't give.

Then, with a parting kiss, Kaye stepped back. Moira leaned forward to follow her. She couldn't. She pulled again. It was no use. The slack in the rope, the length Kaye had used to tie Moira's feet earlier. Kaye had wrapped it around the railing. Moira was now not only naked and tied, but immobile.

Again. Except now it was out in the open.

And Kaye, perfect, gorgeous Kaye, who could make her come so hard she lost her mind, Kaye was standing *just out of reach*.

Moira whined like a dog as she tried to reach Kaye. There was six inches of space between them. Moira could not reach her. It wasn't fair. Her orgasm was receding again. It was infuriating.

"No, Kaye, please, no more teasing! Please! *Please!*"

"Oh hush, you got to tease me plenty a minute ago."

"I don't want to tease anymore!"

"What do you want?"

Silence, except for Moira's nervous hopping from foot to foot.

"Answer me." More insistent. Kaye drew on her cigarette. Orange light reflected off her glasses.

“I want to go home. I want to go back to the dorm.”

“And do what?”

“I don’t know...”

Kaye crossed her arms and cocked one hip. The cigarette dangled from her mouth.

“I want to... go inside...”

“Why?”

“I want to be with you.”

“We’re together out here.”

“I want to kiss you. I want to touch you.”

“You just did, girlfriend. You can lick my titties some more, if you want.”

“No...”

“Excuse me?”

The wind was picking up. Moira shivered.

“I’m *naked*, okay? Is that what you want me to say?”

Kaye’s face was inscrutable in the darkness. In her mind, a million eyes were staring at Moira as she wiggled from foot to foot, trying to hide her exposed pussy.

“Don’t lie to me,” said Kaye. Moira felt that thrilling fear again. And a touch of anger.

“W-what do you mean?”

“You’re not naked,” repeated Kaye. She took a step forward, mere inches from Moira’s body. Moira could smell smoke and Kaye’s shampoo. Kaye reached out for Moira’s breast, and Moira felt the nipple harden in anticipation. But she did not touch. The hand hovered there, centimeters from her hardened nub.

Moira shivered again. Kaye floated both of her hands over Moira’s exposed body, never touching her but coming so close. Moira felt phantom tickles. She giggled reflexively, wiggled helplessly. She tried to move into

Kaye's hands, anything to break the tension of the non-touching. Kaye always moved away at the last second. Moira had fierce goosebumps. Every hair on her body was standing on end.

Kaye began to kneel down. Gently, her fingernails began to play on Moira's sensitive skin. They scraped down the small of her back, over her goosebump-covered ass. She shivered and giggled and gasped. She tickled her knees and her thighs, moving her way to Moira's mound. Kaye brushed her knuckles against Moira's shaved lips and Moira shuddered away from her, gasping as she made contact with the cold steel rail.

Gently, Kaye parted Moira's pussy. Moira felt cool air on the moisture down there. She must have been sopping wet. Kaye began to kiss around Moira's mid-section, up at her belly button, to her hip bone, to her shaved pubic mound, leaving cool kiss marks on her bare skin. Moira's breathing quickened. Goosebumps wriggled up and down her entire body, making her shudder.

Kaye's tongue found the wetness in Moira and began its work. A long "Aaaahhhh" sound escaped Moira, like steam from a kettle. She tilted back further to give Kaye a better angle and felt more cold steel against her back. Her wrists were making their circles again. She was beginning to feel raw. She was loving it.

Oh god, I'm loving this, she thought to herself. What kind of pervert enjoys being tied up naked in public, with her girlfriend's tongue up her snatch?

You, she responded to herself.

The part of Moira's mind not preoccupied with pleasure was imagining what she must look like from a distance. This dark shape leaning against the railing by the river, haloed by eddies of mist. Upon closer inspection, a nude girl, with bushy red hair in her face since she was unable to brush it aside. Arms behind herself, shoulders back, with two round, pert breasts staring up at the world, wobbling side to side as she shuddered against the railing. Her crotch hidden by a kneeling girl with short black hair and glasses, hugging her around the buttocks, her head moving in gentle circles as she tongued the redhead's pussy.

The thought of being seen in this way was terrifying. They could be caught by police. No nudity laws in Prague, sure, but certainly THIS was crossing a line. She'd be hauled off to a lockup, naked. Maybe they'd give her a blanket, maybe not. She imagined spending the night in a cold cell, still naked, with drunks and other offenders surrounding her, watching her sit on the cold bench and hug her legs to her body to cover herself. She didn't speak Czech, so there'd be nothing to do but sit there and wait.

She imagined she could live through it if Kaye was there with her. She imagined she could live through just about anything with Kaye.

Kaye, with that short black hair that Moira longed to pull. With those cute glasses, that perfect ass, those perky small tits she loved to have licked. That black lingerie, that growing dominant streak.

Those occasional outbursts of cruelty.

Kaye pulled away from Moira, wiping her face. Once again, Moira's confused pleasure receded.

"You're taking too long," said Kaye.

"I'm sorry. Please. I'm sorry."

"Nope, you missed your chance."

Moira was not a multiple orgasm kind of girl, she was still remembering the one she'd had with Alena in the club. Tonight was rare. Tonight, it was all unexplored territory.

"You need a cool down," said Kaye, arms crossed, staring at Moira with the moonlight in her glasses.

"O-okay."

"You're going to stay here for a bit."

Color rose in Moira's face. *Again? Wasn't the hostel enough? This is dangerous!*

"Y-you're going to leave me?"

"Just for a bit."

"Are you sure?"

“Darn sure. You’ll be fine. I owe you a present, anyway. You’ve been such a good girl tonight.”

An absurd little smile played on Moira’s face.

“Why don’t you just punish me, huh? Get it out of your system.”

Kaye smiled. She approached Moira. She tickled Moira’s sides. Moira shuddered and giggled and gasped.

“That’s the idea, babe. But I gotta make sure you’re going to be stay put while I’m gone.”

“...oh.”

Kaye took a knee and planted a kiss on Moira’s shaved mound. Moira did her hip-twisting dance again. She felt Kaye take the slack end from the rope again (god there was a lot of rope) and weave it down around her ankles. She did her hopping dance some more as her ankles were pulled tight together and pushed back against the cold railing. Another knot. Her ankles were tied. She was trussed against the railing, hands and feet, naked, like a hostage. Then, Kaye removed her high-heeled shoes, one at a time. Moira felt cool dirt under her bare feet. Finally, totally, completely naked.

“Now, here’s present number one,” said Kaye. She tickled Moira’s sides as she straightened up. Moira could only shudder and stifle helpless giggles. She had even less range of motion than before. Kaye draped the other loose end of rope over Moira’s shoulder. It dangled in between her breasts.

“You bitch!” she muttered. Kaye slapped her on the breast. Moira cried out, louder than she expected. She fell dead silent. The fear of being discovered found her again.

Kaye was cool as could be. “You shouldn’t talk so mean. I’m giving you presents, after all.” Cigarette still dangling from her mouth, Kaye stepped out of her shoes, unzipped her jeans, and pushed them down to her ankles. Her lacy black panties were on full display, framing her milky white legs. A moment of eye contact from Kaye; was that shyness? The moment passed. Kaye slid her panties down past her legs. Her cute pussy was revealed.

“Here you go, babe,” she said, displaying the panties with her index fingers and thumbs. “Just for you.”

Moira felt heat rise in her face, a weird anticipation. Kaye reached out once again and caressed Moira’s hair, pulling her into a tender kiss. Moira’s delirium was rising. She felt the bonds hold her in place. Her toes curled against the dirt. Her ankles rubbed together. Her nipples were so hard it hurt. Another orgasm welled up in her exhausted sex. Kaye’s minty taste in her mouth. The cold steel against her bare ass, and Kaye’s naked pussy mere inches from her own. It was humiliating and overwhelming and wonderful. She almost didn’t notice when Kaye pulled out of that glorious kiss and inserted her panties into Moira’s mouth.

Moira shuddered. It tasted of Kaye’s sweetness. She didn’t feel hot, she felt feverish.

Kaye took the loose end of rope from between Kaye’s breasts and tied the cord around Moira’s mouth. She was gagged. Naked. Afraid. More helpless and humiliated than she’d ever been.

“There. Now you won’t make any noise. Right?”

Moira was silent.

“Right?” said Kaye again, giving a gentle yet sudden slap on Moira’s left breast.

“Umf! UMMMMF!”

“What’s that? I can’t understand you.”

She grabbed Moira’s other breast and teased the nipple with her thumb. Moira’s thrashed forward and back, side to side, but she could not escape Kaye and Kaye would not let go. Kaye put some fingernail into the nipple, and Moira screamed and her mouth filled even more with Kaye’s taste. Her only sound was “Uhhhhnnnn, UHHHHN!”

“Shhh, shh-shh-shh babe, I’m sorry.” Kaye leaned in again and placed both hands on Moira’s buttocks, rubbing up to her lower back and down to the tops of her thighs. She placed a ginger kiss on the nipple she’d teased. Moira shuddered again.

“You’re being a brave girl. You’re my special, brave girl. And if you want me stop, I will. Just shake your head at me right now, and tell me no. But I’ve got a few more surprises for you tonight that I think you’ll love. So trust me a little, and you’ll have the best night of your life. Got it?”

Teary-eyed, Moira nodded.

“Good girl. I love you.”

She kissed her way down to Moira’s breast and gave the nipple a small bite. Moira jerked forward, and Kaye seized the opportunity to slap Kaye’s ass so hard it stung. The sound echoed in the night and faded to silence, except for the wind and the sound of Moira gently whimpering.

“Don’t you love being my prisoner?”

Moira paused for a moment. Then nodded, exhausted.

“Present number two is on the way, babe. Sit tight.”

Like I have a choice, thought Moira, as she watched Kaye pull her jeans up over that perfect ass, slip on her shoes, and strut away into the darkness. A gust of air caught Moira unaware. She shivered. The ropes held her tight.

The first time she’d ever been naked in public was summer camp. Moira was bunking on a campsite in Minocqua, Wisconsin, the heart of lake country. She’d caught some of the other campers skinny-dipping at sunset, boys and girls thrashing in the water together like the stupid teens they were. It looked like an awful lot of fun. But it had to end.

Hiding her embarrassment, she’d stepped up to the end of the pier and told them to get dressed and head back to their bunks. She found she had to look away as the naked teens started emerging, grumbling, from the water to towel off and put on their clothes.

“You gonna tell the councilors?” asked one of the girls, some freckly thing with hair redder than Moira’s.

“Not if you get in there quick. Come on. And don’t try this again or you’ll be in trouble.”

“Gotcha, babe,” said one of the boys, a tall kid who was taking his time covering himself.

Moira stared him in the face. “I’m not your babe, buddy,” she said. The boy raised his eyebrows but said nothing.

The next day Moira scrubbed off in the outdoor shower stall, thinking about the skinny-dippers, still toying with the idea that she liked girls more than guys. Girls came in all varieties, but guys tended to be more like the tall boy, Mr. “Gotcha, babe” from the night before. The choice was pretty clear.

She was still thinking about girls and boys and skinny dipping when a couple of the teens from the night before ambushed her. The tall boy, the redhead, and a few others surrounded the stall, stealing her clothes and towels.

“Skinny dipping’s great, babe,” said the tall boy. “You should try it.”

So they yanked open the stall door and pulled Moira out, soapy and naked and struggling. The boy hoisted her onto one shoulder, fireman-style, and the redhead gave her a firm spank. Then they walked her all the way back to the pier and tossed her in and left her there in the cold lake water, still dripping soap from her hair.

She’d never felt so humiliated in all her life. At least until the swim team came down for morning practice. Moira couldn’t bring herself to explain what happened, so the instructor assumed she’d been skinny-dipping. She was marched, naked, cold and teary-eyed past the swim team, through the campsite and back to the girl’s bunk house. Nobody had even offered her a towel for the trip.

Moira had told that story to friends in the years since and gotten some laughs. What she’d never told anyone except Kaye is that she’d spent the rest of that day curled up under the covers in her bunk, still naked, furiously masturbating. She’d had several confusing, guilty orgasms by the day’s end. It was the most bizarrely erotic day of her life.

Up until now.

What was it about being humiliated in such a way that turned her on? She couldn't put it into words. Right now, tied by wrist and ankle to a cold railing, with panties stuffed into her gagged mouth, naked like a hostage and totally helpless, with eddies of cool mist swirling about her in the wind, Moira felt like she was seeing herself from a distance. This gorgeous pale body writhing in the moonlight with the river babbling behind her, like some perfect statue to be admired. She almost wanted to be found. To be photographed, captured in this moment. It would be so, so *wrong*.

Then she heard a laugh nearby and there was nothing in her mind but white hot panic.

Instantly, she froze. There was nothing but the sound of wind and water. She ceased to breath and struggle. She strained with every fiber of her being to hear.

It was a man's laugh, of that she was certain. It had sounded like an echo, distant, something that bounced off a wall and got carried by the wind. She scanned every rustle of leaves or motion of shadow. Nothing. No more sound.

Wait. Another laugh. Closer.

Oh god, Kaye, what have you done?!

She felt so stupid. So angry. What an idiotic thing to do. On some level, no matter how scared or humiliated she'd felt tonight, Moira had understood it was all stupid fun. Getting hogtied on the bed, or marched down the street wearing only a hoodie, or stripped in the club and given to Alena. It was all some big game Kaye was playing.

This was no game. This was dangerous. This was an invitation to be arrested or murdered or kidnapped.

Another laugh. Closer. Moira began to struggle like never before. She twisted and writhed against the railing, begging her ropes to loosen. They dug into her wrists, her ankles. Her toes curled into the cool dirt under her feet. Her butt clanged against the railing as she tried to push her body away. Nothing. She was trapped.

Finally, she saw them. A small group of young folks, four of them, her age or close to. They emerged from the darkness between two trees, tips of lit cigarettes dancing around their faces. More laughter, chatter in Czech. No English that she could hear.

Had they seen her? She didn't think so. She fell still as a statue while the youths made their way to the railing some fifty feet to her right. She heard low murmurs in joking, familiar tones, the kind of very important late night conversations college kids get up to everywhere in the world. Who fucked whom, who said what, which internet video's hilarious right now. Moira prayed they'd keep talking forever. Chatter meant they hadn't seen her.

No such luck. Silence from the group and Moira's heart stopped. A few words in a questioning tone. Footsteps on the pathway. *Oh god*. They were approaching.

Kaye, what have you done to me?

Moira stared down and closed her eyes tightly and called on every favor the universe might owe her to make herself disappear. She heard another laugh, close this time. A laugh at *her*. She couldn't help it. She opened her eyes.

The first thing she saw was her naked body below her, breasts still stuck forward on display, pussy hidden only by shadow playing on her hips. As she cast her gaze up, she realized she was surrounded. Four people, young, in jean jackets and band shirts, smoking and staring at her. Two girls, two boys. All eyes on her body.

She could feel herself blush bright red. Every inch of her body broke out in intense goosebumps. Her eyes darted from one person to the next.

"Hello!" said one of the girls, a blonde with cigarette in hand. She waved at Moira and broke out into embarrassed giggles. The accent was definitely Czech.

"Mmmph," replied Moira. The group exploded in giggles and hoots.

Marching naked past the swim team had nothing on this. This was a new *dimension* of humiliation. What were these kids doing to do to her? Moira could do nothing but wiggle from side to side and wait.

In the end, nobody touched her. But they had some fun with her all the same. The blond girl hopped forward and edged her face towards Moira's breasts, tongue extended, as if to lick them. She got close enough that Moira could feel warm breath on her nipples before the girl got too embarrassed and turned away laughing.

Next came pictures. One of the boys pulled out his phone and the two girls stood on either side of her, making faces and posing with peace signs and devil horns. *Flash*. Her naked predicament was preserved for all time. *Flash*. Both girls leaned in as if to kiss her cheeks. *Flash*. One girl grabbed her own breasts and looked over at Moira's, glum-faced, as if jealous. *Flash*. Moira tried to curl up, her ass pressed hard against the cold railing. *Flash*. She wanted to scream, to shout, to swear. She bit down hard on the rope in her mouth. Her tongue pushed the panties around against her cheeks.

Moira tried to remain stoic through each humiliation. But it was impossible. She found herself chewing hard on the rope, twisting her ankles and wrists against the cords. She would have rope burn like crazy tomorrow, yet another pleasant thought. The girls were trying to talk to her now. The blond one got right up in her face, saying something in Czech.

"Mmmph. Mmmph, mmmmph," was all Moira could say in response.

I can't understand you and you can't understand me. What a fine conversation.

"Alright, break it up. That's enough."

All heads spun. Kaye stood behind the gaggle of youths, hands on hips, fresh cigarette in her mouth. She had a plastic bag in one hand and a stern look on her face.

"Go on. Get! Shoo! Andale!"

Still giggling, the group moved away from Moira. The blond girl gave a parting wave and the boy with the phone took one more snap and

then they were gone, lighting new cigarettes and laughing like nutjobs as they disappeared back into the shadow that had spawned them.

“Aww, baby. It’s okay. I’m here now. Come on.”

Setting her bag down, Kaye approached Moira and pulled the cord from her mouth. Moira spat the panties onto the ground and coughed twice.

“*You bitch!*” she whispered, fixing Kaye with a death glare. “*How could you just leave me like that?! I could have been killed or groped or-*”

“Aw, babe. I’m sorry. I was never all that far away. I could see you the whole time, I promise.”

Moira looked at the plastic bag on the ground.

“Most of the time,” amended Kaye. “Promise.”

“They got *pictures* of me! They’ll be all over the internet!”

“Czech internet, maybe. Nobody’s going to know about it in the good ol’ USA.”

Moira fell silent, still angry. Kaye reached out and stroked her face, delicately.

“I’m sorry, babe. But you’ve been so good tonight. I didn’t want to spoil anything. I got you a present.”

Moira’s eyes fell on the bag on the ground, making crinkle sounds as the wind played with it.

“What is it?”

“You’ll see. But first, let’s get you off that railing. You must be so cold.”

It didn’t take long to get Moira detached from the railing. *When did Kaye become a ropes expert?* thought Moira. She wondered for another moment if she would be freed, but Kaye wasn’t done with her yet. Still trussed at the ankles and wrists, Kaye held her vertical, hugging her close. Moira felt the rough fibers of Kaye’s jeans against her naked legs, felt her nipples press into Kaye’s tank top.

“My, you are chilly. Do you feel chilly?”

Moira shook her head. She still felt hot as a furnace.

“Your little booty is ice cold. You poor thing.”

Kaye slipped her hands down over Moira’s exposed ass and began to massage her. Moira pressed herself hard against Kaye. Maybe she was a little chilly. Just a little.

“Gotta warm you up,” said Kaye, giving Moira a firm smack on the buttocks. Moira yelped. If Kaye hadn’t held her, she would have fallen.

“*You bitch...*” she whispered again. Kaye smacked her again, harder.

“So ungrateful. You haven’t even seen your present. You know what?”

Kaye took a step back and seized Moira’s shoulders, then gently guided her so that she was face down in the dirt. Moira felt cool grass, dirt, and rocks cling to her breasts. Kaye plopped down beside her, cross-legged, and began massaging her ass once again.

“Maybe I won’t give you a present. Maybe I’ll just head home and leave you here.”

Another smack, gentler this time. Moira still tensed up. Her hair had fallen into her face, she had no visibility. A thousand people could have gathered around her to witness her being spanked like a baby. Moira felt Kaye’s hand leave her ass. She tensed in anticipation. The blow didn’t come.

“Would you like that? Huh? To be left here until morning for all the tourists to find you?”

Moira didn’t answer. *SMACK!*

“*AAAHhhhhh...*”

“Would you like that? Would that get you off? They’d get a million pictures of you, lying naked in the dirt.”

Another *SMACK*. Moira’s ass was on fire.

“You hear me, babe?”

Kaye grabbed a handful of Moira’s hair and pulled it back. Moira exhaled hard as her head was raised.

“Y-yes. I hear you.”

“Wouldn’t that be humiliating?”

“Y-yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes it would be humiliating.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m naked.”

“Yeah? What else.”

Silence.

“What else”? *SMACK*.

“I’m naked and tied up.”

“On the ground.”

“Yes.”

“Let’s get your present.”

With a shove, Kaye moved Moira over to her side. Moira crumbled into a fetal position to avoid rolling backwards onto her hands. She watched Kaye grab the plastic bag and pull a box from it. Inside the box was a clitoral stimulator, a pink, C-shaped sex massager.

And a remote control.

Kaye stared at the remote for a moment before pushing a button. The massager began to buzz. She raised her eyebrows as if confused by it, then slowly pushed it against Moira’s midsection, right below the navel. It tickled something fierce. Moira began to struggle and laugh. She was in no mood to laugh, but still the giggles came. They made her angry, but there was nothing to do.

Gradually, Kaye edged the massager lower, lower. Moira shivered when it finally made contact with her pussy. She felt fresh juices between her legs. Christ, she needed release. She could feel it already, this guilty inner understanding that being seen and photographed by those kids earlier

had turned her on. *I am such a weirdo*, she thought to herself. Just one stupid orgasm, and then she could set her mind straight.

Kaye sensed how close Moira was and shut off the massager.

“Now now. We don’t want you finishing too early. Again.”

Gently, she parted Moira’s pussy and inserted the dormant massager. The C-shape made it cling inside her, touching both her G-spot and clit. Moira shuddered deeply. The goosebumps were back.

“Let’s see how this works.”

Instantly, Moira’s nether regions were buzzing with intense energy. She gave out a loud whine and rolled down onto her front, grinding her thighs together in helpless, glorious agony.

“Whoops. Too high. Let’s set it lower.”

The buzzing lessened, and Moira calmed. It was still glorious against her overworked clitoris. Her butt bobbed and swayed in the air.

“You like it, huh babe?”

Moira couldn’t answer. She was biting her lip too hard. She felt Kaye working on her ankle bonds. Once again, they were being loosened. But once again, she wasn’t to be totally free. After about a minute, Kaye’s ankles were separated, but still bound by a length of rope between them, about eighteen inches in length.

Kaye killed the vibrator. Moira lay in the dirt and wiggled her legs, testing their new range of movement.

“Alright, up and at ‘em, girly. We’re almost home.”

Kaye watched as Moira jerked and pushed herself up so that her ass stuck out straight into the air. Then she rose up to her knees, and finally, swaying, she pushed herself up to her feet. She took an experimental step and nearly fell. The rope between her ankles forced her to make small steps or risk tripping. *At least I’m not in heels anymore*, she thought.

“Alright, let’s get moving,” said Kaye. “Homeward bound.”

“W-where are we going?”

“Over the bridge, you silly goose. Come on. It’s almost sunrise.”

Sunrise means people. Moira almost didn't care anymore. How many times she'd been exposed and humiliated tonight, being seen by a couple early morning tourists was almost banal.

Almost.

"Too slow, babe," said Kaye, wiggling the remote in her face. A pulse of vibration shot through the stimulator still clinging to Moira's pussy. She crumpled at the mid-section and nearly fell. Kaye seized the opportunity to smack Moira on the ass and Moira straightened back up with a yelp.

"Bridge time. Let's get a move on."

Slowly, with awkward steps, a bound naked girl marched in front of her girlfriend, only occasionally stifling a cry when a soft buzzing sound issued from her crotch.

The previous events of the night had been an adventure. Crossing the Charles Bridge was an *ordeal*. Moira had to measure her steps very carefully, trying not to trip over the foot or so of rope limiting her stride. She found herself counting each step.

One, two, three, four, BUZZ!

Then she'd stumble a little as humiliating sex energy filled her body. It was an aggressive little vibrator Kaye had put inside her. Five settings, from low and distracting to torturous. It could pulse to a higher setting too. Kaye might leave it at one for a good while, just until Moira could feel pleasure from it, then it would PULSE up to three and Moira would gasp and bend at the waist. She was learning not to bend too far. Kaye was in a spanking mood it seemed.

She didn't want to imagine herself right now. Reddening ass on full display, red hair in her eyes, bare feet (she was starting to miss those high heels). She imagined the other students in her class seeing her now. Would she even care anymore? How much more of this could she take?

Counting was easier. *Five, six, seven, eight, ni- BUZZ!*

That time she nearly fell. Kaye caught her.

“Come on, babe. Keep going.”

Easy for you to say. A gentle push on the bum and she was off again, planting each bare foot on gritty cobblestones, further and further over the bridge.

And Christ it was gorgeous out. Eddies of mist, moonlight, the first creeping rays of sun...

Oh god.

She tried to pick up the pace but there was nothing to do. *Nine, ten, eleven, twelve.* It was a long bridge, for foot traffic only. Vendors set up art stalls along it during the day. It was always lousy with tourists during daylight hours. Sunup to sundown, really...

Thirteen, fourteen, fift- BUZZ!

Moira stumbled again but caught herself. She allowed herself a louder gasp. No point in being quiet now. It was streaking time. She was racing the clock.

She was almost at the halfway point when she lost the race. She could see them up ahead. A gaggle of tourists, a few joggers, the very first travelers and photo-snappers, still adjusted to a different continent's time zone, ready to greet the day. Another *BUZZ* brought a cry of despair from Moira. There was nothing to do but trudge onward.

Fifteen, sixteen, seven- BUZZ! Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty- BUZZ! one. Twenty-two. Twenty-three...

She grinned shyly as she passed the first group of tourists and tried to focus her gaze on the cobblestones in front of her feet. She could hear shocked laughter, the snaps of cameras and the clicks of phones. She turned up the volume on the counting in her head to drown them out. She felt she must have been blushing all over.

Twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven...

Past them now. They were getting a lovely view of her reddened ass. A few farewell snaps and they were gone, with one hell of a vacation story to tell back at the office. Up ahead, a jogger stumbled in the path as

she realized she was approaching a naked girl. When Moira was closer, the jogger said something in a questioning voice in Czech.

“It’s okay! It’s okay!” said Moira, smiling. The jogger’s brow furrowed as she looked Moira up and down one more time, then she put her earbuds back in and kept jogging.

Why did I say that? It is NOT okay. I’m naked on a public bridge getting photographed by tourists and tortured by my one and only. This is a literal nightmare.

Another BUZZ nearly brought her to her knees. She felt the tingle of an orgasm building up inside her. Wouldn’t that be something? A real screamer, right here on the bridge for everyone to see?

Twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, thirty- BUZZZZZ!

Kaye held the pulse button down. It must have been at four. Moira couldn’t help it. She edged over to the ornate stone railing and leaned over it, gasping deeply. She felt Kaye’s hand on the small of her back, those nails gently scratching her. The buzzing was incessant. She writhed, wiggling her ass she did so. She realized in some distant way that she must look like a total fool right now, tied up and shaking her rear, making humiliating sex noises. She found she couldn’t care. She ground her thigh together, trying to shift the vibrator out of place. It wasn’t working. Another orgasm was approaching fast, like a freight train...

“Ahh! Ahhh! Ahh! Ohhhhhh!”

The buzzing stopped. The orgasm fled. All that whining and lost time for nothing. She felt hot rage inside her. Sweat glistened on her forehead.

“Get a move on, girly,” said Kaye, giving her another smack on the ass. Moira growled. She heard a phone click behind her, followed by a stranger’s laugh.

She’d counted to one hundred several times when they finally reached the other side. She’d been seen by maybe a hundred people. The disc of the sun was peaking over the buildings in the east. It would only get more crowded.

And finally, Kaye was merciful. The buzzes got less, the pace got faster. Moira focused on the ground in front of her as Kaye marched her up the stairs on the bluff on the other side of the bridge. She counted in her head as she walked through the chilly, breezy Letna park, where dog walkers and joggers were already starting to appear and point and laugh. She tried not to panic as they approached the hostel on the other side of the park, where there were even a few cars driving by in the streets. Were students around? Pedestrians? Not too many. Almost home. Almost.

There was a hidden alley door on the hostel building, where kids sometimes came outside to smoke. Moira leaned against the wall feeling her crotch ache and her wrists chafe, begging to the universe that no one she recognized would step outside. She felt she should be checking if there were people around, but she lacked the energy to care.

“Damn,” said Kaye, patting her pockets. “Forgot my key”.

Several moments of silence.

You have got to be fucking kidding me.

“Kaye, please. I’m tired. I’m sore. I want to go in.”

“Sorry, babe. No key. We’ll just have to wait until someone comes out.”

“Oh my god, Kaye.”

Kaye planted a kiss on Moira’s lips. She held it there, stroking Moira’s hair from her face. Moira’s exhausted heart fluttered.

Then Kaye *BUZZED* the remote and Moira bit her lip.

“Ouch! Bad Moira!”

Kaye gave her a firm spank. Moira leaned against the brick and whined. Her breasts rubbed against the rough stone. She barely cared.

It wasn’t too long before the door opened. It took a thousand years for it to swing all the way forward.

Who is it? thought Moira in that infinite space. Who’s going to get to see me all naked and trussed up with a sex toy in my pussy? Is it Daniel

from bio? He smokes like a chimney? Or Josie? God, she'd tell the whole school.

It was neither of them. It was Alena.

"Hello!" she said, smiling. Then those big eyes fell on Moira and widened into dinner plates.

"Oh my!" she said. "Oh my! Umm."

"Hey, girlfriend!" said Kaye, oblivious to Alena's embarrassment. "Glad you could make it! I thought I might have given you the wrong address. You got the hoodie?"

"I, um. I left it upstairs. In your room. I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all! It's a dorm party! Come on, let's get up there!"

"You poor girl," said Alena, still blushing and smiling as she put an arm around Moira and guided her inside. "You're all tied up."

"Yeah," said Moira. Was she blushing too? Alena draped something over her shoulders as she pushed past her up the stairs. The old black hoodie. Except now it smelled like perfume.

They passed one or two students on their way up to the dorm room, those obnoxious early risers doing ungodly things like jogging in the morning. No one seemed to notice Moira was wearing only a hoodie, and if anyone saw the rope hanging at her ankles, Moira couldn't tell. Alena kept hands on her shoulders as they went up, steadying her. She was grateful for it. She could feel those long, slender fingers through the fabric of the hoodie.

"I hope you don't mind, I let myself in," said Alena when they reached the room. "The key was in your hoodie, I left the room unlocked."

She pronounced it *hoo-DEE*. She gave Moira a firm squeeze.

Moira made a beeline straight for the bed. She plopped down face first onto it and laid there, not moving. Alena slid her hands under the

hoodie to begin working on the ropes. It would have been easier to just take the hoodie off. Alena was protecting her modesty.

Why? thought Moira. *You've already seen me every kind of naked.*

It took several minutes for the ropes to finally come off for good. First her ankles were gloriously free, she rotated them in wide circles, feeling their range of motion. Then her wrists, at long last. She drew them under herself and rubbed the red circles where the ropes had been. *Free at last*, she thought. *My hero.*

"She had quite a night," said Kaye somewhere behind her.

"Yes?" said Alena.

"Oh god yeah. You were just there for the middle adventure. She went all over town like that. This little one's into weird stuff."

She's not wrong, thought Moira, angrily. She rubbed her thighs together and felt the vibrator, still stuck inside her. Gently, she reached between her legs and pulled the little devil out, setting it on the end table next to the bed. Kaye placed the remote on the table too and then went back to her spot against the wall.

"Lemme see, first we had some crazy sex in the hostel across town. Then she wandered most of the way back wearing just that hoodie. She flashed a convenience store clerk and got most of the way naked, for some reason..."

Moira grunted.

"Okay, I made her mostly naked. I do that sometimes. Then we stopped in for a drink and Moira couldn't keep her eyes off you."

Alena giggled shyly.

"You made her come pretty hard. Just saying."

Alena was laughing nervously.

"I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I was feeling silly."

Yeah, me too, thought Moira.

"Don't apologize. I'm fine with it. I love seeing Moira get her rocks off. Anyway, Moira took a naked jaunt over to the river, we fucked

around a little bit, then I had to keep her in place while I got her a present from that late night place over by Old Town. She made a few fans by the river, I think. It all turned out fine.”

Easy for you to say, thought Moira, still remembering the taste of Kaye’s panties.

“So I gave her a toy to play with and she liked it so much she played with it all the way over the bridge back to here. Poor girl’s probably exhausted.”

Not yet I’m not, thought Moira, climbing up to her feet, letting the hoodie slide off her. Her arms and legs fully mobile for the first time in hours, she lunged at Kaye and pinned her against the wall, biting her lip ferociously. Surprised, Kaye offered little resistance as Moira yanked her shirt up over her head. Still bra-less. Moira placed her mouth on Kaye’s nipple, using just enough teeth to get her to gasp.

“AAhhh!” was all Kaye had time to say before Moira clamped a hand on her throat. Once again, it was just tight enough to let her know she meant business. Kaye regained enough of herself to start fighting back, but Moira was intent on winning. She spun Kaye around and threw her down on the bed, causing Alena to back away with an “Eeep!” Then she undid Kaye’s jeans and yanked them off and threw them on the floor. *Now you’re naked too*, thought Moira, falling on top of her.

She grabbed Kaye’s breasts and squeezed them roughly. Kaye took a handful of Moira’s hair and gave it a squeeze, rolling her head around. Moira responded by digging her fingers into Kaye’s breasts. They both moaned, exhausted, angry. Moira raised herself up into a cowgirl position and started grinding against Kaye’s pelvis, feeling her become slick. Kaye reached up to grab Moira’s breasts but Moira seized her by the wrists and pressed them down onto the bed, still grinding.

Then she felt slender fingers on her shoulder blades. Alena. Moira had almost forgotten she was there.

The girl massaged along Moira’s spine, on her shoulders and neck. Her fingers were slim, strong, very dexterous. Moira leaned back and Alena planted a delicate kiss on her neck. She turned towards Alena and began

tenderly kissing her on the lips, the nose, the cheeks. The mood became softer. Moira breathed deeply, eyes closed, and slid her hands to Kaye's breasts, gently stroking the nipples. Kaye writhed under her, her crotch wet with Moira's juices.

Moira wasn't thinking anymore. Just doing. Alena, Kaye, it was all the same. She'd had a hell of a night, she wanted release. A fight, a fuck, maybe both. She felt a tingle again in her mid-section, steadily growing, approaching like a freight train.

Alena had her eyes closed as she began to pull her shirt up over her head. *So shy, this one*, thought Moira. She had an adorable pink bra on underneath. Moira released Kaye's breasts and hugged Alena so she could unclasp it. Her breasts were small but pert, well-shaped with pointed nipples. She hugged them against her own, pressing her fingers into Alena's back. She was so skinny. Moira could feel the bumps of her ribs on her back.

She stroked Alena's chin and caressed her cheek and began grinding against Kaye again, gently at first, then harder. Kaye wasn't writhing anymore. Moira felt the need to fix that.

When her orgasm was getting close, she stopped herself. Anger again, self-inflicted this time. She channeled it into the desire to make Kaye scream. She pushed backwards off Kaye, back off the bed, and knelt before it, spreading Kaye's legs. She kissed her way up the inside of Kaye's legs, feeling her wiggle and twitch in anticipation. Her tongue found Kaye's pussy and began to lick. Kaye gave a high "Ohhhhh" that raised in volume and pitch as Moira began working her.

Moira peeked over at Alena and saw she was getting fully undressed. Still hesitant, but determined. *You've never done this before, have you?* thought Moira. *Neither have we.*

Down came those tight jeans. She was wearing cute green panties over gorgeously defined hip bones. Such a skinny little thing. Alena's face was still red, but her smile was gone. She was focused. Down came the panties. She hopped onto the bed with the other two girls and began kissing the delirious Kaye, massaging her breasts with those slender fingers. She still smelled like warm perfume.

After a few minutes, they all did.

Kaye was the first to come. Moira could feel her tensing up, could feel those legs squeezing in and releasing reflexively. When her tongue began to work her clitoris, Kaye was lost. She began wailing like a girl possessed, as Alena rubbed and kissed her tits, her stomach, her neck, her mouth. Alena even gave her a slap on the breast just before she climaxed. That got her screaming in earnest. Her legs squeezed Moira's head and her whole body shook as if electrocuted. Moira gave her a few more rounds with her tongue, sending Kaye into deeper hysterics, before finally pulling away. Kaye lay still. Moira wasn't finished.

She climbed back onto the bed and began kissing Alena, passionately, with just enough roughness. Alena was getting more insistent. She was starting to fight a little too. Moira pushed her down firmly onto the bed next to the near-comatose Kaye and kissed those perky breasts. Alena was a quiet one at first. That didn't last long. After a few moments she was "ooh-ing" quite loudly.

It got even louder when Moira reached over to the end table and grabbed the vibrator. With her other hand, she teased Alena's pussy, parting the lips and toying with the clitoris. Alena's breath caught with such suddenness Moira thought she'd hurt her. Alena's brow was tightly furrowed. *She's a sensitive one, this girl is.*

When Alena was wet enough, Moira slid the vibrator in over Alena's clit and g-spot. The girl shuddered as it found its place, eyes still shut tight. A pause. Moira planted a firm, romantic kiss on her lips, pushing her tongue into Alena's mouth, hearing her coo and breath.

Then she grabbed the remote and pushed the lowest setting.

"Ahhh!" went Alena.

A setting higher.

"Ahhh-AAAHHH!"

This won't take long, will it? thought Moira.

She set it back to low but let it buzz. Alena was panting, whining. Her back arched. Those small nipples were stuck out like needles. Moira

tickled them and Alena whined louder. Then she pushed herself backwards and began scissoring Alena, ribbing her pussy against the Alena's, with only the vibrator between them.

Kaye was rousing from her stupor. She seemed to notice Alena next to her for the first time. Wearily, she reached over and cupped one of Alena's breasts, palming the nipple. With a herculean effort, she managed to drag herself onto Alena to put the nipple in her mouth.

Moira watched all this from the other side of the bed, grinding against Alena, feeling that vibration between them. Kaye wasn't crazy, there was something terribly naughty about watching her girl "get her rocks off". She turned the vibrator up a notch and Alena yelped in agony. Her face was still bright red. Those big eyes were shut tight.

Moira pulsed the vibrator to a higher setting. That was all it took. Alena's pitch became higher and higher as she climaxed. Her back arched violently. The bed shook as Moira ground against her.

Moira wasn't far behind. All the orgasms denied her over the night, all the humiliations, all of it came flooding back. Being tied up in the hostel, being forced to walk down the street in the hoodie, being teased, poked, flashed, tied up tight like a bad little girl. Being stripped and given to Alena, being marched out past strangers, left in the park with panties in her mouth, being photographed and laughed at and marched over the bridge with a sex toy stuck inside her, spanked like a disobedient child and naked for everyone to see.

She forgot all about her skinny dipping summer camp story. This was *lightyears* ahead of that.

She nearly fell off the bed when she came. Her first thought when her mind came back to her was *I'm never wearing clothes again.*

Sometime later, the three girls were cuddling, naked under the covers, watching Youtube videos on Kaye's laptop. They giggled and teased each other with their hands. A tickle here, a squeeze there, feeling each

other's sweaty, slick bodies. Eventually the tickling became too amorous and the sex started again, calmer this time.

Still too loud, apparently. There was a knock on the door. The three girls froze, terrified. *This is going to be fun to explain*, thought Moira.

Without another word, Kaye threw off the covers and hopped to her feet, marching to the door. Moira loved watching that pert ass walk away. She yanked upon the door and shouted “*What?!*” Two stunned boys stood on the other side. Moira recognized them from history class.

“Uhhh, you’re being loud...” said one of the boys, after he found his tongue. The other one peeked into the room and locked eyes with Moira. Alena snuggled into her, burying her face under the covers with a shy “Eeep!” Moira waved at the boy, feeling laughter well up inside her.

“We’re fucking,” said Kaye. “Do you mind?”

The door slammed shut and Kaye marched back over to the bed to snuggle up against Moira.

A pause. After a moment, all three girls began laughing, breathlessly.

“You’re crazy,” said Alena. She pronounced it *crazz-ee*.

“What?” said Kaye, smiling, picking a new video. “It’s not against the law.”