

Night Shift Confessions: The Shameless Friends

Jenny, The Seamstress.

Amanda, The Paramedic,

Barbara, The Taxi Driver,

What do they have in common?

They are friends and live in the same flat.

And they have stories to tell.



Chapter 1

University Parties: The Forbidden Heist



Jenny was the kind of girl who lived on the edge—a 20-year-old student with curves that turned heads, messy blonde hair, and a smile that promised trouble. At her very first real college party, in a mansion packed with frat boys and sorority girls, she wanted just one thing: drink until the world faded, dance like no one was watching, and fuck without strings. No relationships, no complications. Pure pleasure.

She nailed the look: tight Seven jeans hugging her thighs like a second skin, a black bodysuit clinging to her firm breasts—no bra or panties underneath, because who needed that?—and comfy sneakers for any quick escape. She hopped in her car, sped to the mansion, and dove into the chaos. Red cups flying, bass thumping through bones, sweaty bodies grinding on the makeshift dance floor. Jenny downed tequila shots with her friends, laughed loud, and caused all kinds of mischief.

Deep into the night, when the air was thick with smoke and lust, she bumped into Scott. Tall, ripped, with green eyes that devoured her. No small talk: a hungry kiss on the lips, his hands squeezing her ass over the jeans. “Let’s go?” he murmured.

They raced upstairs, slipped into a room with two twin beds.

The door barely shut before clothes flew off. Jenny’s jeans hit the floor, her bodysuit ripped away in a sexy tear, exposing her naked skin, breasts bouncing free, the heat between her legs already throbbing. Scott threw her onto the bed, his hard cock rubbing her thigh as they kissed like animals. In the next bed, another couple was already mid-fuck—muffled moans, bodies slamming. Suddenly, the door swung open: two more stumbled in, drunk-laughing, and collapsed on the floor, screwing right there, clothes tangled in a mess of fabric.

Jenny didn’t care. She straddled Scott, guiding his thick cock inside her, wet and ready. Every thrust made her arch her back, tits bouncing in rhythm, sweat dripping. The room reeked of sex, booze, and freedom. She came first, an orgasm that shook her whole body, clenching him until he exploded inside her with a grunt.

Panting, naked and sticky, Jenny stood and headed to the bathroom. She opened the door... and walked in on Lily and Cleo, two hot brunettes making out against the sink, hands exploring under short skirts. They saw Jenny there, fully nude, her body still glistening with sweat and cum. Their eyes lit up. "Come here, gorgeous," Lily whispered, pulling her in. It was a whirlwind. Hands on her breasts, tongues dancing. Cleo sucked her hard nipples while Lily knelt, licking her sensitive pussy, still pulsing from the last orgasm. Jenny moaned loud, fingers tangled in their hair, the shower steam fogging the mirror. They pushed her over the edge again—a powerful climax, waves of pleasure leaving her weak in the knees, cumming in Lily's mouth while Cleo kissed her with the taste of herself.

Back in the room, the chaos had died. Scott passed out on the bed, drunk snores. The other couples sprawled naked, out cold like broken dolls. Jenny wanted to bail, but... where were her clothes? She found just one sneaker. The bodysuit? Vanished. "Fuck, how am I leaving with my tits swinging?" she thought, laughing to herself. No bra, no panties—just bare under jeans wasn't happening.

She scanned the room. Everyone blackout drunk, deep in booze coma. A dark spark ignited—not just need, but a klepto thrill that turned her on more than sex. "I'll take what I can. What fits, I wear. The rest? Thrift or donate." Her heart raced, fresh wetness building between her legs.

She started gathering: a sexy leather skirt in the corner, Zara mom jeans tossed by the bed, two lace panties near the door, bras dangling from the window, a lone high heel, a combat boot, fishnet stockings, button-up blouse, and a black rock-band tee with faded print. She slipped on the tee—big enough to cover the basics, brushing her sensitive nipples—and felt the arousal spike. But why stop?

She dashed to the kitchen, grabbed black trash bags. Returned, stuffed everything: guys' clothes, girls' clothes, all mixed in the mayhem. Left only wallets, phones, and car keys—she was a thief, not a felon. The naked bodies there, vulnerable, turned her on even more. Bags full, she slipped out, tossed them in the trunk. The cool night air grazed her skin under the tee, and the rush hit hard. "Why just one room? The whole mansion's a buffet."

She ran back, bags in hand. Room after room: naked people passed out on mattresses, couches, floors. Expensive clothes scattered like treasure. Jenny zeroed in on the premium stuff: Victoria's Secret bras, a Levi's 501 Ribcage hanging on a doorknob, tight pink bodysuits, short dresses, pleated skirts, designer sneakers, sexy heels. Grabbed some guy stuff too—men's jeans for resale, Nike kicks. Bags overflowing, she hauled them to the car, body sweating again, clit throbbing from the theft adrenaline.

Home at last, she dumped everything in her room. Sorted it: pieces that would hug her body at the next party (that leather skirt would look killer with nothing underneath or these Levi's Ribcage jeans with this pink bodysuit), stuff to donate (to keep her conscience clear), and the rest for the thrift shop (extra cash never hurt). But the real high? The risk. Picturing the victims waking up naked, confused, hunting for clothes they'd never see again... and Jenny at the next bash, wearing the loot, maybe recognized by someone. Fucking risky. And it left her dripping with excitement.

Jenny grinned at the mirror, rocking the stolen tee. "Next party? I'll be there. With a new wardrobe... and secrets to keep." The vicious cycle rebooted—sex, theft, pleasure. And she couldn't wait.

Chapter 2

Fetish in the Ambulance

1: Fetish

Jenny Barbara and Amanda had known each other for a long time, and the three of them lived together in the same flat for a while.

On a night when the city pulsed beneath a velvety night sky, neon lights twinkling like distant stars, Jenny was relaxing on the worn leather couch, scrolling through her phone, her mind wandering to darker desires.

Barbara was out driving her taxi shift, chasing fares through the rainy streets. Amanda, Jenny's thrill-seeking roommate and a paramedic by trade, was on standby tonight—no emergencies, just the hum of the radio in her pocket.

Without warning, the roar of an engine shattered the quiet. Amanda's ambulance pulled up outside, its red-and-blue lights casting eerie shadows through the curtains. She hopped out, uniform hugging her athletic curves, and knocked with a grin.

"Quiet night," Amanda said as Jenny opened the door. "Brought the rig home. Figured I'd wait for a call here."

Jenny's eyes lit up, a wicked spark igniting. Dirty fantasies flooded her mind—sirens wailing, the cramped back of the ambulance rocking with forbidden heat. She bit her lip, stepping closer. "How about we take it for a spin? I pretend to be your hot paramedic partner. We cruise, pick up some lonely guy, and I fuck him senseless in the back while you drive. Come on, it'll be our dirty little secret."

Amanda's cheeks flushed, but she hesitated. "Jenny, that's insane. I could lose my job— get sued for misconduct!"

The risk only fueled Jenny's fire. She pressed against Amanda, voice a sultry whisper. "Now you're making *me* wet. Please? I'll owe you big—anything you want."

Amanda exhaled sharply, pulse racing. "Fine. But I have to radio HQ first. Tell them I'm patrolling to avoid suspicion."

She grabbed the radio. "Unit 69 checking in—gonna cruise the streets, stay proactive."

"Copy that," crackled the response. "Holler if we need you."

Amanda locked eyes with Jenny, a mix of fear and excitement. "Let's do this."

They climbed in, the ambulance's sterile scent mixing with anticipation. Jenny slipped on a crisp medical lab coat over her tight tank and skirt with no panties, the fabric teasing her skin. She was wearing a surgical mask, her hair tied up inside her cap, and glasses. Amanda gripped the wheel, heart pounding. "This night's gonna be legendary," Jenny purred.

2: The Perfect Mark



They prowled the glistening streets, wipers slicing through drizzle. Twenty minutes in, a lone figure at a bus stop caught Jenny's eye. Tall, thin, bearded, bald—32 and arrogantly handsome. Klaut Keine.

"Stop here," Jenny commanded.

"Why him?" Amanda asked, easing to the curb.

"That's Klaut Keine from my old school. Total bastard—bragged about conquests, leaked nudes and blowjob vids of his ex. She fled town, broken. He deserves a lesson... and his clothes for my collection."

Amanda's eyes widened, but she nodded. "Abandoned boat shed—secluded, 18 minutes out." Jenny stepped out, lab coat swaying seductively. Rain misted her skin as she approached Klaut, who lounged with smug indifference. "Good evening," she cooed, voice like honey. "Quick survey for city health stats?"

He grunted, eyes raking her body. "What do you want?"

She leaned in, flashing lace bra, pen sliding sensually between her lips like a cock. "Random check-ups. Blood pressure, heart rate... full physical if you're game." Her gaze dropped to his crotch, hypnotic and teasing. Klaut shifted, bulge growing. "Full physical?"

"Top to bottom," she murmured, staring at his hardening cock. "Intimate areas included. Trust me—I'm a professional."

Hook set. He followed her into the ambulance's dim back, doors slamming shut. Amanda whispered, "You're nuts!" and floored it toward the shed.

3: The Seductive Exam



The ambulance hummed along deserted roads, sirens off, tension thick as fog. Klaut sat on the stretcher, oblivious. Jenny played doctor flawlessly, stethoscope cool against his chest.

"Deep breath." He complied. "Shirt off for better readings."

He stripped, revealing a chiseled torso—rippling abs, defined pecs that made Jenny's core throb. She "examined" with lingering touches: squeezing biceps, tracing abdomen, massaging neck and face with feather-light strokes that sent shivers through him.

"Feet next—often neglected, but they bear your world." She knelt, removing shoes and socks slowly, her breath hot on his skin. "Ticklish?"

"No," he gasped.

"Perfect feet," she praised, thumbs pressing arches, eliciting soft moans.

"Belt now." She unbuckled it languidly, eyes locked on his, looping it around her own waist like a trophy. "Mine for safekeeping."

He nodded, entranced.

Her hand grazed his bulge. "Jeans off." Zipper down, pants slid away, revealing tented boxers. "Underwear too—for genital check."

Embarrassed but aroused, he stripped bare. His cock sprang free—thick, veined, throbbing. Jenny gathered his clothes. "Front seat to stay clean." She smirked at Amanda through the partition: *Mine now, asshole.*

Naked and vulnerable, Klaut's erection pulsed. Jenny donned gloves. "Prostate exam—sets a healthy example."

"I'm only 32!"

"But vital." She lubed a finger, slid it in, circling his prostate with expert precision. He moaned, pre-cum dripping, body arching in ecstasy.

"Feels... intense," he groaned.

She withdrew just before climax. "Turn over for the final test—ejaculation timing."

Her mouth engulfed him—wet, hot, sucking with rhythmic fervor, tongue swirling the head. He bucked, hands in her hair. "Dream come true!"

Jenny's plans shifted; lust overtook. She stripped, her full breasts and slick pussy exposed, mounting him. The ambulance rocked as they fucked—her riding hard, walls clenching his shaft, moans echoing. Amanda peeked through the window, pants down, fingers plunging into her own wetness, cumming with a muffled cry as they neared the shed.

4: The Ultimate Humiliation



Darkness swallowed the abandoned boat shed, gravel crunching under tires. Amanda parked, lights off.

Jenny dismounted, glistening with sweat. "I cum first—outside." Doors open, cool air hit their skin. Klaut, dick-driven, followed naked into the night.

"On your knees—lick me." He devoured her pussy, tongue flicking her clit, lapping her juices. She gripped his bald head, grinding, screams building to a shattering orgasm—body quaking, squirting on his face.

"Your turn," she panted. "Blindfold for heightened senses." Bandage tied tight with adhesive. "Masturbate—I'll watch your cum. Then round two, inside me."

He stroked furiously, veins bulging, on the edge.

Jenny slipped inside, tossed wallet and phone out, slammed doors. "Go!"

Engine roared. Klaut came explosively—ropes of cum splattering the ground—as the ambulance sped away. He yanked at the blindfold, ripped it free, grabbed his things... but the phone? Battery gone, courtesy of Amanda's quick hands.

"Bitches! I'll kill you!" he roared, cock and balls swinging in the chill, cum cooling on his thighs.

Jenny and Amanda howled with laughter, speeding home. Jenny dangled his pants out the window. "Another trophy! Horny men are putty!"

Back at the flat, Amanda crashed on the couch, radio silent. "Police?"

Jenny smirked, folding Klaut's clothes into her secret stash. "He saw nothing—darkness, lust-blind. No trace. And remember, I was wearing a mask the whole time, the glasses and my hair was tied up inside my cap."

Klaut's shame-walk began: naked on the desolate road, erection betraying him amid humiliation. Exposed, aroused, desperate—how to escape arrest... or embrace the thrill?

5: The Farmhouse Fiasco



The moon hung low over the desolate road, casting silvery glows on Klaut Keine bare skin. His cock swayed with each humiliated step, cum from his earlier orgasm crusting on his thighs. The chill night air bit at him, but the throbbing erection betrayed his twisted arousal. Hours of walking led him to a sprawling farm, lights flickering in a distant farmhouse. Desperation overrode pride—he needed help.

He pounded on the door, heart racing. It creaked open to reveal Gertrudes, a sturdy woman in her 50s, nightgown clutched tight, a double-barreled shotgun leveled at his chest.

"Hands up, pervert!" she barked. Behind her, three daughters emerged: Amy (curvy blonde, 28), Kelly (athletic brunette, 25), and Molly (petite redhead, 22)—all in pajamas, eyes wide with shock and amusement.

Klaut raised his hands, cock bobbing embarrassingly. "Please, I was robbed! Ambulance stole my clothes—"

"Robbed by an ambulance? At this hour?" Gertrudes scoffed. "Girls, tie him up. Barn. Now." They swarmed him—ropes biting into wrists and ankles. Amy giggled as she bound his hands behind his back, her breasts brushing his arm. Kelly kneeed him forward, slapping his ass. Molly whispered, "Nice package, streaker." They dragged him to the barn, tossing him onto hay bales.

"Why's a naked man knocking at midnight? Something new around here," Gertrudes mused, shotgun still aimed.

Klaut pleaded his story—Jenny, the fake exam, the shed abandonment. Laughter erupted.

"Liar," Amy sneered. They gagged him with a rag, securing it tight. "Calling the cops."

Gertrudes stepped out, dialing her niece Chelsea, a cop. "Naked man in the barn? I'm coming with Janet—now."

Chelsea and Janet arrived in a cruiser, sirens off. Chelsea (tall, voluptuous, uniform straining) suppressed a smirk; Janet (fit, no-nonsense) drew her gun. In the barn, they found Klaut trussed and nude, erection twitching under their gazes.

"Hold the laughs," Janet muttered, untying him while keeping the gun trained. Chelsea cuffed his hands behind his back. "Into the car, exhibitionist."

Still naked, Klaut was marched to the cruiser, cock swinging for the farm women's viewing pleasure. They waved mockingly as he was shoved into the back seat.

6: Station Humiliation



Chelsea radioed in: "Picked up a nudist on Gertrudes' farm. Bringing him in."

At the station, she hauled him out—bare ass on cold pavement—and into reception. Desk sergeant Lisa, a smirking brunette, leaned in. "Loves showing off? We'll teach him."

"Wait here," Chelsea said, leaving him cuffed and exposed in the lobby. For 40 minutes, officers and visitors streamed by: women pointing, giggling, snapping discreet pics. "Look at that dick!" one whispered. Klaut's face burned crimson, but his cock hardened traitorously. Inside, Chelsea briefed Captain Reyes, a fierce feminist with a wicked grin. "No male cells open. Feminine touch'll break him. Then hospital for blood tests—prove no drugs." They chuckled. Chelsea returned. "Women's cell till paperwork's done. No vacancies elsewhere."

"Please, clothes!" Klaut begged.

"Should've thought of that before streaking," she shot back.

The women's holding cell buzzed with five inmates—tough, horny, and bored. They circled him like wolves as he was shoved in, still cuffed and nude.

"Stripper delivery—pre-stripped!" one hooted.

"You got a gorgeous cock. Now your ass is ours!"

Panic and arousal surged. They uncuffed him temporarily, ears nibbled, hands stroking his shaft to full mast. "Turn around." Fingers probed his hole, another jerking him relentlessly.

He exploded in minutes—cum splattering a hand. They smeared it on his face and ass, howling. "Quick shooter! Deserves lockup."

Third humiliation of the day. What a nightmare—or dream?

7: The Hospital



Chelsea recuffed him. "Hospital for bloodwork—no drugs, right?"

Hands behind, cock flopping, he was paraded out. Inmates catcalled: "Bye, stud! Call me." En route, Chelsea had tipped off her friend, Dr. Elena Voss—sexy, sadistic, lab coat over curves.

At the ER, Klaut begged the receptionist for cover. Denied. Marched through corridors, up elevators, stairs—patients staring, nurses whispering. In exam room, Elena greeted with a predatory smile.

"Full workup: drugs, alcohol. And a lesson." "No gown? I was robbed—ambulance!" "E.T. abduction's more believable," Chelsea quipped. They bent him over: anal probes (fingers, scopes delving deep), forced squat-pee in a cup, even a "thermal check"—hot metal rod teasing his cockhead till he yelped, pre-cum leaking. Aroused despite pain, he came again under "stimulation tests."

Record shattered: four groups of women, endless shame.

8: Freedom and Fetish Awakened



Back at the station, brother Kurt waited—bail paid, eyes wide at naked Klaut.

"You're free," Chelsea said. "Next time? Worse."

"How'd you know?" Klaut asked Kurt.

"Call plus video—of you cuffed and dripping."

Kurt handed shorts and a tee from the car. Klaut dressed, erection straining as they drove. Memories flooded: Jenny's betrayal sparking this cascade. Humiliation after humiliation... yet his cock throbbed harder than ever. A new fetish born—exposed, dominated, used by women.

All because of Jenny. That vengeful vixen had gifted him the most unforgettable day. And deep down? He craved more.

Chapter 3

Jenny's Naked Revenge



On the day Jenny discovered that her ex-boyfriend, Trevor Bates, was cheating on her with someone else, she didn't scream, cry, or make a scene. Instead, she planned something cruel—deliciously humiliating—a revenge that would leave him exposed, vulnerable, and completely naked before the world. Pure CFNM: him stripped bare, them fully dressed and in total control. Trevor was a college student living alone in a small, cozy apartment. He left every day at 6 a.m. for classes and only returned at night. Jenny still had a key—the perfect gift for her trap.

At 8 a.m., Jenny and her best friend Amanda—a curvy blonde with a wicked smile—snuck into the apartment like high-end thieves.

Dressed in tight jeans, low-cut tops, and high heels that clicked on the floor, they emptied everything. Closets, drawers, laundry basket: t-shirts, expensive 7 for All Mankind and Levi's jeans, boxer briefs, suits, Italian shoes, socks, winter coats, bath towels, bedsheets. Even the robe hanging in the bathroom went into the bags.

Five overflowing black trash bags. They separated three for donation to a charity—casual clothes, all the shoes, sheets, socks, and coats. The other two stayed with Jenny: war trophies. She'd keep the 7 jeans especially, imagining Trevor without them, his cock swinging free as he begged for cover.

They locked the spotless apartment—naked as Trevor would soon be—and loaded the bags into Jenny's sleek black SUV. First stop: the charity. The middle-aged volunteers in simple uniforms gasped at the mountain of donations.

"This is incredible generosity! It'll help so much with winter coming," one said, stacking the bags. "But whose things were these?"

Jenny exchanged a knowing glance with Amanda, smiled sweetly, and replied: "Some guy who's dead to me. He won't need clothes ever again."

The women laughed, asked no more questions. Jenny and Amanda left with a lighter trunk and the plan burning hot. Phase two: strip even what he wore on his body.

“I want him completely naked, Amanda. Humiliated, exposed, cock hard from a mix of arousal and panic,” Jenny whispered in the car, eyes gleaming.

Amanda bit her lip, turned on. “You’re a genius bitch. He’s still wearing his college clothes!” “Exactly. We’ll steal those too. He’ll learn not to cheat on anyone.”

At 1 p.m., Jenny called Trevor, voice husky and seductive: “Hey, stud. I miss you like crazy. How about I pick you up from campus for something... hot? Forget your car, come with me.” Trevor, the overconfident idiot, took the bait. “Hell yeah, babe! But I need to swing by my place to change.”

Jenny laughed softly. “Change? You won’t need clothes tonight. Think about it: sex with two hot girls. Me and Amanda making your threesome fantasy come true.”

His cock stiffened in his jeans. “Fuck, Jenny... I’m in!”

She hung up, sped to campus, and found him in the parking lot. Alone in the car—Amanda would wait at the apartment. Trevor slid in, smelling of expensive cologne, wearing a tight t-shirt that hugged his chest, 7 jeans clinging to his muscular thighs, white sneakers, and boxers underneath. “Where’s Amanda?” he asked, excited.

“She’ll meet us later. Now, leave your wallet, cash, phone, and keys in your car. We’re going to my place—that’s where the fun starts.”

“But I wanted to shower at my apartment...”

Jenny winked, hand already on the bulge in his pants. “Shower at mine. And clothes? Forget it. You’ll be naked the whole time, stallion.”

He laughed, aroused, and obeyed. Left everything in his car—fatal mistake.

At Jenny’s modern flat with leather sofas and dim lights, Amanda waited on the couch, legs crossed in a short red dress that barely covered her thighs. Dressed to kill, they were the perfect contrast to what was coming.

“Sit here, Trevor,” Jenny said, pushing him between them. The air smelled of feminine perfume and anticipation. “Go shower. But first... strip right here. I want to show Amanda how hot you are. Naked, now.”

He blushed, but his cock betrayed him, hardening. “Here? In front of her?”

Amanda licked her lips. “CFNM, baby. Us dressed, you naked. It’s the perfect fetish. We’ll help.”

They pounced like lionesses. Jenny yanked his t-shirt over his head, revealing a smooth chest and chiseled abs. Amanda untied his sneakers, peeled off the socks, exposing his feet. Jenny unbuckled his belt, the zipper’s metallic rasp sexy as hell, and tugged the 7 jeans down his strong legs. “Another for my collection,” she thought, feeling the luxury fabric.

Finally, the boxers: Amanda slid them down slowly, his cock springing free, already semi-hard, veins pulsing. Heavy balls, pink tip glistening with pre-cum. He was naked—completely, deliciously naked—in the middle of the room, while they stayed flawless in their tight outfits.

“Shower, nudist,” Jenny ordered, grabbing his clothes and locking them in a cabinet. “I’ll take care of these.”

In the shower, Trevor soaped up, fantasizing about the threesome. He stepped out with a towel around his waist—Jenny ripped it off instantly. “No towel, stallion. We want you like this: naked, cock hard, balls on display. Our naked toy.”

He groaned with lust. They dragged him to the bedroom, soft red lights, silk sheets. CFNM in full effect: Jenny and Amanda dressed, him naked in the center of the king-size bed.

Amanda sucked first, hot mouth swallowing his cock whole, tongue swirling the head while Jenny kissed his neck, nails scratching his balls. “Feel that, cheater? Two women devouring you while you’re exposed.”

They switched: Jenny rode his face, skirt hiked up, panties aside, cumming in his mouth while Amanda mounted his cock, dress swaying. He came twice—once down Amanda’s throat, thick cum dripping from her chin; once inside Jenny, moaning loud. The best sex of his life, sweaty, intense, reeking of sex and perfume.

Exhausted, he asked: “Clothes? Time to go home.”

Jenny smiled. “Your clothes stay with me. That’s my fetish, You in my car completely naked. We’re driving you home... naked. Bare as you were born. Big surprise waiting. Can you do this for me? Do you have the courage to do this for me?”

“What? You’re kidding!”

Amanda laughed. “Nope. Full CFNM. You drive naked? No—we drive, you in the back, cock flopping.”

They dragged him to the car at night. Near his building, they pulled into a dark alley. “One last cum before the humiliation,” Jenny said, leaning down to suck his softening cock back to life. Amanda joined, licking his balls. He exploded in Jenny’s mouth, groaning. Then, the climax: they stopped in front of his building, a busy residential area even at night.

At that moment, Amanda, who is a paramedic, administered anesthesia to him, causing him to fall asleep and faint. Then, they took him to a shed at the train station, where Cassie was already waiting. They then put him on the train, in a reserved cabin.

“Goodbye, love,” Jenny whispered in his ear.

The train was headed for London and then Amsterdam.

After that day, Jenny never saw him again, only the newspaper headlines that read: Naked man caught on train.

Chapter 4

Barbara's Taxi



Barbara was the queen of the night streets. With her wavy chestnut hair, infectious smile, and a sense of humor that could disarm even the grumpiest passenger, she drove her taxi like an extension of her own body. The car was a fortress: bulletproof windows, safety locks on the rear doors that only she could control, and a bulletproof divider separating the driver's seat from the passengers. A small drawer was the only portal for payment—cash, card, or, in special cases, something more... creative.

She shared a cozy apartment with her best friends, Jenny and Amanda. At night, after their shifts, the three gathered in the living room with popcorn and wine, and Barbara reigned supreme with her hilarious stories. "You won't believe what happened today!" she'd start, eyes sparkling. She'd come home with an elegant skirt and high heels from a broke passenger, or told about the day two drunk, horny passengers started making out in the back seat and invited her to join for a threesome in a deserted alley. Barbara always had the last laugh—and profited from it.

But two stories stood out in her repertoire, packed with public nudity, clever deceptions, and bets that turned the tables. Barbara told them with juicy details, making Jenny and Amanda blush and burst into laughter.

Nigel's Story: Payment in Clothes and Skin

It was a rainy night when Nigel hopped in—a tall, attractive guy in a Hollister jacket and Levi's jeans that screamed "expensive style." He chatted about a lame party, but when they reached his stop—a quiet residential street—he patted his pockets and muttered, "Shit, I lost my wallet."

Barbara locked the doors with an electronic click. The bulletproof glass isolated her, and she smiled through the rearview mirror. "No money? Here, not paying a cab is armed robbery. Straight to the station."

Nigel went pale. In their city, laws favored women—a complaint like that meant cuffs, humiliation, and a night in jail. "Please, no! I swear, I really lost it. We can work something out?"

Barbara pretended to think, tapping the wheel. "Okay, one question: brand of your jeans and jacket?"

"Levi's and Hollister. Why?"

"Because they're mine now." She laughed, her voice echoing through the intercom. "Strip and pass them through the drawer. Clothes are worth money. It's this or the station. One minute, starting now."

Nigel hesitated, heart racing, but fear won. He removed the jacket, folded it awkwardly, and pushed it through the drawer. Then the jeans, revealing tight boxer briefs that barely contained his mix of panic and arousal—the cold car air prickling his exposed skin, the rough seat fabric scraping his thighs. "You're leaving me in boxers and sneakers?"

"Not a chance. Boxers, sneakers, and socks too. Hurry!"

He obeyed, flushing furiously. The white boxers slid down his legs, freeing his semi-hard cock—the humiliation weirdly turning him on, the AC breeze licking his sensitive tip. Sneakers and socks followed, leaving him stark naked, hands cupping his throbbing member, the scent of his own sweat filling the compartment. Barbara grabbed everything, sniffing the still-warm fabric. "Perfect. Next time, think twice before hailing a cab with no cash, idiot!" She unlocked the door. Nigel bolted into the dark street, buck naked, cock swinging with the impact of cold pavement under bare feet. He dashed to an old phone booth, crouching behind it, the night wind whipping his exposed balls, heart pounding from shame and a stubborn erection. Barbara sped off, laughing loud, her cackle echoing as he huddled, vulnerable under the streetlights.

The next day, she stopped at a familiar thrift shop. The owner, a sharp lady named Rosa, raised an eyebrow at the men's clothes. "Again, Barbara? Whose are these?"

"Some passenger who 'lost' his wallet. My motto: no cash, pay with clothes!" They laughed, the smell of used fabric mixing with Barbara's perfume. Rosa paid well, and Barbara left with a full pocket and another anecdote.

Martin's Story: The Naughty Girls' Bet

The second gem happened at 2 a.m., post-club. Three girls—Emma, Isabella, and Amelia—stumbled in, giggling loudly, dragging a gorgeous guy: Martin. Tall, muscular, green eyes, and a perverted smile that drove them wild with lust. They were drunk on desire but had a plan: they wanted him naked, vulnerable, no reciprocity. Pure CFNM—clothed female, naked male.

Emma waved a wad of bills. "Drive nowhere specific, Barbara. What happens here, stays here." Barbara winked. "Your money leads the way."

They blindfolded Martin with a soft satin scarf, tying it tight over his eyes, the fabric brushing his skin as they kissed him hungrily. Isabella sucked his tongue, her mouth hot and wet, breath laced with alcohol; Amelia nibbled his neck, teeth leaving red marks, hands squeezing his firm pecs under his shirt. Emma filmed on her phone, the flash catching every muffled moan.

First, the hoodie: removed slowly, zipper rasping, warm fabric sliding off muscular arms, the scent of his cologne flooding the cab. Emma cracked the window and tossed it out—plop on the street, wind carrying it like a surrender flag. Martin, lost in the kisses, didn't notice, his body arching as Amelia licked his earlobe.

Polo shirt: yanked over his head, exposing his chiseled chest, nipples hardened by the chill, sweat beading on smooth skin. Tossed out, fabric flying to the dark sidewalk.

Belt: ripped off with a snap, leather cool against his abs, leaving red lines. Out.

Shoes and socks: feet massaged teasingly, nails scratching soles, before flying out the window, the smell of leather and sweat fading.

Prada pants: button popped, zipper lowered slowly, metallic sound echoing; Emma emptied pockets—cash to Barbara as a tip (lip-only smile of thanks, crisp bills in her hand), phone in her purse, cool metal against her thigh.

Then she grabbed his expensive trousers and threw them out the window. The pricey pants soared out, leaving Martin in boxers, his bulging arousal visible, thin fabric stretched over his growing erection.

Versace boxers: Isabella and Amelia on their knees in the seat, hot mouths alternating blowjobs—tongues swirling the swollen head, saliva dripping down throbbing veins, wet sucking sounds filling the taxi, musky scent of male arousal mixing with the girls' perfume. Emma filmed, tossing the boxers out the window, white fabric vanishing into the night. Martin naked, hard cock pulsing in the air, balls tight, moaning loud, sweat dripping down his defined abs.

He had no idea he was stripped—blindfolded, ecstatic from the rhythmic sucking, the cab swaying gently on turns.

Emma typed on Barbara's phone: "Stop at the club's back door."

The plan? A bet with Julie: 10,000 euros and a week of naked sorority cleaning if Emma showed Martin publicly nude. Inside the club, he'd never agree. The taxi was the perfect trap—the motion, isolation, sensory deception.

They stopped. Blindfold off. Martin blinked, saw himself naked, erect cock pointing at the ceiling, night air chilling his exposed skin. "My clothes?!"

Emma showed the video: Items (all his clothes) flying out the taxi window, landing on the streets.. "We wanted you naked because you're fucking hot, Martin. We want you like this all night—warm skin, pulsing cock, full balls."

He got mad... and harder, pre-cum glistening at the tip. Isabella and Amelia massaged, tongues on his neck, nails scratching his firm ass, the heat of their clothes against his raw nudity.

Emma: "VIP area, just us five—you naked, us, and Barbara. Deal for the best fuck of your life? And a surprise..."

Martin: "If I say no?"

"Well, you don't have any money, and your cell phone is here with me in my bag. While you were blindfolded, I used your fingerprint to open your phone and change the password. If you don't come with us, you won't have any money or Pix to pay for the ride. And that's without even mentioning that you're completely naked far from home."

Barbara, accomplice: "No money? Get out naked or I call the cops."

With no options, Martin accepts: "Okay, I'm in!"

He stepped out naked, cock swaying with each step on rough pavement, bare feet feeling every pebble, night wind whipping his exposed balls. The girls escorted him—bribed the female security, who laughed at his sculpted body glowing under neon lights.

In the VIP: velvet sofas soft against his bare skin, dim lights warm on his nudity. Julie arrived, saw Martin bare, no clothes in sight, his cock still semi-hard from lingering arousal.

"You bitch! How?"

"Pro secret. Pay up."

10,000-euro transfer, digital chime confirming. "And come clean naked with your girls."

Julie stormed out fuming, air thick with her loss.

Martin: "A bet?!"

"Yeah, babe. Just a bet. Now, fun time."

A stripper entered: succulent curves, huge perky tits bouncing under a tight top, round firm ass swaying, dressed as Catwoman, black latex gleaming. "The hot naked guy needing care? Leave it to me."

She straddled his lap, the heat of her covered pussy grinding his bare cock, riding slowly, friction making him groan. With magician's-assistant speed, she cuffed his hands behind the bolted chair—metallic click, cold on his wrists, leaving him exposed, cock throbbing upward, pre-cum trickling.

Emma: "Bye, stud. Enjoy her—hot laps, hungry mouth, tight pussy. We're out."

"I need my cell phone back."

Emma took his phone from her bag and said: "Take your phone back, I never blocked him, it was just a bluff. Now, enjoy the rest of the night with this beautiful stripper. Bye, Martin."

The four—Emma, Isabella, Amelia, Barbara—left laughing, heels echoing. Barbara drove the girls home, fat tip, sex scent lingering in the cab. "We should do this more," Emma said, eyes gleaming.

"Love a good show," Barbara replied, speeding home with another epic tale for Jenny and Amanda.

And so Barbara's nights rolled on: full of laughs, forced nudity, steamy deceptions, and bets that always paid... in skin.

Chapter 5

Jenny: The Clothes Collector



Jenny was the kind of girl who hit nightclubs not just for the pounding music and flashing lights, but for an irresistible vice: seducing men and stealing their clothes as intimate trophies. She lived in a cozy apartment with her accomplices, Barbara and Amanda—two friends who shared her perverted secret. A voracious nymphomaniac and incurable kleptomaniac, Jenny saw clothing as something more erotic than raw sex: pieces of a man’s soul, soaked in sweat, cologne, and desire. Nothing turned her on more than leaving a guy completely naked, vulnerable, with just his wallet and phone to beg for help while she fled with the loot.

It all started when Jenny worked as a cleaner in a nightclub. The air inside was thick, cheap perfume, and the musky scent of sweaty bodies. During morning cleanups, she’d stumble over piles of men’s clothes in the private rooms: Levi’s, 7 for All Mankind, Diesel jeans; Calvin Klein and Lacoste briefs still warm from body heat; dress shirts on hangers; glossy leather shoes; even full suits. “Why so many men’s clothes if only girls work here?” she wondered, a wet tingle between her legs as she touched the soft fabric of a pair of briefs, inhaling the lingering male aroma—salty sweat mixed with expensive cologne.

One day, chatting with a stripper named Lola, Jenny couldn’t hold back. “What’s with all these clothes?” Lola laughed, her breasts jiggling under a tight top, and went to the bedroom. She returned with a bag overflowing with men’s items: pants, T-shirts, crumpled briefs. “Customer trophies, silly! We make them blow a fortune on drinks and dances. When they’re drunk and hard, I invite them to the room. But first, in the ante-room, we strip them bare: shirt, belt, pants, underwear... We leave him naked, skin prickling under the neon lights, cock throbbing in the cold air. We lead him by the hand to the bedroom, fuck until he cums moaning. Then I say I’m grabbing a free drink, leave, lock the door, and take everything! Just leave an empty wallet and phone. He calls for help, security brings some old rag. Best part? No one reports it—most are married, terrified of scandal. If one makes a scene, security tosses him naked into the street, cock swinging for the world to see!”

Jenny’s heart raced, her panties soaked. “And the clothes?” “Sell them at thrift shops or keep as souvenirs. The smell, the feel... better than sex!” From then on, Jenny became a hunter.

The Bathroom Night: The Perfect Heist

It was a muggy Friday, the club pulsing with electronic beats that thumped in your chest like a racing heart. The air was dense: collective sweat, spilled booze, cloying perfumes, and the heady scent of arousal. Jenny and Amanda left home already plotting: leave some sucker naked and exposed. Dressed in short skirts that barely covered their thighs and low-cut tops

that showcased firm breasts, they danced under strobing lights, bodies grinding in rhythmic sweeps, sweat trickling down hot skin.

Then he appeared: tall, muscular, with a sensual smile and glassy, drunken eyes. Tight white shirt outlining a chiseled chest, jeans hugging the prominent bulge in his crotch, gleaming leather belt. Jenny whispered in Amanda's ear, breath hot: "That's the one. Look at his cock straining... We're stealing everything."

He approached, drunk enough to be easy prey. "I'm alone—my buddy ditched me for some girl." Jenny licked her lips, voice husky: "Not anymore. You just found two naughty little sluts to devour you." They plied him with drinks—whiskey burning down his throat, blood boiling. At 1:30 a.m., on the packed dance floor, Amanda pressed in from behind, hands sliding under the sweaty shirt, nails lightly scratching his abs. Jenny in front, bold hand squeezing the hardening cock beneath rough denim. Zipper rasping open, belt unbuckled with a snap.

"What are you doing?" he murmured, but his tone dripped lust, not protest. Jenny bit his earlobe, tongue tracing the damp curve: "This belt's gorgeous... I'm keeping it. Feel how wet I am just thinking about it?" He laughed, aroused: "It's yours now!" Jenny popped the jeans button right there in the sweaty crowd, the scent of arousal mingling with his—cock pulsing against fabric. "I'm insanely horny! Let's hit the ladies' room. I want these pants off you... and everything else." Amanda added, voice wicked, squeezing firm ass cheeks: "Not just the pants. Everything. I'm sucking that cock until you explode in my mouth."

He groaned: "Gonna live my dream!" Amanda smirked: "Oh, you will, baby."

In the women's bathroom, the air was humid and echoing—cold tiles, disinfectant mixed with perfume and faint urine. They cornered him in a spacious stall, door locking with a click. Amanda behind, kissing his sweaty neck, tongue tracing pulsing veins, hands dropping to stroke his cock over the briefs. Jenny in front, eyes hungry on his. She tugged the jeans down slowly, fabric scraping muscular thighs, revealing hairy, tense legs. Off came the shoes—warm leather reeking of day-old sweat—then socks, toes curling in the chilly air. The jeans hit the floor with a damp thud.

Next, the briefs: Jenny eased them down inch by inch, elastic snapping against skin, cock springing free—thick, veined, head red and glistening with pre-cum. The musky scent flooded the space, blending with her perfume. Amanda jerked him slowly, hand slick with spit, while Jenny ripped the briefs off with a savage yank, fabric tearing audibly. Button by button, the shirt parted: hot skin exposed, nipples hardened by the AC, sweat streaking down a defined chest. Jenny licked a nipple, nipping, as Amanda moaned in his ear: "Feel our breath on your bare skin? You're so vulnerable... so fucking delicious."

Clothes piled on the cold, damp floor—sweat-soaked jeans, briefs stained with arousal, crumpled shirt. Jenny sucked his cock now, hot wet mouth swallowing to the hilt, tongue swirling the head, salty skin and pre-cum exploding on her senses. Amanda licked his neck, ears, squeezed his ass, nails digging in. He moaned loud, hips thrusting, oblivious to the trap. Jenny pulled a blindfold from her purse—black silk, soft. "Let's play: 'Who Sucked Me?'" He panted: "Hell yeah!" She tied it over his eyes, the world going dark, senses sharpened: phantom touches, intense smells. "Turn around, hands behind your back. I'll tie them too—makes it hotter." Thin cord bound his wrists, skin goosebumping. Amanda licked his back, neck, moaning: "Guess who?" He just groaned, cock throbbing in empty air.

Meanwhile, Jenny gathered the haul: heavy, warm jeans; leather belt still body-hot; torn briefs reeking of him; sweaty shirt; shoes stinking of worn leather. She stuffed it all into her

oversized bag, fabric brushing her skin, arousing her further. She eased the door open, hinges creaking softly.

Amanda whispered in his ear, tongue teasing: “Know what’s about to happen?” “No... what?” “Something you’ll never forget.” They burst into muffled laughter and bolted, skirts flying, bag swinging heavy.

In the hallway, they yelled to a bouncer: “Some naked pervert in the ladies’ room, screaming for clothes!” They stumbled out of the club giggling hysterically, cool night air slapping sweaty skin. Jumped in the car, engine roaring, and peeled out.

Inside, chaos: blindfolded and bound, cock still hard and pulsing in the cold, he screamed for help. Bouncers dragged him naked through the packed club—shocked stares, laughter, phone flashes capturing the humiliation. Skin prickling, cock flopping exposed, balls tight with shame and leftover arousal. They dumped him on the rough sidewalk, asphalt scraping his ass. “You filthy exhibitionist! Lucky I don’t beat your ass, but you’re walking home bare—fucking perv!”

He blinked in confusion as the blindfold loosened, streetlights harsh, cars honking. He’d expected wild sex; woke up to raw, exposed reality, cold wind whipping his naked body. What a night!

Back home, Jenny and Amanda divided the trophies in their candlelit bedroom, scented with incense and female arousal. Jenny claimed the jeans, soft leather belt still warm from his body, torn briefs—she inhaled deeply, musky male scent flooding her, fingers tracing the damp fabric. Amanda took the white shirt, now wrinkled and sweaty, and the reeking sneakers. The socks? Tossed out, laughing. They touched themselves right there, reliving his humiliation, orgasms echoing as they sniffed and licked the trophies. Jenny stashed everything in her secret closet: a growing collection of stolen intimates, each piece a sensory reminder of power, forced nudity, and pure lust. The hunt went on.