

# Ciara Jones

A woman is shown from the waist down, wearing a blue and white striped bikini. She is in a dynamic pose, with her left leg raised and bent, and her right leg extended forward. Her hands are on her hips. The background is a plain white wall with a wooden baseboard at the bottom. The text 'The con pt. 2' is overlaid on the image in a large, white, stylized font.

## The con pt. 2

An Embarrassed  
Nude Female Story

## The Con, Part 2

It took a good long while for the panic within her to die down to a manageable level. Mei's heart was pounding so hard it was choking her. She clutched her body tightly and shrank against the wall of the pool, feeling eight pairs of eyes upon her. *Can they see anything?* This was the worst nightmare she'd ever had, and it was real.

Eventually the other people lost interest and went back to their behaviors. A group of four were on the opposite side of the pool, chatting and splashing each other in the shallow end. Mei could hear their conversation as an echoing blur. Three more were in the hot tub in the far corner of the room, and one girl was lounging in a chair nearby them, checking her phone.

Could any of them be trusted to help her? Certainly it would be better to try, rather than take her chances solo. She'd end up exposing herself to at least a few of them but it would only last a moment. They might laugh and point but they'd have to give her a towel. No one was so cruel as to leave a scared, naked girl alone by herself in a hotel pool. Right?

Against her wishes, the worst scenarios played out in Mei's mind. She could scoot over to the other end of the pool and try to get the girl on the chair to come over so she could explain the situation. But that would leave her exposed to the group already in the pool on the opposite side. Maybe they were the best bet. She could keep herself tightly covered and sidle up to them, throw herself on their mercy and hope they took pity.

But what if they were dicks? What if they just laughed, or circled around her like sharks trying to see what they could see through the ripples of the water? What if they touched her? What if they lifted her out of the

pool? It was three boys and a girl and they all seemed pretty rowdy. The girl was sitting on the edge of the pool with her feet in the water. She was laughing and had tattoos.

Mei could imagine the look of pity on her face as she realized this little Asian girl before her was naked and alone. Or maybe she'd make fun. Mei just couldn't handle the idea of getting mocked when she was at her most vulnerable.

But gradually, Mei came to accept it was her only option. The group in the pool would realize she was naked no matter what she did. She'd simply have to hope they wouldn't be cruel.

And they had towels. A pile of multi-colored ones lay in a pile on the pool floor behind the tattooed girl. This hotel didn't provide complementary towels in the pool area (*the stingy bastards*), so unless Mei planned on asking someone for a spare swimsuit, she'd just have to pray the swimmers were willing to lend a towel to a naked stranger.

Inch by inch she built courage inside her. The first step she took towards the group was the hardest thing she'd ever done. A moment later, she followed it up with another step. Slowly she waded towards them, keeping the water level at her shoulders and her arms cross tightly over her chest.

*I'll just go up and smile like it's no big deal and ask the girl for a towel. Yep, I'm naked. Crazy, huh! It's not like I'm dying of embarrassment inside, no sir. Just having a wacky adventure!*

But she never made it that far. Because a moment later, a hotel employee poked her head in through the pool door.

"Hey guys, listen, we're closing the pool in a minute. Please grab your stuff and head on up to your rooms. Thanks!"

An “aww!” filled the room as the swimmers started to pull themselves out of the water. In the corner, people were standing up in the hot tub. The girl on the chair put her phone down and stood up to do some stretches. In a few short moments, Mei would be the only one left in the pool.

In a panic, she moved back to her original position against the wall of the pool. Frantically, she considered her options. She could wait in the water until everyone left. But then she’d still be towel-less and alone. And the employee at the door might come over to her to tell her to get out. Mei was paralyzed with indecision. She could hop out now and hope for mercy, or she could wait and possibly get yelled at.

And then a third option presented itself. The wall nearest to Mei was mostly floor to ceiling windows, revealing the dark night sky beyond. Outside was a sunning area, a concrete slab with some beach chairs on it for patrons who wanted to get a tan. Did they lock the door at a certain time? Mei had no way of knowing. All she knew was she wanted to get far away from this crowd as soon as possible.

Something inside her snapped, and before she knew what she was doing, Mei was pulling herself out of the pool. Once again, for the smallest of moments, Mei felt an absolute freedom unlike any she’d ever experienced before. Every inch of her body felt cool water – her breasts swayed and her nipples hardened, her stomach and ass were washed down with glorious moisture, even down at her pussy, which was mostly bare as she’d shaved clean a few days before, she felt this incomparable sense of energy and openness. Electricity coursed through her body as she revealed herself to the open air, bursting out of the water like a mermaid or a supermodel.

Then the warm chlorine air wrapped itself around her wet body, bringing hard reality back with it.

She didn't know if anyone was looking at her. She didn't waste time turning to check. She just hunched forward with one arm on her boobs and the other against her pussy and felt this enormous heat of imagined stares upon the ass she could not cover. She hobbled to the door as quickly as she could without slipping, yanked it open, and pulled herself outside. For another tiny moment she felt incredible freedom. Then she felt cold. And wet. And naked.

In public.

If anyone was following, Mei felt they must be close behind. Mei scampered further away from the lights that shone through the windows of the pool towards the far end of the sunning area. It was fenced in and surrounded by garden. She put her hands on the metal fence and tried to lift herself over, but her hands slipped and she fell forward, tits hanging down, ass in the air. For a ridiculous moment she balanced there, feeling humiliated in this undignified pose. Then she whipped her legs up and then down to right herself and regained her footing. Quickly but with more care, she placed one leg on the fence, then pushed herself over and into the garden.

Wet wood chips connected with her feet. She started hopping from one foot to the other, trying to avoid the flowers and sticks. There were bushes. She crouched behind them and rested her ass on her heels, hugging her knees to her bare chest, and waited for the pounding in her heart to subside.

She could see the doorway she'd come through from this angle. A few moments passed, and then the hotel employee came over to the door, open it, and poked her head outside to look around.

*Oh god. She's seen. Someone's seen my naked ass.*

The thought set her mind twisting in circles. Would the employee come outside and look for her? Would she call security and tell them a crazy naked girl was on the loose? Mei could get arrested for indecent exposure. Of course, there was always the chance the employee just wanted another look and a laugh.

Mei stayed in place behind the bush, praying to whatever gods may be that the employee would kindly fuck off. In time, her prayers were answered. The employee closed the door and walked away. No one else came to the windows. A few moments later, the pool lights went off and Mei was clothed in shadows.

*Maybe she didn't see me, she thought. Maybe she couldn't tell I was naked.*

Slowly her panic died down. In its place, Mei found a grim acceptance of circumstance. Every moment of this night had gone from bad to worse ever since Clara had pushed her out of the hotel room, and it showed no signs of stopping. She'd felt so exposed running down the hallway in a towel and a bathing suit. Now, she would have given her college fund to have either of those things back.

It was a warm night out, for that at least she was thankful. Cool wind rustled the leaves of the bush and the nearby trees, tickling her body all over. The droplets of water still on her body felt deliriously chilly. Mei took two big breaths and felt calmer. *Okay, she thought to herself, no time like the present.*

Slowly, careful to make no noise, she lifted her head higher and higher above the bush to examine the windows one last time. The pool room was dark and as far as she could tell, empty. Above that rose the rest of the hotel.

Gingerly, Mei rose to her full height and took a step forward out beyond the bush. Most of the hotel rooms above her were dark but some still showed a light here and there. As far as she could see, no one was looking out into the sunning area. And anyway, it wasn't likely they could see much in the darkness. She took another step. She was exposed, clothed only in darkness. There was a sidewalk running next to the garden, so she skip-hopped towards it and felt rough concrete on her feet. She took a few steadying breaths and assessed the situation. No one was nearby. There were no sounds but the wind.

With her hands clasped firmly on her tits and her sex, Mei began to pad forward down the path. It wrapped around the garden and the sunning area, ran past the parking garage, and out to the front of the hotel. Mei's eyes were wide as could be, and she breathed in short, sharp gasps, trying not to cover up whatever sounds she might need to hear.

Across the street, (*that big, huge street*) was the Double Tree where Joan was staying. *Hopefully staying*, she remembered, there was no guarantee Joan would be in her room. First, of course, was the question of how to get there. The sidewalks alongside the street would likely be mostly empty at this time of night (*mostly*), and traffic wasn't too bad after rush hour. But crossing that big expanse of asphalt was not appealing to her. There would be nowhere to hide.

But there was nothing else to be done. Mei peered around the side of the hotel, looking up at the parking garage on the left and down the whole street out to the front. There were streetlights on this side, illuminating the sidewalk at even intervals. On the right were a few loading docks with some trucks in front of them. They all appeared to be empty. There was no one that Mei could see.

She began to pick up her pace, hoping to get past this lighted area as quickly as possible. She stayed on the sidewalk but kept herself ready to dodge to the side at a moment's notice. She could hide behind the trucks in case anyone appeared. Thus far, no one had.

A word kept repeating in her brain as she walked. *Naked*. Her mental thesaurus kept dropping synonyms. *Nude*. *Bare-assed*. *Natural*. *Birthday suit*. *Exposed*. *Unclothed*. *Humiliated*. Mei tried to push the thoughts out of her brain but they wouldn't budge. *This is literally a nightmare. I've had this nightmare before. Being naked and alone in school, or on the playground, everyone pointing and laughing. This is a nightmare. A naked nightmare.*

So why did she feel so...*good*?

It was hard to admit to herself, but the trip to the pool earlier that night had been all about showing off her body. Her thin frame, nice legs, well-shaped ass and perky breasts. She wanted people to see it in all its glory.

*And what's wrong with that? Nothing. God invented bikinis for a reason.*

And now if anyone were to walk by, they'd get one hell of a show. That's all it would take. Just one errant glance out a window, one casual stroll past the hotel, and they'd see a silhouette first, this gorgeous feminine shape, and then a milky, naked girl would appear, smiling shyly and covering herself, walking past them without even her shoes on.

Covering herself, but not too much. You could still see the shape of her breasts spilling out around her hands, see a bit of shadow on her pussy beneath her lightly clasped hand. She'd walk by with that gorgeous black hair and that alluring eye liner, like a catwalk model, like some fairy goddess, with a cute flutter of the eyelids and a soft acknowledgement that all this beauty was yours to see. Then she'd pass by and they'd get a good



look at her ass, watch it twist when she walked away from them, looking back over her shoulder, smiling one last time. That's how it would go.

And then she walked past a truck and felt motion on her right. She turned and froze. Three young men. Having cigarettes. Leaning against the truck.

*Oh fuck.*

"Huh?" said the one closest to her, drawing on his cigarette and turning towards her.

Instinct took over once again. Mei started running. Sprinting. Dashing. Streaking. Anything to avoid being in the same place as these three men. The parking garage was close, she could probably hide there, but something told Mei to avoid it. The street, the Double Tree, that was home base. All her thoughts focused on getting there. She ran as fast as her bare feet would carry her, feeling rough concrete under her toes and wind just *everywhere*, on her hips, her legs, her bare breasts that were starting to get chilly with perspiration, on her pussy which she couldn't effectively cover while running, her black hair that flew out behind her in a mess.

She couldn't help it. She smiled. It was just so *absurd*, prancing about at night in the open air, her ass uncovered for all to see. She couldn't hide it and run, any eyes turned towards her would see a round, perky butt appearing and disappearing under the street lights as she ran. The embarrassing naughtiness of it all overwhelmed her. She giggled like a child and felt electricity in her groin, felt her pussy lips quiver and her nipples harden into diamonds. And still she giggled. *Naked. Nude. Bare-assed. Embarrassed. Helpless. Hopeless. Loving it.*

And then she heard hoots behind her and realized the boys were giving chase.

A quick turn of the neck confirmed her worst fears. Three boys, their cigarettes discarded, in classy douchebag clothes (*is that a popped collar?*) running towards her like velociraptors on the hunt. They were much faster than her, all taller than she was. Wearing shoes. Mei did not like where this was going.

If she tried to hide they would see where she went. Forward was the only option. The street. Maybe they wouldn't follow her across. As to what she'd do on the other side, Mei had no time to worry.

But her rotten luck remained rotten. The road in front of the hotel was fed directly from the highway, and thus was at least eight lanes wide, all far too busy with cars to allow Mei to charge blindly forward. Faced with no other choice, Mei stopped in front of the asphalt of the road. She'd have to wait for an opening. She'd have to wait.

Her smiles and giggles had long since faded. She covered her tits and pussy as best she could, staring out into the road before her. The cars were still traveling highway speeds, shooting past her down each lane of the street with their headlights on, whipping her with the air they pushed aside. Certainly drivers were seeing her. *Oh god*. Women, men, maybe even families, getting a good long glimpse of a naked girl standing by the side of the street. Mei hopped from one foot to the other, full to the brim with adrenaline. And anticipation. And fear.

The boys were almost upon her.

"Holy shit!" said one of the guys behind her. Mei kept staring at the road, feeling the hot burn of eyes upon her. She tried to point her ass away from them and stand at a sideways angle but of course it was no use. The boys were now barely five feet away. They were seeing everything. The last thing Mei wanted was for them to see her face too. But she couldn't stand

not looking at them. Like a tamer staring down some lions, Mei turned to regard the men who'd chased her all the way down the sidewalk.

"H-hello," said one of the guys, a shorter one in a pink shirt.

"*Duuude, she's fucking naked!*" said another, giggling like a chimpanzee. Mei felt hotter than the sun. She wanted to tell them all to fuck off but her mouth wouldn't open. She just hugged herself awkwardly and tried to teleport.

"Get a picture, man!"

"I don't think she wants us to..."

"She's fucking streaking with makeup on. She wants some pictures."

Suddenly, an arm was around her bare shoulders. Mei felt real panic well up inside her. The boy held her under his arm and pointed at her breasts. Another boy, the tallest one dressed all in black rave gear, was holding his smart phone up. She saw the flash and heard the click that meant the picture had been taken. And then another and another. *Great. Evidence.* Mei tried to turn away from the camera but the boy held her tightly. She tried in vain to hide her face down in her breasts but she just couldn't reach.

Then the boy spanked her, one quick *THWAP* that could be heard even over the traffic. For one tiny second, Mei felt a stranger's hand on her bare ass, hurting it, making it jiggle and turn pink. Her head jerked up. "Oh!" was all she could say. She felt a blush cover every inch of her body. The other boys laughed at this, even the pink-shirted one she thought would be nice. They'd seen her ass, her covered tits, her pussy, everything that wasn't obscured by her scrabbling hands. And now they'd seen her being spanked like a naughty child. The cars behind her had likely seen this humiliation as well. A whole crowd of strangers were seeing Mei lose every ounce of dignity she possessed.

Again he gave her a spank, and the camera flashed at just that moment, so Mei's wide-eyed indignation was captured in digital form. She tried to form words but nothing would come out. Now the boy simply rested his hand on her ass, not squeezing or spanking, just letting it hang there, feeling her. Mei removed her hand from her pussy so she could put his hand off her ass, and the moment she did so *click* went the camera, revealing Mei's shaved mound to the world. All three boys were laughing like hyenas. A passing car honked its horn. Mei could hear people inside hooting as it drove away.

It was simply too much. Mei felt tears well in her eyes. She pushed away from the boy who held her and leaned forward, trying not to break down in tears. The tall boy with the camera phone leaned in to get her face.

"What's your name?" he said.

Mei said nothing. With her head hanging forward, Mei could see down the street behind her.

"Come on, let me know so I can put this shit on Instagram."

And Mei lashed out with one hand, letting her breasts hang free, seizing the boy's phone and turning to run.

"Hey!" was all the boy had time to say before Mei's back was to him, her round, perky butt bouncing away over the asphalt of the street. His confused anger was the most satisfying thing Mei had heard all night. Her moment had been well-chosen. The cars down the road in the oncoming lane were too close to allow the boys to follow. The outgoing lane on the far side of the street was totally clear.

A wicked thought occurred to Mei. She paused in the center of the street, turned, and gave a quick little pose, one hand on her hips, the other holding the boy's phone between her breasts and wiggling it. She smiled

and waved as the confused boys tried to find a good opening in the traffic that was already blocking them. The pink-shirted one was laughing. The other two did not look pleased.

Mei turned and slapped her own ass, feeling that amazing electricity in her nerve endings once again. The horror she'd felt a minute before had turned into thrill. She'd outplayed the fuckers, without a stitch of cloth to work with. Now she had the evidence and that jackass was down a phone. A phone she could use to call for help.

For the first time since she'd been shoved out of the hotel room, Mei felt like she was winning. She made it to the far end of the street, where several hotels stood, even spaced between gardens, grass lots, and roads. The sidewalk was empty except for a small gaggle of people way down at the far end of the block. Mei ran at a jogging pace away from them towards the Double Tree and cut across an open grass lot, feeling the taste of her fear receding in the back of her mind. In its place, Mei found this insane, triumphant euphoria, this feeling of absolute love. *Love for who?* she asked herself.

*Me, I guess.*

Without thinking about it, she moved one hand back to her pussy. *Got to keep covered up.* Except she wasn't covering up. She was toying with herself, even as she ran down the side of the street, naked in the cool night air. Just a little bit. Playing with her shaved lips, feeling the rough patch of hair starting to grow back. The electricity inside her grew more intense. A helpless giggle escaped from her mouth. It was so wrong, touching herself in public. There was no one around, save for the rumbling traffic. She let her breasts bounce free as she ran across the grass. She felt wetness upon her bare feet. And on her fingers.

The electricity was behind her eyes now, filling her whole brain. She simply couldn't wait anymore. She paused in the center of the grass lot. The Double Tree was still a ways down the road. She looked behind her. The boys were not following, they'd likely lost sight of her when she'd spanked herself and crossed the street. It was very dark in the grass lot, only the moon and stars shown down upon her. She could hear the sounds of the road and the wind. Apart from that she was alone.

Mei tossed the boy's phone into the grass and crouched down. She put her hands behind her in the cool dirt and gently began to lay down in the grass, feeling the cold tickles of each blade upon her bare skin. That got her giggling even more. She rested her ass down, feeling a shiver overtake her, and raised up her head to take one last look at the road and the sidewalk beside it at the far end of the grass lot. No one that she could see. A few cars whizzed by, oblivious to the nude girl in the field, surveying them.

Gingerly, she rested her shoulder blades upon the grass and stared up at the sky. Stars, clouds, the crescent moon. Light pollution wasn't too bad around here, there was an awful lot of sky to see. Mei welcomed the privacy of the field. It felt safe. But not too safe. Each gust of wind was all the reminder she needed that she was quite naked and alone.

*Naked. Alone. Isolated. Undefended. Helpless.* (But not totally. She had managed to steal some asshole's phone that she had no intention of giving back.)

Idly, she played with her breasts, as she sometimes did when lying in bed at night. She squeezed them together and let them fall apart and jiggle. They felt so much bigger than usual. Fuller, more weighty. She gave them another squeeze and felt a jolt of sexual energy. She cooed to herself and began to rub her nipples, making slow, easy circles upon them with her

fingers. Eagerly, both pink mounds stood up and hardened. The sensation was intense. Mei squeezed her boobs together again and watched the nipples stand taller than the hotels in the distance across the street. She felt silly. She couldn't help but smile.

*Are you really doing this?*

With a mind of its own, her right hand crept down towards her pussy, sliding across all the cool perspiration upon her midriff, passing over her bellybutton and creating tingles in her stomach below. She cupped herself between her legs and moaned, twisting in the grass. She began to separate her lips. She was impossibly wet down there. She began to work around her clitoris, feeling the electricity inside her dance in crazy circles. With her left hand, she stroked her breasts, first one, then the other, lingering on each rock hard nipple. She felt feverish. The wind cooled her down.

Throughout all of this, Mei had felt the need to keep her eyes open, in case some murderer or police officer magically appeared above her. But she just couldn't help it. Mei closed her eyes and began to imagine.

Brian was a tall guy, lanky, with high cheek bones and long hair. Mei couldn't always decide exactly what it was she liked about him. He was just her type to a T. Mei had wanted to jump his bones ever since high school, have him pick her up in those big long arms, tear off her clothes and have his way with her.

She wanted him here now, in the grass, with her totally naked, helpless and ready. He could rest his body on top of her and pull her hair until she cried out. He could slap her breasts, lightly at first, then harder, until she was sore and moaning. He could spank her ass, like that boy had done, her naked perky ass that at least a few strangers had seen tonight. He

could play with her pussy, massaging the lips and making her groan, begging for release, slipping one long finger inside, then two, then three. He could work her like that, watch her get wet and cold in the grass, helpless to stop him, until he would unleash that huge cock she was sure he was packing and make her return the favor. She'd lick him, on all fours, naked like a dog, teasing his cock head with her mouth until he was angry with lust. Then he'd throw her down on the grass, spread her legs roughly, and begin to...

The orgasm was unlike anything Mei had ever felt. It began in small rumblings deep inside her mid-section, ones so subtle she was unable to parse them from the waves of pleasure emanating from her clit. It approached her conscious mind like an earthquake, sending shivering ripples of sheer pleasure down her arms, her legs, down to the tips of her fingers and toes. Her eyelids fluttered and her breath caught in her throat, very suddenly, like she was choking on air. Her small moans gave way to an elongated "aaaahhhhh!" sound, a slow release of steamy breath pushed out of her lungs by her contracting diaphragm. In mere moments she'd lost total control of her body. Her brain was a passenger along for the ride.

She twisted on the grass, her head whipping from side to side. She caught blurry glimpses of the stars above her as her eyelids opened and closed, rapid as hummingbird wings. Her neck arched, and then her back, in one massive, involuntary climax. Her pleasure peaked and for a moment that lasted a thousand years, Mei forgot everything. And then she was lying sideways in a fetal position, naked, wet and chilly in the grass, breathing like she'd just run a marathon.

The first thoughts that crept back into her mind were not of Brian but of Clara. "You're too shy," she'd said at the start of this adventure, poking Mei in her naked sides and trying to steal her towel.



Mei giggled and panted, eyes still closed, remembering.

*I'm going to get you back for this, Clare-bear. I'm going to do something really, really bad.*

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It was some time before Mei came back to herself. A chilly gust of wind caressed her, causing her to shift position in the grass. She felt the cool, damp blades tickle her legs and poke her bare ass. For a moment she felt safe as a baby in the crib.

And then fear returned to her. Her eyes opened wide and she clasped her hands to her breasts. Tilting her head up ever so cautiously, Mei observed the street at the end of the lot. The odd car shot by now and then but they were far away. No one walked on the sidewalk next to the street under the lights. Mei pulled her legs closer and hugged herself in the fetal position. Still dark. Still alone. Still naked.

The lust had passed and the nightmare returned. *What was I thinking?* she thought to herself, furiously. How long had she spent, lying in the field, masturbating like some kind of sex freak? Wet grass clung to her back, legs and butt. There was a sticky mess between her legs, rapidly drying in the night air. Mei felt a burning shame inside her. On the outside she felt icy cold. She rose to her knees and kneeled, hugging her frigid breasts to her body, feeling humiliated beyond all reason even though no one was around.

This wasn't safe. Her teeth were chattering. She'd passed out in the grass and lost a lot of body heat. She could get hypothermia and die. Well maybe not hypothermia, it was still summer after all, but the wind was picking up and the temperature was dropping and she had no clothes in sight. Not only that, but there were three angry rave boys to worry about. How could she have been so stupid as to assume they'd just forget the stolen phone?

*The phone!* Mei suddenly found herself scrambling about in the darkness, trying to find where she'd thrown it. *You stupid girl. You stupid fucking idiot. You had a perfectly good phone to call for help with and you just HAD to rub one out first.* She crawled around on hands and knees, straining her eyes for any site of the tiny black rectangle. *You've lost it. You're useless. You should just lie here in the grass until you die. You were too stupid to keep your clothes on. You were too stupid to ask for help in the pool. You were too stupid to avoid those rave boys and now you're too stupid to-*

Her hand fell upon something made of plastic. Hurriedly, she pulled the mysterious object to her face to better inspect it. She pushed a button on the side and the phone lit up. *Yes! YES!*

A lock screen confronted her.

Mei almost started crying.

This whole trip had been a disaster. Nothing about it had gone Mei's way. She'd taken the weekend off work to go with Clara to some dumb nerd convention and walk around dressed like steampunk fairies or whatever so stupid neckbeards could drool over her low-cut top. She'd just wanted to get a little drunk, do a little dancing, and maybe get Brian back to the hotel room for a little action. Nothing too crazy.

Instead she'd been betrayed, stripped, and spanked by strangers, all thanks to the one girl Mei thought she could trust to let her have a little fun. She sat her ass back down into the grass and hugged herself tightly, shaking. What if the boys called the police on her? They'd sweep the area and find her here in the field, naked and dirty with ejaculate drying on her crotch. They'd arrest her for theft and indecent exposure. Everyone in the

whole world would know she was a pervert when her parents would have to drive two hours out of town to come bail her out of the hold.

Mei had a horrible image of herself being dragged by two rough police officers across the grass, her hands being handcuffed behind her back so that she was completely incapable of resisting anything that was done to her. Maybe the boys would be standing next to the police car, taking some more pictures as she was loaded in, naked and dirty and covered in cum, crying while her makeup ran down her face. This was a life-destroying emergency. There was simply nothing to-

*Emergency.*

Fumbling in her desperate haste, Mei lit the phone up again. In the bottom corner of the touch screen there were two illuminated words. “Emergency Call”.

Mei’s heartbeat slowed from a rate that was painful to one that was merely intense. She took some deep breaths and wiped away the small tears that had managed to escape from her eyes. There was still hope. Assuming the damn thing didn’t run out of battery, or she hadn’t forgotten Joan’s phone number, or any of the other million things that would probably go wrong between here and the Double Tree hotel.

Fingers shaking, she pushed the Emergency Call button. A dial pad appeared. Mei typed each digit slowly, half expecting the phone to explode if she got a number wrong. When she finished the number she held the phone to her ear, breathing slow, shaky breaths, scanning the horizon and watching the occasional car go by on the street.

The phone rang once. Twice. Three times. Four times.

*Come on, you stupid bitch. Answer it or I’ll kill your family.*

“Hello?”

*Fuck yes!*

“Joan!” she blurted out. Joan’s voice was tinny and distorted through the speakers, but it was the most beautiful thing Mei had ever heard.

“Who is this?” asked Joan. Mei swallowed hard and tried to steady her voice.

“This is Mei! This is Mei!”

“Oh, hey girlfriend! New phone?”

“Sort of. Yeah. Listen, I really need some help-“

“Great convention, huh? You going to the rave? Clara said you guys might be going to the rave.”

Mei did not want to hear about Clara at just this moment. She tried to push words through Joan’s interruptions.

“Joan, listen, I’m kind of stuck right now, I really need-“

“I loved you guys’ costumes today, by the way. You’ve got to show me how to make those steampunk cogs. What do you use, yoga mats? They look so real.”

“Yeah Joan, I’ll show you everything about it. Right now I just need-“

“I’m probably hitting up the rave later tonight. I want to get a costume together before then. Maybe I can borrow some of your stuff. I loved that little blue bikini you had at the pool. Maybe I can just borrow the top?”

Wearily, Mei rose to her feet. She did a quick 360 degree turn, surveying the field in every direction. When she saw no immediate threats, she began wiping herself off, removing the grass and dirt particles from her backside and trying her best to scrape dried cum off her thighs. *That fucking bikini,*

she thought to herself as Joan droned on. *I should have hit the pool wearing a hijab.*

“So are you coming over?” said Joan, oblivious to Mei’s silence. “Clara told me you might be stopping by tonight. She gave me your spare room key and said you’d probably need it.”

Mei felt rage build inside her but she tried to force it down.

“That’s great, Joan. I do need the room key. I’m kind of-“

“Actually Clara was just here a moment ago. I could probably go stop her if you want to-“

Mei bit the inside of her lip. *Why the fuck is Clara over there?* she thought. Clara should be at the rave, shaking her ample ass into some guy’s crotch, enjoying her last few days of life before Mei could destroy her.

“I don’t need Clara right now. I really need your help. I’m kind of, uh... It’s really embarrassing...”

“Hang on, I’ll get Clara.”

“Wait, no, don’t-!”

“Hey *baaaabe!* WOO!” came Clara’s voice over the phone.

Mei bit her lip so hard it hurt. She tried to say something but she just couldn’t form the words. She remembered Clara, giggling and blushing as she dangled the towel over the pool so Mei would grab for it. The thought filled her with warm rage.

“Hello, Clara.”

“How you doin’? Still at the pool?”

“They closed the pool. I had to leave.”

“Oh man, no way! Are you back at the room?”

“I don’t have a key. Remember?”

“Oh yeah. That’s rough. Wait, are you coming over here to Joan’s room? You totally should. We have tons of booze and I think some weed and-“

“When I get there I’m going to strangle you.”

Clara’s laughter was maddening.

“Come on babe, don’t tell me you’re not having fun.”

*“Do you know where I am right now? Do you know where I’ve been?”*

There was a pause. For a moment, Mei thought some of her rage might have finally gotten through to Clara. She felt absurdly guilty. *What do I have to feel guilty about? Clara fucked me over big time. If anything, she should have to apologize to-*

Then she heard cheering on the other end of the line and Clara’s slurred voice was back in her ear.

“Sorry babe, I was doing a shot? What were you saying just now?”

Mei had to stop herself from throwing the phone away in frustration.

“I’m still naked, you dumb cunt. I had to run outside naked. Some boys found me.”

Saying it out loud made it real again. Mei hugged herself and crouched down, looking nervously in every direction.

*“What? My little won ton is going streaking?!”*

“Shut up! You made me do this! This is all your fault!”

“WOOOOO!”

Clara was screaming so loud Mei had to hold the phone away from her face.

“Shhhh!” she whispered after Clara calmed down. “Don’t tell anyone, okay? Just come find me, bring me some clothes. I need help, Clara, it’s not safe out here. I could get arrested or-“

“Oh baby, you needed this. You have no idea how much you needed this.”

Mei had to stop herself from screaming. “I did *not* need this! This was the most humiliating night of my life! Do you have any idea how horrible this has been? I’m-“

“An exhibitionist, dearie. Face it. You’re a flasher.”

“No I am *not*! Why would you even say such a stupid-“

“Mei, listen to me. No, *listen*.” There was a new seriousness in Clara’s voice. Mei found herself calming down. “You have been pining over that Brian guy for weeks. Months. Maybe longer. And you always go about it in the slowest, cheapest possible way. ‘Oh hey Brian! Don’t mind me, just hanging out in my cute little A-line skirt! You *liiike* it? Okay, well, see you tomorrow! Maybe I’ll actually jump your bones if you send me a written application first!”

Mei hated to admit Clara was making sense. She was always praying Brian would make some kind of move. He never did. No amount of sexy bikinis or cute fairy costumes had changed that.

“You are a gorgeous little human being. You are bangin’. I would jump you myself if I swung that way, or at least were drunk enough. Or if we had a guy involved. You down for a threesome? I’m getting ahead of myself. Look, you are simply too perfect not to share with the world. You have GOT to bang *someone*! Not doing so would be like keeping the Mona Lisa in a closet.”

Mei smiled. She couldn't help it.

"So we're doing some crazy convention bullshit, right? Well here's yours. A little streaking never hurt anyone. Share that beautiful body, get natural. Then get your perky naked ass up to Joan's apartment. I've got a surprise for you."

Mei didn't like the sound of that. Clara... there was just no predicting her. One second she was daft fun, the next she was a slutty Hannibal Lecter. But Mei still had no choice. The Double Tree, and Clara's surprise, awaited her.

"What room are you two in?"

"I forget. It's on the seventh floor."

"What *room*?"

"Some seventh floor room."

"Clara."

"Gotta go babe. Please don't be shy about sharing that body. *Byyyeee!*"

Mei shout "*I got spanked by a stranger, you asshole!*" But the line was dead.

*Seventh floor. Great.*

There was nothing else to do. It was Double Tree or bust. Mei stared at the phone in her hands for a few moments, contemplating. Then she tossed it aside and started walking.

*You want to see crazy convention bullshit? Fine. Here comes one pissed off naked girl.*

But she kept her arms crossed over her front bits. No sense in making it easy.

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