**Becca Takes Her Hands Off The Wheel**

by ratios

**Part 13:**

The trio that had driven my latest humiliating episode was moseying off without a care in the world, carrying with them the potential agent of my destruction, and I just stood there like an idiot and let them go. None of the other women in the study group were in my Sociology class, so none of them knew that Kira knew me, and Kira didn’t appear to know any of them. Only I was aware of what had just happened.

Some small, rational part of my mind was yelling and shouting and banging on the walls of my brain, urging me in the strongest terms to go chase after Kira and confront her, or sic Deeta on them to do her previously offered punching; anything to get her to delete the compromising pictures she had. A larger part of me was thoroughly enjoying the feeling of free fall without knowing when or if there would be a sudden, terrible stop at the end. You can guess which part won out.

At some point, the rest of my group eventually formed up and began walking home with me trailing behind them like a lost puppy. Time must have passed. Distance too. None of it registered; I was off in La-La Land thinking about nudity, and sex, and control, and freedom. For the entire journey back, there was a creeping wall of fear in the distance that felt like, at any moment, if I really focused on it and acknowledged its presence, it would sweep in and smother me completely. This made me feel alive and aroused and afraid, all at the same time.

Before I knew it, we were walking down Monique’s street. My ordeal was coming to an end. The rest of the group went up to Monique’s door, waiting to be let in, but Monique pulled me aside in the middle of her small front yard. Watching my reaction, she reached into her purse and pulled out a small wad of cloth, which I just looked at confused. Letting the ball fall open, I realized that she was holding the pair of panties that I had thrown into the street at the bar a lifetime ago.

“I snagged these from a bush while we beat our hasty escape from Speedway,” she explained.

“Whu… Why?”

“Well, you already gave me your socks, your shirt, and your bra. By picking up your panties after you threw them away, I’m one article away from collecting the whole Becca set. If you give me your skirt, you will have permanently given away or discarded every piece of clothing that you came here with today and will have nothing left to cover yourself with until you get back home. I’m not going to order you to give it to me though; if you want to hand it over of your own free will, that’s entirely on you. So… Bex… Do you have anything you want to give me?”

Looking down at the bundle of cloth wedged under my right arm, I wondered what sort of insanity would ever cause me to give away my last piece of clothing after such a whirlwind night. Because I only lived a couple of miles away, I had walked to Monique’s for the study session this evening. Giving away my skirt would leave me, at minimum, bottomless on my journey back home. A journey that would take me across my college campus, to a dorm room building that was busy at almost all hours.

Every damning action I had taken up until this point, I had explained away in my head as obeying someone else’s orders. No blame could be put on my shoulders for doing what I was told and I could claim complete innocence for the evening. If I gave my last piece of clothing away to Monique now of my own volition, it would completely blow away that cover. Nobody was forcing me to do this; any foolish action I took here was pure Rebecca.

With a shaky arm, I offered both the skirt and shawl to Monique, keeping my gaze downward and refusing to make eye contact. I would have bet every penny I had that there was a smug grin on her face, and that knowledge made me horny as hell. Once she had taken the bundle, I went over to stand with the rest of the group, wondering just how much they had observed of Monique and my interaction.

After Monique came over and began fishing for her keys, Nicky grabbed the tip of the shawl hanging out of Monique’s purse and yanked it out fully.

“You can scam Becca out of her clothes all you want, but this is mine,” she reminded Monique.

When she pulled the shawl out of the purse, apparently my panties had come along for the ride and they ended up sitting on Monique’s porch with the rest of the group staring down at them.

“Whoops,” declared Monique, turning to look at me. “Might not be the last time your panties are sitting on my porch, huh Bex? What if we made it a rule that you’re not allowed to wear clothes for study sessions any more? You’d have to strip naked on my porch every time we meet up and leave your clothes out here. If you play nice with us during those evenings, I might even let you have some of them back after, HA! Would you like that?”

My face grew paler with every word she spoke. From the tone of her voice it sounded like she was just teasing me, expecting an obvious outright refusal that the group could laugh at before moving on. After all, what kind of crazy person would say yes to this kind of humiliating offer?

Unfortunately, I had already answered that sort of question a dozen times throughout the evening, and the answer had always been the same. Amazing everyone in the group, including myself, I looked at the ground and whispered, “Okay.”

That response stumped her for a moment. “What?”

Louder, I repeated, “Okay.”

“Okay what?,” she asked, looking legitimately confused.

“I’ll strip on your porch and stay naked in your house on study group nights. You all can tell me what to do during those times.”

“Wow, really?,” Monique exclaimed. “Holy shit! You really are loving this, aren’t you?”

Jumping in to hug me, Deeta looked like a kid that had been given a new toy. “This is gonna be awesome. I’m going to start making a list of things to make you do while you’re nakey’.”

“Post your list in the forum,” Sasha advised, “We can all add to it. Maybe have a list of regular tasks, and then some really embarrassing things that we use as punishments… or rewards. I guess it will depend on what we learn about her reactions.”

Yikes, they all jumped on board with this way faster than I would have imagined. Nicky was the last to contribute and I expected at lease some level of hesitance or protectiveness from her but, apparently, I had done too good of a job of discouraging that sort of behavior from her through the evening as her only comment was, “We should probably extend the length of study nights by an hour or two. Give us time to properly dish out some humiliation without sacrificing our grades.”

Their conversation on how to best take advantage of my acceptance raged on around me as I wondered what the hell I had just signed myself up for. My mind started showing me a wealth of possible, terrible situations I might end up in at their helpful hands, Alive, aroused, and afraid… Add naked to the list and I might just have a new default state.

“Hey, space cadet!,” Nicky said, snapping a finger in front of my face and interrupting some lingering fantasy that I hadn’t even realized I had lost myself in. “Stop tweaking your nipples on the porch and get inside.”

Looking around, my hands were on my breasts and everyone else had moved inside but me. Who had I become?

Keeping my eyes down and blushing, I pushed past Nicky into the house. Everyone else was busy gathering their stuff in preparation for going home but Monique stopped me at the edge of the tiled front hall and gave me the once over.

“Sorry, doggie, but no dirty paws on the carpet,” she giggled, giving me a condescending pat on the head. “Be a good girl and stay here and we’ll bring you your stuff.” She turned and walked away but spun back to face me long enough to add, “And no touching yourself in my house… At least, not unless we tell you to and put down a towel first. I don’t need your slut juices on all my nice things.”

Everyone else laughed outright at this. The surge of shame I felt at her chastising was just another wave in the ocean I had been drowning in for the last several hours.

While I stood there, shuffling my feet and trying not to worry about little things like public exposure or being so horny your brain turns off, my friends were standing around talking about potential ideas they had for my future degradation. Occasionally, someone would put a book in a bag, or close a notebook.

“I wonder how much homework Becca could get done with one of those egg-shaped vibes up inside of her?”

“Oooh, good idea. And if she doesn’t finish her work before the battery runs out, she has to recharge it and wear it to class the next day!”

“I bet we could get Professor Mayfield involved in something. She teaches Biology, right? Think she needs a live model for female anatomy or something?”

“Pretty sure that sort of thing only happens in porn.”

“Then we can film it! Problem solved, HA.”

“We could have Bex write a blog on her TellMeToStrip page about what she’s been doing.”

“Better yet, a VLOG!”

Holy hell! I had to disconnect my brain from this discussion before I got so hot that I melted onto the tile! To take my mind off of the exquisitely erotic tortures that my friends were planning for me, I turned away from the group and looked around the small front hallway. A mirror half my height hung in the middle of a number of other picture frames and I idly looked into it, but had to do a double take when I saw what looked back at me, because I didn’t recognize myself in my own reflection.

When I say I didn’t recognize myself, I’m not being metaphorical, as in, I had grown emotionally into a different woman than I was before, though that may have also been true. I mean, I literally couldn’t recognize my physical being without concerted effort.

The Rebecca Alice Hall that had lived in my body for the last nineteen and a half years was eternally prim, proper, and pristine. Never a hair out of place nor a toe out of line, never showed more skin than she absolutely had to, never wore makeup, rarely more jewelry than a pair of tiny pearl ear studs. She showered at the whisper of dirt or mud, and carried a laundry detergent stick in her purse to work potential impurities out of her clothing.

The creature in the mirror looked like she had been born in the jungle and had never left. Naked, covered in dirt and dust, grime and grass stains. Hair in wild disarray; matted together in some spots, a knotted tangle in others, with sticks and leaves and grass scattered throughout. There were bruises and tiny cuts I couldn’t remember getting, probably from all my rolling around and walking through thickets. The face staring back at me looked haggard and worn, as if it hadn’t slept in weeks, and was streaked with dirt that had probably stuck to the cum I had smeared there earlier.

Nobody that I had ever met in my life, outside of the four women in the room with me right now, would ever connect the animal in the mirror with boring old Becca, even if you were to draw them a map with blinking arrows and detailed instructions.

Let Kira post those pictures on the net, I thought to myself with a nervous giggle. Send them to everyone I know and see if anyone can spot the slut in their lives.

That last thought was enough to bring a small moan to my lips and I quickly realized that Monique’s insidious ‘No Touching’ rule was going to cause a lot of sexual build up that would lead to a lot of Dumb Slut Becca moments. At the same time, I realized I would relish the opportunity that those moments would present.

That second thought brought all of the events of the night into a new kind of focus and I was left with an inescapable truth hanging in front of me.

I wanted this.

All of it.

Badly.

If you were to put a gun to my head, I don’t think I could tell you where these perverse urges had come from, or why they had such ownership of me. Regardless, they were here, and I had no delusions that they would be going away in the near future. Perhaps I was shaped by the events of the evening, or maybe it had to do with some inner need to crawl out from beneath the rock that my parents had always tried so hard to keep me hidden under so that I could spread my wings. Whatever the case, I knew that I would rather risk the ruination of my reputation a thousand times than revert back to the person I had been when I woke up this morning.

That idea was a source of further fear and hope. Anxiety because I knew I wasn’t fully in control of myself sometimes when I got too close to the edge, so there was a risk with allowing myself to be put in these sorts of situations. Relief shone through, however, as I knew that I was prepared to accept what consequences may come just for the chance to brush up against them and feel alive. Today had, inarguably, been the best and worst day of my life so far.

Feeling somewhat calmer than I had before, I waited patiently for someone to hand me my things so that I could go home and do some further self reflection. By self reflection, I meant furiously touching myself while looking at every picture and video that had been taken of me over the evening.

At some point, Sasha came and sat my packed bag and purse next to me. After politely thanking her, I pulled my phone out of my purse and unlocked it. The notification bar up at the top showed that two hundred and eighty six new files had been added to the forum Sasha had created to enshrine my humiliation. Two sets of lips drooling, I had to force my finger to swipe right on the announcement rather than going to the forum to witness my shame. This wasn’t the time or place for that.

The only other new notification I had was for several texts that had come in a few minutes before from an unfamiliar number. Curious, I clicked to open them and almost dropped my phone in shock at the \*emoji\* laden series of messages and accompanying photo.

‘Hey dirty girl its kira’

‘Got your \*phone\* from class list’

‘Ol and I just \*eggplant\* \*peach\* \*water droplets\* to your pix’

‘You are so \*fire\* \*winkyface\*’

‘We should do a 3sum \*smileytongue\* \*smileytongue\* \*smileytongue\*’

‘Hit me back’

At the bottom of the string was a picture of Kira, naked and stretched out on her stomach on a bed with her feet sticking up. More important than her position was the fact that, clutched in her hand, hovering next to her face, was a large, wet, stiff penis. Kira’s face was covered in semen, and she was making a flirty look at the camera and sticking her tongue out to catch the cum as it dripped down from above.

Fucking hell, I muttered to myself, briefly wondering when I had allowed my language to become so vulgar, before turning off my phone screen and putting it back in my purse. That was enough phone time for the day.

On the bright side, I supposed I didn’t have to worry about what Kira was going to do with my naked pictures any more. What she and Ollie had done already with them was disturbing enough in a completely different way.

The conversation in the room had petered out at this point and the process of cleaning up had actually moved forward. Yawning and stretching, Deeta announced sadly, “It’s been fun, ladies, but sooome of us actually have jobs to go to in the morning.” She looked pointedly at Monique for the last part.

“You know you have an open invitation to live here,” Monique replied. “Just bring your stuff and take the spare room. My parents pay the same for the rental whether you’re here or not, so they won’t care.”

Slumping, Deeta sighed. “Yeah, except my parents will only pay for my tuition as long as I work enough on my own to pay for a dorm by myself. Some capitalist bullshit about having to learn the value of work ethic… As if spending sixty plus hours a week earning good grades in my classes, homework, and the honors program isn’t evidence that I’m busting my ass already.”

“There there, babe,” Monique said, hugging Deeta, “At least some day you’ll die and get some time off.”

Both giggling at the dark joke, Deeta replied, “I should be so lucky.”

Making her way across the room, Deeta hugged Nicky and Sasha in turn and then came my way. Instead of hugging me, she just stood in front of me smiling.

“You were so brave today. You know that, right?”

“Uh, I guess.”

“Don’t guess shit; know it ‘cause I’m telling you. You’re a badass that can take hits like a prize fighter and you should be proud of that.”

This caused me to tear up a little bit and I had to clear a lump in my throat. Looking at the floor, I muttered, “Thanks, Deeta.”

She reached out and lifted my chin up so that I was looking at her again.

“Real talk. I teased you a lot today, and it can be hard to know what’s what, so let me be super honest for a second. I've been accused of being a flirt by, ahem, parties I won’t name-” She obviously glanced at Monique here, who was suddenly very interested in examining her notebook on the table. “-but I think that you’re incredibly brave, astoundingly beautiful, and I’m interested in you. I’m not trying to fuck around and ruin a friendship, and I know you have a lot of shit to process right now, but you have my number if you want to talk about it. If not, I’m a big girl and nothing has to change between us. ‘Kay?”

It would be foolish to say that there weren’t a ton of signs leading up to this, but hearing it laid out so plainly was still unexpected. Never in my life had I ever considered being in a relationship with another woman. Then again, I had never thought about walking around naked in public or masturbating in front of multiple different groups of people before, either. My parents would go ballistic if they ever thought I was a lesbian, and there was no difference between gay and bi in their book, but my parents wouldn’t have liked a lot of the things that I had done tonight, or the many more things I’m sure I would do as the results of future study sessions.

Deeta was so funny, and so exuberant, and so beautiful, and so kind… Maybe every decision I made didn’t have to be about what my parents would like, or what would make me feel the least guilt in the long run.

Feeling high from the night, feeling empowered by the things I had recently figured out about myself, and just feeling so many things that I didn’t understand, I did something that was so unlike myself that it surprised me even as I did it.

Taking a step towards her, I leaned in and kissed Deeta.

I would like to tell you that I was super smooth with it, and did the gentle back grab, and the clever head tilt, and the soft lip press, and that it lasted a meaningfully long time, and that there was exciting tongue action… but none of that happened. It was my first kiss, ever, and it was more of an off center peck on the left side of her startled, half open mouth. After I did it I cringed back and almost fell over in embarrassment, sure I had screwed everything up.

The next couple of seconds were tense. She didn’t move and I didn’t move. We just stared at each other. Then, her mouth broke into a grin and she nodded to herself. In a strange, deep accent she muttered, “In Whoville they say, Becca’s spine grew three inches that day...”

Thrown by the non-sequitur, I scrunched my eyebrows at the familiar sounding line.

“Did you… Were you doing Anthony Hopkins from The Grinch Stole Christmas?”

Though she had been smiling before, when I said this, Deeta’s face lit up like someone told her that she had just won the lottery and she loudly exclaimed, “Nobody ever gets my random bullshit!”

Then she rushed forward and kissed me back and, oh yeah, she knew all about the hand on the back, and the head tilt, and the lip press, and, oh my fucking God, the feeling of her tongue stud rolling around in my mouth gave me IDEAS.

When Monique called out, “Get a room!,” Deeta didn’t even break the kiss, she just extended her arm, middle finger raised, and kept her face pressed to mine. My heart was beating a million times per second and I never wanted it to end. Of course, it eventually did. It might have lasted an hour, it might have been a few seconds. Don’t ask me, I wasn’t on the same planet at the time.

When our faces broke apart, she was holding my waist with one hand and brushed a stray hair out of my face with the other. The gesture was so gentle and tender that I felt like crying. After staring into each other’s eyes for ages, she broke contact first, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath.

“Shit, no, we’re not doing this right here, right now. We’re both tired and reeling from the evening and we gotta do this right.”

I briefly hesitated, but realized the wisdom of her words, so I forced myself to nod in response.

“We’re going to go home, get in our right minds, get some sleep, and tomorrow we’ll have a long talk and see what happens. Okay?”

“Okay.”

She extended her hand, I took it, and we shook like business partners finalizing a deal before she pulled me in for a long hug.

“Why’d I do this to myself?,” she muttered looking at me one last time before she headed for the door. “How am I going to sleep after that?”

Then she was gone, and I was left staring longingly at the door after it closed behind her, only turning away when I heard someone else approaching behind me. It was Sasha and she looked like she was leaving as well. She gave me a brief, arm length hug, but the nose wrinkle and grimace as she did so told me exactly why she kept her distance. I couldn’t blame her.

“So, you and Deeta?,” she asked.

“I guess,” was all I could reply.

“Good for you two,” she replied, smiling. That was it, and she was gone.

Nicky was the last out and slapped me on the back as I was watching Sasha close the door.

“You’re crazy, you know that, right?,” she asked, smiling at me.

Smiling back, I replied, “I’m coming to realize.”

“You walked here, right? Want a ride home?”

I hadn’t even considered how I was going to get back to my dorm room. All I had to my name was a pair of shoes, a bookbag, and a small purse, so my only real option would have been to cover my boobs and bush with my bags and walk fast, hoping nobody noticed.

“I would love a ride. Thank you. For everything.” I hugged her tight.

“Of course, bestie.” After the hug, she added, “You can even borrow my shawl again, if you’re not allergic to clothes any more.” She held the cloth out to me but pulled it back when I reached for it. “You will return it to me tomorrow evening, laundered and smelling Spring fresh. Not like the used bordello cum-rag it smells like right now.”

Blushing and looking at the ground, I nodded and accepted the shawl, wrapping it around myself completely for the first time. It covered pretty much everything, if you considered two inches below my crotch full coverage. Compared to what I had been wearing most of the evening, it felt like a suit of plate mail.

After that, I went home. My roommate was, thankfully, staying with her boyfriend, so I had the room to myself for the night. Out of respect for my remaining tiny sliver of decorum, I won’t talk about the number of times I got myself off scrolling through the photo and video records of the evening, or the things that I said to myself while I did so, or about any of the new pictures I took with an empty head and a filled pussy. I definitely won’t talk about the new album I created with my TellMetoStrip profile, or all the things I uploaded to it while I was jilling off and taunting myself for being a brainless bimbo. The album was only public for an hour or two before I came to my senses and deleted it one thousand six hundred and twelve views later.

Things may have gotten a little out of control. The world didn’t end, though.

Out of a sense of loyalty, and because I was told to do so, I have to add the following: Nicky’s fingers in the bathroom at speedway were timely, but inexperienced. Kira’s hands on the way home were enthusiastic, but intrusive. Deeta’s tongue makes me want to get down on my knees and thank God that I was born a woman. That tongue stud? Gets me every time. That’s jumping way ahead in the story though.

Speaking of, there is plenty more story to tell. Will I ever tell it? Maybe. One day…

For now though?

The End