**A Nude Spring Break Away From Home**

by vivianxoxo

*Stripping naked at a party while drunk is interesting... especially when your clothes get stolen*

**A Nude Spring Break Away From Home Pt. 1**

Spring break was finally here! It'd been a long college year thus far, and I was more than happy to load off some stress and take it easy for a week. Not much of a party girl, but two of my friends told me they were going to host a party at the beginning of spring break and asked me if I wanted to go. If not to distract myself from other things in my life, then to just spend some time with them after having barely having had a chance to talk to them the last couple of months. And so, I accepted.

I wasn't planning on drinking, and if I was - it'd only be a very minor gulp of something just to taste. Not enough to get me tipsy or anything, so I didn't think I needed a designated driver. But I wasn't going to show up at this party with just regular clothing - I figured I'd dress up for the occasion. Who knows? I might meet a guy there, which could spark something interesting...

So I picked up a nice dress, showing some modest cleavage and tiny handles, some nice heels, got all ready, and pampered up so I could head to the party. Drove the thirty or so minutes to get there, saw a ton of cars parked on the side of the road in a relatively rural area, walked up and knocked on the front door, and one of the hosts - one of my two friends - Jonathan, opened the door.

"Hey!" he said. "Wow, you look great. Thanks for coming."

I smiled as I stepped into the house. There was already some nice music, more on the hard rock side playing. About another fifteen or so people were there before me, a mix of guys and girls, but none of them that I knew. I had quite a few eyes look at me, which made me a little flustered but nothing I couldn't handle. I noticed that I was definitely a little over-dressed for the occasion.

I followed Jonathan for a bit - he showed me where the snacks were - a foldable table with an assortment of chips, nachos with dip, alongside a couple of boxes of pizza with various different toppings on each one (and thankfully there were two that were pepperoni and cheese only, my preferred!). There were three portable coolers filled with ice and a variety of sodas, water and juice bottles. And then obviously there were quite a few options for alcoholic beverages, something I thought I wouldn't dabble into that night.

I had gotten there decently early - was around 8:45pm or so. About another twenty minutes later was when quite a few more people started to show up. In the end, we were nearing thirty people at the party and there was a lot of stuff that was going on. There was the main sofa area with a TV and some guys, including my other friend and Jonathan's roommate, Alexi, playing some video games and talking loudly as they got "angry" at the other for being cheap. Some other guys were watching, probably waiting to have their turn. The girls mostly stuck to themselves or close to what I assumed were their boyfriends, with usually one of them drinking and the other one not.

I had a few guys come up to me and spark some conversations, which was nice, but none of them really led to anything, which was a little disappointing but not a dealbreaker. I decided to make myself maybe a little bit more interesting and not as sheltered or reserved as I normally am when trying to meet other people, I'd have only one drink to help me out...

I poured myself a rum and Coke in one of the many disposable glasses available and made my first mistake - and it wouldn't be my last. I wasn't putting all that much rum in my beverage, and so I wasn't tasting all that much of it. It was still present for sure, but not as strong as others might prefer. And so I kept taking a new glass, adding the same amount of rum with each glass... And at one point it started to hit me, and my memory of what happens next isn't the best.

But I remember going up to Alexi and talking to him for a bit. I smiled a lot, giggled a lot. He definitely noticed I was drunk.

"I hope you have someone to drive you home," he said.

"Hmm... well, if they bail on me, guess I'll just have to spend the night here," I said.

"Well, I guess that's not the end of the world. You'll be on the couch though."

"Sure, it's the least I could do."

Few minutes went by, and the alcohol was really getting to me. I've never been much of a drinker, much less someone who gets drunk often. But I remember going around to a corner and feeling like it was so hot in the house. So, smart as I was - instead of asking one of my friends who are hosting the party to turn up the AC or something - I decided that the best way to fix this was to shed some clothing.

I swiftly slid my dress handles down my shoulders and slid my arms out, allowing me to slide my dress down to around my ankles with little effort. I wasn't wearing a bra, so already I was only in my heels and panties - which I quickly proceeded to take off as well, though it took me a while to figure out how to get my panties off my legs as I wasn't exactly in the best condition.

In any case - there I was, completely naked with only my heels as I made my way over to where more people were. I got so many stares and glances, lots of people whispering to each other, some cheering. The girls there with their boyfriends did their best to stop their boys from looking at me showing everything off, letting my tits bounce, my ass shake. Jonathan and Alexi both saw me completely naked and made their way over to me. I remember they looked concerned while trying their best not to laugh out loud.

"Yo Viv, you need to put your clothes back on," Jonathan said.

"Oh, come on... it's so hot in here," I mumbled. "Don't you think I look good like this?"

Alexi was covering his mouth, trying not to laugh, knowing all too well this wasn't an ideal situation.

"You look awesome, but I agree with Jonathan," Alexi said. "You shouldn't just be walking around naked."

I giggled as I pressed myself against Alexi and looked up at him.

"You afraid something will happen? Just stay close to me then. Both of you."

Alexi gently distanced himself from me pressing myself against him. So I looked at Jonathan and took his arm and held it tight, right up against my naked chest. He looked both uncomfortable and excited. My two friends looked at each other, all the while others at the party were looking at this unfold. They shrugged their shoulders.

"We'll let you have your fun for a few minutes," Jonathan said. "But you'll have to get dressed soon, okay?"

I made a pouty face and just said, "Fine..."

I don't remember a lot of what happened after, apart from almost always having either Jonathan, Alexi, or both looking over me and sticking with me. Definitely remember getting my ass slapped, my tits grabbed briefly, amongst other things that I let some other guys do. At one point I do remember Alexi shouting something at the party, asking if anybody had seen something. I only learned after that he was asking others if they had seen my dress and underwear. But at the time, it didn't concern me; I was too drunk to care.

That's about all I remember from that night. I woke up the next day, not sure exactly what time it was. Not before noon, though. My head was numb, I felt dizzy and awful despite lying down. I was on a sofa, covered in a blanket. Opening my eyes was a chore because it was so bright. I tried sitting up - had a hard time. And then I noticed that under my blanket... I was wearing nothing. I pulled my blanket out all the way very fast, almost like I was afraid I had lost my legs or something. I was right - I was completely naked.

I tried to sit up - again, with a bit of difficultly. I put my head back down on the couch cushion and just looked around me. I was definitely in a familiar living room, but my memory was a bit spotty. Didn't quite remember what had happened or why I was here, or why I was naked.

I looked behind the sofa, and I saw the leftover bags of chips, the coolers, unused plastic cups.

"Oh right," I said, rubbing my eyes and holding my head. "The party..."

And then I remembered I had stripped myself naked. A huge wave of embarrassment went right through me just remembering that. I took a deep breath and got up from the sofa, still my head feeling like it had just gotten rammed into by a boulder. I walked slowly to the corner where I remembered stripping naked, but my dress and underwear weren't there. I looked in the surrounding area, though not too hard because I was just so hungover. Couldn't find it.

"Where the fuck are my clothes?" I mumbled to myself.

I heard footsteps coming up the stairs to my right, my heart feeling like it skipped a beat. I took a few steps back and used my hands to modestly cover my tits and between my thighs as Alexi had come up, his hair a little frizzy and in what looked like his pajamas. We locked eyes. He eyed me from head to toe... as I just stood there naked.

"I hope you remember how this happened," he said.

I nodded. "Yeah, I think so. And I know it's my fault."

He exhaled. "Sort of. But also mine and Jon's. We should have made you put your clothes back on ASAP."

"Where are my clothes? Do you know?"

"Beats me. Someone fucked off with them and nobody saw who it was."

"Oh, fuck."

Alexi looked like he felt bad for me. He made his way over to the kitchen and started to brew some coffee. As quick as I could muster with my sore head, I went over to the admittedly small blanket that I had slept with and tossed aside and wrapped it around me to at least cover myself somewhat. But it couldn't even make it all the way around me, and didn't go all that low. It barely made it down to my hips and I had to really pull both sides inwards to cover most of my front. I couldn't believe it - someone just took my clothes and I was stuck naked at my friend's place. And they had to worry about me and my safety all this time.

"I'm sorry," I said aloud.

"No, no, don't worry about it," Alexi said. "What do you like in your coffee?"

"Uhm, two cream, one sugar, please."

Alexi poured two cups of coffee - one for me, and one for him. He sat down with me at the sofa as we both drank our morning nectar.

"I'm just glad nothing else happened," he said. "You got lots of attention, that's for sure."

"Thanks for looking out for me. You and Jon. I bet you both were pretty embarrassed to have to look out for a naked drunk girl at the party you hosted."

"A little, but that can't compare to how you must feel."

"I guess... Why did I even drink at all? I didn't have anybody to drive me home."

He shrugged his shoulder. "Shit happens. You're lucky you didn't do that at someone else's party where we weren't there to look out for you. Just be careful next time, 'kay?"

"Yeah... How am I gonna get home without anyone noticing? Not like I can just drive around naked or whatever."

"Jon and I were saying you'd be best to wait until it gets dark out - at least then if you're driving, people won't see that you're naked. Just gotta make sure you don't get pulled over."

I nodded. "Guess that is the best idea. But then I have to stay here the whole day and impose on you guys still. Fuck."

"Don't worry about it, Viv. Last thing we want is for you to get pulled over for indecent exposure while trying to rush back home because you feel bad about last night."

I looked at Alexi and smiled. "Thanks."

"Not like it's not nice having a hot, naked girl around."

"Oh, shut up..." I took a sip of my coffee.

At some point, Jonathan made his way down from his bedroom upstairs, also in what looked like his pajama clothes. He walked past the living room and noticed I was awake, drinking a coffee with Alexi.

"I'm guessing he told you how this happened?" Jonathan asked.

"Yup," I said. "Really sorry..."

He snickered and got himself a bottle of apple juice from one of the coolers.

"We should be sorry for you," he said, taking a sip. "You're the one who's stuck here naked. Did you have your phone or something important in your dress?"

"Huh? No. I don't think so. My purse is in the trunk of my car. The doors are locked but not the trunk - so it should be safe."

"Good. At least there's that. You got a change of clothes in there?"

I sighed. "Nope. I'm completely naked."

"At least you're fucking hot," he said while winking at me.

I scoffed. "Oh my god... Honestly, though, I'm sorry. I probably had you guys really worried or concerned last night. Feels like I ruined your party by doing that crazy shit."

"Meh," Alexi said. "Again - you're safe and okay, that's what matters most. We weren't going to let you out of our sight or let you leave in that state."

"I appreciate it. Thank you. Any way I can repay you?"

"We're friends. It's not overly necessary," Jonathan said. "Your gratitude and getting to see your naked body was enough."

I smiled. It was embarrassing that I was naked like this, but it also felt... good. It felt a little exciting that I was stuck there naked, with only this small blanket to cover me. Both guys looking at me, having openly told me they found me attractive. And they'd seen it all anyway.

"Naked body, huh...?" I said as I took my blanket and gently set it beside me, completely exposing myself in front of them. Alexi was right next to me on the couch, just looking at me, specifically at my tits. Already I was feeling a rush of nervousness and excitement.

"I guess if I'm imposing on you by staying here, I could at least let you stare as much as you want... right?"

Jonathan smiled with a laugh. "Well, uh, yeah. If that's what you want. I won't complain."

I looked at Alexi. "I won't either," he said, jokingly coughing into his fist while still looking right at me.

"You know - just make sure to keep this between the three of us... okay?" I said.

They both nodded as I finished my cup of coffee and struggled to get back up on my feet. I felt the need to use my hands to cover myself, but I had to really tell myself not to - not because I didn't feel embarrassed or ashamed, but because I found it somewhat exhilarating. Forcing myself to not cover myself in front of these two guys who I was really good friends with - and it was obvious that they couldn't get enough of looking at me willingly fully exposed.

"And since I know you guys didn't willingly touch me inappropriately while making sure I didn't get in trouble last night... If either of you finds a good opportunity... give me a reminder that I'm exposed."

They both looked a little uneasy but also interested at the prospect of that. I had at least another twelve hours that I had to spend at their place, forcing myself to not cover-up. I wondered if I would be able to resist the urge to cover myself for that long, or what else might happen. I had never been made to be naked for basically an entire day, so it was... interesting, to say the least. Going to the bathroom was weird - not like I don't properly wipe or anything but I had to be extra sure I did a good job. I had to be careful to not be standing in front of a window for too long, otherwise, I risked getting peeped on.

And then I had the two guys around, whilst I wondered if they would try to take me up on my challenge of reminding me of my nudity. And if so... when they would.

It didn't take long for that to happen, though. I was looking around the kitchen to find myself something to snack on for breakfast. I looked in the fridge, in their pantry... and without any warning, I just felt a nice and firm slap right on my left butt cheek. I twitched forward and gasped as I looked back and saw Alexi right behind me, chuckling.

"You were bent over... it's like you were asking for it," he said.

I smirked shyly. "I didn't notice, I guess... Got anything I can eat for some kind of breakfast?"

"We got some cereal, some toast, stuff like that. Take whatever you like."

"Thanks," I said as I closed the door to the fridge and made my way towards the counter where there was a bag of whole wheat bread. As I walked past Alexi, I gave his ass a little bit of a playful pat. "Payback," I whispered.

He winked and made his way over to the bathroom to shower.

After I made myself some buttered toast and drank a big glass of water to help with my hangover, I made my way upstairs to see if I could find Jonathan. After our little conversation, he had gone back up and I was just curious what his daily weekend routine was like when he had free time.

There was the upstairs bathroom to my right immediately as I made it up, and further down the hallway there was a door open - Jonathan's bedroom. I made my way over and peeked in to see Jonathan simply at his computer desk, looking at some Youtube videos.

I knocked on the door and he turned around, taking off his headphones, and did the "guy thing" where they nod their head forward as if to say hello or what's up?

I made my way closer to him and he was just looking at my naked body. I felt like I needed to cover myself, but I didn't. I let him stare and I simply smiled, knowing that he was enjoying this.

"Nice computer," I said.

"Nice... uh... Thanks, I guess," he said, stuttering a bit.

"Nice what?" I asked, curious.

"Nice... everything."

I laughed, both embarrassed and flattered.

"I got spanked," I said.

"Oh? Alexi?"

"Yeah! Caught me off guard. Was looking for food and he got me good."

Jonathan smirked as I saw him look right at my tits. I had a feeling he was going to try something.

"Well, did you at least get him back?" he asked.

"Yeah, I gave him a little spank of my own."

"I see...." and very quickly, he brought his arm all the way up, grabbing my left tit with his hand with a firm grip and abruptly squeezing it.

I let out a moan as I stumbled back and instinctively covered my tits. I knew he was going to try something, but I still got caught off guard.

"Hey, no covering," he said. And I realized where my hands were, so I let them drop. Fuck - I let him grab my tits and it was so exciting. "So, what are you gonna do to get back at me then?" he asked, obviously teasing me.

I looked at him and walked closer, but also wary that he might try and put his hands on me again - still though, I put my hands on his chair's armrest and leaned forward, and he leaned back, having a hard time keeping his eyes to mine, and not my chest.

"Well, it's not like you have a pair of tits I can grab."

"Well, technically I do... they just aren't big like yours."

"Pfft. You wish you had tits like mine."

"Haha. But then I'd have back troubles, I bet."

"Oh, for sure."

And very quickly he grabbed me by my waist and turned me around. He made me sit right on his lap, and brought his hands over to my tits, and started to fondle them as he pressed me against him. All the while, I was letting out a mix of laughs, squirms, and moans. In the beginning, I was trying to move his hands with mine, but at one point it started to feel just... great. Getting that kind of physical contact and attention. I simply put my hands back on his armrests and held them tight, in relation to how good his fondling of my tits felt.

He'd place his entire palm on my breast, squeezing and rubbing them, and occasionally using the tip of his fingers to pinch and pull on my nipples, which really got me to moan. But soon enough he stopped, probably thinking to himself that he was overdoing it.

"Sorry," he said, while I was still sitting on his lap but as he stopped fondling. "Never got to play with a pair that big..."

I giggled as I was catching my breath. I turned my head around to look at him. "Well, I'm glad I could give you a free trial," I said.

That's when I realized that all of that fondling had gotten me a little too excited. My nipples were hard, and I was getting decently wet. Not only that, but I was sitting right on Jonathan's lap... and it was also pretty obvious that he had gotten excited.

"Well... now I gotta get back at you at some point," I said as I gently got off of him, standing in front of him.

"I wonder how you'll do that," he said. I noticed him glance between my legs - must have noticed that I had gotten a little moist down there... or maybe hinting at where I should get him back later.

I asked him about his computer, and he told me about how he's definitely an avid video gamer and all that. With that, I decided to leave his room for now, but not without giving him a nice wink, hopefully giving him a sense of dread for later, when I decided on what to do to him for that little session.

But when I got downstairs I kind of realized that I didn't have much to do that I would normally do at my place. I didn't have my phone or anything either, so I couldn't text my friends or anything like that. Technically I could have gone to get it, but I'd have to walk outside all the way to my car... completely naked.

So I decided to wait for Alexi to come out of the shower to ask him if he wanted to do anything, like play a game. In the meantime, I decided to clean up what was left of the party: the plastic cups, the drinks in the coolers, the bags of chips. I tidied them up and put them in their respective places - at least where I thought they belonged in this house. Then I looked over at the glass patio door... and decided to walk over to it, completely exposed.

I looked out at their small backyard - it was fenced, and at this angle, unless they were right in the backyard, no one would be able to see me. I decided to open the patio door, but definitely got a rush of cold wind that ran through my body. It's not like it was the summer or anything like that - but it was somewhat refreshing and invigorating to get that kind of natural gust of wind on my naked body. Then I heard a door behind me open, and I quickly closed the patio door and tried to act as if nothing had happened.

Alexi had come out of the bathroom after his shower, still dressed in his pajamas but with his hair still wet but well combed. He noticed me and smiled.

"You bored?" he asked.

"A little. I paid a little visit to Jonathan, though."

"Oh? You two have fun?"

I smiled. "You could say that..."

"Where'd he put his hands? Or, I guess, where'd you let him put his hands?"

He was steadily walking over to me until he was eventually right in front of me, both of us standing in front of the patio door.

"I think you can guess..." I said, holding my hands together behind me and putting my chest out.

He looked right at my tits and chuckled. He took his fingers and gently circled my areolas with them, causing me to whimper not only because of the sensitive feeling but also because his fingers were cold from his shower still. Very quickly my tits got hard... and Alexi could definitely tell.

"What's off-limits?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"In terms of the reminders of your exposed body?" At this point, his fingers around my areolas had turned into his full palms on my breasts.

"Oh... well... uhm..." I got a little flustered as I noticed Alexi was leaning closer and closer while gently squeezing my boobs. "Well... I can just say if it gets too intense, I guess..." I was breathing heavily, my heart was pounding... and I knew that Alexi had something in mind. I just wasn't sure exactly what

"You promise you'll tell me if it gets too much for you?" he asked, looking serious.

I nodded. "Mmhmm."

And so Alexi pressed himself against me, pushing my back against the cold patio door, which definitely made me whimper just from the cold, but I didn't get much time to think about that - Alexi brought his face to mine as he initiated a kiss, still with his hands on my tits. I reciprocated, making out with him with my ass and back against the patio door. And it only got more and more intense.

It's not like I had never had some kind of feelings for both Alexi and Jonathan. We'd been friends since high school but I still only saw them as friends for the most part. And I'm sure they saw me like that as well, for the most part. But with this kind of exposure on my part, as well as willingness to let them push the boundaries of what was our friendship... it seemed like both Jonathan and Alexi had some tension to release, and turns out I was a good candidate.

Before I knew it, Alexi was grabbing my legs and pulling me off the ground, wrapping my legs around his waist and pressing me even more against the patio door. My chest against his, our lips kissing the whole while. We were both breathing between our kisses, sometimes taking a bit of a breather, and looking at each other in the eyes before going right back to making out.

At one point though I needed a bit more of a break. I moved my hands from his neck and back to his shoulders and gently pushed him off of me. I was almost out of breath, feeling extremely warm and hot all over. I was pressed so close to him, had let him into my zone and stay there for quite a while.

"What's wrong? Did I go too far?" he asked, visibly worried.

"No, no!" I said to reassure him. "Just need a bit of a breather, that's all..."

He looked at the position we were in - having lifted me off the ground and pressing me against the clear glass.

"Didn't mean to get so... handsy," he said.

"Well, not like I told you to stop..." I added.

"Good point," he smiled.

He did let me back on my feet, though, and it was definitely a little awkward looking at each other after that. We shared a strong, passionate moment like that, and obviously, there was something there. But I felt similarly when Jonathan had put me on his lap and fondled my breasts. But this moment was definitely more intimate, and who knew where we'd go from there.

"You're a good kisser," I told him.

"Oh, thanks!" he said. "So are you."

I felt myself blushing.

"Does it feel weird to have Jonathan and I... like, touch you and look at you in this way? I know you were just trying to make it up to us by letting us see you naked but... letting us do that kind of stuff with you?"

"We're good friends, right?" I said. "And you guys have definitely been good to me as friends and helping me with school work and driving me around before I got the guts to learn to drive. Feels like maybe testing our limits like this is a good thing."

"You know Jon and I care for you. I'd hate for this kind of stuff to put a wrench in our friendship. I'd also be afraid to make anyone jealous - either you or Jon."

I pondered what he was saying. It made sense - I know not all guys are into this kind of three-way thing with one girl. And I definitely didn't want to make things too awkward or ruin what we have. But damn... it fucking felt good to have Alexi press me against that patio door and make out with me like that, especially when I thought about what Jonathan had done with me only a few minutes before. I felt such a huge surge of emotion and lust as it happened, and I definitely wanted more.

"How did you feel making out with me, knowing that Jon had just played with me a bit too right before?"

He thought about it a bit. "I dunno. I didn't really think about that in the moment. I just know I wanted to try and one-up him, in a way. Did I?"

I grinned and gave him a thumbs up. "You sure did."

"And you know he's going to want to one-up me back, right?"

I nodded. "Yeah... I know. You two are competitive."

He turned around to head to his room downstairs. "Sometimes we are. I feel like you'll like that, though."

I chuckled, knowing what he said was true. He was about to take a step downstairs but not before giving me a cheeky smile.

"Well, hopefully, he does one-up me... so I can one-up him back," and he went downstairs.

And I felt something go down my spine... a strong feeling of anticipation but also some fear. Not a bad fear, though. I just knew that I was going to keep trying my hand at seeing what these guys were willing to do to me, given the circumstance I'd brought upon them... you know, more than I already had.

I was really about to test my limits with these two guys - all the while having to be naked the whole time.