A Very Revealing Nap

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Last year I began renting a three bedroom, two bath house out in the country, I was living alone so I certainly didn't need all the space, but it was the only thing available in the area at the time. I turned one of the extra bedrooms into an office for myself, and set the other one up as a guest room for the rare occasions that I actually had any overnight company. Well, the kind that didn't stay in my bed with me, anyway.

I've always enjoyed living alone, especially having the freedom to wake up and get the coffee started without having to worry about putting clothes on, or being able to roam between the bedroom and bathroom for a shower without fear of my nudity being seen by anyone. The thing is, I really like being naked and I really enjoy the freedom I feel when I'm out of my clothes. Now, I'm not the kind of guy to go out flashing people, or even to go streaking, but there is something nice about getting up early in the morning and sitting on my back porch with coffee to watch the sunrise, nude, where nobody can see me.

My house sat off of a private road quite a ways, but the front of the house was visible to anyone that happened to be driving by, and could be seen by the neighbors should they ever care to look. I was sure that if they did take notice, they would definitely see me if I was on the front porch naked, so I kept my clothing optional activities strictly to inside the house, or in the privacy of my back yard. The yard was quite large in the back, and had a few rolling hills behind it that eventually ended in a densely wooded area beyond that.

When I'd go outside at night, the only light around me was in front of the house, so the closer I stayed towards the back of the building, the more brilliant the starts became. I soon found that however nice my morning coffee was outside in the nude, laying out naked under the stars was even better. It felt so amazing to have all that open space, with nothing but the stars and the moon to light the landscape around me. I've never experienced anything like it before or since, and that honestly affected me more than I realized. I'd usually stay in my clothes until my evening shower, or if I skipped that for whatever reason, until I went to bed later in the night.

That freedom and peace that I felt outside though changed that habit and I began to strip off as soon as I got home from work. I'd go straight to my bedroom and deposit my work clothes in the hamper, then reemerge into the living room or kitchen to begin to wind down for the day. I'd gotten used to it over time, and soon the novelty wore off as it does, and it just became normal for me to be naked when I was at home.

That all had to change quickly enough though unfortunately, an old friend of mine needed a place to stay for a while since her old roommate had gotten pregnant and decided to move in with her boyfriend. Katie couldn't afford the place she was staying in by herself, so after waiting to see if she'd find anything else, I finally offered her my spare room until something became available for her. She graciously accepted my offer, and by the end of the week, she was all moved in. We worked similar schedules, so we both woke up around the same time in the mornings, and both got home around the same time at night so I couldn't walk around naked like I had become so accustomed to. This was disappointing to me in a way, but having my friend living with me made up for that for the most part. I was still able to wander about in my towel, or my boxers, but that was as far as I ever tried to push it.

We'd discussed the idea of one or both of us going naked once, and both agreed that it wasn't a big deal, however neither one of us wanted to go first. Our relationship had always been purely platonic, so open, non-sexual nudity was very much a taboo for us both. I'd considered taking the risk a few times of starting the coffee in the buff, especially since I always had to knock on her door to wake her up in the mornings, but a few times she'd gotten up before I did, and the last thing I wanted to do was to make her uncomfortable, so I resolved to slip on my shorts before venturing into the living room and kitchen.

Part of the "house rules" we'd agreed to was the closed door policy, since we both preferred to sleep naked, once a bedroom door was closed, it was not to be opened unless the other person was explicitly invited to do so. Once that rule was in place, Katie seemed really relieved. She said that she'd avoided sleeping in the buff those first few nights, and seemed to relax after I'd mentioned the new rule to her one evening. After that, we'd both occasionally get up in the middle of the night for a drink, or a late night cigarette, and a few times she surprised me by walking out wrapped only in a blanket. I'm not going to lie, I found that to be almost more sexy than if she'd just walked out of her room completely naked. I guess it was the implied nudity that was the turn-on for me, similar to when she'd get home and change into a pair of loose shorts and a tight shirt with no bra on. Needless to say, I quite enjoyed the sight of her nipples poking out against the top, and being able to see the natural shape of her small breasts without the support and illusion of her push-up bra.

A few times I caught myself wondering if she enjoyed that small bit of exposure, but I always stopped myself and decided that it was simply more comfortable for her, and the fact that she was comfortable enough around me to dress that way, made me feel like we were really close. After all, I'd sit around all morning, and most weekends all day, wearing just my boxer briefs, my own intimate features no doubt on almost full display to her. It was never awkward between us like that, and I kind of enjoyed that aspect of our friendship at that point.

After about a month of living together we'd both settled into a routine, and everything was going really well. She'd buy the groceries on her way home from work when we needed them, and I'd cook diner for us both after she got back. We'd eat, chat, and watch TV until bedtime, then say goodnight and go our separate ways to the privacy of our rooms, occasionally coming back out to the living room for that one last drink or smoke, and having that small bit of added mystery when she'd wear her blanket. I never mentioned it, but I certainly took notice of it.

Everything changed one Friday afternoon though, I'd taken off of work early and gotten home to jump right in the shower. When I got done drying off, I wrapped my towel around my waist as usual, and went to sit on the couch to watch some TV until Katie got home. I decided to lay down and take a nap since I had the place to myself again for once, if only for a few hours, so I didn't bother putting anything else on. I stretched out on the couch, turned the TV off, and soon I was out. I awoke once feeling my towel bunched up uncomfortably around my legs, so I took it off and just dropped it on the floor before falling back asleep.

Well, I must have been a lot more tired than I thought, because the next thing I know, I'm waking up to the unmistakable feeling of being watched. I opened my eyes and looked up, then towards the kitchen, but nobody was there. I listened for a few moments to see if Katie had gotten home yet, but I didn't figure she had. As far as I knew, it was still early afternoon and I had time for another quick nap. I turned on my right side and looked at the floor in front of the couch and found that my towel was missing! Maybe I accidentally kicked it underneath while I was sleeping, but even then in my foggy and just awoken state, that didn't make much sense to me. I sat up and looked closer at where it was, thinking maybe I'd see it sticking out from under the furniture, but there wasn't any sign of it.

What I didn't notice was that Katie was sitting in the chair next to the couch by my head, wearing my towel, my only source of cover. "Looking for this?" She asked with a slight wickedness to her smiling words, causing me to freeze where I was, not daring to move a muscle out of the irrational fear that I'd be seen.

It was much, much, much too late for that. By that time, it was well past six o'clock, which meant that she'd been home for almost an hour. Had she been watching me this whole time? I still hadn't seen her, so I had no idea she had my towel, much less that was wearing it and that she'd been sitting next to me this whole time.

I slowly turned my head towards her to see her laying across the arms of the recliner, looking directly at me as I sat, dumbfounded and naked on the couch. She had her arms crossed over her chest, further securing my towel to her body. The smile on her face told me that above all she found this to be quite amusing, I however was beyond embarrassed at the situation. How could I have slept through her coming in the front door? My God, what if she'd decided to bring company over? A million things flashed through my mind before I finally covered myself with my hands and sat up a little straighter, turning my head and looking her in the eye before confirming that, yes, I was indeed looking for the towel she was now wearing.

I noticed that her hair was wet, and I could smell her shampoo like she'd just gotten out of the shower. That made me wonder if she took my towel before or after she'd taken one. Either way it didn't really matter, if there was a show, I'd missed it already, and the one she got was still ongoing.

"Why are you covering yourself up like that?" She asked next, "I've already seen everything," she giggled, "you might as well save yourself the trouble."

I don't know what came over me at that point, I suppose now it was the truth of her statement, she had already seen everything there was to see, plus I was comfortable being naked, albeit just not in front of anyone, and especially not her. I moved my hands and rested them by my sides on the couch, uncovering my now semi hard manhood. "Can I have my towel back?" I asked pleadingly, hoping this humiliation would be over soon and maybe we could forget it ever happened. "I didn't mean to be naked when you got home. I got off work early and took a shower, I must have fallen asleep here after I got out."

She smiled at me as her eyes ran over my fully exposed body, "You know, I usually don't like it when a guy shaves everything down there," her gaze now fixed on my now almost hard, and completely hairless dick, "but I think it looks good on you," she added with an even bigger smile. She was totally avoiding my request for the return of my towel, so I decided to ask again.

"My towel, Kate?" I reached my hand out towards her, hoping she'd take it off and give it back to me. I figured she'd be wearing something underneath it just to screw with me, if the roles were reversed, it's probably what I would've done.

"What, and leave me being the only one naked? I don't think so."

"Why didn't you use your own towel then?" I asked, now wanting more answers than cloth.

"They're all dirty, and I saw yours there on the floor so I used it instead. It's not like you were using it at the time," she gleamed. We made eye contact for several moments as we tried to decide where to go from there. I couldn't just get up and make a run for my room, then she'd know for sure that I was embarrassed and I'd never live it down. No, I had to sit there, hands to my sides, and wait for her move.

"Well, it was an accident, I'm sorry. It won't happen again," I pleaded with her, once again holding my hand out for my towel.

"Things happen I guess," she laughed. "How about since it's the only one left, I go put it in the washing machine instead?" Katie stood up as I eyed her long, tanned legs and thighs, barely covered by the bottom hem of the makeshift garment she had on.

"That sounds fair," I conceded, hoping she would just drop it there in front of me. She didn't, she began to walk away towards the laundry room.

There I was, left sitting on the couch, naked, and she'd probably come back wearing more than a towel when she returned. I watched her as she took a few steps towards the kitchen, but soon she stopped and turned her head around to look at me again over her shoulder. I think she just wanted to see the look on my face when she let go of her covering, exposing her bare back and ass to me. She gave a very satisfied smile as she swung the towel around in front of her and continued to walk away. I'm sure my jaw was on the floor at that point, as her ass looked absolutely amazing to me. I'd never been all that impressed with it when she was clothed, but seeing it in it's full, naked glory came as quite a shock to me. She was really attractive from behind, and I hoped I'd get to see the view from the front as well.

I watched as her butt jiggled slightly, and her hips swayed as she walked away, not turning back again, instead continuing to the laundry room. I heard her open the washer and drop the towel in, then I heard the lid close and she stepped confidently back into view. My eyes were fixed on her body as she moved back towards me, her small breasts and her shaved pussy were totally on display to me and I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My best friend since high school, naked, in my house, walking along like nothing was amiss. Okay, maybe she had a bit more of a pronounced sway to her movements, but she was naked, and I'm sure that the look on my face added to her confidence. There was no way to hide the fact that I thought she was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen, my face showed it, and before I could register what was happening, my cock showed it too.

She blushed a little when she saw it rising from my lap between my legs, but her eyes never strayed away. She was enjoying this, and really, so was I. "Wow, Kate. You have an amazing body. I never really noticed it before."

"Thanks," she smiled and she walked closer to me. "You've got a really nice dick," she offered back as she sat down on her side of the couch. She settled in and then turned on the TV, paying no more attention to the naked guy sitting next to her. After a few seconds she finally turned back towards me, "we should've done this from the beginning. I love being naked, I was just afraid to be the first one to show everything."

"S-same here," I managed while looking deep into her eyes for even the slightest hint of discomfort. There was none, she seemed to be right at home.

"Can you get me a beer from the fridge?" She asked sweetly, "I could really use one after the week at work I had."

"Sure," I replied as I got up and walked to the kitchen. I could feel her eyes on my backside as I moved across the living room to get us drinks. After I turned the corner out of her sight, I realized just how much I enjoyed her seeing me baring it all, too. I mean, seeing her nude was great, but there was just that little extra thrill in knowing she could see me too, especially since she seemed to be enjoying it herself.

I felt the cool rush of air from the fridge run down my body as I opened it and reached in for a couple of bottles. I was suddenly hyper aware of my undressed state, and I found the comfort of it all coming back to me. My erection quickly subsided to a less impressive state, but not completely flaccid, and I walked back to the couch. Katie looked up and watched me for a few steps before turning her attention back to her show. She didn't check me out that time, but instead looked me right in the eyes and just smiled, putting me further at ease about the whole situation. When I stepped next to her and handed her the beer however, she took full advantage of the close up view of my fully exposed midsection right in front of her face. Fair is fair, so I allowed my gaze to once again fall upon her firm little tits, and the shaved pink slit poking out from between her slightly parted legs. I admired her beauty more than anything, here was this attractive young woman sitting naked in my living room, and yet there didn't seem to be any sexual tension in the air between us. She took the beer from my hand and took a long drink of it as I walked over and sat down on my side of the couch, taking a satisfying drink from my own.

We stayed undressed for the rest of the night, until we both decided it was time for bed. We said our good nights and headed off to bed. It took me a little while to get to sleep because I couldn't get the image of her out of my mind. I got up and went to my bathroom to relieve my now aching hard on, finding myself surprised at how much I came when I finally got my release. I've learned a lot about Katie over the years, but I never suspected that I'd find her so damned sexy, much less that I'd ever get the chance to see her naked like that. I cleaned up and went back to bed, hoping I'd get another chance sooner rather than later.

The next morning I woke up to my bedroom door opening. I looked up and saw Katie walking in, still naked, holding two cups of coffee in her hands. "Morning," she said quietly and sweetly as she sat on the bed next to me and handed me my cup. "I hope you don't mind me just barging in like that, but I figure since we're both naked, it didn't matter anymore."

I rubbed my eyes with one hand as I brought the cup of hot coffee up to my mouth with the other. I don't know why, but the coffee always seemed to taste better when Katie would make it. "Not at all, it's kind of a pointless rule now, like you said." I took another sip and enjoyed the warmth as it made its way down to my stomach. I sat the cup down on my night stand and smiled at my naked roommate. "The coffee's great, thanks," I smiled at her before she stood up and ripped the covers off of me, exposing my morning wood to the cool air of the room, and the warm gaze of her reddish brown eyes.

"C'mon, get up!" She said as she stood there, looking down at me. "Let's go watch the sun come up." With that I got up, unfazed as she was by my erection, and walked behind her to the back porch where we drank our coffee, and enjoyed the warmth of the sun on our nude bodies as it rose, bringing in the new day.

For the rest of the weekend neither one of us put on any form of clothing, and from then on out, when we were at home, we were naked. She moved out several months ago, but when she comes back to visit, the first thing she does when she gets in the door is strips naked again, and I happily follow suit. We'll make coffee and just relax in each others company, talking like we always have, and after dark we sit on the back porch under the stars and moon in a comfortable silence, listening to the tranquil sounds of the night as the constellations pass overhead. Maybe one day we'll be more, but for now I couldn't ask for anything more perfect than enjoying the freedom of being naked with my best friend.

**A Very Revealing Nap Ch. 02**

The first cold snap of the year had finally hit my small neck of the woods and I was excited to put my fireplace into service for the first time. I was however, a little bummed out that the early morning and late night hours on my back porch would have to involve more clothing than I'd become accustomed to in the warmer months.

I stepped outside into the crisp morning air with my coffee, breathing in the refreshing breeze, and letting the memories of the past years rush over my mind. Every time the seasons change, I'm reminded of the feelings that my brain has subconsciously stored and associated with the climate outside. Some of those feelings are good, and some bad, but this time I felt excited for all the new associations I saw coming my way.

Sipping my coffee, I realized that I was getting quite chilly having only worn a t-shirt and some track pants. It was already looking to be a cold winter, despite the fact fall had only just begun, and I needed to plan for much warmer cover for my coffee outdoors. Deciding to cut my time short and head back to the comfort of my couch, I got up and started for the back door, but before I could reach the doorknob, I heard the familiar sound of tires on gravel from the front of the house. Soon after, I recognized the low rumble of Katie's truck engine before it came to a stop in my driveway and cut off.

I headed back inside and started fresh coffee, excited that she'd decided to pay me a surprise visit. I hoped that we'd continue the way we do, naked, but of course with such a chill in the air outside, I knew that probably wouldn't happen, and we'd return to the old ways of hanging out fully clothed. If only for that fact did I begin to miss the summer months already.

The front door opened, sending a cool rush of wind through the house as Katie entered, not bothering to knock because at that point there wasn't anything left to hide between us, not really anyway. "Hey, I'm home!" She announced as she closed the door behind her; though she'd moved out months ago, this was still our place to the both of us, and I encouraged her to treat it as such. Left in place when she left were her toothbrush, shampoo, conditioner, shower gel, and various other items one might need on an overnight stay. They certainly didn't go unused very often, although she lived somewhere else, she still spent many a night crashing at my place since it was much closer to her job, and when she'd stop by, the late hours of the evening always snuck up on us.

"I'm in the kitchen," I called back, "just starting some fresh coffee for us."

"Good! I was just thinking how good some of your coffee sounded right now," she said as she dropped her purse next to the couch and kicked off her shoes. "I caught a bit of a chill outside, but damn is it nice to be done with the hot weather!"

"It certainly is," I chuckled in agreement, though again I was struck with the realization that probably meant I'd be seeing less of her, at least as far as nudity was concerned.

To my delight as I walked around the corner to meet her in the living room, she was just starting to pull her shirt over her head, revealing her toned stomach and pink push-up bra. Once the shirt was discarded on the floor by the couch, she began to unfasten her jeans and take them off next. "I hope you plan on turning the heat up in here," she commented, "otherwise it'll get awfully cold without clothes on. Her smile beamed towards me, and no doubt reflected with my own as I knew that despite the drop in temperatures, I'd still get to enjoy my friend in all her naked glory. Plus, I'd still get to show off my own glory, for whatever that was worth.

I walked over towards the dining room and adjusted the thermostat on the wall by the diner table, bumping it's setting up far closer to 80 than I normally would've had I been alone. I for one can handle a bit of chill in the air, but the warmer it was, the less she'd be persuaded to cover her body with, and I was definitely on board with that. "The heat should be kicking back on shortly, in the meantime maybe the coffee will keep us warm enough."

"Well, we could always drag a couple of blankets out from the closet," she said as I walked back in the room. Her back was to me as she let her bra fall to the floor, then casually bent over, lowering her matching thong to join it. I slowed my pace to admire the sensual way the string of the garment delicately peeled itself from between her butt cheeks, exposing her little by little until I could clearly see her womanhood peaking out from the gap in her thighs. I took a sharp breath when the skimpy piece of cloth hit the floor, and kept watching as she so gracefully stepped out of it.

"That's true, but there wouldn't be near as much scenery to look at," I commented as I neared the couch. I waited a few beats until she turned to face me, then started removing the t-shirt covering my upper body. I reached behind my head with my right hand and grabbed the collar of the shirt, pulling it off my body in one swift motion, making extra effort to flex my arm and abs as I did so. I was very pleased to find the look of admiration on her face once I could see again, and that infectious smile of hers worked it's usual charm and had me beaming from the inside out.

There was just something incredible about being physically admired in such a nonsexual way, especially by someone like Katie. Sure, it was my physique that inflicted her admiration, but it wasn't from the usual lust-filled place that most people express when seeing another person naked. For us, it was more about the exposure of not just our bodies, but of ourselves that got us stirred up inside.

I tossed the shirt to the ground and stopped to remove my pants next. Seeing as how there wasn't really any sexy way for me to remove them like there was with her and her thong, I unceremoniously pushed them to my feet and stepped out of them as though she wasn't looking. For a brief moment, it didn't even register to me that we were now naked again, no, we were just at home like always. Once I saw her eyes wander down to my crotch though, the fact that my most private parts were swinging freely between my legs became noticeable.

I could then feel the blood rushing to my face as soon as I realized what she was looking at. With each step my exposed sex swayed back and forth, occasionally slapping lightly against my legs as it seemed to get heavier and heavier with the attention of her powerful gaze. Her smile grew as I approached her, and for the first time since we'd begun this clothing free lifestyle, she motioned me in for a hug as she stepped directly into my path.

Instinct kind of took over at that point, and muscle memory kicked in as we hugged just like two friends would, the exception being now that we were both nude. She lingered this time though, keeping her warm little body pressed against mine before stepping in even closer, bringing our hips together as the friendly dynamic started to change. Before I could stop myself, my hand reached lower and lower down her back, pulling her towards me even tighter while my head tilted down, putting my face closer to the side of her neck than would normally be acceptable for a casual hug.

I almost got lost in the scent of her hair and perfume as we stood there, but the thought in the back of my mind kept me grounded. We're friends, not lovers, and friends generally tend not to sniff at each other that way. I broke off the embrace and we were both suddenly struck with how awkward the situation had just become. The same thought seemed to cross our minds at the same time as we erupted with nervous giggles, that because of our closeness quickly devolved into a much more comfortable laughter.

All this time we'd spent naked together without incident, now suddenly, things were changing all over again, and it was getting more and more difficult to keep up with it all. We both looked down at our own feet in embarrassment, and I decided to make my way to the couch and sit down before I got too lightheaded. Katie sat down next to me and wrapped her arms around herself as she gave a little shiver. "I think maybe that blanket is a good idea, at least until the heater warms this place up. I'll go grab one."

"Good idea," I said a bit more sheepishly than I'd intended. "I'll go get the coffee served up, it should be ready by now."

I got up from the couch and made my way towards the kitchen as Katie walked over to my bedroom to get an extra blanket from the closet. Once in front of the coffee maker, I started to replay the exchange we just had. Did I make her uncomfortable with they way I pulled her closer to me? Was she really just cold, or did she suddenly feel the need to cover herself from me for some reason? I started to get lost in my thoughts about the situation when I heard her sit back on the couch and wrap up in the blanket.

I poured the coffee into our mugs, and as confidently as I could at that moment, walked back to the couch. Katie's face showed no discomfort, which was a very comforting sign, and my worries were eased even further when she reached up to take the cup from me, letting the blanket fall, once again exposing her young, perky breasts to the coolness of the morning.

"Thanks, hopefully this will warm us up a little," she remarked with a smile. "Come snuggle up with me in the blanket," she said as she threw one side of it up, motioning me to sit next to her.

I tried not to let myself make a big deal out of it, but even before we'd gotten so comfortable around each other, we rarely hugged, much less sat so close to one another, and never sat on the couch under the same blanket. I sat my coffee down on the table and took a seat, placing myself under the covers with Katie. She scooted closer to me and took my arm to put around her as she cuddled up against me. Her warm skin felt so soft against my naked body, and her hair gently tickled the side of my face and my shoulder as she rested her head on me.

"I'm really glad we have each other to keep warm this winter," she stated as she wrapped her arm around my stomach, her fingers gently tracing their path across my midsection before coming to a rest on my opposite side, just below my rib cage.

"Me too, Kate. It's looking like it's really going to be a cold one this year."

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We sat there together for what seemed like ages, just enjoying the feeling of truly holding one another for the first time. It was strange, never before had we been so physically...intimate with each other. It seemed like once we got our clothes out of the way, we both began to see the other not so much like the friends we'd always been, but more as human beings. For us it had been so easy to forget the fact that I was a man, and she was a woman, despite the conversational topics we'd delve into from time to time. Since that nap though, it seemed that we'd kind of opened our eyes to the other one. Now, I'm not going to lie and say that I'd never thought of her sexually, or romantically before, but because of the existing dynamic between us, those thoughts never really stuck out at the forefront of our time spent together. Honestly, the idea of her as anything more than a friend never really crossed my mind until she was gone and I was left alone to my own devices. While she was sitting next to me, she was Katie...nothing more, nothing less.

Now though, with her naked form available for my eyes to roam upon, and her body nestled so tenderly next to mine, sparks were starting to fly, biology was beginning to take over, and I couldn't help but ponder what could happen in the not too distant future. Sitting like that, like lovers, certainly got me thinking. Before I could think to stop it, my mind began to race with the images of her on top of me; of me on top of her; and of my face being so willingly planted between those gorgeous thighs of hers. It was at this point I could feel my dick begin to rise up again, and I knew that at any moment it could spring to life and touch the arm she had wrapped around me. I tried to focus elsewhere, however with my left arm around her, and my left hand so perilously close to her nipple, that proved to be less help to my predicament than I'd hoped.

Katie took a deep breath as she moved against me, causing the blanket around our bodies to force the air between us upwards into my face, making things that much worse for me. A few times before, I'd caught a whiff of what I suspected to be her sex, and I've gotta say, it drove me absolutely wild. For reasons I can't explain, the smell of her, of her most intimate place, compelled me to unleash my innermost animal-like instincts. One time I remember clearly, we were at my sisters house just after Christmas one year, and my sister had gotten a heated, massaging seat pad meant for an office chair. Katie was sitting next to me on her couch, trying out the features of my sisters new gift, and I guess that got her a little excited, because I could definitely smell her then. Upon that first scent, my reality was transported to the image of me lifting her off the couch and carrying her outside to press her up against the side of her truck, stripping off her pants, and just going all-out primal with her in the driveway, under the stars, in front of all the neighbors, and anyone who happened to be driving by at the time.

Of course then it was just a fantasy unattainable to me in that situation, but now she was naked, I was naked, and there we were in the privacy of my living room. I couldn't help but take a deep breath of my own at that thought, and my senses were suddenly bombarded with not only the smell of her sex, but the combined smell of the both of us mixed together. Now, under different conditions, namely her being someone else, I'd be thinking the same thing you probably are...that's gross, and y'all need a damn shower, but I wasn't thinking that at all. What I was thinking was that the situation was becoming critical, and I was seriously about to get physically excited, no doubt poking the arm of my best friend with my rock hard dick.

I tried to put myself in her shoes, or in her place rather, since neither one of us was wearing anything more than a blanket at that point. From my imagined view of her perspective, it would've been off-putting to say the least, and possibly even downright offensive. That was the last thing I wanted to happen, so I desperately needed an escape, at least from the current physical position I was in. I purposefully used my right hand to grab her wrist and move it off of me, deliberately in more of an upward motion than necessary to avoid the awkward contact with my growing erection.

With that part of the crisis averted, I now had to come up with a valid reason to have removed her hand from my side, and immediately eyed my coffee cup sitting on the table in front of us. I pulled my left arm back from around her, and leaned forward to get my mug. I'm not going to claim that it was the smoothest move I could've made at that point, and honestly things might have worked out had she actually felt my appreciation for the moment, but I wasn't quite ready for that, and I doubted that she was either.

Katie seemed to not be phased by this at all, and followed suit to get her own cup, leaning forward after me, allowing the blanket to fall and gather around our waists. She then turned to her left, reaching over the side of the couch to get her cigarettes from her purse on the floor next to us. As she did this, I could just begin to see the top of her ass peering over the top of the blanket, and that did absolutely nothing to quell the swelling between my legs. While she wasn't looking, I casually grabbed part of the blanket and secured it better over my lap to hide the fact that I was so aroused at that point.

Now, Katie's no slouch when it comes to mental fortitude, and she immediately noticed what I'd done. Luckily for me, she took it in stride. "Ah, you must really like that cup of coffee, huh?" Her knowing look, and lighthearted giggle worked wonders in disarming the level of awkwardness I was feeling at that moment, and our usual quick-witted banter resumed.

"Hell, what can I say? I make one helluva good cup of coffee. I'm surprised you haven't soaked through the couch a million times by now" I replied with a laugh to match hers.

Her face changed, becoming almost serious as she quipped back with a raised eyebrow, "who's to say I haven't?" There it was, in typical Katie fashion she almost shocked me into skipping a beat.

"Well, there goes any resale value I had in this thing." With that she chuckled loudly and leaned into me, nudging my shoulder with hers.

"My bad, dude. It's not like I'm the first chick to wet your cushions like that though."

"No, but all the others weren't doing it because of the coffee," I smiled back at her, meeting her eye that now had a distinct light behind it.

Katie's face changed again, though more subtly this time. "So I'm a coffee whore then, is that what you're saying?"

"Well, I mean you did get naked when I started making it."

"That's true," she said, her smile returning, albeit with a more mischievous look to it this time. "To be fair though, as soon as I stripped off, so did you."

"Damn. You caught me, Kate. I'm a whore for naked women in my house. What can I say? I guess I'm just a bad person."

"Oh, you're just the worst," she shot back. "A true miscreant if I ever saw one."

"Ha! At least I'm not a coffee whore though," I looked around the room, "unlike some people here."

"Yeah," she said quietly with faux defeat in her voice as she looked down at the cup in her hands, "damn coffee whores."

With that we both burst out laughing as she leaned back over against me, holding her cup in one hand and her cigarette in the other. The exchange between us proved to be the distraction I needed, and I could feel the tension under the blanket subside.

That was one of the best things about Katie, she could always defuse an awkward situation with a joke, even if that meant making one at her own expense. Sometimes though, she liked to make things worse, and this time was no exception. "You know, I've seen it before, you don't have to hide it from me like that," she said, looking down at my blanket covered bulge.

"That's true," I agreed, thinking about how as much as she was trying to make it awkward again, the mood was already lifted. I reached down and pulled the blanket back, once again exposing my now flaccid manhood resting between my legs. "You called it a whore though, so it got embarrassed and ran away."

"Awww! So it's a shy whore then!" She exclaimed, leaning in to get a closer look.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Well, that's too bad, because mine isn't." With that she sat her cup down and pulled her legs up on the couch, crossing them at her ankles, exposing every inch of what she was hiding between them. "Mine's totally unashamed of the fact apparently," she said, looking down at her own excitement.

It certainly was incredible though, the edges had turned a rosy pink color, and her lips had begun to open slightly, exposing her swollen little clitoris peeking out from under it's hood. "Well, I never!" I said mockingly as I took the opportunity for my own closer look. "How appallingly lewd!"

"Quite," she began with her best fake posh English accent. "It's so very unladylike, wouldn't you agree?" She gently traced the outside of it with her forefinger, before lightly teasing her clit.

"Indeed," I replied in my own poor attempt at sounding British, watching intently, feeling my own excitement return to my lap. "She isn't very bashful, is she?"

"No. No, not in the slightest. She's quite the show-off that one is." She continued to watch her finger play around the outside of her privates, gathering the moisture from it as she went along.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see her nipples had stiffened even more, and she pushed her chest out slightly as her hips pushed harder into her wandering fingertip. She seemed to be getting lost in the moment, almost as much as I was before she looked over at my erection and exclaimed, "Oh, look! Someone else likes the attention, too!"

I joined her gaze at my lap, and before I knew it she was tracing around the head of my cock with her sexy, wet little finger. It jumped at the sensation, and the feeling of the slickness of her juices on the tip was mesmerizing. I couldn't believe she would be so bold as to actually touch me there, much less touch herself like that in front of me.

My words had finally failed me, and I just watched in amazement as she glided her fingertip around the top of my shaft. She then ran her finger down the underside of it, down to my balls, and back up again, coaxing a small dab of precum to form at the tip.

She looked up to meet my gaze and smiled at me, then looked back down and mixed the drop with her own fluid as she continued to expertly tease me gently with her finger. Katie looked almost as engrossed as I was at the display she was creating, and no matter how much I might have wanted to try, there was no way my brain was going to form words of any coherence.

She slowly pulled her finger away, watching the sticky fluids we'd created string from the head of my dick. Once the liquid had separated between the two, she brought the finger to her mouth and sucked it clean, looking me in the eyes with a smile as she did. I wanted to smile back at her, but I'm sure the dumbstruck look on my face was more than satisfying for her to watch.

We were now past the point of no return, and approaching the next one with breakneck speed. Whatever she did next would either make us or break us, and at that point, I was ready to go all out, leaving whatever angels that watched over our friendship to fall where they may. That's probably why it was a good thing that she was in such control of the situation, because I was one step away from blindly taking her right then and there.

"Hmm. Well, that was interesting," she said coyly as she studied the end of her now clean finger. After looking at it for a few moments she took a drag off her cigarette and reached forward again to get her coffee cup.

I was still somewhat in shock at the entire performance, and could only wait to see what happened next. Had she been anyone else sitting there naked, teasing our most sensitive body parts like that, this story would've taken a much different direction at this point, but not Katie. For some reason my brain shutoff and relinquished complete control to her. There was something surprisingly entertaining to me to just let her lead the way on this, and to take that from her seemed so inappropriate and boring.

After she took a few sips from her coffee, she sat the cup back down on the table and settled back onto the couch, recovering herself with the blanket. "Thanks for that," she said nonchalantly, "mind if we watch some TV?"

I minded. I minded very much that she was done with that little game of hers, and I so desperately wanted her to continue it, escalating it further until I was allowed to finally unleash the primal urges that she always stirred up in me, yet continued to lie so deep beneath the surface. I really had no room to argue though, and the thrill of the slow burn was powerfully enticing.

"Sure," I said, as I picked my jaw up off the floor. She reached over and grabbed the remote, turned the TV on, and started flipping through the channels until she settled on some DIY show about flipping houses. I settled myself back into the sofa and she laid her head back on my shoulder as I wrapped my arm back around her. She put the remote back down, put her cigarette out, and put her own arm back around my torso, snuggling up close to me again. This time, my cock was already hard and when her arm touched it, I simply let it happen.

As the show went on, our hands began to move with less inhibition than they had before. I allowed my fingertips to gently brush against and caress her left breast, and the fingers of her left hand were sensually tracing their way up and down my right side. Her right hand stayed between her legs, and I wondered what it was up to as I had no interest in her show, especially at that point.

It was oddly relaxing though, to be in that situation with her. There we were, naked and worked up, both clearly wanting a release, but not giving our bodies the attention they were both craving. We just sat there, enjoying the giddy feeling of our arousal, but taking it no further than that. Just two friends, basking in the warmth of our naked skin against each other, and watching TV while the morning went by around us.

I kept hoping she'd get bored with the rerun on the screen and return to her tease, at times I'd get a little more adventurous with my feeling up of her breast, gently teasing her nipple to try and get her going again, but before I could make my persuasion with my fingers, her phone rang from inside her purse on the floor beside the couch.

Katie pulled her arm away from me and leaned over to reach for it, once again giving me a few moments of her bare ass to look at. "Hello," she spoke into it as though nothing was amiss. "Is it really important? I'm trying to relax and enjoy my weekend here." The look on her face conveyed her annoyance with the interruption and I could tell that she just wanted to stay under the blanket with me all day. I certainly wanted that, too, but unfortunately for us, that wasn't going to happen. "Okay, fine. I'll be there as soon as I can, just stall them long enough for me to get cleaned up, okay?"

She looked over at me and made an exaggerated face, acting as though she wanted to cry. "Okay, I'll make it quick and get on the road." With that, she hung up and stood to start getting her things together.

"That was work, obviously. A client decided last minute to ask for an emergency meeting today, so I have to go into the office. Would you mind making me another cup of coffee for the drive while I get a quick shower?"

I really wanted to say no, that she couldn't go, but I knew by the urgent look on her face that it was important. "Sure thing, Kate. You go get cleaned up, and I'll get you a to-go cup ready."

"Thanks, babe. You're the best!" With that she turned and began walking away. I sat there and just watched as her sexy, bare ass disappeared into the bathroom around the corner before getting up to make more coffee.

The room was still cold, and without the heat of her body next to mine anymore, it felt even colder. Before walking into the kitchen, I grabbed my clothes and put them back on as I heard the shower start running. I started the coffee, and by the time it was done, she'd finished with her shower and returned to the living room with a towel wrapped around her.

"I'm so sorry to have to run off like this," she started as she dropped the towel in the floor in front of her pile of clothes, "but I'll come back as soon as I'm done with this meeting, I promise."

"It's okay, I was getting tired of your TV show anyway," I smiled back at her. She started to get dressed again, and I went and poured the coffee into a travel cup for her to take with her. I walked it back to the living room, just as she was putting her shoes back on her feet. She stood up from the couch and took the cup with one hand as she wrapped her other arm around me for another hug, this time looking me in the eyes as she smiled and kissed me on the lips.

"It's cool if I come back after work, right? I was kinda planning on crashing here tonight anyway," she said, and I was a little shocked at the way she'd asked, almost like she was afraid that I'd say no.

"Of course you can! I'm gonna need that coffee cup back after all." I said, smiling at her reassuringly.

"Good!" She replied as she turned towards the front door. "I'm gonna need something, too." Katie smiled at me over her shoulder as she opened the door and stepped back out into the cool morning air, pulling it closed behind her.

I turned the TV off as I listened to her drive away, replaying the events that had just occurred in my mind. I decided to strip back off and go get a shower of my own to warm me up. Once under the hot water, it struck me suddenly for the first time, not only did she call me Babe, but she actually kissed me, on the lips! I didn't know how she did it, but she really kinda snuck all that up on me.

I got out of the shower, dried myself off, and wrapped the towel around my waist before walking back out to the couch. I stood there for a few moments and just looked down at where we'd been sitting, trying to imagine how our interactions that morning would've looked to someone standing where I was, observing them. I decided that as exciting as it might have been to bear witness to everything, it was much better living it firsthand.

With that in mind, I laid down on the couch, stretched out, and pulled my towel off, throwing it on the floor in front of me for a nap before Katie returned.