**Best Friends**

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**Chapter 1: Late-night Shopping (Prologue)**  
  
Hamed doodled idly on a piece of paper as he slumped at the counter. The store belonged to his uncle but as the youngest nephew, Hamed always ended up with the shifts nobody else wanted - his friends would all be out living the high life but here he was, working on a Friday night at nearly midnight.  
  
Hamed's uncle's shop was the only place open late around here, and the only place licensed to sell alcohol at this time. On these shifts, the only people who came in were those who found themselves running out of booze or cigarettes at parties or social drinking sessions. They were mostly already drunk and it wasn't exactly pleasant to serve them, but over time Hamed had become adept at coping with all manner of shenanigans and liked to think of himself as fairly unflappable.  
  
The store's door chime sounded and Hamed glanced up. Two white girls had walked in. One was a petite blonde, the other a tall, buxom brunette. They were both dressed fairly typically for late-teen or twentysomethings; scruffy pseudo-rock t-shirts, short shorts, trainers. The blonde had her hair tied back but the brunette had a mass of bouncing curls which she wore loose and natural. She had large eyes and a pretty face - her friend was a little more plain, in comparison at least.  
  
The two girls were clearly on a booze run. A-level exams, the final exams students took at 18 or older before leaving school for university or work, had recently finished, and free of the burden of study and responsibility, a lot of the young people in the area had been throwing house parties in celebration. No doubt these two were among them.  
  
There seemed to be some consternation between the two girls - not an argument exactly, but a spirited discussion nonetheless. Hamed couldn't make out what they were saying but it seemed as though the brunette, in high spirits, was making a suggestion or a request which made the blonde laugh, but also blush and look about her nervously. The two walked through the store, finding their way between the high, stacked shelves to where the beer and other served-cold alcohol was kept, until they were out of sight.  
  
Mindful that young girls were often quite willing to steal either out of lack of funds or simply for a thrill, Hamed turned to watch the black-and-white monitor that showed the feed from the store's CCTV camera. It was pointed right at the area of the store the girls had gone to - the most likely things to be stolen were alcohol, after all - although Hamed could switch to other cameras if he needed.  
  
The girls' discussion continued but seemed to be reaching a conclusion. The brunette had apparently got the outcome she wanted, the blonde nodding some sort of assent. The brunette looked about her for a moment, cagily. Hamed leaned in, expecting that he was about to see some shoplifting in action, ready to call out and hopefully discourage the girls without any further trouble.  
  
Then he stopped. The girl wasn't stealing. Instead, as he watched, she grasped the hem of her t-shirt, lifted it up over her head and shook her hair free.  
  
Hamed's eyes widened. The girl had a bra on beneath her shirt but no other clothing - dark-coloured on the black-and-white CCTV. She handed her discarded shirt to her friend, who took it in outstretched arms, folding it neatly. Hamed caught his breath. She was a very pretty girl and despite the grainy CCTV image, he had a clear view of the white swells of her breasts where the lacy fabric ended.  
  
Only a fraction of a second passed, though, and the girl moved, turning away so her back was to the camera. As Hamed stared, she brought her hands to the front of her waistband, unfastened the button and zipper and, incredibly, loosened her shorts and let them fall to the ground. Wearing only her underwear (her panties were also dark but didn't seem to match the bra), she stepped out of the shorts and bent to pick them up and hand them to her friend. Hamed's pulse was racing now, as he admired the curve of her back and bottom as she bent, and then she straightened up again.  
  
Well, now there is a young woman - a beautiful woman - standing in my store in her underwear, Hamed thought to himself. He'd never seen the like before. Indeed, he'd not had much opportunity to see anything like this before. His own girlfriend was rather chaste and modest, and though he had fond memories of dalliances with more liberal-minded girls in years gone by, in truth they had been quite infrequent - certainly not frequent enough.  
  
He wanted a closer look - the CCTV wasn't crystal clear - but worried if he made any movement, the girl would realize he was looking and suddenly lose her nerve, and regain her clothes. Instead he sat motionless, staring at the CCTV feed on the monitor, wondering what would happen next.  
  
He didn't have to wait long to find out. With a toss of her curls, the brunette reached up behind her back and unhooked her own brassiere. She shrugged her shoulders, loosening the straps, and let the bra fall away in front of her, pulling free first one arm and then the other. The bra, too, was handed to the blonde.  
  
The girl was only wearing panties now. Only wearing panties, in a small supermarket. What on earth was this about? Was she going to take off everything, Hamed wondered? Was her friend going to strip too? The blonde hadn't had the knockout figure of the brunette but she had a charm of her own and Hamed certainly wasn't going to complain if she lost her clothes too.  
  
But right now the blonde's job seemed to be to hold her friend's clothes. The way they were standing, blondie was facing the camera, with the near-naked girl facing away. The blonde seemed a little nervous but also held her gaze fixedly on her friend - almost as if she couldn't take her eyes off her.  
  
Hamed couldn't blame her. He was transfixed too.  
  
Of course, the girl wasn't quite done with her striptease yet. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and yanked them quickly down, stepping out of them unceremoniously. Hamed gazed at her naked rear. She had a real peach of a bottom, curvaceous and smooth. His penis stiffened in his jeans, he felt it strain against the stiff fabric.  
  
Please turn around, please turn around, Hamed mouthed silently to himself. The girl was gorgeous from the back, but he longed to see her from the front - he knew if she put her clothes back on now, how she had looked nude would always be on his mind unless he saw it.  
  
As if bidden to his will, the girl complied, turning away from the fridges and stretching languidly. Hamed gasped audibly. She was everything he'd hoped for and more. Full, round breasts, her nipples visible as darker grey on the camera footage against the lighter tone of her skin. Her stomach almost flat but with a little softness, a small swell to her belly, her navel a dark imprint. Below, a neat triangle of pubic hair, curvaceous hips and long, bare legs.  
  
He'd stopped wondering why she was naked. Why shouldn't she be naked? He was never going to complain if a girl like her came into his store and took off her clothes. She certainly seemed to be enjoying the moment, he wasn't going to deny her that!  
  
Now that she was naked, the brunette seemed in no hurry to put her clothes back on. She walked along the refrigerators, apparently trying to decide what to buy. She seemed completely at ease with her nakedness, as if it was the most normal thing in the world - an ease which only increased her attractiveness.  
  
The girl deliberated for a minute or two, then chose a particular brand of beer. She bought a 12 pack, pulling it from the refrigerator with both hands. She juggled the beer awkwardly, hugging the pack to her chest and letting out an audible squeal as the cold metal connected with her bare skin. She handed the beer to her friend, placing it on top of the pile of clothes she was holding out. Her friend, although looking awkward next to her confident, naked friend, seemed happy to have been made to be the mule.  
  
The naked girl roamed the aisles now, apparently looking for something.  
  
"Excuse me?"  
  
Hamed started. The girl was shouting, calling out, apparently to him. Did she know he was watching? Or did she think she was unobserved.  
  
"Excuse me?" she shouted again. "Energy drinks? Do you have any energy drinks?"  
  
Hamed found his voice. "What? Uh, here, in the fridge next to the counter."  
  
There was a moment. Then, with a "thank you!" the girl appeared, walking out of the end of the aisle and over to the refrigerator. Just walking out in front of him, completely naked, as if it was the most normal thing in the world.  
  
Hamed gaped, open mouthed, as she took the drinks and handed them as well to her friend and accomplice. In the flesh, in the harsh halogen light of the store, she was more lovely even than she had appeared on the CCTV. She had fair, light skin, marked here and there by a few moles. Her nipples were pink ovals, crowned by puckered bumps. They were stiff, either from cold or, a more intriguing possibility, from arousal. Up close, she had her imperfections - patches of pinkness where her white body was reacting to the cool of the store's air conditioning, marks where growing into her full figure had stretched her skin - but rather than spoil the image, these flaws enhanced it, a reminder that she was really here, that she was a real person, naked in the store.  
  
Seeing him stare, the girl smiled.  
  
"You want anything else?" she asked, turning to the other girl. The blonde, seeming lost in a reverie as she gazed at her friend, shook her head.  
  
The two girls came up to the counter, the nude one and the clothed. The nude one took the beer and other drinks from her friend and passed them to Hamed to ring up. Like an automaton, without taking his eyes off her body, he did so, announcing the total in a monotone, disconnected voice.  
  
Still nude, the girl took her shorts from her friend and pulled some notes from the pocket. She paid and then replaced the change in her pocket, and returned the shorts to her friend. She took the drinks and placed them back on top of her discarded clothes in her friend's arms, and thanking him turned to leave the store.  
  
Hamed watched them leave. Two girls, one naked and one clothed. The naked one, blissfully happy and fully at ease; the clothed one flush-faced and almost in a trance.  
  
There's a story there, he thought to himself as he watched her bare and beautiful bottom as she exited the store. There's a story I will probably never get to find out.  
  
He grinned. At least he had the security tape.

**Chapter 2: Becky's secret**  
  
Lisa Meredith lay face down on her bed, surrounded by papers. Open textbooks, printed-out revision guides, and pages and pages of notes.  
  
She was snoring lightly.  
  
It wasn't terribly late but her revision had finally got the better of her, and she'd fallen asleep in the middle of her studies. That wasn't unusual. She was always pushing herself and working too hard, her parents said - but at the same time, they understood the pressure. Both doctors, they knew the value of education, and had always stressed it to Lisa. It was no wonder she had turned out academically gifted but also incredibly studious.  
  
Lisa's mobile phone, left where it had fallen beside her outstretched hand, pinged into life. A message alert. Groggily she opened her eyes, reaching instinctively for the phone. Like many eighteen-year-olds, her mobile was never far from her sight at any time.  
  
A Snapchat, from her best friend, Becky O'Neill. The two girls frequently Snapchatted each other their days whenever they weren't together - meaningless exchanges to anyone else but crucial to them, an example of the close bond the two had shared since childhood.  
  
Lisa opened the message. A selfie; Becky, in her bedroom. Her head and a portion of her shoulders. "Studying hard?" was the caption.  
  
Lisa fired off a reply - her own sleepy visage. "Fell asleep :(" she responded.  
  
Further messages from Becky followed - a short, amused conversation between the two.  
  
The subject matter of their conversation was nothing in particular, as they so often were. But Lisa had recently begun to wonder about the photo messages she received from Becky. Not about what Becky was saying directly with them, but about what she was seeing in each of the ten-second pictures - something that made her wonder if perhaps Becky was saying more than she thought.  
  
Becky often sent her snaps when she was in her bedroom, and recently Lisa had noticed that in all the face and shoulders shots, what was conspicuous was what was missing. In the shots Lisa would send, you could always see the neckline of her t-shirt, the straps of her vest top, or similar. But in Becky's shots, no clothing was ever visible.  
  
No matter what time, day or night, if Becky sent Lisa a snap of her in her room, you couldn't see any sign of the clothes she was wearing. In fact, in some of Becky's recent messages, she'd been in other rooms of the house - the kitchen, the living room, even the back garden, and still Becky seemed rather more bare than one would expect.  
  
All this was making Lisa wonder something. Snapchat was very spontaneous - a short glimpse into another person's life. So maybe the reason Becky looked so bare in the pictures she was sending was because, at the time she was taking them, she wasn't wearing much in the way of clothes?  
  
Becky had always been a daring, mischievous girl. The two had been friends since early childhood, despite their different backgrounds (Lisa had grown up in a well-to-do home with her parents and two brothers, while Becky was the only child of a widow). As children, playing together, Becky had always had a certain way about her. She had been the sort of girl who would find a way of making you dare her to do things she actually wanted to do herself, but needed an excuse, a prompt of the sort a dare or challenge from a peer might give. Invariably, these had been the sort of things that, if Becky was caught, might well get the both of them into trouble. But for Becky, that had been part of the fun - the more forbidden and taboo the better.  
  
These games had been the source of a few fallings-out between the two children. But now that they were older, Lisa was able to look back on this with some understanding as to why Becky might have behaved in this way. Becky had been something of a latch-key kid - while her mother loved her very much, the fact that she was on her own meant that she wound up frequently working late and Becky often went home to an empty house and a lack of adult supervision. It wasn't much of a stretch to guess that Becky might therefore have found joy in activities which won her a lot of attention, no matter whether it was good or bad. She wasn't a troublemaker, not by a long shot, but if there was a stunt or a dangerous activity or a place kids weren't supposed to go, it was fearless, intrepid, and sometimes foolhardy Becky who went there.  
  
It hadn't ultimately done Becky any harm. Becky did what she wanted, didn't worry too much what others thought of her, and her outgoing nature and easy charm won her many friends, not to mention more than a few admirers. She'd grown now into a bold young woman, who knew her own mind and valued her own personal freedoms.  
  
She had a certain level of confidence, particularly when it came to her own body. So the fact that Becky appeared in her chats to be missing some clothes didn't strike Lisa as odd, not by itself. The Becky she knew wouldn't have let a little thing like not being fully-dressed stop her from sending her friend a picture message if right then and there she had one to send.  
  
But the frequency of these impressions had of late piqued Lisa's curiosity. Becky seemed to be unclothed a little too often for it to be easily explained away that she was just between outfits - not to mention those pictures where she was somewhere other than her bedroom.  
  
That was the problem with something like Snapchat, Lisa thought to herself. You get an insight into how a person lives their life for a second, and then it's gone, and you're left wondering what the story really is. She had thought she knew Becky pretty well, and yet here she was with a question over something as apparently innocuous as what she was wearing in her picture messages. It wasn't exactly causing her sleepless nights, but each time she picked up one of these messages, a little tremor ran through her - a curiously anxious feeling, as if she was being told half a secret.  
  
She'd hesitated to ask about it before, but now, as they chatted, curiosity was starting to get the better of her.  
  
Lisa pulled a quizzical expression and captioned it "What are you wearing?" Then she hit send, and waited. There was no reply. Not at first, anyway. Then, rather than a Snapchat, a text message came through on Lisa's phone. This wasn't unusual - the girls often switched between apps. Snapchat was for selfies and silliness, texting was for more in depth stuff. It looked to Lisa like they were about to have a longer conversation - once again, that anxious, half-a-secret feeling started to grow in her. She opened the message.  
  
Becky's reply was a red-faced 'embarrassed' emoji, then the word "nothing".  
  
"You're naked?" Lisa messaged back.  
  
An instant response - "Yes".  
  
I knew it! Lisa thought to herself. I knew it! But by itself, it didn't answer Lisa's questions - that itch of curiosity she had still went unscratched.  
  
In fact, it was a little troubling. Lisa was aware of Snapchat's capabilities for sending intimate pictures to another person - what people called sexting. But that was something couples did, naughty pictures to excite someone you were either sleeping with or wanted to sleep with. There had been nothing naughty about the innocuous glimpses of bare skin in Becky's messages - but they still seemed to have an intimacy about them which Lisa didn't fully understand. "Why are you Snapchatting me naked?" she asked.  
  
The response she got back was not terribly clear. "I'm not Snapchatting you naked," Becky answered. "I'm naked, and I'm Snapchatting you."  
  
Well, Lisa supposed, that was true. Clearly Becky's lack of clothing had nothing to do with the fact they had been picture messaging one another. But if that wasn't the reason, what was?  
  
It was difficult for her to ask her question in the right way. She typed, then deleted, a few messages, almost giving up on the conversation. After all, why did it matter to her so much what her friend wore when she was alone (if indeed she was alone)? If Becky wanted to be naked, that was her business and nobody else's, surely? And yet, she wanted to know more.  
  
"You seem to be naked a lot lately" Lisa texted. "In all your pics from home. What's going on?"  
  
The reply from Becky took a while to come through.  
  
"Nothing," Becky responded. "I just like it. It's often me here on my own. Mum at work. Nobody to see me. So why bother wearing clothes? I'm more comfortable without. So stopped wearing them when mum's out. Sometimes in my room too. Why be shy? Feels good and it's fun too."  
  
"Everything's better when you do it naked."  
  
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It was later, when they were together again, that Becky explained herself further.  
  
They sat on a bench outside the school, talking quietly so nobody else could overhear.  
  
"I wanted you to know," she said. "I wanted you to know for the longest time. At first I thought it was silly to even need to have a conversation with anyone about it. But the longer it went on, the more I realized, it's not just about what I am wearing - or not wearing. It's about who I am. It's like, when I have clothes on, it's a front, it's something I present to the world. But it doesn't feel genuine, it doesn't feel like how I actually am. But when I take off my clothes, it's like I'm revealing my true self. All the other stuff is stripped away and I'm me, the real me. It's liberating. Its... amazing."

Lisa looked at her friend. Becky's face was flushed, she was almost overflowing with excitement and positivity. Whatever this was about, it clearly held some real importance to her.  
  
"Was that why you sent so many Snapchats?" Lisa asked. Becky nodded.  
  
"I wasn't sure how to say it. I didn't know what words to use. So I thought, if I showed you, maybe you would pick up on it. Like you did. And then you'd ask me, and then it would feel right to tell you."  
  
Lisa laughed. "You shouldn't act like it's such a big secret. So you walk around naked at home when nobody's watching? So you like it? That's really not the big deal you are making it out to be, you know?"  
  
Becky lowered her eyes. "It's not just that," she said quietly, her cheeks coloured.  
  
"What is it, then?"  
  
Becky shook her head. "No, you're right. It's not a big deal. I dunno why I was so worked up about it."  
  
"Becky..?"  
  
"No, seriously, it's fine. But... thanks for saying that. That it's not a big deal. Thanks for being cool and understanding and telling me it's normal and not finding it weird..."  
  
"Well," Lisa laughed, "it is a little weird. But it's no problem for me if you like it."  
  
In truth, Lisa had been wondering since their conversation the previous evening exactly what Becky saw in being naked.  
  
Lisa didn't hate her body, but she certainly didn't go through life blessed with confidence about it either. Slightly-built and small in the bust, she remained slim but with a fuller bottom and wide hips which gave her a pear-shaped silhouette and left her conscious of her "big bum". Combined with a face she felt was rather plain, and blonde hair which never seemed to have any life to it, and she generally spent a lot of her time feeling, if not actually unattractive, then certainly the least attractive person she knew.  
  
Especially when she compared herself to Becky - leggy, curvy in all the right places Becky, with big eyes, a cute nose and that mass of bouncing brown curls. Becky was a real head-turner - but modest with it, never over-sure of her own beauty, never letting it cause her to seem unapproachable or aloof. She was both the easiest and the hardest person to be friends with - easy because she would never deliberately make you feel unattractive, but hard because you couldn't help but compare yourself to her and come up wanting.  
  
So when Lisa had learned Becky's little secret, that she preferred not having clothes on, her first thought had been; "of course you do." If I had her body, Lisa thought, I'd walk around naked too. Heck, I'd walk around naked in public!  
  
But for anyone else? Lisa didn't see the point. Undressing out of school clothes after a long day was comfortable, sure, but so was putting on the pajamas she wore to bed. But she didn't wear them all the time at home, and you certainly didn't get her carping on about how her pajama self was her true self or whatever it was Becky was saying. It all seemed rather strange.  
  
Strange - but at the same time, intriguing. Lisa continued to feel that anxious, electric sensation at the back of her mind when Becky spoke about her naked life. This side of her friend, the side now being revealed in their conversation, suggested something more than what was being spoken.  
  
As they sat in class that day, Lisa looked over to her friend. Becky sat, leaning forward, elbows on the desk, her chin resting on her cupped hands. She was listening intently to the teacher prep them for their forthcoming exams. The two girls and their classmates were almost too old for school now - sixth form would soon give way to study leave, lessons done forever. If they passed their summer exams, the next stop in the autumn would be university. Becky would be 19 in September, Lisa a few months after. New lives would find them then, adulthood, with adolescence far behind them.  
  
The teacher droned on, but he didn't have Lisa's attention - it was all on Becky. She blinked heavy eyes a few times, falling into daydream...  
  
The classroom was the same, but Becky changed before Lisa's eyes. No longer clad in the blouse, tie and dark grey skirt of her school uniform, now Becky sat in the class stark naked.  
  
Lisa's pulse began to race as she realized what she was seeing. Her friend nude in the classroom. She knew it wasn't real, just a fancy of her imagination, but it seemed vivid, almost tangible. Becky alongside her, in profile, chin resting on her hands. Bare but concealed, her full breasts hidden by her arms. Sat as she was, her stomach compressed, not taut, her belly in soft folds. Her naked back curving down to her shapely bottom and those long, bare legs tucked beneath the hard plastic chair, crossed at the ankles, her feet as nude as the rest of her.  
  
Becky sat, oblivious, but the other occupants of the classroom stared, wide-eyed in amazement at her nakedness. The teacher seemed to be struggling over whatever it was he was saying - stood at the front of the room, he had a clearer view of Becky's exposed form than anyone else. But still Becky sat, oblivious. She closed her eyes, a smile crossing her face at some inscrutable thought.  
  
With equal suddenness, the daydream ended, and Lisa returned to reality. Becky sat in her chair fully-clothed, attracting no more attention than she usually did (which was not to say no attention at all). The teacher wasn't distracted and indeed the only person having trouble concentrating was Lisa herself, who was breathing hard, a hot feeling at the tips of her ears. She shifted, suddenly uncomfortable, a tightness between her legs. A few discreet, deep breaths calmed her, and she looked away, a little troubled.  
  
What had that been about?

**Chapter 3: Study Methods**  
  
School broke up for the upper sixth a few weeks later, with a fortnight or so before the first of their A-level exams. It was commonly called "study leave" - their coursework completed and nothing more to teach them, the students were dismissed from school to go home and work on revising what they needed to know before they would return in groups to sit the examinations that would grade the end of their schooling and help define the next path they took in life.  
  
For a great many of the students, study leave had another implication. For with younger siblings still attending normal school, and parents out at work, these 18-year-olds were now being trusted to be home alone for something like 8 hours a day, often for the first time. It was symbolic in a way of a greater freedom, a recognition that these young people no longer required adult supervision in the crucial moments of their lives but could instead think and work for themselves and look after themselves.  
  
Of course it also meant that those with bad habits might find it harder to break them. Gamer kids might find it hard to pass up the lure of eight-hour sessions in order to study hard for their future, stoners embraced the opportunity to indulge their habits at greater length, and social animals simply viewed it as two weeks where they could hang with their friends with nobody to tell them what to do.  
  
For Lisa, though, there was an importance to revision that she couldn't ignore. Always an achiever, always near the top of her class, she was feeling the pressure to do well. A poor performance in her exams might well mean missing out on a place at the university of her choice - more than that, her doctor parents put a lot of value on academic performance. They would be so disappointed if she failed, so she had resolved to work hard and organize her revision as best she could to do well.  
  
Becky, though, wasn't quite the academic that Lisa was. While certainly no bimbo, she wasn't as interested in or engaged with her school work as her friend was, and tended to "just get by" when it came to her grades. This never normally bothered her - but Becky, too, had ambitions to go to university and realized the importance of her A-levels.  
  
"You're so much better at this than me," she'd pouted to Lisa at one point a few months ago, as the two had talked about their revision.  
  
"I'm not, really," Lisa said, kindly. She'd never felt smarter than Becky - yes she did better in class but Becky's personality and confidence meant she never appeared less clever in Lisa's eyes. "I'm just... good at organizing myself."  
  
"Why don't we study together?" Lisa had suggested - and Becky agreed it was a good idea. A good few of the days of their study leave, therefore, the girls had planned to spend together - either at Becky's house or at Lisa's.  
  
Lisa had set aside the Monday of the first week to plan and cover some basics in some of the topics she and Becky would be working on, and although it wasn't the most exciting activity, she was looking forward to spending a good few days with her best friend.  
  
Tuesday she awoke early, showered, and was dressed and having breakfast as her parents left for work. A short while later, carrying a bag of text books and revision notes, Lisa stepped out of her front door and began her walk to Becky's house.  
  
It was a warm morning in early June. The two girls lived in the same village - actually more of a suburb now; once a small collection of houses and a few shops in the country which had been swallowed up forty years or so ago by the growth and development of the nearby town. Everyone still called it a village though, and it had retained something of that sense of community and character in spite of the development of some newer, more identikit housing on its outskirts.  
  
It was in that part of the village that Becky lived, around a 20 minute walk for Lisa from her own larger and older house. By the time she arrived at Becky's house, the air had begun to grow hazy from the heat, and fat bumblebees buzzed in the hedgerows.  
  
Lisa rang the doorbell, and stood momentarily on the doorstep waiting for Becky to respond. She glanced around - Becky's mum's car wasn't in the driveway; obviously she too had left for work. The two of them would have the place to themselves.  
  
The glass panels in the front door were textured, rendering everything on the other side wobbly and indistinct in the name of privacy. She could only see Becky as a shape as she came to the door, until she opened it.  
  
Lisa gave an audible gasp. Opening the door, in full view to anyone who might have been passing the end of the driveway, Becky was completely naked.  
  
She was framed in the doorway. She wasn't covering herself at all - hourglass-figured, the morning sun illuminating every curve of her body. She looked breathtaking. Lisa whirled, looking around her. There didn't seem to be any other people around.  
  
"Hi," Becky said nonchalantly to the staring, speechless Lisa, "coming in?" She turned from the doorway to walk back inside - mutely, Lisa followed.  
  
"You okay?" Becky asked.  
  
"You're naked."  
  
Becky laughed, "yeah..."  
  
"No. You're naked."  
  
Becky stopped in the hallway and turned back to Lisa. "Is this... is this a problem for you?" She didn't sound angry - rather, genuinely worried, as if it somehow hadn't occurred to her that opening her front door to her friend completely nude would be in any way shocking or unusual.  
  
Lisa blinked a few times, trying to clear her head.  
  
"No..." she said at last. "No, it isn't. But it's just... oh my God Becky, you gave me such a shock just then. I mean... seriously, a bit of warning next time, rather than just POW! TITS! You know?"  
  
Becky's tone was apologetic. "I'm sorry," she replied. "I didn't say anything because I wasn't sure I was going to do it. But I should have said something first, should have given you a warning that I might not have clothes on. I just figured it wouldn't be that much of a surprise given... what you know about me."  
  
"Well," Lisa answered, " you told me a while back that you don't like wearing clothes at home if you don't have to, so no, I'm not wondering why it is that you're butt naked right now... but I also thought you only did that when nobody was around?"  
  
Becky flushed a little. "I know! I did! But... well... you're my best friend, and you're the only person I've told about this... thing. And you were so cool about it when I told you that I liked being naked that I didn't think you would mind if I wasn't dressed while you're here. And it's not as though you've never seen me naked before? So I figured... if I can't be myself around you, who can I be it with?"  
  
There was that refrain again. Be myself. The same thing Becky had said when she'd first told Lisa she preferred to be nude. Lisa still didn't fully understand why, but she did realize now that to Becky, this side of herself was in a way something very personally important. It wasn't just about not having clothes on to Becky, it was about something more, and she seemed to be reaching out to a friend for understanding. She was almost pleading, Lisa realized, for someone to tell her that it was normal.  
  
"It's fine," Lisa managed. "Really, it's fine. You just gave me a shock, is all. I mean, what if someone had come along then, with you all naked out in front of the house?"  
  
Becky's eyes flashed, suddenly wide and alive, but she said nothing, and Lisa continued; "But really, it is fine with me. Be naked if you want to, like you say, if you can't be comfortable around a friend..."  
  
"So you don't mind if I don't get dressed now you're here?"  
  
Lisa smiled. "Well, I've seen everything already so there's kind of no point..."  
  
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They'd spent the morning sitting on Becky's living room floor, working through revision - discussing, making notes, quizzing one another. It had gone well.  
  
As the morning had progressed, Lisa had found herself growing a little more accustomed to Becky's nakedness. It no longer seemed unusual or out of place - rather, it had a sense of naturalness about it. Becky was relaxed and comfortable without her clothes on, her manner and behavior no different to what it might have been had she been sat there fully clothed.  
  
That said, it was also impossible to ignore. Everything Becky did was done by Becky naked. Becky wasn't just studying, she was studying naked. She didn't just fetch them drinks, or snacks, she fetched drinks and snacks naked. She left the room naked, and returned to the room naked. She radiated nakedness.  
  
Every movement of her body emphasized her lack of clothing. When she leaned forward to peer at a textbook, her bare breasts, unrestrained by a bra, hung round and full and free. When she leaned back against the base of the sofa and stretched out her legs, she revealed the neat brown triangle of pubic hair on her mound and a glimpse of the flushed pinkness between her parted legs. When she walked out of the room, her hips swaying, it was her soft, smooth, round, bare bottom that commanded Lisa's attention. Even her bare feet on the peach carpet seemed somehow more sensual when accompanied by such total nakedness.  
  
It wasn't always easy to concentrate, and was made more difficult because, apparently now liberated by Lisa's acceptance of her friend's naked state, Becky's favourite topic of conversation for the morning had been nudity.  
  
"You remember when we were 10?" Becky said, by way of an explanation for why it was that she had come to find that being without clothing was her preferred state. "When we were playing in the fields and we fell in that irrigation ditch."  
  
"Well," Lisa recollected, "I remember you fell in trying to jump it, and then you pulled me in after you when I tried to help you out..."  
  
"Whatever, whatever. The point is, you remember when we climbed out we were all soaked in that smelly, slimy green water?"  
  
Lisa made a face; "Ugh, thanks for reminding me. Yes, I remember. We were soaked to our skin. We ended up stripping off all our clothes and had to walk all the way back to yours starkers... Wait, are you telling me that ever since then you've had this urge to be naked all the time?"  
  
"Well, it wasn't just that time, there's been a few similar experiences... but yeah I guess I've had this side of me in one form or another ever since. But recently I've felt more, I dunno, driven towards it, like it's something I really have to do."  
  
"So was that when you started messaging me about it?"  
  
"Yeah. I didn't want it to be my big secret. I wanted to share it with someone I knew I could trust, with you."  
  
Lisa smiled warmly. The notion that Becky would trust her so much as to share her unusual, rather taboo secret was gratifying, and she was pleased that things had turned out as they had. But there was still that strange, nagging, electric feeling as she sat here, clothed, with her nude best friend. The more Becky shared, the more intimate the sense of what was going on between them became. It wasn't unpleasant, but to Lisa it was troubling.  
  
The study wound down as they day went on, both girls having felt they had done enough. Becky suggested a break in the back garden.  
  
"Sounds good to me," Lisa replied. "Are you bored of being naked now then?"  
  
Becky looked puzzled. "What do you mean?" she asked.  
  
"Well," Lisa answered, "if we're going outside then you'll have to put some clothes on."  
  
Becky grinned. "No, I won't," she said.  
  
"But you're overlooked? Next door can see into your whole garden, surely?"  
  
"Yeah, but they're at work, there's nobody home there today."  
  
"Well... if you're sure. But it's on you if you get in trouble about this."  
  
Lisa opened the sliding doors and stepped out on to the patio. The sun was high in the sky now, the day bright and hot, and for a moment she envied her friend's unclothed state. But she felt no desire to join her, all the same - something about the two of them being naked together raised an uncomfortable image in her head, and she hurriedly put it from her thoughts.  
  
The two sat in the garden for much of the rest of the day, talking as they normally would about life, music, guys and television, their main go-to topics of conversation. Becky at least seemed less overcome with desire to talk about her own nakedness, instead she just luxuriated nude in the sun, wearing nothing but her sunglasses, sipping Diet Coke through a straw.  
  
As the afternoon wore on, Becky started suddenly. "What's the time?" she said.  
  
Lisa looked at her wristwatch. "About 4.50," she answered.  
  
Becky sat up. "Oops," she grinned, getting up and dashing back into the house. She returned a few moments later, no longer nude now, clad in a long, sleeveless t-shirt and beneath that a pair of colourful bikini bottoms.  
  
"Mum'll be home soon," she explained, a tinge of regret in her voice.  
  
"She doesn't know? About the naked thing?"  
  
Becky shook her head. "Nah. I just couldn't tell her. I'm not sure she'd understand. The only person I've ever felt comfortable talking about it to, is you."  
  
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Lisa lay in bed. The night air was humid, sticky - her pajama top clung to her skin. She'd thrown the covers off but was still warm, but that wasn't the only reason she struggled to sleep.  
  
Alone in the dark, her thoughts had returned to the strangeness of that day. Becky's nakedness had stuck in her memory long after her friend had reappeared clothed, and she had wandered home almost in a daze, her mind elsewhere. She'd picked at her dinner and gone off to bed early, explaining that she felt unwell, had caught the heat a little too much while out in Becky's garden.  
  
Becky's garden. Where the two of them had sat, Lisa clothed and Becky naked, chatting as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Which, in a sense, it had been - Becky had seemed so relaxed and comfortable in her nakedness that it almost felt as though it would have been stranger for both of them to be clothed.  
  
And yet, there had been an intimacy to that moment, a charge about it. It hadn't just been seeing Becky's body in all her glory, although that had certainly been something. But it was as much about Becky baring her soul as her skin, as much about her sharing what she had called her true self with someone she truly trusted. It had felt private, close, and sensual, and it had left Lisa with a sense of longing that she didn't fully understand.

She tossed, turned, perspiring. Thoughts intruded upon her, bringing with them desire. Her nipples were hard beneath the fabric of her pajamas - with one motion she discarded her top, caressing her aching breast, shivering at the response. Her shorts and knickers followed, and she lay back naked on her bed. Her hand found its way between her legs - her pussy was wet, longing to be touched. She massaged herself, head back against the pillow, eyes closed. Her probing fingers found her clit, stimulating it, one or two sliding easily inside and out of herself.  
  
In her mind, she wasn't alone. Becky came to her, walking across the bedroom, naked the way she had been at the front door. No words were exchanged between them; just kisses, long and passionate. Becky on hands and knees, Lisa beneath her. Becky crawling backwards, down Lisa's body, nuzzling her neck, kissing across her chest. A mouth on her nipple, a tongue circling, then down, down, kisses on her belly, her thighs. Becky looking up, a satisfied grin, tucking back her hair, drinking in Lia's scent, then head down again, face pressed between Lisa's legs, tongue exploring, connecting...  
  
Her climax came suddenly, a wave of pleasure bursting over her, the illusion shattering as she came. Her fingers making circles on her clit, slick with her own moisture. She arched her back, pushing against herself, against her own hand, massaging as long as she could stand, moaning as loud as she dared in a house with two brothers and thin dividing walls - and then at last it was over, the fantasy was gone, the desire satisfied, and numbly she dressed again, turned over onto her side and fell into sleep.  
  
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Lisa slept late the next morning - her parents, perhaps wishing their daughter take it more easy, had opted not to wake her before leaving for work. When she finally arose, there was the brief bliss of an empty mind... and then her memory of the previous day and night returned, and with it, a sense of unease.  
  
Lisa had never had a strong sense of her own sexuality. She'd had boyfriends, off and on during adolescence, and while she had not yet been to bed with anyone she was no stranger to the kisses, wandering hands and expectations of boys. She'd enjoyed some of these experiences and just sort of assumed that eventually she would meet a boy who liked her, and who she liked, enough to give herself to, and that maybe that boy, or the boy after that, or the boy after him, or any number of boys later, would one day be a boy that she loved the way her mother had loved her father, and they would make a life together, maybe a marriage, and children. She had accepted this as a simple fact of life - whatever happened in her love life, it would be with the opposite sex.  
  
Yet the desire and passion she had given into last night in the privacy of her own imagination was greater, and more thrilling, than any that she had felt for any boy she'd known, or indeed any hypothetical man of the future she had tried to imagine before.  
  
It wasn't that Lisa didn't appreciate the attractiveness of women. She could name a great many film and television actresses (Scarlett Johanssen, Natalie Dormer, Jennifer Lawrence, etc.) on whom she would happily admit to a crush of sorts, as indeed would many of her peers. But finding Hollywood celebrities beautiful and desirable was something quite different to the feeling of lust for a real woman, a woman in her own life, who she knew and was most intimately bonded to by friendship.  
  
It wasn't just troubling for what it hinted towards, something she wasn't ready to address yet. It also carried with it another implication, a guilty one.  
  
Becky had revealed herself to Lisa, her nakedness, and her enjoyment of it, out of a sense of friendship, a sense of trust. She had chosen to show Lisa what she was calling her true self because it was Lisa alone of all the people she knew who she trusted to accept her and understand her secret for what it was, and to allow her to be herself around her.  
  
How would she react if she learned that Lisa had imagined what she had last night? How would she feel if she found out that her open, honest gesture of trust and love had been reciprocated by fantasies of her making love to Lisa? She would be more than hurt. It would be a betrayal.

**Chapter 4: Becky Dares Herself**  
  
A day later, Lisa was again heading over to Becky's house for another study session.  
  
She'd tried to put Becky and the first session from her mind over the previous day, but it had been difficult. Becky's nakedness, and the aura she exuded when naked, was almost intoxicating, and Lisa viewed it with mixed emotions. On the one hand, it was wonderful that her friend trusted her enough to remove her clothes around her, and to confide in her that she had begun to take this unconventional lifestyle choice. It was wonderful too to see Becky doing something that undoubtedly brought her nothing but good feelings. Not only that, but Becky was beautiful, and seeing her with no clothes on was definitely not unwelcome!  
  
But with Becky's nakedness came an invitation to something more, to an intimate knowledge of her friend that was both alluring and inescapable. To know every inch of her friend's nude form by sight - not just that, but to be given an insight into Becky's private life, her personal world of nudity - this made Lisa feel uneasy. Becky's nudity wasn't just physical - it was an emotional baring, an honesty that Lisa couldn't help but find attractive.  
  
Lisa felt almost as if she had opened a Pandora's box of confusing thoughts, with no way to put them back. She'd effectively given Becky carte blanche to be nude at the house whenever she visited from that day forward - she could not very well turn around and tell her to put her clothes on without either telling her friend the truth as to why, or making something up which would run the risk of hurting her friend, making her feel judged for her honesty.  
  
She found herself wishing that Becky would simply put her clothes back on, and this awkward new dimension to their friendship could go away. And yet, as she walked from her house toward Becky's the next day, she found herself with a spring in her step, excited at the prospect that her friend would once again be nude.  
  
She wasn't disappointed - home by herself once again, Becky wasn't wearing a stitch when she answered the door. This time, Lisa didn't even mention it; she got the sense this rather pleased Becky, who seemed to be longing for her nakedness to be unremarkable. The thought of this amused Lisa - as if a beautiful young woman like Becky walking around completely starkers could ever be unremarkable - but she tried to keep a handle on her emotions.  
  
The two girls spent the morning much as they had their last study session, working on their revision with mixed success. But this time, Becky seemed a little restless. Mid-morning came, and Becky sat up, exclaiming; "I've gotta go fetch the post in!"  
  
It seemed to Lisa an odd thing to exclaim, apropos of nothing - but if you were talking about Becky doing odd things, that would have to come second to her current attire.  
  
Becky's family's mailbox was at the end of the driveway to the house. To check it, Becky would have to walk out to the road - something she wasn't currently dressed for, to say the least.  
  
"Want me to do it?" Lisa asked helpfully. "Save you putting your clothes on?"  
  
Becky shook her head vigorously, curls bouncing. "No," she said, "I'll get it now."  
  
"Like you are? Naked?" Lisa was dubious.  
  
Becky turned. Her face was lit up by a wicked grin. "Why?" she asked. "Don't think I'd dare to do it?"  
  
Lisa knew that look and tone. When they'd been children, if Becky had been wanting to do something she wasn't supposed to be doing, she had a way of making whoever she had been with (usually Lisa) dare her into doing it. It was a charade, of course - Lisa hadn't wanted Becky to do anything bad, it was Becky herself who had secretly longed to do what was forbidden. But Becky had seemed to need that push, that encouragement from someone else, before she could give herself permission to break the rules. Lisa had learned that the best way to keep her friend happy was to give it to her, so she had frequently been the one "daring" Becky on.  
  
It had sometimes been frustrating, but to be fair to Becky, if she'd been caught or gotten into trouble, she had never implicated Lisa in her explanation to parents or teachers. She'd never said "Lisa made me," or "Lisa dared me into it". She'd always taken full responsibility and although Lisa had sometimes caught some fallout by association simply for having been there, Becky had never deliberately blamed Lisa for anything. It seemed to be just for Becky herself that the encouragement was necessary.  
  
Lisa laughed in recognition. It looked like they were going to play the same game again. "Go on then," she said, "I dare you. Go to the mailbox naked."  
  
Becky beamed. "Well," she said, "if it's a dare..." She got up and crossed the room. "C'mon," she beckoned to Lisa. "You have to make sure I do it."  
  
The two girls walked into the hallway of the house and to the front door. Becky paused a moment, as if composing herself, then opened the door. Sunlight flooded the hallway - it was another bright summer's day - and Becky stepped out into it. Lisa waited in the doorway, peering after her.  
  
Tentatively, looking about her, Becky strode softly down the driveway. Out in daylight, the road ahead of her, her nakedness seemed even more out of place - almost unreal. She winced as her bare feet stepped on gravel, and then she was at the gatepost. It was maybe 20 or 30 meters from the front door to the garden wall, a distance she had crossed in seconds - but anyone passing the house would now have a full and uninterrupted view of naked Becky.  
  
Becky stood at the gate, fumbling with the catch on the back of the mailbox. Lisa felt a sudden rush of nerves, tension as she wondered if her friend, exposed as she was, could complete her task and make it back before anyone saw her. The road wasn't busy but nor was it the sort of street where nobody walked or drove, either - a car or pedestrian could come by at any moment, not to mention people in houses opposite who might be looking out of their own front windows at that time.  
  
Becky got the mailbox open and retrieved a couple of letters. She waved them cheerily to Lisa, then looked around again.  
  
"Dare me to cross the road?!" she called back to her friend.  
  
Lisa laughed. Again, Becky had obviously decided what she wanted to do, and was looking for a bit of encouragement to overcome any - sensible - reservations she had. "Alright then," she called back, "Dare you!"  
  
Becky grinned and stepped around the gatepost, onto the pavement outside the house. She skipped briskly over to the road and over it - stepping gingerly, the asphalt hot, stones sharp under her bare feet. When she reached the pavement on the other side she paused a moment then, arms out, turned a full 360 degrees - then laughing she ran back across the road again, not stopping at the gate but continuing up the driveway, through the doorway. Lisa stepped aside as her naked friend barreled through, slamming the front door shut behind her.  
  
Becky leaned against the wall in the hallway, breathing hard. Her face was flushed and, Lisa noticed, her nipples stood to attention, crowning her soft breasts. Her friend had clearly found something very exciting in what they had just done.  
  
"That was fun!" Becky gasped. "Thanks for the encouragement!"  
  
"Don't, er, mention it," Lisa replied. She didn't want to admit it, but Becky's exhilaration had been exciting for her to see as well.  
  
Some snacks and a break from studying to lounge in the sun gave both girls a chance to recover their composure and, as the day wore on, they returned to the grueling task of their revision.  
  
It was mid-afternoon now, and the quietness of the day was suddenly broken by the doorbell ringing. Both girls, the naked one and the clothed one, sat up with a start.  
  
"Doorbell." Lisa said redundantly.  
  
"Should I go answer it?" Becky asked.  
  
"Up to you," Lisa began blankly - living in family homes, they often didn't bother to answer the doorbell in the daytime unless told by their parents that a delivery or some such was coming -then she paused. "Wait, what?"  
  
Becky had that grin again. "Dare me to?" she asked.  
  
"What?!" Lisa exclaimed. "No!"  
  
Becky made a face. "Poo," she said, "no fun."  
  
"What?" Lisa responded. "I'm not gonna dare you to go and open your front door naked to some random caller, who knows who is out there?"  
  
"I guess..." Becky pouted. She was clearly disappointed.  
  
"Look," Lisa said. "If you want to do it, I can't stop you. But I don't see why you need me to dare you to do it?"  
  
"It's just... it's more fun that way," Becky replied. "I dunno. I don't really want to get into it now. Just... please?"  
  
The bell rang again.  
  
"Fine," Lisa said, exasperated. "I dare you to answer the door naked."  
  
Becky leapt up, grinning. "C'mon," she called for Lisa to follow her, and sprang into the hallway. The two girls approached the front door, Becky in the lead, Lisa a few paces behind. As before, Becky took a moment to compose herself and then opened the door.  
  
"Hi, I'm from Northumbria Windows. We were in the area and were wondering if you were considering having your fascia boards and soffits replaced and - bloody hell!"  
  
There was a man at the door, dressed in smart trousers and a polo shirt with the logo of a window company on the breast pocket. He was probably in his twenties, ginger-haired, his clean-shaven face ruddy and pink from the summer heat. He'd started his salesman's spiel before he'd realized that Becky was nude at the door. Now she stood before him in all her glory, he was lost for words.  
  
"Uh, windows and... home improvement..." he managed.  
  
"Oh, sorry," Becky said in a mock-disappointed tone. "My mum's out at work, can't help you I'm afraid."  
  
The man nodded slowly. He hadn't blinked - perhaps he thought if he did, Becky would disappear. Then a look of panic crossed his face. "Wait, did you say 'mum'? How old are you? Should I be looking at you all... like that?"  
  
Becky laughed. "No! I'm eighteen. Look away!" Almost imperceptibly she thrust out her chest, one hand on her hip - a deliberate attempt at a sexy pose. The man's eyes bulged.  
  
"Erm," he managed, "that is to say... maybe I could come in a while? Show you what we - what I - have to offer? Seeing as, well, I've seen what you've got to offer..."  
  
Behind Becky, Lisa burst out laughing. She couldn't blame the guy for trying it on with Becky - how often was he going to ring a doorbell and have a beautiful naked girl answer? But his chat-up technique was hitting a point somewhere between awkward and cheesy, and it was more embarrassing to watch than it was enticing.  
  
Becky, too, wasn't impressed. "Sorry, mate," she said in a conciliatory way. "I've got company already. Not interested. But thanks for stopping by." And with that she stepped back and closed the door - the salesman craning around the closing gap to get a very last glimpse of her.  
  
Door closed, both girls fell about with laughter.  
  
"Oh, my God," Becky gasped. "Did you see his face?"  
  
"I know! You made his day, then ruined it, all in one go!"  
  
"I've always wanted to do that!"  
  
Lisa stopped laughing. She looked at Becky. Her friend this morning had been excited to have walked out of her house naked and across the street. Now, she was positively giddy - again, flushed and physically excited, but also thrilled in other, less tangibleways.  
  
Always wanted to do that? What did that mean? Becky had answered the door naked on a whim, or so Lisa thought. But perhaps it wasn't. Perhaps this was something more, that Becky was acting out something that had been a fantasy of hers before now.  
  
Lisa wasn't sure how to feel about that - being involved in whatever this was, and seeing Becky's apparent thrill at having exposed herself in that way, was somewhat troubling. But, she couldn't deny it was more than a little exciting for her as well.

**Chapter 5: Mischief at Lisa's House**  
  
The rest of that day had been uneventful. Becky had eventually regained her composure, but the study plan for the rest of the day had proved a bit of a write-off and both girls had abandoned it in favour of more casual chat in the garden. As before, Becky had reluctantly put a few clothes on shortly before her mother was due home, and Lisa had eaten dinner with her and Mrs O'Neill before going home to her own house and her family.  
  
Neither Becky nor Lisa had mentioned anything that had happened that day to Mrs O'Neill, of course. Becky was adamant that her mother shouldn't know about either her growing passion for nakedness, or any "dares" she might have done around that. The girls had stifled giggles when explaining how they'd spent the day, and Mrs O'Neill was none the wiser.  
  
Privately, though, Lisa was a little concerned for Becky. It wasn't as though either of the two "dares" had been done with safety in mind. It was entirely possible that Becky had been seen by someone from one of the neighbouring houses when she'd gone across the street, and that they might mention in passing to Mrs O'Neill that they'd "seen your Becky walking about outside in the altogether" at some point in the future. Or perhaps the double-glazing salesman might come back at a time when Mrs O'Neill was home, and ask after the girl who had answered the door with no clothes on? It was all very well preventing Becky's naked side from being common knowledge when all she was doing was walking around the house nude, but if she was going to start going out in public or showing herself to people, it was going to be harder to keep it a secret.  
  
The girls' next study session was arranged for the following Monday. With only a week remaining until the start of the exams, both were starting to feel the pressure, and Lisa especially had given over her weekend to some serious cramming.  
  
The Monday session was planned for Lisa's house, but both girls would once again be there by themselves, with Lisa's parents both at work at the hospital, and her brothers still at school. Lisa wondered if she should suggest to Becky that she could take off her clothes while the two of them were alone in the house. After all, logically there was no reason for Becky to be dressed - it would be just the two of them, just as it had been at Becky's house. But to Lisa there seemed something... unsettling about the idea of inviting her friend to strip off in her home. Not least because she was now fairly certain that if she told her to, Becky would!  
  
In the event, she didn't even need to say anything. Becky arrived at her house wearing her usual summer attire of short-shorts and a sleeveless tee, but Lisa had no sooner welcomed her inside than Becky had lifted up the hem of her t-shirt and pulled it over her head. She discarded her shirt and reached behind herself to unfasten her bra.  
  
"Uh, what are you doing?" Lisa asked (although she knew exactly).  
  
"Sorry," Becky said, "I'll pick them up."  
  
"No, I mean... you're undressing?"  
  
Becky blushed. "Oh..." she said. "Is... this not okay? Only I was naked when you came over, twice, and I just thought... well, with it being just us two here, I thought it would be okay. I can wear clothes if it's a problem though?"  
  
"Oh! No it's okay, it's fine!" Lisa stammered. "I mean, it's just... I thought you would at least ask or something, not just be all stripping off in the hallway."  
  
Becky was embarrassed. "Sorry," she apologized again. "I just didn't think about it. But yeah, you're right, someone else's house. So do you mind if I take off my clothes?"  
  
It was Lisa's turn to blush. "No, of course I don't mind. I was just surprised that's all! But it's fine, really! You be naked all you want..."  
  
"Really?" Becky beamed.  
  
"Yeah sure, um..."  
  
"Thanks!" Becky grinned, and soon the rest of her clothes - shoes, shorts, bra and panties, were discarded and Becky walked nude through to the living room.  
  
If Lisa had thought that, having spent two days hanging out with a naked Becky at her house, she would be prepared sufficiently to cope with Becky roaming casually naked around Lisa's own home, she had been mistaken. Seeing her beautiful, free-spirited friend sitting nude on her family's sofa - the sofa where she sat with her dad and brothers watching football matches, or with her mum to laugh at and cheer on the contestants of The X-Factor - filled her with a strange and deeply uneasy feeling. She doubted she would ever be able to sit on that sofa again without picturing Becky's naked body, all its curves and hollows. If being with naked Becky at Becky's house had felt thrillingly intimate, this seemed even more so. Between them, the air seemed hot and heavy, and although the living room was large and spacious, the atmosphere was claustrophobic.  
  
Lisa hadn't watched a lot of porn, but she wasn't ignorant of the adult side of the internet, either. If this were a porn film, she thought, this would be where I leaned over and kissed Becky - a long, passionate kiss on the mouth, leading to more kisses, to caresses, to eager nips and licks and more, much more, ending in two writhing, naked bodies on the sofa.  
  
The imaginary scenario only increased her longing - but Lisa couldn't bear to act. That she wanted Becky, right now, wasn't a reassuring feeling. Instead it filled her with a desperate sort of anxiety. Even if she had wanted to act, she couldn't - it was as if her limbs were no longer at her command. They felt heavy, and even if she had felt compelled with certainty to take Becky in her arms, she was certain her body would not comply. All she could do was sit and gaze.  
  
Becky seemed to realise that Lisa was staring, and fidgeted uncomfortably. Lisa looked quickly away. Had Becky guessed what was on her mind?  
  
To distract herself, Lisa fixed drinks and snacks for the both of them, and they made a start on the day's study. All things considered, they made good progress, breaking for lunch and continuing long into the afternoon. In fact, time seemed to get the better of them, and it was soon almost four in the afternoon.  
  
Had they realized that, both girls wouldn't have been surprised when the quiet of the afternoon was broken, suddenly, by the sound of the back door of the house opening loudly, followed by two boisterous male voices.  
  
"Shit!" Lisa exclaimed, although she dared not raise her voice above a whisper. "It's Carl and Ben!"  
  
Carl and Ben were Lisa's two brothers - the Terrible Twosome, as they had been affectionately known since childhood. Typical boys, they loved football, video games, and winding up their older sister. Now they were 13 and almost 16 respectively, the winding up was more along the lines of gentle ribbing than the dirt-throwing, spider-chucking, water-pistol-squirting of the past, but they still loved making Lisa the butt of harmless jokes and pranks.  
  
Lisa looked over in horror at Becky, naked, lying on her stomach on the living room floor, knees bent, legs crossed in the air at her ankles, head resting on her folded arms. "You have to get upstairs! Hide! Now!" she hissed. She didn't need to imagine how her teenage brothers, who already all-but drooled when Becky walked by, would react if they walked in and found her sitting in their living room stark naked.  
  
But Becky apparently didn't share her sense of urgency. "What's the problem?" she purred.  
  
"They'll see you naked!" Lisa retorted.  
  
Becky rolled over and sat up, shrugging. "So? What's so bad about that?" She laughed. "It'll be educational for them!"  
  
Lisa whirled. "No!" she exclaimed. "No! You are not going to... expose yourself to my little brothers. They're pervy enough as it is, and besides, they'll just assume you and I were doing... something we weren't supposed to and they'll either tell mum and dad, or worse, they'll blackmail me to stop them telling them."  
  
Becky was defensive. "I'll explain," she said. "I'm not ashamed. I've known your family forever. I don't care if they see me naked."  
  
"Nuh-uh," Lisa shook her head. "You wanna explain how you're some kind of... nudist to my kin, you do that, but do it with clothes on."  
  
Becky grinned. "Dare me to be naked?" she asked, a strange note to her voice. She had that look in her eye again.  
  
But Lisa shook her head. "No way," she said. "We're not doing that now, Becky. Please. This isn't a joke or a game. This is my life. I don't want to explain to my family - to any of my family - that when I hang out with my best friend she doesn't wear clothes any more and that this is somehow a perfectly normal thing. Please, get upstairs before they see you."  
  
Something in Lisa's tone gave Becky pause, perhaps letting her know she was close to crossing a line. Over the past few days Lisa had indulged, even embraced, some aspects of this new side to her, but there were limits to what she was comfortable with, and this was one of them.  
  
"Al-right," Becky pouted, getting to her feet.  
  
"Wait!" Lisa halted her, before standing up herself. "I need to make sure the coast is clear. Stay behind me."  
  
The two girls made their way toward the living room doorway - Lisa markedly more cautiously than Becky, although she was relieved to see that her friend was affecting some stealth at least, and had folded her arms across her breasts to give herself a little coverage.  
  
They needed to get out of the living room and along the hallway to get to the stairs, and then it would just be a dash to Lisa's room. Once Becky was safely up there, Lisa could come back down at her leisure and grab their books, Becky's clothes - which were still by the front door, and anything else they needed, and nobody would be any the wiser. But they needed to pass by the open kitchen door en route, and as far as Lisa knew the boys, who had come in via the back door, were probably still in there.  
  
Lisa peered cautiously through the door. Sure enough, as she suspected, both boys were in the kitchen, assembling what seemed to be plates of sandwiches and crisps far in excess of what a normal person could eat, but knowing the appetites of her teen brothers, probably constituted a light snack.  
  
Lisa turned to Becky, and in as loud a whisper as she dared, outlined a plan. "I'll go in the kitchen and talk to them, while I'm distracting them, you run past and go straight upstairs, got it?"  
  
She was relieved when Becky nodded and mouthed, "okay". Perhaps when confronted with the reality of actually being caught nude by her friend's brothers in their house, her nerve had failed a little and she no longer wanted to be seen quite so badly.  
  
Striding confidently into the kitchen as if nothing was amiss, Lisa walked across the room, to stand where her brothers would have to turn with their backs to the doorway to acknowledge her.  
  
"Alright you two?" she asked cheerily. "How was school?"  
  
"Alright sis," Carl, the older, returned. "Not bad."  
  
"He's got a girlfriend," his younger brother taunted, apropos of nothing.  
  
"Ben!" the older boy chided.  
  
"What's that all about?" Lisa asked, genuinely interested. Her brother was well-liked in his year at school but had never really been successful with girls - like many teenage boys he suffered from a lack of confidence in that department.  
  
"Mary Purbeck," Ben continued. "She's his girlfriend now."  
  
"I asked her out," Carl said, blushing, suddenly shy.  
  
"And?" Lisa asked.  
  
"Well, she didn't say no..."  
  
"Aw! Well done you!" Lisa celebrated, for a moment her worry about Becky forgotten.  
  
"Yeah, yeah," Carl said, still blushing. "Anyway," he said, changing the subject, "how was your day?"  
  
Lisa tried to act nonchalant. "Not bad," she answered. "Revision. Again."  
  
"Ugh, harsh," Carl replied sympathetically. He'd be taking his GCSE exams soon himself, so he had similar studies to look forward to. "Becky here?" The boys viewed Becky as an extra member of the family, she spent so much time at their house, and they'd known that she and Lisa had been planning on studying together today.  
  
Lisa flushed slightly. "Uh, yeah. She's upstairs," she answered. At least I hope she is by now, she thought to herself.  
  
Excusing herself as the boys returned to their sandwiches, Lisa stepped back into the hallway. Cautiously she glanced back into the living room. There was no sign of Becky. She looked the other way, towards the stairs. Again, Becky wasn't in sight. Lisa just had to hope she'd made it upstairs.

**Chapter 6: The Accomplice**  
  
Lisa climbed the stairs and went along the corridor to her bedroom. Sure enough, Becky was sitting in a relaxed fashion on the bed. She still hadn't managed to put any clothes on, and Lisa hurriedly stepped inside and closed the door behind her.  
  
"That was close," she breathed. "But I don't think they saw you."  
  
"Shame," Becky pouted.  
  
At this Lisa coloured, her ears burning hot. "What," she exclaimed, "is this all about? You had me getting you doing naked dares yesterday, now you want to flash my brothers? Do you want to get caught out like this or something? What is going on with you?"  
  
Becky stared, defiant for a moment, then to Lisa's surprise her face fell, and her shoulders slumped. "I- I don't know," she said.  
  
"Is there more to this whole I-like-to-be-naked thing than you're telling me?" Lisa asked, concern in her voice.  
  
Becky nodded. "Yeah..." she said in a small voice.  
  
Lisa sat down next to her naked friend. "What's going on Becky?"  
  
Becky sighed. "It's like... like I have this urge. Like there's this little voice in the back of my mind. Take off your clothes, it's telling me. I just feel like, like I'm not in control all the time, like I just feel this compulsion to get naked. And, when I am, I want people to see me." She looked Lisa in the eye. "I want them to see me naked."  
  
"How long's this been going on?" Lisa asked.  
  
"Oh, I dunno... A few years?"  
  
"Years?!"  
  
"Uh-huh, kinda. Well, when I was younger, I used to go up to the woods and the fields and I'd take off my clothes and just sort of walk around. And like, I'd hear people coming or I'd see a car in the distance and I'd really want to walk in front of them, bold as brass, just let them see everything. But I never dared. And I used to go into school and I'd take off my knickers in the toilets and put them in my bag, just go around with nothing on under my skirt and I'd be thinking in my head I would just flash someone, like just quickly lift up my skirt and give a quick flash - but I never had the nerve..."  
  
Lisa said nothing, and Becky continued; "I used to feel so ashamed at myself. But I also felt good. Like, I really liked the thought that one day someone might see me. That one day on accident I'd get caught or someone would see and tell everyone that Becky O'Neill was in school with no knickers on. And that was scary, but also exciting."  
  
Lisa smiled warmly. "I know how scary and exciting can be a good combination," she said. "But why are you now doing this, like right now?"  
  
"I dunno," Becky answered. "Maybe it's just exam stress. But it's also like... well, I told you that I like being naked, and you didn't judge me or act like it was something bad that I shouldn't be doing. And then suddenly it was like, someone else knows. And you know how some things are easier with somebody else there, like giving you support?"  
  
"Or encouragement..."  
  
"...yeah."  
  
"So that was why you were getting me to dare you on the other day?"  
  
"Yeah. It's like, in my head, if I just walked out naked in the street, that would be a crazy thing to do. But if there was another person there, a person who had given me a dare that I had to make good on, well, then that was okay. Even though I knew deep down I was really doing it because I wanted to, it just made it easier somehow." She looked up at Lisa. "You make it easier for me to be myself," she said.  
  
Tentatively, Lisa put her arm around Becky's bare shoulder, giving her a squeeze. "You can always be yourself around me," she said. "I'll help you."  
  
"What are you saying?" Becky asked.  
  
"I'm saying, if you want someone on the sidelines egging you on while you do crazy naked things, someone to make you feel a bit more normal about all this, well, what else are friends for?"  
  
Becky beamed. "Really?" she asked.  
  
"Really," Lisa answered.  
  
"'Cause, you know, I can't promise it won't get a bit, well, wild. Weird, even."  
  
"Becky, over the last few days I've barely seen you with your clothes on. You've opened the door naked to a bloody double glazing salesman and this afternoon you came within a few minutes of flashing both my brothers. It's already weird."  
  
Becky blushed. "Yeah. Sorry about your bros, by the way. I know that was out of order. You're right, I've known the boys since they were babies. It'd be weird getting all naked in front of them and acting like it was no big deal. I promise I won't do that again."  
  
Lisa was quiet for a while, thinking. "Hold on there," she said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Well, maybe - if you want to - maybe we could have a little bit of fun with them after all?"  
  
"What do you mean, are you saying I should flash them after all?"  
  
"No, no! You're right, that would be off the weirdness chart. But I mean, maybe we can do something else. Like, there's only the two of them here, right? Other than us, I mean." Becky nodded. "So let's maybe see if we can go back downstairs, you and me, maybe get something to eat or drink... and try and not get you caught?"  
  
Becky thought for a moment, then she grinned. "I like it," she said.  
  
"Okay," Lisa continued, "let me scope around first, just so we know where Carl and Ben are in the house to start with." Saying that, she left Becky alone in the bedroom and walked along the corridor to where the boys' bedrooms were. Both were empty - the boys must still be downstairs. That was a bit of a worry to Lisa - it would have been easy to sneak naked Becky around if both boys had been in one or both bedrooms - but it also thrilled her a little; it would be more of a game to try and avoid getting caught by two teenage boys if they were in a more communal area of the house.  
  
She found the two downstairs. They were in the living room, playing a racing game on the family's Nintendo Wii console. It was a fairly lively battle, occupying both her brothers' full attention - neither of them noticed her even as she stepped into the room. So it seemed like it might well be possible to bring Becky downstairs, at least for a few moments, and give her the fix that the risk of being caught naked in their house might bring her.  
  
Returning to her bedroom, she explained the plan to Becky. She and Becky would go downstairs and into the kitchen, stay long enough to grab a drink or snack and then head back upstairs, all while Ben and Carl played their game completely oblivious to the naked girl standing in their kitchen.  
  
"But remember," Lisa cautioned, "absolutely on no account can you let either of them see you naked. That's the challenge, but also, I will be super mad if my brothers get an anatomy lesson from you so you have to be really, really careful."  
  
Becky nodded. "I like the idea of being seen... but it's also pretty exciting trying to make sure I'm not seen. Really gets the adrenaline going."  
  
The two girls crept downstairs as quietly as they could. They didn't talk in more than a whisper, if they talked at all. Ben and Carl viewed Becky as part of the family - if they knew she was around, they might well stop playing to come and say hello.

Once in the kitchen, which only had the one doorway the boys could come through, Lisa and Becky relaxed a little more. Becky straightened her back and stretched happily. She seemed to be enjoying herself, Lisa noted - and in fairness, Lisa was too. Aside from the general pleasure of seeing Becky without clothes on, she had to acknowledge there was a particular thrill in engaging in such risky behavior; while at the same time a certain sense of safety arising from the fact that she, at least, still had her own clothes on.  
  
The two stood in the kitchen a short moment or two, pondering what they wanted to eat. There was silence between them, which was fortunate because at that moment, coming from just the other side of the doorway, they heard Carl call to his younger brother; "do you want anything?"  
  
Carl was coming into the kitchen! Had he not called out, he probably would have just walked in and seen them both there, Becky in all her glory. But as it was, they had some warning.  
  
Quicker than she had ever moved before, Lisa grabbed her stunned friend by the wrist and pulled her across the kitchen. She flung open the door of the big, full length refrigerator and shoved Becky behind it. She stepped after her, standing as if getting something out of the refrigerator, motioning Becky to crouch down and conceal herself.  
  
The open refrigerator door would hide Becky from view when, seconds later, Carl walked into the room. It would seem as if Lisa was there by herself, and unless he walked over to the other side of the kitchen - or heaven forbid, wanted something from the fridge, she should manage to be undetected.  
  
"Hey," Lisa said as nonchalantly as she could as Carl walked in.  
  
"Oh, hey sis," he answered, then stopped. "Everything okay?"  
  
Lisa nodded - enthusiastically. "Oh, sure, everything's fine, why do you ask?" She risked a glance down at Becky, who was crouched beside her feet, trying to make herself as small and unnoticeable as possible - not easy when you're a tall, completely naked girl with a mass of brunette curls.  
  
"You look... freaked out," Carl replied.  
  
"Oh, uh... well, you know, just a bit stressed at the moment, with all the studying and so on."  
  
"Oh man," Carl moaned. "I am really not looking forward to that."  
  
Lisa laughed. "GCSEs aren't so bad. You'll be ok." Then she froze - Carl was walking over! Any closer and he'd have a line of sight to behind the fridge door, and see Becky huddled there.  
  
Fortunately, Carl stopped. "Hey, can you grab me a Diet Coke while you're there?" he asked. Lisa reached down - and then almost burst out laughing as, a bashful grin on her face, Becky took a can off the shelf and handed it to Lisa. She covered her giggles, though, tossing the can through the air. Carl caught it easily. "Cheers," he said, turning and leaving the kitchen to go back to his brother and their game.  
  
As soon as he'd gone, Becky scrambled to her feet and Lisa pushed the fridge closed. Barely daring to breathe, the two girls ran back upstairs to Lisa's bedroom - where they both collapsed onto the bed in fits of laughter.  
  
-  
  
After that, Lisa found that Becky's eagerness to put herself in situations where she would be seen naked, or might at least run the risk of being seen, only increased. And as it did, so too did Lisa's own inner confusion.  
  
Becky's spirit of adventure was intoxicating, and contagious. The obvious thrill she felt at exposing herself, and the adrenaline rush of being naked in places she shouldn't, brought out a new life in her, a positivity and an enthusiasm which Lisa found attractive and engaging. It was as Becky had said - this person was her true self, and the relief she clearly felt in being able to bring this was noticeable.  
  
Plus, it was just exciting. The thrill was in the shattered taboo, in the breaking of rules, rules which said that young women should keep their bodies covered and that to be naked and unashamed in a way in which others were able to see you was a social no-no. If Becky walked out into the street naked without a care in the world as to who might see, that was bold and exhilarating - not to mention more than a little sexy.  
  
Being the only person to share in the true knowledge of Becky's naked side carried its own excitement, too - that of the shared secret, of being the only person to know that Becky had this part of herself, and to be privileged to share it with her.  
  
All this was good, and addictive. Lisa found that she was spending more and more time daydreaming of ways to get Becky exposed in some way or other. She embraced the role, of Becky's accomplice and co-conspirator willingly, and with gusto.  
  
And yet, that aside, she was troubled. There was something else to this, something that she didn't want to address and yet could not ignore. In helping Becky live out some of her fantasies, was she in fact living out some of her own?  
  
Lisa often thought back to that night when she had imagined herself and Becky making love. She'd had other thoughts and dreams like that, and similar, since then. Visions in her head of Becky and herself intimately entwined, giving in to lust and pleasure. She'd made her peace with the fact that Becky was beautiful, and desirable, and that she was in some way attracted to her. That by itself she could stand to live with.  
  
But there was an ache in her heart, a longing, that only grew the more she and Becky shared this strange bond of theirs, shared the intimacy of this secret exhibitionism. It was a wanting, powerful, and inescapable. If she did not have a care, Lisa felt, it could disrupt or even destroy the friendship they had.

**Chapter 7: No Knickers**  
  
Becky, for her part, seemed to have none of the worries Lisa felt. Unburdened now to Lisa of her secret desire for nudity and exposure, she felt free to experiment. When the two were together and alone, Becky rarely if ever wore clothes now, and she frequently called upon Lisa to once again goad her into dares she had already decided would be fun to do.  
  
But now she was also willing to be led, rather than to always lead. In this regard, Lisa began to concoct scenarios of her own; dares or games or just instructions she would give Becky which the latter could follow, should she find the possibilities they offered appealing.  
  
One such idea harked back to Becky's early experiments, when in years gone by she had attended school with nothing on beneath her pleated black skirt, intending perhaps to flash someone but never quite getting up the nerve.  
  
Although the girls had been sixth formers for the past two years and so were afforded some privileges that lower forms were not, they were still expected to wear a school uniform. Having now technically left school they would soon never have to wear them again - but before then the outfits would have a few more outings, as all students were required to be in uniform whenever they came onto school grounds to sit one of their exams.  
  
Becky, Lisa suggested, should wear her uniform without any underpants on all the days she had an exam. Moreover, she should sit in her exam not demurely, legs crossed, but with them parted.  
  
"You've seen the desks we sit at, and the way they're arranged," she said to Becky. "Nobody in the immediate vicinity is going to clock that you're knickerless, they'll be too close to see under the desk. But people farther away might notice..."  
  
"I like it," Becky had replied. "I won't know if someone's seen me or not. That's... really exciting, in a different way."  
  
So the morning of their first exam, when Lisa had met Becky en route to the stop for the school bus, the first thing she'd said to Becky was; "are you doing it?" In answer, Becky turned wordlessly and lifted up her black pleated school skirt for a moment, revealing a glimpse of her bare bottom. A butterfly or two whirled in Lisa's stomach at the sight, and she swallowed hard.  
  
"I've got some knickers in my bag," Becky explained. "In case I need them. But I probably won't."  
  
So, Becky had gone to all of her exams with nothing on beneath her skirt, and Lisa was the only person who had known. The secret knowledge had excited Lisa - but she never felt compelled to join in. The dynamic of this thing seemed to be shaping itself that it was Becky who sought exposure, and the thrill Lisa would get would not be enhanced by her joining in. Beneath her own school skirt she wore the same comfortable, reliable cotton knickers she had always worn, and she felt no temptation to discard them the way Becky had.  
  
Naughty and forbidden though it felt for Becky to go into and around the school with nothing on beneath her skirt, Lisa had to acknowledge that in some ways, the fact that teachers and fellow students remained oblivious to this was in some small way a little bit of a let-down for Becky, who craved actual exposure. She began to devise a scenario which would give Becky more of what she wanted.  
  
But that was for another time. Now, they were sat in a geography exam. It was about thirty minutes into the exam, and as usual they were sat in order of candidate number. Becky was to the right and a few rows in front of Lisa - not a clear view, and certainly not one where Lisa could see up Becky's skirt, but she could see her mass of brunette curls as her friend sat hunched over her exam paper.  
  
The exams were staffed by volunteer invigilators - members of the wider school community, local people, and so on. Their job was to monitor the exam to ensure it was all conducted properly, to look out for and prevent any cheating or other violations of exam code, and also to support the students (for example, by escorting them to the toilet if they needed a break so that they could not be accused of cheating later). They'd also deal with emergencies, both medical and, in some cases, emotional - Lisa had seen at least one student being escorted out in hysterical sobs when she had realized the exam paper that they were taking contained not one question she could answer.  
  
One of these volunteers, a middle-aged man who Lisa thought might have children further down in the school, perhaps in her youngest brother's year, suddenly made a bee line along the aisle to where Becky was sat. Lisa watched in fascination as the man leant over and appeared to say something, very quietly, to Becky. They appeared to have a short conversation and then, quite abruptly, the man stood up, ramrod straight and walked away up the aisle - his face quite red.  
  
"What was that all about?" Lisa had asked Becky when the exam was over and the two girls were on their way home.  
  
"Oh, what, the guy in the exam?" Becky asked. She blushed a little when Lisa nodded.  
  
"Well," Becky explained. "The thing was, I was feeling a bit... well, you know? With the no knickers thing. Like I wanted to show a bit more? Anyway, the way I was sat, I figured I could sort of, lift up my skirt a bit at the front... if I arranged it in just the right way, I could sit there a bit more uncovered. Like, nobody would see exactly but it would feel more exposed, you understand?"  
  
Lisa nodded. Obviously she'd been right in her assessment that Becky was finding that simply having no underwear on wasn't... exciting enough by itself.  
  
"Anyway," Becky continued, "I was fiddling with my skirt and I'd got it lifted up and I guess that guy had seen me moving in a strange way so he came over. He asked me what I was doing, of course I froze with my skirt all bunched up and my hands in my lap. It must have looked to him really dodgy and he asked me to take my hands out of my lap.  
  
"I asked why and he said they'd been told that sometimes girls who want to cheat write cheat notes and put them in their knickers then take them out once the exam is going and put them in their laps to copy from - he just wanted to make sure that wasn't what I was doing.  
  
"Well I looked at him, and I was almost gonna start laughing, and I lifted my hands away - so now of course he could see everything because my skirt was all up - and said, you don't need to worry about that sir, as you can see I'm not even wearing knickers!" Becky was almost helpless with laughter now. "He... shot out of there... so fast," she gasped, and both she and Lisa collapsed into hysterical giggles.  
  
Their remaining exams passed uneventfully - stressful and demanding, the exams themselves overrode any other thoughts, including those about Becky exposing herself in some way. It was an incredible relief, then, when they concluded their final exam and boarded the public bus (school buses only running at the beginning and end of the day) to travel the half hour or so route back to the village.  
  
They sat down together - Becky taking the window seat, Lisa the one on the aisle. It was then that Lisa recalled the plan she'd begun to concoct a few days before. There was no time now to discuss it with Becky before carrying it out - this would be the last time Becky would go out dressed in school uniform, so it needed to happen here and now if it was to happen at all. But, she rather got the feeling that Becky would quite enjoy the direct approach she was going to have to take.  
  
She turned to Becky. "Do you still have no knickers on?" she asked.  
  
Becky smiled. "Yeah..." she replied.  
  
"Good," Lisa said, adopting the no nonsense tone she sometimes used when she wanted her brothers to listen to her. "Give me your skirt."  
  
Becky blinked. "Wh-what?" she asked.  
  
"Take off your skirt and hand it to me," Lisa repeated. She was rather enjoying bossing her friend about.  
  
Becky, it seemed, had cottoned on that this was another game, and wordlessly assented. She looked around. The bus was busy but not packed, and none of the people near them seemed to be paying any attention. Becky shifted slightly in her seat, unfastening the skirt's zipper and, squirming, slipped out of it without standing up.  
  
Lisa picked up the skirt where it lay around Becky's ankles, folded it neatly and lay it in her own lap. Becky now was naked from the waist down. She still wore her tie, school shirt and of course her bra under it - but there was no clothing on her now between the hem of her shirt, and her socks and shoes. The shirt was quite long - if you'd given a casual glance to Becky you wouldn't have realized she had nothing on her bottom half. The fact she was in the window seat, too, meant that Lisa's body shielded Becky from the rest of the bus. If she removed any more clothes, then it would attract attention - but as it was, the two could sit there quite comfortably, with Becky exposed only to a safe degree, but still feeling very much the sensation of being bare against the rough fabric of the bus seat.  
  
And so, there they sat, talking as if nothing was unusual, as people got on and off the bus around them, none of them any the wiser about the fact that Becky was bottomless.  
  
That was, of course, until it came to their stop to get off the bus.  
  
At which point, Lisa stood up, Becky's folded skirt in her hand, and walked to the front of the bus.  
  
She didn't dare look back - if she did, she might have burst out laughing. Suddenly, Becky was without the means to cover herself back up again, and Lisa doubted very much that she had been expecting this.  
  
The bus would be pulling into their stop in a few seconds, and Becky would then have a choice between two actions, neither of them good. She could get up out of the seat and walk to the front of the bus to get off, past all the people on the bus, revealing to them she was half naked, and get off alongside Lisa, who of course had her skirt. Or, she could stay sat where she was, frozen to the spot. That might mean she could ride the bus further, until all the other passengers had disembarked - then it would only be the driver who would see how she wasn't dressed. But that might be a long way down the bus route and she would still have to then get back to the village while wearing only a school shirt and tie. Plus, the longer she sat there without Lisa to shield her from view, the more likely the other passengers would notice there was nothing covering her legs or bottom.  
  
Lisa began to worry now that she had done something too reckless, that she might have landed Becky in a situation beyond the one she wanted to be in. She risked a glance back. Becky was still sat in her seat, pink-faced and wide-eyed.  
  
The bus pulled into their stop, and the door began to open with a hiss. Lisa made eye contact with Becky. "Come on," she mouthed, and with relief she saw her friend slide across the seat to the aisle, and begin to stand.  
  
Lisa stepped down the bus steps and glanced back behind her. Blushing scarlet now, Becky was heading as quickly as she could down the aisle. She was holding the front of her shirt down - it was long enough to skim the tops of her thighs, so it wasn't revealing anything, but there would be no doubt to anyone that she had nothing on underneath it. Lisa couldn't see Becky from the back but she expected that pulling the shirt down at the front was causing it to ride up at the back, and so Becky's bare bottom would be almost fully revealed.  
  
She stepped fully off the bus and a split second later Becky followed her - and kept going! Without breaking her stride Becky headed off, away from the bus stop, and the bus started up and pulled away.  
  
The two girls were alone in the road now. Lisa ran to catch up with her friend, who had stopped, finally. Becky was red-faced and breathing hard. She looked straight at Lisa. "Oh... my... God," she panted.  
  
"Oh God, I'm so sorry," Lisa began... and then stopped. Becky had started laughing. "I'm sorry," she said again.  
  
"No!" Becky laughed. "Oh my God no, don't be sorry! That was... amazing! Riding the bus like this was one thing, but getting off like that? All those people looking at me, knowing I was half-naked? I mean, I didn't dare show everything, I kinda lost my nerve, but they had to have seen, right? Wow!"  
  
She straightened up, and turned to Lisa. "You thought of doing that to me? You came up with that? It was on purpose?"  
  
Lisa grinned sheepishly; "Yeah. Sorry."  
  
"Don't be! It was brilliant! I mean, you left me there with no choice, I had to be... exposed. It was even better than if I'd thought it myself. And being seen by so many people... wow."  
  
"You... you really liked it, huh?"  
  
Becky smiled. "I'm a weirdo, I know... but it's like, that's what I want to do. I want to be out of my clothes not just at home but in all sorts of places. I wanna be naked in public. I wanna feel eyes on me, know people are looking at my, know nothing is hidden from them... I want the world to see the real me, the naked me. You understand?"  
  
Lisa nodded. "I think so."  
  
"Good, because I can't do it without you. I need you there, need my best friend to get me into these situations, and out of them. I need someone who doesn't think I'm a freak because I like doing stuff like this, and now I know for sure that's you." And she hugged Lisa tightly.  
  
"Okay, okay," Lisa said warmly, extricating herself from the embrace. Being that close to Becky when she knew Becky was barely wearing anything was making her pulse race. "Now, let's get your skirt back on, at least until we get home."

**Chapter 8: The Railway**  
  
"When did you first realize you liked being seen naked?" Lisa asked.  
  
The two girls were walking back to a friend's house party. They'd just volunteered themselves for a midnight beer run - already both more than a little tipsy, Becky had then had the idea that, when they got to the convenience store, she would take off her clothes.  
  
It hadn't been Lisa's idea and, privately, she was getting a little worried. Recently, doubts had begun to settle in about Becky and her desire to expose herself.  
  
It had started well. After the exams had ended, the two had found themselves with plenty of time on their hands and a whole world to explore for the first time as adults. They'd begun going for long daytime walks away from the village out into the countryside, across the woods and the fields. Typically on these walks, Becky would take off her clothes for varying periods of time, some quite lengthy. But they never encountered other people, and Lisa had begun to enjoy the experience of simply being alone with her friend while Becky was nude in nature.  
  
This was a side of Becky she could fully support. Becky the naturist, the nudist, happy to walk through green woodlands without a stitch of clothing on, to lie naked in the sun on the edge of a wide open field. There was of course always that slight risk that someone would catch them and an awkward explanation would have to follow, but out in the summer sun that risk seemed satisfyingly far away. It seemed to Lisa on these trips that Becky was nude just for her, and those deep, longing feelings began to nag at her once again. But that aside, it was not just bearable, but pleasurable.  
  
But now Becky's "dark side" had emerged again. The Becky who wanted to push the envelope, to go that bit further - not to just risk being caught, but actually seek out an audience to show herself naked to. And despite her vow to support Becky, even enable her to live out the experiences she wanted, Lisa was troubled.  
  
Take the convenience store. Oh, it had passed off harmlessly enough, Becky had stripped in the shop, chosen and paid for their liquor, and then left. They'd walked a little way through the deserted streets together, the naked girl and the clothed one, before Becky had mercifully judged that they were close enough to their friends' house party that she should probably put her clothes back on.  
  
But what if it hadn't? What if the guy behind the counter had been offended, and called the police? What if there had been other people in the shop who had done that? What if they'd been alone in the shop, but the guy behind the counter had been not a young and quite nice looking lad but an old sleaze, some big nasty guy who had locked the door and demanded some sort of sexual favour from Becky, or from both girls, before they had been allowed to leave again? And all that aside, stores have CCTV cameras, so now there was undoubtedly a video somewhere of Becky shopping naked - would that make its way to the internet, would someone identify them?  
  
Lisa had been willing to acknowledge that the risks Becky was taking were exciting, but as she strayed farther afield in pursuit of that adrenaline fix, Lisa had to wonder if Becky was in danger of going too far, and getting herself, and Lisa, into serious trouble.  
  
She didn't feel as though she could stop Becky, though - and what really troubled her was that she wasn't sure she really wanted to... There was still that rush of pleasure she got from seeing Becky naked where she shouldn't be, and that tantalizing, delicious intimacy of being the partner in crime, the only one privy to the knowledge of Becky's "true self".  
  
She just had to figure out how to get that feeling without putting either of them into harm's way. With that in mind, she'd asked Becky about her formative experiences, the ones that had made her into this person - and Becky had told her about the railway.  
  
"It was about 5 years ago," Becky said for context. "It was around the time I first started going on walks by myself and getting naked in a serious way. Anyway, one day I'd walked all the way out to where the railway line is, you know, where it just goes between the fields. And I didn't have any clothes on, I was just walking in the sun absolutely bare.  
  
"I hadn't meant to be seen. I knew trains might come along but I figured I would get enough warning I could get out of sight. But you know how fast trains go - suddenly I was standing on the bank next to the track and one whizzed by, a great big intercity locomotive, and I was just stood there, full frontal. Every single person looking out of the window of the train would have seen me naked and although it was going far too fast for me to make out faces, I could imagine them all looking at me, seeing me naked like that, just wondering, who is this girl and why is she walking around in the countryside, completely starkers, and it was just so exciting..."  
  
So, Lisa had suggested, why not go back to that place? It seemed to her a slightly safer way of helping Becky indulge the part of herself that wanted to be seen naked than stripping off in shops or other public places. True, trains were big, noisy and dangerous, but they weren't talking about going onto the track, just nearby.  
  
They set off just after lunch time, and to Lisa Becky seemed more excited even than she had been about their previous adventures. Her excitement was infection, and Lisa was very much looking forward to seeing her friend out in nature with no clothes on once again. But she felt a growing sense of nervousness, too - deliberately seeking out a way for Becky to be seen naked was quite risky, and she worried that Becky's enthusiasm was in danger of clouding her judgement. But, Lisa had been the one to suggest this little escapade, so she didn't feel her worries were entirely reasonable - after all, when she'd come up with the idea it was as a safer alternative to any shocking stunt Becky might conceive, so she didn't really have a right to misgivings now. Still, she was nervous.

The two girls walked out of the village and began a journey through the fields. The railway was about a mile away, through farmland which was technically private property but which the girls, and many other locals, often used as short cuts when walking. Lisa had wondered if Becky was going to strip nude when they were out in the countryside - she had done so on previous occasions, and Lisa was carrying a rucksack to hold Becky's clothes if it was needed, as well as drinks and snacks. But on this occasion Becky seemed happy to walk along clothed, at least for the moment.  
  
Lisa and Becky reached the railway and began to walk along it. A sturdy fence separated their route from the track itself, but they followed the line along until they came to an area where a high bank sloped up away from the track. The bank was grassy and spotted with other vegetation but seemed relatively clear, and would both shield them from anyone else approaching the track while also ensuring that Becky would be at the right level to be seen clearly by anyone looking out of the window of a train.  
  
"This is the spot," Becky confirmed. "This is perfect." So saying, she pulled off her t-shirt, dropped her shorts and then slipped quickly out of her bra and knickers to stand naked. Lisa sat down and after a blissful stretch, Becky joined her, the two sharing their drinks and snacks. Lisa smiled - she was rather reminded of that famous French Impressionist painting, where the two well-dressed Parisian gentlemen are joined for a picnic in the park by a nude woman. She wondered if that painting was a particular favourite of Becky's, and how she might have felt when they saw it during art lessons at school.  
  
"I wonder how long we'll have to wait until a train comes by?" Lisa asked.  
  
"I'm not-" Becky began, and then stopped, as almost on queue the rumble of the train came across the air. Becky stood, beaming a wide smile, and a few seconds later a train rushed past, at speed, only a few meters from where they were sat; with Becky in direct view of the windows.  
  
Lisa had to laugh. It seemed such an absurd thing to be happening - for them to have come out here, to this spot, just so that Becky could expose herself to surprised rail passengers. Yet her friend seemed thrilled and exhilarated to be doing it, and within Lisa too a deep sense of excitement stirred.  
  
Yet she was not prepared for what happened a few moments later.  
  
Becky was seated back on the ground with Lisa when the sound began of another train approaching. This time though Becky did not stand up. Rather, as Lisa looked on, she leaned back, parted her legs and gave the passengers on this train a far more intimate view of herself than any she had granted anyone before.  
  
Lisa looked away. She felt suddenly uncomfortable with Becky's blatant exhibitionism. Wanting to be seen naked was one thing - it was weird, in itself, but Lisa felt in some ways she understood it. But this more sexual side of Becky's desire to be seen was not something she felt able to participate in or endorse; not least because her own feelings of lust for Becky were something she barely had under control as it was.  
  
There was worse to come though. When Lisa turned back to look at Becky, her friend was wide eyed, her face flushed, and breathless. Not only that, but while her legs were now less akimbo, she now had her hand in between them, and was openly, undisguisedly masturbating herself.  
  
Becky seemed almost to be in a trance, and for a moment Lisa just stared, open-mouthed. Then, red-faced herself, she stood up, picked up her bag and wordlessly walked away.  
  
Masturbation was no secret between Becky and Lisa. They both acknowledged it as something that they did, something that it was natural and normal for girls to do as much as boys. It wasn't dirty or sinful, it was simply sex with only one person present, and done right was both pleasurable and in many ways empowering to their sexual identity. But neither girl had ever masturbated in each other's company, and nor, Lisa felt, had she ever given Becky any indication that she'd be okay with her playing with herself in front of her. Neither for that matter had Becky ever suggested that this was something that she wanted to do!  
  
Lisa felt - not disgusted, because after all, Becky had been doing something that she knew was natural and normal in private. But the fact she had been doing it quite openly in front of Lisa, without ever asking if Lisa minded? It felt like a liberty too far. And yet, deep down, Lisa knew in a way this had been something like what she wanted - a sexual experience with Becky. So why had she reacted the way she had? In truth, Lisa didn't know, except that unlike what she had imagined, Becky hadn't been making love to her. In fact, she had been behaving almost as if Lisa hadn't even been there. And it had just felt wrong, somehow.  
  
Still, she was starting to regret storming off the way she had, and so after a few minutes walking she turned around and began to head back to where she had left Becky. She hadn't gone far though when she spied a figure coming towards her. It was Becky - now dressed again, she was hurrying towards Lisa, calling her name.  
  
Lisa stood, waiting for Becky to get to her. They were on a footpath that ran alongside a field, and she sat on a low wall until her friend approached.  
  
"I'm so sorry!" Becky declared as soon as she was in earshot. "Lisa, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen."  
  
"What?" Lisa replied, confused; "so you accidentally started playing with yourself?"  
  
"Yeah. No. Kinda... look, what I mean is, I kinda lost control of myself back there. It, er, it wasn't something I wanted to do exactly. I just felt as though I couldn't stop myself. And, well, you've been so cool and this whole thing was even your idea so I just kinda figured, well, it would be okay. I know I shouldn't have and I know it was never gonna be okay, but I wasn't thinking straight."  
  
Lisa was quiet a moment. "It's okay," she said. "I know I've been encouraging you with this... people seeing you naked thing. I wanted to. It's been fun and I could see you were really enjoying it and I'd be lying if I said it hadn't been exciting for me too, in a way, the risk and so on. But, well, I suppose I'd just got it into my head that it was just about the adrenaline and the whole doing-something-you-shouldn't-be part of it..."  
  
Becky looked a little ashamed. "Well," she said, "there is that part but... well, I suppose I haven't been completely honest with you. You see, it's not just that. I mean, don't get me wrong, yes there is absolutely that thrill, just like you describe. But, well, at the end of the day I'm an exhibitionist. It also really turns me on. In a sexual way, I mean.  
  
"Not all the time!" she protested hurriedly, shaking her head. "A lot of the time I just like the feeling of having no clothes on. But sometimes, like today, when we're doing something I've had fantasies about for the longest time, well, I just feel so aroused and I can't help myself, and it makes me a little crazy."  
  
"Yeah, I got that."  
  
"There's something wrong with me, isn't there?" Becky said. Her big eyes filled with tears.  
  
Lisa paused a moment, then pulled her friend into a hug. The two girls stood a while, just holding each other, on the path.  
  
"No," Lisa said eventually, "there's not anything wrong with you. I mean, you're a little kinkier than I thought you were but in hindsight, it was kinda silly of me to not think there might be some aspect to what we've been doing that's been giving you wet knickers."  
  
In spite of herself, Becky laughed. "I'm sorry," she apologized again. "I will have a grip on it from now on, though, I promise you. No more crossing that line. If we're gonna do stuff like this, I know I need to think of your feelings as well. I won't do anything you aren't comfortable with."  
  
"You don't," Lisa reassured her friend. That wasn't entirely true - but it seemed important now to comfort Becky, rather than making her feel bad. "Becky, I like this side of you, the exhibitionist side, the naked side. Really, I do. But the whole thing back there... it just felt like you were treating me like I wasn't there."  
  
"I know," Becky said, chastened. "I won't let that happen again."  
  
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They'd called it a day, after that.  
  
Lisa went home feeling confused, and conflicted. On the one hand, it felt as though that particular thing had been resolved. They'd made up and were friends again, and they'd both decided to put that moment behind them. Becky wanted to write it off as a momentary loss of control, and Lisa was happy to do so for her friend's sake. Whether it happened again or not would depend on Lisa, but at the moment she'd given Becky no sign that it could.  
  
On the other hand, she felt not pleased, but guilty. She'd allowed Becky to think that she had shocked and upset her by revealing the more sexual aspect of her exhibitionist tendencies, and Becky had left feeling that she'd crossed a line with Lisa that she shouldn't have done. But in reality, that line was one Lisa had been more than willing to cross herself, at least in the fantasies she had entertained.  
  
She wished she hadn't let her friend feel as though she'd done something wrong, wished she'd been able to say "it - you - turn me on as well". But try as she might she just couldn't bring herself to articulate those feelings, for fear that they would be rejected. Even now, she had no evidence that Becky would reciprocate her attraction, no matter how sexy and exciting she was finding being naked in public.  
  
It was all so complicated. And now they had a holiday together planned as well.

Best Friends Pt. 04: Naturism

by[**Requiax**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3095865&page=submissions)©

The story so far: Lisa has been helping her best friend Becky to explore the side of herself that likes to be naked and to be seen naked; but things got out of control with Becky admitting that she found being exposed to be sexually-arousing. Now the two best friends are going on holiday together by themselves for the first time...

**Chapter 9: Into the Woods**  
  
They'd been planning the holiday for months -- even before this whole exhibitionist thing had come to the forefront of their friendship. Back when they had just been two regular eighteen-year-olds coming up to the end of sixth form, Becky and Lisa had been wondering about things to do once they had finished their exams. A camping trip had been a natural idea. Both girls had always been outdoorsy, and always liked hiking and biking and camping out - getting out of the town and into the hills and the woods and the fields.  
  
The camping trip seemed a great way for them to reward themselves once their exams were finished. They'd always hiked and camped fairly locally before - this time they'd be heading for a proper holiday in the Lake District. They were both 18 and felt mature enough to travel and look after themselves without their parents to help, at least for a few days.  
  
But they didn't have a lot of money and once they'd bought their train tickets the girls realised that paying fees on a campsite for the whole holiday was a bit beyond their meagre finances.  
  
The solution, when it came to them, sounded perfect. They'd camped wild plenty of times locally over the past few years - they never bothered to ask permission, they'd just pitch their tent in a wooded area out of sight and be packed up again early the next day - so why not do the same for part of their Lakes holiday? They could wild camp for a couple of nights, then move to a campsite (with showers -- both of them agreed the showers were very important) for the last few nights, halving the cost of their holiday.  
  
So it was they found themselves loaded up with their small tent and camping gear (packing as lightly as possible) and on a train to the beautiful, unparalleled countryside of Cumbria and the Lake District.  
  
A train and bus ride later, they had arrived at a small and picturesque village. In the distance, rolling hills and woodland -- perfect for what they had in mind. A little research on Google Earth had found a particular wooded area at the edge of a steep-sided valley. It didn't appear to be on any major hiking route but didn't look to be part of any farmer's land, either. It looked like the perfect place and certainly worth investigating further once they arrived.  
  
Upon arrival, they found it was a hike of three miles or so to get to the woodland -- easy enough for two experienced ramblers like Lisa and Becky, and they spent the afternoon exploring the scenic countryside before finally making their way towards where they had hoped to camp, choosing a good spot well into the woodland, away from any possible trail.  
  
They hadn't discussed it, but privately both understood that Becky was going to indulge her particular predilection towards nudity quite often during this holiday. Indeed, she had started talking about how "private" their camping site was, and how they hadn't seen any people all afternoon, as soon as they arrived.  
  
Gradually she gradually started to take off her clothes, starting with her shirt. To Lisa, watching, she seemed to be making a game of it; she'd do something to the campsite, then take off another article of clothing. But she had more jobs than items of clothing and she was soon working on putting up the tent and unrolling her sleeping bag wearing nothing but her hiking boots.  
  
"So you're camping naked, then?" Lisa laughed -- as if she even needed to ask.  
  
"Well, yeah," Becky said, "you don't mind do you? We're the only people around and, well, I've always wanted to do this! Just camp out in the woods with no clothes on, just getting back to nature!"  
  
This was the first time that Becky had been naked for any length of time in Lisa's presence since the railway line incident. Since then, it had seemed that Becky had almost been uncomfortable with the idea of being naked around her friend, something Lisa had privately regretted. Even disregarding how much she liked seeing Becky in the nude, she'd never wanted her friend to feel as though she couldn't "be herself" around Lisa, and she still felt guilty about how she'd reacted. So it was a relief to Lisa in a way that Becky seemed to be back to her old -- naked -- self.  
  
The prospect of spending a whole camping trip with a naked Becky in full naturist mode set Lisa's pulse a-flutter, though. She deeply loved "wood nymph" Becky, naked among the trees and greenery, and privately she wondered how exactly she would cope with the prolonged sight of her friend's body in such an intimate and beautiful location.  
  
It was a warm afternoon and evening and Becky remained nude for a few hours at the campsite, until the setting sun finally brought the temperature down and, with an air of sadness, Becky delved into her bag and pulled out a baggy sweater, which she put on along with the jeans she had hiked up in. The girls cooked a simple supper and Lisa began, finally to relax, as at least now Becky was clothed, she didn't have to worry quite so much about someone suddenly walking up and find them in this wilderness -- she had been on edge, starting at every sound. That, and of course the effect Becky's nudity had on her also made it hard for her to feel calm when around her.  
  
Lisa's comfort was short-lived, though. As it got cooler and darker they decided to retire to the tent and the comfort of their sleeping bags - and no sooner had they closed the tent flap than Becky was out of her clothes again, scrambling round naked to get into the warm sleeping bag. She obviously intended to sleep in the nude too, and the tent was not large - the two girls were bedded down almost touching, with only the fabric of their sleeping bags between them.  
  
Without thinking, Lisa began herself to undress, in order to put on pajamas -- then she caught her breath, realizing she was wearing only panties and only a whisker from skin to bare skin contact with Becky. Suddenly she was overwhelmed with the desire to embrace her; to fling herself on her, to feel her warm and naked body pressed against her own; to kiss her soft lips hungrily; to taste her and smell her and touch her. Lisa felt dizzy and flushed, and she quickly pulled on her nightclothes and climbed into her sleeping bag, grateful that the light was poor and she alone knew how much she was blushing.  
  
Becky lay on her side, propped up on one elbow, the sleeping bag gathered up beneath her breasts. They chatted away, as Lisa tried to ignore the white swells of her bare breasts, her nipples just visible in the half light. The atmosphere was incredibly intimate, almost confessional, and Lisa fought hard to hold her tongue, lest the conversation turn to the personal -- she might then find herself powerless to stop a confession of love and lust squeaking for her lips. Fortunately the day's adventure had tired Becky, and she was sleepy and soon snoring away.  
  
Lisa alone remained awake. Her heart still drummed frantically in the darkness. She lay on her side, hand between her legs, and was finally was able to give herself some release. Her pussy was wet beyond belief and it took only the briefest and most subtle movement of her fingers to bring herself to that much yearned-for climax. She trembled as she came, and clamped her free hand over her mouth to stop her moans of ecstasy -- but Becky was fast asleep and barely stirred.  
  
Her lust spent, Lisa looked over the sleeping form of her friend -- now in the pit of her stomach was a feeling of guilt. She'd been shocked to see Becky touching herself by the railway line, yet now Lisa had lain next to her and masturbated without any restraint of her own. What's worse, Becky had expressed true regret for crossing the boundary line of their friendship, and yet Lisa was at the very least no better for her own response to her own desires.  
  
She lay worrying for a while until sleep finally came.  
  
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The next morning Lisa awoke somewhat later than she had expected to, and when she raised herself, fuzzy-headed and groggy, from the sleeping bag, she saw that Becky was no longer in the tent. She unzipped the flap and crawled out into the bright light of day.  
  
It was sunny and again warm. There was no sign of Becky, but as soon as Lisa stood up she became aware badly of the need to relieve herself, so she decided that needed attention first before finding Becky would. She walked a short distance from the campsite to a small patch that seemed like a suitable toilet and, pulling down her shorts and panties, squatted and peed, feeling much better for it.  
  
She had just pulled up her shorts when she saw movement off through the trees. It could have been an animal, or a person -- in which case it was most likely Becky. Still, though, she was curious, and decided to investigate.  
  
The distance was deceptive and Lisa walked for a minute or two before she reached where she thought the movement and noise had come from. She trod as quietly as she could - she was hoping it was an animal, maybe even a deer or at least a badger, that she would be able to catch a glimpse of in the wild.  
  
So it was no surprise Becky didn't hear her approach.  
  
Once again, Becky was completely nude. She was reclining against a tree, lying back in the hollow of its roots. Her eyes were closed and her head was tilted back, her full lips parted and her mouth half open. One hand was lightly caressing her bare breast, the other was between her legs, which were spread wide. Lisa's view of what was happening was a little limited by her location, but it was fairly obvious that Becky was masturbating.  
  
Lisa froze. Becky hadn't seen her, and at that point she could have have just turned and crept quietly back the way I had come. That would have been the polite thing to do.  
  
But curiosity kept her rooted to the spot. Unlike by the railway, this time Becky wasn't ignoring Lisa -- in fact, she didn't know Lisa was there. This time, strangely, Lisa felt comfortable about watching Becky masturbate. She was hidden, concealed here. Becky would never know she had watched, and there would never be that awkward moment between them, the way the railway incident had ended, could have ended. Here, Lisa could observe this intimate act and then go about her day with nothing changed between the two of them except in her own knowledge of her friend as she reclined like some beautiful woodland nymph, naked and cradled by the roots of the tree, and unashamedly pleasured herself.  
  
Becky was clearly in no hurry to reach orgasm - the strokes of her touch were slow and languorous and she would occasionally pause, bring her hand away (it may have been wishful thinking but Lisa fancied that once she saw her fingers glistening with wetness as she drew them from herself). But at the same time it was obvious to Lisa that the immense pleasure she was getting from committing this act nude and out of doors was leading her inevitably to an incredible climax. Sure enough, in the quiet morning air Lisa was able to hear as her breath quickened and little moans and sighs escaped her lips. She made no effort to quiet them, and the wordless squeaks gradually turned to breathy exclamations of "oh... oh... oh..."  
  
Her cries became louder and more frantic as the pace of her fingers increased, until finally she arched her back, pushing her sex into her eager hand. Head thrown back, eyes closed, she cried out involuntarily as she came, a sound of pure passion, her whole body twitching and trembling, before sinking back into the hollow of the roots, the movement of her hand slowing to nothing - then all was still and quiet once more.  
  
Lisa had experienced plenty of orgasms in her time, but she had never ever come as hard, or as long, or as satisfyingly as Becky looked to have then. Even Becky herself appeared surprised by the intensity, and she lay back, dazed and motionless, breathing hard. Lisa had also, occasional forays into internet porn aside, never seen another woman having an orgasm before. She was still a virgin, and felt herself woefully inexperienced.  
  
She hadn't moved at all while watching Becky masturbate, but she hadn't needed to touch herself to know how aroused the sight had made her. She was breathing harshly, just like Becky had been, and between her legs her pussy ached. She felt wetness where her knickers pressed against her sex and her legs shook. Nonetheless there was no time for her to attend to any of these feelings - she had no idea how long Becky was going to lie there before getting up and heading back to the camp, and needed to slip away without her realising she had been there (or worse accidentally stumbling on my hiding place while walking back).  
  
Lisa crept away and, when she felt she was a safe distance from Becky, stood up and walked quickly back to the tent. Ignoring her lingering sense of arousal she quickly stripped off her pajama shorts and moist panties and pulled on clean underwear and some hiking shorts. She then whipped off her t-shirt and donned a bra and tank top, hoping that fresh, unrevealing clothing would conceal any signs of how turned on she'd been. Five minutes or so later, as she busied herself tidying up and brushing her hair, Becky walked back into the camp.  
  
"Oh, hey!" she said, tried to feign a little surprise that Becky wasn't wearing any clothes. "You're up!"  
  
"Yeah, just got up," Lisa replied.  
  
"Oh cool. I just... went for a walk," she said quickly, blushing. Lisa took a look at her. She had managed to regain a lot of her composure and aside from messy hair - oh and the fact she was naked -- there was no real sign of what she'd been doing. The fact she glossed over what Lisa knew to be the reality was, for her, a sign that Becky had made a decision that the sexual aspect of her exhibitionism was something that she wasn't going to force Lisa to share in.  
  
In some ways, that was a relief to Lisa. It was easier for her to manage the complicated matter of her own feelings towards Becky if she wasn't confronted with constant reminders that Becky's nakedness was, for her, something of a sexy time, at least occasionally. But at the same time, she felt again that pang of guilt and sadness -- her friend had wanted to open up about that side of herself to Lisa, but Lisa had acted in a way that made her feel ashamed of it -- something she had never intended for.

**Chapter 10: Naturism**  
  
After Becky came back to the camp, they fixed breakfast and discussed how to spend the day. It was turning into a lovely morning and so they decided to explore the woods and vale in which they were camping, then come back to the campsite for a bite to eat, before heading off to the nearby village for the afternoon, a pub supper then a twilight walk back to the campsite.  
  
Lisa busied herself putting what she'd need for the morning into her backpack and lacing up her hiking boots, and didn't really pay attention to what Becky was doing. "Are you ready?" she called out to Becky, without looking up.  
  
"Ready!" Becky laughed. Lisa turned. Becky was wearing hiking boots and socks and had her backpack on her back and sunglasses on - but otherwise she was still completely naked.  
  
Lisa groaned good-naturedly. She should have guessed when they suggested exploring the woods and vale (rather than going further afield) that Becky was intending to hike in the nude -- it wouldn't be the first time she'd done it. And apart from briefly donning her sweater and jeans yesterday night she hadn't worn any clothes since the previous afternoon - now she was clearly looking to go as long as possible before dressing again.  
  
"Naked?" Lisa asked.  
  
Becky nodded, grinning. "There's nobody around. I don't think anyone ever comes here."  
  
"Don't worry," she continued, "I've got some clothes in my bag. I'll put them on if there are lots of people around." Lisa rather doubted that she would, though.  
  
They set off, and Lisa's misgivings about Becky hiking naked soon evaporated. It was a beautiful day and, true to Becky's prediction, they appeared to have the vale all to themselves.  
  
They explored the woods and made an ascent up the steep sides of the vale. There were a few times where the terrain was a challenge and they had to more scramble than walk. This sometimes put Becky ahead of Lisa, giving the latter rather a revealing view of her friend as she stretched her legs across gaps and climbed up rocks. Lisa felt her pulse quicken, both at the intimate view she was getting of Becky, and Becky's own lack of embarrassment or even awareness that her nakedness was putting her so on display.  
  
More than once Lisa's mind wandered, and she found herself imagining that it was her spreading Becky's legs in that way, to plunge her tongue toward the pinkness of her pussy lips - to eat her all up. She wanted Becky. She shook my head to rid herself of such thoughts. She wasn't ready to think like that, not yet.  
  
Successfully keeping her focus on their journey, Lisa joined Becky as they eventually emerged from the woods to the top of the vale. It was a warm day and sweat glistened on Becky's bare skin -- Lisa's tank top was damp with perspiration.  
  
They sat on the ground overlooking the vale - two 18 year old girls on their first holiday away from home. One dressed sensibly for a summer hike. The other stark naked.  
  
They sat in silence for a moment, then Becky turned to her friend and smiled beatifically.  
  
"You're the best, Lisa," she said.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"You're the best. I love you."  
  
"Aw, what?"  
  
"I mean it! I'm... I know I'm not the easiest person to be friends with. Being like I am. I mean, like this." She gestured downward, indicating her nakedness. "What I mean is, I know it must be weird sometimes for you, the way I behave. And I know at times I have done things you haven't been comfortable with and made you feel awkward. I guess I can be a little selfish, a little too focused on myself and what I want, and I don't always consider others and their own feelings."  
  
Lisa put her arm around Becky's shoulder. "Don't beat yourself up, Becks. You're not as bad as you seem to think. I'll admit, the whole naked thing has been a bit of a challenge sometimes, but really, if it had been a huge problem for me, you know I would have said something? After all, I've really been encouraging you.  
  
"I've said it before Becks -- I like this side of you. I can tell it makes you happy, you're so outgoing about it and so enthusiastic about it. You shouldn't... you shouldn't ever feel like you have to apologise to me for being yourself."  
  
Becky smiled. "That's what I mean. You've been so great, so supportive. First you found out I was a nudist-"  
  
"Is that what you're calling yourself then, a nudist?"  
  
"I guess, yeah, I mean I don't know that it needs a label but if it does that'd be it. Anyway, as I was saying, first you found out that I'm a nudist and you didn't really bat an eyelid, you made me feel so accepted and normal. You've no idea how much that helped.  
  
"Then you find out that not only am I a nudist but I'm also, um, I guess you'd call it an exhibitionist too? And you don't just support me, you actually start helping me to do these things that I have wanted to do for so long, even though there's nothing in it for you and in fact you're putting yourself at risk to help me. You're such an amazing friend."  
  
"Well," Lisa blushed, "I'm not gonna say I get nothing out of it myself..." She said no more, and Becky didn't push her further -- but her own face went a little pink.  
  
There was silence for a moment, then Lisa coughed. "So," she said, changing the subject slightly, "since you're the expert, what's the difference between a nudist, and an exhibitionist?"

Becky thought for a moment. "Well," she said, "an exhibitionist needs an audience. When I'm just naked, with nobody watching me, when I'm just doing it for myself because it feels good, that's a form of nudism."  
  
"So, like now would be a nudist hike for you? And nudist camping?"  
  
Becky nodded. "But I guess the exhibitionist side is more the times when I don't just want to be naked but I want to be seen naked by people, like strangers, people who weren't expecting to see a naked woman. And the kick I get from that."  
  
Lisa nodded. "Okay," she said, "I think I get it."  
  
"What about you?" Becky asked. "Not exhibitionism, I mean, but d'you ever feel like giving nudism a try?"  
  
"No," Lisa replied. "I'm fine with it being your thing but it's not mine."  
  
"Aw, c'mon," Becky grinned. "Don't tell me you've never walked around the house naked when you've been home alone, just to see what it feels like?"  
  
Lisa shook her head. "No," she laughed, thinking of the fact she had two brothers, and her mother and father in the house. "When do I ever get to be home alone in the first place?"  
  
"That's true," Becky said. "Maybe that's why I'm the way I am. Mum was at work a lot and I was in the house all by myself and I just didn't see that there was a need for me to have clothes on when I didn't want to wear them.  
  
"I mean," she continued, "look at you now all sweaty. It can't be comfortable like that?"  
  
It was true -- Lisa's sweat-soaked tank top had cooled and now sat damp and clammy next to her skin. Lisa was quiet for a moment, then she stuck out her tongue at Becky and in one smooth motion pulled the tank off over her head. She was wearing a simple pale blue bra underneath.  
  
"Okay,"she said, "you're right about my top. But this is as far as I'm going.  
  
"I admit, sometimes clothes can be uncomfortable and if they are it is nice to take something off and cool down. But that doesn't have to involve walking round completely naked in public."  
  
Becky laughed. "No, you're right, it doesn't," she said. "I guess it's just me that likes walking round completely naked in public."  
  
"Slut," Lisa joked.  
  
"Hey!" Becky objected. "I am not a slut! I'm an exhibitionist!"  
  
"What's the difference?"  
  
"A slut has a lot of sex with a lot of different people. An exhibitionist just makes a lot of different people imagine having sex with them."  
  
"Ok, I'm educated," Lisa said. "So do you like that... people thinking about having sex with you?"  
  
She was silent for a while.  
  
"Yeah," she said quietly, "I guess I do."  
  
--  
  
After that they descended back through the woods and back to camp. Lisa actually felt quite brave for making the whole hike back in just shorts and bra, although she acknowledged that really she wasn't revealing anything more than swimwear would have. Also, she doubted that anyone they might encounter would bother to even look twice at her -- their attention would have been on her gorgeous and completely naked companion, not on the small-breasted girl in khaki shorts and a plain cotton bra. But as soon as they got back to camp Lisa put on a clean t-shirt, whereas Becky (unsurprisingly) remained nude until they had eaten lunch.  
  
After lunch she, with some regret, finally put her clothes back on. Then, both fully-dressed, they left the vale they had been camping in and headed back in the direction of the nearby village, which was a very picturesque place to wander around and (more importantly) had a couple of pubs where they could get a hot meal and maybe a few pints of cider.  
  
It was late and dark by the time the girls left the pub, and for a moment they worried that they wouldn't be able to find their way back. Fortunately their memory of the trail was good and they were soon on track.  
  
Out in the dark and open countryside, with nobody any way nearby, Becky once again felt the call of nudity and removed her clothes, carrying them in a rolled-up bundle under her arm and completed the more isolated part of their journey in the nude. It wasn't a warm night, though, and she was shivering by the time they arrived back at their camping spot.  
  
They decided by mutual agreement that as they were tired, cold and a bit drunk, they would just get into bed and Becky dived straight into her sleeping bag for warmth. Lisa was a little slower as she stripped off her shorts, top and bra before donning her pajamas; but at least she felt none of the awkwardness she had stripping in Becky's presence the previous night. She made ready to climb into her own sleeping bag when Becky looked up and slurred in a sleepy voice; "get in with me."  
  
"Huh?" Lisa responded.  
  
"Get in with me. In here. 's cold. 'm nekkid. Yer warm." She threw back the sleeping bag cover and patted the space beside her. "Hurry up, my tits are freezing!"  
  
So instead Lisa lay down next to her friend and zipped the sleeping bag up around them both. Becky immediately wrapped all her limbs around Lisa. Her skin was like ice where it connected with Lisa's, on her arms and legs, but it soon began to warm. The overall effect, for Lisa, of being wrapped in a sleeping bag in the tight embrace of her naked friend was really rather lovely. Before now, she had worried about the growing sexual tension she was feeling toward Becky, but strangely now, in such an intimate repose, she felt only warmth, love and happiness.  
  
"Thankew," Becky mumbled. "Yer the best Lisa." She'd laid her head onto Lisa's shoulder.  
  
Lisa chuckled. "I guess sometimes it isn't best to be a nudist?"  
  
But there was no answer, except a very loud snore. Becky was fast asleep.

**Chapter 11: Lisa Tries Her Best**  
  
Waking in the night, Lisa managed to disentangle Becky from her without waking her and in the morning awoke in her own sleeping bag. As with the previous morning, when she woke she was on her own in the tent, and when she emerged Becky was again nowhere to be seen.  
  
That night had, Lisa felt, represented something of a turning point in her feelings about Becky. Not that they had gone away -- far from it, if anything she now felt a stronger bond of affection with her friend than ever. Sleeping with someone naked in your arms will have that effect. But she also felt as though she had a little more control and comfort about the feelings she had -- they no longer troubled her.  
  
If anything, she felt happy she had them. She felt happy that she and Becky were sharing this strange experience, that Becky had chosen her and nobody else to share all this part of herself with. It truly meant something to the both of them, Lisa understood now -- a connection they alone could share.  
  
Lisa found herself wondering, how had Becky felt all that time before she had told Lisa about her exhibitionism and her general desire to be naked? It must have been hard, to have that compulsion and not be able to act upon it. And now, what must it be like now to be Becky? To be so confident and comfortable with her naked body -- more than that, to want to be naked whenever possible, and to feel completely certain that there was nothing wrong with stripping off no matter who might see.  
  
The woods were never quiet, but they were only the natural noises of the forest. Otherwise there was a stillness to the place.  
  
In all the time they'd been there, Lisa thought to herself, they hadn't seen another person.  
  
Lisa made a decision. Quickly, before Becky came back, she pulled her top off over her head. She pulled down her shorts and stepped out of them and after a moment's hesitation she did the same with her knickers. She balled up her clothes and threw them in to the tent, and then stood there, naked in the woods.  
  
Everything seemed so still. A light breeze played over her bare skin, and she suddenly felt exposed and very nervous. She wandered around their little campsite for a few moments, unsure of what to do with herself. Unclothed in the open air, her body felt alien and unfamiliar.  
  
It was cooler than she had expected, and the breeze, rather than pleasantly teasing her sensitive body the way she had expected from Becky's talk of the exhilarating freedom of nudity, was actually rather unwelcome - prompting gooseflesh and stiff nipples, not happy little thrills. She sat down on the ground, leaning back against a tree. It felt slightly damp against her bottom, and twigs and leaves poked and scratched her bare skin.  
  
It wasn't, in all honesty, particularly pleasurable. Lisa hadn't had any definite expectations about being nude in nature, but from how much she understood it meant to Becky she had rather begun to wonder if it wasn't just a trick she was missing -- she'd been hoping that by stepping outside of her comfort zone and undressing herself it would suddenly all fall into place and she would be converted, as enthusiastic about her own nakedness as she was about Becky's. Maybe, she had hoped, she could find it in herself to spend time with Becky, both of them nude together, comfortable and happy. But she didn't feel either right now, instead she just felt awkward, self-conscious, and cold.  
  
Lisa looked at her own body. She couldn't help but compare herself to Becky. Becky was busty and curvaceous, with a figure that intrigued and tantalized- her body seemed almost to cry out to be naked. Lisa didn't feel like her own body made such a statement, with her small breasts, wide hips and thick thighs. True, she had blonde hair, that was an asset. But her hair was straight and lifeless next to Becky's bouncy curls. She did like the fact that her blondeness meant her pubic hair was more of a honey-brown colour -- but while Becky's darker hair grew in a neat and unobtrusive triangle, Lisa's bush was uneven and scruffy-looking.  
  
Lisa stood for a while, contemplating everything she didn't like about her naked body, then with a low sigh she headed to where she had discarded her clothes. She hadn't gone more than two feet, though, when Becky returned to the campsite. Becky of course was nude, and when she saw that Lisa was too, she gave a delighted yell.  
  
"Hey," Lisa said, trying to sound nonchalant.  
  
"Morning, you," Becky said. "Are you... just changing?" she asked, hopefully.  
  
Lisa straightened up and took a deep breath. "No," she said. "I just thought I'd give this a try. You know, see what all the fuss is about?"  
  
Becky squealed again. "Oh my God! I knew it! I knew you'd give it a go eventually!"  
  
She ran over then and enfolded her friend in a big hug. Lisa felt Becky's bare skin against her own - the warmth of her body, the softness of her breasts pressed against Lisa's own chest. Her pulse quickened at the intimacy. She could smell Becky - sweaty, a natural, earthy smell. She returned her friend's embrace, holding her close, feeling her nakedness through her hands and arms. She held Becky tight - she never wanted this moment to end. Her stomach filled with butterflies -- and her pussy ached with arousal.  
  
It was only a quick hug though, over all too briefly. They separated and Lisa staggered a little - dizzy with desire and exhilaration. Becky noticed this with concern. "Are you ok?" she asked. "Only you look a little flushed?"  
  
"I'm fine," Lisa lied. "Just all a bit of a new sensation for me is all."  
  
"OK," Becky said, "yes I suppose this is a bit more naked than you are used to!"  
  
Lisa sat back down on the ground while Becky fixed the last of their breakfast rations. They'd be packing up their camp in a little while - the holiday was far from over, but they were only planning on having two nights of wild camping, for the rest of their holiday they would be pitching their tent at a campsite with showers and a shop and a cafe/bar.  
  
Lisa felt uncomfortable. They sat and ate breakfast and the sheer act of eating food while naked felt bizarre to her. Being naked, she thought, didn't feel that bad, but it certainly didn't feel good the way it seemed to for Becky. It just felt weird. A bit cold, kind of uncomfortable, a little humbling, and weird.  
  
Becky, though, was delighted, and she babbled away happily about how pleased she was that Lisa had "decided to try nudism". After a while Lisa began to feel a little dizzy again with all of it.  
  
"I think I'm gonna go for a little walk," she said eventually.  
  
"OK," Becky replied, "should I come too?"  
  
"No," Lisa answered. "It's OK."  
  
"Oh," she said, perturbed.  
  
"It's OK. I won't go far, just to the other side of those trees. I just need to... to clear my head a bit."  
  
"OK..." she said, "If you're sure. I'll be here if you need me."  
  
"Thanks." Lisa stood up and walked away from the camp. When she was about 150 yards or so from the camp, she stopped, leaning against a tree.  
  
Look at yourself, she thought. Look what you're doing. You're starkers in a forest. This isn't you - what are you doing?  
  
It was an uncomfortable truth; Lisa was no nudist. Being naked didn't fill her with joy or freedom or any of the lovely good feelings Becky talked about. It wasn't even especially arousing by itself. She'd felt excited being naked with Becky but as soon as she'd stepped away that feeling had dissipated, the intimacy of being naked in the woods with her friend replaced by awkward vulnerability.  
  
So why, she asked herself, are you still here, why are you still naked?  
  
The answer, it turned out, was obvious - because Becky liked being naked, and Lisa wanted Becky to like her. No, they were friends, they already liked each other. Lisa wanted some switch to click inside Becky's head, the switch that would transform her from her best friend into a kissing, touching, caressing frenzy. She wanted a bond to grow between them that was so strong neither could help but give in to carnality.  
  
Now, naked in the cold light of day, she felt stupid. She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that Becky loved her already for who she was, as a friend, her best friend. Becky didn't want to kiss Lisa and touch her and eat her out until she screamed her name - she just wanted a friend who "got" her, a friend who didn't judge her need to constantly be out of her clothes and running about naked -- and Lisa taking off her own clothes wasn't going to magically change that into something more.  
  
But knowing what Becky wanted didn't help Lisa. She still wasn't quite sure if she was content with what Becky wanted -- what about what she wanted?  
  
Lost in thought, she was suddenly startled from her reverie by something she didn't expect to hear. A voice, shouting out.  
  
A man's voice.

**Chapter 12 -- An Unexpected Encounter**  
  
"Hello there! I- I say, are you alright there?"  
  
Lisa snapped back to reality with a shock. Walking up the slope towards her was a stranger. A strange man. He was dressed sensibly for hiking - stout boots, shorts, checked shirt, a hooded top tied round his waist and a small backpack on. He approached her slowly and cautiously, and as he got closer Lisa could tell he was somewhat older than her, in his early forties. His eyes got wide when he got closer and was able to confirm for himself what he must have already suspected - that she didn't have a stitch on.  
  
Lisa didn't say anything, didn't do anything. She just froze - like deer-in-the-headlights, motionless with shock and surprise.  
  
"Are you alright miss?" the man asked again.  
  
Lisa tried to talk but words had apparently failed her, and she simply made a "Guh-" noise.  
  
"Are you OK?" the stranger asked for a third time. "What are you doing out here? Where are your clothes?"  
  
"Gu-buh," came Lisa's open-mouthed reply.  
  
For Lisa, time seemed to have slowed down. She wasn't able to move -- but at the same time she was acutely aware of every move the man made. He had stopped a respectable distance from her and seemed to be trying to be a gentleman and to not stare, but then Lisa would catch his curious eyes moving from her face down to her exposed breasts and further, running over her patch of honey-coloured pubic hair. Of course, this was probably a quick glance but to Lisa it seemed like an endless viewing of her body in all its glory.  
  
A cheery and familiar voice calling out "hello?" took Lisa out of her spell, as at that moment Becky appeared from the direction of their camp. The hiker, already wide-eyed and looking confused, was even more surprised when he saw Becky confidently striding over, as of course she was as stark naked as Lisa was, but with none of Lisa's fear.  
  
Becky's appearance snapped Lisa into action, and as if only just realizing her nudity, she blushed a furious red and tried to cover her breasts and crotch as best she could with her arms and hands. To Lisa it seemed as though the man briefly looked a little disappointed that she had covered herself until he realized that unlike her friend, Becky had absolutely no pretensions towards modesty. After all, Becky was in possession of a far better figure than Lisa felt she had, so it wasn't really surprising that the man would think it was his lucky day to see a naked knockout like Becky walking towards him, and he gaped as she came closer.  
  
"Are- are you together?" he stammered.  
  
"No, mate," Becky laughed, "you just happen to have stumbled on two completely separate naked girls who both decided to go to the same forest."  
  
The man had to think about that for a minute until the joke dawned on him, then he cracked a friendly smile.  
  
"OK" he said, "I suppose I invited that one. But what are you doing out here? Why do you have no clothes on? Are you alright?"  
  
"We're fine," Becky assured him. "We're nudists, that's all."  
  
That "we" was certainly news to Lisa! She wondered if Becky saying they were both nudists was a bit presumptuous, given that Lisa had only just consented to taking off her clothes -- although she supposed it was certainly a lot easier than any other explanation as to why they were both wandering round in the woods without a stitch on, and that Becky didn't mean anything more than that.  
  
"We camped out here for a couple of nights," Becky continued. "We're on holiday. We thought nobody would see us here so we took our clothes off - sort of a 'getting back to nature' deal."  
  
"Is that right?" the man asked, turning back to Lisa -- who wasn't getting the power of speech back any time soon.  
  
"Uh-huh..." she managed, and nodded.  
  
"We thought camping here would be OK," Becky carried on. "I think you just scared my friend a little is all. Is this your land?"  
  
The man shook his head. "No" he said. "I just live locally, I'm just out for a walk. You're right, very few people ever come up here. I'm not surprised you thought it was private enough to do... whatever it is you've been doing.  
  
"Truth be told, I'm not sure who owns it, there's about 3 farms hereabouts that could reasonably claim to but as you can't graze or plant on it I'm not sure any of them are bothered..."  
  
The man chatted on, and on. Lisa wasn't sure if he was a real enthusiast about the whys and wherefores of local land ownership, or if he was just enjoying the fact that his audience was two naked 18-year-old girls - one of whom had no concerns about covering any part of her body.  
  
He was clearly trying hard to focus on Becky's face, but his eyes couldn't help but wander, to take in her beautiful bare breasts and the dark triangle of hair between her legs.  
  
As for Lisa, she certainly didn't feel ignored, but she didn't get the sense of his gaze on her anywhere like as much as she noticed it on Becky. She didn't really know what to do with herself. She wanted to turn and run back to the camp and put on some nice, warm, not in any way revealing clothing -- but she didn't dare leave Becky by herself with a strange man. True, the hiker seemed nice enough, but Lisa certainly wasn't going to trust him to be by himself with her naked friend. So instead of running she simply stood there awkwardly, covering her breasts with one arm, and with the other hand clamped over her pussy.  
  
That, though, just gave Lisa something else to worry about, for as she covered her pussy with her hand she could feel, where the tips of her fingers touched her lips, a distinct and noticeable wetness. With shock she realized she was becoming aroused.

How could this be a turn-on for her? It certainly wasn't exciting being naked in front of the stranger - quite the reverse, Lisa was feeling incredibly embarrassed.  
  
Then it clicked. It wasn't her own nakedness that was arousing her, but Becky's. Seeing her friend standing there completely naked, chatting away to a fully-clothed male stranger and acting completely oblivious to her own nudity, as if it was the most normal thing in the world to be running around in public with no clothes on, was what was doing it. Lisa had heard that confidence is sexy, and she couldn't deny that being witness once again to Becky's incredible confidence in her body and in the rightness of her nudity was one of the sexiest things she had ever seen her do.  
  
With her arousal growing, she began to feel a sense of panic, like she would go crazy if she had to stand there much longer, but fortunately for Lisa, Becky wrapped the conversation up, explaining that they were going to pack up and leave shortly, as they were going for a more "traditional" camping arrangement for the rest of the holiday.  
  
The man, whose name was Jerry, looked disappointed they would be going, but he said his goodbyes. As a parting remark he let the girls know that if they came down to the village when they were done packing up, he'd give them a lift over to the new campsite, which would save them carrying all their camping gear on the walk there and give them more time for fun hiking. He told them the name of his house and the street on which it would be found and left them to it (although Lisa was fairly certain he turned back and gave himself a good look at their bare bums as they walked back to camp -- it would have surprised her if he hadn't, anyway).  
  
Once they were back at their camp, Lisa could stand it no longer. She dived straight into the tent and pulled her sleeping bag over my head. She'd lost any feeling of excitement and, overwhelmed and embarrassed, she just wanted to hide from the world for a while.  
  
It wasn't too long before Becky poked her head into the tent. When she saw Lisa hiding away, and asked her friend if she was alright, Lisa's lip wobbled and rather than answer she simply started crying!  
  
"Oh Lisa!" Becky exclaimed. "What's wrong?" Pulling the sleeping bag off her, she pulled Lisa into a warm, crushing hug and she blubbed into Becky's bare shoulder.  
  
"I'm sorry!" Lisa sobbed. "But I don't want to be a nudist! Or an exhibitionist! I thought I did but I don't and I'm sorry and you'll be disappointed in me but you're so brave and you love it and I love that you love it but I don't love it and I don't want to love it but I don't want you to think I don't love you because I don't love it..."  
  
She went on like that for a while, verging on hysterical and largely making no sense, and all Becky could do was stroke her hair and make soothing noises. Bare skin together, Becky's naked body warm and soft, Lisa gradually calmed down, and then Becky was able to talk to her.  
  
"It's OK," she said in a calm voice. "It's OK.  
  
"You don't have to be a nudist," she continued. "You don't have to. Not if you don't want to. I didn't mean to get so excited about it. I know you were trying it for me and that means so much. You don't have to keep doing it though.  
  
"I'm sorry about the guy back there, you were so brave and I'm sorry that I kind of forgot that you might not be comfortable naked like that.  
  
I don't need you to be like me to know that you love me and I love you. You let me be myself around you and you don't judge me or make me feel bad for doing it. This will always be their thing, their connection and that's what matters. You don't need to be doing it too to prove to me how good a friend you are for me."  
  
Lisa had to admit that after that, she felt rather silly after that. Things between her and Becky -- her feelings, and the way their friendship had taken on this strange, kinky, turn of late, were to Lisa still very confusing and difficult. But wrapped up in Becky's arms, getting a big naked hug, she started to feel a little better. Regaining her composure and calming down, she offered profuse apologies for her hysterics and then quietly and quickly put her clothes back on. Becky offered no comment to this and if she was disappointed that her friend had opted not to be nude, she was kind enough not to show it. However, as they both busied themselves packing up the camp, Lisa did notice Becky's reluctance to get dressed again herself -- it was only when the only unpacked items remaining were Becky's own outfit for the day that she finally, with a sad little noise, slipped on her knickers, bra and the rest of her clothes.  
  
To Lisa, it seemed like Becky was realizing that the past few days had given her a freedom she wasn't going to find very often. Privately she wondered if it was causing her friend more difficulties than she let on, living in a society which had the (to Lisa perfectly reasonable) expectation that Becky wear clothes... For the past couple of days they had (Jerry's intrusion into the camp aside) lived as if they had been the only two people in the world and Becky had probably experienced more time naked on this camping trip than she had ever managed before at home.  
  
Lisa was astute enough to realise that this was important to her friend, and held a significance to her in her journey into the nudist life she desired. She began to consider, perhaps for the first time, that managing her desire to be nude, and her exhibitionist tendencies, with having a "normal" life, was perhaps more of a struggle for Becky than she let on, and once again she realized how much it must mean to Becky to have a friend like her, who she could be nude around without worrying about causing offense or getting into trouble.  
  
It was a nice feeling for Lisa, but also came with its own difficulties -- she was finding it increasingly hard to manage her own feelings towards Becky, in particular "naked Becky", and she once again felt a sense of fear that what she wanted and what Becky wanted were so irreconcilable that their friendship may suffer for it, and resolved even more that Becky should never learn how she really felt.  
  
Lost in thought, they were both quiet on the hike down to the village, where after some searching they found the house which belonged to Jerry, the man they had met in the woods.  
  
Jerry smiled when he saw the girls. "I didn't recognize you with your clothes on," he joked -- but his manner was friendly and he didn't seem at all creepy -- indeed he seemed to regard the whole incident as more amusing than erotic (although Lisa was certain he was in part so happy because of all he'd been able to see of Becky, let alone herself also).  
  
He made a few further remarks about the girls being "nudists" and hoping they had good weather for it coming up, which caused Lisa to blush a little as she recollected that as far as Jerry knew, both she and Becky were equally enthusiastic about not wearing clothes, when the truth was of course a little different. But now she was dressed she was able to relax a little more and soon they were all chatting away as they sat in the back of Jerry's battered Land Rover while he drove them over to the campsite where they had booked a pitch for the remainder of their holiday.  
  
It wasn't far by car and they'd soon arrived, and Jerry gave them a hand unloading their packs before saying his goodbyes as he hopped back into the driver's seat. The two girls stood waving him off as he pulled away and then, swiftly, Becky lifted up her shirt and pulled down her bra, giving the older man a good flash of her bare breasts as he drove off. Lisa laughed in disbelief but Becky just grinned.  
  
"Have to say thank you," she explained, giggling.

**Chapter 13 – Camping Carry-on**  
  
As Lisa had expected, Becky was finding the fact that she suddenly had to wear clothes again after a couple of days of near-constant nudity to be somewhat of a challenge.  
  
She'd been antsy almost immediately upon arriving at the campsite, when they were shown to their pitch and she realized just how many other campers were around and how near to one another all the other tents were. Lisa guessed her friend had rather been hoping for a bit of isolation, a chance to at least use the excuse of "I thought nobody was around" if she was walking about naked and got challenged for it. But as it was, there was no chance of that her being able to feign such ignorance – the campsite was bustling with tents and camper vans and, because the girls badly needed the available electricity hook-up to charge their phones, there was no question of them simply pitching their tent up away from all the others, arranged as they were in neat rows.  
  
Privately, Lisa was more than a little relieved. Much as she found "naked Becky" to be an exciting companion, she was looking forward to finally having a "normal" holiday, one where nakedness was confined to the shower and the privacy of the tent (Becky, it seemed, had absolutely no intention of sleeping in anything other than her birthday suit) and the rest of the time they were just two regular 18-year-olds on a fun trip to some beautiful countryside, exploring picturesque villages and local pubs, and getting a bit of sun on the campsite, for which both girls had packed bikinis.  
  
Indeed, the warm weather saw they weren't the only campers indulging in sunbathing, many others also switched to bathing suits and the site shop and bar made sunloungers and deckchairs available. Indeed, both girls agreed they were quite pleased to be camped quite near to a group of young lads, probably only a couple of years older than them, who showed a propensity for playing football with their shirts off. Of course, these lads had themselves noticed the girls in bikinis in the nearby tent and often invited Lisa and Becky to join them for drinks and food, not to mention trying their hardest to impress the two young women, which Lisa, less used to male attention than Becky, had to admit was rather flattering (even though she took it as a result of them being the only girls their age around the immediate area, rather than confirmation of her own attractiveness – and indeed, the boys were much more obviously fawning over Becky than they were paying attention to her).  
  
For her part Becky feigned obliviousness to the whole thing, although her stealthy asides to Lisa made it quite clear she was fully aware of what was going on and found it all hilarious. Lisa was starting to feel like she had the "old" Becky back after spending so much time playing sidekick to a nudist and exhibitionist – although she also had a feeling that Becky was privately wondering if there was a way she could somehow flash these lads and get away with it.  
  
Fortunately the family nature of the campsite, with more than a few kids always running about, made Becky reluctant to deliberately expose herself in the sort of overt way she preferred, and aside from a few slips changing clothes (which Lisa got the sense were probably deliberate rather than accidental) she kept herself covered up to an acceptable standard the rest of the time.  
  
After a couple of days, however, Lisa could tell Becky was getting a familiar itch.  
  
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Looking around cautiously, Lisa stepped into the shower block.  
  
The showers were located a brief walk away from their tent, communal showers segregated into male and female blocks. Each shower block had an open changing area with benches and hooks to hang on clothes and towels, with a slatted wooden floor to walk on – opening on to this were tiled cubicle showers, separated by tiled walls and with white vinyl curtains across the front. For a campsite, it was very nice, although Lisa always eyed the cobwebs in the upper corners of the block ceiling with unease, as she was no fan of spiders. She hadn't seen any yet though.  
  
Becky was already in the shower, her bathing suit and towel resting on the bench in the changing area – right where she'd told Lisa they would be. Lisa looked around again – there was nobody else using the shower area at this time, so she wouldn't be looking at getting into any trouble. Still, she felt a little uneasy – but at the same time, more than a little excited at the naughtiness of what was about to transpire. She had to admit, all this stuff had a fun side.  
  
Quickly, with what she hoped was ninja-like stealth, Lisa gathered up all of Becky's things and scampered back out of the shower block, and back towards their tent.  
  
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It had, of course, been Becky's idea.  
  
She'd been growing increasingly frustrated at the lack of nudity this part of the holiday had afforded her, and of course when Becky became frustrated, she started to get bold with her imagination.  
  
The problem, as Becky saw it, was that they were staying there for a few days and it wasn't like she could just whip off her clothes and strut around nude for all to see. She was ordinarily happy to strip off in front of strangers provided she would never see them again, but they still had a few days of holiday left and for as long as she remained there she'd have to deal with any consequences that came out of exposing herself. The campsite was busy and it was populated with families as well as older people and young people, so folk might not take particularly kindly to an 18-year-old woman going about in her birthday suit as if it was a nude beach in Spain.  
  
Not to mention, too, the fact that Becky was an exhibitionist wasn't something she necessarily wanted to discuss with the world. It had been a secret she'd shared with Lisa of course (and despite her misgivings Lisa had supported and encouraged it), but if Becky wanted to find a way to be naked on the campsite she needed a way to explain it without having to state the true reason, which was that she found it thrilling to do so.  
  
She'd mulled over various half-baked schemes, from feigning drunkenness so she could streak, to manufacturing some wardrobe malfunctions. But it was when she was taking a shower that she realized that, with Lisa's help, she could get the thrill of a prolonged exposure while remaining, herself, more or less blameless.  
  
Lisa's role, Becky explained to her, was pretty straightforward. Becky would pick a good time (ideally when the boys whose attention both girls had attracted were about and playing football) and take herself off to have a shower. Lisa would follow a few minutes later and, in the guise of playing a prank on her friend, would "steal" Becky's clothes and towel, leaving her with no choice but to make a naked dash back to the tent, giving all who saw her a fleeting but exciting glimpse at her nude body.  
  
She'd have to feign a bit of embarrassment and anger of course, it wouldn't do for her to just stroll by with a wave and a cheery shout of "don't worry, my friend stole my clothes!" But she could still enjoy the experience of being seen nude by strangers, without any of them realizing she was acting out any sort of weird kink.  
  
Lisa had listened patiently while Becky explained the plan, and she had to admit, it was pretty clever. She'd considered similar ideas back when her role had been to come up with the "dares" Becky had wanted her to suggest, and although that phase of their adventure seemed to be a thing of the past now, she was glad she could still help her friend to fulfill some of her fantasies. Privately, too, she felt it was a little better than some of Becky's recent escapades, in that she'd have to get dressed pretty quickly or the illusion would be broken – there'd be none of the "standing around naked chatting" that there had been when the two of them had been caught in the woods by Jerry.  
  
Lisa's only worry, she told Becky, was that if someone saw her stealing her friend's clothes and (from their point of view) subjecting a poor, innocent young woman to the humiliation of being nude in public, it would make her look like a bit of a terrible person. But Becky reassured her that she would try and make sure Lisa didn't get caught either, and certainly wouldn't publicly attribute the blame to her for what would happen.  
  
So it was that Lisa found herself creeping quietly away from the shower block one sunny mid-morning, Becky's clothing and towel stashed safely in her bag.  
  
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She sat in front of their tent, her leg shaking nervously, but there was no immediate sign of Becky. Lisa supposed that for credibility her friend was finishing her shower before returning to camp, but the minutes seemed to drag by. On an open area of ground the lads they had gotten to know were kicking a ball about, and one, Ross, gave her a friendly (flirty?) smile as he realized she was watching them.  
  
She smiled back. Ross was a cute one, and she had no discomfort in the fact he might be noticing her. When boys had "given her the eye" back home, when she'd been in school and sixth form, she had hated it, doubting they were genuinely interested in a plain girl with small boobs and round hips (especially with a best friend like Becky) but here and now, sitting in the sun in what was (for her) quite a revealing bikini, she didn't feel so much like the butt of a cruel joke and was starting to consider the possibility that she'd maybe been a bit hard on her own appearance and that it might just be possible for a lad to fancy her rather than Becky, if he had a preference for a different type.  
  
Of Becky, there was still no sign. Lisa began to grow worried. What if her friend was having second thoughts? What if Becky was standing in the shower block, not a stitch to cover herself, but too scared to step outside and go through with their game? She started to regret not considering that possibility sooner and leaving a contingency plan. Maybe she should go back with the towel and make sure Becky was alright, and rescue her if she really had changed her mind?  
  
She stood up, and was about to pick up her bag and head back towards the showers when a minor commotion off in the direction of the football players told her she needn't have worried. To the accompaniment of not a few shouts and cheers, Becky appeared in view, buck naked and dripping wet from the shower. She was jogging rapidly but (Lisa noted) not too fast, and although she seemed to be pretending to make an effort to conceal her nipples and pubic hair with her arm and hands, she wasn't doing the best job and kept slipping up and revealing everything – and of course, from behind her perfect bare bottom was in full view whatever she did.  
  
Lisa suppressed a grin, and tried as best she could to look concerned. "Becky!" she called as her friend ran past the gawping lads (as one, their heads turned as she passed, they couldn't take their eyes off her) and down the path toward their tent. "What's going on? What's happened?"  
  
"Some wanker," Becky called out, loud enough for people to hear and get an explanation as to why she was running about naked, "stole my clothes!"  
  
"What!?" Lisa exclaimed with faux outrage. Becky had reached her now and paused for a believable amount of seconds. The lads, too, were approaching, grinning but also showing genuine concern.  
  
With exquisite timing, Becky scrambled forward into their tent just as the boys got a perfect view of the opening. Bum in the air and legs apart, she gave each of them a very memorable sight before Lisa, ever the caring friend, quickly passed her a spare towel to cover herself with.  
  
"Yeah," Becky continued after a moment, for the benefit of their audience now. "I was in the shower and when I came out, someone had nicked my towel and stuff."  
  
"Are you sure you didn't just forget where you put it?" Lisa asked, quite enjoying continuing the charade. Drama had been among her favourite school subjects.  
  
"No!" Beck exclaimed, fumbling with the towel and giving the lads a final look at her boobs before restoring her modesty. "I looked everywhere for it. It's gone!"  
  
She pretended to notice the boys for the first time. "Was it you lot? I bet it was one of you! Getting a good look in, wanting to see me naked?"  
  
Lisa felt a bit sorry for the boys at this – after all, both girls knew they had nothing to do with it and it seemed unfair of Becky to blame them just to keep up the pretence. Of course they all protested innocence and Becky to her credit gave the impression of believing them.  
  
"Well, alright," she conceded. "But someone's nicked my clothes... and I had to run through the whole bloody campsite stark naked."  
  
I bet that was terrible for you, Lisa thought, suppressing a smirk.  
  
Of course, eager to impress both girls, as well as to prove their innocence, the boys vowed to track down the culprit and make him apologise to Becky (there was no suggestion it might have been not have been a male – after all, Becky's strikingly lovely figure had been noticed by many on the campsite). Much chatting and bravado ensued until the girls made it clear that Becky (who was by this point still wearing only a towel) needed a bit of space and privacy to get dressed and for Lisa to make sure she was okay, at which point they returned to their own camp, still speculating as to the identity of the clothing thief.  
  
When they were definitely gone, Becky and Lisa both collapsed into laughter.

**Chapter 14 – Certainly a Nice Day for It**  
  
Once the initial hubbub had died down about Becky's naked dash through the camp, and both girls were now securely fully clothed and ready to face the normal world, they took up their backpacks and headed out for a day of walking in the hills.  
  
A short bus ride from the campsite, they found themselves in what could realistically be described as 'the middle of nowhere' – a long, winding country lane, bordered by fields and criss-crossed by public footpaths that ran off into the wilds. It was beautiful countryside and armed with a map the two girls chose a path and began their hike.  
  
The sun shone high in the in the cloudless sky and both girls were after a while hot and bothered, and glad of any shade. They decided to take a path down into a vale, where the steep sides would offer some respite from the summer heat.  
  
They'd encountered a few other hikers on their walk but the trail was hardly busy and for the most part they felt as if they were completely alone in the beautiful surroundings.  
  
When Becky remarked upon how quiet it was and how few people they had seen, Lisa had a sense of what was coming.  
  
"Go on then," she grinned.  
  
"What?" Becky replied innocently.  
  
"Take your clothes off. I know that's what you're getting around to. I'm not daft, Becks. I know you. Out in the countryside, sunny day, nobody else around. I'm surprised you've left them on this long!"  
  
Becky smiled. "Thanks," she said, and pulled her t-shirt off over her head. Her shorts and underwear soon followed and she stuffed her clothes into her rucksack. Wearing nothing but boots, socks, a baseball hat and a pair of sunglasses, she shouldered her bag and the two of them continued their walk.  
  
By now, Lisa considered, she could see a definite difference between the two types of Naked Becky. Currently, she was with Nudist Becky.  
  
Nudist Becky was the Becky who just didn't care much for wearing clothes. Nudist Becky liked the freedom and comfort of nakedness, and she certainly didn't have any hang-ups about nudity, even in a fairly public setting like hiking in the countryside. But in all other respects she wasn't much different from normal Becky. She didn't behave 'like a naked person' – it was almost as if her nudity was incidental. She walked and chatted, rested and ate, no differently to if she had been wearing clothes. She was attractive, to Lisa, because of her beauty, but also because of her easy confidence and obvious natural affinity for being clothes-free.  
  
The flip side to Nudist Becky, as the two had talked about before when they'd been wild camping, was Exhibitionist Becky. Exhibitionist Becky was certainly not relaxed and casual about nudity. Rather, she radiated the thrill she was experiencing at being seen naked by others. She was flushed-of-face and breathless, animated and excited. She also displayed a sexuality, a sensual quality that Nudist Becky did not especially convey. Exhibitionist Becky knew people were looking at her body, knew what they were thinking, and was happy to play up to that, to position herself in ways which showed more and more of herself, to be naughty, flirty, even dirty, if it was exciting to her.  
  
Bringing that side of Becky out was not always straightforward. Sometimes, Nudist Becky had no desire to turn into Exhibitionist Becky, she was content just to swan around starkers in the company of her clothed best friend as if it was the most normal thing in the world. She had no thoughts of letting others see her and no realization of how her naked body might be affecting even the person closest to her at that moment. Nudist Becky was just happy with her own personal freedom.  
  
But, Lisa was coming to consider, if it was that she wanted something more from Becky than friendship (and she was still very conflicted on this point) – and as much as it might make Lisa herself feel awkward, perhaps bringing Exhibitionist Becky out more and more may be the way to achieve that? After all, while the intimacy of their friendship had definitely been strengthened by Becky practicing her nudism in Lisa's company, it had been when Lisa began daring Becky and acting as her accomplice to carry out her exhibitionism that Lisa had really begun to feel the strong, powerful bond growing between them which, she dared hope, might lead to more than friendship. Perhaps the more Becky was helped and encouraged to embrace her own sexuality, whatever form it took, the more she might be enticed towards loving Lisa the way she wanted to be loved, with physical passion?  
  
As it was, though, she had for the moment to just accept things as they were; that they were 18, coming up for 19 now, best friends in the world, currently on their first holiday alone, hiking through the lush countryside, one fully-dressed, the other completely nude.  
  
Lisa smiled to herself. She supposed there were outcomes a lot worse than that.  
  
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"I think there's someone up ahead."  
  
They had been walking for a while, without seeing a soul, and a sense of security had descended over both girls. Becky seemed even less concerned than usual about her nudity and Lisa had ceased worrying that they would be caught out. She wasn't sure of the legality here – was it okay to walk around in the countryside stark naked? Surely if you thought you were alone you weren't breaking any law – but at the same time, was 'indecent exposure' still a thing? It seemed like inviting trouble if they let someone see that Becky was hiking naked, at the very least.  
  
But now Lisa felt a need to voice a warning. The trail rounded a corner and she was certain she'd heard conversation not far off, an unfamiliar noise in among the sounds of nature.  
  
They paused. "You should get dressed," she said to Becky – but her friend did not immediately reply.  
  
Lisa began to worry. "Becky...?" she asked.  
  
"I'm not gonna get dressed," her friend replied slowly.  
  
"What?"  
  
"I'm gonna stay naked. It'll be alright. What's the worst that could happen?"  
  
"Um, like three big guys could come along, rape you and murder us both."  
  
"Lisa, that's not going to happen. And if it was, do you think me having clothes on is gonna stop these imaginary rapists? We're still just two girls out on our own, we're as safe with me naked as we are with me clothed."

Lisa didn't answer – she had to admit that Becky had a point though. It wasn't as though the short shorts and vest tops the two of them were wearing were exactly modest clothing, and if they were going to fall afoul of the sort of person who would view two unaccompanied teenage girls out in the countryside as an opportunity to commit a sex crime, it probably wouldn't matter what clothes they wore.  
  
"Alright," she said at last. "But if we get into trouble you're explaining I had nothing to do with it."  
  
Becky grinned. "Girl Guide's honour."  
  
Lisa rolled her eyes. "You were never a Girl Guide."  
  
"That's true. I didn't want to join."  
  
"Not enough nude camping for you?"  
  
Becky laughed. "No. Although I didn't want to wear the uniform..."  
  
"Yeah, they'd have probably kicked you out when you turned out for a meeting in just your badge sash!"  
  
The joking helped ease the tension and the two carried on walking, although Lisa was pleased and surprised when Becky slid her hand into her friend's and gripped it tight. The naked girl was feeling nervous after all.  
  
Sure enough, they weren't alone on their hike. As the path straightened out, walking towards them were another couple, a man and a woman who looked young but a good bit older than the two girls. They were probably in their late twenties or early thirties, probably a husband and wife. They stared as the two girls approached and they realized Becky was naked, but not with complete shock – more an amused surprise. As Lisa and Becky passed them, Lisa felt the polite thing would be to offer a greeting, so she gave a pleasant "good afternoon."  
  
"Good- good afternoon," said the woman, and Becky also responded with a cheery "Afternoon!"  
  
Then that was it, the two girls had passed the other hikers and were on their way.  
  
Well, it seemed to Lisa that perhaps she'd been a little hasty in assuming Becky's nakedness would provoke strong reactions. After all, she thought, we're English. It's not like we have a tendency to say what we think, we tend to be unfailingly polite – even when confronted with something we disapprove of the best we can manage is a strong "tut"! Whatever those people really thought of Becky walking through the countryside in her birthday suit, they kept it to themselves and we never gave them pause to think about it.  
  
After that, they saw more people and, as before, Becky simply held Lisa's hand and didn't dress or cover herself up at all. Of course, there were some shocked looks, and some amused exclamations, but nobody stopped them to ask about Becky's nudity or to challenge her right to hike naked if she wanted to. One or two looked disapproving, and there was one tense moment when they came across a family with a young boy, whose mother (no doubt to his disappointment) clapped her hands over her son's eyes as they passed, although her husband just laughed. Indeed, most people seemed to be quite happy to see them, including one old chap who beamed and called out "nice day for it!" as they passed.  
  
All in all, Lisa had to admit that Becky's confidence about going naked in the wider world, at least the isolation of the English countryside, was pretty well justified. Oh, she was sure the same reaction wouldn't occur if Becky was parading in the nude up the local high street, but our here in nature, perhaps nudity was seen as a little more appropriate.  
  
And why shouldn't it be? After all, Becky was just revealing her naked body, a body everyone has. Every woman has breasts and labia, and every man has a penis. Why, Lisa wondered, were we so hung up on keeping these things covered and secret and as if nobody had ever seen them before? It wasn't as though you could see much of Becky's private parts, her natural pubic hair helped hide the more intimate areas, and even if you could, so what? It was all just skin – beautiful, enticing skin in Becky's case, but still skin all the same.  
  
Lisa was starting to wonder if maybe some of the issues she'd been having with Becky's preference for nudity were saying more about her, and her own personal sense of modesty, than they were about the wider world...

**Chapter 15 – A Misplaced Revenge**  
  
It was the penultimate day of the holiday. Tomorrow, they'd be striking camp, packing up and heading for home. They'd been on another short walk (Becky, this time, had remained clothed) and returned to the campsite after lunch for an afternoon of chilling out and sunbathing.  
  
Becky had gone for a shower and freshen up (no streaking "pranks" were planned this time) and Lisa had just finished putting on her bikini. She stepped out of the tent and stood up, surveying the campsite, and the football-mad boys from a few tents over, who were once again shirtless and kicking their ball around.  
  
One, a blond boy named Steven, was walking away from the game. When he saw Lisa he changed direction and came over to say hi.  
  
They chatted, mostly about what had happened to Becky. The boys had, rather predictably, failed to identify anyone who might have turned out to be a likely suspect in the crime, and Lisa got the sense they had mostly given up and gone back to footballing prowess and not wearing shirts as a means to impress the girls, but Steven was apparently still keen to solve the mystery. He'd been quite a bit more flirty with Becky than the others, and it was obvious he was hoping that if he found a culprit before the girls went home, he'd end up looking like a tough, dependable guy and probably get a tumble in his sleeping bag with her as a reward. He didn't say as much, but it was pretty clear to Lisa.  
  
Lisa was sat on a sun lounger by now, and went to reach for her towel so she could drape it over the chair and lay back on it to sunbathe. It was then that she remembered that Becky had taken her towel into the shower – but not to worry, because there was a spare.  
  
Without thinking, Lisa stepped back into the tent and pulled Becky's towel from where she had stowed it in her bag a couple of days before, and draped it over the sun lounger. She lay back and carried on her conversation with Steven, which by then had moved onto other things (thanks to her dad and two brothers, Lisa was quite knowledgeable on football, and they were chatting about their hopes for their teams' performance in the new season, which was due to start soon).  
  
She did this all completely without thought, and was surprised when Steven trailed off, his expression thoughtful.  
  
"Hang on," he said after a moment. "Isn't that your friend's towel?"  
  
Lisa froze. Of course, it was, because it was the towel she'd shoved in her bag when she "stole" it from the shower to give Becky a reason to run naked through the campsite. It was a fairly memorable towel, given that it had pink flamingoes all over it, and as Steven had taken plenty of interest in Becky over the holiday it was perhaps not surprising he recognized it. The problem was that it was meant to be missing, having been stolen by a mysterious prankster, not sitting in her bag... along with Becky's bathing suit, which was now hanging half out of the bag and trailing on the floor of the tent, in full view.  
  
"Um," Lisa stammered. "Yeah. Yeah it is."  
  
"Oh," Steven replied, "did she find it?"  
  
"Um. Yeah. Found it. Yeah."  
  
Steven's eyes narrowed. "Where did she find it?" he asked.  
  
Lisa couldn't answer for a second. "D-don't know," she managed. "You'd have to ask her..."  
  
She was, she was sure, bright red by now. She was a terrible liar at the best of times, and something about Steven's manner meant that she really felt put on the spot.  
  
Then, suddenly, Steven smiled again. "Oh, great," he said, "I'm glad it turned up. Maybe where it was found might give some idea of who took it."  
  
Lisa nodded. "Uh-huh".  
  
"Well," Steven said, "I'll catch you later."  
  
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Becky, dressed again and with her wet hair bound up in a towel turban, emerged from the shower block.  
  
She smiled at the boy who was stood nearby. Steven, his name was. He really seemed to fancy her, and although he wasn't her type he wasn't an inconsiderate admirer so she was happy to tolerate his flirting and friendly chat.  
  
"Hi," he said as she passed. "I'm glad to hear your stuff that got nicked turned up in the end."  
  
Becky looked confused. "It hasn't," she replied. She'd been pretending for a few days now that her "stolen" belonging were still missing, borrowing Lisa's towel and wearing a spare bathing suit. It had all been part of the fake prank, because if she'd mysteriously got her things back, that would have made it seem less plausible.  
  
"Oh," Steven smiled, "sorry. I must've got confused with something. No worries."  
  
Becky smiled, awkwardly. "No problem," she replied, and headed back to the tent.  
  
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Lisa leaned back under the shower head, eyes closed, letting the warm water wash the dust and sweat and sunblock from her skin.  
  
The showers were, for a holiday park, pretty good – the water was the right temperature, at least, and it came out in a decent flow, rather than a trickle. True, the idea of sharing a shower with strangers wasn't exactly appealing, but at least these were individual cubicles, rather than how things were in the changing rooms at the swimming baths or at school, with everything open. Lisa had hated showering with the other girls at school, especially when she had been younger and she and her peers had all been at different stages of development – and at an age when some of her classmates could be incredibly cruel about breast size, hairiness – or lack of it.  
  
Of course, she thought wryly, Becky had never seemed awkward or uncomfortable in the showers, but she'd supposed her friend had been something of a nudist even then. Certainly, Becky had told her that her love of being nude had begun early in life, from the age of 10 she'd found a thrill in taking off her clothes, and by the time they were showering together after PE at secondary school she was already looking for every opportunity to be naked. It had been a secret then, of course, Lisa and their other friends had no idea that Becky was going off alone into the woods and fields and taking off her clothes, or that when home by herself she was rarely dressed. But it was already cemented as important in Becky's life and she formed her identity as a nudist and exhibitionist during those years. Telling Lisa had been the final step, Becky finally working up the courage to share that side of herself with someone who understood, and Lisa realized it had probably been a lot more scary for Becky than she let on. What if Lisa had rejected her? They'd come close that time by the railway line, where Becky had given in to the experience and begun to masturbate even though Lisa was there. Fortunately they'd repaired any damage that might have done, but once again Lisa found herself wondering if Becky's behavior was not the problem, so much as Lisa's own hang-ups and attitude were.  
  
She found herself thinking about Becky, thinking about that time by the railway and how it contrasted with the much later moment, only a week or so before, when she had secretly spied on Becky while she pleasured herself that morning in the woods. That had been probably her most deeply erotic experience to date, and in all honesty she longed to repeat it. Where once she'd been shocked at seeing Becky in sexual arousal, now she found she wished she could see her more in that way.  
  
Unconsciously, Lisa's hand moved between her legs. Eyes closed, she leaned back against the tile wall of the shower, under the falling water, and slowly lowered herself into a squat. Supported by the tile, she spread her legs wide and began to caress herself, massaging her labia and, gradually, moving her fingers to circle and stimulate her clit. She came quickly, the noise of the water drowning out her excited gasps, her thoughts all on Becky.  
  
Legs a little wobbly, Lisa stood and finished her ablutions, washing the conditioner from her hair and soaping and rinsing her body. Clean and contented, her bare skin pink from the warm water, she turned off the tap and stepped from the shower cubicle.  
  
She was alone in the block, so she didn't immediately reach for the coverage of her towel, instead squeezing excess water from her hair and rubbing her eyes clear. Then she stepped across the slatted floor to the bench where her towel and clothes were.  
  
Or where they should have been.  
  
Puzzled, Lisa looked along the bench. It was bare. There was no neat pile of clothes, no folded orange and blue towel. She bent to look underneath the bench, in case they'd fallen off or been dislodged but no, there was nothing except a bit of dust and litter.  
  
Lisa began to get an awful, tight feeling in her chest. She walked along the row of cubicles, suddenly very conscious of her nudity, hoping perhaps to find her towel hanging over or in one of them – or any towel, even one accidentally left by another camper.  
  
There was nothing.  
  
Someone had stolen all her clothes and her towel.  
  
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The group of boys paused their football game as Steven came sprinting back over. He had a bundle wrapped under his arm.  
  
"Lads! Lads!" he called out to get their attention, "get a load of this. There's gonna be some fun soon..."  
  
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Panic gripped Lisa now.  
  
How could this have happened – to her? The very same, fake, prank she had pulled on Becky had now been done to her. But unlike Becky, Lisa was very much not okay with any situation that might force her into public nudity.  
  
Who could have done it? For a moment, she wondered whether it was Becky herself. But that was stupid. Becky wouldn't ever do anything that mean to her. Her friend knew that she was no exhibitionist herself, indeed, she'd comforted and reassured her after Lisa had been so upset and embarrassed at Jerry seeing her naked when they'd been camping in the woods. She knew Becky would never deliberately put her in any situation anything like that again.  
  
And besides, Becky's thrill was in exposing herself, she had no real interest in getting others naked. In fact, Lisa suspected, Becky actually rather preferred it when she was the only one around with no clothes on.  
  
So it certainly wasn't Becky. But then who was it? One of the boys who was camped near them, the ones who Becky had streaked as the culmination of the fake prank, wanting to do the double and see both of them naked? Or maybe some complete stranger, who'd heard what had happened to Becky and been inspired to pull their own prank along the same lines? Maybe this was just something that happened on campsites, maybe some other woman had taken a fancy to her belongings and pinched them for herself?  
  
Lisa checked herself. Figuring out who the culprit had been was not going to help her in this immediate moment. She was stuck, naked, a good minute or two's walk from her tent, with a whole campsite of people in between. How was she going to get out of this?  
  
The answer seemed obvious. All she had to do was wait. No man was going to walk into the ladies' shower block and catch her naked, but another woman might well come along soon. All she had to do was stay put, and as soon as another camper came in, she would explain what had happened. Maybe they would loan her a towel, or even go back to her tent and fetch Becky, or some clothes for her.  
  
Her panic subsided. In fact, Lisa began to feel a little smug. Whoever the would-be prankster was, she had outsmarted them. They wouldn't be seeing her naked any time soon.  
  
She sat down on the wooden bench that ran along the wall of the changing area. The slats were uncomfortable on her bare bottom, but it was endurable. She crossed her legs and waited.  
  
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How long had it been? Lisa had no watch, no clock to look at, but it had felt like an age.  
  
She'd given up sitting on the bench. Bare skin on unfinished wood wasn't comfortable to start with and after a while it was just unpleasant. When she'd stood up she'd turned her head to see red lines across the skin of her bottom and upper thighs. She'd taken after that to just pacing around or leaning against the wall.  
  
She was cold. Although outside was warm, the shower block was in a cool and shady spot, and without clothes on and with her skin still damp and hair soaking wet, she soon began to shiver. She was hugging herself for warmth but it was small relief, and she felt that soon her teeth would start to chatter.  
  
Nobody had come in. The showers were bustling in the mornings but this time of day few campers needed to use them – which was one of the reasons Lisa had opted to take her shower now. But her desire for a bit of privacy had worked against her and there had been no appearance from any helpful and sympathetic women to come to her aid.  
  
In desperation she had begun calling out, in the hope of attracting someone passing by. Even if it had been a man – better one person seeing her naked than dozens. But nobody had come – she didn't know if anyone had even been passing to hear her.  
  
A kind of grim acceptance had fallen over her. She could spend all afternoon and evening standing naked and cold in the shower block, waiting for somebody to come to her rescue – maybe they would eventually, but it wasn't turning out to be an exactly pleasant experience. Or she could just make a run for it, covering herself as best she could, and try and get back to her tent before anyone saw.  
  
The longer she had waited, the more acceptable the second option had become.  
  
So, nervously, she peered around the doorway of the shower block. A short path led from the block back to the main camping area – it was deserted. Lisa looked every way she could but there appeared to be nobody in sight. So, covering her breasts with one folded arm, the other hand covering her pussy, and crouching low so as not to draw attention to herself, she padded quickly up the path.  
  
Lisa paused behind a bush, hoping it gave her enough concealment. Before her was the edge of the camping area and, luckily, it seemed to be currently quiet. There were tents dotted around and, more importantly to Lisa, cars, 4x4 vehicles and even camper vans.  
  
If she was quick, she might be able to dart between them, using the bigger vehicles and larger tents as cover, until she was back at her own area of the campsite.  
  
A weird sense of confidence began to build in her. She felt incredibly exposed, very conscious of her own nakedness, but at the same time, she didn't feel as horribly unsafe as she had when first stepping out of the shower block.  
  
Taking a deep breath and with another last check around to make sure nobody was coming, Lisa dashed for cover behind the nearest vehicle.  
  
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Lisa crouched between a Land Rover and a tent. She'd made it almost all the way across the campsite without (as far as she knew) anyone seeing that she was naked. It had only taken a couple of minutes or so, but it had felt like a lifetime.  
  
She knew Becky hadn't done this when she'd been in the same situation. Becky had just feigned embarrassed cover and run through the camp, she hadn't bothered with all this crouching and hiding malarkey. Why would she, when she'd wanted people to see her naked? So it had been harder work for Lisa. But she was on the home stretch now.  
  
This area of the campsite was a little more exposed, as hardly anyone camping here had a vehicle. There were a lot of open spaces between the tents and running between them and hiding was going to be a bit pointless. But her and Becky's tent was only really around the corner, so Lisa had resolved to summon up all her reserves of courage and just make a run for it. 30 seconds maybe and it would all be over, she'd be back at her tent and pulling on warm jeans and a sweater, and then she could get on with hunting and killing whoever had stolen her clothes in the first place.  
  
Lisa gritted her teeth, heart pounding in her chest, and after a couple of false starts she stood up and sprinted, covering herself as best she could, for the open ground. She didn't look left or right to see if anyone could see her, she simply ran, staring straight ahead, until she came at last around the corner to the spot where her tent was.

Running right past the assembled group of football-fanatic lads who had been flirting with her and Becky all holiday.

**Chapter 16 – The Last Night and a First**  
  
Lisa sat on a folding chair watching the dying barbecue, her legs tucked up under her.  
  
She was dressed now, blue jeans and a big, warm hoody. She held a can of beer in both hands and idly sipped it as she waited for the food to cook.  
  
Of course, all the boys had seen her. They'd been waiting, apparently having a great deal of patience given how long she'd been hiding away in the shower block, and as she'd been forced to streak past they had given a great many hoots and hollers of appreciation and encouragement. More than one had been filming on their phones, to boot.  
  
It had been humiliating, and she'd dived into her tent and covered herself with whatever she could find. That's where Becky had found her a short while later, red faced and glum, determined never to leave the tent again.  
  
Steven had run to Becky and explained how he and the boys had "got her back" for what Lisa had done to her. Not knowing, of course, that the original fake prank had been Becky's idea in the first place, he'd explained how he'd seen that Lisa had Becky's stolen towel in her bag and concluded that Lisa was the person who had engineered Becky's apparent humiliation a few days before.  
  
Rather than confronting either girl with this information, he'd decided to carry out revenge on Becky's behalf, He'd waited until Lisa had gone into the shower and snuck in, stealing her clothes and towel in the exact same way as he thought she had done to Becky. Then he'd run back to his friends and told them to get ready for Lisa running by in the nude.  
  
They hadn't counted on the fact that Becky was of course really an exhibitionist, so had run straight from the shower block as soon as she saw her clothes were missing, whereas Lisa was decidedly not, and they had to wait until she'd ruled out every alternative before she streaked. But they'd got her eventually, and Steven had gone to break the 'good news' to Becky.  
  
Whatever reaction he'd been hoping for, he didn't get it. Becky immediately had a few choice words for her would-be admirer, but she'd also been forced to confess that the 'prank' had actually been carried out by Lisa at Becky's request! Steven might have thought he'd be in Becky's good books but instead he was left open mouthed and baffled, wondering why on earth Becky would tell her friend to steal her own clothes. Nonetheless he'd come to Lisa afterwards with an awkward apology and then spent the rest of the time staying out of the way of both of them, his endeavors towards Becky clearly abandoned.  
  
The other boys, when they learned Steven had messed up, were similarly apologetic, and Lisa had to admit that their apology, which took the form of supplying both girls with a barbecue dinner and a plentiful supply of cans of beer, was actually pretty effective.  
  
She didn't hold it against them, even Steven. Sure, it was a mean prank to play, especially for a guy to play on a girl. Forcing a young woman to run naked past an assembled group of guys had an uncomfortable air of sexual humiliation, and had it happened completely unprompted Lisa would have been angry, hurt, and certainly wary of spending any more time around these boys.  
  
But she had to concede that the guys really did think that they were just getting revenge on her by doing to her something that as far as they knew she had gleefully done to somebody else. They'd probably had a view of her as a pretty shitty person to humiliate her friend in that way, and so she could understand if they thought she deserved similar treatment. After all, who could expect them to consider that maybe the original 'prank' was a fake, done to enable one girl to run around naked without repercussions? The idea of Lisa as a bad friend who had needed to be taught a lesson was a lot more believable than the truth. Their hearts had been in the right place, even if their methods weren't exactly nice.  
  
She had to admit, too, it could have been a lot worse. In the end, they didn't see much. She'd covered herself well with her hands and in the end aside from her bare bum, they probably hadn't seen much more exposed skin than she'd shown walking around the past few days in her bikini. And she didn't think anyone else on the campsite had seen her nudity. She'd been lucky.  
  
Still, she'd rather not go through it again.  
  
But in the end it had worked out into something quite pleasant. The boys had been treating her like a queen to make up for their earlier bad behavior and had kept her constantly supplied with drink and surprisingly good food, and she was now warm and happy, sitting in the firelight, chatting to Ross.  
  
Ross, she could tell now, definitely fancied her. Maybe some of the other boys did too, and maybe some of them figured that it was impossible for them all to get a chance with Becky so they might as well settle for the second-best looking girl in the vicinity, rather than risk ending their holiday without scoring at all (at least, that was Lisa's rationalization for why they might take an interest in her – she still couldn't quite shake the lack of self-confidence that told her she wasn't pretty enough to attract the attention of guys). But Ross definitely only had an interest in Lisa, and for her part, Lisa was happy to receive that interest.  
  
Ross was a warm, funny, dark-haired lad of 20. He'd be going into the RAF soon, and he had the natural confidence and outgoing nature that many boys who choose the armed forces possess, the result of experience having to quickly bond and connect with strangers in living, training and working situations.  
  
Now, he was apologizing again for any part he'd played in the prank earlier.  
  
"Really," Lisa assured him, "it's fine. I'm okay. You weren't the one who stole my clothes, after all."  
  
"No," he smiled, "I wasn't one with a camera either."  
  
Lisa blushed. "Yeah. I'd forgotten about that. Bit worrying."  
  
"Don't worry. I've had a look. The photos are crap. You can't see anything, just a pink blur."  
  
Lisa laughed. "Oh, you've had a look, have you?" she said cheekily.  
  
"Just making sure there weren't any I'd have to make the lads delete," he countered with a grin.  
  
"Oh, is that right?"  
  
"That's my story and I'm sticking to it."  
  
Lisa chuckled. "Okay smart aleck," she said. She was feeling a little tipsy from the beer and it had loosened her tongue. "So now you've seen both me and Becky in the nuddy. Which did you like better?"  
  
Ross guffawed. "You're seriously asking that?"  
  
Lisa nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah. Who looks better with their kit off?"  
  
"Well," Ross smiled, "really, I'd need to see more to make a comparison..."  
  
Lisa hit him playfully on the shoulder. "Stop stalling. I want to know, who did you like seeing more?"  
  
"Honestly?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"You."  
  
"Give over."  
  
"No, God's honest."  
  
"Even though she's so pretty and I'm, well..."  
  
"Oh, don't."  
  
"Don't what?"  
  
"Don't do that thing girls do where they go on about how beautiful their mate is and how ugly and boring they are. You all do it and it's bollocks."  
  
"So-rry..."  
  
"Nah, I mean, I get it. The whole world tells you that if you aren't a six-foot blonde with a double-D chest and itty-bitty waist and Kim Kardashian's arse you aren't worth looking twice at, but if you ask any bloke, he'll say not all men want a woman like that.  
  
"Your mate Becky, well, I won't deny she's nicely put together and pleasing to the eye but that doesn't make you a cave troll. You're bloody gorgeous Lisa and the only shame is you have yourself thinking you're not."  
  
"Stop..." Lisa blushed, but Ross wasn't finished.  
  
"It's true," he said. "I'd choose you over Becky any day."  
  
The kiss happened naturally after that, two pairs of lips coming together in the dark. It was Ross initiating, but Lisa happily responded, and it felt very right.  
  
They stood up and wordlessly moved away from the barbecue and the other people, before they were noticed. Taking Lisa by the hand, Ross led her to a grassy slope, and the two lay down. Arms around one another, they began to kiss passionately, tongues exploring one another's mouths, Lisa nibbling on Ross's bottom lip playfully.  
  
She was enjoying the moment. She'd kissed boys before, done a few more things than kiss with one, but she'd never kissed an older lad like Ross. He was a good kisser, though, seemed as though he knew what he was doing, and Lisa felt comfortable in his arms. She didn't even mind when, after several minutes of making out, he slid his hand up the back of her jumper, softly caressing the curve of her back, and idly running his fingers along the strap of her bra.  
  
She knew what was coming next, of course and soon enough Ross shifted himself, bringing his hand round to the front. He stroked her flank and the edge of her soft belly for a little while, as if making himself at home, before his questing hand found her breasts, and he cupped one on the outside of her bra, giving the gentlest of a squeeze.  
  
This was about as far as Lisa had ever gone with a boy before, unless you counted when she was 16, the first time she ever got drunk, when she'd given a boy from school a clumsy and awkward blowjob in the front garden of a random house after he walked home from a party. But aside from that, making out and letting lads cop a feel was pretty much the sum total of her experience of the act of love between a man and a woman.  
  
She'd been one of those girls at school who'd been unfairly labelled as 'frigid', that horrible word teenage boys used to describe any woman who won't let them have sex with them. But, in truth, Lisa's lack of self-confidence had been what had sabotaged her love life. By the time she'd felt ready for sex, she was convinced she wasn't in any way desirable to boys, and that any who were interested in her were actually either "just being nice" or playing some elaborate practical joke. That, and her focus on her studies, not to mention the somewhat intense nature of her friendship with Becky, meant that unusually for a girl in her peer group, she was still a virgin.  
  
Oh, she knew all about sex. She'd talked to friends, including Becky, who'd been doing it on the regular for sometimes even a few years now. She'd watched some pornographic videos on the internet and while she knew the behavior of actors and actresses in porn was far from realistic, it had given her enough idea of where everything was supposed to go and all the different ways you could do it (depending on how imaginative and flexible you were, of course). And she was no stranger to exploring her own body and its capacity for pleasure. But she'd never been further than this with a real life guy before.  
  
This time, though, sex had a welcome inevitability, and when Ross softly suggested they go back to his tent, she was more than happy to accompany him.  
  
They lay in the darkness on top of Ross's crumpled sleeping bag. There wasn't much space in the tent, and it smelled of sweat and earth, but it was comfortable and homely. They kissed some more and, gradually, as their eyes grew accustomed to the lack of light, their desire and curiosity for one another took over. Lisa put her hands under Ross's t-shirt and responding to the prompt he pulled it over his head, revealing his bare torso. Up close she could see he was tightly muscled and very strong, a testament to how he'd been keeping himself fit in preparation for his military career. He wasn't a bulging bodybuilder but he looked good, and she ran her hands appreciatively over his chest and down his flanks.  
  
It was her turn now and she put up her arms so he could relieve her of her hooded top. She wore only her bra beneath it, no shirt, and as she looked down at the swell of her own breasts she felt momentarily silly that she was wearing not something sexy but a cute, childish pink thing patterned with purple flowers. Ross, though, didn't seem to mind, in fact he seemed very happy, as he kissed her bare neck and planted more soft kisses on her chest.  
  
She was nervous now. She hadn't told Ross it was her first time, she didn't want to put him off, make it seem like a bigger deal than it was – but she worried that it was something she wouldn't be able to hide, that her lack of experience would show through. Determined to seem more confident than she really was, she sat up decisively, reaching behind her back and unfastening her bra, letting it slide easily off her and away.  
  
Topless, now, she leaned back, letting Ross kiss and caress her bare breasts. She still wished they were bigger, but suddenly all thoughts like that vanished, replaced with excited pleasure as Ross took first one nipple and then the other in his mouth, teasing and sucking until they were hard. She gasped in delight.  
  
She pulled him in for more kisses then, feeling his bare skin against her own naked chest. She reached down almost accidentally, brushing the front of his jeans. She gave a sharp intake of breath – Ross was rock hard, she could feel his cock pressing against the fabric, straining to be released.  
  
Well, how could she not oblige? She unbuttoned his jeans, undid his zipper and with Ross's assistance in the small confines of the tent, soon had his jeans and underwear off, and Ross was naked.  
  
The sum total of Lisa's direct experience of naked males amounted to little more than seeing her younger brothers in the years before they were old enough to understand that waving your willy around in company was neither funny nor clever. Even the guy whose penis she had a inexpertly put her mouth around while they hid in a neighbour's garden had done no more than poke his cock through his open zipper. She'd never seen a guy her own age nude, never been up close with one, never smelled him or felt his body against her the way she did now.  
  
To her surprise, Ross was himself becoming nervous. She sensed that although he was more experienced, he was perhaps conscious of the fact that she might be disappointed with what he had to offer and back out of what they were doing. Well, she thought, he needn't worry.  
  
She had no basis for comparison but Ross seemed, well, big enough. Her eyes didn't water when she looked at it but considering this was her first time that was perhaps a good thing, and when she put her hands around it and felt its warm stiffness and the pulse of his blood she suddenly felt a great twinge of excitement between her own legs. She wanted to know what this was going to feel like, and almost unconsciously she ran her hand again up and down his shaft, brushing the tight and springy hair at the base of his cock, feeling the taut skin connecting his shaft to his balls.  
  
She knew she was ready, then. Unfastening her own jeans, she let Ross pull them down, taking her knickers with them. She was briefly amazed at her own scent, as it filled the space in the stuffy, zipped-up tent. Subtly she ran a finger between her legs – good God she was wet! She hadn't expected that, all she'd heard of first times was that they were awkward, uncomfortable affairs for most girls, who found themselves at the hands of inexperienced, fumbling boys who had no inclination to foreplay and no understanding that a vagina could much more easily admit a penis if it was given the chance to lubricate itself. But Ross, although hardly an expert, seemed to have done more than enough to encourage her into readiness – and he was certainly also ready himself.  
  
He'd found a condom, thankfully. She'd been unsure if she'd go ahead and have sex without protection. She hadn't wanted to but at the same time, she wasn't sure how she would bring it up, having never been in this situation. But health class had taught her well and she managed to roll it easily over his erection.  
  
Then Lisa lay back, parted her legs and invited Ross to enter her.  
  
Her nerves caused her to tense up at first, and there was a little resistance, and she gasped and bit her lip at the slight pain as he went into her. But it didn't hurt anything like she had expected it would, and the feeling of him insider her was strange but so good that she wanted more, and she pushed with her pelvis, taking his length further.  
  
The sex itself, after that, was functional, if not spectacular. It felt good to Lisa to have Ross's cock insider her, and her arousal lingered throughout her body, but there was no sense that climax was approaching for her. Ross lay above her, holding himself up with his strong arms, occasionally cupping one of her breasts, teasing a nipple, or else stroking her face. He thrust rhythmically and she lifted her legs and wrapped them around him, holding him close, knotting her hands behind his back. His breath came harder, and soon, tensing, he came, gasping a few times as his cock pulsed and spurted.  
  
He stayed in her for a moment or two after that, she was able to feel his cock begin to grow flaccid again now its work was done. They kissed, lingering kisses, and as he withdrew and rolled over beside her they wrapped their arms around one another, warm, cuddling together in comfort.