**Best Friends .

Chapter 17 -- Going Home**

Lisa left Ross sleeping in his tent. They'd dozed for a little while, nude in each other's arms, but she'd awoken soon after.

It was late now. Or early morning, Lisa wasn't sure. Awkwardly she scrambled out of the tent, the cold night air a sudden shock on her bare skin. There hadn't been space in the tent to dress without waking her paramour. Quickly she pulled on the hoody she'd been wearing, hoping there had been nobody around to witness her undignified exit -- but all was still and quiet.

The hoody was long enough to cover her modesty and so she gathered up the rest of her clothes and tiptoed as best she could along to her and Becky's tent.

Becky was still awake when she opened the tent flap. Her friend was nude, of course -- she never seemed to wear anything to sleep in these days -- but was wrapped up in her sleeping bag to keep warm.

She grinned when she saw Lisa, and grinned wider when she saw how she was dressed.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed. "You went off with that Ross, did you go all the way with him?"

Lisa nodded, smiling, as she closed the tent flap behind her. Becky squealed and sprang up, enfolding her friend in a big naked hug.

"Oh my God," she exclaimed, "Lisa finally lost her 'V-plates'!"

The next few minutes were filled with questions from her more experienced friend. Lisa burrowed into the sleeping bag, discarding the hoody again, for once unselfconscious about being nude in Becky's equally undressed company. She was too tired to try to find her night clothes in the dark, she wanted to sleep, but Becky wasn't going to let her do that any time soon. She wanted to know all the details, and it was a good hour later when Lisa finally closed her eyes and slept.

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One slightly hungover packing session later, the two girls were ready to leave the campsite and make their way back home.

They'd awoken late, with Lisa's head throbbing. She hadn't drunk that much, had she? Although she always had the worst luck with hangovers, it would only take a couple of beers to make her wake up in the morning with a sore head.

They'd packed their stuff as best they could. With it being their final few hours on the campsite -- and with the nearby lads now fully aware that Becky was a bit of a weirdo who would engineer a prank on herself to deprive her of clothes in public -- Lisa noticed her friend seemed no longer to be quite so concerned about what she was or wasn't wearing and had stepped out of their tent in the nude a couple of times before finally putting clothes on, at one stage even going on a little walk and giving a few surprised campers an eyeful.

Now though both girls were fully dressed, their tent back in its bag and their backpacks all ready to go.

Lisa left Becky with the bags and went over to the lads campsite. When the boys saw her, there were a few grins and some nudges. Clearly they'd noticed one of their number hadn't been alone in his tent last night and although to Lisa Ross hadn't seemed like the type to brag she doubted he'd have been coy and shy about it either.

In the event she found him kicking a ball about with another boy. When his friend saw her approach, he made a discreet exit, and the two were alone together.

"Morning," he said, and Lisa smiled back. For a moment there was silence between them.

"About last night..." he began, but Lisa stopped him.

"No," she said. "There's no 'about last night' conversation happening now. We're not doing that.

"I had," she continued, "a really nice time last night. All of it. So did you. I don't think it needs further discussion, especially not for us to have a really awkward conversation about it of the sort men and women have been having since the concept of casual sex was invented."

Ross grinned. "Fair enough. I wasn't sure what to make of it when I woke up and you'd left."

"How about, I wanted to sleep in my own tent which didn't smell of sweaty boy and sexy times?"

He laughed. "Again, fair enough. Given the choice I wouldn't want to sleep in a tent with sweaty boy smell either. If it wasn't for your mate, I'd have come in with you."

Lisa laughed. "She probably wouldn't have minded. She'd probably have been happy to have another person to act as her audience."

Ross wrinkled his nose. "Yeah," he said, "she's a one. What's the story with her, really I mean?"

Lisa sighed. "She's an exhibitionist," she confessed. "She sort of... gets off on people seeing her naked."

He raised an eyebrow. "Well," he said.

"Yeah."

"And what about you?"

"Oh, compared to her I'm completely normal. No weird kinks here, me."

"Pity," he laughed. "No, what I meant was, you helped her, you took her clothes. You made it so she had to run about naked in front of us all. Do you often get involved with her in stunts like that?"

"Kind of, yeah. She's sort of a nudist too, and, well, I'm the only person she's ever told this stuff too. She isn't harming anyone. She just wants to be free to be herself. I feel like I should help her do that."

Ross was quiet for a moment. "You're a good mate to her," he said eventually. "I'm glad she's got someone like you. But just be careful. Make sure she's not putting you into something you don't want to be in. You ended up having to streak the campsite yesterday, yes because Steven's a dick but also because your mate created that situation when she had you nick her clothes in the first place."

"I know," Lisa conceded. "But, she's not taking advantage of me. It's a weird thing, I get that. I wouldn't expect anyone else to understand it. But it works for us."

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She'd kissed Ross goodbye, a proper kiss, not a discrete peck on the cheek from two people resigned to parting as 'just friends'.

She wasn't sure she'd see him again, she'd hopefully be off to uni in September, and Ross of course was going into the RAF, so it might be their paths just never crossed any more. But neither of them had been quite keen to just say "that's that", either. They'd got all sorts of ways to keep in touch. Lisa was quite keen to try 'sexting', for one. Taking some naughty pictures to send to a cute boy in the armed forces seemed like a fun prospect.

Becky had also said goodbye to her various ardent admirers. She'd not paired off with any of them, leaving them all disappointed and heartbroken.

Lisa wondered about this. Becky was far more experienced with boys than she was, she'd had sex for the first time when they were 15 and she'd had several boyfriends since then. Indeed, there had been a long spell in the past few years where Becky had rarely been without a guy.

But since breaking up with her last boyfriend, Ryan, almost a year ago, Becky hadn't so much as kissed another boy.

At first, Lisa had put it down to having been hurt badly by her break up with Ryan (even though it hadn't seemed particularly traumatic). Then she just figured maybe Becky was bored of dating and relationships for a while.

Now though she was beginning to wonder if it wasn't something else. The growing importance to Becky of her nudist lifestyle and exhibitionist tendencies was a sign that whatever else she was, her friend was certainly not a conventional 18-year-old woman. But could it be that her strangeness was actually making her reluctant to connect with others in the more normal sense, or even making it difficult for her?

Maybe she didn't want a boy in her life if it meant addressing how her nudism and her exhibitionism would affect him? Lisa was the only person she'd shared this side of herself with, after all -- maybe she didn't want anyone else to know, and if she started dating someone she would have to tell them?

Not for the first time, Lisa found herself thinking about where this strange journey she and her friend were on would end up.

**Chapter 18 -- At the Movies**

The summer rolled on, and something resembling normality returned to Lisa's life -- well, as normal as it could get for someone whose best friend couldn't seem to manage to keep her clothes on for very long.

But on that front, things did calm down a little. Both Lisa and Becky began to pick up some part time work -- Becky waitressed in a café, while Lisa got some shifts at the local supermarket. The need for Becky to go out and associate with people who weren't aware that she was a nudist, let alone an exhibitionist, seemed to Lisa to have something of a calming influence on her. Oh, when she called round to Becky's house when her mum was at work Becky was still usually naked, and she still sometimes stripped off when the two girls were out walking in the countryside. But there had been no more incidents of crazy dares or other 'indecent exposures', and with Lisa's two brothers now both off school for the summer too, Becky was finding it best to keep herself covered up at Lisa's house as well as out in public.

Indeed, things began to feel so much calmer that Lisa began to wonder if she might be 'over' Becky. She no longer felt her pulse quicken quite so much when her friend would answer the door of her house to her nude, and found she could largely concentrate on things other than Becky when the two were hanging out and Becky was au naturel.

Of course, she still fantasised a little, still felt a tingle of excitement, particularly when she recalled that she alone was seeing this side of Becky. None of their other friends was aware that Becky preferred nakedness, whenever they were in a larger group she was careful not to even mention it, and wore the same nice, fashionable and flattering clothes she had always done. Only Lisa knew the truth about her, only Lisa had seen the side she called her true self, and Lisa couldn't help but feel somewhat special as a result. There was an intimacy to seeing Becky walking around with no clothes on and knowing that she wasn't this way with anyone else, even her own mother, and that was still a little intoxicating to Lisa.

Becky wasn't the only figure in Lisa's fantasies, though, at least for a little while following the end of their holiday. She and Ross had kept up a correspondence by text message and Snapchat since parting at the campsite, and she'd enjoyed the thrill of sending him some very risqué pictures of the sort she had never imagined she would ever take of herself. True to form, of course, Becky was enjoying a role as something akin to "sex coach" and had some very frank and forthright suggestions for the sort of pictures Lisa could send. Mercifully for Lisa, she didn't actually demonstrate these ideas herself -- as she was once again naked at the time, it could have resulted in Lisa getting more than a little hot under the collar!

Lisa realized she did enjoy the thrill of posing intimately for a private snap to Ross, and although she wasn't exactly reduced to a quivering ball of desire by the times when he returned the favour, she had to admit, it was flattering to see the effect he was claiming her pictures were having on a certain part of his anatomy...

As the weeks had rolled on, though, Lisa had found both their enthusiasms waning slightly. They were a long way apart and although Ross seemed nice, they were finding they had little to say to each other when the topic was something other than sex. Lisa was coming to accept that Ross and she weren't destined to meet again any time soon and that whatever he was to her, he was far from being the 'boyfriend' she had thought she would have. She hadn't told him yet that he had been her first, either -- she was still behaving with him as if she was much more experienced than she really was, and it was getting more and more tiring to act like a love goddess, even on Snapchat, when she didn't really feel like one.

Increasingly, his messages began to feel like an intrusion, and she as she began to cool towards him she noticed the same in return. By the latter part of August, Ross was largely a footnote in her past, and her life consisted of work, family and of course, her time with Becky.

It was a hard truth, too, but one she came to realise -- while her experiences with Ross had been fun, and she was delighted to no longer be, as Becky had put it, in possession of her "V-plates", it had been nothing compared to the excitement she had found in some of the things she had gotten up to with Becky.

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The big blockbuster movie hit of the summer was, once again, a comic-book superhero adaptation featuring brightly-coloured characters punching one another very hard in order to save the world.

At least, that was Lisa's assessment. Becky, who was much more a fan of that type of thing, gave her a full and comprehensive of the film's place in the wider canon of what she kept referring to as a "cinematic universe" until Lisa felt certain that her brain was going to start pouring out of her ears.

They went through the same rigamarole whenever one of these movies came out. Becky would excitedly tell her about the latest trailer, the premier date and so forth, and when the film actually came out, she would badger Lisa to come with her and watch it at the local multiplex. Lisa, who much preferred a good comedy to any superhero shoot-'em-up fest, would resist as long as she could before finally giving in and agreeing to sit through what seemed, to her, like simply the latest episode of a very expensive television show.

This summer, she'd held out longer than usual, but Becky's diverse array of increasingly disappointed faces and noises finally wore out her resolve, and the two made a date for the cinema one weekday afternoon in the last week of August.

The cinema was a big out-of-town multi-screen affair. Although neither girl had a driving license yet, let alone access to a car, it was easy enough to hop on a bus and ride out there.

When they arrived, the cinema was quiet. There hadn't been any big releases that week and it wasn't a time when a lot of people chose to go (compared to, say, Friday or Saturday nights). Lisa and Becky were able to walk straight up to the counter to get their tickets, and didn't have to queue up either to buy some popcorn and drinks before making their way to the screen.

When they got into the screen, there were fewer than 20 people sitting in their seats -- the rest were empty. The film had been out for quite a while, so Lisa supposed most of the people who were likely to want to watch it had already caught it in the first few weeks. The audience was couples, a few teens, and some guys on their own -- people whiling away a couple of hours at the cinema as a result of having nothing else to do with their time.

The entrance to the screen was near the front, crossing in front of the big blank space where the film would be projected -- you had to walk up steps towards the back to find your seat in the tiers. Lisa smiled as she noticed that, as usual, all the patrons in attendance were sitting as far apart from each other as possible while still having a good view of the screen. The two back rows were completely empty, most people apparently preferring the middle seats so as to not be too far away from the action. But Becky made a bee-line straight for the empty back row, and Lisa was more than happy with her choice. It made it feel almost like their own private screening to have nobody else around them.

They sat down and chatted idly, munching popcorn and checking their phones, until the lights dimmed and the adverts came on.

"Why is there always an advert for the cinema when you go to the cinema?" Lisa asked, as a typical 'cinema -- a great night out' promotion appeared on screen. "We're already here, they don't need to advertise to us, surely?" Becky laughed -- she was used to Lisa getting quite cross on trips to the pictures about one thing or another

"Well, that was about five more car commercials than I needed to see," Lisa remarked. She was determined to find things to complain about to underline how she wasn't really looking forward to the movie, although she knew Becky just found her moaning funny.

"Oh look, another remake of a film from 10 years before I was born," she intoned sarcastically. Becky swatted at her in a gentle attempt to shush her. Fortunately for their friendship, after that the dim lights went fully dark and the movie proper started, and Lisa was forced into silence.

The film looked set to be exactly what Lisa was expecting. There was going to probably be some sort of mystic artefact, there were people in crazy costumes which were probably all computer-generated, lots of punching and explosions and in the end the world would be saved. She settled down for what, for her, would probably be a boring couple of hours.

However, little did she know she was about to get something much more interesting to watch.

About twenty minutes into the film, she noticed that next to her in her seat, Becky was fidgeting about much more than usual. It wasn't obvious, it was only when she turned to whisper a comment to her friend that she realized what was happening.

Becky had kicked off her trainers and was in the process of unfastening and taking off her jeans. It was immediately apparent to Lisa what was happening -- Becky was getting naked again. As Lisa watched, Becky lifted her bottom from the seat in order to pull down her skinny jeans, before leaning forward to pull them off completely. She leaned back and grasped the hem of her t-shirt, then pulled it up quickly over her head and off.

Lisa couldn't help but laugh.

"What are you doing?" she whispered. "As if I really need to ask..."

Becky grinned back. "I always wanted to try being naked in the cinema," she answered

"You're really gonna do that?" Lisa asked. "What if someone sees you?" She was excited that Becky was stripping in what seemed like a very public place, but as always that excitement was tinged with a very real worry -- was this really something safe to do, or was it going to end with someone in a lot of trouble?

But Becky seemed confident. "Nobody can see us," she explained, "they're all sat in in front and all watching the film. Nobody ever turns around and looks backward in the cinema. You always keep your eyes on the screen."

Most do, thought Lisa as she watched Becky unfasten her bra and then shimmy out of her cotton panties, but I won't be now, not with a gorgeous naked girl sitting next to me.

Lisa gazed unashamedly at Becky as she sat back in her seat. The cinema was dark, the only light coming from the screen, and the intimate details of her body that Becky was revealing were hard to make out, but the half-light from the screen drained colour from her skin, making her seem like an odalisque from some silent epic from the golden age of cinema. Lisa drank in the smooth, soft whiteness of her friend's belly, the pale swells of her breasts, her nipples hard and dark pink. Shadows hid much of the rest but it would be beyond doubt to anyone looking that she had removed all of her clothes.

Realising that Lisa was still staring at her, Becky turned -- and smiled. Lisa felt herself blush -- at least the dark of the screen would hide that -- and looked away shyly. But as soon as she felt Becky's attention was back on the movie, she resumed watching her friend.

Becky had been openly nude in front of people in very public spaces before now. All the people on the train who saw here nude; the guy in the convenience store; anyone who saw her at the campsite or while hiking. But her being naked in the cinema was different. She was almost captive here, in a place where nudity could not be explained or excused. She was sitting nude in a big open room with only one route out and around twenty other people all sitting there. The only cover for her nudity came from the darkness, and the fact that people were watching the screen.

Lisa felt suddenly nervous for her, and for herself. It was exciting, undoubtedly, to be a part of this moment and witness once again Becky's complete lack of self-consciousness about having no clothes on. But it was also somewhat scary, giving voice to the side of her that was a lot less comfortable about Becky's exhibitionism than she was sometimes willing to let on. She wanted to support her friend and got more than a small thrill from encouraging her and participating in her stunts -- but where did she draw the line? What Ross had said to her came back to her mind, about making sure Becky wasn't involving her in something she didn't want to be. She enjoyed these experiences, no doubt -- but where would it end up?

What would happen if someone saw them now, in a place where a person absolutely should not expect to be able to just hang out naked like it was nothing, the way Becky was behaving? There was no way that someone could look at two girls alone on the back row of a cinema, one of them stark naked, and not assume they had been... up to something.

They would be asked to leave the cinema, of course, but what else? Would the police be called? Would Becky be charged with a crime? Indecent exposure, wasn't it? That was what they charged men with who opened their raincoats to show their willies to schoolgirls. Was Becky really so different, just because she was young and pretty?

It was, Lisa decided, the young and pretty part that would probably save them. No straight man or gay woman was going to complain at the sight of Becky naked, and even a lot of the straight women would probably find they had a few big questions about themselves if they were sat in Lisa's seat right now. People were shocked by female nudity still, of course, and the law was the law -- it didn't apply differently just because you had great boobs. But there was always that chance that they would find themselves once again dealing with a person that simply liked to see a pretty girl who was naked and were content to allow that to happen.

Lisa looked at Becky again. Of course, her friend didn't seem to have any of these worries. She was completely blasé. She scooched down in her seat a little, making herself comfortable, parting her legs slightly, and returned her attention to the film.

Lisa forced herself to relax. She'd been in these sort of situations enough now that she should really stop worrying. She repeated Becky's reassurance to herself; who ever actually looks behind them in a cinema screening? Had she ever? Of course not. People came to these places to watch a movie, not to take in their surroundings. And it really was dark. Lisa knew Becky was naked because she was sat right next to her, but she couldn't make out what even the closest of the other people in the screening looked like. So she doubted they would realise even if they did turn around.

Gradually she stopped feeling nervous -- but she still didn't take her eyes off Becky. How could she? Becky was beautiful, naked and completely nonchalant -- a combination that she had come to understand now was more than a bit of a turn on for her.

Becky was lost off in her attention to the movie and had no idea her friend was staring at her the way she was, but Lisa noticed every little movement, every rise and fall of her perfect breasts. Occasionally she would unconsciously caress herself, one hand lightly brushing a breast or lightly stroking a nipple, and Lisa's breath would catch as she remembered seeing her that time in the woods, nude and utterly aroused, pleasuring herself with no idea she was being watched. Lisa knew Becky would not do the same here in the movie theatre, with me next to her -- no matter how much Lisa secretly wanted her to -- but those little movements alone told her the story of how her friend was aroused by her own public nakedness.

Lisa's body gave in to her own arousal. Her pulse quickened, her breathing grew shallow. She felt her nipples pushed against her bra and wetness on the fabric of her panties when she shifted uncomfortably in her seat. In times past she had indulged in that classic teenage rite of making out with a boy while sat on the back row in the cinema -- in her head now she pictured herself doing the same with a naked Becky, her tongue exploring her mouth, hand cupping her breast and teasing her nipple. Maybe even more than that, maybe in the dark, she would slip out of her seat and kneel before Becky and slide her tongue between the moist lips of her exposed pussy...

Well, she thought, it wasn't as though I was bothered about missing the film!

But there was no way she could make those thoughts a reality, and she blinked repeatedly, as if trying to wipe them from her mind. What would Becky's reaction be if she'd really done what she had been thinking of? Would she have reciprocated, moaning with delight? Or would she have been shocked and horrified, even to know what Lisa was longing for? She realized she had no way of knowing -- and no courage to test it out, and all she could do was watch, imagine and later that night bring the thoughts back to her mind and explore them at leisure while she lay in her own bed with her hand between her legs.

Lost in a battle with her lustful thoughts, Lisa barely acknowledged what was happening on screen, and before she knew it the film was ending. The world was saved, once again, although Lisa was sure there was probably a whole bunch of stuff left over for them to do in the inevitable sequel. The final scene smashed into credits, and Lisa glanced back at Becky, assuming her friend would be quickly pulling on her clothes so they could leave the cinema.

Becky, however, still sat there, still completely nude. But nobody else in the screen was getting up and ready to go either, and nor had the house lights gone up the way they normally did when a film was over. Lisa was momentarily confused. Then she remembered -- these comic book movies always had another scene after the main credits, to further tease a sequel (or the next film in what Becky called the "cinematic universe")!

Lisa couldn't help but smile at the fact Becky had still made no move to put her clothes on -- but she was feeling nervous, too. Was her friend really going to insist on remaining nude until the very last moment? These end credits scenes were always short, maybe 30 seconds at most -- after which everyone in the cinema was going to be getting up and walking out, and the lights were going to go up. If Becky was going to wait until that scene had finished before getting dressed, she was going to be a lot more exposed, with no darkness to hide her nudity and no film on screen to distract people from looking her way. Surely, Lisa thought, she had to put something on soon?

**Chapter 19 -- One More Dare**

Lisa sat in the dark of the cinema, patiently waiting for Becky to put at least some of her clothes back on.

But she just sat there, watching, as the main credits ended and the waiting audience were rewarded for staying in their seats with a short scene which Lisa was sure would have been very exciting for comic book fans but just confused the heck out of her. The scene ended, and the "full" credits began to roll -- and still Becky wasn't moving!

The lights in the cinema began to come on -- not all the way, but bright enough for the patrons to be able to see and not fall down the steps as they made to leave. The first people in the audience stood up and began to leave the screen, and still Becky made no move to get dressed or even cover her body at all. As more people stood and began talking about the film they had just seen, Lisa leaned over to her friend, hoping people would be too busy chatting to zero in on their own conversation .

"Um, Becks," she asked in a whisper, "you do know you're still naked, right?"

Becky turned to her and grinned. "Yup."

"Oh, that's alright then, I thought you'd gone completely mad," Lisa replied. "Are you... are you going to put your clothes back on?

Becky's grin got wider and she reached out one of her long legs and slid a bare foot into one of her trainers. She followed with the other one.

Lisa couldn't help but laugh. "Oh, very clever," she said. "Shoes don't count as clothes, though. C'mon Becks, someone's gonna see in a minute." Amazingly, the people who had been sat in front of them were all trooping out of the exit with none of them turning to look back up at the back row, but it seemed inevitable that the two of them would get caught sooner or later.

Becky, though, was in the mood for fun.

"Dare me to stay naked?" she said with a smile.

Lisa laughed. "Really? We're back to that again?" Becky just nodded. She was looking a little red faced but it was clear that she was in an exhibitionist mood.

"Alright," Lisa conceded. "Just a little dare." Becky looked delighted -- but, Lisa thought, what could she have her friend do? It couldn't be too bold -- while Becky would probably have no qualms about walking out of the cinema building and across the car park stark naked, that would attract a lot of attention from staff and who knows who else. It was still broad daylight out there and there would of course be at least some people coming into the cinema, not to mention the multiplex was located in one of those out-of-town parks with restaurants, ten pin bowling and more. Even if 99% of the people were a-okay with Becky's nudity, it would only take one or two who weren't to give the girls more trouble than they wanted, especially as they came by bus and didn't have an easy way to get away from there.

Well, streaking out of the building might be out of the question -- but what about just not going all the way?

"Okay," Lisa explained to her excited friend. "There's a loo at the end of the corridor before you go round into the lobby. I'm gonna get up and go in there and when you're ready you can come find me. And," she added, in case Becky thought that was a bit tame, "I'm gonna take your clothes with me."

Becky giggled. "I love it!" she whispered. "So I'll be left here with nothing on and I'll have to go all along the corridor before I can get dressed again?"

Lisa nodded. "Exactly. We could get in a shit-ton of trouble, but something tells me that doesn't bother you and to be honest, the more it goes on the less it bothers me either." That wasn't quite true, but it was the closest Lisa had come to admitting she liked seeing her friend like this and was prepared to risk a certain amount of personal difficulty to continue experiencing it. Within reason, of course.

The screen was practically empty now. The credits continued to roll -- how many people worked on the special effects for this thing, thought Lisa -- and Lisa stood up. Becky had bundled her clothes together -- wrapped up like that, her underwear in the middle, it was less obvious that Lisa was carrying her friend's entire outfit with her. When she reached the bottom of the steps and the point where the remaining seats were separated by a wide space through which people could walk to get to the exit, she looked back up at Becky.

It actually was not so obvious that Becky was naked. The back row was a fair distance from this point, and the angle of the tiered seating meant that Becky was largely hidden behind the back of the seat in front. A taller woman might have been more obvious, but Becky was only average height, and with the light still not at its brightest, a casual glance might notice that her friend was a little, well, flesh-coloured, but she could just as easily have been wearing a top which had skin tones.

Becky, seeing Lisa looking back at her, gave a little wave, and smiling Lisa left the screen.

Once she was through the heavy fire door and out, Lisa debated waiting in the corridor for Becky. After all, while the coast was (currently) clear, it might not stay that way for long, and she didn't really want to abandon Becky without her clothes on in a public place.

On the other hand, that was kind of the spirit of the dare. Becky would be expecting to be left with no choice but to walk the hundred meters or so down the corridor completely naked, and she'd be expecting Lisa to be waiting for her in the toilets, not standing outside in case she chickened out.

So despite her misgivings, Lisa, holding tightly on to Becky's clothes, made her way down the corridor to the bathroom.

There were people in there when she went in, but the other girls soon finished up, washed their hands and left. When she was certain she was alone, Lisa left the cubicle she had been pretending to use, and placed Becky's clothes on the counter by the basin. She leaned against the counter, tapping her foot nervously, and waited for her friend.

She didn't expect Becky to be more than a minute or two. There hadn't been that much more of the credits to run, and even with another one of those post-credits scenes it wouldn't have been long before the lights came on all the way. Becky would have to make a move, then, before the cinema employees came in to check the screen was empty, and start cleaning up the empty drinks cups and spilled popcorn. True, her friend might dawdle a little along the corridor if she was enjoying her naked state too much to hurry, but even then, she shouldn't have too long to wait.

Lisa looked at her phone. Two minutes had passed. Then three.

At the fourth minute, Lisa began to worry. At the fifth, she was definitely sure things hadn't gone to plan.

Cautiously, Lisa opened the bathroom door and peered around, looking back up the corridor.

Lisa swore under her breath.

There was Becky, naked (except for her trainers). And there, stood talking to her, was a young man in the baseball cap and polo shirt uniform of the cinema chain employees!

The man seemed to be unhappy, and Becky had that stroppy, defiant look she sometimes got when people at school or elsewhere had tried to tell her she couldn't, or shouldn't, be doing something. Unsurprisingly, she was making no move to conceal her nipples, pubic hair or anything else from the guy, simply standing talking to him as if she was fully clothed -- but she clearly wasn't, and he clearly had some sort of problem with that.

Lisa's chest grew tight. For a fleeting moment, she wondered if she should just hide in the bathroom and let whatever was going to happen to Becky happen to her. After all, her friend was the exhibitionist, not her. If there were going to be consequences to Becky's exhibitionism, if someone was going to get banned from the cinema or even have the police involved, why should Lisa get caught up in that when she had done nothing herself?

That thought vanished as soon as it arose. Becky was her best friend, someone she loved more than anyone besides her own family, and if she was in any sort of trouble as a result of these, Lisa needed to be there to help her out.

Leaving Becky's clothes in the bathroom, she stepped out into the corridor and walked over to where her friend and the guy were stood. Becky looked relieved as she approached.

"Lisa, thank goodness. Please explain to this guy that we were not having sex in his cinema."

The man, who looked to be in his twenties, was slightly built and red-haired. His hair was slicked with hair gel and he was clutching a walkie-talkie radio. He looked up close more perplexed than annoyed, however.

"I can promise you," Lisa said, turning to him, "we were not having sex in the cinema."

"Then why is your girlfriend naked? Where are her clothes, and why doesn't she have them on?"

"Lisa has my clothes," Becky said, as if that was all the explanation that was needed. "I can go and put them on, if you like?"

"Ooohh no," the guy said officiously. "We're getting to the bottom of this first." Lisa, childishly, couldn't help but smirk at the word bottom, given that Becky's shapely rear was on full display. "You still haven't told me why you don't have any clothes on?"

"Well," Becky countered, "you didn't exactly give me chance, you just assumed I'd been having sex with someone in there."

The guy huffed. "Alright. Let's just say you weren't having sex in there, either with your girlfriend here or... um... by yourself. Why are you naked right now?"

Becky shrugged. "I dunno. It's just more comfortable for me, I guess. I just felt like taking off my clothes."

The man stared for a minute. "You- you can't just take all your clothes off in the middle of a cinema!"

Becky grinned. "Why not?" she asked cheekily. "It was dark. Nobody could see."

"But it isn't allowed!" the guy exclaimed.

"Well," Becky said indignantly, "there's nothing that says I can't."

The employee's mouth fell open. "Wha-what?"

"I saw signs saying no smoking, signs saying turn off my phone -- I didn't see a sign saying that I had to stay dressed!"

Lisa had to laugh. Becky, of course, knew absolutely that taking all her clothes off in the cinema was hugely inappropriate and certainly not something the cinema would ever allow, or have to allow. But confronted with this guy who could see that something was amiss, even though he couldn't pinpoint exactly what, she had fallen back into the cheeky sort she had been when getting told off at school, when she would often act like she knew more than the teachers. Lisa had to admire Becky's ability to be so confident, and when she had no clothes on too!

The employee decided to fall back on what he knew. "It's cinema policy not to admit anyone who is... inappropriately dressed," he stated with finality.

But Becky had a smart mouth. "I wasn't admitted inappropriately dressed," she replied. "I was fully dressed when I came in. Then, I got undressed."

"But this is a family establishment!" the guy declared. "We have kids come in here! You can't just walk around naked!"

"I was just on my way to get my clothes," Becky said with feigned exasperation. "My friend has them. It was you that stopped me and you that is keeping me standing here with nothing on. If someone gets offended by seeing me like this, it's your fault."

It almost seemed to work, Lisa thought. The guy seemed ready to concede that it was more trouble for him to keep Becky there than to let her go and put her clothes back on -- but at that moment a voice came from behind them.

"Blimey, Gavin! I thought you were having me on... I'm bloody glad you weren't!"

Coming up the corridor was another cinema employee. This one was a chubby, bearded guy, with tattoos on both his exposed forearms. He looked older than the first guy (who was, presumably, Gavin) and the badge pinned to his polo shirt proclaimed him to be the Duty Manager. Apparently, unknown to Lisa, the first thing Gavin had done when he discovered a naked woman in the corridor was to radio his supervisor, who was now greeting the scene with the widest grin Lisa had ever seen.

"Oh, this is brilliant mate, brilliant!"

This was, apparently, not the reaction that the dutiful Gavin had imagined. He began to explain to his supervisor (who was, Lisa learned, named Cam) that Becky was "violating the admission dress policy" or somesuch -- but Cam cut him short.

"What're you, gay?" he snapped in disbelief. Then he paused for a moment, turning to Becky, with a momentarily worried expression. "'Scuse me love, how old are you?"

"Eighteen," Becky replied. Cam nodded and turned back to Gareth.

"What're you, gay?" he said again. "Here we have a beautiful -- adult -- woman who has chosen to grace us with her company while not, as it were, having any clothes on her, and you are going to stand there and tell her she should be covering herself up because it's against cinema policy?!"

"No Cam, I- I mean... there might be kids about..."

Cam nodded. "That's true." He looked about them. "Nope, no kids. Nobody around, although I'm sure these hypothetical children you are talking about will be grateful to you for sparing their blushes.

"Bloody hell mate," he continued, "knock off the 'think of the children' thing. When I was a wee lad, if I'd seen a naked lady walking around at the local pictures I'd have thought it was Christmas.

"But," he concluded, "I do appreciate you telling me this is happening. That was definitely the right call."

He was, Lisa noticed, blatantly eyeing Becky's form appreciatively -- but he didn't seem sleazy or threatening. Rather, it was just as if he couldn't believe his luck, and was determined to make the most of a pretty naked girl showing up in his workplace.

An element of some professionalism entered his manner. "Now, can someone -- other than Gavin -- please explain to me what this is all about?"

Given Becky's prior performance, Lisa decided it was better if she said something before her friend did.

"We were just in there," Lisa said, indicating the door to the screen. "Becky... well, she decided to take off her clothes to watch the film. She's, um, just more comfortable that way, I think."

Cam nodded, still not taking his eyes off Becky's body. "Free spirit, is she? Something like that?"

Lisa gave a relieved nod. "Yes, something like that. And it was dark and we were on the back row so it's not like anyone could see... she doesn't mean any harm."

"So, what, she just got naked? That's it? You two weren't...?"

"No!" Becky replied hotly.

Cam held up his hands. "Alright," he soothed. "So she watched the movie in the buff, alright. But why is she still naked?"

Lisa blushed. "I've... got her clothes. They're in the loo."

"Why do you have her clothes?"

Lisa blushed more. Even Becky started to look a little red.

"It was sort of... a dare," Becky admitted.

Cam grinned wider. "Oh, right. So you went off with her clothes and then she had to come and get them? Was that how it went?"

"Basically, yeah."

Cam laughed, talking now to Becky. "Only Einstein here caught you in the act and you never made it to your clothes?"

Becky nodded.

"Well," Cam said, "fair enough. I've heard worse stories.

"But," he continued, "although he may have spectacularly failed to appreciate your charms, my colleague here does have a point. We really can't have anyone just walking around here naked, even beautiful women. We'd have to be a much more specialized establishment if we wanted to have that..."

"Okay," Lisa said. "She'll put her clothes back on." Amazingly, Becky didn't actually look disappointed at this suggestion -- it seemed she'd probably had enough nakedness for one day, Lisa thought.

But Cam stopped them. "Hang on a minute," he said. "I really am supposed to report incidents of misbehaviour, persistent bad behavior by customers can lead to a ban. Although," he reached into his pocket, "I might be quite happy to forget any of this ever happened if I can get something in return." From his pocket he produced his mobile phone.

"Nothing dodgy, don't worry," he explained. "Just a few pictures, if you're willing?"

Lisa held her breath. She was more than okay with Becky running round naked and being an exhibitionist -- she very much loved it in fact, and although it didn't do her nerves much good she was happy to encourage it.

But for someone to have photographs of Becky naked in a public place? That didn't sound like a safe idea to her. That seemed like the sort of thing that could be used to blackmail her friend later, or even just leaked onto the internet in a massively embarrassing way.

Becky, though, seemed not to have the same misgivings. She was, she said, happy for Cam to take some pictures of her, as long as she was allowed to decide how many and what pose she took. Lisa guessed she was perhaps thinking that if this was left up to Cam he would suggest something very explicit and that while being photographed naked was one thing, she didn't want today to be the first step in a pornography career.

In the end, Cam was more than agreeable and was satisfied with a few pictures of Becky, front and back, pulling some largely innocent if coquettish poses -- and one taken by Gavin of Cam himself stood with his big arm around Becky's bare shoulder, proving he himself had been witness to the young woman's public nudity.

That done, and perhaps starting to get a little concerned that someone else may come along, see Becky and spoil his fun by insisting something else be done, Cam and Gavin finally allowed Becky to go into the ladies' toilet, from which she emerged a few moments later fully-dressed. Cam seemed a little disappointed but he obviously thought Becky was still nice to look at even with her clothes on, something Lisa had to concur on. She hoped the bearded guy wouldn't try to hit on Becky but as it was (perhaps he already had a girlfriend?) he was a perfect gentleman and he and his subordinate walked the two girls outside. With thanks for making his day, Cam bid them goodbye, although as she and Becky walked away, Lisa heard Gavin say to him, "you will send me those pics, right?"

"Sure I will, mate," Cam replied, in a tone that suggested he was absolutely not going to do that.

**Chapter 20 – Birthday Party**

"MYSTERY NAKED WOMAN CAUSES STIR AT CINEMA."

It wasn't in the local paper, but it made a few websites. Mostly light-hearted news pages, including ones with names like 'StudentBloke'.

In absence of real details, the authors of the stories had opted to stretch what little they had with excited language about how the "unknown nudist" had "paraded around" stark naked at a screening of the latest blockbuster, even posing for pictures with an employee, before "vanishing". The stories were of course accompanied by a choice selection of the pictures Becky had posed for – but perhaps recognizing that even a naked person needs their privacy, the published versions of the pictures had blurred the faces of both Becky and Cam. Some sites also censored Becky's nakedness, but most didn't.

Amongst locals who saw the pictures, there was a minor frenzy to try and identify the gorgeous young woman who thought nothing of taking a trip to the cinema without her clothes on, but fortunately, nobody who saw them managed to identify Becky – they didn't know her, after all.

Lisa and Becky never knew about this, of course. They didn't happen to follow or read any of the news sites where these pictures ended up. They remained completely oblivious to the whole thing.

But sitting once again at the counter of his uncle's shop, Hamed read the clickbait-style article with interest. It wasn't as though he recognized the girl, exactly. But how many gorgeous brunettes in this town were in the habit of going out in public with no clothes on? It had to be her – and a quick review of the security footage he had secretly uploaded onto his own laptop a month or so ago confirmed his suspicions.

Smiling to himself, Hamed began to type an email.

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The summer was ending, and for both girls, university was just around the corner, with all the new possibilities and adventures that promised. In common with many of her peers, Lisa was in the days up to leaving becoming more introspective than ever, given to much thoughtful soul-searching, and unsurprisingly her thoughts often turned to her best friend, and the weird journey they had been on over the past couple of months.

Nobody else knew about Becky the nudist and exhibitionist. Lisa was the only one of their friends she had revealed this side of herself to, and that was something that made Lisa feel special, even disregarding her feelings of attraction towards Becky. In fact, Lisa wondered, it might even be one of the reasons why she had those feelings now where she hadn't before this summer.

But Lisa couldn't help but think about why Becky had chosen her, out of all their friends, to be her confidant and companion in her naked adventures? Of course, they were best friends, with a bond and an honesty between themselves that might make Lisa the obvious person for Becky to confide in.

But more than that, Lisa began to realize that Becky saw in her someone who would love her despite the weirdness of her particular passion, someone who wouldn't judge her or criticize and wouldn't run and tell and spoil her fun. The girls were after all still teenagers, even despite their impending steps into the adult world, and like all teenagers they felt a certain pressure to conform and to behave in a way that didn't invite the judgment of their peers. Becky was confident about herself and her body around strangers but she still had these same pressures, Lisa felt certain. Perhaps, she wondered, she was the only person Becky trusted enough to share her naked side with because Lisa was the only person that Becky felt confident wouldn't brand her a weirdo or a pervert for it.

It made her happy to think she had her friend's confidence in that way, and she resolved to show she was worthy of it.

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The journey to university was only a week away. The exams they had sat a few months before were ancient history and they had both won the grades they wanted (Lisa's were much higher, but Becky had been no slouch in her studies either). Like many young people their age, they wouldn't be going to go to the same university as each other, or any of their other friends, but they had made firm promises to stay in touch, visit each other often in their new towns, and see each other as much as possible when they were home.

As well as being the run-up to starting university, that week was also the week of Becky's nineteenth birthday. An occasion like that could not go uncelebrated, so the girls had been offered the use of Becky's house by her mother for a night, unsupervised, so they could host a small gathering of their friends for a birthday-cum-going away event.

It wasn't a party. That instruction from Becky's mother had been quite clear. There would certainly be drinking, and music, and probably more drinking, but they weren't calling it a party and it was firmly explained to them that there would be no wild gatherings of the sort they might have gone to at other people's houses over the summer. So they'd invited fewer than ten people, just their closest friends and their boyfriends and girlfriends. It might get a bit loud and some people would probably drink gar too much, but it wasn't going to be one of those crazy house parties where everyone in school turns up and trashes the neighbourhood.

The day of the party came, and Lisa spent the afternoon with Becky and her mum at her house, helping to get everything sorted and set up, with balloons and streamers, assorted snacks, and a good supply of alcohol. Becky's mum then left to spend the night at her sister's, and the two girls had the final ingredient they needed – a house devoid of parents.

They waited, excitedly, for their guests to arrive – although, Lisa noticed, Becky seemed less excited than she did nervous, even agitated. She sat on the sofa bouncing her leg up and down and fidgeting with her hair. Lisa began to feel that something was wrong, and she was about to ask Becky what the matter was, when suddenly, as the time Becky had told their friends to begin arriving was almost upon them, her friend jumped up and headed for the upstairs.

"I've got to go get ready," she declared, her face flushed.

Lisa was taken by surprise. "Everyone will be here in a minute!" she objected. "You look fine! What have you got left to do?"

But Becky ignored her question. "Just look after everyone, I'll be down soon!" And with that she sped upstairs.

Lisa stared up after her, baffled. That was very unexpected behavior by her friend, who was so outgoing normally. To just dash off when guests, her guests, were due to arrive at any moment, was very out of character. She began to feel a growing sense of unease. Was Becky okay? Was something about to happen? Was she, even, unbeknown to Lisa, up to something secret?

Lisa was about to start upstairs in pursuit of Becky when the doorbell rang. She turned and went to answer it. Well, it was kind of as much her party as Becky's, she had aided in all the organizing and, given that the two were best friends, it wouldn't be surprising for Lisa to welcome in their friends. It should have been Becky greeting them, of course, but, well, she had asked Lisa to do it, after all

Most of the people they had invited arrived together and Lisa let them all in, showed them where the drinks were (they'd brought more of their own to add to the supply), and generally making them feel at home.

"Where's Becks?" one of their friends asked, quite reasonably.

"Upstairs," Lisa said, unimpressed. "No idea what she's doing. She just said she'd be down in a-"

Lisa broke off as she registered the open-mouthed expression of the boy she was talking to, and turned around to face the stairs.

It was one of those moments, Lisa thought later, where, if this had been one of those big American house parties with a DJ, there would have been a record scratch – followed by a stunned silence. Maybe someone would have dropped a drink (fortunately they didn't, or she would probably have ended up cleaning it up).

Becky had descended the staircase. She was completely naked.

Lisa stared. Merely seeing her friend's nude body was not a surprise to here – but that had always been just was when it was she and Becky alone (or with some strangers). But right now, the room was full of their friends, most of whom had known Becky for several years, if not longer. They would all have had a concept of who she was and it was only Lisa who knew that Becky was a nudist, and an exhibitionist. But now, without any warning or fanfare, Becky had chosen to make an entrance to her own birthday party wearing absolutely nothing. Even for Becky, this was shocking.

Unlike previous occasions, when Becky had been confident, blasé even about her nudity, she seemed to Lisa to this time actually be embarrassed. She was blushing pink, and seemed to be actively fighting the urge to run back up the stairs and not continue to stand there awkwardly and exposed.

From their assembled friends, there was a stunned silence. A few of the girls gave nervous giggles, while others wore furious expressions (which, Lisa noticed, were directed more at their boyfriends than at Becky, at least, at the boys who were openly staring at Becky rather than gazing in an embarrassed fashion at anything else in the room that wasn't currently a naked woman).

Becky looked over her friends and gave a weak smile and a little, sheepish wave.

"Um," she said in a strained voice, "hi everyone."

There was no reply.

"Um," she continued. "You're probably wondering why I'm not wearing any clothes? Well," she said after a pause, "it's my birthday, and so I thought the best outfit to wear would be my... birthday suit!"

She giggled nervously. There were a few confused laughs from some of their friends but most just remained baffled. Lisa sensed there was a further explanation coming.

"Look," Becky indeed continued after a momentary pause, "the truth is, this is me. This is who I am.

"I am a nudist. I've never told you all before but I don't want it to be a secret any more. The real me, the person I truly am, is this person standing in front of you today." She began to grow more confident now, her voice passionate. "I prefer not to wear clothes. In fact I don't like to wear clothes; being naked is how I'm most comfortable and how I am happiest. I believe the human body is natural and wonderful and the naked body is a beautiful thing-"

"Yours certainly is!" called out one of the guys. Becky went redder.

"A beautiful, positive thing," she continued. Lisa wondered if her little speech had been rehearsed. It didn't sound it, she seemed to be speaking from the heart – but at the same time she obviously had things she wanted to say.

"This is probably going to be the last time I see some of you for a good while and I wanted you to know the real me before we all go off to uni or wherever we end up. I know," and she cast her eyes down for a moment, looking at her own bare breasts, the ovals of her nipples dark peach against her otherwise pale skin, down the soft convex of her belly to the dark triangle of her pubic hair, "I know this must be shocking for you to see but please know that's not how I want you to feel.

"I just wanted to enjoy this time with you all as my true self, in the best way I could. And if nothing else, I guess at least we will all remember this!

"Anyway, what I am saying is if anyone would rather I put my clothes back on, please say and I will, but otherwise I will be staying this way tonight and enjoying myself with the rest of you. If you'll let me."

Becky stood, waiting nervously. Lisa was astounded. She'd had no inkling that Becky had planned to do anything like this and she was certain none of their other friends had been expecting Becky's nakedness either. She wondered what would happen next – surely someone would say they would prefer Becky to cover up? Not one of the boys, obviously, most were looking at Becky like they couldn't believe their luck. But there were more girls than boys in their friendship group and surely at least one of them would object – maybe one of the ones whose boyfriends couldn't take their eyes off her friend.

In the end though – amazingly – nobody voiced any sort of suggestion that attending the party naked was not an appropriate thing for Becky to do. Not the boys, and not the girls. Lisa couldn't believe that Becky's speech, passionate though it was, had convinced anyone, but yet, here they all were.

It was certainly still awkward, as Becky came fully downstairs and joined the group in the living room. Even seeing her naked body in motion, rather than just stood, seemed to be a test of the ability of their friends to pretend all this was normal. You just didn't go along to a friend's birthday party and expect them to just be walking around in the nude!

But as the minutes passed, the ice seemed to thaw. And although Becky having no clothes on was for the time being the only thing anyone wanted to talk about, she handled every question, comment and joke with grace, patience and humour, and her embarrassment and nervousness gradually lifted, to be replaced by the confident Becky Lisa knew.

A few extra friends arrived and were equally shocked to walk through the door and see that the hostess of the party was stark naked, but they were given the same brief speech as the others and seemed, too, to have no objection to Becky continuing in her naked state.

To Lisa, it was surreal. All the times she had been with a naked Becky, even when she was most brazenly nude in front of other, clothed, people, she had never imagined anything like this. She would cast her gaze around the party, which was now gradually beginning to resemble any other teenage party, with music playing and people sitting and standing, chatting and above all drinking, and then, suddenly, there would be her friend's breasts, her bare bottom, her bare back, her pubes. Lisa's mind again returned to that Impressionist painting of the two clothed guys on the picnic with the naked lady. Becky's nudity in amongst the clothed partygoers seemed so shocking and out of place, and yet everyone involved seemed to have decided to treat it as though it was a perfectly reasonable thing for her to have done.

Of course, there was still a great deal of conversation about it, and as Becky and their friends talked, Lisa found herself implicated in Becky's 'coming out' as a nudist. For how could her friend give any account without explaining that Lisa had already known, and was accepting and supportive of Becky's strange lifestyle?

That it was true didn't mean Lisa wanted people talking about it. Oh, she was not ashamed of her association with Becky or the way she'd been involved in Becky's naked adventures over the summer. Quite the contrary, she had come to love the privilege of seeing her friend nude in unusual ways and situations – she was falling for her because of it, in fact.

But she didn't like the way it was being presented to their other friends, it sounded frankly weird to hear it spoken about by others, to acknowledge that she hung out with a naked girl, even went camping with her and never had an issue with her nudity.

At least the tales of Becky's exhibitionism were apparently staying secret, she noted. There was no mention of the flashing during her exams, the walk off the bus, her exposing herself to the train passengers, the late-night shop, the nude hiking, her campsite adventures, the cinema or anything else. Becky's account of her nudist history to her other friends was wholesome and innocent, a story of a private preference for being without clothes when away from the eyes of others, a preference she was sharing with her friends now out of love and trust, rather than because she liked being seen naked.

Lisa wondered what the truth was. Was Becky really doing this because she wanted to part from her friends with her biggest secret known to the world? Was it rather simply that she wanted to mark the occasion, as she said, as her true self, in the state she was happiest? Or was it really that she was just taking the opportunity to show her body to another bunch of people for her own thrill.

Privately, Lisa fumed.

"Did you know she was going to do this?" a friend asked her more than once.

"No," she would reply through gritted teeth, "this is as much a surprise to me as it was to you."

Later, she would realise it was simple jealousy. Rather than her usual supportive self, carrying that undertone of excitement she felt whenever Becky got naked, she was angry. Why had Becky done this, and why had she done it without telling Lisa, her best friend and trusted confident, exactly what she was going to do?

Why did Becky have to tell anyone? That was the subtext of Lisa's angst. Why could it not just carry on being their secret, private knowledge shared only between the two of them? When Lisa was the only person who knew Becky was a nudist, she felt special. Now, all their closest friends shared in that same knowledge, and Becky had told them without ever confiding in Lisa that this was her plan. Where once she felt special, now she felt slighted and marginalized.

She began to realise that she had wanted it to stay just their secret forever.

**Chapter 21 – Lisa Gets Hurt**

Where once Lisa had felt special because of the knowledge she and Becky had shared in secret, now that knowledge was out in the open and Lisa felt slighted because of it.

Petty jealousy never made for pleasant interactions, and so as Becky mingled and chatted nude with her clothed friends at the party, Lisa sat on the sidelines and glowered.

It wasn't exactly subtle, and it didn't go unnoticed. Things came to a head when the two found themselves alone together in the kitchen, and Lisa responded with sullen sarcasm to some innocent remark of Becky's.

Her friend turned, eyes flashing.

"What is the matter with you?" she snapped. "You've had a face like a slapped arse all night."

"As if you don't know," Lisa replied hotly.

"What?!"

Lisa paused. She almost resisted opening her mouth – but she was a few drinks in, and somehow it just came out.

"This!" she said, gesturing to Becky, her hand encompassing the naked parts. "This is what's the matter! What is this all about? What are you doing?"

"What do you mean?" she replied. "You know what this is about. You've always known, and I just explained everything out there."

"Do I, Becks? Do I really? Sometimes I wonder..."

"I wanted everyone to know the truth about me-"

"You would have just needed to tell them then! Not swan downstairs stark naked!"

"I- I wanted it to be memorable..." she explained weakly.

"Memorable?" Lisa countered. "Memorable?! Memorable is getting drunk together and singing along to cheesy 80s rock and someone throwing up in the garden! Not the birthday girl showing up to the party naked!"

"I thought you'd understand?" Becky cried back. "I always thought you understood! This is the real me..."

Lisa paused, stung, but she was too worked up to stop now. It's in these sort of arguments that the most hurtful things have a tendency to come out, and right now Lisa's desire to hit out at her friend was calling the shots.

"The real you?" she said with venom. "Why don't you tell them then about the exhibitionism? Why don't you tell them how you were so turned on showing yourself to that train full of people that you couldn't stop from playing with yourself then and there! That's the real you, Becky! This is just more of that!"

As soon as she said it, she regretted it.

Becky's face fell. Her bottom lip wobbled and her eyes filled with tears.

"You... you..." she said.

Lisa stared for a moment. The fire had gone out in her now.

"I... maybe shouldn't have said that. It's just... sometimes... well, it's a bit embarrassing..."

Becky looked hurt. "I embarrass you?"

"Look... no. No, you don't. It's just... I don't know. This. All this. It can be a bit too much."

"Well, should I go and put some clothes on? If you're not comfortable?"

"No, it's just... it's not that."

"Then what is it? What am I supposed to do?"

"I don't know."

"What do you want me to do?"

Lisa knew the answer to that question – but she wasn't brave enough to speak it out loud. "I don't know!" she lied.

She wanted to tell Becky. She wanted to tell her how her desire for her friend had only grown stronger the more she had become involved in Becky's naked adventures. She wanted to tell her how she found her body so beautiful, so lovely, how she wanted to take her in her arms, hold her, kiss her, all over. How she had always thought she was straight but now all her fantasies were of one girl, how she would imagine the two of them making love and that this was all she wanted in the world.

She wanted to tell her friend that she was afraid she might actually be in love with her. But the fear Becky might reject her, that it might destroy what they already had, was too strong, and she couldn't form the words.

Even though now it meant she was hurting her best friend's feelings.

Becky looked sadden. "Well, I'm sorry," she said, her voice subdued. "Whatever it is, I'm sorry for it." And with that she left the room.

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Lisa pouted, sullen and a little too drunk.

Becky had covered up briefly when she'd rejoined the party, wrapping a colourful blanket over her nakedness. It was probably, Lisa felt, in deference to their argument but to see Becky do that was if anything more awkward for Lisa, as it showed her comments had gotten to her friend and were eroding the extreme confidence she had earlier displayed.

Lisa was almost relieved when, a few drinks later, Becky managed to lose the blanket and was again nude among the clothed guests.

They didn't talk to each other much, after their row in the kitchen. Becky quickly gravitated toward another friend, a guy named Ben, and his girlfriend Amanda. The three of them had spent much of the rest of the party lounging on the sofa in the back room, chatting away conspiratorially. Lisa was left to herself, and although she put on the best face and attempted to be social with her other friends, her mind was always on Becky.

It was growing late now. The party was winding down, some friends had already headed home. She hadn't even seen Becky in a while. Lisa was considering simply leaving but she felt she couldn't do so without at least saying something else, probably apologetic, to her nudist friend.

She needed to find Becky first though. The house she shared with her mother wasn't large but it didn't seem like Becky was anywhere downstairs, or in the back yard. Party guests were forbidden from going up into the bedrooms but Lisa supposed that didn't really apply to Becky, so she decided to hunt her out and see if she was upstairs before she left.

It was dark upstairs, and Becky's own bedroom was empty. So too was her mother's – but suddenly Lisa saw a chink of light coming from the guest bedroom at the far end of the corridor. Assuming Becky must be in there, she went to push it open.

Then she stopped.

Through the slightly open door, she had a good view into the room. She couldn't help but grin. The light in the room was low, but she could see her friend Ben, naked, his bum very nicely toned. He was fucking Amanda, his girlfriend. She was naked too, bent over the bed – Ben was fucking her from behind, his thrusts strong and confident. Lisa couldn't help but feel a tension between her legs, a little electric shiver as she recalled her night in the tent with Ross. She'd like a guy to do that to her, she thought – in fact, she'd have no complaints if it were Ben, although she'd never wish to come between him and Amanda, they were great together.

She was about to turn and go, when her eyes, growing accustomed to the dim lighting, registered something surprising. The two lovers weren't alone in the bedroom. There was someone else with them. A woman, on the bed.

Lisa's blood chilled. It was Becky.

Becky was lying on the bed, propped up by a stack of pillows. She was still naked, and her legs were wide apart, because Amanda's head was in between them.

Amanda was going down on Becky while Ben was fucking his girlfriend. Becky was laughing but her head was tilted back and her eyes were closed, there was an expression of happiness and pleasure on her face.

Lisa felt sick, and her head span. As quietly as she could, she turned and fled from the doorway. Nobody had seen her. She rushed to the bathroom, the booze she had drunk suddenly turning on her, and threw up into the toilet. She was shaking.

She couldn't believe what she'd seen.

She'd never considered the possibility that Becky might have any sexual interest in other women. Nothing Becky had said had ever even hinted at it. That had been one of the things that had made her resolve to try to keep her own attraction to her friend a secret, because she'd been sure that Becky only liked guys.

But now, there she was, enjoying lovemaking with another woman. True, it was a threesome, there was a guy involved as well, but it showed Becky to at the very least be a little more inclined to experimentation than Lisa had ever realized she was.

Her head whirling with unanswered questions and missed opportunities, Lisa ran downstairs and, without anybody noticing, left the party.

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Her dreams that night were of Amanda's tongue eagerly lapping at Becky's labia, her nose tickled by the soft cushion of Becky's pubic hair. She dreamed of Becky, aroused, nipples standing proud on her beautiful bare breasts. Dream-Becky caressed herself, threw back her head, laughed happily. She was close to climax, the other girl's tongue and lips doing their work, bringing her to the edge of orgasm. Then the dream dissolved and Lisa awoke, desperately horny, her head pounding and her mouth dry.

Sleepily, she masturbated – slowly at first, but with increasing vigor and growing frustration. Her climax came at last but it was unsatisfactory and she sank back into her pillows with uneasy and anxious thoughts.

What had happened yesterday? Firstly, Becky had come to the party naked, without giving Lisa any prior indication that she had planned to do anything so outrageous. Having been for so long the only person in whom Becky had confided her secret naked life, Lisa could not help but to feel slighted at having been left out of the planning of this demonstration, especially when Becky took the opportunity to share with all her assembled friends something that had once been shared only with Lisa alone.

The two had fought, with much left unsaid not just by Lisa but, Lisa felt, Becky too had been holding something back. And, in the aftermath, while things were strained between them, Lisa had stumbled upon something else she had not been meant to know – Becky in bed with another woman, and that woman's boyfriend, making love.

When she'd been younger, Lisa had developed a crush on a boy at school – like many young kids with a crush, she hadn't been brave enough to voice her feelings. One day, she'd seen him holding hands at lunch with another girl, and it had been heartbreaking. If I'd done something differently, she'd thought, that could have been me instead of her.

She was feeling something similar now. She didn't know the story of how Becky had come to be in bed with two other people – although she rather expected it had something to do with Becky showing up to the party naked, and of course, alcohol. But now she knew that Becky had been at least open to experimenting with another woman – it was just that the woman she'd experimented with hadn't been her. Had she behaved differently towards her friend, or made her feelings known, maybe the night would have ended with Becky and Lisa, instead of Becky, Amanda and Ben?

She'd never know now, but it was a thought which wouldn't go away.

**Chapter 22 – Growing Up**

This time, it did make the papers, locally at least.

"MYSTERY NUDIST SEEN AROUND TOWN"

After the photographs of Becky nude at the cinema had been a minor viral sensation a couple of weeks before, the same light-hearted news website reported that the unknown naked woman had been seen again in the same area, this time caught on CCTV undressing and parading around a corner shop in the nude. They had that CCTV footage, supplied to them by a clerk at the shop, who had been working when the girl came in and stripped.

A random naked girl in one location was one thing, but two events made for a serial streaker in the town, and this was much more exciting news. Some town journalist, eager for content to pad out the local newspaper's print and online editions, picked it up from social media and began to put it together.

The local news article wasn't exactly front page news but it caused a minor stir online. The piece described how a mystery young brunette had been seen in two locations around the town over the past couple of months, walking completely naked in a public place, seemingly without a care. It included an account from Hamed, the shop worker who had witnessed the girl's striptease in his store.

"I didn't mind at all," the young man said. "She was very pretty and looked to be having a good time. There was no sign she was drunk or in trouble. She just wanted to take off her clothes."

A spokesperson for the cinema chain stated that patrons were expected to dress appropriately and anyone who did not do so would be asked to leave. They could not explain why that had not happened in the case of the mystery naked girl, saying only that this was an employee matter and they were currently investigating.

The reporter even made enquiries with the local police, who replied only that they were aware of the incidents, that no complaint had been made to the police about them either at the time the occurred or since, and they were not currently undertaking any investigation into the activities of the 'nudist'.

In the aftermath, after the story was published, further details emerged. In amongst the many amused (and lewd) comments on the local newspaper's Facebook page about the story were a number of people speculating about the girl's identity – and one poster, who wondered if they might have seen the same young woman, as they had been riding on a train to London in late July and had observed two girls sitting on a bank by the railway track – one of whom had been a pretty brunette with no clothes on...

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It was inevitable, then, that they would be found out.

Word of Becky's behavior at the party had gotten out. There had even been mobile phone photos from the night shared in which it was pretty clear that Becky had not been wearing clothes during the evening.

When the story of the town's mystery nudist broke, it didn't take long for Becky and Lisa's friends to put two and two together. Becky O'Neill had attended her birthday party completely nude, and now there were stories of a girl appearing naked in public around town? It was too much in common to just be a coincidence – how many young, buxom brunettes with a penchant for unashamed nudity – and a blonde friend – were there in the town? Plus, those who had been to the party could attest to a definite physical similarity between the girl in the cinema photos and what they had seen of Becky. When they looked at the uploads from the CCTV footage, it became almost certain, the girl in that was unmistakably Becky.

Gossip spread wildly. Soon, everybody knew that Becky was not just a nudist who had shown up at her birthday party in the buff, but that she was someone who just loved to parade around nude in full public view to boot. Not just her friends, but their younger siblings still at school, their parents, Becky's former teachers – anyone who knew her got to hear at least something of the titillating details.

And it wasn't just Becky, either. Because Lisa was the number one candidate for the other (clothed) girl who had been seen in the company of the naked Becky on these occasions, there were suddenly a lot of people contacting Lisa with a lot of questions they thought she might be able to answer.

It was not, she thought, what she needed during her first week at university. While physically she was removed from it all because she was no longer in the same town, she couldn't escape the messages on Facebook, the texts and calls. Everyone had heard the story, sometimes with lurid exaggerations, and as the only person they knew who had actually been there, they wanted Lisa to tell them if it was true.

It didn't help that Becky had pretty much gone to ground. As soon as she'd realized what was happening, she'd deleted all her profiles from social media, and wasn't answering the telephone or responding to texts.

It was shaping up to be a minor disaster, and not for the first time, Lisa wondered if getting involved with Becky's naked escapades over the previous summer had maybe not been the most sensible thing she could have done.

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Two months had passed.

As quickly as it had grown up, the initial fuss around the appearance of a naked Becky in the local news media had died down. There were no new developments, her name had never been published and, of course, there had been no more sightings of naked girl walking around in public places in the town.

That, Lisa knew, was because Becky wasn't living there anymore, but the strangers who only knew of Becky from the news stories thankfully had no idea of her whereabouts and her identity.

Annoyed by the initial flurry of calls and messages from friends unable to reach Becky or simply hungry for gossip about her friend's unusual and titillating behaviour, Lisa decided to follow what seemed to her the healthiest course of action, and threw herself into socializing and studying in the new environment of university, with barely a thought toward things that had happened back home. Now, at times it seemed as though her life before this belonged to some dim and distant past, not just several weeks before.

She had to laugh. She and all the other freshers were strutting around campus like they were experts, proper grown-ups – a far cry from the shy, awestruck and confused mob who had arrived during freshers week.

She'd had some chance, after the first flurry of activity, for some introspection.

Her relationship with Becky had ended in a fractured state and since then, with the sudden reveal to all who knew her that she'd been at least somewhat of an exhibitionist during the previous summer, with Becky going to ground, there had been no real chance to repair it. She was coming now to realise that their friendship that past summer had taken on an intensity, an almost possessive strangeness , born largely from the closeness Becky's proclivity for nudity had caused. But Lisa, looking at it now with more detached, had come to the conclusion that there had been an unhealthy side to it all.

She hadn't wanted to share Becky with anyone. She'd wanted her all for herself, and the shared secret of Becky's nudism and exhibitionism had been the means by which she'd managed this. So, when Becky had 'come out' as a nudist – in such a spectacular public way – to their other friends, sharing with them something that had previously made Lisa feel privileged and special, it had wounded her. The icing on the angst cake for Lisa had been that after that she had been immediately reminded that her friend, who had been single for the whole of that more intensified phase of their relationship, did have a sex life of her own that was completely removed from Lisa and may involve other people Lisa knew, but was not going to involve Lisa herself.

It had been harder to take than she had imagined. She hadn't really understood the depth and strength of her attraction to Becky until it had been challenged in that way.

But part of the growing up process she had been through since coming to university had been to come to accept that no matter how strong her attraction to Becky was, she couldn't make her friend feel the same way, and it wasn't right to take such a possessive approach to her friend and her friend's behaviour.

So when Becky had made the news, Lisa had used it as an opportunity to distance herself from her friend's actions. She'd been honest when friends and (especially) her family had asked about it, but had also downplayed it. It was something Becky did from time to time, that was all – something she, Lisa, did not fully understand but had accepted as harmless and tried to be supportive over, but there wasn't anything like the exciting undercurrent to it people might have thought.

Now, after almost two months, she felt finally that she had established herself as her own person, independent of Becky and her strange ways.

So that was, of course, exactly when Becky managed to come back into her life.

**Chapter 23 – Reconnecting**

It was a Skype call, in the end, that brought the two back together.

Lisa was working late on an assignment. She often stayed logged into Skype when she was on her laptop, but she was still surprised when the call came through from Becky.

She considered ignoring it. It wasn't that she didn't want to talk to Becky. But the two, who had previously barely gone a few hours without a text, call or message of some kind, hadn't spoken since Lisa left for university. Any conversation with her friend now was going to be a little more difficult as a result, and she genuinely was busy with other things.

On the other hand, Becky was still her friend. When news of Becky's naked adventures around town had broken, Lisa had tried to reach out to Becky and support her. She had been rebuffed then but still wanted to be there for her friend when she needed her – and a late-night Skype call may be just that.

Before Becky could give up and hang up, Lisa clicked to answer, and her friend appeared on-screen. Becky looked tired but otherwise unchanged. She was in what was almost certainly her bedroom at university, but – unusually for Becky – appeared to be fully clothed. Perhaps she was cold, Lisa thought to herself - it was almost November.

Becky still had her brunette curls, her full lips and wide eyes. Lisa's heart skipped as she found herself recalling her friend's unique beauty for the first time in a while.

"Hi!" she squealed to Lisa. "Oh my God, hi!" She was still as excitable as ever. "How are you doing?"

"I'm... I'm good, yeah," Lisa said, still surprised by Becky's call. "How're you?"

"I'm... okay, " Becky replied. "I'm good."

The next few minutes was filled with slightly awkward small talk, until Becky finally broke the ice.

"So, you saw I got in the paper..."

Lisa nodded. "Yeah. A little more than that. I had a whole bunch of people messaging me and calling me asking what it was all about and what was going on with you because nobody could reach you."

"Yeah. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry. I didn't mean for you to get caught up in all that. I just... I didn't want to talk to anyone about it, not like that. I thought if I just disappeared for a while it would all go away.

"Plus I was getting this reported from the paper messaging me on Facebook all the time, wanting to interview me and publish my name, because someone had told them it was me, so in the end I just deleted all that stuff."

"Oh, wow, I didn't know that Beck, that's awful."

"Yeah. And I had to explain it all to mum..."

"Oh, yikes. How'd that go?"

"She... she wasn't very pleased. I'd wanted to tell her I'm a nudist and such, but not that way and I didn't want her to know about... the, uh, other stuff."

"What did she say?"

"Well, I think really she was embarrassed. I mean, even though the paper didn't name me, a lot of people were going around saying it was me, and it got back to her and then she realized that a lot of people she knew also knew about it and now suddenly she's the mother whose daughter was running around in public with no clothes on.

"Mum's always had a... a certain amount of pride about bringing me up right, being on her own and that, and I guess she was disappointed I was out there doing something like that. Y'know, exposing myself."

"That's daft though, Becks," Lisa interjected. "It might be a bit weird what you... like doing but it's not bad and doesn't make you a bad person."

"Yeah, I know, but I guess I never saw it from someone else's point of view before. Plus, mum was just worried... she asked me if those were the only times and I sorta hesitated and she knew there were others and she just couldn't believe I was doing something that seemed so risky. I mean, young girl running around in public with no clothes on..."

"You had me though!"

"Yeah, but I didn't wanna mention you, I mean I didn't want mum thinking you'd encouraged me or thinking bad of you because of it..."

Lisa was surprised. Considerate behavior like that was something that recently she had come to feel she could no longer expect from Becky – it was touching that even when she was in trouble with her mother, she'd still tried to protect Lisa from additional fallout.

"Well," she responded good-naturedly, "I kind of was encouraging you. Or at least, enabling you. I think that's a better word. You didn't exactly need encouragement, but I was good at giving you excuses."

Becky smiled. "Yeah, I know. And it meant so much to me that you did that. If I ever made you feel awkward or embarrassed you I'm really sorry."

"You didn't, though!"

"Really? But, well... you were off with me since the party. I know I was acting pretty crazy then, getting naked in front of everyone and I probably shouldn't have done it... if that upset you, I'm sorry."

"Becky, it wasn't that... it was..."

"What?"

Lisa blushed. "I... sorta saw you with Ben and Amanda. In bed. Together."

Becky's jaw dropped. "Oh, my God," she gasped. "Oh, my God, I am so sorry hun."

"No! Don't be sorry! It's just I... I was a little bit shocked is all. I didn't know you were... you know, into Amanda. Or Ben. But, um, mostly Amanda."

"Oh, shit... wow. Um. I dunno what to say now. I thought you were just mad because of, you know, the whole showing up to the party starkers thing. I had no idea. Why didn't you say something?"

"I don't know... there was nothing to say. It's none of my damn business who you sleep with, really Becks. You don't have to tell me anything and you certainly don't have to justify yourself to me. I just... I didn't know you liked girls that way, is all. It was something to find out."

"I don't though! Like girls, I mean. Well, I mean, I did. I do. I dunno! I really don't know, Lisa. I've never fancied a girl, not like that. I don't fancy Amanda. I mean, she's gorgeous but I think that about all my girl friends. I'm not gay or bi or whatever. I was just... I was just curious I guess, and I'd been drinking and I haven't been laid in a fucking long time and, well, I guess Amanda really liked the fact I was so, um, liberated about my body and she suggested that we have a threesome and I dunno, I just thought, well why not try it? And we were gonna do it another time but as the party went on and it was like, we all drank some more and I was already naked..." Becky looked embarrassed now, but went on, "and I was really, really horny."

"I thought you might have been..." Lisa said carefully, recalling her row with Becky in the kitchen.

"Shit, yeah, if I'm being honest I might as well admit it; you were kind of right about that. Being naked at the party was a fucking huge turn on for me." She sighed. "It was another fantasy I have always had and, well, I didn't know if I'd get another chance to fulfill it. I mean, I wasn't gonna see most of those people again for a long while so if it all went tits-up, at least I wasn't gonna be around to deal with the fall-out.

"You were right, though," she said with an embarrassed smile. "I dressed it up as some big statement about being myself and the real me but really it was just me getting a kick out of walking around naked in front of clothed people and getting looked at. You're right, I'm a disgusting pervert." She made a face.

"You're not!" Lisa exclaimed.

"No," Becky argued back, "I am. I totally get why you were mad about it."

"No, you don't."

"Huh?"

"No, you don't get why I was mad about it. Not if you think I was grossed out because it was a sexy time for you. It's just... you didn't tell me you were gonna do it."

"Oh. Yeah. I guess I didn't. Well, I mean, I would have, but up until the last second I didn't even know if I was gonna go through with it. I guess I just wasn't thinking. I'm so sorry though, you're right, I should have told you."

Lisa took a moment. "It's not just that," she said eventually.

"What is it?"

"Well..." Lisa began. "It's just... the whole thing with you doing stuff like that. Being naked in different places, I mean. It was like, well, it was our thing. You know? It was a thing that only I knew about you. And I... if I'm being honest, I kinda liked that. You're my best friend Becks, you are, and I think it brought us closer that you shared that with just me.

"So when you decided to tell everyone else you knew, and in such a, um, dramatic way, well, that kinda burned me. I'm sorry, it shouldn't have, but it did and I guess I didn't handle that very well."

Becky's eyes widened. "Wow," she said, "I totally didn't realise. I've been an idiot. It meant so much to me that you accepted me and I never realized how much it meant to you too that I had chosen to tell you about that side of me."

There was a moment of silence between them, then Becky continued: "If it makes you feel any better, I totally wish I had kept it between us now."

"What? Really, why?"

"Well, people haven't exactly been as understanding as I would have liked..."

"No? Everyone at the party seemed pretty cool with it."

"Yeah, I thought so too, but it turns out very few of our friends appreciated me showing tits, arse and... everything else to their boyfriends. I'm kinda not very popular back home at the moment, well not among the lasses anyway.

"And then I've got the opposite problem with the lads. Word got around and every single boy we ever went to school with started messaging me asking for a free show. That was before the news thing. When that broke it got even worse."

"Oh wow, yeah."

"I'm still glad I told people I'm a nudist but you were right, I should've just said it, rather than walking into the room stark bloody naked going 'look at me!' It kind distracts people from what I'm saying, they only remember what I did. And Chinese Whispers happens and before you know it, someone's hearing how I stripped off drunk and did handstands in the middle of the room with a dildo in my bum!"

Lisa couldn't help but laugh at her friend's earthy language. She'd always loved how blunt Becky could be if she got worked up about something. "So, it's safe to say you've got a bit of a reputation back home now?"

"Yeah, you could say that!"

"Still though, I suppose it could have come at a worse time? I mean, with going off to uni and that. Chance to leave it all behind. I guess you've been having plenty of fun up there, what with having your own space to be naked and so on?"

Becky looked crestfallen. "Actually, no..." she said.

"Oh?" Lisa was surprised – although she did consider again the fact her friend was currently clothed despite being apparently in the privacy of her bedroom. "Why not?"

"They gave me a roommate."

**Chapter 24 – The Roommate**

Something had got lost in the communication.

Most English universities house their students in halls of residence, where each student gets a room of their own. In that room is a bed, a desk, a chair, a closet and usually a sink to wash in. Sometimes, in fancier places, each room has an en-suite bathroom, but otherwise the bathrooms and showers are communal affairs, shared by a group of students who also share a communal kitchen and (often) a living area.

That was how it was at Lisa's university. She had her own room to sleep in, study in and if she just wanted a bit of privacy. But if she wanted to be social, watch TV or cook a meal, she had to go along the corridor to where the communal areas were, areas she shared with five other girls. They also had a shower room with three shower cubicles, and two toilets.

This had suited Lisa pretty well. Likeable and sociable, she had found it easy to connect with her corridor-mates; from the bubbly Jo to the boyfriend-missing Chloe and even the spiky indie-rocker Jessica, she'd found common ground with all of them. She was often in the lounge or kitchen rather than closeting herself in her bedroom and even during times when she stayed in her room to read or work she would leave her door open so as to let any of her new friends know they could talk to her if she needed to.

Becky, it appeared, had not found exactly the same situation, and was not fitting in quite as well.

On paper, Becky had been expecting her university accommodation to be the same as Lisa's was. She hadn't given it much thought, true, but she had a basic idea. When she arrived, the halls of residence had looked much older than some of the ones in the brochure but it all made sense. She picked up a room key from reception and together with her mother, headed for her room.

Her mum helped her to unload her belongings from the car and after an emotional farewell, left Becky to unpack.

As soon as her mum had gone, Becky quickly removed her clothes. After all, she was in a completely private place, with the other students sharing her part of the block all busy with their own unpacking. She would need to get dressed later to meet them, but for now she could indulge in some naked time.

She wondered about the bunk bed. It seemed an odd addition to a single room. But, the furniture in the room – the desks, tables, chairs – seemed old, so maybe it was left here from some time in the past...

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"Oh, my God," Lisa interrupted. "Are you serious? You didn't know you were in a double?"

"It was a long day, I was tired, I- I wasn't really thinking..."

"You had two beds?"

"Yeah but..."

"Two desks? Chairs? Cupboards?"

"Yeah... it's really dumb, isn't it?"

"Yes. Yes it is."

"Oh God..."

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Busy with activity, Becky didn't hear the knock at the door. She didn't hear the key in the lock. The first she knew that she had company was when another girl walked into the room, along with her parents, and her very happy younger brother, to discover a completely naked young woman putting books on a shelf.

Becky at least had the good grace to be embarrassed.

There were many red faces and much profuse apologizing, the situation made worse because Becky instantly began yelling at the interlopers to get out.

"I thought they had just got the wrong room," she explained to Lisa, who by this stage was helpless with laughter. "It turned out they hadn't. She was my roommate."

This was all straightened out later with a by-now dressed Becky. Once the initial hubbub had passed, all involved were able to laugh about it. It was certainly an ice-breaker for Becky and her new roommate, if nothing else, and although it had been mortifying for the other girl, whose name was Ellie, it didn't seem like something that would stop them being friends.

Wisely, perhaps sensitive to her new roommate, Becky kept her clothes on the remainder of the night after that, and Ellie was gracious enough to even let Becky have the top bunk.

That night was spent with Becky, her new roommate and the other girls in their part of the building getting to know each other, and other new folks, in the student bar. Eventually, around 1am, early for a first night but indicative of how exhausting all were finding the transition to university, the girls turned in.

It was next morning when, sobered up, the conversation turned to the manner of their first encounter once again.

"I'm so sorry about that," Ellie said again.

"It's okay, really," Becky replied kindly.

"I know, it's just I can imagine how embarrassed I'd be, a bunch of complete strangers walk in on me when I'm changing..."

"Actually," Becky said delicately, "I, um, wasn't exactly changing..."

"What do you mean? You were naked."

"I know, I was. But I wasn't changing. I'm sort of a nudist, you see."

"A what?"

"A nudist. I, er, I prefer to be naked. To be comfortable. I don't wear clothes much, in my room I mean. I feel more free without them."

"Oh," Ellie replied after a while, "right. I guess that explains it then."

"Yeah."

There followed an awkward silence.

"The thing is, Ellie," Becky said cautiously, "I was really kind of glad you walked in like that because I wouldn't have known quite how to bring it up otherwise, but now that you know, it won't shock you."

"What won't?"

"Me being naked."

"What, if I walk in on you again, you mean?"

"Well, yes. And... also, um, me being naked when you are around."

"What?!"

"Well, you know, I'm not gonna want to be wearing clothes here, well I would prefer not to..."

"You want to walk around naked when I'm here?"

"Um, yeah. Why, is that a problem?"

There followed the first of what would be several arguments on this issue. It began with a fairly calm discussion but quickly escalated when it became clear that neither girl felt as though compromise to accommodate the other's sensibilities was in any way fair.

Becky, for her part, felt it was unjust of Ellie to expect her to cover her body in what was essentially a private space, albeit one they shared. It wasn't, she pointed out, as though she was suggesting she wanted to walk around the more public areas naked – she just wanted her roommate to understand that their shared bedroom would be a clothing-optional space and she, Becky, would largely be without clothes when sleeping, working or relaxing in their room.

Ellie, quite reasonably in her view, countered that Becky was arguing that her desire to be naked somehow trumped Ellie's desire to not see her roommate casually walking around buck naked, to not have a naked person's bottom sit on their chairs, to not have to worry about bringing people over unannounced and them getting "a right eyeful" as her unwitting family had done, and so forth.

This descended into ever more abstract debate along the lines of personal freedom, body issues and other such topics, with no resolution in sight that would satisfy either girl thoroughly.

Becky's problem, she admitted to Lisa, was that really, she had no wish to antagonize her roommate with her lifestyle. She could easily have just paid no heed to Ellie's objections – after all, the other girl couldn't force her to wear clothes, could she? But she was mindful of the fact that she didn't want Ellie to think badly of her or resent her presence – she had only been here for a few days, and she had to live with this new girl for the entire year.

Or did she? Becky's next port of call, once she had accepted that no amount of heartfelt pleading was going to change Ellie's mind, was her residency officer, an older student who could manage problems the first years were having with their accommodation.

"I want to change roommates," she explained as she stood in the RO's office. The RO was initially sympathetic upon hearing that Becky had failed to gel with her roommate. The university assigned roommates based on background and what course they were studying, hopefully making compatible choices and encouraging friendship – but of course they were perfectly willing to accept that sometimes these things did not work out and moves could be arranged.

However, the RO first needed to know the details of the dispute, to ensure that things could not be resolved between the two students with time, and also to make sure that any move didn't end up repeating the same situation.

"Well," Becky began, blushing slightly, "I'm a nudist, and my roommate is very against me being able to practice my personal beliefs in our room."

What, the RO asked, did Becky exactly mean by that? When Becky answered that Ellie had expressed that she didn't want Becky walking around naked when she was in the room, the RO's demeanor changed somewhat.

She was very sorry to hear that, she explained, but part of learning to live together is to develop compromises and to understand that some personal habits impact on others without us intending to. It sounded to her, the RO said, that Becky's roommate was not being unreasonable in asking Becky to be clothed when they were together, and it did not really measure up to the sort of difficulty that would necessitate Becky moving. Besides, the RO elaborated, she could not guarantee that a new roommate would not make the same (reasonable) request of Becky as Ellie had, and she did not feel that it was the university's place to screen potential roommates on their attitude to a student wishing to live in the nude.

"Well then, can I not just have my own room?" Becky asked plaintively.

The RO apologized – currently there were no single rooms available on campus, but if something arose, she would let Becky know.

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"Then the whole thing with the newspaper happened and ever since then I guess I gave up pursuing it any further," Becky finished.

"Oh dear!" Lisa exclaimed, trying to be sympathetic – although it really was quite funny. "So you have to wear clothes a lot more now?"

"Pretty much all the time. Ellie and I are on the same schedule so there aren't many times when she is out and I'm here."

"Oh, how awful," Lisa said with a laugh.

"I know!" Becky said, without a trace of irony, "it is awful!"

Lisa rolled her eyes.

"I saw that!" Becky exclaimed, finally catching on. "Yeah, I guess it's a pretty minor thing really. I mean boo hoo, I have to keep my clothes on. But I was really looking forward to coming to uni and having a bit of freedom to be myself and instead I wind up with even less freedom than I had at home. At least mum was out a lot!

"It's just making me a bit miserable," she said with genuine sadness.

"How do you get on with everyone else there?" Lisa asked.

"Oh, they're alright, I guess," Becky said. "But they think I'm a weirdo. The nature girl, or some sort of sex pervert. They're nice to me but I think we aren't really getting along."

Lisa felt a swell of sympathy for her friend. "I guess you haven't found yourself... you know, showing off, since you got there? Public nudity and that?"

Becky shook her head. "I daren't," she explained. "They already think I'm a freak. Plus, that news article and stuff is still out there on the internet. If someone sees me doing the same sort of stunts here and they've seen that article, they'll quickly put two and two together and figure out who I am.

"That and," she said lowering her eyes, "I kinda needed you there, too."

"What?"

"Well, it's just... I don't think I could do this sort of stuff without you now. I was never as brave about it as when I was with you and I never felt safer. Plus, you kind of made it fun.

"Sorry," she continued. "I know I was basically roping you in to help me carry out my perverse little fantasies against your will. I really am sorry for that."

Lisa paused, then sighed. "Becky," she asked her friend, "do you know why I helped you and supported you and encouraged you with the whole exhibitionist thing and the whole general being naked thing?"

"Um, because you're a good friend to me and because I'm a terrible person who made you go along with me?"

"Well, that's true..." Lisa laughed. "But no," she added hurriedly, "it wasn't that. It was, well, it was fun for me, too. I got a kick out of it. I'm gonna be honest here, it was exciting to see you do it, and even the fear of getting caught was kind of a rush too."

"Really? You mean that?"

Lisa nodded. "I do. I guess I just... wasn't being honest in the right way before. But I actually really like having a, well, a naked friend. And," she added after a moment, "if you were my roommate I'd make the rule that you weren't allowed to be dressed, not the other way around."

There was an awkward pause, both girls blushing noticeably.

Lisa coughed to break the silence. "Ahem. Anyway... why don't you come and visit me here? You can come for the weekend. Stay over, we aren't really allowed guests in our rooms but nobody checks and loads of people have had mates come and stay since we started."

"Yeah? Well, it would be nice to get away from here, and I've missed you so much!"

"I've missed you too. And, also, maybe while you are here we can, you know, do some stuff where you go somewhere you are supposed to have clothes on, but with no clothes on?"

"Really?" Becky was like a kid who had been told that Christmas was coming early.

Lisa nodded. "Why not? It's not like you are from here. Nobody will know you and even if they happen to have read that news article when it went round, they don't know where you are from so even if they put it together it won't affect your life up there in any way."

Becky beamed. "You're right," she said, "you're so right. Oh my God, I can't wait!"

The two girls spent the rest of their conversation planning Becky's trip and then, their relationship more or less restored to its former closeness by the honesty of their chat, Becky signed off.

Lisa closed her laptop with a sigh. She was beyond happy that she and Becky were friends again – but she felt unsettled, too. They'd gotten a lot out in the open with that conversation, but she still hadn't been able to be totally honest with Becky. She'd come closer than ever, even somewhat flirting with her friend, but her infatuation, her desire, was still her own secret and one she still did not dare to voice.

**Chapter 25 – The University Visit**

At the railway station, Becky and Lisa hugged like they hadn't seen each other in years, rather than the couple of months it had actually been.

Lisa had been excited all week. Becky was taking a train down from her university on Friday evening, and she would stay with Lisa until Sunday. Lisa was going to meet her at the station, take her back to her halls and then the two were going to head straight for the student pubs with some of Lisa's new friends, who were all eager to meet Lisa's "mate from back home."

Lisa hadn't explained the other purpose of Becky's visit – to help her friend indulge her exhibitionist tendencies, which had gone rather frustrated since Becky had begun university. It hadn't seemed necessary – Lisa fully intended that if Becky was to do anything naked, it would be somewhere quite far from her accommodation, where the chance of anyone she knew catching the two of them would be minimal. Telling her new friends that Becky was an exhibitionist and nudist was off the agenda, a secret between the two girls that Lisa liked knowing few others knew – she wasn't about to reveal it to others if there was no call to.

As she and Becky rode the bus back from the station to her halls, they compared experiences of their formative weeks of university. Both girls were amused and somewhat surprised to discover that each of them had found themselves during Fresher's week going home at the end of drunken nights with random guys.

Becky's hook-up wasn't that surprising, at least to Lisa. Her friend was, as she frequently observed, striking and pretty, and it would be more inconceivable that she wasn't having sex at university than that she was. Indeed, she'd spent the night with a couple of guys since first starting at uni, albeit with neither of them being anything other than one-night-stands. It had been almost a year since Becky had broken up with her last boyfriend, and Lisa sensed – to her own inner relief – that her friend was in no hurry to find another one.

But if Becky's sexual encounters were par for the course (and, according to Becky herself, rather underwhelming), her eyes widened when Lisa explained that she, too, had found herself locking arms and lips on the dance floor with a cute fellow freshman, and at the end of the night out had found herself tipsily, but quite happily, consenting to accompany him back to his own room in his own halls.

Unlike Ross, the boy she'd lost her virginity to, this guy, whose name was Liam, seemed a little more confident about what he was doing in the bedroom with her. It wasn't that Ross had been inexperienced, just a little insecure about his performance – but for Lisa, Liam had apparently no doubts that he could show her a good time and every intention of doing just that.

"He... went down on me," she whispered to her friend, who gave a delighted squeal.

Lisa had never had a boy (or a girl, of course) eat her pussy before, but Liam kissed his way down her naked body, his lips tickling her inner thigh, before parting her legs with a confident push and running his questing tongue over her tingling labia. Lisa sighed and moaned with genuine pleasure as the boy, who clearly knew what he was doing, used kisses and licks and subtle flexes in pressure to stimulate her lips and then her clitoris.

She came suddenly, almost unexpectedly, crying out happily as her orgasm rushed through her. With a grin, Liam emerged from between her legs, only to follow by easily sliding his erect, sheathed cock into her by now thoroughly lubricated pussy, and the two of them ground together until the lad achieved his own climax.

"We shagged loads, after that," Lisa told her friend, who was beaming happily at the news that Lisa had pulled. It wasn't quite loads, but they'd spent much of the next day in bed, alternately sleeping off hangovers and going at it like rabbits.

"So are you still seeing him?" Becky asked.

"Nah," her friend replied. "We went on one date and it turned out he was a bit of a douche. But he was bloody good in bed, I don't mind saying."

Becky was amazed. Lisa realized she hadn't spoken so confidently about relationships and boys to her before. Becky was used to Lisa being the 'plain' friend (as Lisa would have described herself) – a girl seemingly oblivious to her own attractiveness and to any attention from the opposite sex, one who was perennially single and almost terminally virginal. Even having sex over the summer with Ross hadn't really changed this – Lisa would be the first to admit the boy in the tent hadn't taught her much about sex except that it didn't hurt as much as she'd thought it was going to and was really quite nice, thank you very much.

But her 24 hours or so in Liam's bed had been much more educational. She could now say from experience what it felt like to have a cock in her mouth, how semen felt on her skin and, of course, what getting eaten out felt like. She'd finally had an orgasm in the company of another person – more than one, in fact! Orgasms, that was, not people.

It was, for Lisa, one more sign that she'd grown up a little in the time since starting university, and was perhaps a little better equipped to handle such things as the feelings she had for Becky now than she had been over the summer.

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Or so she thought. But Becky still had a way of getting into her head.

They'd stumbled back late to Lisa's room in the halls of residence. Becky had been a hit with Lisa's new gang, and the whole bunch of them had circulated a few of the popular student bars. They weren't exactly shit-faced but they were definitely not sober.

After a lengthy goodnight chat over the remnants of takeaway pizza, the various girls went off to their various rooms to go to bed.

Becky would be sleeping in Lisa's room, of course. It wouldn't be the first time the two had shared a bed, each had slept over at the other's houses numerous times. Lisa was even used to Becky not wearing nightclothes when in bed with her, and could now just about manage to get to sleep without her pulse racing at her friend's naked body being mere inches away from her touch.

With the door closed and privacy, Becky eagerly stripped, and Lisa unabashedly cast her eye over her. It had been some time since she had last seen Becky in the nude, and it was indeed a very pleasing sight, her friend still curvy, smooth-skinned, pale pink and lovely, and fully unashamed of her nudity.

Then Becky stood upright, facing her, and Lisa's eyes widened.

Even her friend noticed the staring. "What is it?" Becky asked, and she followed Lisa's gaze. "Oh, that!"

Where Becky had previously sported a neat triangle of brown, bushy pubic hair, she was now shaved completely smooth.

Lisa had seen her friend naked many times, but never so naked. In the past she'd always had her pubic hair which, while still an intimate sight, provided a little bit of coverage (as long as she sat 'like a lady'!). This was her first real glimpse of the labia which had lay behind that cushion of hair – smooth, a little flushed pink, and soft.

"New haircut?" she squeaked, trying to appear nonchalant.

Becky nodded. "Yeah. I got bored one day in the shower, ended up shaving it off. I think I like it though, what do you think?" And she proceeded to strike a few very intimate and revealing poses.

Lisa swallowed, nervously. "It... looks great, you look good," she managed – although her mind was racing at the sight of her friend, nude and acting provocative, but this time solely for her benefit.

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Both girls slept late, nuzzling close together in Lisa's single bed.

Sharing a bed with Becky was, for Lisa, both a sensual and also a reassuringly mundane experience. On the one hand, her friend's insistence on sleeping nude, and the lack of space, brought them tantalizingly close to one another. She could feel Becky's warmth, smell the scent of her hair and body, even brush against her bare skin; a level of intimacy Becky was more than comfortable with. But, at the same time, she had spent many nights sharing a bed with Becky as friends in the past, to the point that simply sleeping alongside her friend was not by itself an unbearable thrill. She never felt so at the mercy of her own desires that she might risk a loss of control, might find herself reaching out her arm to caress Becky's soft, full breasts, or sliding a questing hand into the moist warmth between her legs. It wasn't, of course, that she didn't want to do this – but she felt safe knowing that she could sleep like this, content, her heart full of good feeling, and never spoil the moment by dwelling too long on her own desire.

Lisa awoke first and, leaving Becky apparently still slumbering, crept out of her room. She'd intended to make the two of them a cup of tea and bring it back to the room, but no sooner had she entered the kitchen and switched on the electric kettle than she heard her friend come into the room.

"Hey, you probably shouldn't be walking around like that," she cautioned. To her complete lack of surprise, Becky was naked.

"No?" her friend responded coyly. "Only, you did say I'd be able to do this more here..."

Lisa blushed. "That's true," she admitted, "but I didn't mean right here. I have to live here, Becks, even though you don't, and I'd rather not freak out any of my housemates by letting them know I brought a nudist to stay the weekend."

Becky pouted. "You're no fair," she complained, leaning casually against a counter. Lisa's pulse quickened – she couldn't help but be excited when her friend behaved so nonchalantly about her own nakedness. "I've been cooped up in my clothes far too long. I need to get out and get some freedom. My skin needs to breathe!"

"I know, I know," Lisa replied in a conciliatory tone. "But not where people I know might see. The other girls are pretty cool but, well, to be honest, we don't exactly know everything there is to know about each other yet, and I don't really want them to learn that I'm a happy accessory to my best friend's exhibitionism this early on in our relationship."

"You really think they'll get all that just from seeing me walk around in the nuddy?"

"I don't know," Lisa admitted. "Probably not. But I'd rather not risk it. People have a tendency to stick with their first impressions, after all. You know that as well as anyone."

Becky made a face, recalling that the other girls in her own accommodation certainly had a particular opinion of her which was based largely on her predilection for nudity. "That's true," she acknowledged. "Sorry. I'm getting carried away again, aren't I?"

"Don't be sorry," Lisa soothed. "I – I kinda love it when you do. But I need you to behave yourself until we can find somewhere that it's okay for you to let go."

Becky nodded. "I can do that," she replied. "But... where are we going to go so I can strip off?"

Lisa thought for a while as she busied herself making the teas. "Well," she said eventually, "I don't really know my way around all the campus yet but I know one or two places..."

Lisa broke off, then, suddenly aware that they weren't alone. Sure enough, into the kitchen walked Jacqui, one of the other girls who lived in the unit.

"Oops," she said, startled – and amused – as she saw Becky standing there naked. "I'm not interrupting something, am I? Sorry!"

Before Lisa or Becky could say anything, she backed out and left the room.

Both girls were blushing now, and silently exchanged glances.

"I'm going to have to explain that later, aren't I?" Lisa said with a sigh.

"Sorry," Becky said sheepishly.

**Chapter 26 – A Trip to the Library**

Following their brief interruption by Lisa's housemate Jacqui, Becky and Lisa had made their way back to Lisa's bedroom to make some sort of plan for Becky to indulge her desire for public nudity somewhere on the campus of Lisa's university.

That was, after all (at least in part) the reason for her visit. Protected by the relative anonymity of being in a place where she had never visited before and where nobody would know her even if they saw her, Becky was feeling able to express herself in ways she perhaps couldn't back at her own university. There, taking off her clothes in public might have significant consequences to her reputation, social life, or even her ability to continue her education, should things go very badly wrong. But here, she was anonymous and any consequences to being caught out in the nude would be minimal.

She could probably have run naked along the main concourse of the campus and not faced any repercussions – simply disappearing into legend as those who had been there that day told her story to others, nobody sure of what they really saw. Indeed, this was talked about as an option. But Becky was craving more than just a quick streak through a crowd. She wanted to take off her clothes long enough to truly enjoy the experience, and the thrill that came from being naked somewhere that she shouldn't, with high risk of being seen but also a fair chance that she wouldn't be; and that for as long as she was able to be undetected, she could also be nude.

The problem, Lisa had explained, was that she was hardly the expert on the layout of her university campus yet. She'd only been attending for a couple of months and her daily and weekly routine tended to take her to mostly the same places, most of which were rather too public for prolonged nudity. There were many areas and corridors Lisa knew where Becky would have been able to be naked, but it would also be likely that she would very quickly attract a lot of attention if she was, and inevitably some member of staff or campus security would appear and Becky would have no choice but to cover up again.

What they needed was somewhere open to the student public but also with a high degree of cover and privacy which would mean that Becky's nakedness wouldn't be immediately detected. It also needed to be indoors, as it was a rather cold November day.

Once they began to look at it like that, the venue seemed obvious.

The main centre of Lisa's campus was dominated by the university library. Thousands of students each day visited there to browse hundreds of thousands of books and documents to aid their studies; to use the extensive banks of computers and for a myriad other services. Aside from the Student Union building, the main areas of the library were the busiest on campus.

However, outside of the main areas were rows and rows of shelves, called the "stacks", holding increasingly niche and obscure books and texts. Not all students needed to be in the stacks – only those who needed the books found there. It was often incredibly quiet in the stacks, or so Lisa had noticed when she'd used them herself. This was especially true later in the day, when the library remained open but a lot of the students had gone back to their accommodation and only the most studious bookworms remained.

Becky cottoned on immediately to Lisa's suggestion. After all, it was much the same in the library of her own university. Busier areas had a high footfall and an array of carefully-place security cameras that might have curtailed their planned fun, but in the older, dustier book storage areas they might well find the privacy they wanted. They had all heard tales of student couples hooking up and having sex in between the shelves of the stacks, as well as perhaps other misdemeanors – if even a tenth of those were true, they suggested they would find enough cover between the stacks for Becky to play a little nude "hide and seek", trying her hardest to avoid getting caught by other library users.

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They'd decided late in the day would be best – but not so late that they would be the only people in the library – after all, for Becky, the chance of being seen, however slim, made her naked adventures all the more exciting.

After a day spent wandering the shops and warming up from the cold November weather with hot chocolate in the local cafes, the sun began to set and the girls returned to the university campus.

Becky squeezed Lisa's hand with excitement as the two of them entered the library. Her friend had been quiet for a while, and Lisa realized she'd been contemplating what she was going to do, perhaps a little nervously, but with an eagerness that even though she knew her friend well, Lisa still found surprising for its intensity.

The two girls explored the library. As they'd hoped, there was the reassuring sight of more than a few other students around, mostly working at desks in the main study hall, piles of books open as they made notes on paper or typed onto computers or tablets. It certainly wasn't busy, though, most of the students having gone home for their dinner, or to the pub.

The main study hall was an atrium, the stacks on various floors looking down on it, accessed by a lift. Lisa and Becky got in and Lisa selected one of the middle floors. The very top floors were not all part of the main library, mostly home to specialist collections and reading rooms, and classrooms and other facilities. But the lower floors, where the popular texts were, might be a little too open and still too busy. What they wanted was to be in the more niche shelves, but in areas where two students disappearing into the stacks for a while wouldn't be stand out so much as to be considered unusual or meriting attention from staff.

Leading Becky by the hand, she exited the lift and crossed the grey carpeted floor, away from the balcony that looked down on the main hall and towards the rows of high wooden bookcases that stretched off towards the other side of the library. Without a route in mind, she wound her way randomly through the stacks until they came to the end of a row somewhere in the middle, where a small reading desk was positioned for any student who needed to work with close access to the shelves.

Lisa grinned at Becky. "Here should do," she said. While she hadn't checked that the stacks were 100% deserted, there certainly seemed to be nobody else in the immediate vicinity.

Becky blushed. "This feels very strange," she said. "I- I'm actually nervous!"

Lisa looked surprised – this wasn't her friend's usual attitude. "We don't have to do it," she said reassuringly – but Becky shook her head.

"No, I- I want to. I really want to. It's just... well, it's been so long. And, well, the last time I did anything like this, it didn't exactly turn out the way I wanted..."

Lisa nodded. "I know," she said. "But you shouldn't be scared. I'm here with you, I'm looking out for you. I'll make sure nothing bad happens."

She felt stronger for having said that. Suddenly she became aware of how much Becky actually needed her, how much of Becky's confidence came simply from having her friend at her side, knowing she would always support her and love her and never judge her for the things she wanted to do or the way in which she led her life. She wasn't being dragged along unwillingly into these adventures, she understood now – she was the reason they were able to happen.

Becky smiled broadly, her blush fading. "You're the best, Lisa," she said, and she began to undress.

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They'd left Becky's clothing, as well as Lisa's coat. Lisa had contemplated bringing it with her but in all honesty she hadn't felt as willing to carry Becky's bulkier winter clothes and coat as she had her summer outfits. Becky had been wearing blue skinny jeans, a long-sleeved t-shirt and thick sweater, as well as a pair of knee-high boots, and even bundled together it was a little much. So once Becky had gotten naked, they'd concealed the discarded clothing and footwear under the reading desk – with Lisa's coat draped on the chair it simply looked like a studying reader had left their spot for a while, perhaps for another book or a refreshing break.

With Becky nude, the two set off deep within the library. Initially Becky remained nervous, sometimes hugging herself, half-concealing her nudity with folded arms and bent posture. But after a few moments her old self returned and she began to stride confidently through the aisles between the shelves, arms at her sides, bare feet silent on the polished wooden floor.

They took a meandering route through the stacks, past books with titles like 'The Geography of Egypt and Abyssinia in the Third Kingdom' and 'Corn Laws and Economic Reform in the Czech Republic'. Lisa privately congratulated herself on choosing something as straightforward as English for a degree – she'd never be able to keep her eyes open if she had to read something like some of these for her essays!

She largely disregarded the books, though; her eyes were mostly on Becky. She'd seen her friend nude already on this visit, in her bedroom and in the kitchen, but there was something new and exciting seeing Becky back in full exhibitionist mode, the contrast between the backdrop of dull, old books and her friend's nude, sensuous form particularly thrilling, and more than once Lisa found herself grateful for the privilege of witnessing it.

Suddenly they became aware of footsteps in an adjacent aisle, and both froze.

"Are you... are you ready to meet anyone yet?" Lisa asked her friend softly. Blushing slightly, Becky shook her head.

"I'm sort of enjoying not being seen yet," she whispered back. No sooner had she said it than Lisa grabbed her friend's hand and pulled her away, briskly, off in the other direction, putting a couple of stacks' distance between them and the unknown other library patron.

They continued to creep and duck between the shelves, avoiding one or two others (or maybe the same person) with similar success until they found themselves at the very edge of the stacks, where the floor finished in a balcony, the other side of which was a row of large windows looking out onto the rest of the university.

Becky's nakedness would have been visible to anyone looking through the windows, but neither she nor Lisa felt that was a concern, and the naked girl padded confidently along the walkway, pausing to stretch happily, her nipples erect with excitement.

Lisa grinned. "Enjoying yourself?"

"God, yes," Becky replied. "You have no idea how much I missed this freedom. And the excitement. That fear, that feeling someone's gonna catch us at any moment – my adrenaline is really pumping." Her eyes went wide. "I feel alive. Thank you Lisa, I feel alive again!"

Lisa chuckled. To anyone else, her friend's excited nature might seem weird – that taking off her clothes in a reasonably public place could elicit such exuberance. But to Lisa it was just confirmation that she'd done something for Becky that her friend really appreciated.

The two of them walked around the edge of the stacks, eventually finding themselves at the very back of the library, the farthest point from the lift they had come up on. It was a little more open here, and they chose not to linger too long – but a double doorway ahead Lisa knew led to a stairwell which could take them down or up a floor.

"Want to go to a different floor?" she asked Becky. The naked girl nodded excitedly.

"I want to be really far from my clothes," she exclaimed in a breathless whisper.

Lisa opened the door cautiously. The stairwell was deserted. She beckoned to Becky, and the two went through the door.

"How brave are you feeling?" she asked her friend. Becky grinned.

"Right now? Pretty brave," she responded.

Lisa laughed. "Got your groove back, have you? Okay, well it's probably going to be deader upstairs than it was here, but if we go down there's probably a bit more of a chance someone might see you. Up to you what we do."

"You're sure?"

"Yeah," Lisa replied, "I'm pretty sure we're safe here to do whatever we want. It's not like I can get in trouble. They won't revoke my library card because I came in here with a friend who can't keep her clothes on!"

"Okay," Becky laughed, "down it is!"

**Chapter 27 – Becky Gets Her Groove Back**

The girls quickly descended the library back staircase and once Lisa had ensured the coast was reasonably clear, went through the doors onto the lower level.

The layout of this floor, only one above the main study hall, was exactly the same as the one they had just left, with rows of shelves of books, broken up by the occasional reading desk, comfy chair or facility like a water cooler. These books were more for more mainstream subjects though and, were this earlier in the day, probably would have been a lot busier, but as it was now firmly into the evening, things were still quiet as far as they could see.

Once more, the two made a meandering route through the stacks but didn't come across anyone nearby. That didn't really bother either girl, though – while Becky was excited at the prospect of being naked and exposed to a stranger, they weren't deliberately seeking one out. And Lisa was happy just to be able to continue watching her friend's nude form drift happily among the shelves.

Reaching into her pocket, Lisa took out her mobile phone. Becky noticed what she was doing, and smiled.

"Photoshoot?" she laughed. Lisa nodded.

"You're beautiful, Becks, and I don't want to forget moments like these. Are you okay with me taking photos?"

Becky nodded. "Of course!"

So the two girls wandered up and down the aisles, Becky posing happily, Lisa snapping away with her phone's camera. As with earlier times Becky had posed nude for someone, the pictures were relatively tame, mostly Becky posing coquettishly with a teasing smile on her face, or her bum or boobs thrust out in mock-sexiness. But one or two seemed, almost accidentally, more sensual – moments captured by Lisa when her friend wasn't quite aware of the camera, and was just wandering, with her own thoughts, nude and blissful in a location where a naked woman, naturally, seemed out of place.

Lisa had just taken a photo of the nude Becky reaching to pull a book down from the shelf when she heard a voice behind her.

"Excuse me, what are you doing?"

Lisa turned suddenly. A young man, obviously another student although perhaps slightly older than she and Becky, had entered the same aisle as them, catching both the clothed girl and her naked friend completely by surprise. Both froze for a moment.

"Are you alright?" the young man asked. "What's going on?"

There was silence from the girls, then suddenly:

"Initiation!" Lisa exclaimed.

"Art project!" Becky blurted – at the exact same time.

"Oh. Um, okay," the young man seemed confused – although it didn't appear that Becky's nudity bothered him at all.

Willing Becky to shush, Lisa tried again. "It's an initiation," she lied. "She has to have her picture taken somewhere on campus with no clothes on to... er, prove she's... brave enough to join the... er, female body empowerment society?"

The student remained confused. "Never heard of that," he opined.

"It's very new," Lisa said. "They're all about, um, reclaiming the female body from male objectification. They're quite radical. Nude protests and things. They don't want any tagalongs, you have to show some commitment. You'll probably be hearing a lot about them soon?" she finished in a hopeful tone.

The student merely shrugged. "Fair enough," he replied. "Do you mind though? I need something off that shelf."

As casually as she could, Becky stepped aside, and the young man walked over and after a moment's searching took down a book from where Becky had been posing.

"Cheers," he thanked her, and with barely a backward glance began to make his way back down the aisle.

"Wait a second," Becky asked, speaking herself for the first time. "Would you mind, um, taking a picture of us both together?"

The guy stopped and turned. "Is she going to be naked as well?" he asked, indicating Lisa – and suddenly a lot more interested.

Both girls shook their heads. "No!" they exclaimed in unison – and the other student responded with a noticeably disappointed expression. But he took the camera phone from Lisa and waited as she got into position next to Becky. Lisa slid her arm about her friend's bare waist and pulled her closer to her, and they waited, smiling happily, while the young man took their picture.

His work done and obviously – strangely, to Lisa – more eager to return to his studies than he was to spend more time around the naked Becky, the other student left the way he had come, and Becky and Lisa were once again alone in the stacks.

"I think now might be a good time to leave this floor," Lisa suggested, and Becky wholeheartedly agreed. Once they were back in the stairwell though, she explained she wasn't that keen on putting her clothes back on just yet.

"Okay," Lisa answered, "we'll go up to the next floor, the one above where we started. I've actually no idea what's up there but I can't see there being any serious trouble for us."

Two floors up turned out to be a more enclosed series of corridors. A few shelf units stood here and there but there seemed to be mostly empty reading and work rooms branching off from the main thoroughfare they were walking along. It wasn't terribly exciting but at least Becky didn't have any need to be clothed up here.

After a few minutes of uneventful exploration, however, Becky suddenly froze a little way back from a doorway. She silently motioned to Lisa to stay put behind her.

Up ahead, through the doorway, Lisa could see the lights were on. Quietly she walked ahead, past her naked friend, and past the doorway, glancing inside as she did so.

The room was a small computer suite, apparently one of several available for student use. Along the far wall, several computers were on, with a mixed group of students working at them. All had their backs to the doorway.

Lisa crept back to Becky and explained this to her friend.

"We can sneak past, no problem," she reassured. "Nobody's even looking at the door."

Becky grinned. "Cool," she said with a glint in her eye.

Lisa walked first up the corridor, but when she turned and looked back, Becky wasn't behind her.

Her friend had stopped. She was stood, one hand on her hip, facing the doorway, a little back from the opening, but otherwise in full view.

Lisa walked quickly back down the corridor, motioning for Becky to move – but her friend just smiled a wicked smile.

Reaching where Becky was, Lisa peered cautiously into the computer suite. The group gave no sign that they had noticed Becky – nor were they likely to. Lisa had at first assumed they were working, but now she realized the three guys and one girl in the room were all engrossed in a particularly busy and frantic looking computer game that they all appeared to be playing together across the four machines. Becky was stood naked in the doorway, completely exposed, and none of them had any idea she was there!

At least, that was what Lisa thought at first. But after a moment she gasped, as she realized something Becky had not.

With the dark sky outside and the fluorescent lighting inside, the surface of the computer suite windows behind the machines on which the students were playing had transformed into a mirror, and Becky's uncovered naked body was clearly visible in the reflection of the doorway!

Almost as soon as Lisa realized this, one of the gamers apparently did too, raising his head from his game and staring for a second at the reflected image of the naked girl before urgently tapping the played next to him on the arm and pointing at what he'd seen.

Lisa reacted like lightning, grabbing Becky by the hand and pulling her surprised but unresisting friend back down the corridor. "They could see you," she hissed, and sure enough four surprised looking faces appeared peering through the doorway as the girls made their exit.

"Oops," Becky blushed, quickening her own pace. "I didn't realise."

"In the reflection," Lisa explained.

"Oh! Well, time to go then!"

They ran quickly back through the corridors and to the stairs. They didn't know if any of the gamers had pursued them, but it didn't seem prudent to chance it. Fortunately, by the time they returned to the floor they had started from, it appeared they had lost sight of anyone who might be following.

They made straight for the area where they'd left Becky's clothes, heedless of caution, both laughing and breathless.

"Wow," Becky exclaimed as they arrived at the spot where her clothes were. "That was something else."

Lisa grinned. "It was," she said.

"I'm so buzzed," Becky continued. Indeed, her face and chest was flushed, and her nipples stood out firm and puckered . She bit her lip.

"I'm really buzzed," she continued, a slightly strange tone to her voice.

"Probably time to go," Lisa said.

"Yeah..." Becky replied in a faraway voice. Then she turned to Lisa, blushing. "Hey."

"What?" Lisa asked, unsure what was happening.

"Um... this is gonna sound really weird. And please, you can totally say no and I completely understand if you do but I think maybe I want to at least ask and I wouldn't except I really want to..." Becky was really blushing now, but she continued; "fact is, I really want to masturbate."

Lisa felt her own face turning red. "Right now?" she squeaked.

Becky nodded shyly. "Right now," she confirmed. "Right here, with no clothes on, in this library. I'm so fucking horny, I don't think I can wait and... and I know that it's really not cool but I also know now you understand that this is all kinds of sexy for me and you know how it affects me and jeez it's been so long since I did anything like this I feel like if I don't make myself come soon I'm actually going to explode!"

She paused for breath. "What I'm saying is, is that okay? With you, I mean. Is it okay for me to do that even though you're here and we've been friends since forever and I know you'd think it's totally weird but for me it really isn't..."

Lisa was quiet for a moment. She felt like she could feel her pulse between her ears, and tightness in her chest. Things had suddenly become way more intense, but she also felt a sense of calm and happiness that had been missing from earlier occasions when these sort of adventures between her and Becky had gotten that little bit more sexy.

"It... it isn't weird for me, either," she said eventually. "I think... well, I think after doing all this with you, I don't think it would feel weird for me if you did that too."

Becky looked at her friend. "Really?" she said. "You're okay with it?"

Lisa nodded. "If you are," she said. "I don't mind... being here, while you do that. If you don't mind me being here."

Becky shook her head. "No. I trust you more than anyone in my whole life, anyone in the world. I think doing... that... around you would actually be pretty cool."

So saying, she sat down on the desk, leaning back against the shelf end.

"Should I..." Lisa began, "should I watch you?"

Becky bit her lip – that idea obviously appealed. But she was cautious, too. "It's, um, up to you," she answered. "But maybe you could keep an eye out, you know? In case anyone's coming."

Lisa couldn't help it. "Other than you," she giggled.

And so, Lisa leaned against the stack, peering periodically up and down the corridor to check the coast was still clear, as in front of her Becky parted her legs and began to touch herself, quietly sighing with pleasure as her fingers slid over her hairless mound and down between her lips.

In the quiet of the library, Lisa could hear every sound, and so she quickly learned how wet her friend was already between her legs. Indeed, when she looked at Becky she could see the moisture glistening on her fingers, on her thighs and even a few spots of wetness on the surface of the desk. Becky had been practically dripping, and her engorged pink labia eagerly accepted her questing fingers.

Becky shifted position, one foot on the desk, her leg bent cocked, and with her free hand she lightly caressed her own bare breast. Her fingers had found her clit, and she began to stimulate herself with an eager franticness, her breath coming in little gasps. She was close already.

Lisa watched, entranced, intense tightness between her own legs, as Becky brought herself to climax. Her orgasm seemed to last for an age, she gasped and arched her back, pressing her sex against her own hand in uncontrolled desire, her nipples stood to attention, head thrown back. She came hard and long, slowing her stroke to return herself to normality before squeezing her legs shut tight around her hand, and blinking, looking up at Lisa with a dazed, slightly awkward but very happy expression on her face.

**Chapter 32 -- Christmas at Home**

The Lisa who boarded the train home a week before Christmas was a different girl to the one who had left for university in September.

The term, and all its experiences, had changed her. She felt, for perhaps the first time, like her head was clear. At last, she knew who she was.

She was no longer consumed with angst about her feelings for Becky, and no longer troubled by her role in her friend's exhibitionist escapades. Where once she had been sick with jealousy and insecurity, dwelling on the meaning of her strange and unwelcome feelings towards her friend and her ability to manage them in the face of Becky's own constant confidence, now she felt calm and happy, and excited for the prospect of reunion with Becky and all it may bring.

She loved Becky, she knew that now. She was attracted to her physically, and emotionally. She adored her friend, she thought she was the most beautiful girl she had ever laid eyes on, and the thought of them being together, even just as friends, filled her with nothing but happiness.

She understood that loving Becky, that loving another woman, did not mean her life needed to be complicated, awkward, full of troubling self-analysis. She knew now that it didn't matter what her sexuality had been, or may be in future; that she didn't need to always define herself by terms that didn't fit. All that mattered was what she thought would make her happy at the time.

She no longer felt awkward or embarrassed by Becky's constant need for nakedness, her obsession with exhibitionism. In fact, she loved that her friend was an exhibitionist, she realized now. She thrilled to remember Becky's adventures and her role in them, and felt privileged that her friend was so comfortable around her that she felt no need for clothes, that the two of them had shared and bonded over so many unimaginable activities so far removed from what it was normal for two teenage best friends to get up to together.

She no longer feared or worried about sex, about being seen as a woman with her own sexuality. She no longer felt like the back of the class, the last to learn, destined only for disappointment. Sex with a man, or a woman, was no longer something that only other people did. She was not an unattractive lump but a desirable woman in her own right, more than worthy of the love and affection of the person she chose to be with.

Still, though, she wondered. What would the immediate future hold? She wanted now so badly to tell Becky all of this, to tell her exactly who Lisa was, who she wanted to be, and who she wanted to be it with. And for the first time she felt that such confession may bear fruit, rather than be rejected. But how to tell her? And when? The act of telling had to mean something, had to be right -- choose the wrong moment, and she might still risk losing Becky forever.

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The last few weeks of term had been frantic, with an array of coursework to be prepared for. All the students were going home with multiple essays that needed to be handed back once they returned, and so the giant suitcase Lisa lugged to the railway station was as much stuffed with books as it was the clothes and other sundries she needed for Christmas at home with her family.

She'd made brief visits home once or twice during the previous term and her mum, dad and brothers had called on her at university once or twice for a day out and dinner. But this was really her first true visit home since leaving for uni in the summer -- the first time she would be expected so slot back into her old home life, and the first time she would be around long enough to reunite not just with Becky, but with other friends as well.

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It was also, both for Becky and herself, the first proper trip home since the local paper had published the scandalous story that sightings had happened all over town of the "mystery nudist" -- and since most people who knew Becky had put two and two together and figured out that the girl who had been going naked in public and her clothed accomplice were Becky and Lisa respectively.

Lisa's parents had asked her about it before, of course. They weren't as in-tune to the town gossip as many others, but it had eventually reached them that their daughter's best friend since childhood, a young woman they treated as very much their own daughter, had been publically misbehaving over the previous summer, exposing herself with little regard for who saw -- and that their first-born child had somehow been an accomplice to this.

Lisa had played down any concerns that her mother and father had brought up, when they finally asked her about it. She'd passed Becky's behavior off as isolated incidents of high spirits; simply a young woman letting loose in the period between school ending and university. And she'd reassured her parents that at no point had she and Becky been in any danger, and that while Becky was liberal about stripping off, Lisa's clothing had remained 100% on.

None of that was true, of course. Becky's serial exhibitionism and growing passion for nudism was certainly not limited to one or two isolated incidents but many escapades, sometimes with an element of risk far greater than should be reasonably acceptable. And even though Lisa had no interest in exhibiting herself in the same way, her experiences on holiday over the summer with her friend had left her without her own clothes on one or two occasions (even if they weren't experiences she was in a hurry to repeat).

Lying to her mum and dad hadn't been easy for Lisa, who had always been a truthful child. But she told herself it was for their own good -- if they knew the truth, they would worry more than they needed to about her and her friendship with Becky. It may even colour their opinion of Becky much more negatively for them to know exactly what she had been doing -- and Lisa wanted to protect her friend from the judgement of people who had previously loved her and might, if they learned about the true nature of her predilection for nudity, think less of her for it.

But she was still aware, coming home for Christmas, that it wasn't necessarily a closed issue, and indeed it came up the first evening she was back home for dinner, when her father asked her what her plans for the holiday would be.

"Will you be seeing Becky, at all?" her father had asked.

Lisa nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah, of course!"

"Oh..." her mother said, managing in one syllable to convey a wealth of implication that she did not necessarily feel this would be a good idea.

Lisa raised an eyebrow, but before she could say anything, her father continued: "That business over the summer. Becky... exposing herself. Getting in the paper and on the internet. It worried us."

Lisa tried to be concillatory. "I know, dad," she said. "It's okay though. It wasn't a big thing, no matter how it looked online. It's all fine now."

Her dad didn't appear to be listening. "We didn't know what to make of it," he continued.

"We talked to Denise," Lisa's mum interjected. Denise was Becky's mother. "She didn't know what to make of it, either."

"What do you mean, mum?" Lisa asked.

"Well," her father continued. "Running about in the altogether. In front of those boys at the cinema, and the young man in the shop..."

"You'd tell us if something was going on?" her mum said. "If Becky was... if you were... getting into trouble with boys."

Not for the first time, Lisa cursed the euphemistic language her parents used when discussing anything to do with her and the opposite sex. They were both doctors, they knew all about human anatomy, yet when it came to their daughter and the notion that she might have, or one day have, a sex life of some sort, they became increasingly tongue-tied.

"You think those guys made her take her clothes off?" she hazarded.

"No, well, not exactly... Becky's always been so confident, she's never been the easily-led type, we know that about her. But we just don't understand why she was doing those things."

Lisa leaned back in her chair, taking a deep breath.

"It's not like that, mum. Becky, well, she just sort of prefers having no clothes on. She's kind of a nudist."

Her mum actually laughed, somewhat derisively.

"What, Health & Efficiency, all that sort of thing?" said her dad, drawing a blank from Lisa.

"I've no idea what that is, dad! But yeah, Becky just likes being naked. It's just that... sometimes, she does it in places she shouldn't."

"Well," her mother said, "I never would have put it down to that."

"Isn't that a bit... well, odd?" her dad asked.

Lisa laughed. "Yeah, I guess it is. But, well, she's fine. She just likes being in her natural state."

Her mum frowned. "Natural state? That's all well and good I suppose but I draw the line at running round in public with everything out. Whatever happened to modesty?"

Lisa turned to her mum. "There's nothing bad about what Becky does, mum. There's nothing shameful about her body. She's not ashamed of it, why should she be?"

"I'm not saying she should be ashamed," her mother countered. "But we have modesty for a reason."

"It isn't safe," her father added. "If she's out and about like that and something were to happen to her... to you..."

"What?" Lisa exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

"Well," her dad spluttered, "you know... girls out wearing scanty clothes -- or nothing at all in this case. It's inviting... attention..."

Lisa's eyes narrowed. "You mean if Becky does things like this she's more likely to get raped?" she said in a level tone.

Almost relieved, her father nodded. He obviously hadn't been comfortable with saying the words in connection to his daughter's best friend, but he clearly felt the sentiment.

"So what you're saying is, if a girl goes out with very little on, or if she takes off her clothes the way Becky does, that she's inviting attention from the sort of men who would... attack her like that?" Lisa said icily. "What you're saying is, if a girl goes out and doesn't cover up, she can expect to be raped?"

"Don't put words in your father's mouth!" her mother warned, but Lisa pressed on.

"You're saying a girl who isn't careful, isn't modest, should accept being raped as inevitable?" she asked, her voice rising in anger. "What about the men doing the raping? Can't we expect them to control themselves if they see a naked girl? Can't we teach them that skimpy clothes and exposed skin aren't an invitation to rape? Can't we respect women whether they're dressed modestly or not?

"What about a woman's right to wear what she wants without being afraid?" she demanded. Her parents looked awkwardly stunned. "What about Becky's right to be herself?"

They gave no reply, apparently wishing they had never raised the subject with their now infuriated daughter.

"You know what," Lisa said by way of a conclusion, "I actually think she's right. The world's got a pretty screwed up attitude to nakedness and women, and it shouldn't be Becky's problem to deal with that. She's happy being who she is and I'm glad of that."

**Chapter 33 -- Friends Reunited**

Lisa saw Becky a couple of times over the next few days. Her friend had arrived home at similar time to her, and once they had spent sufficient time catching up with their families, they were eager to reconnect.

To her parents' credit, Lisa's mum and dad showed none of the hostility or concern towards Becky that they had voiced that night at the dinner table. Indeed, the matter of Becky's appearances in the local newspaper, or Lisa's subsequent disclosure that her friend was a nudist, received no mention when she was with them in the house.

Well, almost no mention.

"Morning Becky," Ben, Lisa's younger brother called as he noticed her arrival.

"Morning, Ben," she replied cheerfully.

"Got a joke for you," he grinned.

Becky groaned. "Go on then," she replied.

"Knock, knock."

"Who's there?" she answered.

"Ant."

"Ant who?"

Ben guffawed. "Ant got any clothes on!"

Even Becky had to laugh at that one.

It did make Lisa wonder, though. Obviously her two brothers knew at least something of the rumours or realities around Becky and her exhibitionism. In all likelihood they had seen the story on social media or the local paper's website, and may well even have found their way to see unedited versions of the photos from the cinema or the shop CCTV that were floating around in the ether.

Lisa wondered how it had been for them, to see this girl, who was like one of their own family, without her clothes on. Would it have been like them seeing their own sister naked? Or would they have been thrilled by it, finally getting to glimpse her beautiful friend, on whom they may well have nursed crushes at one time, in the altogether?

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While in her family home the spectre of the scandal of Becky's exhibitionism becoming common knowledge had apparently dissipated, elsewhere it lingered, creating tensions even during the happy holidays.

Things, Lisa learned, were still a little strained between Becky and her mother over not just Becky's appearances online, but the wider implications for her home life that those had revealed. The knowledge that her daughter had been practicing a fairly dedicated nudist lifestyle since her early teens behind her back was taking some getting used to for Becky's mother, and in typical Becky fashion, her daughter wasn't exactly helping matters.

To Becky, Lisa realized, the fact that she had now been forced to confess her nudism to her mother was all it took to normalize it. Now her mum knew that she preferred to be without her clothes on when at home, Becky reasoned, she should not be surprised or raise objection about Becky doing so. Becky felt that now she had declared herself a nudist, she should be free to walk around naked regardless of whether her mother was out, or home.

Becky's mum, conversely, took the view that even if Becky was Queen of the Nudists, for as long as she lived in her house, she should follow the rules of her house -- namely that Becky's nudity should remain confined to times when there was nobody in the house save Becky.

Lisa could see both points, although ultimately she felt a greater sympathy with Becky. She knew being able to be comfortable, in her own skin, at home was important to Becky, and likewise she didn't really understand how a mother could feel discomfort at the thought of seeing her adult daughter's naked body. She supposed it came less down to the nakedness itself, and more the need Becky's mum had to feel respected by her daughter, something that had been a long-standing difficulty between them thanks to her mum's worries as a single parent and her fear that by being forced to work much of Becky's childhood, she had let her daughter "run wild."

To her credit, though, Lisa never saw Becky force the issue. Around her mother she was always careful to be clothed, although she frequently, and apropos of nothing, complained about the requirement.

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They'd not seen their other friends yet, although Lisa had plans from a Facebook group they'd set up for a mini reunion in the local pub one day before Christmas. When she mentioned this to Becky though, her friend looked surprised.

"I haven't heard anything about that?" she exclaimed, scrolling fairly frantically through her own social media. Sure enough, when Lisa checked the invited participants in the group, Becky wasn't among them.

Becky, it seemed, wasn't invited.

This was a cause for more than a little consternation among both girls. Becky was bewildered, genuinely fearing that being left out was some sort of message that she was no longer welcome among their old friends. Lisa, ever the peacemaker, took the view that she was certain it was just an oversight on behalf of the person who had put the group together.

"They probably forgot half the names," she reassured her friend. "You know how these things are. Of course you'll be welcome. You can come with me, we'll go together."

Privately, though, she wondered if she believed it herself.

Her worst fears were confirmed when the two girls arrived at the pub in their Christmas finest. The majority of their friends had already assembled -- including many who neither girl had seen since Becky's party.

They were all engaged in friendly conversation -- but when Becky walked in a pace or two behind Lisa, silence fell.

"Um, hi everyone," Lisa called awkwardly.

"Hi Lisa," replied a girl named Ashley, who Lisa knew had been the organizer of the get-together. "And Becky!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with sarcasm. "So good to see you. I almost didn't recognize you with your clothes on..."

So, thought Lisa, that's what's going on. She recalled that Ashley, and her boyfriend Mark, had been at Becky's party, and she guess that Ashley was one of the girls who had subsequently voiced displeasure at Becky's willingness to bare all and the way it had... distracted their boyfriends.

Becky blushed. "Hi Ash," she said quietly.

"Um," Lisa said, "is everything alright?"

"Of course," Ashley replied through a fixed smile. "It's nice to see you... both."

"I can go," Becky said in a subdued voice.

"No, stay!" exclaimed another girl, Melanie. "Every party needs a stripper!" There was a smattering of laughter, although Lisa noted that many of their friends simply looked uncomfortable at the exchanges and, she surmised, were probably not as hostile to Becky's presence as Ashley, Melanie and some of the others.

She looked at the familiar faces -- and counted a few absences. Most notably, in fact, were Ben and Amanda, the couple Becky had gone to bed with after the party. While it had never been openly revealed in their circle of friends that they'd had their threesome, Lisa was certain some gossip must have circulated, and she wondered if Ashley excluding Becky had just been about her behavior at her party, or if it indicated some desire to cleanse their friendship group of anyone who might be considered tainted by such rumours.

She didn't have to wait long for her answer. She and Becky settled themselves in among a group who seemed somewhat less bothered that Becky was there -- or perhaps even unaware she was not supposed to be -- and gradually things returned to something approaching a normal social occasion, albeit one with tangible tension between certain parties.

A drink or two in, Becky got up to use the bathroom.

"Try not to fall out of your clothes on the way!" Ashley called after her -- causing more than a few heads in the pub to turn their way.

"What's with you?" Lisa asked the other girl angrily as soon as Becky was out of earshot.

"Don't give me that," Ashley replied hotly. "You brought her."

"Yes, because she's my friend. And I thought she was supposed to be your friend too, Ash?"

Ashley made a face. "Maybe, before we all found out what a pervert she is."

Lisa shook her head, her blood rising. "Becky's no pervert," she said coldly. "She's the same person she's always been, she's our friend."

Ashley laughed. "Come off it," she said scornfully. "She's not normal. Who comes down at their birthday party stark naked in front of everyone and expects them all to just act like it's no big deal?"

"I don't remember you telling her there was anything wrong with it," Lisa pointed out. "You were there, she asked you all if you wanted her to get dressed and you all said nothing."

"I- I was in shock," Ashley complained. "I didn't know what to think, I thought she was having a gag or something. Maybe I'm just polite," she added pointedly.

Lisa shrugged. "Point is, you're giving her a hard time for something that happened on one occasion months ago. You've known Becky for years, and you're treating her like crap because she made a bit of a tit of herself at one party?"

Someone, one of the boys, laughed at the unconscious innuendo, but Ashley wasn't amused.

"It's not just that," she said venomously. "All that stuff in the paper? Online? Her running about in the nuddy at the cinema, and in Discount Booze? Of course," she added, "you know all about that."

"She's a weirdo," Ashley concluded, "and you're probably one too."

"No, she's not. I... I'm not..."

Lisa turned. Becky had returned from the bathroom, unbeknownst to either Lisa or Ashley, and had apparently heard at least the tail end of their conversation. Now she stood awkwardly, hands by her sides, her expression crushed. The confident, happy Becky that Lisa had known and had seen come back during her visit to her university seemed to have vanished again, and her friend was now on the verge of tears.

But Ashley wasn't moved to sympathy. Momentarily taken aback that Becky had heard her, she rallied nevertheless, turning on the brunette girl.

"Yes, you are. There's something wrong with you, Becky O'Neill, in your head. Maybe it's cos your dad up and died, maybe you just need the attention from men, maybe you're just a slut..."

"Shut UP!"

Lisa had shouted before she even realized. She stood, open-mouthed for a moment, until she realized Ashley's attention was back to her.

"Excuse me?" the other girl said.

"Shut up, you horrible, spiteful little cow," Lisa spat. "How dare you speak to Becky like that? How could you? How could you ever say something like that to anyone and think you're still a good person?"

Ashley's face fell. She apparently realized that her words had been even more venomous than she intended -- but she wasn't about to give in. "Well, alright..." she conceded. "But it isn't normal. Running around in the nude in front of everyone, showing everything off, getting a kick out of it. It's weird."

"So what if it is?" Lisa retorted. "So someone's a bit different. So they do something you don't understand. That doesn't give you the right to make fun of them and insult them and treat them like they aren't your friend."

"Hang on," one of the others piped up, "we're not talking about someone being 'a bit different' here. We're talking about indecent exposure."

"Really?" Lisa said. "There's nothing indecent about the human body. Becky's harmed nobody with what she does."

"Not true," Melanie interjected. "It's not good for women, girls like her. Making herself an object. Gives men the idea that we're all sexy little minxes available for them to ogle."

"And that's her fault, is it?" Lisa countered. "Some bloke sees her and gets the idea in his head that all women are the same as her in what she does, and that's somehow Becky's fault?"

"No, but if she didn't act that way, it wouldn't be a problem!"

"So what you're saying is, because some men think a certain way, a woman shouldn't do something she enjoys, that makes her happy?"

"No! You're -- you're twisting my words!"

"Alright, maybe I am a little, but what I'm saying is, maybe instead of giving Becky grief because of who she is, as her friends we should give her a little support?"

"It's still bloody weird," said one of the lads. Most of the guys had apparently not had a dog in this particular fight -- after all, Becky was very easy on the eye, and Lisa doubted you would find too many guys who would aggressively assert the idea that her being naked as much as she wanted was somehow a bad thing.

"And?" Lisa objected. "We're all weird, we all have things we do that are weird. Everyone does. The only difference is, Becky's stood up and admitted to everyone how weird she is. She's decided to own that weirdness, to say 'this is me, this is who I am'. She's not keeping her weirdness a secret, she's living her life honestly and openly. You don't have to like what she does or agree with it, but you should respect that it's her thing, part of who she is...

"And it takes bravery to do that when you know that your weirdness is something that people might judge you for. Much more bravery than leaving someone off a Facebook group without telling them because you don't like the fact they are free about nudity.

"I'm proud to be her friend, I'm proud of everything she is, and if you aren't equally proud, well I guess you were never truly her friends."

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They'd left, after that.

Lisa wasn't sure she'd won any of them over. It hadn't exactly been a rational debate on the acceptance of nudism amongst friends. More an ugly row, and now the heat had gone from her temper, Lisa felt a little embarrassed at having made such a scene.

She didn't regret it though, especially as Becky had stood, numbly, visibly hurt by the cruelty of Ashley's insult about her father. Her friend wouldn't have defended herself after that, Lisa knew, and it angered her still that Ashley had resorted to such a low, hurtful blow.

They stood in the pub car park as Becky wiped faint tears from her face, saying nothing at first.

"Thanks," Becky said eventually. "Thanks for sticking up for me in there. You're a good friend. Sometimes I think you're the only true friend I've got."

Lisa hugged Becky close. "Don't mention it," she said. "I meant what I said, too. I am proud to know you, proud of the person you are."

Becky blushed. "Even though I'm a weirdo nudist and exhibitionist? That can't be easy for anyone."

"It's easy for me..." Lisa said after a moment. Her chest felt tight, her stomach full of butterflies. She stood opposite Becky in the pub car park, their breath steaming in the cold December air. "In fact, it's the reason I fell in love with you."

Silence.

"What?" Becky said.

Lisa took a deep breath.

"I'm in love with you," she said again.

**Chapter 34 -- Lisa and Becky**

Lisa lay in bed back at university. It wasn't early. She'd slept late. Lectures hadn't started yet, they were still in study time, and though she had a fair amount of work to be getting on with, her time was much more her own, to use as she wished, and she was happy to use it for a lie in.

Especially, she thought as she glanced at the girl sleeping next to her in her crowded single bed, brunette curls spilling over the pillow; especially considering the company.

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Lisa had anticipated many things when she made her confession to Becky in the pub car park. She'd imagined surprise, confusion, rejection, anger, betrayal -- even a sort of flat nothingness where the words didn't sink in and she had to repeat them over and over until Becky understood at last.

What she hadn't expected was for her friend to grab hold of her, pull her into a tight embrace and plant a flurry of excited and happy kisses all over and around her surprised mouth.

It seemed, Lisa had discovered when at last Becky had calmed down enough for her to detach herself and for both girls to make an explanation, that unrequited love had been, in this case at least, a two-way street.

For it turned out that for almost as long as Lisa had been nursing a secret, desperate yearning for her best friend, Becky had been carrying that same torch herself -- and for a lot longer than Lisa herself had been.

"Two years," Becky had admitted. She'd been in love with her best friend for two years.

"Hang on," Lisa replied. "Ryan..?"

"The reason we broke up," Becky answered. "I didn't want to date him anymore. I wanted to date you. But I didn't think you were... you know. I didn't think you were like me. I thought you just liked boys. So I didn't know what to do. But I couldn't get it out of my head, the idea, once it had lodged there. No matter where I went or what I did, I knew I didn't want anyone but you. I just... didn't know how to say it. No, I didn't think it was worth saying, because as far as I knew, you wouldn't be able to feel the same."

Lisa's eyes filled with tears. She imagined Becky nursing that secret all that time, carrying the burden of it the way she had carried her own. She imagined the pain it must have caused her friend, pain she could have taken away if only she had unburdened herself of her own secret so much earlier. She pulled Becky close, tight in her arms, and sobbed.

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There was time enough, later, for explanations. For questions to be answered, for whole truths to be revealed.

They lay on Lisa's bed, heads together, arms round one another, and breathed. And kissed. And talked.

"When did you..?" Becky asked. Lisa had to admit she couldn't pinpoint a time when her feelings became what they were, not exactly -- but that seeing her friend so casually naked the first time they had studied together had begun her process of thinking of Becky as something more to her than just a friend.

"Hold up," Lisa said with a smile. "The whole nudist, exhibitionist type thing... was that just a way to get me to fancy you?"

Becky laughed warmly and loudly. "No! I promise you, I am genuinely as much of a nudist and as much of an exhibitionist as I have told you I am!

"But," she continued, "I suppose the way I felt about you was the reason why I told you. I could have told other people -- I could have told Ryan when we were going out, I could have told my mum... she might not have been happy but I trust her like I trust you... but I didn't. But I told you, because you felt like the only person in the world it was right to tell.

"And," she added, "I guess I figured if I told you one of my big secrets, maybe I could tell you the other one too.

"Except," she said sadly, "in the end I couldn't.

"I was going to," she said. "All summer I told myself, tell her, tell her. Plenty of times I came close, but then something always seemed to happen, something seemed to get in the way, and I told myself, next time will be the time..."

Lisa hugged the other girl tightly. "We're so daft," she said. "I was always the exact same way. I wanted to say it but I just couldn't. I nearly did, at your party, but it just came out as... well, rubbish about being mad at you, and I hated myself for that."

"Wanna know something?" Becky said. "I was gonna tell you at the party. That was gonna be the night I gave up my big secret. But all the time I was leading up to it, I was so nervous in the end that I didn't do it and... decided to tell everyone I'm a nudist instead..."

Lisa laughed in disbelief. "Becky, only you would consider showing up to a party completely naked to be a better option that telling someone you were in love with them!"

Becky groaned. "I know. I really messed up that night. I don't know what I was thinking, I must've gone temporarily mad from the stress of it all."

"Well," Lisa pointed out, "it was very nice to see you wandering around in the nuddy all night."

Becky grinned, then she blushed. "Oh my," she said. "You... you actually fancy me, don't you? Like I fancy you? That's just sunk in."

Lisa planted a kiss on Becky's open mouth. "I just can't believe you fancy me back," she said.

"Believe it," Becky replied, and responded with another kiss.

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They sat on the sofa in Lisa's living room, surrounded by Lisa's family. It was Christmas Eve, and they were watching The Snowman for the millionth time, a tradition in the Meredith household.

To any casual observer, it might seem that the two girls, sitting pressed against one another, one girl's head resting lightly on the other's shoulder, were simply close as friends could be, the way girls sometimes were, free with physical affection towards those closest to them. Certainly Lisa's family, absorbed in the television, food and drink of pre-Christmas, didn't notice the way the two girls' hands were intertwined, holding on to one another. Having found each other at last, neither was eager to let go.

Lisa gave a contented murmur as she nuzzled closer to Becky. They would tell people, eventually, of course, would establish the exact nature of their relationship and begin the first . But that was something for another day. Right now all that mattered was being with the woman she loved, and knowing she loved her in return. That was the only Christmas present she ever wanted.

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Christmas came and went, and then so did the New Year's celebrations.

When she looked back over her relationship with Becky, Lisa recalled with fondness that there was something particularly special about those first, early days. Cuddles by the fireside, walks hand-in-hand through the winter streets, steamy-breathed and bundled up in coats and scarves. Stolen, clandestine kisses wherever they could get them. Hands held secretly beneath the Christmas dinner tables. Long afternoons laying on one girl's bed, fully-clothed, arms around one another, just talking, telling all the secret feelings and too-long-buried emotions that had led to this.

Feelings of intense joy and deep love, but also a spark of fear, an electricity of nervousness, neither girl knowing what the future would hold but both excited and awed by the possibilities.

It was a peculiarly chaste relationship, during those early days. The kisses were frequent and numerous but never led to further things. Of course, aside from anything else, opportunities were scarce -- but deep down Lisa knew that if the two girls had disappeared off to a bedroom for an hour or so, nobody would have thought anything amiss. Indeed, they frequently did, only to spend their time cuddling, laughing and talking, almost giddy with the relief that each loved the other as much.

She was afraid, Lisa realized. Oh, her night with Jacqui had meant she knew more than ever what to do with Becky, how to make her feel good, and how Becky could pleasure her in return. To make love to Becky was all that she had ever wanted, but now she could, she hesitated. Taking that final step, going to bed with the girl who had once been her best friend and was now -- what, her girlfriend, her partner, her one true love? It was scary in what it represented; in its finality.

And Becky, she knew, was scared too. Even when they were alone, her devoutly nudist friend remained dressed, as if she feared her nakedness would be an invitation to Lisa to cross that final boundary before she was ready to.

In the end, rather fittingly, it was an act of exhibitionism that carried them that final step of the way.

**Chapter 35 -- Taking the Train**

With the end of the Christmas holidays approaching, both girls were increasingly facing up to the prospect that they would soon be returning to their respective universities, and so a parting, however temporary, was imminent.

Neither, of course, wanted that to happen.

It was Lisa's suggestion in the end, once she realized that although term was re-starting, they both had several weeks before classes would resume and that, as such, neither girl actually needed to be at her university -- only that their parents should believe they had gone there.

"Come back with me," she asked Becky -- and she didn't need to ask twice. So, packed as if she was returning to her own uni, Becky said goodbye to her mother and headed towards the platforms at the station -- only to bypass the train she'd said she would be on entirely and sit, excitedly, on a different platform, waiting for Lisa to arrive for the train that would take them both back to hers.

There was no real need for the deception, of course. Both girls were adults, who could come and go as they pleased. There was no need for Becky's mother and Lisa's family to be led to believe that both girls were going to separate destinations rather than the same one. But they'd become aware towards the end of the holiday that their increased closeness, even beyond their long-standing friendship, had become more noticeable, and while neither felt their families would react with anything like disapproval of their relationship, both were of the mind that at this moment they wanted it to remain knowledge only they shared.

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The plan went off without a hitch, and soon both girls found themselves sitting together in the warm carriage of an evening train as it carried them back to the city where Lisa's university was located. They nuzzled together as usual, hands held, talking softly of what was to come.

"Did you ever think this is where we'd be?" Lisa asked. Becky shook her head.

"I told myself it didn't matter. That I'd be happy just being your friend, just knowing you the rest of my life, even if you never knew I loved you. But I... I don't think that would have been true."

"I never imagined I would be this happy," Lisa concurred.

"Me neither," her girlfriend replied.

There was silence for a while.

"I'm happy," Becky said tentatively, "but..."

Lisa raised her head.

"I'm afraid, too," the other girl continued.

"I'm afraid one day I'll wake up and it won't be this way. That this has all just been a long and crazy dream and I'll wake up and things will be back to how they always were, we'll just be friends and you won't know how I feel and I won't know how you feel..."

"That won't happen," Lisa reassured, tightly squeezing Becky's hand. "I want to be with you every moment of my life, awake, asleep, I want to be with you."

Becky grinned shyly. "Asleep... we're going to sleep together, aren't we?"

Lisa flushed. "Well... I mean, yeah... if you want to?"

Becky reddened also. "I do! Oh my God, I do! Only..." she paused.

"I know," Lisa said. "It'll change things, even more than they already changed. Forever."

"Yeah..." Becky said dreamily. "It's kind of a big deal." She sat up a little. "Don't be upset but, well, I've sort of been... putting it off."

Lisa smiled to let her girlfriend know she understood. "I've noticed," she said.

"You did?"

Lisa laughed. "You're a nudist, Becks. Normally it's a struggle to get you to wear clothes even when you absolutely have to. But every time we've been alone together you've been as bundled up as I have."

Becky blushed. "I wasn't sure how you would feel about it. Now we are together, I mean. I know you like me like that. But I didn't know if I did it, you might think I was pushing you towards something."

"I suppose I haven't exactly been clear with my own signals either," Lisa admitted. "I've been afraid, too. It's kind of easier to stay floating in the middle like we are rather than make that final commitment."

"But you want to, right?" Becky said, worry in her voice.

Lisa nodded enthusiastically. "Of course! It's just... it's sometimes harder than you'd think."

Becky smiled ruefully. "Look at us," she said. "We were more relaxed about this sort of stuff before we were together. I never worried about being naked around you when we were just friends. Surely that should be easier now we're... what we are."

It was a while before Lisa, apparently lost in thought, spoke.

"Becky?" she asked. He friend looked up. "Take off your clothes."

"What?" Becky gasped.

"Take off your clothes. All of them. Right now."

"Lisa!" she exclaimed.

"I mean it," the blonde girl said. "Right here, in this train carriage, I want you to get naked. I dare you to get naked." She grinned.

In spite of herself, Becky grinned back. "You're on," she said.

She glanced around. The train carriage was by no means quiet. If you bunched all the people together it was maybe half-full, in fact. But nobody had an immediate and uninterrupted view of where the girls were sitting, and with Lisa on the aisle, Becky might just get away with it.

She divested herself of her sweater, and began to unlace her shoes. Someone walked past up the aisle and she froze, but as soon as they had gone she unbuttoned her jeans and wriggled out of them, along with her underwear, as subtly as she could.

Becky gave one last look around and then, sinking low in her seat, she pulled her t-shirt up over her head. For a moment she sat, a little breathless, in just her bra, and then she collected herself, unfastened it and slipped it off.

She sat, smiling happily, nude in the train carriage. For the first time since they had declared their love for one another, Lisa beheld her girlfriend naked, every curve and bump and hollow of her body. She bit her lip, her heart pounding.

Becky looked at her friend. "What?" she asked.

"You're just so bloody beautiful," Lisa replied, and Becky's cheeks went red.

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They'd sat a while, tense and excited, the clothed girl and the nude one.

Now that she was out of her clothes, the act of putting them back on undetected in the small space afforded by the train seats would be almost impossible for Becky. Instead she simply sat, awaiting inevitable discovery. Somebody would walk towards them, eventually. They must. It was only a matter of time before someone noticed that the girl in seat 6A had no clothes on.

Becky was aroused and breathing hard. For a moment she wondered what Lisa would do? Would her new girlfriend jump on her here and now, in this carriage? She had essentially ordered her to get naked -- was this to be the place they would first make love?

She had to admit, she wasn't against the idea. Indeed, the prospect of sex in public thrilled her just as being naked in public did, although she'd for obvious reasons never tried to do it before.

But at the same time, she found herself rather hoping that the first time with Lisa she had so long dreamed of happening would be long and passionate in a safe and private bed, rather than a frantic quickie mashed together in the carriage of a train while passengers around them pretended to suddenly be very interested in their newspapers and mobile phones.

Fortunately, it seemed, Lisa had other things in mind.

"One more dare?" she asked.

Becky nodded eagerly. "Anything," she gasped.

"Okay... I dare you to walk to the end of the train carriage, and back, just as you are now."

Becky shivered excitedly. There would be no hiding her nakedness, no waiting for one or two people to walk by and realise she was nude. Everyone would see her, everyone who could, everyone would see the last thing they expected to see on their evening journey -- a completely naked girl doing a catwalk down the carriage and back to her seat.

Lisa got up out of her seat, leaving the way clear for Becky to stand and get out. Mischievously, she also made sure to stand in the aisle, blocking the shorter route to the carriage end. It was clear to Becky then that Lisa intended her to walk the whole, longest length of the carriage and back.

Taking a deep breath, Becky scooted over into Lisa's seat, feeling the warm recently-vacated fabric on her bare skin. Then, she stood up.

Not everyone noticed at first, of course. But some did, and Becky imagined she could feel every pair of eyes that stared at her, every man who gazed at her bare breasts and all else with lustful thoughts. She heard every gasp and registered every person tapping the arm or shoulder of their neighbor or opposite and pointing back down the carriage to the sudden appearance of the naked girl.

Her legs shook as she took her first steps down the carriage. They always did, when she exposed herself like this. The fear was part of it, the adrenaline one of the attractions, one of the triggers for her arousal. She wanted to be seen, so badly, but she also knew that in showing herself, she was breaking an iron social rule and inviting thoughts and judgements both lustful and disapproving.

Her blood pounded in her ears as she stepped barefoot along the dull carpet of the train carriage. The train's movement swayed her, she felt the motion of the carriage through her body, felt her free and unrestrained form react with subtle motions.

She was almost in a trance. People called to her, made comments, but she didn't hear them. She could still feel their eyes. Her nipples stiffened almost painfully, her stomach fluttered, her sex ached.

She didn't walk slowly. She longed to, longed to take her time, to meander along the carriage giving all assembled the full sight of her -- but she knew to do so would be also to prolong the chances of this not ending as she wished. So, in moments, she had reached the end of the train carriage. She was visible, through the glass doors, to anyone stood between this carriage and the next -- one man was, and he stared wide-eyed and open mouthed as she pirouetted and returned the way she had come, back to the waiting Lisa, who stared at her with undisguised admiration, awe, and desire.

Her dare was completed, but Becky didn't immediately return to her seat. Instead she embraced Lisa, feeling the other girl's clothing against her naked skin.

"Touch me," she gasped, whispering so only Lisa could hear. The other girl obliged, discretely sliding a hand down, over her hairless mound, to stroke the cleft between her legs. When she felt just how wet Becky had become, her eyes widened.

"Did I do good?" came the brunette's happy sigh.

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They didn't do much after that, not in the train carriage. They'd done too much to attract attention, after all, and so Becky hurriedly dressed, much to the disappointment of the other passengers, and the two sat, preparing themselves for the response.

As it was, most of the people on the train simply pretended it hadn't happened. Only one or two guys came over to ask if Becky was planning a repeat performance, or if Lisa was going to follow suit. A woman approached, too, asking "whatever did you do that for?" Becky's answer -- "I just felt like it," -- didn't seem to satisfy.

But in spite of the lack of any further shenanigans during their journey, their excitement remained -- and it remained as the left the station, and bundled with their suitcases into a waiting taxi to take them back to Lisa's accommodation. It remained as they climbed the stairs to Lisa's accommodation, unlocked the door, slammed it behind them, threw down their bags and collapsed on the bed, throwing off their clothing and finally, ecstatically, joyously making love.

**Chapter 36 -- Pride (Epilogue)**

Six months had passed, and Lisa and Becky's love had endured and grown.

Living apart, attending separate universities, had been a challenge, but they saw one another as often as they could. They would take it in turns when one or the other had a free weekend, Lisa travelling to stay with Becky or vise-versa. It was easier the other way -- Becky still had her roommate after all, and so when they were at Becky's the two had to limit their lovemaking to times when she was out. Fortunately, much to Lisa's surprise, the roommate turned out to be a good-natured sort who was happy to grant them a bit of privacy (Becky still maintained to Lisa that her roommate was the enemy, however, mostly due to the other girl still requiring her to wear clothes in her company).

The rest of the time they had to make do with online video-chat, often falling asleep together, miles apart, heads resting next to laptop screens.

The holidays were the best time. Three weeks at Easter where they had come home together, and barely been apart.

They'd laid the groundwork for that, coming out as a couple to family and friends, not wanting to waste precious time sneaking about when they could be out in the open.

Lisa's family had been surprised at her revelation of her sexuality, and doubly so when she revealed that her new girlfriend was in fact a young woman whom they had known most of her life and, indeed, considered a de facto member of their own family. But in many ways, that made it easier for them to accept -- they knew Becky already, and loved her and had already welcomed her into their home. It required only minimal adjustment for them to start thinking of her not as their daughter's closest friend but as her partner, although Lisa's mother had discretely enquired if, now, when Becky stayed over at Lisa's house she would still be staying in Lisa's room and had taken some time to get used to the answer!

Her brothers were more difficult, still getting over the idea that their big sister was in a loving relationship with another woman when (Lisa suspected) their only previous understanding of lesbianism was from their typical teenage "secret" browsing of online porn. The idea that their sibling, and her incredibly pretty friend, were admitting to doing the sort of things they had seen girls in these videos do created an awkwardness whenever Carl or Ben would encounter both girls together, and while Lisa sensed that this would dissipate as they grew up, it wasn't always easy at the time.

Becky's mum responded unexpectedly to her own daughter's coming out. Not with disapproval -- she was more than happy to learn the two girls were together -- but with revelations. Not long after Becky's father had passed, when her daughter was still a little girl, Becky's mum told them, she'd herself had a relationship with another woman, and then later a second affair. Indeed, Becky's mum admitted, she considered herself "mostly gay" now, but had kept her sexuality secret out of worry that Becky would be upset by it. Happily, the end result was that her mother, single for many years, began dating women again, with her daughter coaching her on the intricacies of dating apps and the like.

Following the ugly scenes at the pub at Christmas, both girls were unsurprised to discover that they had fewer of their friends that they had used to have; but those who remained were nothing but supportive upon learning that Becky and Lisa were a couple. Indeed, the girls were rather surprised by the number of people who had commented to the effect of "finally" -- apparently, their existing closeness and "thick-as-thieves" relationship had caused several who knew them to speculate when, rather than if, the two would pair off.

Lisa's housemates were completely underwhelmed by the revelation. Not having known her longer than a few months, most simply assumed that Lisa had been gay or bisexual all along and had simply chosen not to mention it until she needed to -- only when learning that Becky was her first girlfriend and that the relationship was the end result of a long friendship and star-crossed unrequited love did they coo and gush happily.

Only Jacqui had known the full story already, and when she saw Lisa and Becky together for the first time, the older girl simply raised an eyebrow and, to Lisa, said, "told you so."

Free, then, to pursue their relationship openly, Lisa and Becky began to ingratiate into each other's lives, to function socially and domestically as a real couple, very much in love.

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From early on, both girls had agreed that Becky's exhibitionism and love of nudity was to be a welcome, and encouraged, aspect to their relationship. It thrilled them both for their own reasons -- Becky loved to be nude and to be seen, while Lisa loved the sight, and the spirit, of Becky's nakedness.

Dares and other exhibitionist adventures became a normal part of their sex life -- too many to list here, some delightful, some disastrous, but all memorable. Lisa, for her part, remained committed to keeping her own clothes on -- at least in public.

In private, however, she found that Becky's constant desire for nakedness was infectious, and often when it was just the two of them, she would remain nude after they had made love, sitting watching television or listening to music with Becky in her small dorm room, skin against skin, blissfully happy.

Still, she often reminded herself of the summer, when she'd had to run through the campsite in the nude, or when Jerry the hiker had stumbled upon her and Becky in the woods, and grimaced. There was no chance she was going to wind up naked in public like her girlfriend, not ever again.

Or so she thought.

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It was June, and warm. Lisa was preparing for her upcoming trip, in a few days' time, to see Becky at her university. Soon term would be over and they would be home for a long, leisurely summer, to spend together as much as they desired. They were already looking at holidays together -- in particular, a longer return trip to camping in the woods.

But there was time yet for one final visit to see Becky before packing up and heading for home, one last weekend reunion. Friday, for Lisa, couldn't come quickly enough, but it was only Thursday when Becky, excitedly, called her up.

"They want people in the Pride parade!" she explained. "I think we should!"

Becky had, finally, found some acceptance at her university. Although she had never really bonded with her housemates, her relationship with Lisa had led to her becoming involved in the university's LGBTQ society, wherein she had at last found new friends who weren't particularly perturbed by the notion that she might be a nudist. The university LGBTQ society was a big part of her city's Pride event, and many students from the society marched in the parade and appeared on floats.

The event was this coming weekend, and Lisa readily agreed they should take part -- until Becky explained the exact reason she was so excited to do so.

"They want people to be body-painted!" she gushed happily.

Lisa groaned.

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The idea was to get a handful of students to ride on one of the floats, wearing nothing save for brightly-coloured paint on their skin, to make some sort of statement about body-positivity, identity and such that Lisa didn't fully understand. Privately she suspected someone had just decided it would look cool, and had come up with a reason to justify it after the fact.

It was, Becky felt strongly, something they should both do, and there was no persuading her otherwise.

"It'll be fine," she assured her worried girlfriend. "It won't be like you'll actually be naked. The paint will cover you up."

Lisa wasn't sure how much coverage a layer of coloured paint would provide -- certainly not enough to disguise that she was, in fact, not wearing any clothes. She looked down at herself. While she'd progressed in recent months towards the realization that her body, with her round hips and narrow chest, was far from terrible in its unclothed appearance, she was also acutely aware that no matter how much paint hid the tone of her skin, it would be her visible shapeliness that was more of a concern.

Nonetheless, she couldn't say no to Becky.

So it was that she found herself, together with her girlfriend, arriving at a student shared house on the Saturday morning.

There would be nowhere to get ready with paint at the start of the parade, Becky had explained, so the students who would be on the float, and the ones doing the painting, had agreed to rendezvous first at one of their houses, get ready, then the painted participants would be driven to the event to take their place on the float as it started the parade.

It was a warm, sunny day, and when the two girls told the young man who answered the door that they were there for the painting, he motioned them through to the back garden. There, a tall, long haired man was putting the finishing touches to a vibrant pattern painted onto a full-figured, entirely naked girl with cropped pink hair and studs in her nose and lips. A well-muscled young man sporting a very minimal design which left much of his skin bare (only covering his right thigh, hip and genitals) stood smoking a cigarette and talking to a similarly good looking lad in shorts who was waiting to get painted. A few others of varying body types and genders stood around dressed, half-dressed or in robes, and there was apparently another painter who had nipped out for a break.

Becky, typically, divested herself of all of her clothing as soon as they realized they were in the right place, even though it looked like it would be a little while for them to wait their turn to be painted. She intended to make the most of a chance to be naked outside, in the company of people who weren't at all perturbed by her lack of clothing.

Lisa, though, kept her clothes firmly on until it was at last her turn. By now, most of the people in the garden were naked and painted up, so she didn't feel completely awful when she shyly undressed and stood, awkwardly, in front of the long-haired guy.

"Got any preference for design?" he asked, rooting through sponges and paintbrushes.

Lisa blushed. "Something that covers a lot?" she suggested.

The young painted paused, and took a look at her. "Hmm," he pondered after a moment. "No problem. Better lose the pubes though, hun. The paint tends to matt them together. It doesn't look great."

Lisa squeaked, turning even redder as it seemed that everyone in close proximity was now looking directly at her pubic hair with suddenly critical eyes.

Perhaps seeing her distress, the Rubenesque punk girl leaned over.

"Don't worry luv," she said. "I've got a fresh razor. Nip up to the bathroom, you'll be fine in five minutes."

"I'll, uh, help?" Becky exclaimed, appearing as if by magic.

The painter rolled his eyes.

"Okay lovebirds. Five minutes though, we're in a rush." He cast around. "Anyone else need paint doing while Becky takes her girlfriend upstairs to shave and definitely not do anything else?"

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They scampered quickly into the house, Lisa following Becky's bare and shapely bottom up the stairs. It felt strange beyond words to Lisa to be walking around naked so brazenly in the home of complete strangers to her, but it was also weirdly exciting in a way she'd not experienced before.

The bathroom was a typical one for a student pad -- old, and on the shabby side, and in need of a damn good clean, but serviceable enough. Lisa perched herself delicately on the side of the bath, while Becky rummaged about, following the punk girl's instructions, until she found a packet of pink-handled disposable women's razors. She cracked the plastic cover off of one, and after a moment, also produced a small pair of scissors from the same place by the sink. She ran the hot water and after a moment, pipes rattling, the sink was filled.

Becky then turned her attention to Lisa. "You okay with this?" she asked.

Lisa shrugged, trying to appear nonchalant and not at all bothered about either her current state of nakedness, the fact she would soon be naked in front of everyone who was attending the parade, and the fact that shaving her pubic hair was going to be a new experience.

"Yeah," she squeaked. "If I'm gonna look like a naked idiot, I might as well look like the best naked idiot I can."

Becky grinned. "You ever shaved down there before?" Lisa shook her head. There was a pause and then Becky continued; "want me to do it for you?" Lisa nodded, with more than a little enthusiasm. She parted her legs, giving Becky the access she needed -- her girlfriend looked approvingly and knelt down on the floor between them.

Becky began by using the scissors to trim Lisa's bush. There wasn't much hair, and what was there was fine and blonde. That was one reason Lisa had never felt the need to shave her pudenda before -- she never thought of herself as particularly hairy, and even now, when receiving oral sex was a big part of her bedroom routine, she'd never heard Becky complain that her hair was in the way down there.

Lisa curled her toes, suppressing a giggled of pleasure. Becky wasn't exactly being all business with what she was doing. She kept allowing her fingers to lightly stroke the sensitive skin around Lisa's mound, and even, wickedly, to brush her outer labia, as she removed the snipped-off hairs, even blowing on the area to ensure it was clear. Delicious feelings shivered through Lisa, and she tipped back her head, closing her eyes in happiness.

There was even better to come. The scissoring done, Becky wet her hand and squirted into them a blast from a can of scented shaving soap. Then she began to massage the soap into a foam on Lisa's mound and over the lips of her pussy. She wasn't even pretending now -- her questing fingers slipped easily between the soapy lips, and soon she was sliding two fingers into and out of her lover, Lisa breathing hard, her nipples stiff and her hands gripping the curved side of the bath tightly, while with her other hand she deftly slid the razor over Lisa's pudenda and around her pussy, removing every last bit of hair.

"Try not to move," Becky breathed. Easy for you to say, Lisa thought, you're not the one getting fingered while trying to perch on the side of a bathtub while your girlfriend simultaneously goes at your lady parts with a very sharp razor... but she didn't say it. There was no way she wanted Becky to stop.

She did stop, though -- for a moment at least. She slid her fingers all the way out and, after using her wet hands to remove any stray soap foam from Lisa, patted her dry with a towel. She withdrew the towel and made a show of critically inspecting her handywork. Lisa looked down -- at the sight of the smooth, pink skin, at the cleft of her two hairless lips -- until her view was suddenly obscured, as her girlfriend leaned in and, holding on to Lisa's hips and bottom to steady her, began to kiss and then lick the now-more-sensitive-than-ever area. Her probing tongue slipped between Lisa's pussy lips to the silky wetness beyond, lapping and teasing with a skill born of frequent practice, flickering under her hood to stimulate her clitoris. Lisa gasped happily, muscles in her stomach and thighs flexing, pushing herself into the pleasure Becky was giving her.

She came quickly, a knee-trembler of an orgasm, only Becky's deceptively strong arms preventing her from toppling backwards into the bathtub. Mindful they may not be alone in the house, she attempted to stifle the noises that escaped, involuntarily, from her mouth, but she was too far gone to manage that and finally she cried out in ecstasy as her orgasm flowered and bloomed inside of her.

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Downstairs in the garden, the young man with the paint and his punk friend shared a cigarette and looked at each other, knowingly, as the unmistakable sound of a woman in climax drifted down to them from the open bathroom window.

The painter raised an eyebrow. "Dykes," he said, not unkindly.

"Hey," the pink-haired girl countered, "you and Greg have hogged the bathroom plenty of times this week alone."

The painter held up his hands. "Guilty as charged. But not when we've got to get your big bare arse on a Pride float for 3 o'clock."

The girl swatted him playfully with her hand. "Oi!"

The young man grinned. "Sorry. My bad. It's not big. It's perfectly sized. For a bouncy castle."

She leapt at him, and he swung aside, picking up his paints so they didn't get knocked over. The girl glared in a playful way -- they'd been friends a good few years, and this sort of behavior was entirely normal for them.

The painter bowed, as Becky and Lisa reappeared he was floridly and profusely apologizing to the girl.

"... I regret that I misspoke and compared your behind to any sort of inflatable building which children jump on for fun," he said, "now give over and let me paint pretty colours on Becky's lovely other half, as if she needs it."

In the end, Lisa ended up with a swirling pattern covering her from her chest down to her thighs, and over her bottom. It made maybe the tiniest difference, but she still felt, and felt she looked, incredibly naked -- particularly when she looked down between her legs at the sudden absence of bush.

Becky, typically for her, decided to stretch the definition of what could actually be called "body-painting". The rainbow stars on her nipples and the small smattering of stars elsewhere on her body were technically painted, but unlike the other participants, there would be no question that Becky was not very much 100% nude. That was, though, apparently the extent of the paint she was prepared to wear, and she pirouetted away happily around the garden.

A couple of courage-reinforcing drinks later and the body paint was dry (Lisa's skin took on a slightly stiff feeling, but she still definitely did not feel clothed in any way). The painted people donned blankets, towels and robes for coverage and piled into several cars to make the short distance to the start of the parade.

Lisa wasn't at all surprised when Becky eschewed any sort of cover up and simply hopped into the back of the long-haired body-painter's car next to her completely nude.

The painter looked back over his shoulder at her, and shook his head.

"Okay, Lady Godiva," he sighed. "But if we get pulled over, you're the one doing the explaining."

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They arrived at the car park where the parade floats had assembled in the nick of time, and the boys scrambled up onto the float emblazoned with the university LGBTQ society decorations before helping the girls to climb up also. Greg, the painter's boyfriend, was driving, and the painter gave the assembled gang of brightly-coloured naked people one final pep talk.

"Smile, dance, wave, have fun, be happy, and try and ignore if it gets cold," he advised. "Oh, and no hanky-panky. This is a family event, it's a bloody miracle they've let us do this anyway so let's not give them a reason to regret it."

He paused. "And boys, think pure thoughts. If I see so much as a semi, I'll whack it with a ruler and you get to spend the after-party sitting at home with an ice-pack on your nadgers contemplating your life choices."

The float got on its way, and Becky slipped her arm around Lisa's bare waist.

"You okay?" she asked, kissing her girlfriend on the cheek.

Lisa nodded. "I thought I wouldn't be, but actually now I'm here it isn't so bad."

Becky laughed. "Good! Although, we are only just getting out of the car park..."

In the end, it was only a tiny bit embarrassing. The people assembled to watch the parade, join the parade, and of course, photograph the parade, seemed many more than Lisa had imagined. The whole thing took them right through the town centre, so as well as the people who were fully expecting all the craziness and politics of a Pride parade, you had more than a few bemused shoppers, and walking around on the float and waving (she quickly abandoned the idea of dancing, even though the music was good; nobody needed to see her dance at the best of times, let alone with no clothes on) she did feel very aware of her own nudity, and not always in a positive way.

But it didn't bother her so much, because she never felt alone, never felt like everyone was staring at her. Her painted companions were jubilant, supportive of one another and always looking out for her. And, of course, she had Becky.

As the parade wound its way through the town, in the direction of the university, Becky suddenly caught Lisa up in her arms. She held her girlfriend close, letting her feel the cool smoothness of her bare skin against her own, feeling Lisa's skin connect in turn. She looked into Lisa's eyes, and Lisa stared back and then, as if nobody in the world were watching, they kissed, a long, lingering, open-mouthed kiss.

The kiss went on. Lisa thought back, back to that very first Snapchat message Becky had sent her, to the text where she had first hinted at the secret she had wanted to share.

Now, here she was, completely naked in the centre of town, passionately kissing a naked girl, her best friend, the girl she loved -- and who loved her -- in full view of hundreds of people.

Well, she thought, breaking off the kiss with a smile. What other way could this have ended?

(The End)