**Friends?**

by Emma

When I started my new job I found it quite hard to get to know the people I was working with. This was mainly because I was 'out on the road' most of the week, only spending one day, or sometimes less, in the office. It made getting to know my new colleagues quite difficult. One of the office based girls, Laura, did make a big effort to make me feel welcome, and it was she who I became friendliest with. We became best friends after she persuaded me to take part in a record breaking skinny dip for charity. As we worked together more I felt quite attracted to her, but I certainly wasn't sure if she felt the same way. One thing I was sure about, though, was that she had no idea that, while my car was being repaired in a small back street garage, I had stripped to my underwear in front of two lads there, and then gone back the next day to get shagged naked over the bonnet of my own car!   
  
Conflicting emotions indeed! On one hand, I really liked being used for sex by the rough and ready young lads, while on the other hand, Laura made me feel different - warm, loved, special - I felt an attraction to her unlike anything I had previously experienced with a woman. On Saturday I had collected up my newly repaired car from the garage, before picking Laura up to go shopping, and as it turned out, for a drink, before spending the evening together. Things hadn't gone entirely to plan. I had spent ages preparing for my 'date' with Laura, but when I got to the garage I had been confronted by a very large bill. I had 'negotiated' a reduction by stripping naked and giving them ALL my clothes! - well they'd seen it all before anyway.....   
Anyway. I had to quickly drive home naked, dress all over again, and then pick up Laura. We both had a lovely day, and I thought things had gone really well.   
  
The next week Laura seemed very quiet, something - or someone - was obviously bothering her, and I was getting the impression that the someone might be me. I was upset that something I had done had upset her so much, though for the life of me, I couldn't think what it was. It came as a relief to me when she asked if we could meet after work for a drink and a little chat. I was starting to think perhaps I had come on too strong, or that she wasn't that way inclined, and that she wanted to put some distance between us.   
  
We met in a local pub, and took our drinks out into the beer garden to get some privacy. I'm sorry to say I was panicking - I didn't want to lose her, and just bombarded her with questions, rather than giving her chance to explain.   
She waited for me to finish, before quietly asking what I had done before picking her up on Saturday. I told her I'd picked the car up, but she wanted to know what else I'd done.   
  
'I noticed, you know' she said.   
'You always dress so well, normally, but Saturday' - well - you looked like you'd just thrown on the first thing you came to. And there was your feet.'   
'My feet? what about my feet?'   
'They were dirty, especially your toes, and your toes always look lovely'   
'You look at my toes?'   
'I look at ALL of you, I LIKE looking at all of you - does that really shock you?'   
  
I did shock me - it's what I had longed to hear, and it was more than I could ever have wished for, to hear her say it. I just didn't know what to say, lost for words, all I could do was nod my head.   
  
'Why the dirty toes, Emma?'   
  
I had to tell her, not everything, of course, but all about Saturday. I explained how I halved my car repair bill by stripping naked in a dirty garage and handing over everything I was wearing as part payment. Boy, did it sound cheap and sordid as I was telling her. It was far, far, more humiliating telling Laura than it ever had been actually doing it.   
  
'Did they f\*\*k you?'   
'No! No!, nothing like that!'   
  
But my face must have given me away.   
  
'But they have though, haven't they?   
  
So the whole embarrassing story came out. I felt so ashamed, telling this lovely sweet girl, who made me feel so great, who I so much wanted to spend time with, and had intimated she felt the same way, about my wanton behaviour.   
  
'So you think so little of your body that you'll quite happily use it to pay a garage bill?'   
  
I could only nod in agreement.   
  
'And you were quite happy to flash your naked flesh to some guys you hardly even knew, just for the fun of it?'   
  
Another nod.   
  
'So what would you do for someone you really liked?'   
  
'Anything, Laura, just about anything.'   
  
'Then pick up your glass of cider and tip it all down your blouse and skirt'   
  
I did just as she said without even thinking about it. I also took the wet blouse and skirt off, there in the beer garden, while the other drinkers looked on in shock, just because she asked me. It would have been humiliating enough sitting there in my wet bra and panties, but I don't 'do' bras, so it was just wet panties and erect nipples for me....... Laura decided perhaps I should go and tidy myself up in the 'ladies' before any of the (female) customers started complaining, so I rushed off to the toilets (thankfully outside, and not in the bar), clutching my wet clothes to my chest. I carried out Laura's instructions to the letter (she said she would be in soon to check), rinsing my skirt and blouse in a sink, before removing my wet panties and rinsing them as well. Plenty of women came in while I stood naked at the sink washing my clothes. Some said nothing, some laughed, but the vast majority had plenty of very unpleasant things to say about my behaviour and state of undress!   
  
Laura never had the chance to come and 'rescue' me. I was thrown out before she could. There had been complaints. The landlady and two of her barmaids dragged me out of the toilets, across the beer garden, through the gate and into the car park, accompanied by loud cheers. I wasn't naked - I had my blouse on - unbuttoned and wide open, but on - but nothing else! My skirt and panties were dumped in the bin as I was dragged through the door, and the blouse didn't cover ANYTHING as I was dragged across the beer garden!   
  
Laura was leaning against my car, tears of laughter streaming down her face.   
  
'OMG!! That was so funny! The look on their faces!'   
  
Still laughing, she gave me a big hug, and a huge kiss, slap bang on my lips.   
  
'We've just GOT do do this again!'   
  
Still friends then, I presume.