**Jennifer: The Roommate**

by[okayterrific](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1122091&page=submissions)©

A couple of weeks have passed since my crazy night of nude dares, and it's been disappointing that Dave and I haven't done anything new since then. I've really been looking forward to testing my boundaries even further than the gas station dare, but he hasn't even mentioned anything that happened that night. I had no idea my unexpected exhibitionism was going to be such a turn on for me and I thought it was for him too, but maybe he's afraid to bring it up again for some reason? I masturbated in his freaking car, you'd think he'd know that I'm into it!   
  
Truth be told, once he didn't say anything after the first week I started taking matters into my own hands which is why I'm more anxious than usual for the work day to end. I haven't done anything as crazy as the night of dares at his place, but since I usually have my apartment to myself for a few hours each night I like to take that opportunity to push the envelope a little. Thankfully I've got only a few more minutes to go.   
  
I kept my eyes glued to the little clock in the lower right corner of my computer and as soon as it hit 5:00 I started shutting down. I grabbed my purse, fished out my sunglasses, and quickly headed for the exit. I couldn't wait to get out of the stuffy office and as soon as i went through the door I was greeted by the hot summer air and abundant sunshine. It felt so good! I inhaled and exhaled deeply as I took it all in for a moment and then I made my way to my car.   
  
The inside of the car was stiflingly hot and I thought about turning on the AC, but I really needed some fresh air right now so instead I put down the windows and then traded in my high heels for the flip flops I keep under the passenger seat. The car began to air out a little on my commute home and I made it back to my apartment in the usual amount of time.   
  
"Hi, Jerry," I called out to the man stationed at the reception desk that I passed on my way to the elevators.  
  
"Good evening, Jen," I heard him reply as I pushed the button.  
  
While I waited a few other residents got home from their jobs and when the elevator arrived we all piled in together. Luckily none of them were getting off before the 5th floor so I was the first stop. Once it stopped I hurried my way out and down the hallway then unlocked my door.   
  
"Hello?" I called out to see if my roommate Rachel was home.  
  
"Yessss!" I said aloud as I shut the door behind me and then pumped my fist.   
  
I don't want to make it sound like I hate Rachel or even that we don't get along or anything like that, but it's nice to have the place to myself when I can. Her hours are kind of all over the place because she works retail and is also a bartender a few nights a week as well so I never really know if she'll be home or not. Her hours skew more towards the evening and night though so when I get home I usually have the place to myself for at least a few hours, but I always like to check before assuming anything.   
  
"Working late tonight?" I texted her as I walked into my room and kicked off my heels.  
  
The wood floor felt nice and cool underneath my bare feet. I put my phone down on my dresser and then began to unbutton my blouse as I pulled it out of the waistband of my skirt. After getting it unbuttoned I slid it off my shoulders then grabbed a hanger from my closet. Next, I reached behind my back and unhooked by bra.  
  
"Ahhhhh," I sighed as I felt the tension release.  
  
I slipped it off my shoulders and threw it on the bed. It felt so good to have my breasts free and out in the open. I unfastened the clasp on my skirt next and in one motion pushed it and my panties off my hips and let them fall to the floor. I loved being naked now!   
  
Recently I've been taking advantage of the few hours that I get to myself most nights by getting naked in the apartment as soon as I get home. I didn't start doing this immediately after that night at Dave's but after a week or two I needed to satisfy my newfound exhibitionist desires somehow. It's been good because it helps me fulfill those desires with virtually no risk. Our apartment is up on the 5th floor and faces the parking lot so I don't have to worry about any traffic or neighbors. It's impossible for anyone to see in even after I open up the blinds. The only way someone would be able to see me is if I stepped out onto our small balcony or got really close to the sliding glass door.  
  
I think the only reason this really gives me much of a thrill at all is because of Rachel. Since she's my roommate I'm not really supposed to be walking around naked even though I live here. If I had this place by myself or I was over at Dave's I don't think I'd find it nearly as exciting. Knowing that I shouldn't be doing this gives me a little bit of that feeling that I felt the night at Dave's. The stakes aren't nearly as high but that's okay. So far she's only caught me once and I was able to easily explain it away by saying I realized I forgot my towel before getting in the shower. Thankfully she bought that because while being seen is also part of the thrill I don't know how she'd handle it.  
  
Now that I had undressed it was time to go about my usual routine. I grabbed my phone then went into the kitchen to grab a bite to eat and the blast of cool air hit my body as soon as I opened up the fridge door. Goosebumps broke out over my skin and my nipples reflexively stiffened. I could feel the cooler air wash over me, especially my most intimate areas, and I'd be lying if I said I didn't take an extra few moments to take it all in. After a little while it started to get a little too cold though so I grabbed the salad bowl, a bottle of dressing, and a can of diet coke.   
  
I made myself a plate of salad and brought everything over to our small dining room set to eat. I also grabbed a dish towel out of a drawer to sit on because even though I loved being naked in the apartment I always felt self conscious sitting on our stuff naked. I didn't care about my bed but stuff that we shared like the chairs, couch, etc I always made sure to get something to sit on. So I set the dish towel on the chair and ate my salad while catching up on social media naked. Very exciting, I know, but there is always a lot to catch up on between Facebook, Twitter, Reddit, and also a few other sites that I frequent. It always surprises me how fast time can go by doing stuff like that. I finished my salad and before I knew it I realized the sun was setting. I cleaned up after myself and made my way over to the couch. I stretched out on the couch and set the dish towel down and laid down facing the sliding glass doors so that I could see the sky while I continued my web browsing.   
  
After realizing that exhibitionism turned me on I sought out more about it online. I found all sorts of great sites devoted to it. After catching up on social media the rest of my time online was consumed by all these other sites. I loved looking at pics, watching videos, and even reading stories even if most of them were fictional. The stories had actually become my favorite because it was so easy to get lost in them and imagine myself in the situation of these various girls. It also gave me a lot of ideas for stuff I'd like to try in the future.  
  
I began reading a story by an author whose works are well-rated and it didn't take long for me to start getting turned on. I loved the way the author described the girl's humiliation and embarrassment. I found it to be such a turn on. It was so easy for me to imagine myself in her figurative shoes.  
  
As I read this new story it didn't take long for me to begin touching myself with my free hand. In it the main character, Carrie, gets in trouble shooting pool with three other girls. She soon finds herself playing for stakes that she can't afford and has to sell her clothes to the girls to pay off her debt. As I read along I felt her vulnerability and shame. I teased myself by playing with my breasts as her ordeal unfolded. The idea of being forced to strip in front of essentially three strangers in a pool hall bathroom got me feeling so hot. As I continued reading I dragged my fingers down my tummy to my bare mound. The heat coming from between my legs was unreal.  
  
I started rubbing my lips gently as I continued reading. The other three girls took Carrie's clothes with them and told her she would have to meet them out back or they were leaving her there naked. With no other choice she's forced to leave the bathroom and sneak out the nearby back exit. My fingers moved from my lips to my slit and I wasn't surprised to find myself very wet.   
  
"Mmmmm," I moaned out as I continued reading and rubbing my pussy.  
  
My breathing became heavy as I continued playing with myself and I could feel an orgasm building as I read along. The fear and embarrassment of Carrie was palpable. Now outside, she manages to keep herself hidden until after a little bit of time passes for her and she finally sees a pair of headlights approaching. She quickly leaves her hiding place desperate to get her clothes back only to find out that the driver is just some random guy.   
  
At that point I couldn't take it any longer so I put my phone down. The idea of poor Carrie hiding only to expose herself willingly to some stranger was too much for me. I closed my eyes and began to rub my pussy faster and more intensely. I bucked my hips as I felt the orgasm build up and moaned what I'm sure was a little too loudly when I couldn't contain it any longer. My hips and ass were up in the air as I came and waves of pleasure washed over my entire body. I hadn't had an orgasm this good since I masturbated in Dave's car on the way back from the gas station. As it subsided I lowered myself back down onto the dish towel and exhaled deeply. That felt SO good!  
  
"Holy shit," I said aloud while slightly out of breath.   
  
As I laid on the couch coming down from the orgasmic high I closed my eyes and thought about Carrie. A part of me wanted to find myself in a situation like hers even though it would be totally unreasonable. The idea of being naked in a public place and at the mercy of a stranger added so much vulnerability. I'm sure I'd be turned on but I also think I'd be scared to death.   
  
In what only seemed like a few minutes I woke up thanks to the sound of the door opening and realized that I must have dozed off. I yawned and stretched and a rush of adrenaline went through my entire body as I realized the situation that I was in. I was totally naked on the couch and there was absolutely nowhere for me to go or no reasonable way to explain this.   
  
"Hey, Jen," Rachel said as I could hear her locking the door behind her.   
  
She hadn't noticed that I was naked, at least not yet, and with her back turned I quickly grabbed one of the throw pillows and placed it over my crotch. The pointlessness of it immediately hit me since I was still obviously naked but I guess the instinct to preserve my modesty took over.  
  
"Um...hey, Rach," I replied awkwardly.  
  
I didn't get a reply and as I turned my head to look over the pillow behind my head I could see her staring right at me with her mouth agape. I felt so small and crossed my arms over my chest to cover my breasts.  
  
"What the fuck are you doing naked on our couch!?!" she asked, the anger in her voice clear by her tone and how loudly she said it.  
  
"I can...I can explain," I answered nervously as I sat up. I crossed my right leg over my left while holding onto the pillow covering my crotch to prevent it from falling off, then I grabbed the pillow that was behind my head and clutched it to my chest.   
  
"Please do," she said as the walked towards me with her eyes locked onto my mostly exposed body.  
  
"I...uh..." my words trailing off as my mind raced and failed to come up with a reason why I would be caught in this position.   
  
"Are you like a closet nudist or something like that?" she asked.  
  
I felt my cheeks burning and I couldn't even look her in the eyes as I answered. "Sort of."  
  
She started shaking her head, "I knew that one day I caught you naked and you said you forgot your towel before taking a shower that it was bullshit. My instinct told me you were lying!"  
  
"I'm sorry! I swear it's not that bad. I always sit on a dish towel," I explained.  
  
"Oh, well that's good!," she exclaimed sarcastically. "Have you always been doing this?"  
  
"No, it just started a few weeks ago. Dave and I were playing strip poker and I realized that I like being naked. I know that sounds crazy, but I don't know, I get a rush out of doing it," I answered.  
  
"If you like being naked so much then why are you covering up?" Rachel asked.  
  
"Huh?" I replied since the question surprised me.  
  
"You heard me," she said. Her tone changing from angry to more authoritative now. "You said you like being naked so stop covering up."  
  
"Please...I'm sorry. Just let me get dressed and I'll never do this again," I begged.  
  
She didn't say anything but instead held up her phone as if to take a pic.  
  
"Okay! Okay! Just don't take a pic!" I exclaimed before letting go of the pillows and jumping to my feet. I knew covering up would be pointless so I stood there with my arms at my sides displaying my full naked body to her. I could feel her eyes on every inch of exposed flesh.  
  
"I'm not into other girls, but I gotta say you're pretty hot," she commented and put her phone down.  
  
"Th-thanks," I stammered.   
  
"So tell me more about you playing strip poker," she asked.  
  
"Well, I mean it's kind of self-explanatory. I played strip poker and lost badly," I answered, "but then it went from strip poker to me doing dares."  
  
"Like?" she asked with a tinge of annoyance.  
  
"Like I had to do an old cheer from high school naked...um...I had to spend a minute on his back patio naked, and I also had to get his mail naked," I answered. I left out a few other things but she was making me nervous, and I was already afraid that I was giving her too many ideas so I didn't want to bring up any of the other stuff.  
  
"Wow," she replied with what sounded like genuine disbelief.  
  
We stood there in awkward silence for a minute or two. Her eyes never left my body and I wanted nothing more than to get dressed but I was afraid to leave. Would she take my pic? Would she threaten to kick me out? The situation right now felt strange and I was totally embarrassed, but so far it's been nothing more than that.  
  
Finally she went off into her room without saying a word. I stayed where I was, afraid to move like a scolded toddler, but took the opportunity to look at my phone. It was a little past 11:30 and despite napping waking up from a nap a few minutes ago I was beginning to feel a little tired. I worked a normal 9-5 job so I still had to wake up early tomorrow although I'm sure Rachel didn't. She came back out holding a laundry basket and a bottle of detergent.  
  
"You're gonna do laundry now?" I asked.  
  
"I'm not, you are. Hurry up and get dressed," she answered.  
  
Music to my ears! I quickly scurried off into my room and hurriedly put on a pair of black gym shorts and a solid bright pink shirt then slipped my feet into my flip flops. If all I had to do was laundry to get this to blow over I'd take it! I'd even do her laundry for the next month, the next six months, if that's what it took. When I left my room I went to grab the laundry basket but she wouldn't let me take it from her.  
  
"I'll go with you," she said smiling.  
  
"Okay, sure," I said.  
  
Something about her smile made me uneasy. Suddenly I had this bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. We left the apartment and waited for the elevators without saying a word, and then once we were on the elevator we didn't speak then either. The only time she said anything was to say hi to someone that we passed on the way to the laundry room.   
  
We went inside and there were two other machines going, one washer and one dryer, but no one else was in the room. She opened up a washer and threw her clothes inside then handed me a few dollars to get change from the machine. I came back with a handful of quarters and saw that she still had the door to the washer open.   
  
"Put your stuff in there too," she said.  
  
"But I didn't bring any..." I started to say and then the weight of what she meant hit me. "No way! That's crazy! I'm not putting what I have on in there!"  
  
"You told me before that you like being naked and get a rush out of doing it, so do it," she said flatly.  
  
I wanted to deny what she said but she was right. Even now, despite knowing how insane what she wants me to do sounds and how risky it is there is another part of my brain telling me to go through with it. It's a midweek night so it's not like the laundry room was going to get busy all of a sudden, especially not this late. Plus the gas station dare was a hell of a lot more risky. Oh my god, I can't believe I'm rationalizing doing this!  
  
Then, almost as if someone else was controlling me or like I was in some kind of a trance I grabbed the bottom of my shirt, pulled it up and over my head, and tossed it into the basket. Next I pushed my shorts down to my ankles, stepped out of them, and they joined my shirt and Rachel's clothes in the washing machine. Once again I stood naked in front of my roommate although this time I had flip flops on. Not that that makes much of a difference at all.  
  
I took a deep breath as those familiar feelings of vulnerability and embarrassment returned, and those feelings only intensified when I saw Rachel shut the washing machine door and pump a few quarters in. I heard the locking mechanism engage and the machine started filling up with water. I was now separated from my clothes for the next 40 minutes because the door wouldn't unlock until the cycle finished.  
  
"I'm surprised you agreed," Rachel said with a little bit of a laugh. For the first time since she found me naked in our apartment she sounded like herself and not angry or authoritative.  
  
"Me too," I said sheepishly. "I guess part of the reason I'm doing it is because I was afraid that if I didn't you'd want to kick me out or something."  
  
She sighed, "I'm not gonna lie. When I first saw you the thought crossed my mind but you're a good roommate, and all things considered this isn't the worst thing in the world. It's not like I found you snorting lines of coke, but this also isn't something I want to come home to every night. We'll have to figure something out."  
  
"Thanks for being so understanding," I said with a smile and held out my arms for a hug.  
  
"Uh, I'd rather not, no offense," she said while giving me a sideways glance.  
  
"Oh, right," I said which made me even more self conscious about my nudity.   
  
After a few moments of awkward silence she said, "Alright, well I'm going back upstairs. Do you want to wait or come with?"  
  
"You're leaving me here?" I asked.  
  
"Well yeah," she replied. "I'm still in my work clothes and I haven't relaxed at all. I just wanted to see if you'd do it."  
  
I felt my face redden with humiliation at that last remark. "Well I did it so can you at least go get me something to wear?"   
  
"I thought you liked being naked?" she retorted.  
  
I looked at her angrily as she used my own words against me, but I was unable to reply because it was true.  
  
"Alright, well I'm taking off," Rachel said leaving me in the laundry room naked and alone.  
  
I felt a lump in my throat as I weighed my options. If I stayed here it would mean that I'd be naked until the laundry was done which wouldn't be until close to 1am. I definitely don't want to stay up that long. On top of that there's another washer and dryer in use so someone is going to be coming down here at some point guaranteeing that I'd be seen by someone. My other, much riskier option, is going back with Rachel which would involve riding the elevator and going down the hallway to our room. Given how late it is I figure there won't be much of a risk of being seen, plus I'll be able to get dressed and get to sleep once I'm back in our room.

I heard the elevator ding and then called out anxiously from the laundry room, "Rachel, wait up!"  
  
I scurried out of the laundry room with one arm across my breasts and one hand covering my pussy to see Rachel with a wide grin on her face as she kept the doors open for me. I rushed into the elevator and quickly hit the button for the 5th floor and then the button to shut the doors.  
  
"In a hurry?" she asked rhetorically with a chuckle.  
  
"Haha, very funny," I replied while still keeping my intimate areas covered.  
  
I held my breath as the elevator shook a little and then started its ascent to the 5th floor. I watched as the floor display went from 1 to 2, and I exhaled when I realized that I had dodged a major bullet. I felt my entire body relax because my biggest concern had been the elevator stopping at the main floor and people getting on. I wasn't out of the woods yet but the elevator stopping at the main floor had been my biggest concern, and thankfully I managed to avoid that.   
  
With a familiar ding the elevator stopped at the 5th floor and the doors opened. No one was waiting for the elevator, yes! Rachel quickly exited since she had clothes on and didn't have any reservations about being seen. I cautiously approached the doors and peered out into the hall.  
  
"The coast is clear, you're safe," she said and continued her walk down down the hallway toward our room.  
  
I quickly followed and was soon right behind her. I could feel butterflies in my stomach as I kept my arms and hands where they had been since I left the laundry room. The idea that anyone could come out at any moment and see me in my birthday suit had me on pins and needles. The safety of our room was so close yet seemed so far away.  
  
Once we got in front of the door to our apartment Rachel reached into a pocket for her keys then got a puzzled look on her face and dug her hand into her other pocket.   
  
"Don't even tell me..." I said with dread as I couldn't even complete the sentence. I couldn't believe after all this she locked us out!   
  
"I'm so sorry," she said sincerely with a red face. "I'll go get the super."  
  
"What the hell am I supposed to do!?!" I asked incredulously while dropping my arms in a fit. I quickly resumed my previous position of covering up after I realized what I had done  
  
"I don't...I'm sorry, but what else can I do?" she replied.  
  
"Just go," I said as I stood there stewing with anger as she went back towards the elevator to get the super who lived a floor above us.   
  
I couldn't believe that after managing to make it up here naked from the laundry room without anyone seeing me it was going to all be for nothing! I pressed myself up against the wall to hide my ass from the super when he arrives, and while I waited for them to show up my thoughts drifted back to the story I had read previously with Carrie. I afforded myself a smile as the parallels between her situation and mine dawned on me, and the humiliation described by her author was all too real to me now.   
  
The ding of the elevator brought me back to reality and I turned a little to completely hide my backside from my oncoming roommate and the super. As I watched them approach me I could see how badly Rachel felt by the look on her face, but the look on the super's face told a much different story. He grinned broadly as he approached and his eyes widened as he hungrily took in the sight of my naked body. I felt mortified as his stare fixated on me then I bit my lip nervously and looked down in embarrassment. Even after looking down I could tell by the position of his feet that he was still staring at me.  
  
"Hello? The door!" Rachel said impatiently.  
  
The super shuffled his feet and unlocked the door then backed away, "There you go."  
  
With the way he was standing I could tell that he was hoping to get a view of my ass as I went into the room, but I didn't give him the satisfaction as I remained facing towards him while sliding past Rachel.   
  
"I am SO sorry," she said after shutting the door behind her.  
  
With just the two of us in the privacy of our apartment I dropped my arms, "It's okay. I just really want to get to bed."  
  
"Yeah, okay, no problem. Goodnight," she replied.  
  
"Goodnight," I said and then walked into my room shutting the door and locking it behind me.   
  
As soon as I locked my door I climbed into bed and got into a doggystyle position and buried my face in a pillow. One of my hands immediately darted between my legs as I sought to release all the sexual tension that had been building up inside of me since Rachel told me to strip in the laundry room. Between being naked in public and the anxiety and humiliation that comes with the fear of and then actually being seen naked my clit was swollen and sensitive from being so turned on by it all. I had to bite the pillow to make sure I stayed quiet as my fingers pressed into and swirled around my love button. After just a few moments of playing with myself I came quickly. A fast, powerful orgasm ripped through my body and I had to stifle a low moan into the pillow. Shortly after that I collapsed onto my bed and went to sleep with a smile on my face.