**Kim & I**

Ever since I can remember, I loved being naked. As a little girl, I remember my mother chasing me around the house trying to put clothes on me. It never bothered me to be without clothes, even in front of people other than my mother and father. Whenever they had company, it was always a struggle to keep me dressed. I would eventually strip down to nothing and parade around the house, no matter who was there. I suppose when you're four it's cute, but at sixteen It became a problem, so I try and keep my clothes on for those special occasions. Of course, I still shed my clothes whenever possible. I have a good body, so why shouldn't I show it after all? I know it's a little weird, but I just can't stand clothes! I love the freeing feeling of being naked wherever & whenever I can.

Now that I'm eighteen, and ever since I went through puberty, I find myself becoming more daring as to the when and where. The thrill of being caught with my pants down, or off, gets me excited beyond belief. I have never been caught, but there's been some close calls. Like the time in school I cut class and sneaked into the boys bathroom. I stripped down and waited until the bell rang to get dressed. Knowing that someone, especially a boy from my school, could walk in at any second and find me totally naked thrilled me to no end. I left my underwear and bra draped over a sink, and slipped out into the crowded hallway just before a group of boys flew into the bathroom. I still think they may have seen me leave, and I know they found my underwear, but no one ever said anything. I spent the rest of the day rubbing my excited pussy through my skirt in class, and since then I've given up wearing underwear at all.

I still have never had a steady boyfriend, and I'm still a virgin. All by choice. It's not that I don't like boys, but I know I wouldn't be able to completely trust one of them enough to confide my secrets to them, and until that happens I'm really not interested.

Kim is my best friend, and the only person who knows about my "habits". Kim is very pretty, but also very shy, except when she's with me. She had a few boyfriends before, and has slept with one guy, but she told me it was very quick and it made her feel like she was just being used, and that the threat of getting pregnant just made the whole experience not worth it. We both have decided that sex, at least with boys, can wait.

So Kim and I were very close friends, and we talked about almost anything. I loved to tell her about the daring things I'd do, and I think she loved to hear about them. But it didn't matter since I felt that she was the only person I could tell, and I had to tell someone. She never really reacted to the things I would tell her, but she never objected either. The thing is, she never really had much to tell me about her own sexuality, which kind of bugged me a little bit, but I understood that she was shy about those things. Most of the things she has confided in me was when we had a few wine coolers. The one time we got pretty smashed, and I finally got her to admit she masturbated at least twice a day. I was actually blown away by her admission, because she just didn't seem the type. I thought I did it a lot, but not usually twice a day.

The new insight on my friend has been on my mind for the past few weeks. Although we hadn't discussed anything sexual since that night, I couldn't shake the fact that shy little Kim was so horny.

It was Friday, and Kim and I had our usual plans of hanging out at her house, as her parents were away every weekend. Kim's parents trusted us completely since we were such nice girls! They don't know about the drinking.

I decided that I really needed to find out more about Kim's sexuality, and help her out of her shell. It was about seven o'clock, and I was getting ready to drive over to her house. I was just about to throw on some sweats for the ride over. It was my usual attire for the drive since I never stayed dressed once I got there. Kim always stayed dressed, unless we went swimming, or we went to bed. I don't think it bothered either of us that I was always naked, which is one of the reasons I love Kim. But tonight I was going to change that. I threw the sweats back in my drawer, grabbed my keys and headed for my car.

When I got to Kim's house I was already a bit excited from the drive. I made sure I took the highway instead of back roads because of all the traffic. At one point there was a cop right behind me. I got so excited at the thought that he could pull me over and find out my secret. When he finally pulled ahead of me I was already stroking my moistening pussy. I pulled into Kim's driveway and parked next to her side door. I slipped out of the car and into her house. I found her in her room playing on the computer. I came up behind her, flicked the power off and pulled her from her seat. I told her we needed to take a ride, but I wouldn't tell her where. She protested at first, but I knew I could make her do almost anything. Eventually, I broke her down and got her to shed her clothes too and get in the car with me.

As we drove around town I became increasingly excited with the fact that both Kim and I were naked and driving around town where anyone could see us. At first she was very nervous, but eventually she grew more comfortable with the situation. I drove us through town where there was a lot of people from school hanging out. I became so excited and started discretely playing with myself as we drove. Kim and I talked a lot about it, and we had seen each other naked, but we never did anything together. Later she admitted to me how excited she was. I was so happy that I now had a partner in crime to join me. I never thought that Kim would do anything like this, but now that she has, I can't stop thinking about all the things we can do. I had to remember not to push her too far, because she drew the line when I suggested we pull into a gas station and get gas. We decided then that we had enough fun for one night, and headed back to Kim's.

To my surprise, Kim kept her clothes off when we got back to her place. We both sat in her living room, drinking rum lemonade drinks and talking about what just happened and what we would do if we were caught. Soon enough we were both pretty tipsy, and I was feeling very excited. When I realized Kim was also feeling good from the drinks, I started to ask her about her masturbation habits. She told me she did it every morning, and almost every night. She also told me who she thought about when she did it. Mostly boys from school which didn't surprise me, and a teacher in school, which did surprise me, because it was a female teacher! I had no idea Kim considered sex with a woman. I'll admit, this teacher was gorgeous. Probably the theme for most of the boys fantasies, but I had no idea Kim thought the same things. I started to consider what it would be like to be with another girl. As Kim described, in detail, her particular fantasies concerning her teacher, I started to picture myself in her place. I pictured this gorgeous teacher kissing and licking my tits, and burying her fingers deep in my pussy. As Kim spoke, we both became more excited. I realized how wet I was becoming by Kim's story, and how excited she was getting by telling it. She was in mid sentence when I got up and sat on the floor in front of her. I don't think she noticed until I spoke. I told her I wanted to watch her cum. Though I had never considered it before, I really wanted to fuck Kim. I wanted to make her cum. I don't know why we never did it before, but there was no turning back now. I could tell she was a little confused at what was going to happen, but I told her it was okay, and begged her to masturbate for me.

I wanted to see what it was like when she came. I kept telling her that I was her best friend, and that I shared everything with her, and she should do the same. Hesitantly, she moved her hand to her pussy, which was about a foot away from my face. As she began to stroke her clit, I was whispering words of encouragement to her. I had never seen another woman's pussy so close up. It was very exciting. I was intrigued by how her pussy looked, and the way her own hand played with it. The way she rolled her little clit between her fingers, occasionally dipping her fingers in her hole and getting them wet with her own juice. As her breathing got heavier, her hand moved faster over her whole pussy. She left no part unexplored. I took notice of which places made her react the most when she touched them. I even noticed a few times her finger would reach down and brush against her asshole. She seemed to like that, and I couldn't help but wonder if she ever fucked her ass with her fingers.

I was so excited by watching Kim, and it almost felt as if there were a hand on my own pussy doing everything to it that Kim was doing to herself. I never experienced such an amazing feeling before. I felt like I could cum just by watching Kim. I finally couldn't stand it anymore, I needed to touch her. I moved my face in close to her pussy, and I could smell her. It was so exciting. She was furiously rubbing her clit, when I leaned in and put my whole mouth over her hole, and stuck my tongue out as far as i could into it. I immediately felt Kim's cunt grab my tongue, and my mouth was flooded with warm, juice. It felt and tasted so good. Kim started pushing her cunt into my face so hard it was all I could do to keep my mouth there. I rolled my tongue up and down and all around her cunt, trying to lick every part of her insides. I moved her own hand away as I started to rub her clit. It felt so strange to be touching another pussy besides my own. Soon I felt her cum again, and she pushed my head away from her. She flopped back on the couch without a word. I sat there on my knees, with my best friends pussy juice covering my face feeling very confused. She didn't say a word, and I wondered if I had pushed her to far. Maybe she was feeling guilty or something. I got up and sat next to her. When I opened my mouth to ask her if she was ok, she rolled her head to me and kissed me hard on the lips. I felt her tongue push it's way into my mouth. I guess she's not mad.