**Learning to be Naked**

by**[browsingnaked99](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3500172&page=submissions)**漏

It had been months since I last spoke to Johnathan, last I'd heard he was having some difficulty with his life, and it just so happened that it coincided with one of the worst times of my life, too. In hindsight, we really could've been a great help to each other at that time, but it just seemed easier to not even try. We had always been great friends, even roommates, and at times it seemed like we were just getting too close to each other, and honestly, that scarred the hell out of me. I wasn't ready for something serious, I knew it, so I kept getting with guys that I knew at heart were going to let me down. I always knew that Johnathan never would, but like I said, I just wasn't ready for him yet. I guess I couldn't accept the fact that maybe, just maybe, the feeling I had about him from the beginning was right, that he was the one.  
  
Now, I'm not proud of doing this, and to this day I still regret every time it happened, but I ghosted him again. I stopped talking, texting, everything, and it really hurt him. It hurt me, too, but it hurt him more, and I can't blame him for giving up and washing his hands of me. At that time, I really was a shitty friend, and after thinking about it, he was right, he deserved much better than my seemingly flaky bullshit. I had resigned myself to never start that horrible cycle again, the same one we'd been through many, many times over in the previous years.  
  
A mutual friend of ours had just died, and Johnathan was the last thing on my mind at the time. Even seeing him at family night and the funeral didn't make me think of him in anyway, until the night after. I just couldn't stop thinking about him after that. I laid awake all that night, wondering how he was doing, and I was actually worried that he'd found himself a girlfriend, and that I was too late, that I'd wasted every last chance I had to be with him, and now I was left to wander the rest of my life, bouncing from one failed attempt at happiness to another, never settling, never finding true love. Never having Johnathan.  
  
That part scared me even worse then, and I knew that despite the initial awkwardness, and the embarrassing apology, I had to find a way back into his life again. Hell, even just as friends if it had to be that way, I knew I needed him, and I hoped that he would be just as patient and forgiving with me as he'd been all the years prior. It turns out, he wasn't, he really had moved on without me, and now I had to really work at it to get him back.  
  
I called him once, on a Friday night, but chickened out when I got his voicemail and hung up. I started to hope that he wouldn't recognize my number on his phone. It was a silly thing to hope for though, as there was no way he'd actually forgotten it after seeing it everyday for months, and even years on end over the past decade. I dreaded what might happen next, no matter what it would be. Either he'd call me back eventually, and I'd have to admit my feelings to him, or he'd just ignore it, and I'd be crushed just like he was when I ignored him. That waiting time was the worst, because between my call and his, both were very real possibilities.  
  
Then, the next morning, just as I was waking up, it happened, he called me back. In the time between me seeing the caller-id, and actually answering the phone, millions of things ran through my head. Everything from what we could be, to what we might not have the chance to be anymore, to everything we'd been through so far. I decided that if he gave me another chance to be in his life, I wasn't going to throw this one away. It was time for me to grow up, I was 24 after all, and he'd been so great to me in the past, it wouldn't be fair of me to go at it with any other attitude.  
  
On the third ring, I finally answered. "Hey, Johnathan. I'm glad you called me back."  
  
There were a few moments of silence as he formulated his response. I was terrified of what he would say, or wouldn't, and I must have turned as pale as the sheet I was sleeping on. "I'm on my way home from work. I'm about an hour away right now, why don't you get out of bed and come to the house for coffee. We need to talk."  
  
This was it, this was the critical point where it could all go wrong if I wasn't brave about it. He'd already texted me months ago with his last coffee offer, and of course I just ignored it. I couldn't say no now, not that I wanted to, this was exactly what I was hoping he'd say.  
  
"Absolutely!" I managed to blurt out finally, "I'd love to, I'll get dressed and meet you there."  
  
"Okay, good. You can't stay for long though, I just got off a twelve hour night shift, and I'm exhausted. Work was ridiculous." With that, he just hung up, he didn't wait for me to say goodbye, didn't wait for me to ask where he was working, or what he was doing these days, he just ended the call right then and there. I'm not going to lie, it stung, and it didn't make the conversation ahead of us seem very promising. It was almost like he just wanted to get it over with and be done with me, once and for all this time, like I'd finally run to the absolute end of his patience.  
  
Maybe though, I thought to myself, maybe if I show him that I won't hurt him again, he'll let his guard down and let me back in. I mean, the coffee offer was a good start, and the fact that he actually called me back and invited me over to his house was almost promising. I knew I didn't deserve it though, and I knew that if the only words he said to me when we got there were "fuck you, Katherine," that it'd be fair.  
  
I jumped out of bed and put on my sexiest pair of underwear, a black thong with matching push-up bra, my favorite blouse, and my most revealing miniskirt. I paired all that with my favorite boots and looked at myself in the mirror. This was stupid, he knew I only had A-cup breasts but to be honest, I needed to feel good, I needed the confidence boost, because at the time, although hopeful, I felt like the lowest person on the face of the planet, and to him, I might be, considering everything I'd put him through.  
  
I took everything back off again, laid it all out on my bed, and jumped in the shower to get cleaned up and fix my hair and makeup. After I got cleaned up and got my hair in order, I decided to skip the makeup in lieu of the natural look. I knew that he liked that better because every time he'd woken me up with a cup of coffee in his hand, it seemed like it would make his face brighten ten fold to get to see me that way. God, I really missed living with him. Nobody else ever looked at me like he did when we'd wake up, and here I'd just taken it for granted all this time. Hell, none of the guys I'd ever dated even bothered to make coffee for me before waking me up; most of them either asked me to do it, or didn't mention it at all and I'd have to ask. That was usually met with, "Yeah, get me a cup, too while your out. And how about doughnuts?" Johnathan never even dared to try getting me up in the morning without making coffee first, even if it meant getting up early when he didn't have to, because I had to work and he wanted to make sure I was up on time.  
  
When I realized that, I felt like an idiot. Here he was this whole time, and I'd just come to expect him to always be there, even when I wasn't. I'd really just made everything all about me, and rarely, if ever gave him even close to the same amount of consideration. It'd be a damned miracle if he took me back as a friend, much less put any kind of trust in me ever again.  
  
I had to just stop thinking about it or I'd go hide under the covers, and we'd be right back to where we were before, with no future at all. I splashed some cold water on my face, got dressed, and walked downstairs to my parents kitchen. I left them a note by the coffee maker that I was going to see someone, then crossed it out and wrote that I was going to see Johnathan instead. Mom and Dad always liked him, I could tell, but they never dared to suggest we date because, as I figured out later, they knew that would make me disregard the idea forever, just to spite them. I signed my name to the note and headed out the door to my truck.  
  
It was hot and humid that morning, almost sticky as I walked across the yard to the tree I'd parked under the night before after work. I checked my watch before climbing in, shit. He was probably home at that point, waiting on me, and it was going to take me half an hour at least to get there. Suddenly, for the first time ever, I felt guilty for making him wait. I pulled out my phone and texted him that I was on my way, and I'd be there in 30.  
  
I didn't expect a text back, but almost immediately my phone buzzed in my hand. "Be careful," was all his reply said, and it felt like my heart was going to melt through my feet like the core of an overheated nuclear reactor. I totally threw the speed limit out the window as I drove the twenty five miles to his house. I was just ten miles out when I looked at my speedometer, 85. So much for careful I thought.  
  
When I pulled up in the driveway it felt like time had frozen solid, and all the feeling had drained from my body. There was his house, his truck, his yard, all as I had left them all that time ago. For the first time ever, I felt like I was looking at home, not because it was familiar though, but because Johnathan was there.  
  
I finally snapped myself out of it and began the walk to his front door. As I climbed the steps I noticed that he'd left the front door open for me, like he usually did, inviting me to let myself inside. Just as I had a thousand times before, I did so, closing it behind me to look around for him. I took a few steps inside and heard the shower running in the bathroom. I walked up to the door and knocked. "I'm here," I announced to him as I heard him rinsing the soap off his body, then shutting the water off and grabbing his towel.  
  
"You know the drill, make yourself at home, the coffee should be ready any second now." Just then that familiar sound of his coffee maker beeping came from the kitchen, signaling that it was done brewing, and ready to serve the always wonderful coffee he loved to make for us. I walked in and grabbed a cup from the cabinet, and got his favorite cup from the counter to rinse it out. I poured both cups full, emptying the pot. He always knew exactly how much to make for the both of us, only making a cup each at a time so that it didn't burn in the pot, even though we'd both be ready for another sooner than that could happen.  
  
He walked out of the bathroom wearing only a towel wrapped around his waist. Holy shit he looked good. Had he been working out? It certainly looked like it. His hair was much shorter now, and he'd shaved all the usual stubble from his face. Before I could catch myself my jaw dropped a little, he looked so grown up now, though he'd hardly changed, I saw him a lot differently than I ever had before. Gone was the boy from high school, and in his place stood this man of the dreams I never knew I'd had.  
  
A few beads of water rolled down his neck and onto his chest, getting wicked up by the sparse patch of hair in between his pecs. I picked my jaw up off the floor and swallowed loudly before licking my lips. I probably looked stupid just standing there, but he didn't seem to notice. "I'll be right back, just going to put some clothes on," he said as he turned back towards the bedroom.  
  
Damn, I thought to myself as I put his cup down on the table next to his spot on the couch, then taking mine before I decided to subtly scoot closer to the center of it. As soon as I saw him I was hoping that he'd sit around in his towel for a little while like he used to, but no, he was going to cover up that incredible body of his, just as I wanted to actually pay attention to it. Served me right I suppose, I'd payed no mind to it before, why shouldn't he cover it up if it was going to go unappreciated.  
  
A few minutes later, after I'd calmed myself down a little, he emerged from his room wearing a t-shirt and jeans looking somehow hotter than before. I looked him over shamelessly, drinking in every detail from his black cowboy boots, faded bluejeans, to his forearms, then back to the jeans to eye the bulge that I'd tried so hard to ignore in years past. I really had been missing out on a lot, and I mentally kicked myself for not seeing it sooner.  
  
As he walked into the living room with his usual, cool, Gary Cooper walk, I got the insatiable urge to, forgive the French, fuck the ever loving brains out of his head. He smirked at me with his knowing half smile as he moved towards me. Oh God, I was biting my lip and staring right at him! I hadn't had an orgasm in months, and I guess I wanted one more than I thought I did. I had to ease off of it before I made an ass out of myself again. I blushed and looked down at the floor, then scooted myself closer to my side of the couch and lit a cigarette.  
  
I realized what I was doing, I was smoking just like before to take my mind off of him sitting next to me. I was using this bad habit to force myself to continue another, but at least this time I saw it and could stop it when the time was right. I think Johnathan knew what was going on, but he didn't let on that he knew. Damn him for always being so good at reading me. He never made a move though, because I was stupid and used my words to contradict what I really wanted, but only out of embarrassment and nervousness. Then he really surprised me.  
  
"Look," he started out as he took a sip of his coffee, then lighting one of his own cigarettes. "I know why you're here."  
  
"I want us to be friends again, Johnathan." Why did that sound so weird to me? Oh, it's because I've avoided at all costs calling him by his name. Why? Because I was a stupid, power hungry asshole that got off on psychologically torturing people, probably because I wanted to hurt them before they got the chance to hurt me.  
  
"We can't be friends, Kat." I shuddered when he said my name. We've tried it time, and time, and time again over the years, and it just doesn't work." His deep blue eyes were piercing what felt like the bare fabric of my soul. It hurt, and I wanted to cry and run away then and there, but he continued. "We get close, but not close enough to get past each others walls, and when we hit those walls, that's when the bad shit happens."  
  
"I know," I said, defeated as I looked down at my feet. It was like the entire world was being pulled out from under me. Why did I have to come here, why couldn't we have just done this on the phone? Oh yeah, I deserved it. Honestly I probably deserved a lot worse, but this was bad enough.  
  
"Look, if we become friends again, we're just going to destroy the friendship once more, and the cycle will continue where you burn the bridge, then expect me to rebuild it. Why not light the motherfucker from both ends this time?" The question shocked me, what did he mean?  
  
"What are you saying?" I asked, looking up at him with hopeful eyes.  
  
"I'm saying that if we're going to destroy it again, why not do it in the most spectacular fashion possible? That fits both of our personalities, doesn't it? You know, go out with a bang."  
  
I was still confused, did he mean that he wanted to try one last time? Did he mean that we should hash out everything that was wrong between us right there so that we'd hate each other? What was he getting at?  
  
"Be my girlfriend," he said bluntly. "Be the girlfriend I've seen you be, with everyone else you've dated. Honestly, when I saw you with them, I thought to myself, 'that's the Katherine I want. That's the Katherine I've always wanted,' plus every damn time you'd come to me complaining that they didn't love you the way you wanted, I realized that what you were describing to me was exactly how I've always wanted to love you, but haven't been able to because you wouldn't let me. Think about it." His eyes were still on me, cutting so deeply into my soul that I thought he'd look right through me.  
  
"I-I-I don't know what to say." I muttered to myself, no doubt having lost every ounce of self confidence I'd built up that morning.  
  
"Go home." He said sharply, "go home and think about it tonight. If you decide that I'm worth having in your life, call me. You can come back tomorrow and I'll cook diner." Something none of my other boyfriends ever liked doing for me. "I'll make you dinner and we can have our first date." There it was. It was all real now, and I had to face it. No longer could I run away and pretend that the chemistry between us never existed, it was right here, plain as the sun in the sky, staring me right in my eyes.  
  
My brain went into self preservation mode and I said the dumbest thing I could've said next. "What if I decide not to?"  
  
Johnathan just smiled at me, only now his smile had a little fire behind it and I was really feeling the heat. "Then don't bother calling at all." Damn. That turned the flame up to eleven and I was starting to sweat. "Here," he said, motioning to the door as he stood up from the couch, "I'll walk you to your truck."  
  
I was numb. There was my chance and I blew it. He knew I wasn't going to call him, not because I didn't want us to be together, but because he knew that I was actually just a coward wearing the mask of a bad-ass. He was calling my bluff. I couldn't even begin to think about what to do next, I just got up and let him lead me outside to the harsh light of the morning, illuminating what my reality now was, and what it had always been. "Okay," I managed to say while holding back a torrent of tears and self pity. I was going to get so drunk that night, hell, I might not even wait until nighttime, I might just jump in the bottle when I got home. To my parents house. In the middle of nowhere. Alone. No! I had to fix this, now.  
  
Without even knowing what was happening, I turned on my heels and faced him, taking a step so that we were face to face, breathing the same air, and mustering all the fire I could into my eyes, fighting the fire he already had in his.  
  
I kissed him. I kissed him right on his lips as I put my arms around him and stepped even closer. Suddenly the earth fell again, and I felt myself being wrapped around him like he was the only thing keeping me from floating off into the air. His hands lifted the hem of my short skirt above my hips, as my legs crossed behind him and I felt my back being slammed into the front of my truck. My God, this was the hottest thing I'd ever felt, and I wanted more.  
  
Suddenly he pulled away from me, and I slid my now almost bare ass down to the bumper of my Dodge as my feet fell to the ground under me. Johnathan had his hands on my face, and his eyes still firmly locked on mine. I couldn't let this end here. "Can I use your bathroom before I go? It's a long drive back," I said, hoping desperately to get back in that house.  
  
"Sure," he said in almost a whisper, and followed me as I pulled my skirt back down and walked back to his house. Once inside I walked in the bathroom and heard him sit on the couch before I closed the door. I looked in the mirror and couldn't believe what I was about to do. I was never the bold one, never the one to initiate, and certainly never the one to do this. I pulled my shirt over my head, then unzipped my skirt and let both fall to the mat in front of the sink. I reached behind me and unhooked my bra, freeing my perky little tits from that awful push-up bra that made them look so much bigger and better. I then slid my fingers into the elastic string of my panties and pushed them down to join the skirt, bra, and shirt on the ground. I stepped out of them, kicking my shoes off as I did.  
  
They fell to the floor with a clomp, and that was it. I was naked, about to waltz out of the room and into the future that I was so close to losing. Better to lose my dignity than my best friend I thought to myself as I adjusted my hair, and opened the door, feeling the cool air rush across my bare body and between my shaved legs and pussy.

I walked as confidently as I could with my hands by my side, around the corner into the view of Johnathan. Now it was his turn to pick his jaw up off the floor. I felt a rush of energy race through me like a bolt of lightning, cursing myself for stepping so far out of my comfort zone, and being even half as bold as I was being right now. The kiss worked out amazingly though, so this just might work, too.  
  
I walked right up to the surprised fool, sitting on his couch, and put my feet on either side of his legs, giving him a full, uninterrupted view of everything I had to offer. He still just stared at me, until he finally lowered his gaze from my eyes, and I could feel his attention crawl slowly down my neck and chest, then down my stomach, hips, and my now soaking wet crotch. His nostrils flared as he took in my scent, and the fire in his eyes turned from an angry red, to the most passionate blue I'd ever seen in my life.   
  
He reached behind me and grabbed my ass with both hands as he leaned me back and pulled me on top of him. His body slouched so that I was kneeling on the couch, with his face under my hot, naked, dripping wet cunt. He breathed deeply, his hot breath warming my pussy even more as chills ran throughout the rest of me, causing my perky little nipples to stiffen instantly.  
  
Finally, he kissed me on my most sacred set of lips, and then his tongue went to work around the edges of my sex before finding and teasing my clit. My legs went weak and I pressed myself down harder on his face, the breath from his nose now where my pubic hair would be, while my hands explored the back of his head and neck. I was in complete shock that he could ever feel this good, and I wondered what else I had been missing all this time.  
  
He just kept going with his tongue, his fingers soon joining the fun from behind me, teasing my asshole a little before spreading my lips and plunging slowly, deeply, satisfyingly into me. It's like he could feel what he was doing to me, because his long, strong digits knew exactly where to go, and exactly what to do to bring me to the strongest orgasm I'd had up to that point. Unbeknownst to me at the time, but this was only the beginning, and there was even better to be had after that.  
  
I was leaned forward over the back of the couch, Johnathan still underneath me, face between my legs, lightly teasing my clit with his tongue and lips as I struggled to keep my shaking, almost limp body from falling over. Suddenly, he grabs my hips and brings me back down on his lap, still facing him. He looks up at me with my juices all over his face, eyes that were even more intense than before, and says, almost growling, "let's get you into bed now."   
  
He stands up, holding me close as he walks back towards his bedroom, but stops halfway down the hall to pin me against the wall and kisses me with what I thought at the time, to be all the passion and fury he could gather. Damn, was I in for a treat. He puts a hand under my naked butt and lifts me over his shoulder, giving my ass a nice, solid slap, sending yet more shock waves throughout my slender little body. Before I knew it, I was thrown onto his queen size bed in the middle of the room. I sat up and grabbed his arms, slowly working my hands around him to take his shirt off.  
  
I looked up at him, shirtless, panting above me almost like a wild animal. The look in his eyes almost scared me until his hands gently caressed my face, neck, and shoulders. I reached down and unbuckled his belt, pushing his jeans down to the floor, exposing a long, thick cock, with veins pulsing with his now rapid heartbeat.   
  
He slid his hands down the sides of my body and then lifted me back, further onto the bed where he spread my legs and climbed on top of me. I could feel his abs pushing against my clit as he kissed my lips, then my cheek, then my neck as I moaned with pleasure. Johnathan then moved down and bit me on my shoulder, causing me to inhale sharply, his scent hit me all at once. I'd never smelled him before, other than his shampoo when he'd come out of the shower, but damn was it intoxicating.  
  
He then moved himself up, and I could feel the head of his thick cock against my soaking wet hole. He reached down and teased me with it until I couldn't take anymore waiting. I reached down and grabbed his hand and his dick, the heat begging me to plunge it deep inside of me. He resisted and slowly let me guide him in. The sensation was overwhelming, and as he pushed himself deeper and deeper inside my aching pussy, I could tell it was going to be hitting all the right spots.  
  
He gradually picked up the pace as he rode me, each push in and pull out bringing me new levels of pleasure, as I raked my nails down his exposed back, each time digging in deeper and deeper willing him to go faster and harder. It seemed to work, but I quickly found that sinking my teeth into his shoulder worked even better. Soon, I was getting close to climax again, and I couldn't believe it, I had never before gotten off from insertion alone. Johnathan could tell that I was close, and he slowed his pace considerably, teasing me away from my orgasm.  
  
I couldn't take the waiting any longer, so I grabbed him and threw him off next to me, where I rolled over onto him and then I took control. I slowly mounted his dick again, and began to rock back and forth against him. Once again I was so, so close to finishing, but I decided to hold off just a little longer. I wanted him to cum too, I wanted him to explode inside of me, and I wanted him to feel as good as I was feeling at that moment.  
  
I tried and tried to hold back, but my body betrayed me by keeping pace with his hips bucking in time with mine. Soon, I was at the point of no return, and without even thinking about it, dug my fingertips into his chest, dragging them down his body to his ribs and stomach. I threw my head back as I came again, my pelvic muscles contracting and releasing around his thick shaft as I moved. Apparently this was what he needed, because when I was in the middle of what can only be described as the best ride of my life, he'd had enough, and shot into me with such great force and volume, it shot out around him, and I could feel the warm, sticky, cum being pushed out of me around his dick.  
  
I looked down and saw the blood that I drew with my nails, trailing in ten staggered streaks, down his chest and abdomen. I smiled at the sight, then laughed at the unbelievable ecstasy we were both feeling. As his last shot of cum came shooting out of him, I had another wave hit me. We called out in unison as we slowed down, and I carefully laid down on top of him. He wrapped his arms around me and held me there, his chest heaving with each breath, his hips still bucking against me, in and out, in and out until I could feel his stiff member begin to soften.  
  
I stretched my legs out, intertwining with his as we both finally relaxed. He moved a hand up to the back of my neck, and the other down my body, resting just above my ass. I looked over and whispered in his ear, "That was Amazing, Johnathan," and before I could think twice to stop myself, "I love you."  
  
My eyes bolted open and my heart began to race with the crazy, stupid thing I just said. I was certain he wouldn't say anything back, that he'd just ignore it and keep holding me, but I was wrong. "I love you, too Katherine," he said softly, his deep voice vibrating through his chest and into mine. I rolled off of him and lay next to him in his arms as he rolled to face me and kissed me again, softly this time, letting me know that he meant it.  
  
It was done, we'd finally given in to our deepest desires, and what an amazing experience it was. Soon I was falling asleep, holding the most amazing person I've even known, and he held me until we both woke up later that afternoon. He kissed me again before letting go of me and getting out of bed. I drifted back off again until he walked back in the room, still naked, holding two cups of fresh, hot coffee. "Good morning," he said with that same old, bright and tired smile, only with a new little twinkle in his eyes. "I thought you might like a cup of coffee to wake up with."  
  
"I'd love one," I smiled back, as I sat up to take it and watched him turn around to sit next to me. The scratches on his back and chest had scabbed over. I smiled to myself knowing that I'd finally marked him as mine, finally after all these years, waking up next to someone just felt right. We sat there naked, drinking our coffee, occasionally looking over to each other as if confirming that the hours before weren't just a dream, and was in fact reality. It was real, it was amazing, and it was exactly where I always wanted to be. He'd seen it all along, and I still kick myself for taking so long to figure it out, but I'm glad I did before it was too late.  
  
That day I learned how much I loved him looking over my naked body, how hot it made me, feeling his eyes on my exposed flesh, and what great things happened when I just took off my clothes. It became a rare sight for me to be clothed around him, because I felt so wonderful when I saw how he looked at me. He made me love being naked, and I know that he loved it, too.