**Megan and Jessie #3: Sleep Over**

by Jappio

**Part 1**

I can't even fully explain how awkward it is to sit at a dinner table naked and eat with your best friend sitting across from you, also naked. I should probably explain how this all happened though.

Jessie was going to be home at her parents' house alone for the weekend. So she asked if I would come over Friday night. Her parents were having some remodeling done over the week and the next week, so they decided to go out for a weekend rather than sit around there. They asked Jessie to house sit.

The place was still in working condition, but some of the doors and painting needed to finished up and such. Jessie decided that we should have a sleepover like the old days. Well sort of at least.

Now as you know, I'm no stranger to Jessie's body, and embarrassingly she is no stranger to mine. In this very house I have seen her naked, and she has seen me naked, although I tried to stay clothed when I could. Yet we always hid from her parents, and it was only in short bursts. Now Jessie was older, and somehow even more adventurous.

When I first came to her door knocking, she was already naked. Apparently she'd been that way since her parents left her there early that morning. I had just gotten there a little before dusk, and without surprise she stood happy in the doorway in view of the neighborhood. I pushed her in not wanting to make a scene, although I knew a few neighbors have caught her before already in the past.

It didn't take long until she somehow stripped me naked. I mean as much as I love seeing her body, I can't help but blush when she sees mine. I didn't want to get naked, but she seemed like she really wanted me to join her. I felt I couldn't let her down. I figured it wouldn't be as bad as other times since we were at least alone and inside?

So we spent a good hour at least just sitting around naked. We watched a bit of TV as she started to make dinner. The whole time I kept my legs closed and tried to find the best ways to keep an arm or hand over my breast. I know she's seen me a couple of times now, but I still worry about her glancing over seeing me the way I was.

So we sat at the table and began to eat dinner together. I couldn't help but think about how this dinner would be like if we had some candles, maybe a bit of soft music playing. She acted as if it was just any meal of course. The other thing that ruined the mental image is rather than being dressed up in nice and formal dinner wear, neither of us had any clothing.

My mind always scrambles to think about what to focus on during times like this. Do I just ignore it and be care free like she does? Do I worry about my breast showing, the already hard nipples pointing out? Oh god, or do I look over at Jessie and take a look at her brazen nudity? So many things, and it's never just one of them!

Jessie though is so sweet that she has a way to just get conversations to keep moving, regardless of how awkward I felt. By the time we were finishing up our meal, we were chatting away like normal. As we got up though, the feeling of my skin leaving the wooden seat sent chills up through my body. I couldn't believe how long I'd been naked for already.

I helped Jessie with the dishes next. She and I stood side by side at the sink, I was drying the dishes as she washed them. Our arms and hips would bump into each other, which I took note of each time. My face was growing red again as we continued. I kept glancing to my side and seeing Jessie's breast wobble as she scrubbed. Her arms would also press her breast together, creating some gorgeous cleavage. I just don't know how this one girl can turn me into such a pervert some times.

As the few dishes we had began to get all finished up, Jessie suddenly splashed water right onto me. It wasn't hot, but it was quite a shock. My chest became quite soaked from the direct hit, and I squealed and turn away for a moment. Without even thinking I put my hands in the water and splashed her back. We went back and forth a couple of times until Jessie slipped on some of the water that had splashed on the floor. Luckily she had grabbed onto the side of the counter so she fell gently and didn't get hurt.

Oh my and what a site too. All I could do right away was look down at her. You should have seen it. She held herself up barely by holding onto the ledge with one hand. Her other hand was behind her, to also help brace her fall. She now used that hand behind her to keep her from laying flat on her back. Her body lay out entirely in front of me. I could feel one of her ankles against one of mine. Her other leg was off to the side, leaving her legs quite open. Her body was covered in water and suds. Her naked form looked incredible with a layer of water over it. Lucky for me the suds kept away from the naughty details, leaving so much to look at.

"Don't just stand there, help me up!" She giggled as she outreached one of her hands for me. I grabbed it and carefully stood her up. My blush had spread quite a bit over my face, having just seen what I did. It just seemed so unfair that god would make my best friend that good looking. I mean how couldn't I fall for her?

She began to run her hands up and down her sides, and then around her stomach to push a few of the spare suds off her. "Are, are you alright?" I managed to ask, my eyes following her hand as it went up and down her smooth, wet skin.

"Yes, caught myself, so nothing hurt besides maybe a slightly sore bum," she said as her hands stopped. I still was just standings till staring at her. "You got some bubbles all over you too," she said as she brushed her hands over my chest. Not only did she happen to push away the few soap suds on me, her arm and hand had also bumped over my nipples. I just wanted to die. I could actually feel my nipples get pushed around, and push back into Jessie's arm and hand.

"Let's get dried up and watch a move, maybe there's something good on Netflix," Jessie said as she carefully walked away from the puddle under us and made her way over to the bathroom to get towels. In her absence I ran a hand up and down my body, even giving my nipples a little tweak. "Get ahold of yourself Megan. You can't lust for her the whole weekend!" I tried telling myself. I knew it was no use thinking the way I did, but I just couldn't stop really.

Jessie came back with the towels as she said she would. She handed me one and I dried myself off. I don't know why, but watching Jessie do it made it look so sexy. I'm sure to her she wasn't thinking about putting on a show or looking sexy, but something about the way she ran that towel all over her skin was great.

"Better get the floor too so I don't go slipping again," Jessie said as she got down on the floor. My heart raced again as I was presented with another candid view of her. She had her butt raised right in the air towards me. Her moving the towel across the floor made it so her back end swayed oh so well. I was trying to control myself though; I really did try not to stare this time. "We're just friends!" I shouted at myself in my mind.

"There, all finished," she hummed as she sat back. Thing was, I was sort of close to her, so she actually sat on my foot! I could feel her bare butt cheeks against my ankle, and resting on my foot was... oh my!

She yelped and got up immediately too. "Watch where you're pointing," she said in a teasing voice, sticking her tongue out. She mocking put her hands between her legs as if to stop me from getting between them! It's hard to even describe how hot my blush felt then and there. It was honestly all an accident too!

Well since I was far too speechless, Jessie again was quick to change the subject. I really don't think she knows how to feel awkward. "Chores done, time to find something to watch some more."

We went to the living room, and I sat on the couch as Jessie went to turn things on, and sadly I was one of them again. As she was pushing buttons and flipping switches, it was like she couldn't help but again stick her butt out at me. I even caught glimpses of her little pussy between her legs! I know most of you probably think I'm the luckiest girl around, but I really am not! You don't have a clue how hard it is to try and deny these emotions of mine.

She happily skipped back next to me and sat down. I could feel her bare hip against mine as she sank into the couch next to me. She started flipping through some movies that we could watch. I really wanted to try and adjust my sitting so that I could maybe cover my own body up more, but I didn't want to make any too obvious movements.

We found a movie though and began watching it. I know with how horrible I make myself sound that you might not believe this, but I do promise I kept my eyes on the TV more than on Jessie. As the hours into the night got later and later, I did begin to forget about my and her nudity a little. It was back to us two just being friends, laughing and having fun just watching a movie on a lazy night.

Then again these moments never really help my feelings either. Sure a lot of the lust is removed, but that's not all that I like about Jessie. It's these sweet times where we have fun, we enjoy each other's company, and that we feel so bonded that I like her even more. I would be happy to keep her as a friend, or even more, for the rest of my life I think.

The hours grew late though, and the two of us were getting tired. We finished the last movie of the night and got up to get ready to go to bed. I really wanted to go to my bag and get something to wear, but I knew if I bothered, Jessie would be convincing me to sleep naked, saying something like "oh, but it feels so great!" or something like that.

"So where am I sleeping?" I ask as we head towards the bedrooms.

"Oh, well my old room has already been converted into an office, so the only bedroom is my parents," Jessie said opening the door to the room.

There was of course only one bed. "Oh, if you want, I can go sleep on the couch or something." I offered, not wanting to leave her uncomfortable in the night.

"Nonsense, you're the guest. You can sleep in here tonight," Jessie proclaimed as she walked over to the bed and pulled the covers away for me to get in. I figured she'd be too stubborn to let me go sleep on the couch.

I got in, and I must admit her parents had a nice bed. It was very soft, and the sheets did feel really nice against my skin. I was wondering if it was ok that I was naked in their bed. I figured Jessie probably already had slept in it naked the night before. That idea sort of made my skin tingle. It was as if we were sleeping in the same bed I thought...

"Well, we better get to sleep. More fun to be had in the morning," Jessie announced as I feel the covers on me move slightly. Jessie was actually getting in the bed too!

"You're sleeping here too?" I asked timidly, not sure what to make of it. My heart was racing as my mind went through a bunch of different possibilities. Was I actually in my own bed just dreaming?

"If the bed is big enough for my parents, then it's big enough for us."

I had turned over, and already I saw she had her eyes close. The covers hung loosely and, I could see her breast heaving in out as she breathed. She had her arms wrapped around her pillow. I surely couldn't wake her up now, she looked way to peaceful.

I had a heck of a time getting to sleep myself. This wasn't just us sharing a bed. The two of us were quite naked in the same bed. It was hard to get that thought out of my mind. Had I been alone and this thought was in my mind I'd probably...

No! I have to try and stop thinking like that. Yet, I'm not the only one who thinks something like that is a... well an erotic scene, right?

I did drift away into sleep though somehow. I do admit too that it was very nice. It was much better than a dorm bed or my bed at home. Maybe also the no-clothing thing might have been nice too. Jessie had her points, but I still wasn't use to it.

**Part 2**

I woke up the next day, feeling pretty good. I slowly opened my eye and meant to wiggle around a little, but a few things were off.

Now obviously beyond just the fact I was in an unfamiliar bed, there was the fact that I had no clothes on. I usually have something on, and wiggling around under the covers, I could tell I was naked. The other weird thing was I felt restricted by something too, some type of weight against me.

Well it took a bit to register what was going on. Whatever was there, it was warm and had itself wrapped around me. It had to be none other than Jessie!

When I figured that out, I was able to tell exactly what was going on. Jessie had her front side against me, I could feel the swell of her breast against my back. Her left leg was up and over my legs. Since her legs were wrapped around my hip too, and they were sort of spread, I think I could even feel against my butt cheek her bare... well you know. Then there was also an arm draped over me, and it was resting against my own breast. She was spooning me!

Had something happened last night? Why couldn't I remember? I remember her joining me in bed, but this? God wouldn't be so cruel as to make something happen and yet have me not remember any of it?

Well in my confusion, panic, and wiggling, it had stirred Jessie awake too. She used her arm near my breast to push herself up a little, letting her hover above me slightly as she looked around. Morning light was coming in through a window, lighting up her form for me. "What time is it?" she asked groggily.

I didn't even know how to answer her. I still wasn't sure what was going on. She had looked down now at me, and at where her legs were still wrapped around. She didn't even seem to be shocked though. I mean here we were, inches from each other, both naked, waking up in the same bed! Would it kill her to be a little surprised or something with stuff like this?

"Oh, sorry if me sleeping on you woke you up. Normally I have nice big body pillow to hug as I sleep. I guess since you were the closest thing, I wrapped my arms around you instead," she giggled as she glided the back of her hand against my side, "good thing you're so soft or warm. Had you been a cactus or something I'd have woken up in the middle of the night pretty sore!"

This was really killing me. This was one hell of a way to wake up. I went from 0 to 100 in a blink of an eye as far my feelings went. To wake up to the girl you're into holding tightly to your naked body! To have her be so relaxed and unfazed by it. Yet Jessie is Jessie, and somehow manages to joke about it like nothing sexual or awkward had happened. Heck, she even manages to make a joke and makes me laugh too about it. It's just a roller coaster with this girl!

She sat up fully now, stretching her body. I do have to say, even with her hair all messy and her just waking up, she looked like a goddess. I couldn't take my eyes off as she got out of the bed and walked to the door. Once she was gone I got up myself. Even only after a few moments with her, my nipples were hard as rocks and I could tell as I moved my legs that there were a few trickles of moisture on my thighs. I wouldn't be forgetting this morning for a long while.

Having also just woken up, I was feeling very shy again. It was like a whole new experience to walk around her parents' room naked. It was bright thanks to the sun too, and I felt just so weird about it. No one around to see me, and yet still embarrassed?

As I left the room it felt like I was sneaking around. I had a hand between my legs even. I could hear Jessie was in the bathroom, so I'd have to wait my turn for my morning duties. I instead let my adventurous side take over (because I apparently have one) and went out back into the living room.

I had spent the whole night, slept, and now woke up, not having worn any clothes for hours now. This whole time I wasn't alone either at my own house. I was over at my best friend's house, and she was naked too!

Would this be what it would be like to live with her? I mean ignoring the embarrassment and awkward feeling, if the two of us were really together, would this be what it's like. I smiled thinking about it. It would wonderful to live with her like this. To always have such a beauty to stare at and admire. Even in just one night, I had seen so much. To have every night like that would be something else.

I still had that hand between my legs for modesty reasons, but picturing the things I saw the night before and what happened this morning, my hand started to do more than just guarding anyone from seeing between my legs. I know it was stupid to be doing something like that in my best friend's living room, but it just sort of happened. Lucky for me I heard Jessie coming before she could see what I was doing!

"You can have a go at the bathroom if you need it. I'll start making breakfast. Then another fun day can begin."

I made my way to the bathroom. I would say that this would be one of the few times I would truly have a private moment to myself, to have my body hidden with no risks. Yet thanks to the work being done to the house, there was actually no doorknob! The door shut fine, but anyone could walk in. Even Jessie though wouldn't be so brazen as to walk in on someone when they were in the bathroom.

Looking at a clock, I could tell we'd be having a late breakfast. We'd stayed up so long that we slept until noon by the looks of it. I took my time to brush, fix my hair, and more. I do have to admit I also took a chance to take a little bit of tissue to dry up in that one spot. I knew with a full day ahead that it would become pointless, but just a bit of time without it being damp would be nice.

With myself freshened up, and the smell of pancakes in the air, I exited the bathroom ready to again face Jessie. It was going to be tough spending even more time naked with her, but I told myself I would try and keep my hands at my sides and not cover up. If I did one day want to live with her or something like that, I'd have to learn to be Ok with spending time naked with her.

I walked out into the living just like that, naked, and arms at my sides. I'd let her look at my bare breast and even girl fur between my legs if she wanted! However things didn't go as planned and my hands darted back to covering up my naked body.

You see. As I walked out like that, it wasn't just Jessie who was there. Jessie was actually standing there with a girl named Stacy. Stacy is a friend of ours. What she was doing there, I didn't even know! All I knew is as I saw her, her eyes going up and down my body; all I could do was cover and screech.

"Oh hey Megan, look who stopped by," Jessie said, gesturing to Stacy.

In my embarrassment, I just sort of rudely blurted out, "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I was over yesterday and left my phone here. Figured I'd stop by and pick it up as soon as I could. I hope I didn't interrupt anything," Stacy explained, and evil smile forming on her face. Oh my god, she probably thought Jessie and I... last night...

"Oh no, nothing at all!" I said, squirming as I stood there naked. All I had was my hands to cover with!

"Oh, I better go get back to breakfast," Jessie excused herself as she went off into the kitchen. That left me and Stacy alone, and I was completely naked!

Stacy couldn't seem to wipe the grin off her face. She clearly found my embarrassing moment funny. Jessie may see me naked a lot, but our other friend's haven't! "So, you're looking quite comfortable there. I didn't know you and Jessie..."

I had to cut her off, "No, it's nothing like that... you see..." I tried explaining what was going on, but I couldn't come up with an excuse as to why two girls were naked together.

"I know Jessie is a total hippy and doesn't like to wear clothes, but you always seem so bundled up."

She knew about Jessie getting naked? I suppose her stripping her clothes wasn't just a special show for me? This was my chance though. I could just tell her that I too like getting naked. "Oh, well you know, it's just so..." I was trying to think how Jessie always puts it, "Comfortable and stuff."

"Really? Then why the shock at me being here and covering up?" Crap, she was seeing through it? I mean I know I really do like Jessie, and would love this little lover theory of Stacy's to be true. Yet I just couldn't let her think something like that. That wasn't what was happening. I couldn't tell her the truth though. That I had this crazy crush on Jessie so I strip when she asks!

This left me with no option. I had to try and keep the nudist angle going. I couldn't control my blush, but I could control my arms. I slowly was able to get them back at my side. Oh my god, I couldn't believe it. Here I was giving one of my friends a full frontal view of me! I desperately wanted to hide, cover up, and get dressed. Yet I couldn't let Stacy go thinking Jessie and I were some crazy perverts or something.

I started to cringe and hunch as Stacy looked over my entire body. Oh my god, oh my god. This was really too much. I started to feel bad knowing that I'm always looking at Jessie's body, I wonder if Jessie gets chills like this when people look at her?

"You just startled me is all. Really, I like being like this," I tried telling her. My voice was so shaky. I hoped she would buy it though. I mean if you have one friend who likes being naked, the odds of another being the same way aren't too bad, right?

"The both of you are nuts." She said laughing as she walked by me. It was just a relief in itself to know for a few moments her eyes weren't on my body.

"I could get dressed if you want, you know if it makes you uncomfortable or something," hopefully she did find this all awkward or something. I mean she was probably straight, so she didn't want to see me flaunting my body around.

"Don't worry about. I've seen Jessie like this a couple of times. If you actually just like being like that, it doesn't bother me," I could almost hear her snicker I think! "We better go eat, smells like it's done." Oh no, she was staying to eat! I was going to have to sit and eat breakfast naked, with our friend sitting at the table, her completely clothed!

"Eat em up girls, while they're still hot." Jessie said as we got to the table. She had a bunch of pancakes, eggs, and sausage set out for us. I sat down, and tried to take my mind off the situation. I really wanted to enjoy Jessie's great cooking; she'd done a great job again. Yet the whole time I could tell Stacy was stealing glances at us. It was not helping my appetite.

"So Jess, how long has Megs been getting naked too? I mean did you poison her mind or something?" Stacy asked out of nowhere. I nearly spit my food out at that question.

"Oh, I guess for awhile now. You know, whenever the mood comes in, I strip down. Jessie's always happy to join me," My blush was at the maximum again. The grin on Stacy's face told me she found this whole situation funny. Did she believe that I was like Jessie, or did she think something else?

"So do you two just get naked all the time when you're together?" Stacy asked me.

"Oh um... well... sometimes I guess." I said, not sure what to say.

"So you totally get naked when you're home and stuff too, just like Jess?" She wouldn't stop with the questions!

"Um, yes." I said, trying to just answer the question and hope she would stop. What if she started telling our other friends? I really didn't want people we know to think I was some crazy nudist/streaker.

"You have been getting naked when you're at home? That's great Megs, glad to hear it!" Jessie said smiling. I was happy she was proud, but I knew that only meant that it would be harder to say no to her strippings in the future. I really was backing myself into a corner with this lie!

The conversation luckily was able to change subjects. I guess Stacy was as use to Jessie's nudity, because she didn't seem to stick on the subject long. I do admit I felt a little jealous thinking that Jessie wasn't showing her body off to just me. Well I mean of course that wasn't what this was ever was about, but sometimes it just feels that way, or at least I want it to be that way.

With breakfast ending though, it was time to clean up the table. I just wish I could stay sitting and hide. I know this sounds mean, but I also wish Stacy would go home. She's a good friend, but I just wanted to die of shame with her being there, seeing me naked.

"Oh, I should probably go get the mail." Jessie explained as she headed for the front door. I just watched as her and Stacy headed that way. I wasn't too shocked actually that Jessie would go to her mailbox with nothing on, even in the middle of the day. Her doing it with Stacy around was a bit different though.

"Coming with?" Stacy asked. Oh god, that's right. She thought I was ok with nudity! She didn't actually think I'd go? "Jessie was heading out the door when Stacy hung back a moment. "Unless of course maybe you're naked for a different reason," she said lightly enough so Jessie wouldn't hear. It was like she was blackmailing me!

My face grew warmer, and I knew I had to try and prove to her that I was Ok with this. I looked out the door and saw the empty and bright lawn in front of me. I had to walk across that, naked? Any of Jessie's neighbors and who knows who else could look over and see Jessie and I. I couldn't even cover or run and hide if I wanted to!

Stacy's grin though told me that I had to; there was no way out of this. I took my steps out that door and into the light.

**Part 3**

My heart was racing a mile a minute and I felt I could fall over any moment. This was truly a lot to swallow. This wasn't a secluded park, or a nude beach. This was a neighborhood yard, and the middle of a Saturday. Yet Jessie was just as naked, and had a good healthy normal pace ahead of me. I told myself it would only be a second, we'd turn around and go inside any moment.

Jessie got the mail as Stacy and I caught up. I wish Jessie wouldn't stall to look at it. I didn't see anyone, but I knew any moment our naked bodies could be seen.

"Ok, just got to get the paper now." Jessie said as she started to stroll down the street. The paper! The paper would be at the end of the street in one of those dispensers! She actually was planning to lead us down the street naked.

"Maybe I'll go back inside and start cleaning the dish..." I wanted to offer, but Stacy budded in with a whisper.

"What, you aren't scared are you? I mean it's so nice out. The sun is so warm, will help keep your nice all over tan in good condition," she said as she headed off with Jessie. I suppose the fact that I still lacked some tan lines thanks to the beach helped support my lie, although this lie was letting Stacy torment me anyway she wanted. Also oh my god, she had noticed my tan! I felt my face warm up a little more knowing she had taken in that much detail alone.

I didn't even have time to psyche myself up. Before I knew it the two began walking away from me. I quickly caught back up.

I was so damn nervous. My hands were jittery and I nearly crossed them over my breast. I had to force myself to cross them just below. As much as I wanted to crawl in a hole and hide, I knew I had to put on a brave face. If I didn't, Stacy would think there was more to the scene she walked in on. I don't even know how I would handle that. I wouldn't be able to reveal how I felt, that would be just too embarrassing. If Stacy started spreading rumors about us being lovers, I wouldn't want Jessie to get hurt because of that also. So even though I was doomed either way, at least this way I can keep Jessie safe from any trouble.

Of course that was easier said than done. Walking down that street was just crazy. At first it was quiet sure, but a bright Saturday afternoon is not a time to try and walk naked and hope to not get caught. Before long I saw, standing near their car, seemingly ready to drive somewhere, one of Jessie's neighbors. The guy just stood there and watched as we were passing his property.

I could just feel his gaze on me. Jessie and I hadn't anything to cover with, and we had to just walk by like it was no big deal. Well to Jessie it was probably no big deal, but I had to pretend.

I may have not stopped blushing, but I am proud to say I kept my arms away from covering anything. Although thinking back about the people who saw me, maybe it would have been better if I gave in. I'm still embarrassed to think about how many people saw me.

After that house, we passed at least two more houses with people outside. No one said or did anything beyond stare. I almost wish they would do something to break the tension, but it's probably for the best they didn't. At least at a distance I could try and fool myself that they couldn't see any details.

We soon were standing on the street corner, Jessie getting the paper. It was horrible standing out there like that. I knew that anyone looking our way could see my bare ass or exposed breast. I shivered a bit every time a car came driving by. I was almost at my breaking point when one of them actually stopped right next to us. I could see the face of the driver, his eyes just looking Jessie and I up and down. I couldn't help but turn slightly so he could only see the side of me. It didn't hide my breast or butt, but it kept my pussy out of site at least.

My prayers were answered when we started to head back to Jessie's. Having to walk again in front of those same neighbors was horrible sure, but I was happy to know we'd be back inside. I still wasn't even use to being naked around Stacy though, so I knew things would still be bad.

As soon as our feet reached the door, I felt very relieved. I don't know if I was holding my breath the whole time or what, but as soon as we were inside I felt I had to take a huge breath.

Luck seemed to be on my side finally too, because as soon as we took a moment to relax, Stacy was saying how she was ready to leave.

"Well all I had to do was pick up my stuff. Now that I have it, I have places to be today. Wish I could stay longer, but I'll leave you two nudists to yourselves." She couldn't help but giggle as she said that. Yet I think she left believing my story. I guess that means my secret was still a secret. Although I knew the next time I was with Stacy, I'd know she would be able to imagine me naked. The thought alone was keeping my cheeks red, even though it was just Jessie and me alone again.

"Just us two again. You wouldn't mind if I did a few chores? You're free to watch what you'd like," Jessie asked me.

"Oh, no I don't mind. Heck, you know I'm willing to help!" I offered. I hadn't even fully registered the fact it was just us two, naked still. My heart started to beat a little faster.

All I could think about was the whole naked thing. Not just what had happened outside or anything. Stacy had now seen us two naked. Would she go tell our other friends? That would be horrible if everyone thought I was a nudist, especially if it turns out like today.

Then I also had to think about Jessie's nudity. How often would she get naked around Stacy and others? I mean I know it was wishful thinking on my end, but I had always hoped that was something special between us. I know to Jessie she never meant these little naked games of hers as some type of sexual advance, but it was hard to not view them that way. Yet Jessie is Jessie I suppose. Even asking a friend to strip naked with her was as simple and innocent as a `hello.'

I started to realize the two of us were awkwardly quiet. I suppose Jessie was busy cleaning, but it still felt odd. I decided I should say something. "So, you get naked around Stacy and stuff too?" I wasn't even really thinking straight when I said that. It was the first thing that came to my mind. I guess my jealousy was getting to me a little.

"Oh right. Sorry about that. I didn't even know she was coming over," Jessie explained. "I wouldn't say I normally do. She sort of caught me one time. I explained it to her, but she's cool with it. Don't worry; she agreed with me on that day she would keep it a secret."

So Stacy wouldn't go blabbing it around, that's good.

"Yeah, she believed the whole nudist story, which I suppose is partially true. Although there's more to it than that, if you know what I mean," I'm not sure if I did actually. I suppose it was a little different though, what a nudists does and what Jessie does. "You're really the only one who knows the full extent of it all."

It brought a smile to my face knowing I was the only one close enough. Stacy had to catch her by accident, but she openly shared it with me. I guess though that was more of a result of us just being the best of friends. It embarrassed me knowing this meant that I was the only one she stripped. Am I that wishy washy around her?

Chores were done, and it was already time for dinner, although for us I suppose it would be more like a lunch. Jessie again hit the kitchen. It had been 24 hours I was naked with her. I know it's stupid, but I still felt awkward sitting at the dinner table, my breast just sitting out in the open. I knew she wouldn't stare at them or anything, but I still felt very exposed.

After dinner and clean up though, rather than going to watch some movies, Jessie announced she was going to take a shower. She said I could have a turn after her. I sat on the couch, waiting for when she would be done.

I could hear the water running, and the whole time I couldn't really pay any attention to the TV. All I could think about was Jessie naked in the shower, scrubbing her body down. I know it's stupid that if I see her naked all the time that I still fantasize about it, but I have a hard time getting her out of my mind.

It's a good thing I could hear the water shut off. Had I not, Jessie could have walked out at any time and caught me with my hand between my legs! I didn't even mean to put it there, it just sort of drifted there. I'm serious!

Of course Jessie didn't come out of the bathroom into the living room wrapped up in a towel. She walked out, her whole sleek body naked from head to toe. She had a towel in hand, but it did nothing to hide her body. "Your turn," she informed me as she plopped on the couch.

I got up and headed towards the bathroom. I closed the door and started the water. I was hoping that maybe this shower would cool me off a little.

Sadly the thoughts of her showering came back. Just moments before Jessie had been naked in this same shower. I couldn't help but picture her with me. The water, suds, and our bodies. There wouldn't be much room, so surely we'd be bump into each other innocently. Maybe she'd look into my eyes, and suddenly wrap an arm around me. She'd offer to help clean me off, giggling in her cute way. I could just picture her hands running across my body.

I'd oh so happily offer my body to hers. She wants to see it naked? Let her! She wants to feel every inch? Let her! Anything she wants? Let her!

I'd moan and wiggle beneath her touch. For so long I waited for a moment like this. She was so beautiful, she was such a great person, and I felt I could share anything with her. We'd be so happy together. I'd devote everything I'd have to her. I could feel her hand between my legs. I was so close to the end I could tell. "Please, just a little more," I moaned, wanting her to finish it. I wanted it to be her. I wanted it to be her hand. "Oh please, right there, just a little..." I said as I cut myself off. I wasn't able to say much more than a few pants and moans. I pushed my mound against the hand.

"Oops, sorry," Jessie said. Wait, why was she sorry? She was doing so well. That's when it hit me though. I was not in the shower with Jessie. That is to say, we weren't both in the shower making love. I was making love to myself, as usual, just picturing it was Jessie. However to my shock and humiliation, Jessie was there in the shower too!

She had her upper body slipped between the wall and shower curtain. She had popped in to tell me something. "I didn't mean to intrude, just wanted to let you know I left a clean towel on the sink counter. I'll leave you be now," she said no more, and just giggled as she left.

I had been frozen the whole time. She had just walked in to find me moaning and panting, up against the wall, my hand between my legs, in her shower. I just looked at her as I saw a smile on her face, her eyes doing a quick up and down. There was no denying what she saw.

I was far too embarrassed and shocked to continue. Frustrating to think about now, but I really couldn't finish. What did Jessie think of me now?

I bet she thought I was a real freak or something. I mean who masturbates in their friend's shower? I stood under the water just worrying for awhile. I wish I had known she was coming in. It was because of that damn door without a handle though. She probably just opened it up, it not making much noise. She probably didn't think too much of interrupting me. I mean all I was doing was showering; she'd seen me naked plenty of times.

I eventually got cleaned up and began toweling off. I really wanted to put something on, some clothes or something. Yet I didn't have anything with me. The best I could do was wrapping the towel around me. It took forever to work up the courage to open the door and leave the bathroom.

Jessie was lying on the couch as I expected. She looked up at me and smiled warmly. I don't know if she was smiling because she was mocking me in some way, or if what she saw didn't really affect her. Yet it was so sweet and inviting of a look, I decided I wouldn't go run and find my stuff and get dressed.

I sat at the end of the couch near her feet. She got sat up and got off the couch. "I can take the towel to get it washed." She explained. I wondered with the way she dresses if a normal load of clothes would even be that much stuff. She could probably gets away with not doing laundry for a month!

Reluctantly, I took off the towel and gave it to her. She walked off with it, and I was again naked. It was driving me crazy a little though. I hadn't a clue how she actually felt about catching me. Normally I don't have to worry about her keeping secrets or anything. I mean she strips naked anywhere anytime she wants with me around. She isn't afraid to admit it's thrilling for her. Yet her catching me doing what I did, she had nothing to comment on?

I sat worried until she came back. Yet as if nothing was weird she just checked what was on TV and we sat there and watched. We talked a bit, but I guess Jessie could tell I wasn't very talkative. We still didn't mention what happened though. I wasn't able to bring it up since I was far too humiliated, and I couldn't tell why Jessie wouldn't.

Soon we were getting sleepy though. It was again time for bed. It looked like it would be the two of us in the same bed again, although I didn't feel right about it. I felt so dirty and naughty; I wasn't really worthy to be in the same bed as Jessie. I bet this whole time she wasn't even thinking about what happened in the bathroom. She probably just saw it and forgot about it, not seeing it as a big deal.

I really couldn't leave the subject alone. I had to say something. "Jessie?"

"Yes Megs?" Jessie asked as she started to situate herself under the covers. It was distracting to feel her naked hips bumps against mine as she did this.

"About earlier, I'm sorry that..." I didn't even know how to put it. I was blushing like crazy again, and I didn't know what to say. Just bringing it up again was worrying me. What did she think of it? I was so scared of her disapproving or finding me to be a weirdo. I mean, the girl I love might think I'm some sort of sick or dirty person. I wasn't sure if I wanted to talk about it, or just die of shame.

"Oh that, don't' apologize for that."

"But," I tried saying. I didn't want her to just push this to the side. I knew it wasn't just something she could just ignore happened.

"It's really ok. I mean you aren't the first person to pleasure herself in there. I also know what's like to be away from home without too many chances to have a little private time. I should apologize again for not knocking. I wasn't thinking." Jessie turned over and gave me a small hug to try and reassure me. If it wasn't for the blankets between us, that hug probably would have been a little more sensual. My mind jumps to those kind of thoughts far too often!

I didn't even have anything to say after that right away. I still felt bad, since she didn't know I was doing that while fantasizing about her. I feel embarrassed just admitting a fact like that here too. Yet at the same time, knowing she was Ok with it did make me feel a lot better. Knowing that she just hinted at doing the same thing I just did was a nice thought too.

"Thanks," I tried saying, but all I got in return from Jessie were a few mumbles. She was pretty quick to fall asleep.

I tried sleeping too, but too much had happened that day to fall asleep. There were a lot of embarrassments, but also good portions too. I spent a lot of time with Jessie, and that maybe made it all worth it. I wanted to tell her how I felt, but I couldn't risk losing this friendship.

I suddenly felt Jessie's weight roll over on me. Just like the night before, I guess she was looking for her large pillow she mentioned.

"Jes?" I asked, yet she didn't respond. I just smiled though and tried to relax. For now we were only friends, but at least for tonight I can pretend it was a little more than that. Maybe one day I will be able to say something, and moments like this in bed would be a little more than an accident on her part.

The End

P.S. Although it's embarrassing to admit this to you all, I think it's helping too. Maybe I can't tell Jessie yet, but telling all of you lets me get it off my chest a little. Maybe in the future I'll share more. Although I sort of wish more wouldn't happen so my life can just sort of settle down for awhile...