**Naked Girl Forever**

by[JacquesD](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4277805&page=submissions)©

[Note: This is a sequel to my story "[*T-shirt Weather*](https://www.literotica.com/s/t-shirt-weather)." You probably don't need to read that one to understand this, but if you're curious about what went on with John and the magnolia tree, that's where you can find out.]  
  
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Senior year of college I moved off campus, like everybody else. But as a budding exhibitionist, I was more ambivalent about it than most. I missed walking to the bathroom wearing only a towel (or, when the hall was empty, carrying the towel). I missed leaving the door open just a crack so that I could watch strangers pass by as I lay in bed and quietly masturbated. I missed those late, drunken nights when I would sneak down to the boys' floor naked to knock on a random door and then bolt, so that the boy saw only an unidentifiable streak of bare girl-ass disappearing up the stairs.  
  
On the other hand, since my roommate Alice and I were close enough to have seen each other naked a million times, there wasn't much need for me to ever be fully dressed in our apartment. At first she teased me for walking around naked in the mornings and lounging topless on the couch in the afternoons. But before long, it became just the way we were together, and she started doing it too. It wasn't uncommon for us to eat dinner together in our panties, or have heart-to-heart conversations while we shared the shower. When I lounged topless on the couch, she would be there too, tits out while she dozed with her head in my lap. When one of us was feeling particularly needy, we might even crawl into bed together and stroke each other's hair until we fell asleep.  
  
I knew her body like I knew my own—with the one big exception of the naughty bits. We were like friends with benefits, if the benefits only extended to cuddling. We were pretty much the Amazons from Wonder Woman (my favorite movie), living in our own little sapphic/platonic paradise.  
  
All that changed after things got serious between Alice and her boyfriend, Jake, and he started sleeping over all the time. At first I made the most of it—I'd let myself get "caught" in a t-shirt and nothing else when she brought him over, or I'd "forget" to close my door while changing clothes when he was there. I couldn't be naked nearly as often, but it was a lot more exciting to expose myself to someone who shouldn't be seeing me. Whatever I did, Alice laughed it off; she was used to my antics by then and saw them as an endearing quirk.  
  
Or so I thought, until I finally took things too far. I had noticed that Jake got up to pee like clockwork at 1 a.m. every night, so one night I arranged to be in the kitchen, gathering a naked midnight snack, at that time. As Jake passed by the kitchen door, he'd see me dramatically lit by the refrigerator light, and I'd deliver my prepared line: "Oh god, I'm so sorry, I didn't think anyone else was up." But when the moment came, I realized that Jake was saying the same thing to me, because he was naked too!  
  
We both froze. I couldn't do anything but stare at his cock as it inched up toward half-mast. Before either of us could break the spell, Alice appeared, the only non-naked person in a room with her boyfriend and her best friend. Jake ran back to the bedroom under a barrage of Alice's curses, but I got it worse: as soon as he was gone, she went totally silent and just stared at me, as I helplessly tried to cover myself with a tupperware full of ham. As I squeaked out my line one more time, Alice turned and walked away.  
  
Jake was quickly forgiven after, I assume, being sternly admonished to put his boxers on before he left Alice's bedroom. But with me it was different. Alice stopped laughing at her goofy nudist roommate and started glowering and not speaking. I had maintained enough plausible deniability that she couldn't confront me, but it was obvious she was seriously jealous. I cleaned up my act, wore so many layers I was sweating whenever Jake was around, but things still didn't go back to normal between us. She was polite, but the old intimacy of our friendship was gone.  
  
After a few weeks of awkwardness I couldn't take it anymore. I decided I had to talk to her, even though I was petrified of what might come out in the conversation. I waited for a weekend when Jake was out of town, and I caught Alice sprawled out on the couch binging old TV shows. I arrived with a bowl of popcorn as a peace offering. Alice grudgingly made room for me on the couch but turned down the snack.  
  
"Hey, Alice," I said, after gathering up my nerve for half an episode of Gilmore Girls. "Is everything OK with you and me?"  
  
Alice just sat there staring at the TV for what seemed like forever, or at least long enough for Rory and Lorelei to order breakfast at Luke's and then leave without eating. Finally she spoke, not turning to look at me. "You mean aside from you wanting to fuck Jake?"  
  
My response was reflexive, almost shouted: "I don't want to fuck Jake!" As guilty as I felt, I was genuinely offended that she would think I'd do something like that. I really didn't want to fuck Jake, I just wanted him to see me naked—and I wanted everyone to see me naked. I couldn't exactly offer that as an excuse.  
  
Alice abruptly turned off the TV and headed to her room, but I couldn't let the conversation end there. "What can I do to make it up to you?" I pleaded after her.  
  
She turned back toward me and crossed her arms. Her face looked as hard as I had ever seen it. "Alright," she said. "You like to be naked so much, I want to see you to streak Spring Bash."  
  
I'm a natural redhead, so I blush easily, but at that suggestion I felt myself go pale. Spring Bash was the biggest social event of the year, a massive block party that stretched the length of Prince Avenue, the student drag where we lived. Every front yard for five or six blocks would be filled with partiers emptying solo cups and playing beer pong. Streaking Spring Bash essentially meant being naked in front of the whole school.  
  
I'm not dumb; I know that public nudity isn't the way to mend a damaged friendship. Alice was just trying to punish me, and the extremity of the punishment made me think it was about more than flashing her boyfriend. But the truth was, not so deep down, I loved the idea, and appeasing Alice gave me the cover to do it without revealing just how much I wanted it for myself. So we agreed to terms and shook on the deal.  
  
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Just a week later I was standing at my front door wearing nothing but knee-high socks and running shoes. (The socks were Alice's idea, meant to make me look ridiculous; I had talked her down from much worse.) The house that held our apartment and a few others was about three-quarters of the way down Prince Avenue. I was supposed to jog (no sprinting!) to the far end, turn and come back to the near end, and then finally I was allowed to loop back home. It was part of the route I jogged daily, though usually with slightly more clothes on. Alice would follow behind me in her car to make sure that I stuck to the terms and that nothing worse than she had planned happened to me.  
  
As we got ready to go, her eyes kept wandering down my body, taking in my freckled skin and my trimmed, fiery red bush. I supposed she was savoring my humiliation in advance. In contrast to my nudity, she was dressed to kill, in a red satin bodycon dress and her highest black suede heels. If I was going to play the fool tonight, she was the queen of hearts, ready to take her man on a gloating tour of all the parties after she had vanquished her rival, me.  
  
She grinned at me as the sounds of booming music and chattering crowds poured through the windows. "You sure you can go through with this?" she asked, more taunting than concerned.  
  
"I'm sure," I said, though in fact I thought I might faint halfway down the front stairs.  
  
We walked out together, and I hung back in the shadows of our front porch while she cranked up her car and pulled onto the street. She leaned out the window and waved me on. I took a deep breath, counted to three, and dashed down to the sidewalk.  
  
The reaction was immediate and overwhelming. Alice honked the horn constantly to make sure that no one missed me as I passed. Every last boy, and a good number of the girls, threw their hands up and hooted as I did.  
  
"Woo! Naked girl!" one especially drunk frat bro shouted. Somehow the nickname stuck instantly; it seemed to precede me from house to house as I jogged down the street. A few other people recognized me and called out my actual name (Bonnie, by the way). My tits and ass were loudly praised. One guy followed me for a block, but thankfully he was too wasted to keep up my pace and soon dropped off.  
  
I was almost to the end of the street by the time the blood stopped pounding in my head enough for me to take in what I was experiencing. It was a cool April night, and the wind felt amazing on my skin. It made my nipples harden into tiny pink gem stones at the center of each bouncing breast. Against the chill of the breeze my pussy felt like it was on fire, and with every stride the movement of my thighs sparked it anew. But most of all, what I felt were the eyes—dozens, hundreds of eyes groping and releasing me in succession, like an army of hands touching every spot on my body at the same time. Here it is, I wanted to shout, all of me, nothing left to hide. Here's my body, and here's my perversion. On some level I was humiliated, as I should have been, but that feeling was drowned out by the overwhelming sense of freedom.  
  
At the end of the street I crossed to the other side and jogged in place for a second while Alice turned the car around. She leaned out the window and shouted, "That's enough! You can get in the car if you want."  
  
I was disappointed by the offer—I wasn't done with this feeling yet—but I couldn't say no without revealing how much I was enjoying my supposed punishment. As I reached for the door handle Alice pumped the gas, leaving me stumbling as she laughed hysterically. When she did it two more times, I started to think she might be prepared to lead me all the way back to our apartment that way, and I might've let her, except I was afraid it would be too obvious how the humiliation added to my arousal. I filed that discovery away for a future adventure and set off to finish my jog.  
  
As I ran back up the street, passing people who had already seen me once and had reacted with applause rather than disgust, my nerves settled and I started to really enjoy myself. For Alice's sake I probably should have kept up the pretense that I was suffering, but after her stunt with the car I decided to hell with her. I waved to my fans, held up my arms like a runner crossing the finish line, paused to chug a beer from a red plastic cup that someone held out to me like I was running a marathon. For tonight only (or for as long as any of these people remembered, whichever came first), I was more than just Bonnie—I was Naked Girl. Not all heroes wear capes.  
  
By the time I got home I was flushed and smiling, my hair lightly dampened with sweat. I had gone past the point of arousal to a stage of deep satisfaction, but I figured I could double back and find the arousal again once I was alone with my vibrator. I turned the knob and found it locked. I looked to the street for Alice and didn't see her—she must have gone to park the car around back. I checked under the mat, where we usually kept a spare key, and found nothing. Alice reappeared around the corner on foot.  
  
"Hey Alice, where's the key?" I asked, my nerves starting to creep back in. She pulled the spare copy out of her purse and, theatrically, chucked it into the booming party going on across the street.  
  
"Have a great Spring Bash, bitch!" she laughed as she tottered off in her fuck-me heels to find Jake.  
  
Alice was a star on the school's track team, so she was faster than me by a lot. But in those heels, if I had chased her, I could've caught her easily. And then, I guess, I could have wrestled her purse away, found her key, and gotten safely inside. Naked Girl would have done it, and she would have relished the show she'd be making of herself in the process. But I wasn't Naked Girl now. I had met my kryptonite. With the security of my home cut off, all my confidence dropped away like a poorly tied towel, leaving me naked in front of the pizza guy of my fears.  
  
I squeezed myself behind the nearest bush, scratching tender parts of me that normally never saw the outdoors. What had I done to make my best friend hate me so much? Even if I had fucked her boyfriend, this would be a little extreme. If exposing myself to one guy led to this, what would be the fallout from what I had done tonight? I tried to imagine an even more total humiliation, but I couldn't. I just kept remembering the feeling of all of those eyes raking across my body, pulling at my flesh, and then I felt terrified and horny. I was considering whether I was well hidden enough to masturbate, and whether that should even matter at this point, when I heard the doorbell ring.  
  
At first I didn't realize what it was—I wasn't used to how it sounded from outside our apartment. I peeked out from my bush as carefully as I could to see my friend John tapping his foot impatiently and holding a case of Natty Light. John had rescued me once before, the first time one of my escapades had gotten out of hand, and I had rewarded him by letting him fuck me doggy-style under a magnolia tree. After that my past crush on him evaporated, and we were fuck-buddies for a while until we ran out of creative public places to do it. If anyone was going to save me at this moment, I thought, it was John.  
  
"Pssst!" I hissed from behind the bush. "Pssst! John!"  
  
At first John looked around confused, but then he spotted me. "Hey hey, Naked Girl!" he bellowed. "Sorry I missed the show just now! Everybody said it was amazing. What are you doing in the bush?"  
  
"Alice locked me out," I said. "I can't get in my apartment."  
  
"Well, I was just about to invite you to come party with us," he answered. "Come on out and let's do it." He had had a few, I realized. Maybe he wasn't going to be my savior after all.  
  
"I'm still naked," I said, in case it wasn't obvious.  
  
"So? What's the problem? Everybody's loving it."  
  
"John! It's not fun anymore!" Actually it was still fun, a little, but it was also overwhelming and scary. To my surprise I felt myself tearing up. "John, help me, please."  
  
To John's credit, my evident distress sobered him up right away. He put down the case of beer, unbuttoned his shirt, and handed it to me. "Here," he said. "You'll be decent in that. Come hang out with us until Alice cools off or whatever."  
  
I buttoned the shirt gratefully. I still felt exposed—the shirt was just long enough to cover me—but it felt safe again with John's big bare chest to hide behind. Naked Girl had found her Steve Tervor and, ironically, her costume. John took my hand and helped me out of my hiding place, and before I knew what I was doing I kissed him. His hands found their way under the shirt and cupped my bare ass, lifting my mouth towards him.  
  
"Hmm," he said. "Any magnolia trees around here?"  
  
"Later," I answered. "Suddenly I'm feeling social again."  
  
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John's party turned out to be a few houses down from mine, at the very same house were someone had first given me my nom de streak. On the walk over I convinced John to give me his braided leather belt, which I tied around my waist. I hoped it would hold the hem of his shirt in place and give me the look of a real outfit rather than a desperate cover up, though my sneakers and socks didn't exactly go. As an unexpected fringe benefit, without the belt John's shorts slipped down his hips far enough to suggest that he wasn't wearing underwear. I couldn't be sure how I really looked, but I suspected that he looked more indecent than I did.  
  
"Hey," someone yelled as soon as we stepped into the solo-cup-littered lawn, "John brought Naked Girl! But she's not naked anymore."  
  
"Sorry, boys," I flirted. "It got chilly."  
  
Within a couple of hours I was feeling completely drunk, more from the attention I was getting than from the warm, weak beer I nursed. A circle of horny boys followed me like flies, plying me with refills and inappropriately sexual questions. Not wanting to disappoint them too much, I kept undoing more buttons, until my shirt was open almost all the way to the belt at my waist. Every time I moved I could see the boys shifting, hoping to catch a peek at what was beneath. I tried to find positions that would satisfy them without being too obvious.  
  
I was less restrained about what I said, answering all their questions in free-flowing detail even if I had to make it up on the spot. I used up the story of me and John and the magnolia right away, then moved on to embellished versions of the games I had played by myself around my dorm. Finally I found myself telling stories about me and Alice, stories that were true right up to the point where we stroked more than each other's hair. Everyone knew who my roommate was, and these lies were bound to get back to her, maybe even ruin her relationship with Jake, but I couldn't help myself. If being a superhero was good, being a superhero and royalty was even better—just like Wonder Woman. Whenever I felt my court of horndogs' attention slipping, I just had to escalate and pull them back.  
  
Sitting to my left was the horniest dog of them all, a nerdy guy in tan cargo shorts who had been shifting in his chair all night, failing to conceal a call-your-doctor persistent erection. Finally the pressure inside him got too great, and he blurted out what all of them must have been thinking: "Are you going to get naked again or what?"  
  
For a second I felt ridiculous. Of course they didn't want stories or teased nip-slips. They had already seen my whole ass up and down the street. They were waiting for some action. Naked Girl stepped up to deliver.  
  
"Or what," I said, and I slipped my hand as far up the leg of his shorts as I could, dragging my nails down his inner thigh on the way out. He visibly shivered, and I saw his cock jump beneath the fabric.  
  
That brought my subjects back to attention. Someone started a chant of "Naked Girl," which delighted me until somehow it morphed into "run a train." Nerdy guy put his hand on my thigh in return, and I saw him lick his lips as he worked up the nerve to slide it higher, where he would find his Queen's maidenhood (so to speak) undefended. I was thinking I was in trouble again when, like clockwork, John's big hand landed on my shoulder.  
  
"You OK, Bonnie?" he asked.  
  
I was now, I thought, but I would need help to quell this insurrection. Seated, my eyes were on a level with John's crotch. I could plainly see that he was sporting about three-quarters of an erection himself, which he made no effort to hide. I put my hand on his bare hip and let a few fingers slip below his waist band. "I think they want a show," I said. Looking up into his eyes, I could see that he was thinking the same thing I was.  
  
I unbuttoned his shorts and they fell easily to the ground. I had missed the sight of his massive cock, and even more I had missed the taste of it. I licked his balls once and ran my tongue up the underside of his shaft. That was all it took to get him fully hard, and I wrapped one hand around the base of his cock as I took the head between my lips. The boys were rapt, silent now, and a bigger crowd was forming behind them, pushing them in on us. I dropped to my knees and let one side of the shirt slip to my elbow so that my tit was exposed. Someone shouted their approval, and the silence burst into a roar.  
  
John wrapped his hands around my head, pushing me forward on to his cock. There was no way I could take the whole thing without choking, but I took as much as I could and let my hand do the rest. The boys chanted for a deep throat, but they would have to respect what boundaries I had. I sucked him as deep as I could until I thought I would pass out from lack of air, and then I pulled back and stroked him with both hands in a twisting motion, using my spit as lube. That freed me up to look around at the hungry faces surrounding us. Like a good performer, I chose a few on the front row to make eye contact with. I stopped worrying about what they might do to me and started thinking about what I wanted John to do to my aching, dick-starved pussy.

But first, right then, I wanted him to come on me in front of all those eyes. I tried to tell him, but above the roar of the crowd I had to shout it. He must have gotten the message, because as his knees buckled and his cock leapt in my hands, I felt streams of hot cum landing on my chin, my neck, my chest. I took him back in my mouth to suck out the last few drops. Somehow the crowd got even louder.  
  
I was ready to rip off the cum-stained shirt and hand myself over to the crowd, when I felt a high-heeled shoe in my back pushing me to the ground. I looked up to see Alice, with Jake a few feet behind her. The crowd died down for a second, long enough for her to growl, "You're fucking disgusting." Then they erupted into new chants of "cat fight." Alice turned and forced her way through them, and I followed. I was grateful to be covered in cum—I was groped a few times anyway, but if not for homophobic college boys' innate fear of touching another man's jizz I might not have made it at all. At least I got out the other side still dressed, such as I was.  
  
I caught up to Alice quickly, headed back to our apartment. She walked as fast as she could and tried to ignore me, but she had no chance of outpacing me in our respective footwear. "Alice," I pleaded, "what did I do? I'm sorry I let Jake see me, OK? I'm sorry for all of it. It's just this—compulsion I have. I can't help myself. It had nothing to do with Jake, I promise."  
  
"No shit," Alice spat. Finally she stopped, right outside our apartment. "I guess it had nothing to do with me, either," she said.  
  
"What? What does that mean?" She was on the move again, and I followed her up the stairs to our front door.  
  
"All that time we spent together, so close ... I kept waiting for you to make a move," she said. She was fumbling with the lock now, hiding her face. "But I guess that was all just your compulsion."  
  
I was dumbfounded. It had never occurred to me that Alice and I were anything other than friends who were comfortable being naked together. "Why didn't you say something?" I begged.  
  
"You were my best friend! I didn't want to ruin that. And then when you started acting the way you did around Jake, I felt like even what we did have didn't mean anything to you." Something broke through her face, then, like rain unlocking an overcast sky. She bawled. "God, I'm so sorry for all of this. I'm such an idiot."  
  
"So I'm not disgusting?" I half-teased.  
  
My attempt at a joke made her cry even more, but she smiled, too, as she answered. "Bonnie, you're so fucking hot."  
  
Looking back, I could see the obvious signs—the way she'd look up at me from my lap instead of watching the TV, the little squeeze she'd give me just before drifting off to sleep, the sigh that followed it. And I could see how beautiful she was, how the fire that filled my pussy when we were together wasn't just from being seen—it was from looking, too, looking at her. I wasn't sure I felt the same way that she did, but I was sure that, on this night, I wanted her to feel the same way that I did. I loved her and I was furious with her, I wanted to turn myself into the crowd that could rip her apart in ecstasy.  
  
I grabbed her shoulder and turned her so that I could look her in the eyes. Mascara was streaked down her cheeks, spoiling her party makeup. It only made her more beautiful. I kissed her.  
  
Alice answered my kiss with passion. I let her push the shirt off both my shoulders, let her undo the belt and strip me bare. When she felt John's cum still drying on my chest, she just laughed and wiped it away. I unzipped her dress and peeled it off of her, seeing her body as if for the first time. It was lean and toned and tanned, a perfect mate to my softer, paler figure. I pushed her back to the door and let my hands explore her few unfamiliar places. When she pulled away and tried to unlock the door, I knocked the key from her hand, losing it in the dark beneath the porch.  
  
"No," I said to her. "You don't get to hide anymore than I do tonight." In her eyes I saw the reflection of my own exhilaration and fear.  
  
I took her hand and led her down to the base of the stairs. Then I made her sit, pulled her panties down her long runner's legs, and ate the shit out of her pussy. The crowd that gathered this time was smaller at first, but just as enthusiastic. They circled up into our yard, trying to find an angle where they could see more than the back of my head. Someone tried to hand Alice a beer, which she pushed away. They were too intrusive, too male. I wanted them to watch but give us space while they did, to show my friend some respect and leave it to me to ruin her.  
  
As if I had wished him there, John appeared and stood beside us. Somehow with only his tall, quiet presence he settled the crowd. Or maybe they got quiet because they wanted to hear the little moans escaping Alice as I slid first one, then two fingers inside her. As her hips started to tremble, I felt a little jealous of the better view they would have of her face as she came. But then again, they couldn't feel her neatly-trimmed bush tickling their noses, or smell the tang of her arousal, they wouldn't be wiping her juices from their lips and hands when it was done. I had to interrupt my reverie so that I could concentrate on keeping a handle on Alice as she bucked and screamed in the final throes of her orgasm.  
  
I climbed up so that I could kiss her, our bodies awkwardly intertwining on the stairs. For a moment, I forgot anyone else was there. I had given two public orgasms that night, and the only one who hadn't had any release yet was me. I desperately wanted to ask Alice to return the favor, but I also didn't want to interrupt her basking in the afterglow I worked so hard to produce. So I just kept kissing her all over, hoping to inspire her through telepathy.  
  
Telepathy must be one of Naked Girl's superpowers, because in a moment I felt Alice take my hand. She guided it upward and wrapped it around a strange cock. I looked up to see Jake, grinning like a fool, fully dressed apart from his unzipped fly. "It was never about Jake," Alice whispered as she nodded up at him. "You can fuck my boyfriend as much as you want, as long as you don't forget to fuck me."  
  
Inspired, I led Jake up the stairs to our front porch. If I was going to be fucked publicly, I wanted my public to have a good view. I bent myself over the small table we kept on the porch and thrust my ass at Jake's crotch. He got the message—no telepathy needed this time—and pushed his cock inside me. Alice crept up the stairs and explored my body with her hands and mouth for a while, but soon Jake was slamming me too hard, rocking my body too wildly for her to keep contact. She sat back in a chair and watched instead. John was watching, too, standing guard by the stairs in his low-hanging shorts. I wished he would circle around and put his cock in my mouth again, but I guess even Naked Girl's telepathy has limits.  
  
I closed my eyes and tuned out the crowd for a moment, focusing on the sensation of Jake's cock plunging deep inside me over and over. When I opened them again they met Alice's, and the slight smile on her face pushed me over the edge. As my mind and body dissolved in waves of pent-up pleasure, I looked back over the sea of cellphones pointed at me. They had been there at every moment of the night, and everything I had done would be all over the internet by morning. This wasn't going away, I realized. I was Naked Girl forever now.