**Out Of Those Wet Clothes**

by Earl Hofert

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes (part 1)**

I had been working at the gym for a little over a year. Though I'd never worked a sales job before, I found that I was quite good at selling memberships; I suppose my own enthusiasm for staying in shape came across to prospective buyers. So I certainly enjoyed my job.  
  
Arguably the greatest benefit of the job was the scenery. While the members came in all shapes and sizes, my female coworkers were nearly all knockouts. While I'd never managed to hook up with any of them, I certainly enjoyed getting to look at them every day, and an atmosphere of playful flirtation definitely existed in the workplace.  
  
Which brings me to Lucy. Lucy worked part-time evenings in our juice bar, and attended the local university during the day. Just a really pretty girl with a fun, positive attitude who came across as the sweet girl next door, but would be quick to catch you off guard with a vulgar comment or dirty joke when you least expected it. Lucy quickly became my closest friend among my female coworkers, and I guess I had what could best be described as a little bit of a crush on her.  
  
Lucy's car was a piece of crap, and being a broke college student working only about 20 hours a week, it was going to be a couple of weeks before she could afford to get it fixed. In the interim, I was happy to give her a ride home from work most nights. One night she had a special favor to ask. She needed a ride across town to her friend Natalie's house to finish a class project they'd been working on together, before then being driven home.  
  
Lucy assured me they wouldn't need more than an hour to finish, and swore that she would love me forever for it. She needn't have begged; I didn't have anything going on that evening anyway, and time spent in the company of Lucy and Nat was always exciting.  
  
By the time Lucy's shift ended, it was raining pretty hard outside, and as the employee parking spots were furthest from the entrance, we were bound to get wet running to my car. I offered to brave the rains and pull the car around to the front for her, but she would have none of it. "We'll make a run for it together", she insisted. After a couple of fruitless minutes of waiting for it to let up, we made the mad dash to the car, only to realize I'd left my keys on my desk. By the time we ran back inside, got the keys, and returned to the car, we were both soaked.  
  
"I can't believe you did that!", she screamed, her usually-perfect hair plastered to her cheeks. "I take back loving you forever!" She laughed even as she tried to sound genuinely mad. I jokingly offered to let her out and walk. "NO!", she exclaimed, smiling sweetly and adding, "I wuv you".  
  
Thankfully, the heater worked quickly, so the car ride wasn't too rough from that standpoint. Finding our destination, however, proved difficult. Natalie, unlike Lucy or myself, was native to the area. While she kept an apartment with a roommate, she apparently preferred to stay at her parents' house whenever they went away on vacation. This was one of those times. I had never been to the house before. Lucy had, and could give directions, but as we drove, the downpour intensified to the point where I couldn't see even a car's length in front of us.  
  
It took forever, but we finally got there. Nat's family obviously had money, as this was a big, beautiful house in one of the wealthier areas just outside of town. Frustratingly, Nat had parked her car only about halfway up the long driveway, so we would have another long run through a now-torrential downpour to get to the front door. On the count of three, we got out and sprinted across the lawn.  
  
The front door was locked, but at least there was an overhang for us to stand under as Lucy rang the doorbell. After a long minute, Nat opened the door, laughing at the bedraggled sight of us.  
  
Nat and I were well acquainted, as she had worked at the gym as a personal trainer last summer. Though she had quit when the semester started, she was still a regular presence there, as she worked out nearly every day. Possessing a tight waist and round bottom which she frequently showcased in yoga pants(this was a big crowdpleaser at the gym), she was impossible not to notice and a challenge not to blatantly ogle.  
  
She was wearing those yoga pants now, along with a t-shirt, as she ushered us inside. "Stay in the foyer", she warned. We were just happy to be inside, as we stood there dripping puddles on the floor. Nat looked us over. "I'll be right back with a laundry basket and towels", she announced, "you both need to get out of those wet clothes".

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes (Part Two )**

I froze upon hearing the request. My first thought was that she was just kidding, but it occurred to me that she genuinely might not want us traipsing through her parents' beautiful home in our current state.  
  
Lucy spoke next. "Are there clean towels in the bathroom?", she asked, "I'll take these off in there". She hadn't taken more than a step when Nat stopped her. "No", Nat insisted, "don't leave the foyer until you're dry." "So we have to undress right out here?", Lucy complained. "You'll live", Nat laughed as she walked down the hall, "Now get to stripping, I'll be right back."  
  
Lucy and I looked at each other awkwardly. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't imagining her with her clothes off, and I'd also be lying if I said it was the first time I'd done so. Finally, I shrugged my shoulders, gave a "what the hell" look, and peeled my shirt off over my head. Lucy smiled at me and waited for the pants to come off next. I obliged her, sliding them down my legs and stepping out of them with confidence, as though I wasn't the least bit uncomfortable or embarrassed.  
  
In truth, I was a bit nervous about being so exposed, but I was grateful that I had on my designer trunk-style underwear that presented my package in a very flattering manner. I thought to myself, it's not embarrassing if you look good, right? Lucy didn't exactly gawk, but she certainly didn't turn away or cover her eyes or anything; I think she was trying every bit as hard as I was to act casual. Finally, she looked me right in the eye, gave a little giggle that I will remember for life, and uttered one word: "Nice."  
  
"My turn, I guess", she acknowledged, untucking her work uniform shirt. The untucked shirt hung low enough to cover both back and front as she took off her pants. I desperately wanted to reach out and lift it up to steal a peek, but refrained. She caught me looking, and shook her head in joking disapproval, tugging more tightly on her shirt to make sure she stayed covered. She stepped out of the pants now pooled around her ankles, and kicked them behind her. As she leaned down to take off her socks, her shirt rode up in back, affording me a glimpse of her pink and white striped panties, and the lovely undercurve of her buttocks. It was a beautiful sight. Straightening up, she smiled nervously at me. "Well, this isn't awkward at all", she joked, before pulling her shirt off and tossing it onto the clothes pile. I had done a pretty good job of being gentlemanly so far, but being here with this girl I saw clothed everyday, seeing her now stripped to just her bra and panties, I'm sure I just blatantly stared. Hell, I may have literally drooled for all I know. I certainly did enjoy the moment, at any rate. But a moment is all it wound up being, because that's when Nat came back.

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes (part 3)**

The flash of Nat's camera phone brought me back to the real world.  
  
"Insta-GRAAAAAAAAAAAAM!", she laughed, checking to see how the pic turned out.  
  
Lucy shreiked. "Don't you dare!", she warned.  
  
Nat couldn't stop laughing as she held up the phone to show us the results of her ambush. "I'm sorry", she offered, "but this has to be shared. You're both just too cute, all soaking wet and scraggly-looking in your undies. And him checking you out like that! Hahaha!" I felt a bit flushed at the last remark. How was I not supposed to check out a beautiful half-naked girl a few feet away from me, anyway?  
  
"No, Lucy's right, please don't post that", I asked sincerely.  
  
Nat rolled her eyes and sighed. "All right, all right...but I'm keeping the picture for blackmail". She smiled first at me, then at Lucy. "I didn't think either of you would be so bashful."  
  
She stepped back into the hallway and retrieved a laundry basket and two towels. Setting the towels on the front room couch, she offered the basket to me. "Put your wet things in here, I'll run them through the dryer", she offered. Lucy and I each deposited our respective piles of waterlogged garments into the basket and handed it back to Nat. Expecting her to bring us our towels, Lucy and I exchanged an uncomfortable glance when Nat instead sat on the arm of the couch and didn't say a word.  
  
"Had enough of a show yet, hussie?", Lucy needled her friend, "may we have our towels now?"  
  
"Are you kidding me?" Nat stood and stepped towards me, then surprised me by placing her hand on my hip. "My mom would kill me if I let you two walk around this house in your soaking wet drawers". Her other hand gently smacked Lucy's backside, and lingered to give a squeeze. "Yeah, your's are wet, too. Better get 'em off so I can dry 'em. Birthday suit time, both of you".  
  
I have to admit, by this time I was enjoying all the bare Lucy skin on display enough that my own state of undress didn't terribly bother me. The idea of getting totally naked in front of the girls was a bit intimidating, but more than a bit thrilling, too. I resolved to take the lead and just do it. I hooked my thumbs into my waistband, took a deep breath, and just did it, putting all my talents on display. Nat squealed and clapped as she took in the sight, while Lucy stared into my eyes, mouth agape.  
  
"Well done!", Nat congratulated me, "now THAT's a good houseguest!" She handed me a towel, unabashedly letting her gaze drop from eye-level to my nether regions and back. "DRY OFF before you use it to cover up." I towel-dried vigorously, aware that my cock was bobbing wildly for the girls' entertainment as I did so. By this point, I was really feeling great about the obvious interest both girls had in my equipment, so I didnt feel inclined to cover up prematurely. Only when I was sufficiently dry did I wrap the towel around my waist.  
  
Nat took a step to the side, and stood face to face with Lucy. "Your turn", she instructed. "Let's see what you've got".

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes (part 4)**

"No way", Lucy protested. "Not here."  
  
A half-smile sprouted across Nat's face. Lucy's defiance seemed to amuse her, holding the upper hand as she did. "Okay, then. Bye", she replied, picking up the laundry basket. "If you won't follow my rules in my house, you'll have to leave. Don't worry, I'll bring you both your clothes back tomorrow. And I'll finish the project myself as best I can."  
  
Lucy and I looked at one another. Nat really might throw us out into the storm like this. Our embarrassment was a game to her. "Good seeing you", Nat added casually, as she looked me up and down before turning her back and heading down the hall.  
  
"Wait!"  
  
Nat stopped at the sound of Lucy's voice.  
  
"Come back, bring my towel."  
  
Nat set down the basket and walked back over to us, towel in hand.  
  
"Give me the damn towel", Lucy grumbled.  
  
Nat laughed and shook her head. "Not yet. You're overdressed."  
  
"No, I'll take it off. Let me wrap up, and I can take the rest off under the towel", Lucy suggested eagerly, hopeful that Nat would let her off the hook with this compromise. Her friend appeared to consider it, then spoke.  
  
"Naaahhhhhhhh, I don't think so."  
  
"Come on."  
  
"No", Nat announced decisively. "It wouldn't be fair."  
  
"Fair?!?"  
  
"That's right, FAIR.", she confirmed, placing a hand on my bare chest. "He stripped completely, so should you."  
  
"It's not the same", she pled, "I have to see him at work every day. It'll be uncomfortable for both of us if he sees me." I kind of resented her trying to argue that she wanted to avoid making me feel awkward; I, for one, felt EXTREMELY comfortable with the thought of seeing Lucy everyday and knowing what she looked like nude!  
  
Nat was having none of it, anyway. "Bullshit!", she exclaimed gleefully in Lucy's face. "If you were so worried about the work environment, you would have looked away when he was getting naked! Did you?"  
  
Lucy struggled to stammer out an answer, but Nat, relishing the moment, cut her off.  
  
"Lucy", she stroked her friend's cheek, "look me in the eye". Lucy glared at her.  
  
"Did...you...", Nat nodded subtly as she dragged out the question, "look at his naked body?"  
  
Lucy looked to me as though she somehow expected me to bail her out. I said nothing.  
  
"I saw him", she admitted. "But I didn't stare or anything!", she hastened to add.  
  
Nat nodded condescendingly. "That's a yes", she concluded, before moving on to the next question. She grinned broadly and looked right into Lucy's eyes. "Did you see his ding dong?" She giggled as she asked the question, and gestured grandly towards my crotch. I felt myself blush.  
  
Lucy's eyes betrayed her by scanning downwards, returning to the scene of the crime as it were, before looking back at my face.  
  
"It's ok to admit it", Nat offered helpfully, "I looked. It's a nice one." She gave me a smile and let the back of her fingers graze my stomach, just above the towel. " You should be proud of that thing", she teased. I felt "that thing" in question twitch, and wasn't sure if the girls had noticed.  
  
Nat turned her attention back to Lucy. "So you really do need to finish undressing. Take off your bra and your panties, and I'll give you a towel to dry off with and THEN you can cover up." She shrugged as though to say sorry, "You saw him, now he gets to see you."  
  
Grasping for straws, Lucy produced what seemed like a sound argument. "YOU saw him, too! You admitted it. So shouldn't you have to be naked?"  
  
Nat shook her head as though explaining something that she had explained a thousand times before. "I didn't come trudging in here in soaking wet clothes trying to ruin my mother's beautiful house", she explained. "Besides", she teased, "I've got my modesty to consider. I'm not so much of a shameless hussy as you are." She was loving this.  
  
Lucy seethed. "I'm going to kill you", she threatened. Nat smiled smugly, knowing she'd won. Resigned, Lucy turned her back to me and unhooked her bra.

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes (part 5)**

Part of me felt bad about liking this so much, especially when Lucy -who was, after all, a close friend of mine and an all-round sweet girl- shuddered nervously as her bra straps slipped off her shoulders and she dropped the garment to the ground. Even with her back turned to me, she made for a thrilling sight. Her skin was so soft and clear and lovely, and she blushed adorably not just in her face, but her neck and shoulders as well. I was positioned at just enough of an angle to glimpse just a hint of her right breast from behind. It didn't amount to much of a peek, but that slight glimpse was hotter than almost any other woman I've ever seen in much greater detail. And she had that sweet, sexy curve into the small of her back, holding the promise of even more beautiful sights just below.  
  
I realized Nat had been intently watching me gawk at our friend. She smiled knowingly at me, seemingly saying, "Here you go, you owe me one, buddy". I meekly returned her smile.  
  
The moment of truth had come. Lucy couldn't keep everything hidden from me. Though she was determined not to give me a frontal show, she would have to bare her cute little ass for my viewing pleasure. Nat appeared as eager as I to see Lucy nude. I'm still not sure whether she harbored an outright sexual attraction for our mutual friend, whether the thought of my excitement turned her on, or whether the turn-on came from having the power to embarrass a good friend, but she was clearly having the time of her life.  
  
Lucy grabbed the sides of her panties and held for a minute, tugging just slightly enough to show me a hint of crack and the very top of two curvy, fleshy cheeks. She looked back over her shoulder at me, grinned sheepishly, and yanked downward in one quick motion before kicking her panties free of her ankles.  
  
I will never forget the sight in front of me at that moment. You see a pretty girl over and over, and of course you imagine what she looks like without any clothes on. But she doesn't really look like that; you idealize her; your expectaions are unrealistic. And maybe if you're lucky, one time in your whole life you see a girl who actually looks as good naked as you thought she would. Well, this one looked BETTER.  
  
"The towel! Give me the towel!", Lucy demanded, hopping anxiously from foot to foot. Nat wasn't about to end her exposure too quickly, though. Slowly she made her way across the room, giving me ample time to study the perfect buttocks right in front of me. I noted every detail. Lucy had apparently spent some time at the pool lately, as a faint tan line was apparent. And her right hip bore a small birthmark, shaped like a bird in flight.  
  
I could have stood there all night, all week, and all year just savoring the view of that ass. I actually remember wondering what I could've done right in my life to even deserve to enjoy a moment like this; a moment so many other guys would've killed to experience. But all good things must come to an end, and Nat finally relented and gave Lucy the towel.  
  
Lucy hastily wrapped herself up, then turned to face me. "Get a nice look at my butt?" she inquired. I nodded, still stunned, and answered, "Yeah, that was...ah...that was nice".  
  
"Glad you enjoyed it", she smiled sweetly at me. At least she didn't seem mad at me, I thought, relieved. She continued, "because that's all you're gonna get to see. Sorry!" She smiled teasingly.  
  
Over her shoulder, I saw Nat shake her head in disagreement. She took a step forward, reached out, and yanked Lucy's towel completely off.

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes (part 6)**

Lucy shrieked as her friend denuded her. She spun to her left, too much of a blur for me to really get a full-on view, but I got a good look at her entire right side as she reached out to try and reclaim her only covering. But Nat was too quick for her, pulling the towel behind her own back and holding it there with both hands. Realizing what a show I was getting, Lucy quickly covered as best she could with her arms. "Nat! What the hell?!", she exclaimed.  
  
"You didn't even dry off at all", responded Nat calmly. "You can use the towel to cover up AFTER you're dry."  
  
"You effing bitch", Lucy muttered, drawing a laugh from Nat. "You've got a lot of nerve for a naked girl", Nat taunted. "Sass me again in my own home, and I will spank that cute little tushie until it's bright red." I was pretty sure she was just kidding about that part, but the thought was enough to cause stirrings beneath my towel.  
  
"Okay, I'll dry off", Lucy conceded, "just give it back."  
  
"No, you had your chance. I'm going to do it for you, to make sure it gets done right."  
  
Lucy's eyes widened with panic. "No, I'll do it, I promise."  
  
"Nope", Nat approached her cowering friend. "Arms straight out at your sides."  
  
"No WAY", Lucy insisted, defiant.  
  
"All right, then" Nat shrugged, "leave." She pointed at the front door.  
  
"Completely naked", said Lucy, "are you serious?"  
  
"This", offered Nat, holding up the towel, "or that." She again pointed to the front door.  
  
"Pleeeeeaaaase?", Lucy pleaded. "Just let me dry MYSELF off".  
  
Nat shook her head and held her arms out to the side, demonstrating the stance Lucy was to assume.  
  
Defeated, Lucy sighed. She looked to me. "You'd better not enjoy this too much." It was a demand I couln't possibly meet.  
  
"Nonsense", interjected Nat, "this is my house, and you have my permission to enjoy this as much as you'd like. Here, come around front for a better look."  
  
I mouthed, "Sorry" to Lucy as I took Nat up on her offer. Lucy looked very cross with me. Resigned, she straightened up and put her arms out to the side. She was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen. My eyes devoured everything, from the top of her head to the tips of her toes, and especially all the treasures in between. Her breasts were perky and symmetrical, and the state of her nipples told me that either she was still cold, or part of her secretly enjoyed being displayed like this. Maybe a bit of both, I surmised. She stood with her legs close together to deny me the most intimate sights, but she was so immaculately smooth down there that her slit was plain to see. Lucy tried to avoid eye contact.  
  
"Lucy!", Nat smiled and threw her arm around the nude girl's shoulder, "look at you! You have no reason to be embarrassed. You look great naked!" Lucy was again blushing all the way down to her chest.  
  
Nat turned her attention to me. "Doesn't she look great naked?", she asked enthusiastically. I nodded, unable to find the words. "See?", Nat turned back to Lucy, "he thinks you look great naked, too!" She turned back to me. "Go on, tell her how much you enjoy getting to see her nude body." She was torturing the poor girl. "Tell her."  
  
"I um, I really enjoy seeing your body", I offered. "Your NUDE body", Nat clarified, winking at Lucy. "All righty then, let's get you dry. " The fully clothed girl enthusiastically rubbed her bare bestie with the towel, blatantly sqeezing each pert breast through the cloth. She proceeded down Lucy's stomach and past her belly button. "You'll have to stand with your feet a little further apart so I can dry your lady parts", she instructed gleefully. Fuming, Lucy slightly widened her stance, her sex wonderfully unhidden from my sight.  
  
"She's got a really pretty pussy, doesn't she?" Nat asked me casually, as though it were the most natural inquiry in the world to make. "Nat!", her mortified friend admonished her. "What?", Nat replied defensively, "it's okay, he can answer. All I'm saying is it's a pretty pussy." She looked to me as she moved to start on Lucy's back. "Isn't it?"  
  
"Beautiful", I had to agree. The look Lucy shot me told me she wasn't exactly swooning over the compliment. She continued standing there fully exposed to my sight as Nat worked up the back of her legs to her behind, then finished with her back and shoulders. "There", she announced, finally giving the towel back to Lucy, "that wasn't so bad, was it?"

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes(part 7)**

Her nakedness now safely wrapped in a towel, Lucy was eager to move on to other matters. "Can we please get to work on the project?", she suggested. To be honest, I had entirely forgotten why we were here.  
  
"I suppose we've had enough cheap thrills for now", sighed Nat, leading the way down the hallway to the living room. "We're closer to done than it seemed. We maybe need to work on it for an hour to finish."  
  
"It'll be boring", Lucy offered, "Sorry. I really appreciate you bringing me here."  
  
"Don't feel sorry for him", Nat laughed. "I'm sure this evening has already been more thrills than you expected, hasn't it?" Lucy's blush returned.  
  
"Don't worry", Nat assured me, "if you get bored, just say the word and I'll make Lucy get naked again and dance for us!" Clearly proud of the thought, she looked to Lucy for a reaction. "I bet that'd be entertaining, wouldn't it?"Lucy didn't say anything, but clutched her towel tight to her body.  
  
And so it went. The girls actually made intermittent progress on their project, interrupted periodically by Nat tormenting Lucy with embarrassing questions about her earlier exposure and mine. "Where do you go to get waxed?" "Were you embarrassed to be naked in front of us?" "Did it make you horny at all?" Each time Lucy tried to change the subject, and each time Nat refused to let her off the hook without answering.  
  
Finally, as they headed down the home stretch of their project, Nat asked one more awkward question. "Do you think he has a nice dick?"  
  
"NAT!", exclaimed Lucy, aghast at the question.  
  
"C'mon, answer."  
  
"I will not!" She was again making a point of not looking at me.  
  
"He answered when I asked about your pussy", Nat pointed out.  
  
"From where...the angle I was at...I didn't even really get a good look at it", Lucy fibbed.  
  
"Bull SHIT!", Nat laughed. "You couldn't look away!"  
  
Nat turned back to me. "For the record", she offered, "I liked it very much. Not that I've seen too many - I'm a good girl - but it was definitely one of the best I've seen. Nice cock!" She offered a high five, which I proudly accepted.  
  
"See", she addressed Lucy, "I did it, so can you. Tell him what you think of his cock."  
  
Lucy gave in. "You have a very impressive...cock", she grudgingly admitted. Once she had said it, she looked me right in the eyes, smiled and nodded. It must have known she was talking about it, because I felt a rush of blood to that very part of my body.  
  
It was at that moment that Nat stood, and Lucy made an impulsive decision. Nat's back was to Lucy, who was still seated on the couch. I suppose, having been teased, harrassed, undressed, and objectified all evening, she saw an opportunity for a measure of revenge. She leaned forward witch both arms outstretched, reaching towards the waistband of Nat's yoga pants...  
  
But Nat spun around, too fast for her friend. She feigned outrage at Lucy's failed pantsing attempt. "You're in TROUBLE!", she threatened. "What did I say was going to happen if you acted out?" Lucy's eyes widened as she realized what she was in for. She hopped to her feet, hugging her towel to her and taking a step backward. "No", she insisted. Nat lunged for her, as she ran out of the room.  
  
"Get back here!", Nat ordered as she gave chase, "I got a hankerin' for some spankerin'!"  
Lucy screamed, panicked. They ran through the dining room, the front room, and the hall before returning to the living room. Lucy was at a disadvantage, having to hold her towel in place as she ran, and Nat soon had her piined down on the couch, the two girls struggling for control of Lucy's only means of coverage. Nat, apparently knowing her friend's weakness, tickled Lucy along her ribcage, causing her to relinquish her hold on the towel. Nat held the cloth triumphantly overhead, then threw it clear across the room. Lucy turned to her side.  
  
"All right", Nat ordered, "across my lap."  
  
Lucy hesitated, so Nat tickled her again, drawing a shrieking plea for mercy. Nat pulled her hapless friend across her lap, again giving me a breathtaking view of Lucy's bare ass. I was as hard as a rock. Lucy screamed out a protest, but Nat ignored it, raining down open-handed smacks upon Lucy's exposed cheeks. Lucy wiggled, and kicked her legs wildly, but to no avail. Nat was INTO it! By the time she let up, Lucy's naked backside had red handprints all over it. Lucy hopped to her feet and vigorously rubbed her bottom, heedless of the unobstructed frontal view I was now again afforded.  
  
"That was FUN!", Nat exclaimed. "Your birthday is next month, so you'll have more of that to look forward to." She laughed gleefully. "Maybe we'll even...", her words trailed off as she stared at me. I realized Lucy was staring as well. Nat put her hand over her mouth, trying in vain to stifle a laugh. I had been so engrossed in the sexy goings-on that I hadn't even though to conceal my arousal. I stood there in my tented towel, fully erect.

**Out Of Those Wet Clothes(part 8)**

"Woo-hoooooooo!!!", Nat exclaimed, "someone's enjoying himself!" I didn't have an answer; perhaps all the blood rushing you-know-where had left my brain unable to function.  
  
"You know you have to show it to us", Nat insisted with a coy smile. I was aware of my heart beating double-time. "Um..welll...", I stalled.  
  
"YES! You have to!" Lucy commanded as she clutched her towel in front of her. She paused to wrap it back around herself before approaching me.  
  
"See? It's unanimous", Nat chimed in.  
  
Lucy stood before me now, both of us clad only in our respective towels. She was close enough that my fully-hard manhood nearly brushed against her. She poked her finger in my face. "After the show you got to enjoy tonight..."  
  
"And he clearly has enjoyed it", interjected Nat with a giggle, pointing towards my hard-on.  
  
"Clearly!", agreed Lucy, nodding towards the girl who just moments earlier had exposed and embarrassed her. She turned her gaze back towards me, her eyes locking on mine. "There is no way you get out of here tonight without letting us enjoy a good long look at your hard dick." It jumped a little as she said the words.  
  
Nat applauded to show her agreement with Lucy's sentiment, and shouted a rousing, "Hear, hear!" She looked me up and down, and teased me with a subtle lick of her lips. "Drop the towel."  
  
Why not?, I thought. While I was a bit nervous, I was also excited and flattered that these two beautiful girls took such an interest in what I was packing. And Lucy was right - I had been afforded the chance to check out every spectacular inch of her nude form. Fair was fair. I let the towel fall to the floor.  
  
Both girls squealed like they'd never seen one before. Though they had both seen it in a more relaxed state earlier in the evening, it clearly held another level of interest for them now. Nat came closer for a better look. They were both inches away from me and my nakedness.  
  
Nat rubbed her hand across my chest. "I can honestly say I'll never look at you again the same way", she teased. Lucy laughed at this. "I know, right?", she agreed. Nat sauntered around behind me and planted her hands firmly on my bare cheeks. "Do you enjoy all this attention from us?", she inquired. Lucy looked to me, interested to hear my answer. I nodded, and barely whispered, "Yeah".  
  
Nat reached both hands around to my front, slowly dragging her fingertips down my abs and to my inner thighs. She was nearly touching my balls. Lucy took in the sight and said nothing. I felt close to exploding, though I really hadn't been touched there.  
  
Nat circled back around to stand in front of me. "Watch this", she instructed her enraptured friend Lucy. She reached out, pushed down my erection, and watched as it sprang back into place. "DOYOYOYOYOYOYIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNGGGGGG!", she exclaimed gleefully.  
  
Lucy's eyes were as wide as saucers. She waited to see my response. Before I gave one, Nat nudged Lucy. "Try it!", she insisted, "it's fun!" She turned to me, "I can see why you guys play with these things all the time. It's fun!" She turned back to Lucy, "Come on! Trust me, he doesn't mind!" Lucy smiled at me, gave a little shrug, then reached out...  
  
BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!  
  
Much as I wish this turned into a story about a night of wild orgiastic pleasures, with each of us three pleasuring the others in varying combinations, this didn't turn out to be that story. That buzzing sound was the dryer letting us know that our clothes were ready, and giving Lucy an escape before things got more out of control. We got our clothes and put them back on, my cock still throbbing as Lucy now redressed right in front of me, seemingly no longer worried about modesty.  
  
The girls had joked earlier about never looking at me the same way again; I don't know if they meant it, but it was definitely true of the way I looked at Lucy. Of course she was a very pretty girl, so I had mentally undressed her a thousand times before. But it's a different experience when you know instead of only guessing.  
  
I guess the night's big winner was Nat. Not only did she get to stay fully clothed while enjoying the sight of two nude friends, she seemed to find stripping her friends to be a new favorite pastime -one that she would return to enjoy on numerous occasions. But those are stories for another day.  
  
THE END