**Summer Guest**

by[noreaster20](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5371611&page=submissions)©

"You're sure you don't mind?" Nate asked.

"Not at all," Emily answered with a warm smile.

"What about your parents? I don't want to impose on your family," Nate continued.

"You aren't. They won't mind. Relax," Emily said.

Nate tried to relax, but the whole thing made him feel a little bit uneasy. He and Emily had been friends for years. They grew up together in the same neighborhood and went to the same schools until college. Nate had stayed local for college, but Emily ventured out further to a private university on the other side of the country.

After Nate had started college, his parents decided to sell their house and travel abroad for a couple of years. Nate didn't mind very much. It gave him a little bit more independence, and he didn't have to worry about his parents popping up at college or begging him to come home for the weekend.

So far, so good. But now that he had just finished his freshman year of college, Nate realized he didn't have anywhere to stay for the summer. Although he and Emily hadn't talked as much as they used to, they still had stayed in touch during their first year apart. When Emily learned of Nate's predicament, she generously offered to let him stay with her family for the summer. After all, they had known each other for years, and their parents had been good friends during their youth.

When Emily asked her parents, they didn't give it a second thought. Her father brushed it off with an "ask your mother," and her mom readily agreed to the idea. Emily suspected that, deep down, her mom wanted Nate and Emily to get together. After years of just being friends, it wasn't something that Emily really thought about, and her mom never brought it up. Still, Emily wondered if that caused her mother to agree more quickly than she otherwise would have.

Emily wasn't going to question it. For her, it was a way to return to some of the familiarity of her past for the summer. It was also a way to add some excitement to the few months before sophomore year. Emily was an only child, and with her parents preoccupied with work and other projects for the summer, she was looking for something to do. She hoped that her new guest might liven things up.

None of this did much to put Nate at ease. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but he felt a tad uneasy about the whole arrangement. He didn't want to impose on Emily and her family, but he also knew he didn't have a better option. Besides, this option was comfortable and familiar. He figured it might even rejuvenate their friendship to its pre-college form.

"Come on," Emily said to Nate as she motioned up the driveway with her arm. "I'll show you your room, and then we can come back and grab your stuff. Besides, it's going to take a few trips anyway. Looks like you brought everything you own to college with you."

Nate got out of the car and trotted up the driveway toward Emily. He admired her physique in the process. Emily wore some thin green shorts and a white tank top. Her bra straps were clearly visible on her shoulders due to the cut of the tank top. She rounded out the ensemble with some white flip flops.

Emily was of average size and height for a college girl. Like many, she had put on some weight during her first year of college, but it suited her frame. Her thighs were slightly thicker, and her breasts were larger compared to a year before, but for the most part her appearance was similar to what Nate remembered. He certainly remembered the wavy, dirty blonde hair that cascaded past her shoulders to the upper part of her back. And her eyes were still the same brilliant blue.

Emily, too, gazed at her counterpart as he approached her. He wore knee-length khaki shorts and a navy blue t-shirt. Nate also had a pretty average build for a guy, with a little extra girth around his waist from his first year of college. His dark brown hair matched his brown eyes, and he kept his face clean shaven since his facial hair was patchy when it grew in.

Emily opened her arms as Nate approached her. He followed suit, and they embraced in a quick hug. For just an instant, he felt her breasts push into his torso, and she thought she could feel a firmness in his groin, though she couldn't be sure. They broke apart and headed inside.

"The kitchen, living room, and master bedroom are down here on the first floor," Emily said as they walked through the house. "The other bedrooms are upstairs."

Nate followed Emily up the stairs to the second floor. With each step she took, Emily's thin shorts were pulled taut against her butt. Nate thought he could make out the dark fabric of her underwear - which seemed to be a thong since the fabric was only visible in the very center of her bottom - underneath the shorts, but he wasn't sure.

"That's my room," Emily said, pointing to an open door at the end of the upstairs hallway. "And this one's yours."

Nate looked inside the bedroom that would be his for the summer. It was a good size and had a queen bed up against one wall and a chest on the other. There was a small desk in the corner, and two large windows looked out onto the backyard.

"This looks great," Nate said. "Thank you so much for letting me stay here."

"Don't mention it," Emily replied. "Let me get you some sheets and pillowcases for the bed."

She disappeared from the room and quickly returned with fresh linens for Nate's bed. The two of them worked together to make the bed, each sneaking furtive glances at the other. Nate unsuccessfully tried to peek down Emily's tank top once or twice, while Emily glanced up and down Nate's body as he bent over to secure a corner of the fitted sheet.

"I'm going to start bringing my stuff inside," Nate said.

"Need a hand?" Emily asked.

"Nah, that's okay. You don't have to."

"Don't be ridiculous. I saw how much stuff you had in your car. It'll take you half a day to bring it all inside. It'll be much faster for us to do it together."

Nate agreed, and the two college kids returned to Nate's car to move his belongings into the house. Back and forth they went, chatting casually about their first year away at school, their plans for the summer, and other similar things.

By the time they finished, the midday sun was beating down on them. They were both sweaty, and they panted from all the trips up and down the stairs.

"It's hot as balls," Emily said as she slowly regained her breath.

"Couldn't have said it better myself," Nate replied, chuckling at the comment.

"Want to go to the beach for the afternoon?"

"Sure! Just give me a few minutes to find my trunks. They're buried somewhere in all these containers."

"No problem. I have to get changed anyway. What do you think, one piece or two?"

"Sorry, what?" Nate asked bemusedly.

"My swimsuit, silly," Emily said as she giggled a little.

"Oh," Nate replied. "Uh, wear whatever makes you happy."

Emily rolled her eyes. Guys are so unhelpful, she thought to herself.

"I think I'll do a bikini today," she said. "I want to soak up as much sun as I can."

"Good idea," Nate answered. "I think I'll wear a bikini, too."

"Oh shut up," Emily said, laughing. "Just find your trunks so we can get going."

Nate started digging into one of his boxes of clothes. After rummaging through the first one, he stopped and looked up. Emily's room was diagonally across the hall from his. If he looked out his door at just the right angle, he got a pretty clear view into her bedroom.

Emily hadn't quite shut the door to her room fully. Maybe she thought she had, or maybe she just didn't realize that the door wasn't closed all the way. Either way, she went about changing into her bikini.

Nate watched. He watched as she lifted her tank top over her head and tossed it on her bed. He watched as she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra, letting it gently fall forward off her torso. He watched her tug her shorts down, revealing the dark thong he thought he had seen earlier. And best of all, he saw her remove that, too. For just a short, fleeting moment, his eyes feasted on Emily's round cheeks.

Emily stepped into her bikini bottoms and pulled them up to her waist. They didn't seem to cover as much of her ass as they used to, at least not as far as she could remember. After fastening the bikini top, she experienced a similar problem. Sure, the cups covered her nipples and areolas, but a whole lot more side boob was visible now. The freshman fifteen had turned her bikini into something much more skimpy than before.

She didn't mind, though. Just makes it easier to get a more complete tan, she thought to herself.

After Emily had finished putting her bikini on, Nate turned his back to the door and dug into another box of clothes. He didn't want Emily to think he was ogling her. Soon enough, he found his trunks.

"Hurry it up," Emily said as she walked by his room. She had a thin white cover up on top of her bikini and carried a beach bag with a couple of towels and some sunscreen.

"I'll be down in a minute," Nate said as Emily descended the stairs. He quickly changed out of his shorts and into his trunks. After grabbing his sunglasses, he went downstairs, where Emily stood at the fridge.

"How about a couple of beers for the beach?" she asked.

"Depends on how we're getting to the beach," Nate answered.

"It's nice out. Let's walk. It's only about ten minutes away. You can carry the cooler." Emily winked as she said that, having no desire to lug a cooler to and from the beach herself.

"Okay, then toss in a few beers for sure." He smiled. This was going to be fun, he thought.

"Grab that cooler and fill it with ice," Emily said, pointing at the large plastic receptacle in the corner of the kitchen.

Nate did as he was told, filling it about halfway with ice and submerging the bottles among the frozen cubes.

They left the house and arrived at the beach in short order. They found a good spot, laid out their towels, and opened a couple of beers.

"Cheers to what'll be a great summer," Emily said, raising her bottle into the air.

"Cheers," Nate echoed, smiling.

They clinked the bottles together and took a sip. They sat in relative silence for a few minutes, listening to the ocean waves crash along the sandy beach.

It was early in the summer, so the beach wasn't packed. They had a decent section of sand to themselves, which was nice.

"Mind if I grab some of that sunscreen?" Nate asked.

Emily tossed him the bottle. He squirted the white liquid into his palm and applied some to his torso, arms, and legs.

"Need a hand with your back?" Emily inquired.

"If you don't mind," Nate answered.

"Not at all." She began rubbing the sunblock into his back. He felt more muscular than she remembered. Then again, she couldn't recall the last time she rubbed his back, so it very well could've been the same.

After she finished with Nate's back, she applied some sunscreen to all the spots she could reach on her own body.

"I'll get your back," Nate said. He felt her soft, supple body move easily in his hands as he rubbed the lotion up and down her spine. His hands gently slipped under the back of her bikini top to ensure full coverage, and he nimbly danced around her waistband with his fingers. He didn't dare plunge his hands inside her bikini bottoms toward the round ass he had seen earlier that day.

"There you go," he said as he finished applying the sunscreen.

"Thanks, Nate," she answered. "Hopefully we can get a jump start on our tans today and be ready for the rest of the summer."

They finished the first round of beers, and Emily stretched out on her back. She felt the warm sun soak into her legs and her flat but not firm abdomen.

Nate followed suit. About half an hour later, they decided to switch sides. Attempting to check her tan before flipping over, Emily lifted her bikini bottoms for just a second. There was some contrast between the pale white of her crotch and the light tan on her tummy. Nate, only half paying attention, might have caught a glimpse, but only for a second or two. Emily let go of her waistband, which moved back into place with a smacking sound.

They both flipped over, letting the warmth run to their backs.

"Mind untying my top?" Emily asked. "I want to get an even tan."

"No problem," he replied. Nate pulled on one of the strings and loosened Emily's top. The strings flopped to the ground, revealing a plentiful portion of sideboob, which Nate's eyes soaked up like their bodies absorbed the sun.

Emily felt a cool breeze hitting the sides of her breasts as it came off the water. Her nipples hardened underneath her in response to the new sensation.

Nate, also lying on his stomach, began to feel a hardening in his crotch - an involuntary reaction to the glimpses of his friend's body. He kept his sex pressed to the ground so as not to reveal his arousal.

Between moving the boxes earlier that day and feeling the afternoon heat, Emily drifted in and out of sleep. Nate woke her up as he felt his own back getting scorched, not wanting her to get too bad of a sunburn. She roused, lifting her chest slightly off the ground.

Nate squinted in the afternoon sun in hopes of spotting her nipple, a place he had never seen before on Emily's body. To his disappointment, he couldn't see much with the sun in his eyes, and Emily hadn't really moved that much anyway. Emily, groggy from being jostled awake, was none the wiser to the attempt.

"How long was I out for?" Emily asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe forty-five minutes."

"Am I burned?"

"Hard to tell. Want me to check?" Nate asked, as he playfully put his hands on the edge of her bikini bottoms.

"Easy does it there, buddy," Emily said, smirking. "Don't think you're allowed to look in there."

"Suit yourself," Nate said, shrugging his shoulders and smirking back at Emily.

"Want to go for a swim?" Emily asked.

"Yeah," Nate responded. "I'll race you to the water. Winner gets to check the other's ass to see how tan we're getting."

"You're on."

Emily tied her bikini top and rose to her feet. Nate stood and dramatically started stretching his legs as if he were about to begin an Olympic race.

"We're racing to the ocean, not running a freaking marathon," Emily said sarcastically. "Think you can hurry it up?"

Nate smiled. "Ready when you are."

Emily began counting. "Three, two, one, go!"

They took off. Nate had a longer stride and took an early lead, but Emily had caught up to him about halfway to the water. She expertly matched his stride until they hit the home stretch. Not to be outdone, Emily reached over with her hand and gave Nate a playful shove. It wasn't much, but it was just enough to knock him off balance.

"Oops," she said with a smile.

She edged him out by a couple of footsteps.

"I win!" Emily exclaimed.

"Yeah, by cheating!" Nate responded.

"Doesn't matter. Let's see those cheeks, marathon man!"

"No way. If you wanted to see those, you should've beaten me fair and square."

"Don't think that was part of the deal. The deal was the winner got to check the other's tan. You never said how I had to win. And I won. So let's see them."

Totally outfoxed, Nate couldn't even muster a witty reply. He looked at his friend almost sheepishly.

"Go ahead," he said, rolling his eyes in the process. He turned his back to her and, with a touch of drama, stuck his butt in her direction.

Emily grabbed Nate's waistband and gave it a tug. It wasn't a subtle tug just to reveal the tan line. No, she instead yanked on it with such force that Nate's trunks dropped to about the middle of his thighs.

Emily whistled at him. "Nice ass, runner boy."

Nate, realizing that he was on display, quickly pulled his swimsuit back up. He rapidly looked around to see if anyone had seen him from the other side - the side where his cock probably was fully visible. No one seemed to be paying attention, but that didn't put him much at ease.

"What the hell was that?" Nate asked.

"Why, what do you mean, Nathaniel?" Emily replied coyly.

"You just made me put on some kind of a peep show over here!"

"Oh please. There's like no one here, and the few people here are either asleep or zoned out. Chill."

"Well, are you going to at least tell me how the tan is coming along?"

"Needs some work. But it's a start!"

Nate rolled his eyes again. "Yeah, yeah," he said. "It's day one. I've got a whole summer to work on it. Let's swim."

They swam out into the cool water, which hadn't had the benefit of months of summer sun, so it wasn't exactly warm. They called it quits after ten minutes and headed back to their towels. Emily led, and Nate followed. He admired the fleshy bottom hanging out of her slightly too small bikini. There was something alluring about her - something he hadn't really appreciated before today.

Emily sprawled out on her back when she reached her towel, while Nate grabbed another couple of beers and handed one to her. He glanced at her boobs and couldn't help but notice the two nubs poking against the fabric of her top. That cold water clearly got to her, he thought.

They stayed another couple of hours and headed home in the early evening.

"I'm going to rinse off in the shower before dinner," Emily said as they walked into the house and up to the second floor.

"No prob. Mind if I pee first?"

"Yeah, actually you have to hold it."

"What?" Nate asked, somewhat perplexed.

"Kidding," Emily said, smiling. "Go ahead."

Nate went into the bathroom and quickly took care of business. He set his phone next to the sink, washed his hands, and walked out.

"All yours," he called to her and headed into his bedroom to get organized.

Soon after, he heard the door shut and the shower turn on. Realizing he forgot his phone, he walked over to the bathroom door and knocked.

"One min," said Emily, who stood fully nude in the bathroom after removing her bikini.

But that's not what Nate heard. Instead, he heard "come in." He swung open the bathroom door and saw Emily standing there, completely naked and very surprised.

"What the fuck, dude?" she said. "I said one minute!"

Nate didn't know what to say. He just kind of stood there, mouth hanging open, eyes feasting upon the attractive body in front of him.

Nate took a long look at the fleshy, round breasts that hung from Emily's chest. Emily's boobs had thick, dark pink nipples that complemented sizable areolas of a lighter pink hue. Her stomach, too, had a fleshiness to it, as did her thighs. Her pussy, however, stood out prominently at the crux of her legs. Completely shaven, her vulva was fully visible to Nate. Emily's pussy lips were thick, with a narrow ridge between them that led into her warm, wet interior.

What particularly enticed Nate was Emily's tan from that afternoon. With the sun exposure setting in on their walk home from the beach, the previously exposed portions of Emily's skin had taken on a light tan color, while the skin around her boobs and her pussy were a much paler white. Nate assumed her ass would be a similar white color, but he was just guessing since he could only see Emily from the front.

Nate kept staring. He couldn't help it. He had already become aroused by the portions of Emily's body that he could see when they were at the beach. Now he got to see the real thing, a foot or two away from his eyes.

Emily made no effort to cover up. She didn't feel embarrassed at that moment - startled, surprised, and shocked, but not embarrassed. She stood proudly, leaving her freshman-turned-sophomore body visible from any angle. To her surprise, she felt a warmth growing in her loins, and maybe even a collection of fluid within her sex lips. She had never done anything like this - not that she had planned to be walked in on while in the bathroom - but she was sort of enjoying it.

Still, Nate hadn't answered her, so she asked again.

"Seriously, what're you doing?" she asked, trying to put an annoyed look on her face.

"I, uh, I thought you said 'come in,'" Nate stammered, clearly rattled by the whole situation.

"Nope definitely not," Emily retorted. As she said that, she glanced down below Nate's waistline. A prominent bulge poked against the fabric of his swimsuit.

"I guess you like what you see then, hmm?" Emily prodded.

Nate's face reddened. "No, I just, I..." He couldn't find the right words - or any words, really - to articulate what he was feeling.

"Well, while you think about that, maybe you let me take my shower in peace?"

Nate nodded, spun around, and shut the door. After all that, he didn't even get his phone.

Emily turned on the water and waited for it to warm up. By now, her nipples were stiff and stood out from the flesh of her boobs. She tweaked one with her left hand, while letting her right hand gravitate to the moist junction between her thighs. Slowly, she slipped a finger in, then another, feeling the warmth of her own sex juices.

She had never felt like this before. Knowing that Nate was watching her gave her this tingly feeling that she couldn't quite describe, but she didn't want it to go away.

After a few minutes, she hopped in the shower and rinsed off the salt and sweat from her afternoon at the beach. Once she was done, she toweled off. But instead of wrapping the towel around her body before walking out of the bathroom, she decided to strut across the hall without it. He saw the front so why not let him see the back, she thought to herself.

And she did just that. She didn't look back toward Nate's room, but she could feel his eyes glued to her butt.

Nate saw what he was meant to see, and he confirmed his suspicion that Emily's bum was much lighter in color than her newly tanned thighs. He quickly put himself to work unpacking, trying to take his mind off his friend's naked body and the unsubsiding erection in his swim trunks.

Meanwhile, Emily opened the top drawer of her dresser and grabbed a pair of pink cotton panties. She put them on and was about to grab a bra, but she decided against it. After all, Nate had seen her tits earlier, so why bother? She considered forgoing the panties but elected to keep them since she didn't want her juices leaking out at the dinner table. She tossed on a pair of short athletic shorts and an oversized t-shirt then headed downstairs.

Nate showered, changed, and finally grabbed his phone. An hour or so later, he joined Emily downstairs. Her parents were now home and had made dinner for the four of them.

"Hi Nate," Emily's mom said.

"Hi Mrs. Smithson," Nate replied.

"Please, call me Nancy," she said.

"And you can call me Ted," Emily's father chimed in.

"Sure, no problem," Nate replied.

"Settling in okay?" Ted asked.

"Yup," Nate answered. "Still trying to unpack a few things, but the rest can probably wait until tomorrow."

The small talk continued over dinner, with Emily saying very little. She was too caught up in the afternoon's events to be much of a contributor to the dinnertime conversation. She kept her legs spread wide so there was a clear view up the leg of her shorts to the pink cotton of her undies, if Nate would ever take a look.

Nate kept his eyes above the table, though. He didn't need any more distractions tonight.

Emily's parents mentioned that they'd be going on a two-week Carribean cruise which was departing a few days later. Nate asked about where they'd be stopping and if they had any excursions planned.

"Oh just the usual stuff," Ted answered. "Snorkeling, shopping, and maybe even one of those nude beaches I've read about."

Nancy just rolled her eyes. "We'll see about that, Ted. Besides, I don't think our new houseguest wants to be thinking about your ding dong hanging out on some kind of clothing free beach."

"Oh, he doesn't mind, right Nate?" Ted replied.

"Not at all," Nate answered quickly. "Whatever makes you guys happy. I mean, it's your vacation after all."

"Atta boy," Ted said, which was met with another eye roll from Nancy.

Nate helped clean up the dishes after dinner, and after a bit more chit chat, he headed off to his bedroom. Emily wanted to join him so they could talk, but her mother held her back.

"Don't you think you should wear a bra while he's staying with us, Em?" Nancy asked.

"Oh come on, mom. It's not like I'm running around here naked. The weather is hot during the summer, and I just want to be comfortable around the house. Besides, you and dad are going to be doing who knows what on a nude beach. This is nowhere near that."

Nancy conceded the point. "Fine, but I don't want you two having sex while your father and I aren't here."

"Mom! It's going to be fine, relax. I'm pretty tired, so I'm going to head to my room and read for a while before going to sleep. Night."

"Goodnight honey," Nancy answered.

Nate had already shut his door, but he heard Emily climb the stairs. Not wanting to disturb him, Emily went straight to her room and stretched out on her bed.

Later that evening, Nate could've sworn he heard a buzzing, humming sound coming from Emily's room, followed by a soft moan. He couldn't quite figure out what it was, decided it was nothing, and drifted off to sleep.

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By the time Nate awoke the next morning, Emily's parents had already left for work. He rose from his bed, brushed his teeth, and headed downstairs to find Emily seated at the table. She wore even less clothing than the night before. This morning, she had on a tank top - no bra - that did little to cover up her boobs, as well as the pink cotton panties from the night before.

"Morning," Emily said as she handed Nate a cup of coffee.

"Morning," he replied.

"Want to talk about yesterday?" she asked.

"Uh, I was kind of hoping we could forget about it."

"I'm glad you feel that way because I really don't think it's a big deal."

"Really?"

"Yeah. So you saw me naked. It was bound to happen at some point this summer. It just happened a little earlier than I expected. No big deal."

Nate didn't quite know what to say, so he just nodded and sipped his coffee.

"Besides," Emily continued. "It gets so hot in here during the summer. The less clothes, the better. And since you've already seen all I have to offer, there's no need for me to wear all kinds of layers to cover it up."

Nate stared back at her blankly.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked.

"Uh, no, no problem," Nate replied. He wasn't sure whether he minded or not, but he definitely wouldn't mind seeing more of Emily's body.

"Cool," Emily said. "Don't worry, I'll ease into it."

"A barely there tank top and panties is easing into it?" Nate asked jokingly.

"It sure is," Emily said smiling. "I could be wearing a whole lot less." She winked at him.

Nate blushed. This was going to take some getting used to.

Over the course of the next several days, Emily wore less and less clothing around the house, but only while her parents were at work. She would start the day with a tank top and undies, ditch the top in the heat of the afternoon, and return to relatively normal attire for the evening. She still went without a bra when her parents were home, and she tried wearing no panties under her shorts one evening, but she didn't want to push the envelope any further than that.

Still, even in her state of partial undress, Emily could not deny the sensations she felt while she was exposed. Each time Nate saw her naked chest or caught a glimpse of her butt cheeks hanging out of her skimpy underwear, Emily felt a warmth develop inside her and a wetness start to leak out of her - not enough to be noticeable, but enough that she knew it was there.

The day came when her parents left for their Caribbean cruise. Knowing that she would have two weeks to experiment a little, Emily grew bolder. Part of it was a desire to explore this side of her that she had never before embraced - a side she never even knew existed, for that matter. But part of it was a desire to make Nate a little bit more comfortable.

Emily had, of course, known Nate for years. He had always been the kind of guy who never really took chances. He was smart and kind, but he existed within his comfort zone. Just like she found a side of her she didn't know existed, she resolved to give him the chance to do the same. Besides, even if he didn't want to show off his body, she decided it might do him some good to come out of his shell, especially when it was just the two of them.

Emily rose early the morning after her parents left. Nate was still asleep, so the house was empty and quiet. After a quick pee, she brushed her teeth and headed downstairs. But this time, she went without a single stitch of clothing.

She brewed some coffee and plopped down onto the couch. She turned the television on and half listened to the morning news, but she paid more attention to her phone than anything else.

About an hour later, Nate joined her.

"Hey," Emily said cheerfully.

"Uh, hey," Nate replied.

"Something wrong?" Emily asked, grinning?

"No, not really. Just trying to get used to the fact that my oldest friend is sitting naked in the middle of the living room without a care in the world. Speaking of, where the hell are your clothes?"

"Oh come on. It can't be that surprising. It's not like there's anything here that you haven't already seen."

"Yeah, but when I saw it, it was an accident!"

"So? It's summer. It's hot. I like the breeze. You walking in on me that one time has given me a whole new sense of freedom. I like sitting here in the morning sunlight, feeling the cool breeze come through the window and rush along my body. I like how it gives me goosebumps and makes my nipples hard. And I love how it feels when a strong gust tickles my pussy. I've never felt anything like it before."

Nate didn't know what to say. They had been friends for a long while, but he had never heard her talk about her body like this before. And he certainly had never heard her say "pussy." Hearing her say it turned him on, but it also felt wrong. In his mind, Nate had always put Emily up on some sort of pedestal and hadn't really looked at her in a sexual way. Sure, he knew she was an attractive girl who could probably get whatever she wanted to satisfy herself. But, for better or for worse, he thought she was above all that.

He wasn't quite sure what he expected her to say instead of "pussy." He mulled it over for a few seconds. "Vagina" felt kind of formal, but "crotch" felt too generic for the type of reference she was making. And some sort of euphemism was almost certainly out of the question. They were young adults, after all, and they should call it what it is. And if that meant he had to get used to his friend referring to her pussy, so be it.

Seeing that Nate was internally struggling with the situation, Emily tried to probe the situation a bit further.

"Have you thought about trying it?" she asked.

Nate was dumbfounded. It was enough of an adjustment to get used to Emily wearing little to no clothes. He hadn't even thought about giving it a shot himself. He shook his head.

"Why not?" she pushed further. "It's hot out. Might make you more comfortable. You could ease into it."

"I don't know, Em," Nate said. "I'm not sure it's for me."

"Come on," Emily said, rising from the couch and walking toward Nate. "I'll help."

Nate watched as her boobs bounced with each step. They looked so free and unrestrained. Nate's balls felt trapped in his boxer briefs by comparison. His cock was starting to harden from looking at his naked friend, and he felt the growing stiffness push against the fabric of his undergarments, too.

Nate wanted nothing more in that moment to set himself free, to join Emily in the nude, to let himself hang out and flop around. But he just couldn't overcome his own hesitation and shyness. He didn't want Emily to see his hard dick and think he was some kind of creep for getting aroused by her. This was all very new, and he didn't know how she would react.

Besides, in his mind, Nate was an average guy. He wasn't overly proud of his body, though he wasn't ashamed of it, either. He thought he had a decent sized penis, but he felt a little embarrassed anyway. He didn't feel confident enough to strip on his own.

Fortunately, Emily was there to lend a hand.

"How about we just start slow," she began. "Maybe take off your shirt. That's nothing new. You didn't wear a shirt when we were at the beach. Let's start there."

"I don't know," Nate said. "That was different. It was the beach. This is, oh I don't know, your parents' living room."

"Well my parents aren't here. And it's too hot to argue about this. Just humor me. And if you don't like it, you can go back to normal tomorrow."

Emily moved close to Nate and grabbed the bottom of his shirt. She lifted it up over his head and tossed it aside.

"That wasn't so hard, was it?" Emily teased.

"I guess not," Nate replied.

A cool breeze came in through the windows, and his own nipples hardened, though not nearly as prominently as Emily's.

"Want to stop there?" Emily asked. "It's okay if you do."

Nate shrugged.

"Well, I'll get you a cup of coffee from the kitchen, and you can think about it while I'm gone."

Emily turned around and walked toward the kitchen, giving Nate an unobstructed view of her ass. She smiled. She was getting him all worked up and she knew it. This is good for him, she internally concluded, deciding it would get him out of his comfort zone a little.

Emily was enjoying this for herself, too, and not just because she would get to see Nate strip down to his birthday suit. She liked when he watched her. She liked feeling his eyes drop to her ass as she walked away. She couldn't see it, but she knew it happened, and it sent electrifying tingles up inside her pussy.

She grabbed the coffee pot and poured him a mug of the steaming liquid. She put a couple of blueberry muffins on a plate and walked back into the living room with the coffee and their breakfast.

"So did you decide?" Emily asked, clearly wasting no time.

"Not really," Nate said, still conflicted.

"I'll make you a deal. If you ditch the shorts, I'll give you this cup of coffee. And if you lose your underwear, I'll let you have one of these muffins, too."

"And if I say no? I can just go get my own breakfast."

"You can. But then you'll miss out on the entertainment of our little deal. And what fun is that?"

Emily took a bite of one of the muffins and washed it down with a sip of Nate's coffee. Nate didn't know why, but he thought the way she put her lips on his coffee mug was seductive - sexy even. It was just an ordinary sip of coffee, but something about her lips being in the spot where his lips would be only made him even more aroused. Not to mention the fact that she did it all naked in front of him.

"Fine," Nate acquiesced. "But you have to take them off of me."

"Oooh I like it," she said back, playfully. She set the coffee and muffins down on the coffee table and made a come here motion with her right hand.

Nate complied and stood in front of her.

"Knock yourself out," he said.

Emily got down on her knees, her head right in front of his crotch. She grabbed the top of his waistband and, with a deft movement, tugged his shorts and underwear down together. Before Nate knew what had happened, his clothes were around his ankles, and his fully hard cock stuck out.

Emily took in the sight of her childhood friend. His thighs had some muscle to them, and his penis was solidly average in size, at least as far as she knew. Unlike his clean shaven face, Nate had a pretty thick tangle of curly brown hair at the base of his shaft, which took Emily by surprise. His balls hung down in their fleshy sac, almost begging to be fondled.

"Well well well," Emily said. "What's this?" She reached out with her hand, almost touching Nate's cock, but pulling away just before contact. She moved closer with her mouth, exhaling her warm breath on his sex, then rising to her feet without any further antics.

Nate's dick was throbbing. Between Emily's naked body and her antics from just a moment ago, Nate had so much pent-up sexual energy and no place to release it. But at the same time, he felt proud of himself for finally standing there naked. Sure, he had a little help from Emily, but he never in his wildest dreams thought he'd be standing naked in Emily's living room.

"So about that coffee," Nate said.

Emily handed him the mug and offered him a muffin, which he readily accepted. They sat down next to each other on the couch, not close enough to touch, but close enough to feel the other's presence. This was going to take some getting used to for both of them.

The two rising sophomores sat and enjoyed their breakfast. They made a few passing comments here and there, but nothing close to a full conversation. Eventually, Emily piped up.

"How about some ground rules?" she said.

"What do you mean?" Nate replied.

"For our new arrangement."

"I thought you said this was just going to last until tomorrow. How many ground rules do we need for a day?"

"You can go back to normal tomorrow if you want. But I was thinking we might try it out for a little longer than that."

"How much longer?" Nate asked, trying to play innocent but secretly excited by the proposition.

"How about until my parents get back from their vacation?"

"I think that could work. Any other rules?"

"Well, I think anytime we're in the house, we both have to be completely naked."

"Even if we're sleeping?"

"Yup. And no closed doors. With both of us naked, there's really nothing to hide anyway. Besides, we've known each other for how long? I think we'll get used to it pretty quickly. Aside from that, we just do everything else the way we normally would."

"Mhmm yeah this is totally normal, Em." Nate rolled his eyes dramatically.

"You know what I mean."

"Anything else?"

"That's it for now. Maybe we make some changes as we go."

Nate agreed. They sat in silence for a few seconds.

"So what now?" Nate asked.

"Now we just go about our day," Emily said. "I, for one, am going to get some more coffee. It's up to you what you do."

"I think I'm going to take a quick shower," Nate replied. "That's what I'd do if it were just a normal day."

"Have fun," Emily said, winking at him.

Nate scurried up the stairs and into the bathroom. He grabbed a towel from the linen closet and turned the water on. Deciding that he needed to cool off, he stepped in before it had a chance to heat up, and he kept the water at a cold but not freezing temperature.

As he soaped himself, he gave considerable attention to his cock, which had returned to half-erect form. A few strokes later, he once again stood at full mast. He wanted so badly to come and release some of the pressure, but he felt weird about ejaculating all over Emily's shower. In fact, he felt kind of weird about masturbating in her house at all. Whether he was naked around the house or not or not, it was something that he just wasn't ready to do.

Nate finished soaping, rinsed off, and turned off the water. As he was toweling off, Emily interrupted him.

"Don't mind me," she said. "Just gotta pee real quick."

Sure enough, from behind the shower curtain in the otherwise quiet bathroom, he heard her forceful stream make contact with the water. Although he couldn't see what was happening, Nate found the whole thing incredibly erotic. He had never seen a girl pee before, and certainly not his oldest friend. His mind imagined what it would look like as she gushed into the toilet, which turned him on all the more.

"You don't have to hide in there you know," Emily interjected, rousing Nate from his daydream.

"Just giving you some privacy," he answered.

"You don't need to do that," she said. "Rules are rules."

"No, really," he said. "It's okay. I can wait until you're done."

"Suit yourself," Emily replied. But secretly, deep down, she wanted him to watch her. She wanted him to see her in what was normally a private moment. She liked the way his eyes were drawn to her body, and she felt a sense of pride in making Nate's cock grow hard from seeing her naked body in the living room. For her, this was just another part of the thrill.

Nate heard the roll of toilet paper spin as Emily grabbed a fistful of the paper in her hand. He heard the friction as it made contact with her sex, and he could only imagine how her fleshy folds bent and stretched against the pressure of her hand. Not long after, he heard her flush and wash her hands.

He thought she had left, so he peeked out from behind the curtain. But there she was, standing in the middle of the bathroom, naked as before and sexy as ever.

"Come on out," she said playfully. "It's okay."

Nate wrapped himself in his towel and complied with her command.

"Oh Nate," she said. "You're still all wet. Here, let me help."

Emily ripped the towel off his body and began patting him dry. She started with his torso then worked her way down.

"How's your hair?" she asked.

Nate ran his fingers across the top of his head.

"I think it's dry enough," he said.

"No, silly," Emily said, giggling. "I meant this hair."

She ran her fingers through the thick jungle of brown curls around the base of his penis. She grabbed a fistfull and gave it a small tug, almost as if to confirm that it was real. As she pulled her hand back, she collected a handful of water from Nate's moist pubic hair.

Needing no further instruction, she took the towel and dried Nate's crotch. She used much more force than she had elsewhere on his body, and his cock responded by hardening yet again.

Feeling particularly bold, she cupped his balls in her hand, lifted up his sac to dry underneath, and then let them drop back down between his legs. Nate winced from the tenderness.

Emily ran the towel up and down his shaft a couple times, gave the pink tip of his sex a quick kiss, and tossed the towel back over Nate's shoulder.

"All set," she cooed as she spun around and headed out. She felt Nate's eyes staring at her round bum as she departed.

Nate needed a break. He went into his bedroom, leaving the door open, and sat down on his bed. He messed around on his phone, desperately trying to focus on anything else.

Without noticing or even intending to, he spent a few hours in his room. Between texts, social media, and catching up on a few emails from the end of the semester, it was midday before he knew it.

In the meantime, Emily had gone back downstairs. She couldn't believe what had happened in the bathroom. She had actually grabbed Nate's balls and put her lips to the tip of his cock. Never in a million years did she think that would ever happen. If someone had told her that would happen even two days ago, she never would have believed it.

For the first time in recent memory, and possibly for the first time ever, she felt this unfamiliar attraction to Nate. Having touched his dick and grasped his balls, she realized that he was a well-endowed sexual being. That was definitely something new for a relationship that was always one of friendship and nothing more.

Still, she couldn't be sure whether this newfound attraction was specific to him or the exhilarating result of her own exhibitionism. It was something totally new for her, and only time would tell what the source was.

She, too, passed the time on her own for the rest of the morning. She scrolled through social media, but every so often she got lost in the memories of touching Nate's cock earlier that day. On occasion, she even slipped a finger between her thighs and allowed her clit one or two brief circular massages before snapping out of her daydream.

Around noon, she headed upstairs to Nate's room.

"Want to go to the beach?" she asked nonchalantly.

"Sure," he said. "Now?"

"Yeah. Unless you have something more important to do."

"Nah. I'll get ready and we'll leave in like fifteen minutes?"

"Perfect," Emily said. "Oh, but one more thing. I need your help."

"With what?"

"Deciding what to wear. Unless, of course, you think I should walk around like this outside."

"Yeah, that's probably not a great idea."

"Thought so. Come with me."

She led him to her bedroom and brought him to her dresser. She opened the second drawer from the top, which contained not only her bathing suits but also her bras and panties. Nate surveyed the drawer's contents, taking in as much as he could as quickly as possible. He saw bland bras and colorful ones, modest undies and skimpy thongs, and everything in between. He couldn't help himself from imagining how Emily would look in everything he saw, but nothing compared to seeing her in her current naked state.

"So," she said, "what should I wear?" She pulled out a blue and white striped bikini, a pink one-piece bathing suit, and a lime green bikini that had white polka dots.

"That one," Nate replied, pointing to the striped bikini. In the few seconds he looked at the options, he decided that the blue and white striped bikini would offer the least coverage. He liked looking at her body, and he didn't want their beach trip to put a stop to that.

"Great. Help me put it on."

"What?"

"You heard me. Help me put it on. Which part do you want to do first?"

Nate stared back at her confusedly.

"Let's do the top first," Emily said. "Grab it here and put it on my boobs. Then tie it in the back and we're good to go."

Nate followed her instructions as best he could. He grabbed the skimpy top and placed it over her boobs. He had his fingers inside the cups, so he briefly brushed up against her nipples as he lowered the top onto her breasts before pulling his hands away. It took everything in his power to fight an erection.

He spun her around, looking down at her ass almost instinctively, and began to tie her bikini top. Not wanting to hurt her, he formed a loose single knot bow and decided that would be good enough.

Emily handed him her bikini bottoms. He held them out for her at around thigh height. One leg at a time, she stepped into them, offering the subtlest flashes of pink pussy as her thighs briefly took on more revealing angles.

"Thanks, Nate," Emily said. "My hero." She kissed him on the cheek. "Go get ready so we can go."

Nate put on his trunks, grabbed his sunglasses, and snagged a towel.

"Ready when you are," he said.

"Let's go," Emily replied.

They grabbed the cooler and several beers on the way out and left the house. Once they arrived at the beach, they spread out their things and soaked up the midday sun. After a few beers and some time in the sun, they decided to go for a swim in the ocean to cool off.

They walked into the water until their feet no longer reached the ground. The pair swam away from the shore and enjoyed the sensations of the cool ocean on their bodies. Every so often, they felt a small wave crash down on them. They turned toward the shore and pointed at their belongings as well as a few other groups of people enjoying the summer day.

Unexpectedly, a much larger wave hit them from behind. Emily's loosely fastened bikini top came undone and was swiftly carried away. Fortunately, both retained their attire below the waist.

"Holy shit," Emily said. "My top just came off."

"No way," said Nate. He reached out with his hands, expecting to find fabric but instead making direct contact with Emily's boobs. He was surprised but definitely not disappointed.

"Where the fuck did you learn to tie a knot?" Emily said, pushing Nate back in a half joking sort of way.

"You could've done it yourself! I was just following your directions."

"Well now my tits are out for the world to see, and I'd love to know what you're going to do about it."

"Just cover them with your arms and walk behind me. When we get back to our stuff you can wrap yourself in your towel or just lie down on your stomach and no one will know the difference."

"Fine, but you're still a dumbass," Emily said with a subtle giggle.

They did just what Nate had described and made it back to their towels without issue. Emily decided to get some more sun and pushed her boobs into her spread out towel. As much as she liked showing off her body for Nate, she wasn't ready to let the entire town see her naked.

Nate and Emily finished the last two beers then got ready to leave. Emily wrapped herself in her towel, and Nate carried the cooler so she could keep her covering in place.

They got home without much excitement and shut and locked the door.

"You know the rules," Emily said. "Time to ditch the clothes."

"And the towel," Nate added.

"Funny," Emily replied.

The two shed their clothes and, realizing it was dinner time, prepared a simple meal for the evening. They shared another couple of beers over dinner and sprawled out next to each other on the couch to watch a movie for the rest of the night.

Every so often, they would chat about one thing or another, occasionally reacting to the fact that they were both naked but trying to accept their new normal.

Tired from their afternoon in the sun, Nate fell asleep two thirds of the way through the movie. He dreamt of Emily, of her naked body, of the glimpses of her vagina that he had caught earlier that day. He dreamt of how he touched her boobs, and he imagined putting his hands on her pussy to feel it, too. To be sure, he was asleep, but it all felt so real to him in his dream. His cock hardened and lengthened in response to his reverie.

Emily was still awake, though. Every so often, she'd look over, and as she did, she caught a glimpse of his growing hardness. She watched as Nate's cock lengthened and hardened, almost as if she were entranced by its magic.

A few seconds later, Nate's cock began to twitch, almost imperceptibly. Inside his mind, Nate's dream continued. His dream had him in the middle of incredible sex with Emily, where he thrusted in and out of her tight, wet pussy. As he neared his own climax in his dream, his real life genitals couldn't take it any longer. All the nakedness and semi-flirtatious interactions between Nate and Emily had built up more sexual tension than he could handle. Nate's body desperately needed a release, and his dream sent him over the edge.

Just like the fantasy in his dream, Nate ejaculated. Spurt after spurt of warm, milky cum spewed out of his hard cock. The first few ropes landed on his chest and his stomach, and the last couple dribbled out into his pubic hair.

Emily watched in amazement. She couldn't believe that she had just witnessed such a powerful orgasm from Nate only a few inches away. Her pussy grew wet with desire, and she longed to slip a finger inside herself and have an orgasm of her own. But now was not the time for that.

Not wanting Nate's cum to leak onto her parents' couch, she jumped from the couch and ran to the kitchen to grab some paper towels, as well as a wet towel to clean Nate up.

She returned to the living room where she wiped the cum off of Nate's body with the paper towels and then began to use the damp towel to clean up the sticky remnants. The cold cloth must have sent a shock to Nate's system, as he awoke almost instantaneously.

"What the hell are you doing? That's freezing!" he exclaimed.

"Relax, dude," she said. "Just cleaning you up. I'm almost done."

"What do you mean cleaning me up?"

"You made a little mess while you were sleeping. Don't worry. I've got it under control."

Nate looked over and saw the cum-filled paper towels. After a moment of self-reflection, he vaguely remembered a sexy dream and realized that his balls no longer felt like they were ready to burst. Even in his groggy state, it didn't take long for him to put it all together, and he very quickly became embarrassed.

"Uh, I can take it from here," he said, grabbing the towel from Emily's hands. "Sorry about that. It won't happen again."

Nate hadn't had a wet dream in years. He couldn't believe that he had one here, in Emily's house.

"Don't worry about it, Nate," said Emily. "It happens. I'll throw these away. No big deal."

Emily walked over to the kitchen and disposed of the paper towels. Nate finished cleaning himself up and rose from the couch.

"I think I'm gonna head to bed, Em," he said.

"Me too," she replied. "I'll be up in a minute."

"Okay," he answered. "Goodnight."

"Night, Nate."

Nate turned his back to her and began walking upstairs.

"Oh, Nate?" Emily called after him.

"Yeah?" he said, looking back over his shoulder.

"What was the dream about?" she asked.

"I'll tell you tomorrow," he replied, turning away again and rushing off to his bedroom.

Nate's mind was racing as he stared at the ceiling of his bedroom. Did he really just come all over himself on Emily's couch? He could've sworn it was just a dream. Either way, all the built-up sexual tension was just too much for him. If their little arrangement was going to work, he had to find a way to give himself a release before it got to this point again.

A short while later, he heard Emily come upstairs and go into her bedroom. Like the first night he slept in her house, he heard the buzzing noise coming from Emily's bedroom. It was louder this time with the doors open, and he had an idea about what it could've been. It was too dark to see anything from across the hall, so he just listened until he heard the familiar, soft moan emanate from Emily's bedroom. Shortly thereafter, he fell asleep.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

By the time Nate woke up the next morning, the house was empty. He had a text from Emily saying that she had gone out for the day to run a few errands but that she would be back sometime in the early evening.

Nate rose from his bed and instinctively went to put on clothes. Wanting to stay true to his agreement with Emily, he decided against it. He had told her he'd try this out, and he was sticking to his word.

He went downstairs, made some coffee, and sat down on the couch, all without wearing a stitch of clothing. He felt uneasy sitting on the same couch where he had his ill-timed nocturnal emission the night before, but he pushed himself to get over it. There was nothing he could do about it now anyway.

Later that morning, he logged on to his computer to do some schoolwork. He had signed up for an online summer class through the business school to get it out of the way for the upcoming year. It was supposed to be pretty easy, just a lot of busy work to make sure students all had some basic knowledge before taking other classes. Nate spent a few hours doing some reading and problem sets, breaking only for lunch in the early afternoon.

By late afternoon, he had reached a good stopping point with his work and decided to go for a run since the midday heat had subsided a bit. He pulled on some running clothes along with his sneakers and set out on his run.

The weather was hotter than he had anticipated, so by the time he got back, his shirt was soaked through with sweat. He did a few post-run stretches outside then opened the door.

True to form, Emily sat on the couch without a single article of clothing on her body. She smiled at him as he came inside.

"Hey Nate," she said casually.

"Hey Em," Nate responded. "How's it going?"

"Pretty good. I just got back a little while ago. I'm guessing you went for a run?"

"Yeah," he said as he kicked off his shoes.

"How was that?"

"Hot. It's pretty humid out there."

"Well, what are you waiting for? Let's get those clothes off of you so you can cool down."

Emily bounced off the couch and walked toward him. As Nate lifted his shirt over his head, Emily tugged his shorts and underwear down to his ankles, which brought her face to face with his cock.

"I wouldn't get too close if I were you," he said. "My balls are hot as, well, balls."

They both laughed at his choice of words.

"I don't mind," Emily said. "They can't be any hotter than they were last night. That must've been some dream you were having."

"Yeah," Nate replied. "Sorry about that. I didn't mean for that to happen. Guess I got a little too into my dream."

"Well, I'll grab us a couple of cold drinks, and when I get back, you can tell me what it was about like you promised."

Emily whirled around and went into the kitchen to grab a couple of beers and a tall glass of water so Nate could hydrate after his run.

"Let's hear it," Emily said, handing Nate a beer and the glass of water.

"Do we really have to talk about this?" he asked.

"Yup. You promised."

"Fine," he said. "I don't remember all of it, but right before I woke up, I think I was in the middle of, you know, sleeping with someone in my dream. Then the next thing I knew, you were coming at me with those ice cold towels."

"That sounds like a fun dream," Emily said. "Who was the girl?"

Nate blushed. "I don't remember," he said, not wanting to make things weird between them by admitting the truth. "I don't think her face was in my dream."

"Bummer. We'll just have to wait until your next dream to find out who she was. Maybe you can ask her not to make such a mess next time," Emily joked, gently jabbing Nate in the ribs with her elbow.

"Yeah, I'll be sure to deliver that message," he answered, rolling his eyes.

"Does that normally happen?"

"Does what normally happen?"

"You know, what happened last night."

"Dreaming? Sometimes. But I don't usually remember it when I wake up."

"No, I mean coming while you're sleeping."

"Oh. Uh, not really. To be honest, I think it's because I haven't really been able to release any of that energy since the summer started."

"Seriously? You're kidding! You've just been holding it in all this time? How come?"

"I don't know, Em. It's not like I've been sleeping with anyone since I got here, and I would feel weird about jerking off in your house."

"Don't feel weird. It's natural. You can't go all summer like that. You'll go crazy or you'll be coming on my sofa every few days. I'm not sure which one is better," Emily said jokingly as she smiled at him.

Nate stared back at her blankly. He didn't know how to respond to her basically saying that he could masturbate in her house.

"Would it make you feel any better to know that I've masturbated since you've been here?" she asked.

"You have?"

"Yup. A few times. I'm surprised you didn't hear it. Sometimes I can be a bit vocal."

"It's different, though. It's your house. You can do whatever you want."

"It's your house for the summer, too, Nate."

He smiled. That made him feel a little bit better, not just about being able to give himself an occasional sexual release, but also about having someplace to call home, even if it was only temporary. After Nate's parents had sold their house, Nate had felt a bit like a nomad without a place to call home. Symbolic or not, Emily's comment made him feel welcome somewhere, and he smiled.

"Thanks, Em," he said. "I appreciate it."

"How about you start right now? It's the perfect time. You can rub one out and then take a shower to clean up. In fact, let's do it together."

"Together?"

"Yeah. While you tug on your dick over there, I'll play with my pussy over here. Maybe it'll even give you a little visual to get you going." Emily winked at him playfully.

"I don't know, Em," he said. "This is kind of weird, don't you think?"

But by the time he finished his question, Emily's hand was already between her legs, where it made small circular motions around her clit.

Nate couldn't believe what he was seeing. His oldest friend was lying on her back and pleasuring herself. Nate saw the pink of her partially exposed pussy as her hand moved expertly around the area. Nate's cock hardened almost immediately.

"Come on, Nate," Emily said. "What're you waiting for?"

Nate took his dick in his hand and began stroking. Precum leaked out of his tip as he began to pick up the pace. He looked over at Emily, who had now slipped a finger inside herself and closed her eyes to fully embrace the sensations.

Nate wondered what her pussy tasted like. He longed to lick her up and down as she rubbed herself in hopes of sending her over the edge.

She clearly knew what she was doing, as her breathing quickened and her moans intensified. A few seconds later, her hips bucked and her pussy tightened around her fingers, coating them with her sex juices. She had a smile on her face as her body recovered from the sexual high she had just experienced.

"How's it going over there?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Good," he said. "But I'm guessing not as good as you are. That looked like one hell of an orgasm."

"It was," Emily replied. "It's not every day you get to see your best friend's hard cock just a couple feet away from you while you come." They both smiled.

Nate continued stroking his member as the pressure mounted in his balls.

"I'm close," he said to Emily. "Can you grab me a couple paper towels so I don't make a mess of your couch again?"

"I've got a better idea," she said.

Emily scooched over toward Nate and wrapped her soft lips around the tip of Nate's penis. She looked up at him and winked, which was enough to send him over the edge. With a few final strokes, Nate came hard. He unleashed spurt after spurt of cum, coating the back of Emily's throat with his sticky fluid. His stream slowed to a trickle and then ceased entirely.

Emily removed her mouth from Nate's cock, careful not to let any of his cum trickle out onto the couch. She tipped her head back, swallowed, and smiled.

"How was that?" Emily asked.

"Amazing," he mumbled.

"I'll bet you didn't expect that to happen when I said you could stay here for the summer."

"Not even a little bit."

"Hopefully you feel comfortable jerking off now."

"If that's how it's going to go every time, then absolutely."

Emily smiled. "I don't see why not. Besides, we have over a week and a half until my parents get back from their cruise. Maybe we'll try a few other things before then."

"This is going to be a summer for the ages," Nate said.

"It sure is, Nate," Emily replied. "It sure is."