**Two Girls, One Canister**

by[Requiax](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3095865&page=submissions)©

At first thought, you wouldn't have imagined there would be much call for inventing a gas which can make people lose their inhibitions. Where would be the value in that? That's what Wendy had thought when she first came to work on the project, mixing the right cocktail of hallucinogens, relaxants, anaesthetics and other esoteric substances, trying to get the correct mix that would provide a temporary alteration to a person's behaviour without sending them into a trance, a trip, or a coma.  
  
But then you start to think; what about the people who might need it? What about the people too afraid of social repercussions to do even the most everyday tasks? Could it not have therapeutic value for them to be able to breathe in a wonder substance that would help them achieve things their neuroses would not allow? What about couples in dire straits because they simply couldn't lose their inhibitions and open up to one another emotionally - or sexually? Wouldn't it benefit them? Or imagine a performer, a gifted singer or dancer or orator, suddenly crippled by stage fright? They too could be helped by this product, perhaps.  
  
It was Dr Avery Bennett, the project lead, who raised the idea of more revolutionary applications. The chemist had a photograph pinned up behind his desk. It was apparently a piece of graffiti written on a wall during the riotous Paris uprising in 1967.  
  
The graffiti read, in English: "THERE IS A POLICEMAN INSIDE ALL OF OUR HEADS. HE MUST BE DESTROYED."  
  
"What is it that holds society together?" the doctor had asked his team one day. "Certainly authority, police, law, but what gives these things license? The civilian population of any country far outnumbers the army or law enforcement. They do not have to be obedient, yet for the most part they are. Why is this?  
  
"The threat of punishment is enough for some, but for the majority, it is the social contract. The unspoken agreement between people; this we can do, this we cannot. This is acceptable, that is taboo. The thing within humans that holds us to the centre line. The policeman in our head.  
  
"What if we could make it so that people could no longer hear the policeman any more, only their own id? What if we could make it that there was suddenly for them no 'cannot' - only want and don't want? Would a society hold together without the social contract, without personal inhibition?  
  
"Imagine, we could reduce an invading army to anarchy, destabilise a brutal regime, liberate an oppressed country, all without firing a single bullet..."  
  
That was why, in an effort to try and secure more funding, they had begun to showcase the potential of the gas to the sort of people who bought technology for the military. Dr Bennett had chosen Wendy to assist him on many of these trips to meet powerful people in suits and uniforms; in part because she was one of his most capable scientists, but also because they'd been having an affair for some time and they liked to use their overnight stays to carry this on untroubled by the risk of discovery by Dr Bennett's wife.  
  
On this trip, as she had done many times before, despite it not really being advisable, Wendy had removed the samples of gas from the laboratory the night before, so she would not have to make a detour back to the facility on the way to the railway station early the next morning. Avery Bennet was energetic for a man almost twice her twenty-five years, and she always felt better if she had a good night's rest before one of their little sojourns, as it was unlikely she would be having much sleep while she was away.  
  
Her head full of plans for tonight's liaison, and the spicy red lingerie she planned to wear under her sensible twinset, it was perhaps understandable that she didn't notice that one of the three small canisters of the gas - which the scientists had informally christened Uninhibitol - was not in her bag, not until they were well on their way.  
  
Even then, she had registered only a mild sense of annoyance that they would have only two canisters to show - but she wasn't terribly concerned about the whereabouts of the third. It had doubtless rolled under the coffee table in the living room, or perhaps under the stairs of the house she shared with her two roommates, and she would find and return it to the lab on her return.  
  
Which would have been fine, if it had been one of the canisters that wasn't faulty.  
  
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The problem with Uninhibitol, the kink they were trying to work out, the research they needed extra funding for, was that it didn't work. At least, for quite a while, it didn't. And then, all of a sudden, it did - test subjects would register as completely unchanged, and then suddenly their behaviour would alter. That in itself wasn't a particularly major problem, but they had only a brief window of 'perfect' working. After that, the longer the exposure to the gas, the more extreme the reaction. People went from being simply relaxed and uninhibited to being completely at the mercy of wants and desires they had kept repressed. And then, even after the gas was no longer in use, quite a long time would pass before the subject would return to normal - often with little memory of what had transpired.  
  
The right level of exposure was fine. All that it would mean was that you would find the way to have that difficult conversation, sing that solo aria, dress up in latex for your wife. But random, unpredictable, even crazy effects would ensue - including a high degree of suggestibility - if the subject went for a long period exposed to the gas.  
  
A long period, like spending several hours in a house that was slowly filling with compressed, odourless, flavourless, invisible Uninhibitol leaking from a lost, faulty canister.  
  
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Izzy heard her roommate leave her bedroom and clomp off down the stairs. She looked blearily at the clock on her phone, wondering in her half-asleep state what Wendy was doing going out at such an early hour. Then she remembered she had one of those work trips she was always taking with her boss, and that she'd be heading out to catch an early train. Izzy, who, like their other roommate Faye was a year or so younger than Wendy and still studying for her PhD, thanked her lucky stars that so far nothing in her life required her to get up so damn early, snuggled down into her bed covers and drifted back off to sleep.  
  
Several hours later, daylight now streaming through the curtains to stir her from her slumber, she grudgingly accepted it was probably time to get up.  
  
Eyes gummy, she wandered across the hall from her bedroom to the bathroom. Removing her panties she sat on the toilet and emptied her bladder, then she turned on the shower, discarded the t-shirt she'd slept in, and stepped under the warm and refreshing spray.  
  
A short while later, now comfortably awake and wonderfully clean all over, she wound herself in a large and fluffy towel and made her way back to the bedroom. The towel hit the floor, and Izzy sat on her bed and began to blow dry her long, dusky-blonde hair.  
  
Hair dried and a soothing layer of delightfully-scented moisturiser applied to her skin - perfect to calm down her freshly-shaved legs - Izzy stood and regarded herself in her bedroom's full-length mirror. It was a familiar ritual, and one she always carried out with satisfaction. Izzy liked her body, and enjoyed how she looked naked - her skin golden, her large breasts bouncy and perky, her waist slim, her legs long, and her hips and ass round and tight. She was lucky, she knew, to look as good as she did, and sometimes when others were around her she grew self-conscious of it, the way guys eyes wandered over her figure, mentally undressing her. She knew they weren't doing that to every girl (although among her roommates Wendy was almost her body-double, while the willowy, strawberry-blonde and freckled Faye certainly had no shortage of her own admirers) and although she wanted to feel flattered by the attention, there was something inside her that told her that she should act with modesty, and so she shied away from revealing clothing in favour of more conservative attire which her social conditioning told her was more becoming in a young and career-minded scientist.  
  
Today, though, she found herself wandering through a train of thought that was at once both unfamiliar and also surprisingly logical. She had a body that she herself enjoyed, and nudity was a state she felt personally comfortable with in private - so why restrict said nudity to privacy alone? She had no plans for the day beyond some study at home, and so it seemed a shame to cover herself up with clothes. Of course, Faye was around - but she was her friend, and a fellow woman - surely she would have no reason to object? And even if she did, what of it?  
  
Smiling to herself, and completely unaware of the slight pinkish haze at the very edge of her peripheral vision, Izzy left her room naked and walked downstairs.  
  
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Faye sat on the couch, feet tucked up under her, in her customary about home outfit of yoga pants and a crop top. She'd been up and about a little while, having had breakfast and done her morning yoga routine, and now she was idly sat scrolling through apps on her phone, checking out her friends' Instagram stories and basically killing time until she felt ready to break out the books. She felt a little strange; light-headed - but it didn't necessarily feel unpleasant, so she put it down to a positive effect of her workout and good breathing technique. Everything felt very relaxed and calm.  
  
She heard one of her roommates come downstairs and enter the kitchen. Remembering that Wendy was off on one of her trips, she concluded that Izzy was finally up. She found her sense of comfort and happiness increased with this knowledge. She liked Izzy. She found she didn't think enough about how much she liked Izzy. About how she liked being her friend. About how nice and fun her friend was. About how pretty she was...  
  
She was still thinking about Izzy when the real thing walked into the living room holding a bowl of cereal in one hand and a mug of coffee in the other.  
  
There was, Faye thought, something different about Izzy today. An air of comfort and confidence in herself that her friend often only exuded in more private moments.  
  
Oh, and she was also naked.  
  
That was definitely unusual, Faye thought. She'd never seen Izzy naked before, and certainly not around the house so casually and lackadaisically. Unusual, but not necessarily unwelcome.  
  
"Morning!" Izzy said breezily to her friend as she settled her bare butt down on the opposite couch, put down her coffee and began to eat her cereal.  
  
"Morning Iz," Faye replied. "Why are you naked?"  
  
Izzy gave herself a look-over, as if surprised - not by her lack of clothing, but by the fact that Faye would think it something to ask questions about.  
  
"Oh, I dunno," she said with her mouth full. "I just didn't feel like putting any clothes on today." She swallowed her mouthful of cereal. "You don't mind, do you?"  
  
Faye shook her head slowly. "Nu-uh, I don't mind at all... just... different from usual, is all."  
  
Izzy smiled happily and carried on eating.  
  
It wasn't just Izzy's lack of clothing that was different, a tiny part of Faye's brain suggested. The fact that she was feeling so relaxed and comfortable with such a gorgeous girl sitting opposite her completely naked was, well, not completely in character for Faye herself either.  
  
It wasn't that Faye necessarily liked girls in that way, she would normally tell herself. She just... tended to make friends with girls that she thought were very pretty, in a way that sometimes gave her butterflies in her stomach and a tightness in her chest - and between her legs - that made her nervous and tongue-tied. So on any other day, Izzy being so casually and openly naked in front of her would have been probably a bit too much to cope with. But right now she just felt that same sense of extreme comfort and happiness with herself that she'd been feeling all morning.  
  
The two friends sat making idle chit-chat as Izzy finished her breakfast and sipped her coffee. Faye noticed her naked roommate was becoming increasingly relaxed and comfortable the longer they were together; initially she'd been sat very formally, knees together, but now she was sitting back, legs apart, revealing the smooth-shaven lips between them. Her full, enticing breasts rested comfortable on her reclining torso, her nipples pale brown against her golden skin, soft in the warm air.  
  
It was then that Faye felt the old familiar feeling she sometimes got when she looked at one of her pretty friends. But unlike the other times, this time it wasn't uncomfortable. This time at least, Faye felt the thoughts come into her head and welcomed them. They were nice things to think about, she realised; they had always been nice thoughts, and not to be afraid of.  
  
Almost unconsciously, Faye slipped her right hand into the waistband of her pants. Her questing fingers picked their way underneath the elastic of her panties and paused to tease the thin strip of silken hairs they found contained within. Then her hand, with a mind of its own, pressed on, sliding between the cleft of the two warm, moist lips of flesh. Her left hand, meanwhile, found itself pressed to her chest, subtly massaging a breast.  
  
"I always wanted to be freer with my body, you know?" Izzy was saying, the topic of conversation having finally returned to her unclad state. "Just walk around naked without a care. But I always thought I shouldn't. Plus I was too nervous and shy to imagine ever actually doing it. But today... I dunno, I just felt differently."  
  
"Uh-huh," Faye replied, her eyes fixed on her friend's body. Izzy could have been describing the lost mysteries of the ancient world in a ten thousand year old language for all the attention her roommate was actually paying to what she was saying. Faye had a strange, faraway look in her eyes, and after a moment Izzy's eyes and brain caught up and she looked meaningfully at the hand moving subtly but rhythmically in the front of her roommate's pants.  
  
"Faye?" she asked.  
  
"Uh-huh?" her friend replied. She was breathing more deeply now, the hand on her breast flexing to tease a nipple beneath the fabric.  
  
Izzy nodded towards her roommate's crotch.  
  
Faye smiled in a disconnected manner. "Oh... yeah." She was starting to feel very good.  
  
"You're masturbating." It was a statement, not an objection.  
  
Faye smiled more widely. "Yeah..." she said in a warm and slightly breathless voice. "You... uh, you don't mind, do you?"  
  
Izzy smiled and shook her head slowly. "Not at all," she replied.  
  
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Izzy sat comfortably naked on the couch and watched as Faye began to pleasure herself more openly, in a manner that suggested she was perfectly comfortable with the fact that Izzy was present while she did so.  
  
And why shouldn't she, Izzy thought to herself. She might have previously considered her friend fingering herself while she was in the room to be, well, inappropriate - over-familiar, to say the least. But somehow she couldn't now imagine why that would have ever been her position on the matter. True, this wasn't something Faye had ever done before, nor, for that matter, had any girl Izzy had met. She was prepared to accept that usually it wasn't acceptable to masturbate openly in the presence of your friends. What she was struggling with, right now, was why it wasn't acceptable.  
  
After all, everybody did it, didn't they? Well, most people, anyway. Even Izzy did it, sometimes. Not often, admittedly. Oh, she tried, but then half the time her brain would take her back to that time when she'd been a kid and her mom had walked in her bedroom because she'd left her light on after lights out, and found her with her nightdress up and her panties down and her hand between her legs. Mom had given her both barrels over it, calling her wicked and sinful, and ever since then, no matter how much enlightened literature Izzy read on the subject she couldn't escape the feeling that it just wasn't something nice girls should do.  
  
But now, as she watched, and listened, as Faye was having a very nice time, Izzy found herself re-evaluating this long-held belief, and what she came to think instead was, who wants to be thought of as 'nice'?  
  
So she sat back to watch Faye, and as she did, she felt a growing sense of nervous excitement within herself. Perhaps, she thought, the fact that I'm naked right now has made this happen - perhaps my new-found bodily freedom is ushering in an air of new openness and feminine self-expression in our home? The idea that Faye might be so moved by the sight of her naked body that she had to abandon social convention and start frigging herself right there on the couch was a novel and pleasing thought. She'd always thought of her body as something that males appreciated - but now she realised she'd been naïve in thinking women wouldn't like her, too.  
  
As these thoughts formed in her brain, as she looked at Faye and all the fun she was currently having, she found herself cupping one of her breasts in her hand. She looked down at herself, rolling her thumb and forefinger over one of her big, oval nipples, seeing the flesh pucker and swell in response, feeling the electric tightness grow in her chest and between her legs.  
  
A decision made, Izzy wriggled back on the couch, lifting one leg, resting her foot on the edge of the cushion, parting her legs wider. Cautiously, she ran a finger along the inside of her thigh. Faye had noticed her new position with some happiness, Izzy felt, and that alone was enticement to proceed. She flexed her hand over the smooth, wrinkled cleft of her pussy, parting the lips by spreading her fingers, surprised by her own wetness. She easily found her clit and then, as Faye watched, she began to mirror her friend's rhythm.  
  
As Izzy masturbated, Faye looked at her with undisguised joy and longing. She slipped her hand from her waistband, and Izzy felt a momentary, inexplicable pang of disappointment, before she understood, observing as Faye elbowed her way out of her crop top, and then pulled down her yoga pants and wiggled free of them. Her pale, slender body now clad in just her underwear, she settled back on the couch and, spreading her limbs wide, pulled her panties aside at the leg. Izzy caught a glimpse, a tantalising glimpse, of the wet pussy, wide and eager, crowned with a patch of hair more orange than that on her friends head, and then the fingers were there again, obscuring the view, working harder and more frantically than ever.  
  
With sudden excitement, Izzy slid two fingers inside herself, marvelling at the ease her slick pussy accommodated them, marvelling at the soft, wet, ridged walls. She withdrew and plunged into herself again and again, all the while letting the ball of her ring finger rub across her clit with every inward gesture. The feeling, the wonderful feeling, was growing easily within her, and on the opposite couch Faye was curling her toes and gasping.  
  
Then, oh then what bliss, her orgasm was upon her, and she was moaning and squeaking as her body shook with release. It had been some time since anything had made her feel this good, and she was lost for a time into waves of pleasure, finally falling back on the couch to breathless recovery.  
  
As the spots cleared from her eyes she regarded a similarly dazed Faye, and realised her roommate, too, had reached a happy and intense climax.  
  
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Faye had watched as naked, beautiful, goddess Izzy had climaxed, and the sight and sound of such pleasure had pushed her over the edge into her own paroxysms of ecstasy. Now, as she lay back and caught her breath, she felt a sudden need to be close to her friend, to decrease the distance between them. Like a young deer she got wobbly to her feet, and crossed the living room to deposit herself on the same couch, each girl regarding the other wordlessly and smiling.

At last, Faye had recovered herself enough to break the silence. "Wow," she said simply. "I... I don't think I've come like that in a long time."  
  
"...me neither," Izzy breathed after a moment. "Maybe never. But I always wanted to..."  
  
Faye grinned. "I think we'd all want to," she said nonchalantly. "But... I mean, we've never done anything like this before..."  
  
"I know... but, I can't help but think, why not? There's nothing wrong with it, is there?"  
  
Faye tried to think. She supposed if you'd said to her before today, is it normal for two friends who live together to also masturbate together, she'd have... well she'd have gotten very quiet and red in the face, because that person would have just described a sexual fantasy she'd had since freshman year. But she'd have said no, because there are some boundaries that you don't cross with your friends, aren't there?  
  
But now, bathed in the post-orgasmic glow of the realisation of a years-long fantasy, she couldn't see it as anything other than completely natural.  
  
"No," she said happily, "I don't think we did anything wrong at all."  
  
There was silence between them, as Faye replayed the previous thoughts, the ones she'd had about boundaries between friends, and in her mind some very surprising doors suddenly opened wide.  
  
"Have you... ever done anything like this before, with anyone else?" she asked cautiously.  
  
Izzy laughed. "No!" she admitted cheerily. "I was always too uptight to even think of anything like that."  
  
Faye laughed too. There was a microscopic nervous tint to her laughter, but then it passed. "So you've never done... anything with another woman before."  
  
"No," Izzy said after a long, thoughtful moment. "Have... have you?"  
  
Faye's pulse quickened slightly, but then that same comfortable, warm, relaxed feeling spread from her core throughout her whole body.  
  
"No," she said happily. "But I always wanted to."  
  
"Really? I didn't know," Izzy replied easily.  
  
"It's true." Faye took a deep, sighing breath. "In fact, for pretty much the whole time I've known you I always wanted to make love to you."  
  
What's going on with me, she thought to herself. She'd never been able to admit that thought to herself before, and here she was telling the very person that it was about? She should have been embarrassed, awkward, afraid, uncertain of her friend's reaction but expecting, nonetheless, that it would be one that would leave no doubt that such a disclosure had been a terrible mistake. Instead she felt calm, even happy, as the words left her lips.  
  
"To me?" Izzy echoed.  
  
Faye raised her head and nodded. "Uh-huh. In fact... I'm just realising, I've had massive crushes on you... and Wendy, and pretty much every other girl I'm friends with, for years now. I just... kept it locked away, like I didn't want to admit it, not even inside my own head. But now... I dunno, I just feel different today. Like I don't need to worry any more about what other people think. And I think... I want to fuck another woman."  
  
Izzy laughed. "Okay," she said.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Okay. I'm with you. We should make love."  
  
"You're... you're kidding me, right?"  
  
Izzy shook her head. "No," she assured her friend. And she turned to Faye, leaned forward and, before the surprised girl knew what was happening, kissed her on the mouth.  
  
Eyes wide but happy, Faye pulled away. "Oh my God," she breathed, "is this for real?"  
  
Izzy nodded. "It's weird. I suppose I've always been curious, like I always wondered what it would be like to go with another girl, but I never had the nerve to go through with it. Like, what if I got it wrong, what if I went up to a girl in a bar and tried to flirt with her and she wasn't into... that? Or what if, when it came down to it, I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing? Or what if I didn't like it? There were... a lot of what ifs, and I would just get so anxious about the idea that I figured I'd never go through with it.  
  
"But for some reason, today none of that bothers me. I feel... so chill."  
  
"So you wanna?"  
  
"God, yes."  
  
"And if you... don't like it?"  
  
Izzy leaned forward and kissed Faye again. "Somehow," she breathed, "I don't think that's gonna be a problem."  
  
Izzy's kisses were everything Faye had hoped for. Her soft, velvet mouth opened, admitting Faye's tongue, as they fell passionately back onto the couch. She could feel Izzy's naked body against her own almost bare form - the warmth and uniform softness of her uncovered skin. She pressed harder against her, years of repressed passion suddenly yearning to be unleashed.  
  
The two girls' hands explored each other; the new, unfamiliar territory, so different to being with a man. Kisses on the lips, along the neck, behind the ears. Faye's hands found her roommate's breasts, soft, yielding to her touch; perfect flawless curves. Her nipples flushed darker, swelling beneath Faye's fingers.  
  
She felt Izzy's hand at her back then, reaching up and, with surprising skill for one who had presumably never done this before to another girl, unfastening the clasp of Faye's bra. She felt the elastic straps loosen, and she slackened their embrace briefly to let the garment slip from her chest, and thread it off of her arms.  
  
Now Izzy had full access to Faye's freckled breasts, and she explored the twin small peaks with gusto, teasing her nipples in a manner that brought forth a gasp from Faye. Izzy lowered her head, placing her mouth on the left one, running her warm tongue over the skin - then, suddenly, with light in her eyes, she bit down, making Faye squeal with delight.  
  
"Bitch," she laughed, and pushing Izzy down she propelled her eager mouth toward her roommate's breasts, intending to pay back in kind. But Izzy's soft curves were too much for her happy mouth, and instead she found herself compelled to suck, suck, suck until Izzy was sighing happily.  
  
Faye's mouth was on Izzy's body now, and she knew that was where she wanted it to stay. By mutual instinct the girls shifted position, Izzy leaning back on the couch, her slender roommate nestling between her legs. Kisses to Izzy's breasts turned to butterfly lips moving down her flank and stomach, Faye's heart in her chest feeling tight with excitement.  
  
She had longed for this moment, secretly, anxiously, and now it was finally here. Her desire to taste another girl, to know the silken wetness of another woman beneath her tongue, to fill her nostrils with the warm, enticing scent; that was all she knew now. She kissed Izzy's thighs and pressed her happy face to her friend's sex.  
  
Izzy had just shaved herself, in the shower that morning, her skin nude of hair, flawless, delicious. Faye sucked on the smooth, soft outer lips, rolling them between her lips, her mouth watering. Izzy tasted better than Faye had ever imagined. Driven and passionate, she pressed on, her tongue parting the soft curtain of Izzy's vulva, licking and teasing the wrinkled, slick labia behind, probing for openings, and then lapping upwards to alight upon her swollen, eager clit.  
  
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Izzy gasped as Faye ate her. Her friend had never done this before? Well then her instinct was perfect.  
  
She moaned happily as Faye licked, kissed and sucked at the parts of her most precious centre. It was best when the rhythmic, circling tongue alighted on her clit. "That's it... don't stop," she gasped to the strawberry blonde head bobbing between her thighs. Smiling eyes looked up at her and then Faye really went to town, licking, circling and sucking on her clit with her perfect, skilful mouth.  
  
Nothing more needed to happen, and soon Izzy was coming, bucking and shaking as her second orgasm of the morning gushed through her. But unlike the self-induced effort she had enjoyed earlier, this time with release came reflexive, wordless cries and affirmative shouts, letting her new lover know just how well she had done.  
  
At last, when she could bear no more, Faye lifted her smiling head. "You liked that?" she asked needlessly; all Izzy could do in return was nod.  
  
But there was no respite needed or wanted. Izzy wrapped her legs around the kneeling Faye, urging her upwards, back on to the couch, back into her embrace. She kissed the wet mouth of her friend, tasting on the other girl her own scent and flavour, thrilled by this new intimacy between them. Why had she ever waited this long to experience such pleasure? Why had she hesitated, why had she ever been afraid?  
  
Izzy pulled Faye's slender body against her own, hands finding the girl's petite, tight ass. An unwelcome change in texture then - a transition from the smoothness of her skin to the soft cotton of her panties. Well, that would never do - Faye should be naked like her, naked always, a pale, freckled and elfin priestess to perform worship and be worshipped in return.  
  
She slid her hand into the panties and tugged at them. Understanding, Fay broke free, kneeling up on the couch, pulling down her underwear. Izzy saw the clinging kiss as the panties parted from her lover's cunt lips - Faye had soaked her panties with her wetness. Then they were gone, tossed away with the rest of her clothes, and both were equal in nudity. This simple act inflamed even greater passion in the two girls and the fell into a squirming, writhing embrace that rolled from the couch and onto the floor.  
  
Hard thought the living room floor was, Izzy felt no discomfort, as she wound her limbs around Faye, kissing her over and over. Hands explored again and this time, finally, Izzy followed the fuzzy trail of hair to Faye's pussy. The wetness, the hair slick with sweat and with her juices, excited her, enticed her to spread her legs so that Faye could grind between them, rubbing her slender thigh against the throbbing of Izzy's own cunt. There, on the floor they kissed and moaned and stroked in bliss, until at last Faye was coming again, crushing Izzy close, actual tears of happiness in her eyes as she gave in to the release; and then Izzy was coming too, her lover's ecstasy contagious, and finally exhausted, both collapsed back on to the floor in a heap of sweat-slick, tangled limbs.  
  
Entranced in their lust, neither noticed, neither noticed, nestling in the dark space beneath the couch, a canister made of metal and glass, a minute crack in its shiny surface, releasing the final clouds of its invisible, undetectable payload - a payload they had been breathing inside the house for several hours but which was now being inhaled, with every breath, almost directly into their dazed and happy faces.  
  
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They'd slumbered, awaking in early afternoon, still entwined in a happy embrace. Dialogue at first was impossible; only murmured noises of contentment and mutual pleasure could escape the girls' mouths. Then, at last, the power of speech returned, and with it a sense of amazement at the morning's events.  
  
"That was..." Izzy began.  
  
Faye nodded. "Yeah," she answered.  
  
"I have never, never felt so good," Izzy continued.  
  
"Me neither," Faye sleepily replied. "Thank you."  
  
Izzy laughed. "I should be thanking you, that was something I always wanted but never thought would happen."  
  
"You took the words out of my mouth."  
  
Izzy sat up, attempting to rearrange her dishevelled hair. "What the heck has got into us today?" she asked, not unreasonably. "I mean, I'm not complaining, but how did we get here?"  
  
"I don't know, but I'm glad it happened."  
  
"Me too. It just... it feels like a day for doing everything I always wanted to."  
  
"You said it." Faye said, sitting up. "So what should we do now?"  
  
Izzy grinned. "You wanna go again?"  
  
Faye laughed. "Do I ever!"  
  
"So do we just do the same? Or..."  
  
"I guess?" Faye smiled.  
  
Izzy was quiet for a moment, then her eyes widened a little. "Faye?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Have you ever thought about doing anything... y'know... harder?"  
  
Faye frowned. "What do you mean?"  
  
"I mean, like, you and me, two women, but... more than just tongues and fingers. More intense. Rougher. With... extras."  
  
"You mean, like, we lube up a cucumber?"  
  
"Kind of... but I mean, more like... something you, uh, wear..."  
  
Realisation dawned on Faye. "Ohhhhh," she said in recognition. "Yes. One hundred per cent yes. Absolutely. Let's do that. I wanna do that."  
  
"Okay. Do you have one?"  
  
"Babe, I'm as new to this as you are, remember?"  
  
Izzy grinned goofily. "Oh, yeah. I guess we're gonna have to go to the store." She pouted. "It's a shame, I was really getting into the idea of not wearing clothes at all today."  
  
Faye was silent for a moment, then a wicked, sinful smile spread across her face. "Who says we have to?" she asked.  
  
Izzy's eyes widened. "Faye, are you suggesting we go outside... naked?"  
  
Faye grinned wider. "Haven't you always wanted to?" she asked. "I know I have. Just walk out in public absolutely bare ass naked, letting people see everything. Tell me that doesn't turn you on?"  
  
Izzy smiled. "It does," she admitted. "I always wanted to be so bold and brave that I could even do something like that, you know? Just not care at all what people think of me." She frowned. "But we can't Faye. We'll get busted, we can't just go to the store naked."  
  
"Who says we can't?" Faye argued. "Look, we're not going to go to just any store. If we want... one of those, we're gonna have to go to an adult store. A sex store. And they aren't exactly gonna complain there if two naked babes walk in, I mean I bet those places are full of pictures and videos of naked women so it would be damn hypocritical of them to get mad at the real thing."  
  
Izzy laughed. "You've got a point," she admitted. "And we'll take your car. It's not like we're talking about walking there."  
  
"Exactly. All we are gonna do is walk across a parking lot naked, go into a little store where they'll I'm sure be very happy to see us, especially you with those magnificent tits, then walk out and then we can be back home here before anyone can complain."  
  
Izzy considered how she felt. It was beyond strange. Something told her the thought of public nudity should fill her with worry, doubt, perhaps even fear. I mean, didn't you get that dream where you're back in high school naked and sitting an exam you never studied for? Not to mention the fact that she'd never even worn revealing clothes in the past before. And now she was seriously entertaining going out of the house with nothing but her purse, bare ass nude for the world to see - and she didn't feel in the least bit like she couldn't. In fact, it felt exciting.  
  
"Okay," she answered, grabbing her purse from the coffee table. "Let's do it."  
  
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Naked and barefoot, the two roommates stepped out on to the front porch of their house, the door closing behind them. It was a warm afternoon in May, and the hot air felt pleasant and enticing on their bare skin.  
  
They lived in a nondescript and quiet neighbourhood and there weren't any immediate witnesses to the beginning of their nude adventure, but as they walked down to the driveway several vehicles passed up and down on the road.  
  
Had the drivers of those cars seen them? Faye couldn't say - but it was thrilling to think that they had.  
  
There was a part of her that couldn't believe her own bravery. The idea of going naked in public had been an occasional fantasy she'd played out in her head - she hadn't thought about it in a while, but it had been part of her repertoire of sexual thoughts since her teens. She'd never dared to, of course, but she'd wondered, sometimes, late at night, laying in bed, hand between her legs, how it might feel to walk naked into a place where people were expecting you, and everyone else, to wear clothes. To have people looking at her breasts, her ass, her pussy, and to be completely bold and say "here it is y'all, feast your eyes."  
  
And now she was actually about to do it - and so, too, was Izzy! It was beyond her imagination that Izzy would be naked beside her when she lived out this fantasy - and incredible that she'd agreed to play along so easily. Perhaps Izzy had a secret exhibitionist side of her own, thought Faye, recalling that the catalyst for all of this had been her roommate coming downstairs butt naked.  
  
Somehow that thrilled her more - the idea of her gorgeous roommate parading naked for all to see. Her heart was still a-flutter from their love-making, and she craved more - this was going to be an exercise in prolonging that excitement, the pay-off something utterly delicious.  
  
They unlocked Faye's car and got in, the unfamiliar sensation of the hot car seats stinging their bare skin as they sat down. Seated in the car, they had a bit of cover - it wouldn't help if for some reason they got pulled over, but they could drive naked to the store without worrying too much that their little adventure would be brought to a premature end.  
  
It was that, really, that was Faye's only concern. She had no feeling of embarrassment or nervousness at the thought of being seen out in public in her bare skin - only a sense of eager anticipation and a desire to follow it through, to achieve the maximum of this experience, and she didn't want a cop or local prude to spoil this for them. She hadn't gone completely mad - she knew public nudity was taboo, frowned upon, probably forbidden under law. What she didn't see now is why she should care at all.  
  
There was a triple-x store in a strip mall only a couple of miles from their house and they soon reached it, untroubled by the light mid-afternoon traffic. Faye pulled in to the parking lot and glanced across at her naked friend.  
  
"This is so crazy," she said, thinking out loud.  
  
Izzy nodded. "I can't believe we're gonna do this."  
  
"Me either. But you want to, right?"  
  
"I do, oh my God I do, believe me. I just... I don't know why I want to do it."  
  
Faye smiled. "I hear that. But I guess I always wanted to do something wild like this, I just never had the courage to before. Or, someone to do it with."  
  
Izzy leaned over and kissed Faye on the mouth, a kiss that lasted a long time. Eventually they separated again.  
  
"Let's do this, then," she said. "Let's go."  
  
They got out of the car at the same time, the warm rough asphalt of the parking lot shocking their bare feet. Izzy closed her door and made her way, a little awkwardly, her feet slow to adjust, to the driver's side, and Faye. They stood for a moment, nude together by their car.  
  
At first nobody noticed them. The strip mall was not busy, and naked girls were not a sight the few people visiting were expecting to see, so they weren't exactly looking around in search of them. It was only as they were walking towards the small, shutter-windowed adult store at the far corner of the mall that a few heads turned to observe them, a few eyes opened wider in disbelief.  
  
They were soon at the door of the store, though.  
  
"That wasn't too bad," Izzy began.  
  
"Nah, it was quick," Faye concurred. Then she grinned a little. "Almost... too quick."  
  
"What do you mean?" Izzy asked.  
  
"Well..." Faye began, her grin broadening. "It seems a shame to come out here like this and just do a quick dash from the car to the store."  
  
"But Faye, honey, we're naked, that's why weren't going to hang around."  
  
"I know, I know. But... don't you want to? Just a little? Make it last a bit longer, I mean..."  
  
Izzy smiled, a little shyly. "I don't know..." she hesitated.  
  
"Okay, okay. But give me one thing."  
  
"What?"  
  
"I'm thirsty. Can we go to the 7-11 and get a drink before we go into the sex store?"  
  
Izzy looked about her. A few people were starting to gather, a way off, pointing at them and speaking to one another. The 7-11 was across the other side of the parking lot from them, but really it was no distance to cover.  
  
"Okay," she said, her cheeks reddening a little.  
  
"You want to? For sure?"  
  
"I want to."  
  
The two made their way along the sunlit sidewalk to the store. Faye could feel people's eyes on her now. She wondered why she had no compulsion to hide her body. She wasn't just nude in public, she was acting as if this was a completely normal thing to do. She wasn't running or trying to hide herself with her hands the way one might if they were embarrassed to be caught out in such a situation as this. Izzy, beside her, was the same, walking with arms loose, holding Faye's hand, her beautiful breasts bouncing and swaying slightly with each step.

They made their way inside the 7-11, to the astonishment of the few customers inside. An awed sort of hush descended on the store as the witnesses registered that two attractive young women had just walked into the place completely naked. Some stared openly; others, strangely, looked away. Perhaps they were embarrassed, Faye thought - the concept seemed strange to her. Why would others think her being naked was awkward, when she herself felt perfectly at ease with it, even thrilled by it?  
  
Leading Izzy by the hand, she walked to the refrigerator near the front of the store and selected a Gatorade. A man close by smiled and nodded approvingly as he cast a glance over the girls' bodies. "Very nice," he murmured.  
  
"Thank you," Izzy responded politely, and the man laughed as if amused by her affability.  
  
There was a problem, though, when they went to the counter to pay. The woman behind it, a lady of at least fifty by Faye's estimate, frowned at them and pursed her lips.  
  
"I can't serve you girls, not like that," she said seriously.  
  
Faye pouted. "Aw, c'mon," she pleaded - but the woman shook her head.  
  
"Nuh-uh, I can't let you shop here all butt naked like that," she insisted. "Go put your clothes on and then I'll serve you."  
  
"We haven't got any clothes," Izzy interjected. "We left them at home."  
  
The woman raised her eyebrows. "What, so you just walked here like that?"  
  
"Drove, actually," Faye said, a little proudly.  
  
"Well then you best drive back home, put some goddamn clothes on and come back if you want to buy anything from this store," the woman said with finality.  
  
"Please?" Faye said, putting her money down on the counter. "We don't mean any trouble. We just... we wanted to be naked."  
  
"And I want a jacuzzi and to be married to a ball player but we don't all get what we want just 'cos we say we want it," the woman said exasperatedly, but she looked again at Faye and Izzy's innocent faces. After a moment she sighed and took the money.  
  
"Alright," she said, "but get on outta here and don't ever try to come by my store pulling a stunt like this again."  
  
"Thank you!" Faye grinned, and the two naked girls walked from the shop, leaving a trail of amazed stares in their wake.  
  
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Myra sat behind the counter of Jackson's Triple-X Adult Novelties and 18+ Costume Shop, idly doodling in the margin of the pornographic magazine she'd been flicking through. The afternoon shift at the shop was always a quiet one - most times it wouldn't be until folks came off of work that she had any customers at all. Then she'd get a few couples in, or husbands looking for something to spice up the marriage bed, or club kids wanting to find something to shock squares with on the weekends. But really, her type of store didn't get going until after dark.  
  
So she was surprised when the bell rang indicating someone had just come in to the store. She looked up in time to see two young naked women coming through the door.  
  
This wasn't quite as surprising a sight for Myra as you might expect. There were a couple of dudes in the local area who shot adult clips - porn - for the internet, and one of the kinks they catered for was public nudity. A sex shop like Jackson's was the perfect location for this. They could film a naked girl browsing the store and making purchases without worrying about permits or being asked to leave - the store owners would (usually) get paid for allowing the filming, and get some free advertising, while the dudes with the cameras would get to film something that looked spontaneous (naked girl shopping) but was, in fact, carefully managed and completely safe for the model.  
  
True, Myra thought, the models didn't usually arrive naked; they would be clothed until filming started. But she guessed some might be more bold than most - maybe this was something they were actually into, rather than just something they were getting a paycheck for?  
  
It was only when she noticed that the two women were alone - there was no dude with a camera or even a phone following them and filming - that she realised that something else might be going on. This didn't look like someone shooting a clip for a porn site - it was just two women coming into her store naked.  
  
The girls suddenly had Myra's full attention. They were, she would guess, a couple - although they could have been holding hands for support during some sort of dare. One was a blonde with a gorgeous body. Round, full breasts - a little droopy without any underwear to support them but you wouldn't complain - a smooth, hairless pussy and a very cute ass. The other was no less attractive - a redhead, or reddish-blonde, her figure slender, her breasts small and pointed, her skin fair.  
  
They didn't look to be in trouble, or out to cause it. There was nothing about them that screamed drugs or some sort of mental craziness. That left the only real explanation; they were naked of their own choosing, either on a dare or bet, or just because they wanted the thrill of being nude together while they visited a sex shop.  
  
Myra shrugged to herself. It was quiet, and the store by necessity kept its windows shielded from the outside. If any other customers came in, Myra figured they would be unlikely to complain that two pretty girls were walking around the place naked - after all, this was a sex shop. There were naked girls in the magazines, on the DVD and blu-ray covers, on the packaging of some of the products, and in many of the advertisements on the walls. Nobody was going to mind the addition of the real thing. If the two girls decided to start doing things she might have to clean up after, she would have to put a stop to it; but for now, she decided to just keep an eye on them and let them browse.  
  
They seemed to be having a great time, and not in the least bit nervous or embarrassed about their nudity, which surprised Myra. Even the girls who modelled for the public nudity clips shot in the store had an air of nervousness about them that came from being naked in a place that at least felt public, which Myra could understand. She herself liked sunbathing on a nude beach when she'd drive up to the coast, but would balk at the idea of parading through the town's streets in her birthday suit. But these two girls seemed completely uninhibited, without a care in the world.  
  
Myra revised her assessment of their relationship, too - they were definitely a couple. They were pretty handsy with one another, and several times broke off their browsing to steal a kiss. At this she readied herself in case the need to step in arose before the girls became too amorous - she had no personal objection to this but she felt she should be even handed and treat them much the same as she treated the guys who would come in and start jerking off - if it meant she might have to get out a mop or wipe down the merchandise, it wasn't welcome, at least while she was on shift. Fortunately, they seemed content to kiss and fondle innocently, at least for now.  
  
Eventually, after much laughter and wandering between the racks, the two naked girls appeared to find what they were looking for: a shelf of various dildos. Again, Myra gave them her full attention, just in case they decided to take any of the products for a test-drive then and there - taking stuff out of its packaging before you bought it was a store no-no, let alone stuffing it in your girlfriend's cooch - but she didn't feel too worried. They two seemed to be having a small debate about sizing; then, a decision apparently reached, the curvaceous blonde selected a dildo with a strap-on harness, and they walked up the length of the shop to where Myra sat at the checkout.  
  
"Find what you were looking for?" she asked the blonde as she rang up her purchase.  
  
The girl nodded, a little vacantly. "Oh, yeah," she replied.  
  
Myra nodded to the strap on as she bagged it. "Good choice," she remarked. "I've got the exact same one at my apartment. My boyfriend loves it when I use it on him, although he'd die if I ever let his buddies know that."  
  
The blonde grinned. "I've never had one before," she admitted as she handed over her payment.  
  
"Oh, well it's a good size for first-timers," Myra offered. "You gotta be careful with anything like that, but listen to each other, use lube if you need it, and you should be fine."  
  
"Thanks," the girl with the strawberry-blonde hair smiled.  
  
"...so, just to address the elephant in the room," Myra continued, "why exactly are you two bare-ass naked?"  
  
The blonde grinned. "It just seemed like a fun idea," she said brightly.  
  
Myra laughed. "Well, that sounds like as good an explanation as I'm gonna get."  
  
The strawberry blonde shrugged. "Sorry," she said. "We can't really explain it either. We just... wanted to, and we couldn't see a reason not to be."  
  
Well, there's probably a law against it for one, thought Myra, but she didn't say it out loud. "Okay, you ladies have a great day," she offered instead.  
  
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Izzy was on cloud nine as she and Faye walked away from the counter and out of the store.  
  
Shopping naked with Faye had been an exciting, arousing experience. More than once they'd stolen a kiss and caress between the racks of porn and costumes and toys, thrilling at the touch of one another's bare skin. Although, disappointingly, there hadn't been any other customers in (probably due to the time of day, she mused - stores like that were open late and she was willing to bet most of the people who shopped there preferred to go after-dark) she'd enjoyed feeling the eyes of the cute goth girl behind the counter on them. She'd wondered if perhaps the girl would have liked a show - but Faye suggested she was probably just watching them to make sure they didn't steal anything. Which had sent Izzy into a fit of giggles - after all, they were naked. Where were they going to hide contraband? She got a sudden vision of herself and Faye trying to insert a stack of porn DVDs into themselves and almost fell about with laughter.  
  
Now, though, they'd found what they came to buy - a strap-on.  
  
Izzy had always been curious about these. She'd never owned a sex toy, of course. Her inhibitions about masturbation definitely extended to feeling far too embarrassed to consider buying one online, let alone go into an actual store the way she just had and choose one off a rack. But today, she seemed to be losing all her inhibitions, including the one about buying a rubber dick and using it on your roommate (or having her use it on you).  
  
As they emerged from the dark interior of the store into the briefly-blinding afternoon sun, Izzy realised she was horny as hell. She'd been horny as hell all day, but now she was feeling the desire extra-strongly. As they crossed the parking lot and reached the car - once again, understandably attracting more than a few stares - she pulled Faye into another long, lingering kiss, pressing her body against her, feeling the soft warmth of her skin.  
  
Faye grinned as they separated. "Mmmm," she murmured. "Are you as turned-on as I am by all this?"  
  
Izzy nodded. "I can't wait to get home and try this out."  
  
Faye's grin spread wider. "Why wait?" she breathed.  
  
Izzy's eyes grew wide. "What, here?" she said with realisation.  
  
Faye nodded.  
  
You're in a public place, you're naked... you can't also be having sex with a strap-on dildo, said a tiny voice in the back of Izzy's brain. Then, just like that, the voice was gone, and Izzy's heart began to beat faster.  
  
"Okay," she said with a smile.  
  
She helped Faye get the thing out of its packaging and attach it to herself via the harness. They were behind the car now, which meant the people at the strip mall didn't have a clear view of them. This was probably for the best, as they weren't exactly being subtle.  
  
Izzy giggled as she beheld Faye with the harness on - but her heart quickened again, too. Her friend, naked except for the black harness and the deep purple dildo, looked strangely strong and fierce, and incredibly sexy. Izzy recollected that much of this afternoon's adventure had been at Faye's suggestion, and she wondered if this was about to be the culmination of a long-standing fantasy for the other girl. Well, it had been a day of that...  
  
"Aw, shoot, we didn't get any lube," Faye hesitated.  
  
Izzy smiled and took her friend's hand, directing her slim fingers to penetrate between her smooth labia and feel beneath. Faye slowly withdrew her hand, which glistened now on the fingertips with warm wetness. "I don't think we'll need it," Izzy breathed.  
  
She kissed Faye again, and then turned her back, bending over the trunk of the car, legs apart, presenting her ass and her aching pussy, for her new lover.  
  
Faye laughed happily and slowly slid the dildo strapped between her legs into Izzy's wet cunt, the blonde girl gasping with delight...  
  
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"Bent over the hood of a car in a busy parking lot, getting, uh, penetrated with a strap-on - and both of them were butt naked? Yes officer, I think I understand, it's just... it's not like my friends, believe me. They're PhD students at the university, I'm sure you've found that out by now, they aren't wild like this at all.  
  
"Yes, I completely understand why you had to take the action that you did, I just want to make sure my friends are okay. "  
  
The cop went on for several minutes, talking about drug tests and psychological evaluations, all of which seemed to have come back negative. The girls had been charged with a misdemeanour, but they clearly weren't criminals in the traditional sense, and seemed to be no danger to themselves or others, so he seemed keen to be able to hand them over to a friend or relative for the time being and given that both of them had given Wendy's name as the person they lived with, he seemed to have decided that should be her.  
  
"Okay" Wendy concluded, "I'll cover their bail, it's no problem. I'll come pick them up as soon as I can. Or you can send them home I guess, if you can find them some clothes."  
  
Wendy put the phone down, rubbing the bridge of her nose. Of course, it didn't take a genius to figure out what had happened. The canister she'd left at home hadn't been safe and secure, and for several hours it had leaked Uninhibitol into the house. It hadn't affected her because she'd left early to catch her train, so she'd been in the window of safe exposure only. But Izzy and Faye had been unknowingly huffing it down for hours after her, and they'd gone well beyond the safe and even the active period, into the highly unstable one.  
  
It had been fortunate that all her friends' inhibitions had appeared to be about sex. Uninhibitol was so unpredictable, by taking away someone's inhibitions you weren't just helping them lose their hang-ups in the bedroom, you were letting them disregard every impulse that told them not to do something, even if they wanted to. It was a good thing that Faye and Izzy seemed to have been psychologically healthy, albeit with clearly some repressed homosexual tendencies and a bit of mild exhibitionism.  
  
Avery - Dr Bennett - was almost certainly going to want to talk to them, she imagined. He'd never done a human trial of Uninhibitol outside of the lab team, and certainly not in the community like this. She had no doubt he would find the results fascinating, and for her and the whole team, this might be a way to answer several big questions about Uninhibitol and dose size.  
  
The big question, the one Wendy was thinking most about as she tried to work out exactly what her roommates had gotten up to while she was away and what had led up to them being naked in public and fucking one another, was "would the effects of Uninhibitol be permanent?"  
  
It would, she thought wryly, make life with for, and with, Faye and Izzy very interesting from now on if they were.  
  
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The End