**University Adventures**

by[ThanksForAllTheFish](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5607107&page=submissions)©

**Chapter Five -- Dirty Dancing**  
  
'Charlie,' she half screamed through gritted teeth. 'I am going to kill you...'  
  
There was no time to sit there seething though, as the sound of the engine grew ominously louder. 'Fuck me.' Holly realised that the hedge at the end of the drive was her best bet for some cover, so counterintuitively she had to quickly run towards the road and then cower in a ball as rays of light from the car's headlights pierced through the leaves. She watched as they slowly passed by and continued on down the street, unaware of the naked girl hiding just out of sight. That was the first problem solved, but now what about the keys? She'd never left the safety of her own house in the nude before tonight, and now she was having to consider a streak across to her neighbour's lawn. Her thoughts were interrupted by a taping from the window, and she looked back to see a grinning and now fully dressed Charlie grinning at her from the safety of the living room. She would have loved to run up to her and beg for mercy but she knew she'd be left too exposed from the road, so instead she just gave her friend the finger. Holly knew the house keys were the quickest way to get back indoors, and so despite her misgivings she knew she'd have to make a run for it. Still in a daze from the absurdity of her situation, she slowly rose up and looked down to make sure her arms were covering as much of her body as they could, as if that would make much of a difference if she was caught. Creeping forward she peered nervously left and right, and from what she could see in the darkness the pavements seemed clear. With a gulp Holly took her first step out onto the cold paving slabs, and before she chickened out she ran stiffly across the street, clutching herself as she went. In a flash she was in front of the house in question, and she plunged down again to avoid the light coming out from their front room. She could see the reflections from a tv dancing across the ceiling and she assumed someone was inside watching on the sofa, hopefully oblivious to the scene that was unfolding outside.  
  
'Where the hell did she throw it?' Holly reluctantly dropped to her knees and began to feel through the cold wet grass of the lawn, trying to feel for her keys. Her own body was blocking the yellow light from the streetlamp meaning it was very hard to see, so she just kept sweeping around with her fingertips, hoping to hit something. Her skin was covered in goosebumps and steaming with heat as her heart continued to beat out of her chest, the adrenaline coursing through her veins was more intense than anything she'd ever experienced before. If anyone came up the road they would be greeted by an unobstructed view of her on all fours, butt in the sky, with everything on display. The risk was insane, but the thrill was incredible.  
  
'Yes!' Her hand had found a piece of sharp metal and Holly triumphantly held up her keys, watching the way they shone as if they were precious jewels. She leant back on her heels and swept her hair, which had become plastered over her face as she searched, back over her shoulders. She had done it, and now she just had to run back and get dressed, after murdering Charlie of course. Standing up she brushed some errant blades of grass off her shins, then turned to nip back across the road, not even bothering to cover up like last time. This turned out to be a mistake.  
  
'Oh shit!' Standing at the end of the driveway was a guy about her age, holding two bags of shopping, frozen in place, mouth agog.  
  
'Umm...'  
  
Holly was also stuck on the spot, her brain had no idea how to deal with this situation. It was so panicked that it had gone past embarrassment or fear and had just jumped straight to complete and utter shock. She realised she hadn't said anything or moved a muscle for what felt like an eternity, and she needed to leave. Without a word she stepped forward and ran past the stunned stranger, not even checking to see if the road was clear, and mad a beeline for her house. She fiddled with the locks as if in a trance, watching her fingers work entirely independently as she observed from a different body. Finally there was a click and she was back indoors. Bursting into the hallway she slammed the front door shut and slumped down onto the carpet, holding her head in disbelief.  
  
'Ah you're back, about time.' Charlie appeared from a doorway, wine glass in hand, and looked down amusedly at her dishevelled friend. 'You ok?'  
  
Holly slowly came out of her stupor and looked up, wide eyed and with her cheeks flushed red. 'Get me my jumper.' Charlie held out a hand and pulled her up, then the pair walked back to the kitchen to find Holly some clothing. 'And the bottle, get me the bottle.' Covered up once more and with alcohol to calm her nerves, Holly sat down on the sofa and told Charlie what had just happened.  
  
'Holls I am so sorry!' As the details had emerged Charlie had become more and more apologetic, and genuinely felt guilty for what had happened. 'I never thought anyone would see you but I guess the drinks went to my head a little, what I made you do was insanely risky.'  
  
'Yeah no shit.' Holly took another sip from her glass and rubbed her toes which were still cold from all the running about outdoors.  
  
'You must have been so mortified, that sounds awful. And do you know who he is, are your houses close?'  
  
'No not really. I think he's that family's only kid, but he doesn't go to our college. My parent's say hi to his ones, but we don't have much to do with each other.'  
  
Charlie nodded. 'Ok well that's good news I suppose, it would be dreadful if you were really close neighbours or something and you had to see each other all the time.'  
  
'Yeah, its only what, a few months until I leave for university? I can avoid him for that long, hopefully, just never make eye contact if I see him, pretend this never happened.'  
  
'That's the spirit.'  
  
'Mmm.'  
  
'I really am sorry though, I won't push you like that again.'  
  
'Oh I know. And just so you know, you're not getting away with this for free. I will get revenge.'  
  
'What does that even mean?'  
  
'I haven't decided yet.'  
  
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A couple of weeks had passed since Holly's scare. She thought the experience might humble her and reign in some of her newfound naked tendencies, but the next morning when she woke she found she was more ready than ever to ditch her clothes and leave them in her room. Charlie had calmed down on the nude stuff too for a few days, but soon the selfies and phone calls returned, and both girls were back to enjoying their naughty freedom, albeit indoors this time. Holly started to subconsciously keep an eye out for the guy across the street, and she saw him coming and going from his house a few times, but only ever from her window. Her work continued to be monotonous and boring, and other than the mild worry that one day her parents might come home early and catch her walking around in the buff, her life was pretty excitement free. The one fun event was another movie night, this time at Charlie's. They didn't strip off like they had before, that felt a bit weird for two friends just watching tv on a bed, but Holly had managed to dare her friend to run downstairs and get them some popcorn whilst topless, despite the risk of her housemates catching her unawares. Charlie said she shared her friend's boredom and so they decided to plan a trip to the seaside, on a weekday which was forecasted to be gloriously sunny, and which should be free of the usual throng of beach goers that would congregate every weekend. The morning of the trip arrived and Holly decided to put her bikini on at home then just wear a cropped t shirt and some shorts on top, with some sandals to complete the outfit. Her parents had let her borrow the car and so soon she was outside Charlie's house, watching her lock her door then run up and jump into the passenger seat.  
  
'Oh you've already got your suit on, smart. I just chucked mine in my bag.' The two enjoyed the hours drive to the coast, blasting out music on the stereo and maxing out the aircon to keep themselves cool on what had turned out to be a scorcher of a day. The parking area near the beach wasn't that full as they had hoped, and as they walked over the dunes and then down onto the hot sand they could see a reasonable amount of people, laying out sunbathing or swimming in the sea.  
  
'There aren't any changing rooms are there?' Charlie hadn't been to this area for a while, and shielded her eyes as she looked around.  
  
'No but you've got a towel haven't you?'  
  
'Yeah but that's not as dignified.'  
  
They walked over to a spare area of sand and placed their stuff down facing the water. Holly glanced around at the other people relaxing nearby as she pulled off her outer clothes and folded them away, then turned to watch Charlie wrapping herself up in a towel. Holding the top shut with one hand she awkwardly began to shimmy her jeans down her legs, almost threatening to trip over as she did so.  
  
'Smooth.'  
  
'Shut up.' Despite the odds she managed to kick them off, although the wild kicking required to do so did reveal a flash of underwear from underneath her covering.  
  
'Oh I like those red ones, very cute.'  
  
'Holly man this is so hard.' Next up was her t shirt which she tried to inch up her body, contorting her arm as she did so to keep herself hidden. Holly was openly laughing at her by this point and decided to take pity.  
  
'Look this is how you do it, you moron.' She got up and readjusted her bikini slightly, then took her beach towel and held it in front of Charlie. 'Now link the other one.' Charlie unwrapped her towel carefully so that it was hanging behind her back, and Holly stretched her arms out wide so that her friend was now hidden in between the two rectangles of fabric. 'See, now you can just get undressed like a normal person.'  
  
'Rude, but ok thanks, this is a better way of doing it.' Charlie quickly took off her shirt. 'Just don't let go, ok?' Holly politely looked to the sky as Charlie unclasped her bra and fished around in the bag at her feet for her swimming costume.  
  
'Done yet?' Charlie ignored her and tied on the new top, before loosing the panties and finally slipping on her bottoms.  
  
'Thanks.'  
  
'You're welcome.' The pair disengaged and folded the rest of their things away, before lathering on some sunscreen and settling back onto the sand to relax. They swayed between idle chit chat and long periods of silence as they soaked in the rays, and listened to the cries of the seagulls and the swell of the waves. Holly couldn't fully relax though, the sun felt so good on her skin but the material of her bikini, however skimpy it was, felt awkward and restrictive in comparison. She realised that all her time at home without her clothes had made her used to being that way, and it was a shame she couldn't get truly comfortable here too. Unless...  
  
'I'm getting way too hot, want to get in the water?'  
  
'Not really, I'm so comfy here.'  
  
'Come on lazy, you can't come to the beach and not go swimming.' She got up and prodded Charlie with her toe, who then joined her in setting off down towards the sea. Giggling they ran in together hand in hand, shrieking at the freezing water as it hit their legs. They slowly waded further in before Charlie gave Holly a shove and she fell, gasping as she became fully submerged. She retaliated by grabbing her friend's arm and pulling her down with her, and the two playfully splashed around at each other until they had adjusted to the cold. Neither of them were serious swimmers so they didn't go far out, but sufficiently deep so that they couldn't see the seabed anymore. They hugged the shoreline as they went off a fair way from their bags, going far enough along to check out the cute lifeguard sitting on top of his watch tower. As they were about to turn back Holly decided to mess around.  
  
'Hey Charlie?'  
  
'Yeah?'  
  
'Could you hold this for a second?'  
  
'What?' Holly floated over and passed over a handful of wet fabric. 'Your bikini bottoms? Are you crazy?'  
  
'Just for a second, hold on.' Holly grinned, took a deep breath and disappeared down below the surface for a moment, before bobbing back up with her shoulders noticeably missing the straps that had been there mere seconds earlier. 'Thank you.' She took back the other half of her bikini and clutched it in her left hand, with her top now held tightly in her right.  
  
'Holly you're naked in public! Again!'  
  
'I know! But this is the best way, no one can see me. It's the perfect crime.'  
  
'Well,' This time it was Charlie's turn to go underwater briefly, to get an unfiltered look at her friend. 'I can see you, all of you in fact.'  
  
'Come on, join me.'  
  
'Are you sure?'  
  
'Yes, it will be fun!' Charlie looked back to the shore but then laughed and quickly copied her friend, soon floating next to her in the nude as well.  
  
'Wow this feels so weird! I'm all tingly, are you?'  
  
'Yeah exactly, I've never been skinny dipping before but it feels great right?'  
  
'It really does... wow. And the fact that we're naked and they have no idea, any of them.'  
  
'Told you.' Both girls enjoyed the new sensation of the water against their skin as they swam back the way they had come, weaving their way around the few other people who had also decided to brave the sea, so they wouldn't get too close and risk being discovered. One woman waved to them as they passed and they called out hello, but quickly moved on just in case she fancied a conversation. Soon they were back where they had originally got in, and Holly had a quick glance around before raising her legs until she was floating on her back with her arms out wide, the water lapping over her body, occasionally revealing her hard nipples and cold firm skin.  
  
'Careful Holls, we're near the beach now.'  
  
Holly pinched her nose and performed one last aquatic manoeuvre, rotating around in a forward roll motion and baring her butt to the sky one last time, just for the hell of it.  
  
Charlie sighed. 'I've corrupted you, you know. I used to be the crazy one and now look at you.'  
  
'Takes one to know one.' They both reluctantly got dressed again and then swam to the shore, then walked back to their beach towels. They'd bought a picnic so they spread out the food and tucked in as they began to drip dry. Afterwards they both relaxed back onto their backs and sunbathed for another hour, as Holly fully dozed off with the sun warming her front this time. She woke when she felt a slight chill passing over her, and had to take her sunglasses off to look around as it had become so dark.  
  
'Oh great.' The sun had disappeared behind a huge grey cloud which didn't look like it was going anywhere soon, and the other punters around them seemed to be mostly packing up their stuff and heading home.  
  
'Think we should call it a day?' Charlie was sitting up too and surveying the sky. 'We've got a long drive back.'  
  
'Yeah, ok.' Holly packed up the left over food then turned to see Charlie brushing herself off with a towel.  
  
'Can we do that two towel thing again, so I can get out of this bikini? I'm already dry again thanks to the sun.'  
  
'Oh yeah, sure.' Holly moved across and held out her own towel again, sandwiching Charlie in like before.  
  
'Thanks again. I can do you after.' Charlie peeled off her top and then knelt to try and pick up her bra from the pile of clothing at her feet. 'Dammit.'  
  
Holly was watching the last couple of sunbathers near them busily packing up, and had a bad idea. 'Here, hold these ends and I'll give you your stuff. Take off the rest too, it will be easier.'  
  
'Oh, sure.' Charlie took a corner of the towels with one hand and pulled off the bottom of her bikini with the other, as Holly bent down and used her free hand to bundle up all of Charlies clothes, then pin them against her chest.  
  
'Got them.'  
  
'Careful you're lowering the towel, I'm naked here.'  
  
'Sorry, sorry. So, ready?'  
  
Charlie peered over her makeshift dressing room curtain, and began to reach for her underwear. 'Yeah, pass it over.'  
  
'Whoops.' Instead of helping her friend Holly instead suddenly yanked at her end of the towels, tearing them out of Charlie's unsuspecting hand. She was now holding both the towels and all the clothes, and she looked with vengeful delight at her naked friend standing unprotected in the middle of the beach. She couldn't enjoy the moment for long though and she turned and sprinted away, stumbling as she struggled for grip on the hot sand.  
  
'What the fuck?' Charlie screamed as she looked down in astonishment at her nude body, then set off in horror, in desperate pursuit of Holly. Her panic and shame were enough to power her forwards rapidly, and Holly looked over her shoulder and realised she would quickly be caught. She threw a t shirt and a pair of underwear to the side as a decoy, but Charlie ignored them and continued to catch up, her arms pumping and her hair flailing madly behind her. 'Holly stop for fuck's sake!' Holly threw the remainder of the clothes behind her but no sooner had she done so was she rugby tackled from the rear, and fell smack down onto the ground. Spitting out a mouthful of sand she felt a towel being wrenched out from beneath her, and Charlie stood victoriously over her as she wrapped it around herself. 'What the fuck was that?'  
  
'I told you I would have my revenge.' Holly rolled over panting and smiling, satisfied with her prank.  
  
Charlie laughed incredulously, holding a hand to her forehead in disbelief as she kept tight grip of the towel at her front. 'Seriously? You think that's the same?' You got caught by one guy, at night, not by a beach of people in the middle of the day.'  
  
'Nah relax, everyone's gone pretty much.' Holly lied. Their little stunt had been witnessed by quite a few amused passers-by, who had stopped to watch the pair streak across the beach. Now they continued on their way as it was clear the show was over, and Charlie bashfully looked away from their gazes.  
  
'I'd beg to differ. God I actually had a heart attack when you did that. I trusted you too!'  
  
'Haha I know, I know, but I did warn you that I'd get even at some point. And anyway, you're now forgiven for locking me out last time.'  
  
'I'm not sure if I forgive you.'  
  
'Awww,' Holly got up and hugged her friend who did not reciprocate. 'Don't tell me you didn't enjoy the thrill though, because I know you did.' They wandered back to their bags, collecting the strewn items of clothing as they went, then Charlie started trying to get dressed again. She refused Holly's help, on the basis that there was now a serious lack of trust in their relationship, and instead clumsily tried to get her shorts on under the towel, deciding to forgo her underwear.  
  
'Ah fuck this.' She stood facing the sea and dropped the towel, revealing her naked behind to Holly and the rest of the beach, with her shorts still only up to her knees. She quickly tugged them up then bent down to get her t shirt, then finally stepped into her sandals and walked back to Holly. 'You're staying in your bikini then?'  
  
'Of course,' Holly said smugly. 'Saves the bother of getting dressed.' She didn't however chuck on her overclothes as she had done so for the trip there, instead enjoying the feeling of driving home in her bathing suit. She finally covered up when she paused to drop off Charlie, so her parents wouldn't ask any questions when she walked through the door. When she got to her room she stripped off for a shower, and admired her new tan lines in the mirror as she waited for the water to warm up. She pulled out her phone and took a quick full frontal selfie, displaying the perfect imprint of her bikini set against her freshly darkened skin, and sent it to Charlie.

\*next time we go back we need to do something about this\*  
  
After a long luxurious shower she saw her friend's reply.  
  
\*i'm sure you'd like to get rid of them, you budding nudist\*  
  
\*speaking of which, do we have any nude beaches near us\*  
  
\*oh god\*  
  
\*not that you need it to be a nude beach to get nude at the beach\*  
  
\*don't remind me\*  
  
\*i'll look up where our nearest one is\*  
  
\*nooo\*  
  
\*you'll love it i'm sure xxx\*  
  
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'But that story,' Holly whispered, leaning over and running her hand gently through Jericho's hair, 'that's for another time. Let's try and get some sleep.'  
  
The next morning it was Jericho's turn to rush off to an early lecture, and he reluctantly heaved himself out of bed and looked around for his clothes. As he stumbled about Holly rolled over and yawned loudly, groggily looking up at him and watching as he got dressed.  
  
'Come back to bed babe.'  
  
Jericho couldn't find his left sock. 'You know I want to, but they do take attendance for this module, unfortunately. You can have a lie in at least.'  
  
'Come on...' Holly lay on her side and slowly opened the sheets to reveal her body, lightly tracing across her skin with her other hand. 'You know you want to.'  
  
Jericho glanced down then looked away, shaking his head ruefully. 'You are pure evil.' He put on his trainers then stood in front of Holly's full length mirror to try and quickly cure his messy bed hair. As he fixed it he heard the creak of the bed springs and felt her arms come around his waist and squeeze him tightly, as she snuggled his back with her cheek. Smiling Jericho turned around and Holly eagerly jumped up into his arms as he wrapped his hands under her butt. She pulled him in for a long deep kiss, and for a moment they made out as he slowly carried her towards the door. Holly looked over her shoulder to see where they were going, then continued to peck him with multiple small smooches, whispering in between them as they went.  
  
'Jay, honey?'  
  
'Yes dear.'  
  
'What are you doing?'  
  
'Making the most of the time we have left together?'  
  
'Mmm ok...'  
  
Their embrace continued as they moved, Holly's legs wrapped around his torso and her arms linked behind his head, and when Jericho reached the door he turned slightly so that he could reach out quickly with one hand and release the latch. At this sound Holly's eyes widened.  
  
'Umm Jay...'  
  
'Shhh...' He pressed his lips against hers again before reaching out a foot to shove the door open. Before it could swing back into them he turned round and used his back to hold it ajar, before swinging round and carrying Holly through into the corridor.  
  
'Jay!.' She broke off and hugged him tightly, pressing her body into his and scanning up and down the hallway. Seeing that no one was around she leant back slightly in his arms and glared at him. 'Put me down right now.'  
  
'One last kiss?'  
  
Her angry expression melted back into one of delighted mischief, and she cupped his face in her hands and drank him in.  
  
Jericho patted her gently on the butt twice and finally she jumped back down, standing in front of him holding the lapels of his jacket and tiptoeing to look up at him lovingly. 'Enjoy your lecture.'  
  
'Urgh, kill me.' Jericho walked backwards down the corridor, gazing longingly at Holly as she calmly stood leaning against her door, waving him goodbye. Reluctantly he tore his eyes away, and left the flat to go and find a morning coffee from somewhere. As he queued at the library café his phone buzzed, and he smiled as he opened a photo of Holly lounging back in the comfort of her bed, one hand dropped suggestively between her thighs. 'Thinking of you' was the only message. Safe to say he didn't take much in during his lecture, his mind was elsewhere.  
  
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A few days later and Holly and Jericho burst out from under her duvet, panting and coated in sweat. He reached over for a bottle of water on the bed side table, took a long swig and then passed it on as he collapsed exhausted onto the pillow.  
  
'That was incredible.' Holly was too out of breath to reply but gave an agreeable thumbs up as she drank, and Jericho reached over and playfully high fived her. The two had returned from another art class an hour earlier, and headed straight for Holly's room. She'd been attending every week and Jericho had done his best to make it when he could, and was making decent progress which pleased them both. Their flat had another night out on the town planned, and so they'd decided to fit in a little evening sex before the pre-drinking began.  
  
'I don't think I can go out anymore, I'm not sure I can walk.' Holly gazed vacantly at the ceiling, hands resting on her chest, as Jericho leant over to check his phone.  
  
'We should probably get up soon, they'll be looking for us in a bit.'  
  
'I don't want to...' Holly groaned and rolled over to stuff her face into his side, sighing heavily. They both jumped slightly when there was a loud knock at the door. 'Speak of the devil... Who is it?'  
  
'Jessica,' came the muffled reply. 'Can I come in?'  
  
'Oh god.' Holly lumbered to her feet, then looked down at her naked body and reached over to pull the duvet off the bed.  
  
'Umm, hello?' Now it was Jericho's turn to be exposed, and he covered himself with his hands as he looked up questioningly. 'You know I'm still here right?'  
  
'It's my bed not yours, get your own sheets.' Holly smiled pleasantly and shuffled towards the door, casually holding covers in front of her breasts. With her hair still wild and frazzled, and her cheeks red and flushed, it was quite the getup. 'Hi.' She opened the door and leant against the wall as Jessica raised her eyebrows at her friend's appearance.  
  
'Oh, hi. Sorry, am I interrupting anything?'  
  
'No, no.' Holly just smiled again.  
  
'Where you...'  
  
'Yes.'  
  
'Oh right, sorry! Just quickly then, can I still borrow that pair of heels for tonight?'  
  
'Oh yeah sure, of course.'  
  
'I can come back if-'  
  
'Nah don't worry, I left them out.' Without any hesitation Holly turned around and trudged back into her room, dragging her duvet with her again. However, as she only held it loosely over her front Jessica was surprised to be treated to a view of her naked back and butt. She felt rude for staring but didn't look away, surprised by her flatmate's confidence. Jericho glared at Holly as she smirked down at him, cowering in the far corner of the bed which was out of sight from Jessica waiting by the hall. 'It was the red ones right?' Holly turned away from him and picked up the shoes from a box beneath her desk, then returned to Jessica.  
  
'Yeah great. Ah they're so pretty, thanks!' Jessica gratefully took them and twiddled with the buckles.  
  
'You're welcome.'  
  
'I'll ah, leave you to it. See you in the kitchen in a bit?' She smirked coyly at Holly, who chuckled.  
  
'Haha yeah sure, I'll be through in a second.'  
  
'Oh last thing, do you know where Jerry is, he's not in his room?'  
  
'No sorry, maybe a lecture?'  
  
'Ok no worries, sure he'll rock up soon. See you in a minute, and thanks again I love these so much!'  
  
'Finally...' Muttered Jericho as the door eventually slammed shut and he could relax once more. Holly chucked the duvet over him and then playfully jumped on top, pinning him underneath.  
  
'Aww were you scared of getting caught, Jay? Scared of Jessica walking in and seeing you with your little Jericho out in the open?'  
  
'I think one exhibitionist is enough in this relationship, don't you?' Jericho managed to break free from her grasp and rolled her onto her back, pinning her arms down by the sides of her head.  
  
'Oh it's a relationship now is it? What does that make me then?' Holly pouted up as he straddled her.  
  
'Nice try, friend and friend only,' Jericho teased, shifting up so that he could drag his quickly hardening dick over her boobs.  
  
Holly shook her head, laughing. 'Do you let all your friends do this?' She tilted her head forward and just managed to take him in her mouth, slowly rolling her tongue over his tip as he popped back out.  
  
'Only the ones I'm really close too. Come on, Jessica thinks you're busy touching yourself right now, so if we're quick we've got time for round two.'  
  
'Ambitious, but god loves a tryer.' Holly leant forward again, and got to work.  
  
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'I'll be honest, the rum has gone straight to my head.' Serena was already pretty drunk, as were most of the flat's kitchen. The drinks were flowing, the music blaring, and spirits were high. The rugby player was chatting in the corner with Holly and Jessica as they waited for their taxis to the club to arrive.  
  
'Oh thank god same, I was worried I was the only one feeling this gone.' Holly was also feeling very wavey, but in a great kind of way. 'Oh look, they're here. Where are the boys?' Her phone indicated that their rides where outside, and as the ten or so of their group filtered out into the hall the girls weaved through to intercept Jericho and Diego.  
  
'You guys ready?' Jessica linked arms with Diego and the five of them headed out of the flat.  
  
'Hell yeah,' replied Diego. 'Damn Holly, don't you need a coat?'  
  
'No?' Holly knew that she probably should be wearing one, her outfit for the night definitely wasn't the warmest. Encouraged by the alcohol she had elected for a dark fishnet style mesh top, which was completely see through, thereby revealing a plain black bra underneath. She'd paired it with a very short pleated skirt, with boy shorts beneath, and chunky white trainers to complete the look. Most of the other girls were in more conventional dresses and heels, but she knew she'd be the one getting most of the attention both here and at the nightclub.  
  
'Ok, just thought you might get cold.' Now outside they all crammed into the taxis and set off into the dark. It was a busy night in town and the club was bouncing by the time they arrived. They all headed straight to the bar where Diego bought the first round of shots, then onto the dancefloor they flooded. Jericho was having a great time, completely wasted but having a ball as he drunkenly danced with his equally inebriated friends. The music was great, their choreography was chaotic but enthusiastic, and everyone was in the zone. Round after round kept being purchased and soon Jericho began to lose track of where everyone else was. After a trip to the restroom he reappeared into the packed smoking area and looked around to see if he could recognise anyone. His search was interrupted by a hand grabbing his arm, and he turned to see Holly smiling up at him. She dragged him down to her level for a long kiss, then took his hand and led him off back into the main building.  
  
They climbed a flight of stairs until they were in a quieter side room which was playing classic disco. There were a group of sofas in one corner and Holly pulled him onto them, jumping into his lap and then resuming their make out session. Jericho lost all sense of time and space as he explored her mouth, massaging her butt and thighs through her thin skirt as they grinded against each other. His hands soon wandered up to play with her hair, and then down again to cup her boobs. This seemed to please her, and she broke off to bite her lip and then take a quick look around. There were no bouncers in this room, just a DJ at the side busy working the decks, and everyone else sitting around them was either passed out or also locked onto the mouth of someone else. Happy that the coast was clear enough, Holly reached behind her back and unsnapped her bra, then pulled it down and out under her top, before stuffing it down the side of the sofa.  
  
'It's just a cheap one.' Her nipples were now fully out and poking through the holes of her top, which now might as well have been completely invisible.  
  
'Oh damn.' Jericho was too drunk to be shocked, he was just incredibly horny, and leant forward to nuzzle her cleavage. Holly threw her head back in delight, then went back in for another snog. Their kissing and hip shifting became increasingly aggressive and purposeful, and Holly decided they should get back to the bar before they did something that would get them kicked out. As they headed back to the dancefloor Holly got a couple of confused looks from passers-by, but with the dark corridors and blinding strobe lights it was quite difficult to tell if the girl who'd just passed you did have her tits out or not. They managed to order their drinks without any issues, then once again they rammed their way through the bustling dancefloor to try and find a pocket of space.  
  
'You're crazy, you know?' Shouted Jericho over the noise, and Holly simply beamed. They danced together, a blur of uncoordinated limbs as they completely forgot about bothering to find out where the others were. It was getting to that late point of the night where people were mainly focused on trying to get off with each other, or find someone to go home with, and Holly and Jericho weren't being left out of the debauchery. It was more dirty dancing by this point, with Holly bent over with her butt pushed into Jericho's crotch, who pushed back and grabbed at her from behind. Holly was so lost in the moment she let herself lift her shirt up to her neck as she groped at her breasts and played with her hair. She then reached behind her and ever so slowly reached under her skirt to pull down her shorts, until they were loose enough to fall down to her ankles. She stepped out of them and moaned as she felt Jericho reach down and cop a feel, toying at her with his fingers right there in the middle of the club. She spun round and embraced him, grabbing one hand and guiding him down between her legs so he could sense just how turned on she was.  
  
'Oh my god guys, where the fuck were you?' Suddenly Jessica burst towards them, and embraced the pair in a hug. Then it seemed as if her brain caught up with what her eyes had just seen and she gasped in shock, then pointed accusingly. 'You were kissing her! You were kissing, I saw you!'  
  
Holly groaned. 'Jess, hang on-'  
  
Jessica wasn't going to be stopped. 'You were, oh my god! I mean I never saw this coming, sure you guys are tight but I thought you were just friends-'  
  
'Jess-'  
  
'Guys this always end badly, never mess around with your flatmate that's like rule number one-'  
  
'Jessica-'  
  
'Eww eww eww, I expected better from both of you, and oh! Titties.' She'd finally noticed Holly's lack of a bra, and was briefly lost for words. Jericho took the distraction to at last get a word in.  
  
'Jess, where are the others?'  
  
Jessica regained her composure. 'Yes, that's why I'm here you idiots. Do you not check your phones? The others are gone, it's nearly four in the morning for fucks sake. I just stayed because I didn't want to leave you two.' Not having realised it was so late, Holly and Jericho apologised and agreed to head back. The queue for the cloakroom was slightly nerve wracking as they waited for a bouncer to come over and notice Holly's inappropriate attire, but she kept her arms folded over her chest and even refused Jericho's coat when he offered it. They managed to immediately flag down a cab and they were soon on the road back to campus, somehow escaping without incident. Jessica immediately fell asleep against Holly's shoulder, who was sitting across from Jericho. When she noticed this she grinned and hiked up her skirt to her waist for a few seconds, letting Jericho see everything before the driver might notice. Jericho pulled out his phone and took a picture.  
  
'Awake sleepy, we're here.' Twenty minutes later the trio stumbled out and headed back to the flat, arm in arm. It was deserted as they walked through the accommodation block and so Holly stopped covering up, instead walking confidently up the stairs, chest thrust out. As they entered their corridor she took the lead and strode ahead. 'I don't know about you two but I'm still wide awake.'  
  
'You're on your own there mate.' Jessica muttered sleepily, trying to work out which pocket had her door key.  
  
'I do feel very sticky though, I think someone spilled some sambuca on me.'  
  
Oh no, thought Jericho as he watched Holly kick off her trainers as she walked, then stoop to pull off her socks. I know where this is going...  
  
'In fact seeing as it's nice and quiet, I might take a shower before bed.' Holly's hands then moved to the hem of her top, and Jessica looked up, confused.  
  
'You what... woah.' She fell silent as she watched her friend pull her top up over her head and casually drop it onto the carpeted floor, and her eyes threatened to pop out of her skull as Holly undid the zip on the side of her skirt and let it drop straight off her hips.  
  
'Anyone joining me?' Holly looked seductively over her shoulder before pushing open the bathroom door and slipping inside. Jessica turned to look at Jericho, her mouth literally hanging open in surprise.  
  
'Am I very, very drunk... or did she actually just do that?'  
  
Jericho walked forwards and scooped up the discarded clothing, tucking it under an arm. 'No, unless we're both imagining the same think, I think that was real.'  
  
'What the fuck is she on?' Jessica passed him and entered the bathroom too, holding open the door as Jericho followed. Inside they found Holly already standing under a flow of water, testing the temperature with her fingers, the door of her cubicle still wide open. 'Holls, hun, aren't you forgetting something?'  
  
'What do you mean? So guys, anyone else taking a shower? They're all free.' Holly had found some communal shower gel and was lathering it over her front.  
  
'Holly, you're naked!' Jessica stared unbelievingly at the scene unfolding before her.  
  
'Well of course silly, how do you take your showers? Fully clothed?' The idea amused Holly, and she jumped out towards them, her now damp skin and soaked hair dripping water over the floor. Jessica screamed and dodged out of the way but Jericho wasn't so quick, and Holly grabbed him in a wet bear hug. 'Come on then, in you get.' She pulled him back with her and Jericho stumbled as he dropped her clothes, then complained as he was dragged into the cubicle.  
  
'Urgh why me, now I'm soaked too.'  
  
Holly laughed and shoved him fully under the shower head, then turned to face Jessica. 'You next Jess, come on!'  
  
'Aha absolutely not,' said Jessica, backing away with a bemused smile. 'I am going straight to bed, to try and forget whatever the fuck.. this is.' She gestured vaguely at the pair. 'You love birds have your fun. Jerry, make sure she gets back to her room in one piece.' With that she left, and Holly rolled her eyes.  
  
'What a kill joy, honestly. Who wouldn't want to join us two in here...' She kissed Jericho then reached down to unbuckle his belt. 'You know what, I kind of like you wearing those wet clothes, it's almost even sexier than wearing nothing at all...'  
  
'Oh yeah?' Jericho kissed her back and ran his hands over her body, blinking away the hot water in his eyes. 'Is this the same one where we first...'  
  
'Oh yes.' Holly fished out his dick and sank to her knees. 'I'm getting some serious déjà vu right now.'  
  
'Fine by me.' Jericho reached over and started to pull the stall door shut, but Holly put a hand on his thigh to stop him.  
  
'Not tonight. Tonight can we keep it open?'  
  
Fuck me, thought Jericho, she really is mad. What if someone comes in and sees this, how the hell do we live that down? He knew she loved that very risk though, and the mad thing was that it was beginning to rub off on him. He pushed the door back open wide.  
  
'Of course we can.'

**Chapter Six -- Revenge**  
  
'Of course we can.'  
  
Half an hour later and the pair stumbled out of the bathroom dripping water everywhere as they went. Jericho had tucked himself back into his sodden clothing and was wiping the drips from his eyes, whilst Holly strode carefree down the hall still au naturel, her discarded clothes bundled under an arm.  
  
'Holls, your room is this way.' Jericho watched as she walked off in the wrong direction, towards the communal kitchen.  
  
'I'm thirsty, come on.' She walked through the door and Jericho followed. He was still pretty drunk but the shock of being dragged into the shower had knocked some sense back into him, and so he could acknowledge that what they were doing was a very bad idea. Inside Holly went straight to the fridge and found a carton of orange juice which she began chugging, leaning unabashedly against the counter. 'Damn this metal is cold.'  
  
Jericho laughed as he poured out a glass of water at the sink. 'You not freezing yet? You're still soaked.'  
  
'No... it feels nice actually,' Holly jumped up and sat back on the countertop, her eyes widening slightly as her legs hit the cool surface. 'Kind of refreshing.'  
  
Jericho walked over and she widened her legs to welcome him in, letting him caress her thighs as he leant into her body, before tucking her hair behind her ears and giving her a kiss.  
  
'You taste of oranges.'  
  
'Surprise surprise.'  
  
'Ready for bed yet?'  
  
'Urgh I don't know, I still have this crazy energy. The club, then the hall and the shower, it's addicting. I just don't want it to end...' Her fingers once again drifted down to his trousers.  
  
'And yet,' said Jericho, gently reaching down and taking her hands away from their target, 'end it must. Come on, you've already scarred Jess for life tonight, I think we should cut our losses before anyone else comes.'  
  
'But wouldn't it be hot,' this time Holly reacted by bringing one of Jericho's fingers into her mouth and giving it a long seductive suck. 'to do it here in the kitchen as well? Then we've only got the corridor and the laundry room to conquer...'  
  
'I think that's the alcohol talking...'  
  
'Or is it your subconscious just absolutely loving the idea...' Now Holly grabbed his hands and pressed them onto her breasts, rubbing them as she looked up and gazed into his eyes.  
  
'God you're impossible...' Jericho was so nearly convinced but one crazy risky fuck was enough for him, at least for that night. Holly might not be phased about getting caught in the act but he wasn't as gung-ho, and the idea of someone else coming in for a late night snack filled him with dread. So instead he leant forwards and grabbed Holly around the waist, hugging her tight as he then swung her up over his shoulder which pushed her butt into the air.  
  
'Oh my god Jay, put me down.' Holly playfully wrestled and kicked her legs in protest as she was carried upside down back out into the hall. 'This is so unfair, just because you're bigger than me.'  
  
'Hush now.' Jericho gave her a cheeky slap on the arse as he fished for his keys, then unlocked his door and carefully eased Holly back down onto her feet. He turned to his closet and chucked her a towel as the two finally began to dry off after their trip to the bathroom. Holly quickly threw hers to the ground and leapt into bed, and Jericho soon finished stripping off his clothes and jumped in with her.  
  
'Oh wow.' Holly looked down and giggled. 'The water must have been cold, bless you.'  
  
'What?' Jericho scoffed indignantly. 'I mean yeah, I'm freezing, don't make me feel bad.'  
  
Holly snorted and pecked his blushing cheeks with her lips. 'Don't worry big boy, I can cure a little shrinkage.' With that she theatrically threw up the covers into the air and disappeared beneath them, still laughing to herself as she bent down and tenderly took Jericho in his entirety straight into her mouth. Safe to say her methods proved effective and he was soon back to full fighting strength, ready for another exhausting round two which sent them both into a deep sleep the moment it was over.  
  
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Thankfully the next morning was a Saturday and the two lovers slept in late until Holly was woken by a splitting headache.  
  
'Jesus...' She rolled over to find that her water bottle was empty and groaned. Jericho was still passed out next to her and she tugged down the duvet to reveal his bare arse to see if that elicited a response. It did not, so she gave his butt an appreciative squeeze then got up and went through his closet until she found a hoodie that was long enough to cover her up. She pulled it on and peered out the door to check that no one was about, then wandered down to the kitchen. Inside she found Diego and Jessica, both dressed in casual nightwear and also looking a bit fragile.  
  
'Morning guys.'  
  
'Holly it's half past one.' Diego smiled as he sipped from his mug of coffee, but Jessica just glanced up at Holly then looked away again quickly. 'You feeling rough too?'  
  
'Just a little...' Holly went over to the fridge and took out a bottle of water, chugging half of it before she turned back towards the other two. Suddenly she was hit with an intense flashback, a vivid image of her sitting on the very counter that Diego was currently leaning on, dragging Jericho towards her, trying to get him undressed...  
  
'Holly?' She was jolted back into reality by her flatmate's voice.  
  
'Sorry?' She had no idea what he'd been saying, her brain had not started working yet.  
  
'I was saying what happened to you guys last night? We thought you left early, we couldn't find you.'  
  
'Oh right. No we were still there but we must have lost you. Jess came to find us though, luckily, I don't know how long we'd have stayed otherwise.'  
  
Jessica wasn't engaging in the conversation and she ignored the mention of her name as she poured out a fresh cup of tea, before excusing herself as she quietly left the room.  
  
'She ok?' Holly asked as the door clicked shut, putting two slices of bread into the toaster.  
  
'Yeah?' Diego moved over to sit down at the table. 'Seemed fine to me. So you got a taxi back with her, and Jerry?'  
  
'Yep.' As Holly made herself some breakfast they chatted about their night out, laughing as they jogged each other's memories about the drunken messes they'd all been. 'What happened to that girl you were making out with, anything going on there?'  
  
'No,' Diego stretched his arms over his head. 'She disappeared at some point, and to be honest by then I was struggling to see clearly.'  
  
'Haha, fair enough. Can I use some of your peanut butter by the way, I'm out?'  
  
'Sure, top shelf. And what about you Holly, is that a guy's jumper I see? Did you hook up with someone?'  
  
Shit, thought Holly, I'll have to tell Jay not to wear this one anymore, Diego might recognise it and put two and two together.  
  
'God no, this is from home, from an old boyfriend. Guys' hoodies make the comfiest pyjamas you know.' She texted Jericho as she spoke, to see if he was awake yet.  
  
'Ah nothing exciting then, disappointing.'  
  
'Afraid not.' There was no response to her message so Holly instead decided to go and see Jessica, to try and sort some of the awkwardness that seemed to have come between them. 'What are you doing for the rest of the day?'  
  
'I might try and go to the gym in a bit actually.'  
  
'What? You're crazy, I'd die.' Holly picked up her plate and headed to the door. 'Good luck, try not to throw up everywhere. See you later!'  
  
She walked down the corridor to Jessica's room and knocked loudly, wincing immediately at the sound as she did so.  
  
'Yes?'  
  
'It's Holly, can I come in?' There was a pause.  
  
'Sure. It's open.'  
  
Jessica was tucked up in bed with her laptop on her knees.  
  
'What you doing?'  
  
'Just some tv.'  
  
'Cool.' Holly awkwardly lowered herself onto the end of the bed, trying carefully not to flash Jessica as her jumper rode up her leg. 'How's the hangover?'  
  
'Not too bad actually, but overall I feel a bit dead.' Jessica yawned and wiped her eyes. 'I didn't have a crazy amount to drink, but I didn't sleep well either.'  
  
'No?'  
  
'Nah. You?'  
  
Holly took a bite of toast and pulled a face. 'Yeah I've felt better. Maybe had a few too many shots, in hindsight.'  
  
'Yeah.'  
  
'Mmm.' An uncomfortable silence descended as Jessica pretended to check something on her phone, and Holly just sat looking at the floor.  
  
'So...' Shit, Holly thought, I'll just go for it. 'Last night...'  
  
'You don't have to-'  
  
'No but I should-'  
  
'I actually don't think I want to know-'  
  
'But you're being really weird-'  
  
'I'm being weird?' At this Jessica finally sat up and shoved her laptop to the side so she could look accusingly at her friend. 'Have you forgotten what you were doing last night? And I'm the weird one?'  
  
'No ok I'm sorry, I meant-'  
  
'I mean what the fuck Holly? How wasted were you?'  
  
'Well, very, but-'  
  
'I mean the stuff at the club was weird, but ok, it's university right, you're meant to do some crazy stuff on nights out. But then in the corridor, then the shower? Are you insane?'  
  
'Jess can I just explain? Please?'  
  
'Go on then. Explain.' Jessica folded her arms and raised her eyebrows expectantly.  
  
'So,' Holly opened her mouth and realised she had no idea what to say. 'Umm...' She completely dried up.  
  
'Great.' Jessica just tutted disgustedly and looked away, scowling with frustration. 'You should just go.'  
  
'Jess, I...'  
  
'What?'  
  
Holly looked pleadingly at her friend but again her mind went blank and she froze. How on earth do you even begin to justify last night's display, without any context? She'd never had to try and defend herself like this, Jericho had found out about her but on her own terms, but this was new and unpleasant. 'I... I'll go.' Silently she got up and left, her cheeks burning with shame and self-loathing.  
  
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An hour later and Jessica was once again irritated by a knock on the door.  
  
'What?'  
  
'Cleaning,' was the muffled reply.  
  
'Not now,' she muttered under her breath as she got up to open the door. 'Oh.'  
  
Standing in the hall was a smiling Jericho, holding out a half-eaten packet of cookies. 'I come bearing gifts.'  
  
Jessica eyed him up wearily but then reached over and took one, gesturing for him to come in. 'Your turn to come and talk to me now?'  
  
'Oh yes.' They both slumped onto the bed and sat next to each other, shoulder to shoulder. Jericho had been woken up by a tearful Holly bursting into his room, complaining that Jessica had been acting strangely with her and that she didn't know how to fix it. After consoling her he decided to play peacemaker between the two girls, and see what the real issue was.  
  
'So, are you ok?' He reached over and squeezed Jessica's leg, who immediately began to vent.  
  
'I'm annoyed, actually. At both of you two, you've pissed me off as well.'  
  
'Ok.'  
  
'I mean what was last night Jay, what the hell?'  
  
'Yeah I know.'  
  
'Has she done that sort of thing before?'  
  
'Honestly? Yes. But nothing that extreme, or with people watching, that was a surprise for me too.'  
  
'So what is she, some sort of flasher, thrill seeker?'  
  
Jericho sighed and started on another cookie. 'Closet exhibitionist maybe? Adrenaline junky, I don't know.'  
  
Jessica turned to face him. 'So when did it start for you? How long have you known?'  
  
'Well, it was a few weeks ago and I was having a shower...' For the next twenty minutes Jericho recounted the series of events that had lead up to the previous evening, describing every time Holly had exhibited herself, explaining the history between her and Charlie back at home, and finally what had happened in the kitchen after Jessica had gone to bed. Other than some of the more detailed aspects of their sex life he was completely truthful and exhaustive with his story, and Jessica listened with an increasing sense of disbelief, her mouth falling open a bit more with every passing second. 'And so I finally managed to get her to leave the kitchen, luckily no one saw us walk back up the corridor, and then that brings us to this morning. That's everything I think.'  
  
'Jesus Jerry, and I thought Serena's stuff was daring... I'm actually lost for words.'  
  
Jericho chuckled. 'Tell me about it, I feel like I've been in some sort of crazy dream ever since I met her.'  
  
Jessica laughed too, incredulously, staring up at the ceiling.  
  
'Dream or fantasy?'  
  
'Good point, I can't lie I've never met anyone as insane as her before, but no one who gets me as turned on either.'  
  
'Gross.'  
  
'Shut it.'  
  
'I'm still not happy though. The crazy naked stuff, ok that's Holly's business, it's not for me but I don't judge it too much. But you two and me, we've kind of been a little group since we got here you know? You're my best friends at uni, and knowing that you've been hooking up all this time behind my back? Obviously it's nothing to do with me necessarily, but all the hiding and lying just makes me feel a bit stupid honestly.'  
  
'No, I know.'  
  
'And then last night all I could think about was you two in bed together whilst I was just here feeling like shit, like I was just always going to be the third wheel from now on.'  
  
'Aww Jess,' Jericho put his arm around her shoulders and gave her a hug. 'I'm really sorry we weren't honest with you, and I'm sorry Holly let you find out about us in such an unexpected extreme way. We should have been more truthful but I guess all the sneakiness was part of the excitement for us, and we got carried away. You'll never be a third wheel though, never ever, I really don't want you to think this changes anything between us.'  
  
Jessica sniffled. 'Really?'  
  
'Really, I promise. What can we do to make it up for you?'  
  
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'So Jerry has agreed to do my bin rota for this week.' Jessica was lecturing Holly and Jericho who sat on her bed, looking up at her as she pointed at them. After Jericho and Jessica had made their piece Holly had returned to apologise as well, and now everything seemed to be sorted out. However the trio had decided that punishments were in order to even things up. 'Holly I want you to do all my laundry, those two bags in the corner. And lastly the pair of you will be paying for a takeaway for tonight, which we shall eat together as a reminder for you to always make time to enjoy with your best friend Jess.'  
  
Holly groaned. 'God fine, if that's what it takes for your forgiveness.'  
  
Jericho nodded. 'Your terms are acceptable.'  
  
Jessica beamed. 'Great, well in that case I think I need to work up an appetite. I've not got out of bed yet so I might to go the sports center, I think a swim will help wake me up a bit. You want to come Holly?'  
  
There were few things Holly would rather not do, the idea of exercise in her current state immediately made her feel queasy. However she was still feeling indebted to Jessica and her guilty conscience made her unenthusiastically nod her head.  
  
'Yeah of course, good idea. When, now?'  
  
Jessica looked at her phone. 'It shuts earlier at the weekend right? Say we go in ten minutes, then we'll have a decent time to swim before they kick us out?'  
  
'No problem.' Holly gave a tired smile and got up. 'I'll go and get changed.'  
  
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Jericho watched from his window as Holly shuffled along the path leading away from their accommodation block, catching up to Jessica as the pair disappeared round the bend on their way to the gym complex.  
  
The woman's locker room was pretty busy when they arrived but they managed to find a corner with a couple of lockers free, and there they started to unpack. Jessica was a regular visitor to the pool whereas Holly was much more of a gym goer, and this was only her second time going for a swim. Both girls had won their one piece costumes under their clothes for convenience, so they quickly disrobed and packed their things away. The center made you bring your own padlocks for the lockers and they both used small combination ones, so as Holly clicked hers shut Jessica made sure to secretly glance over and remember the four digit code. There were three exits to the changing room, one to the lobby, one upstairs to the main gym and then the one they walked through, leading to the swimming pool.  
  
Why am I here, thought Holly, as she gingerly lowered herself down the ladder and into the water, flinching at the cold.  
  
'Hurry up, we've not got long.' Jessica got in after her and immediately launched off into a powerful front crawl, leaving the bemused Holly in her wake. As Jessica swam lap after lap, scything confidently through the water, Holly mainly floated around in the shallow end, trying her best to stay out of everyone's way. She eventually gave up entirely and just held onto the side of the pool, treading water and wishing she could be back in bed as she watched the clock on the side tick along. Mercifully it wasn't long until the lifeguard announced that the center would be closing soon and they had to leave. Holly was first up the ladder as Jessica and a handful of other swimmers filed back behind her towards the changing room. By now it was quickly emptying as people headed home, and the pair went to their lockers to get out their towels and toiletries, before heading to the showers. They weren't the traditional group ones out in the open, but instead were like the ones in their flat, individual cubicles with curtains in front. A few of them were in use and Jessica slipped inside one of the free ones, with Holly going into one a couple further down.  
  
'See you in a sec.' Jessica pulled the curtain shut and immediately took off her costume, not even bothering to turn on the hot water. She quickly dried herself off and walked back out, checking to make sure she could see steam pouring out of Holly's stall. She nipped back to her locker and quickly pulled on her underwear under the towel, then tugged on her outerwear before shoving the rest of her stuff into her bag. The tannoy blared from the ceiling, announcing that the center would shut in five minutes, and Jessica looked back to see that only Holly was left in the shower area, with everyone else now wrapped in towels returning to their bags. Jessica moved across and fiddled at Holly's lock and soon had it undone, emptying out that locker too then walking across the room to finish off the last part of the plan. Finally she then waited fiddling on her phone as a few more people left the room, until with only a couple remaining she decided that now was the time to put her and Jericho's plan into action. Moving swiftly she went back to the showers and stood outside Holly's cubicle, with her bag ready in her hand. In order to keep them out of the spray Holly's towel and discarded swimsuit were draped over the metal bar that the curtain hung from, and with a final check behind her Jessica reached up and yanked them away, stuffing them into the rucksack.  
  
'What the- Jess?' Holly's head appeared round the side of the curtain. 'Umm, what are you doing?'  
  
'Sorry?' Jessica swung both the bags over her shoulders and stood there smirking mischievously.  
  
'You've stolen my towel...' Holly looked back into the locker room and was alarmed to see that they were still not alone. 'And I'm assuming my clothes are in my bag too?'  
  
'Correct.'  
  
'Jess what the hell!' Holly looked down at her body hidden behind an incredibly thin piece of plastic material and gestured exasperatedly at her friend. 'Can I have them back?'  
  
'God no,' Jessica checked her phone. 'But this place does officially close in three minutes so you might want to think about finishing up that shower soonish. Bye!' She turned to go but Holly hissed at her.

'Jess stop! You can't leave me like this, come on please! Why are you doing this?'  
  
'I lied, you don't need to do my laundry. This is your punishment instead. Surprise!'  
  
'Jess I can't go out like this you idiot, I don't have anything to wear! Jay only has to do the bins but you do this to me, is that not a bit extreme?'  
  
'Oh don't worry, I'm not that cruel. I've left you a towel, but you'll have to get it yourself. And then going to reception to beg for some clothes will be embarrassing but let's not pretend you won't secretly love it.'  
  
'Jess listen seriously no-'  
  
'See you later, looking forward to hearing how it goes!'  
  
'Jess!' But her cries were in vain as Jessica turned on her heels and strode away from her, blowing a goodbye kiss as she went. Fuck fuck fuck thought Holly, this was bad, really bad. Had this been the plan all along, the only reason Jessica wanted to go swimming? Damn that girl was cunning, and surprisingly evil. At least she'd left her something to put on though, the only question was how to get to it... Holly couldn't see much from her stall so she held the curtain over her chest and cautiously stepped slowly out into the open, peering round to try and see if anyone was still about.  
  
'No... no, no.' To her dismay there were still two students left, the nearest of which was a tall girl who was somehow still slowly packing her things into her bag, nodding her head in time to the music that was presumably playing through her headphones. The only redeeming factor was that she was on the opposite side of the room to the row of lockers which contained Holly's source of escape. The second girl was tying her shoelaces as she sat on one of the benches, frustratingly the one right next to where Holly needed to go. There would be no way of getting past both of them without being seen, so she would just have to wait until they were gone. Holly stepped back into the warmth of the shower, satisfied with her idea. Two seconds later it was ruined as the tannoy came back on, announcing that the center was now closed. No sooner was the message over than the door from the foyer opened and in came a cleaner, pushing her cart in front of her.  
  
'You in the shower, time to leave please, I'll be back in a moment to lock up. You two as well, thank you.' Her voice carried a hint of irritation and Holly grimaced as she tiptoed to watch her walk back out.  
  
'Come on come on, go.' Finally the shoe tying girl was finished and she stood up to leave, walking away from the showers towards the exit. Holly decided that this was her only chance. Tall girl was still lost in a world of her own, messaging someone on her phone as she continued to vibe out to her playlist. If Holly was quick she should be able to creep out, sneak behind her and get to the locker, hopefully getting her towel out before the cleaner came back. Once she was covered up then she could worry about getting home safely. She decided to commit to the plan before she could talk herself out of it, so as she watched shoe girl push open the door she turned off the shower and timidly pulled the curtain aside, absentmindedly holding one boob with her hand as she waited to pounce. The moment the door swung shut she stepped out into the open and slowly walked towards her locker, keeping her eyes on the back of tall girl, praying that she wouldn't suddenly turn around. Her target was in the far corner of the room and she had made it halfway across when suddenly the door to the lobby was shoved back open and shoe girl re-entered the room. Holly's eyes snaped to hers and the pair stared at each other, both momentarily frozen in time. Holly's mind ran through a million thoughts in that split second as the shock sent her body into overdrive, her flight or fight response sending adrenaline shooting through her limbs. Her instinct of course was to cover up and run, but where too? She needed that towel whatever happened, and showing her embarrassment would only be an admission that what she was doing was shameful. It was a locker room after all, it's designed for people to get undressed in, so technically she wasn't doing anything wrong?  
  
So in the end Holly managed somehow to maintain a straight face and just glanced briefly at the intruder before continuing to walk past her with her arms by her sides, forcing herself to step slowly and naturally as if nothing was out of the ordinary. Of course you usually see the odd bit of flesh whilst people are getting changed at the gym, but no one would ever dream of walking round the room completely nude, and soaking wet to make things worse. The experience of being the only one naked in a room with two other fully dressed strangers was unbelievable, she felt incredibly vulnerable but was trying her best to appear confident and calm. Finally she reached the locker and she reached out anxiously to dial in the code.  
  
'Oh you bitch...' She screwed her eyes shut and cursed under her breath as she realised that Jessica hadn't just been wicked, she'd been downright twisted. Instead of finding her own blue padlock Holly discovered that it was actually Jessica's black one that was now in her way. 'How the hell am I meant to know this?' She started to desperately fiddle with the dials, trying likely combinations. One two three four? No. Four three two one? No... Randomly shake the lock to try and get lucky? Still no... Holly looked over her shoulder and saw shoe girl walking back towards her, having retrieved whatever item it was she'd left behind the first time. Holly hung her head and cowered slightly as she turned back and hunched towards the locker, wishing the ground would swallow her up as the woman passed behind her. Once again the door shut and Holly straightened again, now really beginning to panic. Nineteen ninety seven, the year Jess was born? Shit, no... What was her birthday, maybe it was the day and the month instead? She had no idea. Well that was it then, she was done for. She'd have to go and plead with the cleaner when she came back and hope she was kind. Or maybe she should just make a break for it instead, tear off one of the shower curtains and flee. Hold on.... one one one one? Surely not...  
  
The lock immediately clicked open. Jess you moron, thought Holly, seething at this point, what cretin uses such an easy to crack code? Thank god she did though, and Holly was filled with relief as she opened the small door.  
  
'You've got to be kidding me...' Inside there was no towel, but there was a scrap of paper. On it, scrawled in biro, was a simple message: check door twenty seven. There was a smiley face drawn at the bottom too, to add insult to injury. Holly screwed up the note in frustration and looked up and down the lockers, searching for the door with that number. All the ones on this side were too high, and so it was with a sinking feeling that Holly slowly turned around, hands clasped nervously on her chest, and saw that sure enough, twenty seven was on the other side. On the other side, and more specifically in front of the tall girl, who had her bag on now but was still finishing a message on her phone. Well, Holly concluded, I should have known everyone would see me in the end. Honestly though what were the chances, even Jessica couldn't have planned out this latest twist that perfectly. For the second time Holly made herself drop her arms and loosen her stance as she walked across the slippery floor of the changing room.  
  
'Excuse me.' She stood to the side of the oblivious student, who clearly couldn't hear her. 'Hey.' She poked her gently on the arm and the girl jumped slightly, turning to see who was there as she pulled off her headphones.  
  
'Sorry I didn't... woah.' Her mouth fell open as her eyes settled on the unexpected vision that stood before her, smiling faintly up at her as she continued to gently drip water onto the floor.  
  
'Could I just get to that locker for a second?' Holly pointed helpfully at number twenty seven as she shook gently, ignoring her brain which was screaming at her to cover up.  
  
'Sorry yeah, of course...' The bemused girl picked up her stuff and finally decided to head off home, and as she walked past Holly she glanced back at the naked rear of this shockingly uninhibited swimmer. Holly's cheeks were burning profusely by this point and she didn't move a muscle until she heard the door slam shut and she knew she was finally alone. Well, that had been completely humiliating but she thought she had managed to play it off pretty well, and now she could finally cover up. Opening the unguarded locker she half expected to see another note, but she was rewarded with the glorious site of a neatly folded fluffy white towel.  
  
'Yes...' She picked it up and eagerly held it out to wrap around her, but her expression soon turned to horror as she realised what Jessica's last trick was. In the middle of the towel was a huge hole, meaning almost ninety percent of the material was missing. It was utterly useless, only the thin outer square border remained and how on earth was anyone meant to cover themselves with that? The colour drained from her face and she suddenly felt very cold as she realised this was it, she really had no way out. At least before she could justify her bare body because she was a woman getting changed in a locker room but now? Now she was just a naked girl walking around looking for some clothes. Holly put down the towel and placed it back in its locker, gently shutting the door as she shook her head in bewilderment. Muffled voices became audible from the corridor outside and Holly decided to accept her fate, so she turned to the side and placed her hands over her body, adopting a sheepish look as in walked the cleaner, this time with one of her colleagues by her side. They both stopped talking and gasped simultaneously at the sight that greeted them.  
  
'Hi...,' Holly cocked her head apologetically. 'Sorry, but someone seems to have stolen my clothes?'  
  
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Twenty minutes later and Jericho, Jessica and Holly were walking away from the sports center.  
  
'Fucking dicks, the pair of you.' Holly wasn't really trying to be angry, she was more amazed by their boldness than anything else. 'Who's idea was that?'  
  
'A bit of both,' giggled Jessica, hugging her friend's arm. 'Jerry suggested that you wouldn't be too averse to something like this as your punishment, and then I thought the clothes stealing could be fun.'  
  
'Fun?' Holly rolled her eyes. 'Terrifying more like.'  
  
'But terrifyingly fun right, like going on a roller-coaster or seeing a scary movie?'  
  
It was actually a good comparison, thought Jericho. 'Yeah you must have loved the thrill, your cheeks are still pink.'  
  
'Because I was humiliated you moron! Two students saw me with my bits out, then I had to stand there for ages like an idiot in front of two cleaners!'  
  
Jess laughed. 'So what exactly happened?'  
  
'Well they didn't really understand why or how someone would break into my locker and take everything, and somehow steal my towel without me noticing, but they couldn't exactly accuse me of making it up could they? So one went to see if there were any clothes in the lost property box, which took her forever. Meanwhile I'm just there completely naked as the other one makes small talk with me, I'd never been so embarrassed. Then when they realised there weren't any clothes for me they let me use a phone, they turned their backs as I uncovered to find you on messenger and ask you to bring me something to wear. Then as we waited one of them finally offered me their apron to put on, so as they cleaned I just sat on a bench with my bare arse hanging out, watching them work.'  
  
'We came as first as we could.'  
  
'Oh I'm sure. And thanks for only bringing me a dress Jess, nice touch. Now my hair is still wet and I'm freezing.'  
  
Jess was unapologetic. 'Wow, so ungrateful. Next time I'll ignore your message and you can try and get home barefoot, wearing an apron.'  
  
'Oh don't worry, the next time it won't be me who's getting tricked...' Holly playfully nudged Jessica who narrowed her eyes warily.  
  
'Oh really? Well, we shall see.'  
  
'Jessica trust me, when it comes to revenge, I am the queen. I am unbeatable. Did Jay tell you about my friend Charlie? Well, one time she thought she could outsmart me too...'  
  
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It had been a couple of weeks since the trip to the beach, were Holly had avenged herself by making Charlie run along a public beach in her birthday suit. The friends had unofficially formed a truce since then and life was mostly back to normal. Work was still boring for Holly and very stressful for Charlie, not much else was going on and summer was nearing an end. To make the most of the last sunny day Holly had gone over to Charlie's to quote unquote work together in the garden, but in reality they soon gave up and decided to catch some rays.  
  
'I'm going to miss this weather.' Holly shut her laptop and leant back on the lounge chair that she'd set up in the garden. 'I hate winter.'  
  
'Same, same.' Charlie went indoors and returned with a pitcher and two glasses. 'Frozen margheritas?'  
  
'Oh wow,' Holly watched her pour one out and reached up for it gratefully. 'Thanks, you absolute legend. Well, we're definitely not doing any more work after this!'  
  
'Eh, it's five already, I think that's late enough to clock off.' Charlie lay down on her lounger and the pair chatted as they relaxed, basking in the warm sunlight.  
  
Holly had her eyes shut but looked over as she heard Charlie sit up. 'What you doing?'  
  
'Getting comfortable.' Both girls had kicked off their shoes and socks hours ago but now Charlie stood and slid off her shorts, revealing a thong.  
  
'Can't your neighbours see in here?'  
  
'Yeah but it's just like wearing a bikini, and I've done that out here a lot.' Next off was her shirt and she smiled down at Holly. 'Feel free to join me.'  
  
Holly raised an eyebrow. 'What if one of your housemates comes home?'  
  
Charlie settled down in her underwear and waved her hand dismissively. 'I told you earlier none of them will be back until late tonight, we've got the place to ourselves today.'  
  
'Hmm, if you're sure.' Holly looked up at the windows of the houses that overlooked their tanning spot but she couldn't see anyone, so she undressed too and was soon relaxing again. Charlie was right, there was something inhibiting about sunbathing fully clothed, and soon Holly was so chilled she was on the verge of drifting off. Her daydreaming was interrupted by the sound of something landing on the grass to her side and she shielded her eyes as she looked across at her friend.  
  
'Really?'  
  
'What?' Charlie had removed her bra and dropped it to the side, allowing an impressive amount of side boob to spill out from under as she lay on her front. 'Otherwise it's uncomfortable when you're not on your back.'  
  
Holly just scoffed and went back to napping. When she could feel her front beginning to burn she copied Charlie and turned over, annoyingly soon having to admit that the sensation of her bra pressing into her chest was irritating. 'Sure no one is coming back?'  
  
'Oh my god.'  
  
'Fine, fine.' Holly unhooked herself and lay back down, careful not to show too much to the world in case there was a neighbour peering through their blinds. The sun felt even better on her bare back now and she pulled her panties down as far as she dared, enjoying the feeling of the air on her butt. At some point in the next hour Charlie asked if Holly wanted to stay for dinner, and accordingly went inside to put a lasagne in the oven and refill their drinks. On the way in she casually slung an arm over her breasts but on the way back any semblance of modesty was lost as she had to use both hands to carry the glasses. Holly didn't really notice though and just indistinctly grunted her thanks. She was lost in her thoughts, dreaming of the guy across the road, the day at the beach, and how deep down she wished it had been her who had been running across the sand...  
  
'I think the food will be ready in a second, I'll go check.'  
  
'Mmm, sure...' Holly watched her friend stroll off, then buried her face in her crossed arms and sighed contentedly.  
  
'Umm, Holly right?'  
  
Who the hell was that? Holly's heart stopped as she tried to work out who's voice had just spoken. It was a vaguely familiar, but the only thing that mattered was that it wasn't Charlie. She looked up, blinking at the bright sky, to see a man looking down at her puzzledly. 'Umm, yes?'  
  
The man turned and nodded back to the house. 'Charlie asked me to tell you that dinner is ready?'  
  
Oh damn, thought Holly, it's Michael, one of Charlie's flatmates. They'd met a few times in passing and he seemed pleasant, but this wasn't really how she wanted to greet him. Also hadn't Charlie said he wouldn't be back for hours yet...  
  
'Oh right, thanks.' Holly looked to the right for her bra and stiffened again. It wasn't there, and neither was Charlie's. 'Uhhh...' Michael could obviously see that she was topless and now they could both see that she had no clothes to put on.  
  
'Holly, we're waiting!' Charlie appeared at the door, holding the pasta bake with a pair of oven gloves. 'Come on in!' Holly was shellshocked, partly due to the presence of Michael, but now mainly due to her horror that her friend was standing there completely dressed again. She watched as Charlie gave her a wink and disappeared back into the kitchen, and Michael gave Holly one last glance before following. Holly double checked under the chair to make sure she wasn't going crazy but no, it was true, Charlie had well and truly stitched her up. If she wasn't so panicked she might have been impressed by the imagination and clean execution of the plan, but right now she was just lost for words. She painstakingly got up onto all fours then sat back on her heels, looking around one last time in desperation for anything to wear. There was nothing though, and reluctantly she got to her feet and pulled up her underwear, making sure it covered as much as possible. She then crossed her arms over her nipples in a pose that she hoped looked sort of casual, and walked back to the house.  
  
'There you are! You guys both know Holly right?'  
  
Jesus, thought Holly, it's not just Michael. Sitting next to him at the dining table was Ruben, the other male house mate. The pair grinned at her as she entered the room and she quickly stepped behind the kitchen island so at least the bottom half of her was hidden.  
  
'Hi Holly.'  
  
'Hey Ruben.'  
  
'Get some good sun?'  
  
'Aha yeah...'  
  
Charlie smiled at her friend's awkwardness and began spooning out lasagne onto the four plates. 'I'm not one for tanning but Holly is really into it, aren't you Holls. How are those tan lines doing, got rid of them yet?'  
  
Holly ignored the taunt and politely excused herself. 'I'm just going to get dressed quickly and I'll be straight down. Feel free to start without me.'  
  
'Ah we'll wait don't worry.' Charlie returned the pan to the side and then carried a bottle of wine to the table, pouring out a glass and a half before it ran out. 'Oh this one's empty, I'll get another. Can you chuck this in the recycling please Holls?' Without any hesitation she gently lobbed the glass bottle towards her friend. Holly was only standing a couple of meters away and so had no time to think, but her reactions kicked in and she instinctively reached out to catch it and prevent it shattering on the tiled floor. As her hands wrapped around the glass her brain caught up with her body and realised its mistake, and far too late Holly clamped her arms across her chest again, awkwardly holding the bottle under her chin. One look at the others showed that they'd seen everything, and Holly could feel herself turning bright red. 'Thanks!' Charlie smiled knowingly and returned to the fridge for more wine, as Michael and Ruben watched on whilst practically drooling. Holly glowered as she turned her back on the trio, stuffing the bottle in the recycling bin and storming upstairs, giving the boys a great view of her panty clad butt as if flashing her tits wasn't already enough. Back in Charlie's room she found her clothes on the bed and got dressed again, before composing herself and returning downstairs with what she hoped was an air of dignity. She still felt incredibly shy as they all ate, but once the drinks got flowing she managed to calm down a bit and enjoy the evening, after all she did like the two guys even if they had seen far too much of her by now. Soon it was quite late and she had to rush out to make sure she caught the last bus going her way. As she hugged Charlie goodbye she whispered into her ear.

'Thought you said they'd be out for hours?'  
  
'Well I more meant they were in their room working all afternoon, but you know.'  
  
'And you planned this whole thing?'  
  
Charlie broke off the hug and held Holly's shoulders, grinning at her. 'Of course, I managed to grab your stuff and take it upstairs, then I got dressed and messaged the guys that I'd cooked for all of us and it was time to come down.'  
  
'Wowww... what if they'd been in the kitchen when you put the food in though?'  
  
Charlie shrugged. 'That was a risk I was willing to take.'  
  
'I'm actually impressed.... but you're so dead by the way. So dead.' Holly laughed as she walked unsteadily down the drive. 'Mark my words, I will one up you.'  
  
'Not a chance.' Charlie waved goodnight from her door and Holly just managed to make it to the bus on time, plotting her revenge as she rode back home. Once in bed the mixture of alcohol and exhibitionist thrill swirling through her mind was enough to keep her awake for hours, and it wasn't long until she had worked out just how she was going to get back at Charlie. She made herself wait until the morning to set the ball rolling with a text message.  
  
\*how would you feel about a weekend camping?\*