**Becky & Lisa**

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**Becky & Lisa Ch. 01: My Naked Friend**

"I can't decide what beer to get," my friend Becky said. "Can you help me make my mind up?"  
  
"Oh yeah," she continued as we walked up the aisle, "energy drinks! We need those too." She paused and handed me a six pack of Red Bull. "Can you hold these for me?"   
  
I struggled for a second, reorganising my load. I hadn't picked up a basket, and I was already carrying two big bags of snacks. Oh, and all of Becky's clothing.  
  
I should probably have mentioned that.  
  
Becky was currently walking completely naked around the small supermarket. The cute "can't make up my mind" thing was, I was pretty sure, just an act, designed to keep us browsing the beers a little longer. Although if she did want to make this experience last longer, I wasn't sure if that was for her benefit, or for the checkout guy happily leering at her as she leaned into the refrigerator.   
  
Or if she just wanted to prolong my discomfort.  
  
By the way, I was most definitely Not Also Naked. She is the exhibitionist, not me. I'm just the lacky, the hapless best mate who follows her around to hold her clothes, make sure nobody hurts her and occasionally makes up stories to stop her getting arrested ("it's ok folks, we're just shooting a movie! She's Lindsay Lohan's body double, they'll superimpose LiLo's head on later. No, I'm not surprised you can't see any cameras, it's, uh, guerilla film-making. Yeah, that's it. No, Miss Lohan's much better now, thank you. Yes I'll give her your best when we rejoin the main shoot.")  
  
Ok, this is an unusual relationship, I'll admit, and probably requires a bit of an explanation, but that will have to wait for another time. All you need to know if you want to psychoanalyse Becky and I, just know that when we were kids we found ourselves in a situation where Becky was completely naked in public (including a trip to a store not too different to this one), I was nearly naked - and she had a great time and got a free bar of chocolate, whereas I got thoroughly embarrassed and then grounded. In case you were wondering why she ended up an exhibitionist and I ended up, well, me.  
  
So, flash forward to us at 18 and you find us once again with Becky naked in a convenience store, just as things were that day. Well things aren't quite the same. At least this time I am fully clothed.  
  
We have changed a little in appearance though - or at least Becky has! I'm still nearly as flat-chested as I was back then - I was obviously out the night the boob fairy visited, so I think they just went to Becky twice. Her D-cup chest and curvaceous hips are the main reason the guy behind the counter is looking so happy that she's currently misplaced her clothes, although I'm sure her neat triangle of pubic hair is also attracting some of his attention.  
  
It's a different store, too - we had been in town at a house party and ended up volunteering for a 1am beer run to a local convenience store, one we had never visited before and probably weren't likely to visit again.  
  
When we arrived at the store Becky must have noticed that it was deserted except for the clerk, and before I even knew what was happening she'd whipped her shirt over her head, unhooked her bra and was stepping out of the shorts and panties she had dropped to the floor. Becky's a master of the quick undress (and redress) - I wonder if it's something she practices? Or maybe there's a special exhibitionist summer school you can go to.  
  
"Hold these for me would you Lisa?" she said with an impish grin as she handed me her clothes and then with a toss of her curls walked naked into the liquor area of the shop.  
  
So here we are, two best friends, one of them currently possessed of an inexplicable urge to shop naked, the other deeply, staggeringly embarrassed by the whole thing.  
  
The guy behind the counter has his phone out now. He's either snapping pictures of Becky (which is quite understandable really) or he's texting his mates and telling them there's a gorgeous girl in his shop absolutely starkers. I hope it's not the latter. The last thing we need now is a bunch of lads coming down to perv on Becky - although she'd probably enjoy the audience. I hope we'll be long gone before anyone arrives.  
  
You're probably thinking, if it's just as simple as Becky wanting people to see her naked, didn't we just leave a house party full of people to come over here. Why is she pretending she can't decide what beer to buy when she could be the centre of attention at the party, naked on the dancefloor - men around her consumed with lust, women with jealousy?  
  
In truth, I don't really know, except to say that Becky isn't really like that. That's not to say she's never lost her clothes at a party, but it's not something she's going to do as a first choice. It's strange but for the most part, none of our other friends have seen her like this. If she's, um, "showing off", it's usually for people she doesn't know.  
  
And me.  
  
I'm not certain of this by any means, but part of me thinks that this is all for my benefit. Or perhaps, I wonder sometimes, she knows how much this embarrasses me and she's getting her kicks as much from my reaction as anyone else's. Perhaps that's why it's always me left holding the clothes?  
  
And why do I put up with it, no matter how much it makes me want to have a hole open up in front of me that I can dive into and swallow me up?  
  
Well, here's the thing. I might be utterly, mortifyingly embarrassed that my best friend sees nothing wrong with walking around naked in public, I might still get mad at her every time she does it... But deep down, if I'm brutally honest with myself... It kinda turns me on.  
  
Yeah. That's bad isn't it? That just makes it more awkward. The fact that right now her behaviour is making me blush is one thing, but the fact that it's also giving me rock hard nipples and wetness between my legs is a whole other issue. Every time I see her without her clothes on (which is, as you have probably gathered by now, pretty often) I just want to throw myself on top of her and kiss her all over - and I mean, all over.  
  
You're probably thinking ok, I'm your standard teenage lesbian with a crush on her best friend. But that's the thing - if I was gay and constantly confronted by this stunning naked girl, l'd understand it - I mean, who wouldn't?  
  
But I'm straight as a Roman road. I've had a few boyfriends and while I am still a virgin (and currently single) I'm fine with how everything works in that regard and perfectly certain that my next serious relationship will involve lots of standard man-woman sex. I've never felt attracted to another woman before and I've never felt attracted to any other woman since. Besides Becky.  
  
So that's just adding to my embarrassment and awkwardness, because whenever she strips off around me, I'm reminded that I'm a straight girl who is head-over-heals in love (or lust) with her best friend. Her beautiful, amazing, funny, free-spirited, gorgeous, bubbly, exhibitionist best friend. Her best friend who is currently standing at a counter in a convenience store totally naked, paying with my money for a 12-pack of beers from a guy who would probably have let us walk out with half the stock in the store in exchange for just one touch of those bouncing bare breasts (he'll be disappointed, after this we will leave the store - before whatever friends he's texted arrive - and walk back through dark and empty streets to within a few yards of the house party before Becky will finally take her clothes back and put them back on). Her best friend who is - oh, my God, what's she doing now?  
  
"Lisa!" she calls - as if she doesn't already have my attention - "remember this from health class?"  
  
And with that she bends over, parting her legs a little to help bring her closer to the ground, and bare bottom in the air she effortlessly touches her toes.  
  
Only she's facing the counter, so it isn't the clerk who gets the resulting eyeful. The only person who can see exactly what she's chosen to show off, is the person she has her back to -me.  
  
So help me, I'm going to need a very cold shower as soon as possible.

**Becky & Lisa Camping Ch. 01**

My best friend Becky is an exhibitionist. She thinks nothing is more fun than taking all her clothes in places where people are quite likely to see her. It's a side of herself she has chosen to share with me alone out of all our other friends, although I often find myself wishing she wasn't "Naked Becky" quite so often, to spare my own embarrassment! It's made worse because (despite thinking of myself as straight) I have something of a crush on Becky - something I can usually ignore, but not when she's naked!  
  
As well as being an exhibitionist, Becky is also a more straightforward nudist.   
  
Being the concerned friend I am, I have looked into such things on the Internet (which was an eye-opener!) and I know that there is a big difference between an exhibitionist and a nudist.  
  
As I understand it, an exhibitionist is someone who likes to expose themselves or be exposed to an audience (of one or more people), or to put themselves in a situation where there is a risk of exposure. They get a thrill from this, in many cases even sexual excitement (I don't know for certain if Becky is turned on by getting naked in public places but I'm certainly turned on when I see her doing it, unfortunately!)  
  
A nudist though is someone who just likes being naked; just having no clothes on feels good to them. They might be quite comfortable naked around other naked people or even people who aren't naked, but they don't need that audience - they'd be naked on their own just as happily.  
  
For nudists, I have read, being naked is more of a lifestyle choice - they reject the idea that nudity is taboo, but they don't force their nudity on people - they just go naked at times and places where clothes aren't needed.  
  
Becky is both. Sometimes she is naked because she wants people to see, but she's often naked just because she likes to be naked. And sometimes she's naked because she likes to be naked, and just doesn't care if anyone sees or not!  
  
Becky's been an exhibitionist for quite a few years I think, but she's been a NUDIST only for about the last year.  
  
I first noticed her nudism earlier this year when we were keeping in touch with each other by Snapchat. I began to notice that every time Becky would Snapchat me a selfie in her room, her shoulders and upper chest were always bare. I supposed she might have been wearing a very low-cut tube top but I didn't recall Becky ever owning one - in the event, I rarely saw any clothes on her in the pictures.  
  
After a few weeks of continuing to get these photos and wondering about them, I decided to ask Becky what she was actually wearing in them, and it was then that she told me that she was now in the habit, when up in her room or alone in the house, of going nude. "I'm just more comfortable that way," she explained. "I only wear clothes when I'm around mum now."  
  
Becky lived with just her mum and while her mum was fairly open-minded, Becky apparently hadn't wanted to get into a lengthy discussion with her about her preference for clothing-free living, so her mum was currently unaware of her nudism. But when her mum was out and Becky was home, she was most likely to be naked.  
  
This became most apparent to me when we did our A-levels. A-levels are exams most British students take when we are 18, especially if we want to go to university. For a lot of us they are the end of our school education and schools typically discharge us for study leave in May, a couple of weeks before the first exams - there's nothing more to teach us, and it gives us time to concentrate solely on revising and preparing.  
  
Study leave is for many of us also the first time we have long periods where our houses are entirely ours - parents are still at work in the daytime, younger siblings still at school. We can do, watch, listen to and eat what we like completely unsupervised between the hours of 8am and 5:30pm, at the very least.  
  
We can also wear what we like, of course - so I suppose I shouldn't have been too surprised when on the second day of study leave I walked round to Becky's house, only to discover when she opened the door to me that she was completely naked.  
  
I shouldn't have been surprised, but I was somewhat taken aback!  
  
Prior to that day, I had always considered myself straight. I'd had boyfriends, crushes on male celebrities, and I'd never been troubled by any confusing romantic feelings for women. I'd certainly never wanted my friendship with Becky to be anything more than that.  
  
But that day, hanging out around Becky's house while she spent the whole day in her birthday suit - well, it left me very flustered! I'd seen Becky naked quite a few times already by then - not just the expected changing rooms, or even our past experiences; she'd already got a lot of her exhibitionist tendencies - she wasn't disrobing with the frequency she does now, but it was definitely something that had happened. But that was different to spending an entire day with her and seeing her so casually and happily naked. Studying with her, eating with her, watching TV with her - they took on a new and confusing aspect when she chose to do them in the nude.  
  
I suppose her appearance had something to do with it. Even before that day, I knew Becky was GORGEOUS. She has bouncy brown curls that never seem to need any attention to look great, and an "English rose" complexion that is to die for. Her figure is curvy but on the right side of plump - she's got big boobs and a great-shaped bottom but no unsightly bulges or lumpy bits. She's not a male fantasy come to life but she's exactly the sort of woman any woman would be delighted to look like.   
  
So seeing her walking around completely naked - her pale skin, her uncovered round breasts with their pink oval nipples, her neat triangle of pubic hair and her soft, flawless bum - was definitely already testing my previously-assumed heterosexuality to beyond its limit.  
  
But it wasn't just that which was giving me butterflies and damp knickers that day. What was equally attractive to me was that Becky seemed to be enjoying herself so damn much. She was lively and bubbly anyway - but naked she seemed so full of natural joy and life, like a spirit set free. We were doing the most boring thing ever - exam revision - and yet she was having the time of her life, or so it seemed. I was seeing my friend in a whole new light, and it was stirring strange and confusing feeling in me.  
  
Becky dressed about 10 minutes before her mum arrived home from work, and shortly after that I left her place and went home for a family dinner. But I was thoroughly distracted all evening by my own thoughts, and ended up excusing myself for an early night.  
  
I lay in bed but I was unable to sleep - every time I closed my eyes my brain would replay glimpses of Becky's beautiful natural nudity from that day. I fidgeted uncomfortably, casting the bedcovers aside. After a few moments I pulled my night tshirt over my head and slipped off my shorts and (now somewhat damp) panties. Fully naked on my bed I spread my legs and gave into my overpowering lust, masturbating as I imagined Becky not as a friend but as a lover.  
  
My orgasm washed over me within minutes, and I sank back spent and breathless. But as my head cleared and I looked down at my naked body, I felt not satisfaction but a sense of guilt and shame. Becky was my friend - my best friend. She had trusted me enough to stand completely naked before me. She hadn't been trying to seduce me, she had just wanted to be herself with me more than she had ever been before. Had I cheapened or sullied our friendship by looking at her body and thinking only dirty thoughts? Had I crossed a line by making her the subject of my masturbatory fantasies? She would never know if course, but if she could know - wouldn't she be appalled?  
  
I quickly put my pyjamas back on and shamefacedly crawled under the duvet for sleep.  
  
The next morning I felt a little better. Sure, I knew I could never tell Becky my confused feelings and certainly never hope they would be reciprocated. But that didn't mean I wasn't lucky to have her as the friend I had, and if she needed me to be supportive towards her nudism then I would be, whatever funny feelings it gave me.  
  
To my complete lack of surprise, the next time I called at Becky's house she was again completely nude when I arrived and once again stayed that way until shortly before her mother arrived home from work.  
  
My next surprise came the following day when Becky arrived at my house for another study session. My family were also all out at work or school, and so we again had a house all to ourselves.   
  
I was desperate for the loo and was just dashing there when the doorbell rang - it was Becky, and I quickly let her in before running back to the bathroom. I got distracted on the way back and it was a couple of minutes before I walked into the living room. And stopped.  
  
Becky was sitting on the sofa. There was a neat pile of clothes next to her bag, because she wasn't currently wearing any of them - she was completely naked.  
  
I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised - the past two times Becky and I had been alone together she had chosen to be nude and I hadn't minded, so what reason should she have for thinking she couldn't be nude now?  
  
But I was still a little shocked. To just strip naked in another person's house - even a friend's house, even the house of a friend who you know doesn't have any problem with you being nude in their company - without at least asking first if they minded? It was a little bit presumptuous, to say the least.  
  
Not to mention the effect it was going to have on my already confused feelings. I had been just about adjusting to the fact that Becky without her clothes on was something to which I felt strongly attracted - but that was Becky in her own home. Now, Becky was in my house, completely naked! My couch, which had previously been just a couch, was now the couch which had been in direct contact with my gorgeous friend's naked butt - I doubted I would ever be able to see the living room again without picturing her here nude, and I wasn't prepared for that.  
  
My discomfort must have shown on my face, as Becky blushed a little.  
  
"Oh... sorry," she said. "Is... this not okay? Only I was naked when you came over, twice, and I just thought... well, with it being just us two here, I thought it would be okay. I can get dressed if you want?"  
  
"Oh! No it's okay, it's fine!" I stammered. "I was just surprised that's all! But it's fine, really! You be naked all you want..." It was my turn to blush.  
  
"Really?" Becky beamed.  
  
"Yeah sure, um..."  
  
"Thanks!" Becky grinned, and leaping up she gave me a big hug. A big, naked hug. A big, naked, oh-God-where-do-I-put-my-hands, oh-I'm-touching-bare-skin-it-feels-so-warm-and-soft-and-perfect-and-oh-God-I-really-want-to-kiss-you hug.  
  
Awkward hug over, we got on with the day's business (or at least, I tried to - having a naked friend is very distracting). Becky thoughtfully confirmed with me when my brothers would be home from school and put her clothes back on about 10 minutes in advance of that. When Jack and Luke arrived home even I had to laugh at the thought of what they might have seen, and how happy they would have been, if only they had arrived home a little earlier!  
  
And so, from then on that was the way things were. Unless there were other people around us, Becky no longer found any need to wear clothes in my company, and I just had to deal with all the ways that was turning me on.  
  
We got through study leave, and our exams, relatively unscathed, and then before us stretched 8 or 9 weeks of summer vacation before we would be going away to university. My brothers breaking up from school a couple of weeks later put paid to Becky getting naked quite so much when she visited my house but whenever I hung out at her place with her on days when her mother was at work, she was almost always naked.  
  
You're probably wondering at this point if Becky ever tried to persuade me to join her in being a nudist - and why I didn't.  
  
Well, she did bring it up occasionally, although for the most part she was happy to not put pressure on me to do anything I didn't want to do, and just grateful she could be herself around me.  
  
And why didn't I just do it myself? Well unlike Becky I have never had much confidence when it comes to my body. I certainly don't have her gorgeous figure - I'm more of a "skinny pear" in terms of shape - and I'm not particularly fond of seeing myself naked and being reminded of all my flaws.   
  
There's also the matter of my butterflies-in-the-tummy, heart racing attraction to Becky when she is naked. The confused feelings I have tend to also have a lot of physical indicators which would be a lot more obvious if I was naked: constantly hard nipples and the wet patches I'd be leaving everywhere I sat would soon clue my friend in that something was definitely going on there for me. Not to mention the fact that being naked with Becky and not throwing myself on her and kissing those beautiful big tits would be a supreme challenge!  
  
Then there's simply the fact that, for me, being naked in the presence of others is more than a little embarrassing.   
  
The story of the camping trip we took when we finished school that summer should explain a lot more...

**Becky & Lisa Camping Ch. 02**

Becky and I have always been outdoorsy. We like hiking and biking and camping out - getting out of the town and into the hills and the woods and the fields.  
  
The camping trip was a great way for us to reward ourselves once our exams were finished. We'd always hiked and camped fairly locally before - this time we'd be heading for a proper holiday in the Lake District. We were both 18 and felt mature enough to travel and look after ourselves without our parents to help, at least for a few days.  
  
But we didn't have a lot of money and once we'd bought our train tickets we realised paying fees on a campsite for the whole holiday was a bit beyond our meagre finances.  
  
The solution seemed obvious. We'd camped wild plenty of times locally - we never bothered to ask permission, we'd just pitch our tent in a wooded area out of sight and be packed up again early the next day - so why not do the same for part of our Lakes holiday? We could wild camp for a couple of nights, then move to a campsite (with showers - the showers were very important) for the last couple of nights, halving the cost of our holiday.  
  
So it was we found ourselves loaded up with our small tent and camping gear (packing as lightly as possible) and on a train to the beautiful land of The Lakes.  
  
We arrived at lunch time and spent a happy afternoon on a short scenic hike, aiming for a general direction.  
  
As the afternoon drew on we decided to head towards our chosen camping spot. We'd done a bit of research before hand (thanks to Google Earth) and had found some nearby woodland at the edge of a steep-sided vale. It wasn't on any major hiking route but it didn't look to be part of anyone's farm either. When we arrived there we hiked a decent way into the woodland, away from any trail, and found a good spot to set up camp.   
  
Becky had already started talking about how "private" our camping site was and how we hadn't seen any people all afternoon. She gradually started to take off her clothes, starting with her shirt - she seemed to be making a game of it; she'd do something to the campsite, then take off an article of clothing. But she had more jobs than items of clothing and she was soon working on putting up the tent and unrolling her sleeping bag wearing nothing but her hiking boots.  
  
"You're, um... you're going to camp naked?" I asked when I first realised Becky was happily starkers.  
  
"Well, yeah," she said, "you don't mind do you? We're the only people around and, well, to be honest I've always wanted to do this! Just camp out in the woods with no clothes on, just getting back to nature!"  
  
Privately, I was mortified! Becky naked in one of our houses, with TV and other things to distract me from the tumultuous feelings the sight of her caused in me, was one thing. But out here alone in the woods, that was something else entirely!   
  
Just looking at her was setting my pulse racing. If I'd thought she looked good at home, this new "wood nymph" Becky, naked among the trees and greenery, was blowing my mind. I had an awkward feeling that I was going to end up doing something I would end up regretting while we were out here and I really wanted Becky to put her clothes back on before I did. But I couldn't bring myself to spoil her fun, so I told her that of course I didn't mind and immediate busied myself with something, anything, to distract me from becoming a lust crazy mess then and there.  
  
It was a warm afternoon and evening and Becky remained nude for a few hours at the campsite, until the setting sun finally brought the temperature down and with an air of sadness, Becky delved into her bag and pulled out a baggy sweater, which she put on along with her jeans from earlier. We cooked a simple supper and I breathed a sigh of relief - while nobody had come along and found out campsite, I had spent the whole time Becky had been naked in fear of discovery, and could now finally relax and stop jumping at every sound. My comfort was short-lived though. As it got cooler and darker we decided to retire to the tent and the comfort of our sleeping bags - and no sooner had we closed the tent flap than Becky was out of her clothes again, scrambling round naked to get into the warm sleeping bag. She obviously intended to sleep in the nude too, and the tent was not large - the two of us were bedded down almost touching, with only the fabric of our sleeping bags between us.  
  
There was a moment when I unthinkingly undressed myself in order to put on my pyjamas, when i caught my breath, realising I was wearing only panties and only a whisker from skin to bare skin contact with my friend. Suddenly I was overwhelmed with the desire to embrace her; to fling myself on her, to feel her warm and naked body pressed against mine; to kiss her soft lips hungrily; to taste her and smell her and touch her. I felt dizzy and flushed and quickly pulled on my nightclothes and dived under my sleeping bag, grateful that the light was poor and only I knew how much I was blushing.   
  
Becky lay on her side, propped up on one elbow, the sleeping bag gathered up beneath her breasts. We chatted away, as I tried to ignore her the white swells of her bare breasts, her nipples just visible in the half light. I was worried the conversation would turn quite intimate (the way our talk often did when we shared bedrooms) and I would be powerless to stop a confession of love squeaking from my lips - but fortunately Becky was sleepy, and within a half hour she was snoring.  
  
I alone remained awake. I lay on my side, hand between my legs and finally was able to give myself some release. My pussy was wet beyond belief and it took only the briefest and most subtle movement of my fingers to bring myself to the climax I had been yearning for all day. I trembled and clamped my free hand over my mouth to stifle my moans, but Becky was fast asleep and I honestly think I could have screamed in delirious ecstasy and she'd have carried on snoring.  
  
My lust spent (for now) I looked over at the sleeping form of my friend - again, in the pit of my stomach was a feeling of guilt. Becky was nude around me for no reason other than that she felt comfortable and safe to be - and I couldn't stop feeling like a raging nympho. I felt like a bad friend - more than that, I felt afraid that our friendship was somehow under threat, that my feelings for Becky, different to her feelings for me, were going to complicate things in the future.   
  
I lay worrying for a while until sleep finally came.  
  
I awoke somewhat later in the morning than I expected to, and when I raised myself, fuzzy-headed and groggy, from the sleeping bag, I saw that Becky was no longer in the tent. I unzipped the flap and crawled out into the bright light of day.  
  
It was sunny and again warm. There was no sign of Becky but I badly needed to pee, so I decided to take care of that before I tried to find her. I walked a short distance from our campsite to a small patch that seemed like a suitable toilet. I pulled down my shorts and panties, squatted and peed, feeling much better for it.  
  
I had just pulled up my shorts when I saw movement off through the trees. I wasn't certain what I had seen and whether it was a person or an animal - and if it was a person it might just have been Becky taking a morning stroll. I decided to investigate.  
  
The distance was deceptive and I must have actually walked for a minute or to before I reached where I thought the movement and noise had come from. I trod as quietly as I could - I was hoping it was an animal, maybe even a deer or at least a badger, that I would be able to catch a glimpse of in the wild.   
  
So it was no surprise she didn't hear me.  
  
I'd discovered what it was I'd seen moving in undergrowth and it wasn't an animal. It was Becky.  
  
Once again, she was completely nude. She was reclining against a tree, lying back in the hollow of its roots. Her eyes were closed and her head was tilted back, her full lips parted and her mouth half open. One hand was lightly caressing her bare breast, the other was between her legs, which were spread wide. I was off to one side of her so couldn't see exactly but it was fairly obvious that she was masturbating.  
  
I froze. She hadn't seen me, and I could have just turned and crept quietly back the way I had come. That would have been the polite thing to do.   
  
I'd seen Becky masturbate, briefly, once before, when we were a few years younger - on that occasion she'd been fully aware of my presence but had given in to her own confused feelings which had come out of her growing interest in exhibitionism. Back then, seeing my friend play with herself was crossing a boundary I didn't want to go over, and I'd been shocked. I'd also been hurt that she'd thought it acceptable to do something like that in front of me without considering my feelings. I'd stayed angry at her for a while and it had threatened our friendship, and since then, while she was once more open with me about being an exhibitionist and a nudist, Becky had always been careful to keep any sexual excitement her nudity was giving her as private as she could.  
  
But here the tables had turned. Becky was obviously not expecting an audience. She'd snuck out of the tent while I was still asleep and had walked until she was out of sight of the camp site before settling down to pleasure herself. It was clear that being naked in the woods was turning her on, but she'd been careful to keep that from me and not cross the line by indulging her sexual fantasy while I was around.  
  
Meanwhile, I - who once turned and fled in disgust at the mere sight of Becky touching herself - was now crouching in the bushes, unable to tear my gaze away as she reclined like some beautiful woodland nymph, naked and cradled by the roots of the tree, and unashamedly pleasured herself.  
  
Becky was clearly in no hurry to reach orgasm - the strokes of her touch were slow and languorous and she would occasionally pause, bring her hand away (it may have been wishful thinking but I fancied that once I saw her fingers glistening with wetness as she drew them from herself). But at the same time it was obvious that the immense pleasure she was getting from committing this act nude and out of doors was leading her inevitably to an incredible climax. Sure enough, in the quiet morning air I was able to hear as her breath quickened and little moans and sighs escaped her lips. She made no effort to quiet them, and the wordless squeaks gradually turned to breathy exclamations of "oh... oh... oh..."  
  
Her cries became louder and more frantic as the pace of her fingers increased, until finally she arched her back, pushing her sex into her eager hand. Head thrown back, eyes closed, she cried out involuntarily as she came, a sound of pure passion, her whole body twitching and trembling, before sinking back into the hollow of the roots, the movement of her hand slowing to nothing - then all was still and quiet once more.  
  
I have experienced plenty of orgasms in my time, but I have never ever come as hard, or as long, or as satisfyingly as Becky looked to have then. Even she was surprised by its intensity, and she lay back, dazed and motionless, breathing hard.  
  
I should also mention that aside from occasionally looking at internet porn, I'd never seen somebody else having an orgasm before. I was 18 but I wasn't massively experienced with boys and a few half-hearted fumbles were all I'd ever got up to. So I'd never seen a boy come, and I'd certainly never seen a girl come, let alone with the intensity Becky just had.  
  
I hadn't moved at all while watching her masturbate, but I hadn't needed to touch myself to know how aroused the sight had made me. I was breathing harshly, just like Becky had been, and my pussy practically ached. I felt wetness where my knickers pressed against my sex and my legs were like jelly.  
  
Nonetheless there was no time for me to attend to any of these feelings - I had no idea how long Becky was going to lie there before getting up and heading back to the camp, and I needed to slip away without her realising I had been there (or worse accidentally stumbling on my hiding place while walking back).  
  
I crept away and, when I felt I was a safe distance from Becky, stood up and walked quickly back to the tent. Ignoring my lingering sense of arousal I quickly stripped off my pyjama shorts and moist panties and pulled on clean underwear and some hiking shorts. I then whipped off my t-shirt and donned a bra and tank top, hoping that fresh, unrevealing clothing would conceal any signs of how turned on I'd been.   
  
5 minutes or so later, as I busied myself tidying up and brushing my hair, Becky walked back into the camp.  
  
"Oh, hey!" she said, as I tried to pretend to be surprised that she wasn't wearing any clothes. "You're up!"  
  
"Yeah," I replied, "just got up. What you been doing?"  
  
Becky at least had the good grace to blush!  
  
"Just... went for a walk," she said quickly. I took a look at her. She had managed to regain a lot of her composure and aside from messy hair - oh and the fact she was naked - you wouldn't have guessed what she had really been up to.  
  
I let it go. I couldn't tell her I'd hidden and watched her like some sort of pervert. Especially as it might make her wonder about my true feelings towards her.

**Becky & Lisa Camping Ch. 03**

After Becky came back to the camp, we fixed breakfast and discussed how to spend the day. It was turning into a lovely morning and so we decided to explore the woods and vale in which we were camping, then come back to the campsite for a bite to eat, before heading off to the nearby village for the afternoon, a pub supper then a twilight walk back to the campsite.  
  
I busied myself putting what I'd need for the morning in my backpack and lacing up my hiking boots, and didn't really pay attention to what Becky was doing. "Are you ready?" I called out to her without looking up.  
  
"Ready!" she laughed. I turned. She was wearing hiking boots and socks and had her backpack on her back and sunglasses on - but otherwise she was still completely naked. I groaned. I should have realised when she suggested exploring the woods and vale (rather than going further afield) that she was intending to hike in the nude. Apart from briefly donning her sweater and jeans yesterday night she hadn't worn any clothes since the previous afternoon and she was clearly looking to go as long as possible before dressing again.  
  
"Naked?" I said.  
  
Becky nodded, grinning. "There's nobody around. I don't think anyone ever comes here."  
  
"Don't worry," she continued as I groaned again, "I've got some clothes in my bag. I'll put them on if there are people around."  
  
Somehow I wasn't sure she would!  
  
We set off and, despite my reservations about Becky staying naked, it actually turned out to be a nice relaxing hike. And she was right, we saw no other people.  
  
We explored the woods and made an ascent up the steep sides of the vale. There were a few times where the terrain was a challenge and we had to more scramble than walk - on a couple of these occasions Becky was ahead of me and I got a bit of an eyeful as she stretched her legs across gaps! My pulse would quicken at both the intimate view of her and her own unflustered attitude about how her desire to be nude was putting her on such display. I longed to spread her legs that way, to plunge my tongue toward the pinkness of her pussy lips - to eat her all up. I shook my head to rid myself of such thoughts. I wasn't gay and I wasn't even sure how to go down on a woman - I'd never done it (or had it done to me, sadly). All I knew right then and there was that I didn't want a man - or any other woman - the way I wanted Becky.  
  
So help me, I'm a Beckysexual!  
  
I managed to restrain myself though, and eventually we emerged from the woods to the top of the vale. It was a warm day and sweat glistened on Becky's bare skin - my tank top was damp with perspiration.  
  
We sat on the ground overlooking the vale - two 18 year old girls on their first holiday away from home. One dressed sensibly for a summer hike. The other stark naked.  
  
We sat in silence for a moment, then Becky turned to me and smiled.  
  
"You're the best, Lisa," she said.  
  
"Huh?" I replied.  
  
"You're the best. I love you."  
  
I wasn't sure what to make of that! "Aw, what?" was the best I could come up with.  
  
"I mean it! I'm... I know I'm not the easiest person to be friends with. Being like I am. I mean, like this." She gestured downward, indicating her nakedness. "What I mean is, I know it must be weird and awkward sometimes for you, the way I behave, but you've never been anything but supportive. You've never made me feel like I'm doing something wrong by being a nudist."  
  
I smiled. "Not just a nudist, Bec."  
  
She laughed and blushed. "No, that's fair. I suppose I am a bit of an exhibitionist too."  
  
"You've got that right," I said kindly, recalling previous adventures.  
  
"I know..." she said. "I just - I can't help myself! I just get a feeling in my stomach and a voice in my head telling me I need to be naked and then BAM! I am.  
  
"But I really am a nudist, Lisa. I just... like being naked, really. Maybe sometimes I want an audience. But most times I don't need one.  
  
"But thank you for being so cool about it all, about me being a nudist and... everything else. It means so much to me that you let me be who I am, that you're so kind and supportive. I know it must be annoying to be friends with the crazy naked girl."  
  
"It's not that, Becky," I replied. "You're not the crazy naked girl to me. You're just my best friend - who happens to be naked a lot. And if I ever seem like I'm not happy it's not because I'm annoyed, I'm just worried about you and I want you to not do things that might not be safe.  
  
"But I love you whatever you're wearing or not wearing."  
  
She gave me a big hug then, and for once it wasn't awkward at all.  
  
"So..." she asked after we embraced. "What about you? Ever feel like giving nudism a try?"  
  
"No," I said. I'm fine with it being your thing but it's not mine."  
  
"Aw, c'mon," she grinned. "Don't tell me you've never walked around the house naked when you've been home alone, just to see what it feels like?"  
  
I shook my head. "No," I laughed. "When do I ever get to be home alone in the first place?"  
  
I had two brothers, and my parents in the house - our home was always busy.  
  
"That's true," Becky said. "Maybe that's why I'm the way I am. Mum was at work a lot and I was in the house all by myself and I just didn't see that there was a need for me to have clothes on when I didn't want to wear them.  
  
"I mean," she continued, "look at you now all sweaty. It can't be comfortable like that?"  
  
It was true - my sweat-soaked tank top had cooled and now sat damp and clammy next to my skin. I was quiet for a moment, then I stuck out my tongue at Becky and in one smooth motion I pulled the tank off over my head. I was wearing a simple pale blue bra underneath.  
  
"Ok," I said, "you're right about my top. But this is as far as I'm going.  
  
"I admit, sometimes clothes can be uncomfortable and if they are it is nice to take something off and cool down.   
  
"But that doesn't have to involve walking round completely naked in public."  
  
Becky laughed. "No, you're right, it doesn't," she said. "I guess I just like walking round completely naked in public."  
  
"Slut," I joked.  
  
"Hey!" she objected. "I am not a slut! I'm an exhibitionist!"  
  
"What's the difference?"  
  
"A slut has a lot of sex with a lot of different people. An exhibitionist just makes a lot of different people imagine having sex with them."  
  
"Ok, I'm educated," I said. "So do you like that... people thinking about having sex with you?"  
  
She was silent for a while.  
  
"Yeah," she said quietly, "I guess I do."  
  
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After that we descended back through the woods and back to camp. I felt quite brave for making the whole hike back in just shorts and bra, although I really wasn't revealing anything more than swimwear would have - and if we did encounter anyone I'm sure their attention would have been on my gorgeous and completely naked companion, not on the small-breasted girl in khaki shorts and a plain cotton bra. I did as soon as we got back to camp don a clean shirt though, whereas Becky (of course) remained nude until we had eaten lunch.   
  
After lunch she, with some regret, finally put her clothes back on and then, both fully-dressed we left the vale we had been camping in and headed back in the direction of a nearby village which was a very picturesque place to wander around and (more importantly) had a couple of pubs where we could get a hot meal and maybe a few pints of cider.  
  
It was sunset by the time we left the pub, and I was worried that we wouldn't be able to find our way back. Fortunately our memory of the trail was good - and of course during the journey back Becky somehow managed to find the time to take of all of her clothes and complete the more isolated part of the journey in the nude.  
  
It wasn't warm though, and she was shivering by the time we arrived back at our camping spot. We decided by mutual agreement that as we were tired, cold and a bit drunk, we would just get into bed and Becky dived straight into her sleeping bag for warmth. I was a bit slower as I stripped off my shorts, top and bra before donning my pyjamas. I was about to climb into my own sleeping bag when Becky looked up at me and slurred in a sleepy voice; "get in with me."  
  
"Huh?" I responded.  
  
"Get in with me. In here. 's cold. 'm nekkid. Yer warm." She threw back the sleeping bag cover and patted the space beside her. "Hurry up, my tits are freezing!"  
  
So, I lay down next to my friend and zipped the sleeping bag up around both of us. Becky immediately wrapped all her limbs around me. Her skin, where it met my bare skin (such as on my legs and arms) was like ice, but clinging on to me she soon began to warm.  
  
"Thankew," she mumbled. "Yer the best Lisa." And she laid her head on my shoulder. I chuckled. "I guess sometimes it isn't best to be a nudist?"  
  
But there was no answer, except a very loud snore. Becky was fast asleep.

**Becky & Lisa Camping Ch. 04**

I managed to disentangle Becky from me at some point in the night without waking her and in the morning awoke in my own bed. I was once again alone in the tent and when I emerged Becky was again nowhere to be seen.  
  
I was fairly certain she had gone off on another little nude walk and to "take care of herself" - the thought that my friend was nearby in the forest fully nude and masturbating to orgasm sent a shiver through me, but I decided not to push my luck by trying to find her again. Instead I walked a different way from the campsite, peed and the cleaned my teeth with water from a plastic bottle. I washed my face and then walked back to camp and brushed my hair.  
  
After that I stood a moment. Thoughts from the previous day's bounced around in my head - things I had seen and conversations I'd had. I wondered what it was like to be Becky - to be so confident and comfortable with her naked body. More than that - to want to be naked whenever possible, and to feel completely certain that there was nothing wrong with stripping off no matter who might see.  
  
The woods were never quiet, but they were only the natural noises of the forest. Otherwise there was a stillness to the place.  
  
In all the time we'd been there we hadn't seen another person, had we.  
  
I made a decision. Quickly, before Becky came back, I pulled my top off over my head. I pulled down my shorts and stepped out of them and after a moments hesitation I did the same with my knickers. I balled up my clothes and threw them in to the tent, and then I stood there, naked in the woods.  
  
I wandered around our little campsite for a few moments, unsure of what to do with myself. Unclothed in the open air, my body felt alien and unfamiliar.  
  
It was cooler than I expected, and the breeze, rather than being the cool and pleasant teasing of my sensitive body that I had expected from Becky's talk of the exhilarating freedom of nudity, was actually rather unwelcome - prompting gooseflesh and stiff nipples, not happy little thrills.  
  
I sat myself down on the ground, leaning back against a tree. It felt slightly damp against my bottom, and twigs and leaves poked and scratched my bare skin.   
  
I had to be honest, I wasn't really feeling this whole nudism thing. I hadn't known what to expect but from how much it clearly meant to Becky, I'd been sort of hoping that maybe it was just me missing the trick - that by trying it for myself it would suddenly all make sense and I'd be converted from a body-shy teenager into... well, not an exhibitionist like Becky! But at least someone who could hang out casually naked with her best friend from time to time (without wanting to go to bed with her either).  
  
But here I was, naked in the forest, nude in nature just as Becky had apparently dreamed of being, and I just felt awkward, cold and fairly uncomfortable.  
  
I stood again and looked down at my naked body. Compared to Becky, I didn't feel like it was the sort of body that cries out to be naked. Becky has those beautiful bouncing D-cup boobs, while I'm barely a B. She's got a gorgeous, curvy figure - a bit of a soft belly but on her it looks lovely and inviting - whereas I'm skinny as anything until you get to my hips when suddenly everything goes nuts and I end up with a bubble butt and monster thighs.  
  
About the only thing you might say I have going for me is that I'm blonde, with long straight hair - and even then it looks thin and lifeless next to Becky's bouncy brunette curls. True, being a natural blonde means I'm not cursed with dark unsightly body hair - but where Becky's dark pubic hair grows naturally into a neat and unobtrusive little triangle at her crotch, my pubes, while a light honey brown, are patchy and always look scruffy.  
  
I was contemplating everything I didn't like about my naked body when Becky returned to the campsite. She was, of course, nude - when she saw that I was too, she squealed with delight.  
  
"Hey," I said, trying to sound nonchalant.  
  
"Morning, you," she said. "Are you... just changing?"  
  
I took a deep breath. "No," I said. "I just thought I'd give this a try. You know, see what all the fuss is about?"  
  
Becky squealed again. "Oh my God! I knew it! I knew you'd give it a go eventually!"  
  
She ran over and enfolded me in a big hug. I felt her bare skin against my own - the warmth of her body, the softness of her breasts pressed against my own chest. My pulse quickened at the intimacy. I could smell her - sweaty, a natural, earthy smell. I returned her embrace, holding her close, feeling her nakedness through my hands and arms. I held her tight - I never wanted this moment to end. My stomach filled with butterflies and my pussy began to ache with arousal.  
  
It was only a quick hug though. We separated and I staggered a little - dizzy with desire and exhilaration. Becky noticed this with concern. "Are you ok?" she asked. "Only you look a little flushed?"  
  
"I'm fine," I lied. "Just all a bit of a new sensation for me is all."  
  
"OK," Becky said, "yes I suppose this is a bit more naked than you are used to!"  
  
I sat back down on the ground while Becky fixed us the last of our breakfast rations. We'd be packing up our camp in a little while - the holiday was far from over, but we were only planning on having 2 nights of wild camping, for the rest of our holiday we would be pitching our tent at a campsite with showers and a shop and a cafe/bar.  
  
I felt uncomfortable. We sat and ate breakfast and the sheer act of eating food while naked felt bizarre to me. Being naked didn't feel that bad, but it certainly didn't feel good the way it seemed to for Becky. It just felt weird. A bit cold, kind of uncomfortable, a little humbling, and weird.  
  
Becky, though, was delighted, and she babbled away happily about how pleased she was that I had decided to try nudism. After a while I started to feel a little dizzy again with all of it. "I think I'm gonna go for a little walk," I said eventually.  
  
"OK," she replied, "should I come too?"  
  
"No," I answered. "It's OK."  
  
"Oh," she said, perturbed.  
  
"It's OK. I won't go far, just to the other side of those trees. I just need to... to clear my head a bit."  
  
"OK..." she said. "If you're sure. I'll be here if you need me."  
  
"Thanks." I stood up and walked away from the camp. I didn't walk for long - I was maybe 100-150 yards away. Then I stopped and leaned against a tree.  
  
Look at yourself, I thought. Look what you're doing. You're starkers in a forest. This isn't you - what are you doing?  
  
It was an uncomfortable truth. I was no nudist! Being naked didn't fill me with joy or freedom or any of the lovely good feelings Becky talked about. It wasn't even especially arousing by itself - only the intimacy of being naked with Becky was enough to turn me on. So why was I doing it? Why had I taken off my clothes this morning?  
  
The answer was obvious - because Becky liked being naked, and I wanted her to like me. No, we were friends, we already liked each other. I wanted her to love me - not the love of the friendship we had but a deeper passion. I wanted her to want me, the way I wanted her.   
  
Which was stupid, because what Becky loved about me was my friendship. Becky didn't want to kiss me and touch me and eat me out until I screamed her name - she just wanted a friend who "got" her, a friend who didn't judge her need to constantly be out of her clothes and running about naked. But what did I want?  
  
I was lost in thought, and the voice startled me. A shout.   
  
A male shout.  
  
"Hello there! I- I say, are you alright there?"  
  
I snapped back to reality with a shock. Walking up the slope towards me was a person. A man. He was dressed sensibly for hiking - stout boots, shorts, checked shirt, a hooded top tied round his waist and a backpack on. He approached me slowly, and as he got closer I could tell he was somewhat older than me, in his early forties. His eyes got wide when he got closer and was able to confirm for himself what he must have already suspected - that I didn't have a stitch on.  
  
I froze - I mean deer-in-the-headlights, sheer terror froze.  
  
"Are you alright miss?" he asked.  
  
"Guh-" was all I was able to respond.  
  
"Are you OK?" he asked for a third time. "What are you doing out here? Where are your clothes?"  
  
"Gu-buh," came my response.  
  
Time seemed to have slowed down for me. I wasn't able to move - but I was acutely aware of every move the man made. He seemed to be trying to be a gentleman and to not stare, but I would catch his eyes moving from my face down to my exposed breasts and my honey-coloured pubic hair.  
  
Then, suddenly, the spell was broken. With a cheery "hello?", Becky appeared from the direction of our camp. The man, already wide-eyed and looking confused, was even more surprised when he saw Becky, who was confidently striding over, as stark naked as I was. Of course.  
  
Becky's voice snapped me out of it, and I came to my senses. I was naked! He could see me! I blushed a furious red and tried to cover my breasts and pussy with my arms and hands. He didn't look too disappointed to be deprived of a show though, as of course Becky with her knockout figure had no intention of covering up her own nudity. It was the man's turn to be taken by surprise, and he gaped as she walked over.  
  
"Are- are you together?" he stammered.  
  
"No, mate," Becky laughed, "you just happen to have stumbled on two completely separate naked girls who both decided to go to the same forest."  
  
The man had to think about that for a minute until the joke dawned on him, then he cracked a friendly smile.  
  
"OK" he said, "I suppose I walked into that one. But what are you doing out here? Why do you have no clothes on? Are you alright?"  
  
"We're fine," Becky assured him. "We're nudists, that's all."  
  
Hey! Less of this "we", I thought! Taking off my clothes once didn't mean I was a nudist as far as I was concerned. I suppose it was less complicated than the actual explanation!  
  
"We camped out here for a couple of nights," Becky continued. "We're on holiday. We thought nobody would see us here so we took our clothes off - sort of a 'getting back to nature' deal."  
  
"Is that right?" the man asked, turning to me.  
  
"Zuh..." I managed. Obviously the power of speech wasn't coming back to me any time soon. So I just nodded instead.  
  
"We thought camping here would be OK," Becky carried on. "I think you just scared my friend a little is all. Is this your land?"  
  
The man shook his head. "No" he said. "I just live locally, I'm just out for a walk. You're right, very few people ever come up here. I'm not surprised you thought it was private enough to do... whatever it is you've been doing.  
  
"Truth be told, I'm not sure who owns it, there's about 3 farms hereabouts that could reasonably claim to but as you can't graze or plant on it I'm not sure any of them are bothered..."  
  
The man chatted on - I wasn't sure if he was a real enthusiast about the whys and wherefores of local land ownership, or if he was just enjoying the fact that his audience was two naked 18-year-old girls - one of whom had no concerns about covering any part of her body.  
  
He was clearly trying hard to focus on Becky's face, but his eyes couldn't help but wander, to take in her beautiful bare breasts and the dark triangle of hair between her legs.   
  
As for me, he certainly didn't ignore me - but I definitely didn't feel his gaze on me anywhere like as much as I noticed it on Becky. I stood there awkwardly, covering my breasts with one arm, my other hand clamped over my pussy.  
  
I desperately wanted to run back to camp and put on some nice, warm, not in any way revealing clothing - but I dated not leave Becky out on her own with the man. He seemed nice enough but I certainly wasn't going to trust him by himself with my naked friend. So I was kind of stuck there.  
  
There was another problem though - as I covered my pussy with my hand I could feel wetness where the tips of my fingers touched my pussy lips. Oh God, I was getting aroused! What was turning me on? Certainly not being naked in front of the stranger - quite the reverse, I was hugely embarrassed. After a moment I realised it wasn't my nakedness that was arousing me, but Becky's. Seeing my friend standing there completely naked, chatting away to a fully-clothed male stranger and acting completely oblivious to her own nudity, as if it was the most normal thing in the world to be running around in public with no clothes on, was what was doing it for me. They say confidence is sexy, and Becky's incredible confidence in her body and in the rightness of her nudity was one of the sexiest things I had ever seen her do.  
  
I felt like I would go crazy if I stood there much longer, but fortunately Becky wrapped the conversation up, explaining that we were going to pack up and leave shortly, as we were going for a more "traditional" camping arrangement for the rest of the holiday.  
  
The man looked disappointed we would be going, but he said his goodbyes. As a parting remark he let us know that if we came down to the village when we were done packing up, he'd give us a lift over to the new campsite, which would save us carrying all our camping gear on the walk there and give us more time for fun hiking. He told us the name of his house and the street on which it would be found and left us to it (although I'm certain he turned back and gave himself a good look at our bare bums as we walked back to camp).  
  
Once we were back at our camp I dived into the tent and pulled my sleeping bag over my head. I just wanted to hide from the world for a while.  
  
When Becky found me sitting (still nude) cross-legged in the tent with my sleeping bag over my head and asked me if I was alright, I said nothing and just burst into tears!  
  
"Oh Lisa!" she exclaimed. "What's wrong?" Pulling the sleeping bag off me she pulled me into a warm, crushing hug and I blubbed into her bare shoulder.  
  
"I don't want to be a nudist!" I sobbed. "Or an exhibitionist! I thought I did but I don't and I'm sorry and you'll be disappointed in me but you're so brave and you love it and I love that you love it but I don't love it and I don't want to love it but I don't want you to think I don't love you because I don't love it..."  
  
I think I went on like that for a while, while Becky stroked my hair and made soothing noises, although most of what I said probably didn't make a whole heap of sense.  
  
"It's OK," she said, calming me. "It's OK.  
  
"You don't have to be a nudist," she continued. "You don't have to. Not if you don't want to. I didn't mean to get so excited about it. I know you were trying it for me and that means so much. You don't have to keep doing it though.  
  
"I'm sorry about the guy back there, you were so brave and I'm sorry that I kind of forgot that you might not be comfortable naked like that.   
  
I don't need you to be like me to know that you love me and I love you. You let me be myself around you and you don't judge me or make me feel bad for doing it. This will always be our thing, our connection and that's what matters. You don't need to be doing it too to prove to me how good a friend you are for me."  
  
I felt silly after that. Everything between me and Becky was so confusing for me - but wrapped up in her arms, getting a big naked hug, I started to feel a lot better. After a little while I'd calmed down, and I quietly put my clothes back on and began the task of packing up camp.  
  
Becky, true to form, remained completely naked until we were ready to leave, when she finally dressed.  
  
We hiked with our gear down into the village and found the house of the man we'd met in the woods (his name was Jerry).  
  
Jerry made a joke about not recognising us with our clothes on, but he was perfectly nice and friendly and not at all creepy. Now that I wasn't naked I felt much more relaxed, and we all chatted away as he gave us a lift in his Land Rover up to the camping ground where we'd booked a pitch for the next couple of nights. He dropped us off and I couldn't believe it when Becky lifted up her shirt and popped her boobs out of her bra to give him a little flash as he drove away.  
  
"Just saying thank you," she grinned.  
  
And, well, that's our holiday. Camping at the public campground meant Becky couldn't walk around completely naked all the time but she did still pull a few stunts - attracting a lot of attention for walking to and from the shower block on the campsite in just her towel, for instance.   
  
We did a lot of hiking and sightseeing and spent quite a lot of time in the local pubs and returned home on the train tired, a little sunburned, and happy. Back home, Becky found it just as hard to keep her clothes on, but for the time being she never managed to spend quite as long outdoors in the nude as she did on those two nights of wild camping.  
  
As for me, I was just fine with staying dressed, and Becky has never put pressure on me to be naked too. I think she actually likes it this way, being the naked girl with the clothed friend - and if you haven't already guessed, so do I.

**Becky & Lisa: The End of Summer**

My best friend Becky is an exhibitionist. She thinks nothing is more fun than taking all her clothes in places where people are quite likely to see her. It's a side of herself she has chosen to share with me alone out of all our other friends, although I often find myself wishing she wasn't "Naked Becky" quite so often, to spare my own embarrassment! It's made worse because (despite thinking of myself as straight) I have something of a crush on Becky - something I can usually ignore, but not when she's naked!  
  
After our camping trip to celebrate the end of our exams and the start of our long summer holiday before we started university in the autumn, Becky became even more liberal about being naked around me (if such a thing were possible). It was as if the few days we had spent camping in the woods (during which Becky had been completely naked for all but a few hours) had given her a real taste of freedom and she was determined not to give that up.   
  
So her nudism and her exhibitionism became all the more common. Now she would not just strip off when she visited me and I was home alone, but would also often undress if we were hanging out in my room, even if other members of my family were home! That led to a few narrow scrapes and a couple of times when I would have to awkwardly explain to my mum or dad (who had walked in without knocking) that Becky was "just trying on clothes". I'm not sure they believed me, they probably assumed that Becky and I were doing something weird and possibly sexual - even though I was nowhere near her and fully-clothed myself, my embarrassment at them seeing her naked probably gave them a completely different impression...  
  
Because yes, I was embarrassed at people seeing Becky naked, and the less embarrassed she was (and she was hardly ever embarrassed) the more embarrassed I felt. The fact that seeing her beautiful body and being privy to her completely casual attitude to nudity was a massive turn on for me only made the embarrassment even more acute.  
  
I could just about stand it when she was accidentally getting caught naked in my bedroom by my parents - but Becky's an exhibitionist as well as a nudist, and she can't help herself sometimes. I even started to get the feeling that Becky was into teasing me as much as she was other people, if not more...  
  
–  
  
PART 1: END CREDITS SCENE  
  
I'm not a big fan of the recent trend in summer blockbusters – superhero films. But Becky is and she can usually cajole me enough that I go along with her to watch the latest batch of (I admit, good looking) muscle men hitting each other very hard in order to save the world, or something.  
  
That summer, when we were 18 and getting ready to go off to university in the autumn, I'd managed to hold out on going to see the latest comic book flick for longer than usual, but I eventually relented and accompanied Becky one weekday afternoon in late August to the cinema.  
  
The cinema was a big out-of-town multiplex. Neither of us had a driving license yet, let alone access to a car, but it was easy enough to hop on a bus and ride out there.  
  
When we arrived, the cinema was quiet. There hadn't been any big releases that week and it wasn't a time when a lot of people chose to go (compared to, say, Friday or Saturday nights). We were able to walk straight up to the counter to get our tickets, then buy some popcorn and drinks and head into the screen.  
  
When we got into the screen, there were maybe 20 people sitting in their seats – the rest were empty. The film we had gone to see had been out for quite a while, so I suppose most of the people who were likely to want to watch it had already caught it in the first few weeks. The audience was couples, a few teens, and some guys on their own – people whiling away a couple of hours at the cinema as a result of having nothing else to do with their time.  
  
The screen was one of those where you came in near the front, crossing in front of the big blank space where the film would be projected, and walked up towards the back to find your seat. As usual, all the patrons in attendance were sitting as far apart from each other as possible while still having a good view of the screen – and interestingly there was nobody on either of the back two rows. Most people prefer the middle seats I think, but Becky made a bee-line for the empty back row and I was happy to follow.  
  
We sat down and chatted idly, munching popcorn and checking our phones, until the lights dimmed and the adverts came on. Why, by the way, is there always an advert for the cinema when you go to the cinema? Surely they have already got your business?  
  
After about five more car commercials than I needed to see, and a bunch of trailers to promote the next set of comic book adaptations, sequels and remakes of old movies from 10 years before I was born, the dim lights went fully dark and the movie proper started.  
  
I'm not going to bother going over the plot of the film for you – you know the deal. There's probably some sort of mystic artefact, there are people in costumes, lots of punching and explosions and in the end the world is saved. Anyway, as it turned out, I didn't end up paying much attention to the screen...  
  
We were no more than 5 or 10 minutes into the film when Becky next to me began to squirm in her seat. I didn't realise what she was doing at first until I looked over and noticed she had kicked off her trainers, and was in the process of unfastening her jeans. I watched, aghast, as she lifted her bottom from the seat in order to pull down her skinny jeans, before leaning forward to pull them off completely. She leaned back and grasped the hem of her t-shirt, then pulled it up quickly over her head and off.  
  
"What are you doing?" I hissed. Becky paused, sitting on the upholstered cinema seat in nothing but her bra and panties.  
  
"Getting naked. I always wanted to do this," she whispered back. "Get naked in a cinema, I mean."  
  
I groaned.  
  
"Nobody can see us," she explained, "they're all in front and all watching the film."  
  
So I watched helplessly as Becky reached behind her back, unhooked her bra and shrugged it off, baring her beautiful breasts to the world (well, me and anyone who might have turned around to look at us. Lastly, she again lifted her bottom up and pulled down her panties, slipping them entirely off by hooking them round one foot. Then she sat back, my best friend, gorgeous and completely naked in the cinema.  
  
I looked at her. The cinema was dark, the only light coming from the screen, and the intimate details of her body that Becky was revealing were hard to make out. But I could see the smooth whiteness of her belly, the pale swells of her breasts, her nipples hard and dark pink. Shadows hid much of the rest but it would be beyond doubt to anyone looking that she had removed all of her clothes.  
  
I could feel myself blushing, despite the darkness. My stomach knotted – I was in mortal fear that someone was going to turn around and see us both, see me sat here next to a naked woman. This was by far the most public place Becky had chosen to strip off so far – a big open room with only one route out and around twenty other people all sitting there. The only cover for her nudity came from the darkness, and the fact that people were watching the screen away from us. I was convinced we would be discovered at any moment and – who knows? Thrown out of the cinema? Arrested? There was no way that people would see two girls sitting side by side on the back row of a cinema, one with absolutely no clothes on, and not assume we had been doing something sexy! Who would believe me if I denied it, when the truth was much more unbelievable?  
  
Becky, of course, was completely blasé. She scooched down in her seat a little, making herself comfortable, and returned her attention to the film.  
  
I forced myself to relax. I'd probably have a breakdown if I didn't. Who ever actually looks behind them in a movie theatre, I asked myself? Had I ever? Of course not. You come to these places to watch a movie, not to take in your surroundings. And it really was dark. I knew Becky was naked because she was sat right next to me, but I couldn't make out what even the closest of the other people in the screening looked like. So it was doubtful they would realise even if they did turn around.  
  
Gradually my nerves calmed – but I didn't take my eyes off Becky. How could I? She was beautiful, naked and completely nonchalant – a combination that, I think I have established by now, is a bit of a turn on for me. She was lost off in her attention to the movie and had no idea I was staring at her the way I was, but I noticed every little movement, every rise and fall of her perfect breasts. Occasionally she would unconsciously caress herself, one hand lightly brushing a breast or rubbing a nipple, and my breath would catch as I remembered seeing her that time in the woods, nude and utterly aroused, pleasuring herself with no idea I was watching. I knew she would not do the same here in the movie theatre, with me next to her – no matter how much I secretly wanted her to, she wouldn't want to cross that boundary with me – but those little movements alone told me the story of how she was aroused by her own public nakedness.  
  
My body gave in to my own arousal. My pulse quickened, my breathing grew shallow. My nipples pushed against my bra and I felt wetness on the fabric of my panties when I shifted uncomfortably in my seat. In years gone by I had made out with boys on the back row of the cinema – in my head now I pictured myself doing the same with my naked friend, my tongue exploring her mouth, my hand cupping her breast and teasing her nipple, before I would shift and do something I had never done before in the cinema, and kneel before her in the dark in the well of the seat and hungrily, delightedly eat her moist and exposed pussy.  
  
Well, I wasn't really bothered about seeing the film!  
  
I shook my head to clear away those thoughts. Who knew if Becky would have reciprocated, or been horrified if I did what I longed for? I had no way of knowing and no courage to test it out, so I resolved simply to watch and store away those thoughts until tonight when they could be explored at leisure while I was naked in my own bed, hand between my legs.  
  
Of course, I was barely paying attention to the movie and before I knew it, the film was ending. The world was saved once again and I'm sure there was probably a whole bunch of stuff left over for them to do in the inevitable sequel. The final scene smashed into credits, and I assumed Becky would have to quickly dress again as we would need to leave the cinema.  
  
Becky, however, still sat there, still completely nude. So, for that matter, did everyone else (well, they weren't nude. But they were sitting). The house lights hadn't gone up, either, which confused me for a moment.  
  
Then I remembered – these comic book movies always have another scene after the main credits, to further tease a sequel (or the next film in the same shared universe at least)! I began to get antsy, then. Was Becky really going to insist on remaining nude until the very last moment? These end credits scenes were always short, maybe 30 seconds at most – after which everyone in the theatre was going to be getting up and walking out, and the lights were going to go up. If Becky was going to wait until that scene had finished before getting dressed, she was going to be a lot more exposed, with no darkness to hide her nudity and no movie on screen to distract people from looking our way. She had to put something on soon, surely?  
  
But she just sat there, watching, as the main credits ended and we were rewarded for staying in our seats with a short scene which I am sure would have been very exciting for comic book fans but just confused the heck out of me. The scene ended, and the "full" credits began to roll – and Becky wasn't moving!   
  
The lights in the cinema began to come on – not all the way, but bright enough for the patrons to be able to see and not fall down the steps as they made to leave. The first people ahead of us stood up and began to leave the screen, and still Becky made no move to get dressed or even cover her body at all.  
  
I didn't dare say anything to her unless people heard me and it drew their attention. All I could do was sit there, blushing furiously and completely terrified, as one by one the people got up out of their seats and walked down and out of the cinema via the exit door. Becky, of course, was completely unconcerned and just sprawled in her seat, making no move to conceal her nakedness.  
  
Did anyone see her and realise she was nude? I honestly have no idea. I don't think anyone glanced our way, they were perhaps all too focussed on chatting about the movie they had just seen, or just on getting out (and getting to the loo – it had been a long movie!). Certainly nobody reacted the way I would have expected them to upon seeing a gorgeous naked teenage girl sat in the cinema – they all just trooped out without a second thought.  
  
I breathed a sigh of relief when the last patron left the cinema, and Becky and I were alone.  
  
"Can you please get your clothes on now?" I asked, exasperated. "I know this is no big deal to you, but we're lucky we aren't getting banned from the cinema for life or something!"  
  
"Hold on," Becky replied, "I want to see if there's another scene after the end of these credits."  
  
The names of the thousands of special effects artists scrolled down the screen.  
  
"Well can you at least get dressed?"  
  
"Why?" Becky grinned. "There's nobody here now?"  
  
She had a point, I suppose.  
  
The credits finished, and there was no additional scene. The house lights came up on full.   
  
"Sorry," Becky said. She at least had the good grace to look sheepish. "I was sure we were gonna see Spider-Man at the end or something."  
  
I groaned. "Never mind," I said. "But can you please stop being naked now? I don't think my nerves can take much more."  
  
"Oh, alright," she pouted, and stood up from her seat, stretching like a cat, her whole body taught, breasts thrust outwards, arms up in the air.  
  
I looked. I'm only human.  
  
At that moment, the guy walked in.  
  
"Oh wow," he said.  
  
His arms were covered in tattoos, and he was wearing the black trousers, coloured polo shirt and black baseball cap that was the uniform of the cinema chain staff. I guess he was there to check and make sure nobody was left behind, either asleep or because they wanted to try and watch the movie again for free.  
  
"Oh wow," he said again as he beheld Becky in all her naked glory. "Hey Andy!" he called back through the doorway. "Andy! There's two lasses in here and they've been having sex!"  
  
The burning need to correct this overtook any speechlessness my surprise or embarrassment may have caused. "We have NOT been having sex!" I retorted, shouting down at him.  
  
His brow crinkled for a moment, then he turned again to call through the door. "Hey Andy! There's two lasses in here who have definitely not been having sex! But one of them is definitely naked!" He paused, looking back up at us, before going back to the doorway. "And she's got really cracking tits!"  
  
A second male employee appeared in the doorway – shorter than his colleague, with glasses and an unshaven face.   
  
"What are you on about?" he asked, then cut himself off as he looked up at us. "Whoa."  
  
"See? Naked girl."  
  
"I can see that mate," he said, not taking his eyes off Becky. "I can see that."  
  
"Um, hi." Becky said, with a little wave. She hadn't meant to get caught naked quite like this, I'm sure – but now she had been, she obviously didn't see any need to cover up.  
  
"Hi..." said Andy. He stared open-mouthed.  
  
His colleague was a bit more together, though. He and Andy had walked up the steps to join us at the back of the auditorium. "What are you doing here like that?" he asked Becky. "Why are you naked?"  
  
Becky shrugged. "Why not?" she asked, innocently.  
  
"Touche," the first guy replied, before turning to me. "Why is she naked? Are you sure you guys weren't having sex?"  
  
"We were not," I answered.  
  
"So why does she have no clothes on?"  
  
"Um," I struggled. I went over some options in my mind. She was hot? She's from Europe? She's part of a religion that forbids clothing? You've just been Punk'd? In the end I went for honesty. "She just does this sometimes. She just likes to take her clothes off. We were at the back and nobody could see us so I guess she figured there was no harm in it. We were just leaving, she was just about to get dressed and you guys walked in."  
  
"Oh." The guy thought for a minute. "That's kind of weird. Is she, y'know... alright?" He made a mime to indicate "crazy".  
  
"I'm fine," Becky retorted hotly. She was clearly a little offended by the suggestion but I didn't have much sympathy – she was naked in public, after all.  
  
"She's fine." I echoed.  
  
"Well fair enough then," they guy replied.   
  
"You need to get dressed," I said to Becky. "We need to go."  
  
"Hold on a minute," said the second guy, Andy. "I'm not sure you girls should just walk out of here like nothing's happened. Maybe we need to call the manager about this... or security?"  
  
Did they even have security, I wondered briefly? But I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. I should have known Becky's exhibitionist ways, and my complicity in them, would land us in trouble eventually.  
  
"Although," Andy continued, "we might be persuaded to look the other way..." He had a wicked grin now.  
  
"Mate, what are you doing? Don't be so rapey, it's creeping everyone out," his colleague said. I couldn't help but laugh – Andy had been trying to be intimidating but his companion had just punctured his act completely. That took the wind out of his sails.   
  
Andy looked crestfallen. "I was just going to ask for some photos," he said sullenly.  
  
"Mate..." the tattooed lad said in a worldly tone, "you can't just say stuff like that to lasses. No wonder you don't have a girlfriend.  
  
"I'm sorry ladies," he continued, turning to us and (it was immediately obvious) trying to turn on the charm. "He's not got a lot of experience with women. Especially naked women." Andy seethed.  
  
"'course," he continued. "It'd be nice if we could just get a selfie, or something. I mean, nobody's going to believe us about this otherwise..."  
  
His tone was hopeful, and Andy (who had brightened up a little at this) had already produced a smartphone from his trouser pocket. I was ready to tell him exactly where he could stick his smartphone (sideways, too), but Becky gave a friendly smile.  
  
"Sure," she said, "I'll do that." Typical Becky – when her clothes are off she doesn't shy from attention, she revels in it.  
  
The pictures ended up being fairly tame. I had worried as soon as Becky agreed to post that she would go into full exhibitionist mode and I'd have to watch her pose like a porn star, legs akimbo and everything on display. I'd seen her in such intimate positions before of course – you couldn't very well not with a friend who spent as much time naked as Becky did – but always on accident, as a result of her own self-consciousness and body freedom – not because some strange guy is pointing a camera at her pussy.   
  
But I needn't have worried. Becky was obviously enjoying herself, being the centre of attention, but she wasn't about to be giving these guys a come-on. They got plenty of pictures of, and with, the naked lady in their place of work, but Becky posed like a pin-up, not a porn star.  
  
Eventually, the fun was over. Becky returned to where we had been sitting and put her clothes back on, and the two lads walked us out of the cinema.   
  
The tattooed one turned to me as we were leaving. "You're girlfriend's something else," he confided.

"Oh, she's not my girlfriend," I said, without hesitation.  
  
His eyes lit up. "Oh really...? Maybe she'd like my number then?"  
  
I felt hot jealousy well up inside me. "No! N-no... What I mean is, she's not my girlfriend yet. But we're on a date. Yes. This is a date. She's with me. On a date."  
  
He looked disappointed then, but he stopped pursuing the matter.  
  
The guys bade us farewell. "Enjoy the rest of your date!" the tattooed lad called after us.  
  
"What did he mean by that?" Becky asked, confused.  
  
"Nothing!" I blushed and hurried her away. "Nothing at all!"  
  
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**PART 2: PARTY HARD**  
  
Why had I told that guy that Becky was my date?  
  
Why had I felt so jealous at the thought of someone other than myself getting to know Becky?  
  
I'd never before felt animosity towards anyone in Becky's love life. She was a lovely-looking girl and got a lot of attention from guys, and although we were both currently single, she'd had more boyfriends than I'd had during our lifetimes. Sure, some turned out to be jerks, and some I suspected were jerks to start with and ended up being proved right. But some had been nice guys and I'd enjoyed seeing my friend happy with a new lad, just as she had enjoyed seeing the times a partner had made me happy.   
  
But now, suddenly, I was experiencing jealousy. I didn't want to share Becky.  
  
In particular, I didn't want to share Naked Becky.  
  
I don't know if I have mentioned this before, but Becky isn't as forthcoming and open about her exhibitionism with our other friends as she is with me. Sure, some of them have seen her strip off occasionally for one reason or another – but the real, true exhibitionist side to her only comes out when she is with me, and only me. Becky the nudist, Becky the exhibitionist, is someone only I know, and I suppose that makes me feel special, even without the complicating factor of my growing attraction to her. Heck, that might be one of the reasons I feel the way I do about her!  
  
Why did she choose me, out of all our friends, to be her confidant and companion in her naked adventures? Well, I was there from the beginning, there when we were little girls and Becky first ran around the streets of our village in the nude. But more than that, I think she just saw in me someone who would love her despite this weird passion, someone who wouldn't judge or criticise or run and tell and spoil her fun. Becky is still a teenage girl, I told myself, and like all teenage girls we fear the judgement of our peers. Perhaps I was the only friend she trusted to share her naked side with because I was the only one she felt confident wouldn't brand her a weirdo or a pervert for it.  
  
At least, that was what I told myself – although one night towards the end of our summer, I found myself questioning this assumption, as Becky did something bold even by her standards.  
  
We were all of a week away from leaving home to go to university. Our exams were ancient history and we'd both won the grades we wanted. Becky and I weren't off to the same university, but we promised to stay in touch, visit each other often, and see each other as much as possible when we were home.  
  
As well as being the run-up to starting university, that week was also the week of Becky's 19th birthday. So, as a farewell gesture-cum-celebration, Becky's mum ceded us her house for a night, so Becky could host a small gathering of our friends.  
  
It wasn't a party. Alright, there was drinking and music and more drinking, but it wasn't a PARTY party. There would be only somewhere around 10 of us, just our closest friends and their boyfriends and girlfriends. It might get messy or loud but it wasn't going to be one of those crazy house parties where everyone in school turns up and trashes the neighbourhood.  
  
The day of the party came, and I was the first to arrive, helping Becky set up and get sorted. There was an assortment of alcohol, plenty of snacks, music on the go, and a house devoid of parents – all we needed. We waited excitedly for the guests to arrive. Well, I waited excitedly. Becky seemed very nervous and quite agitated, she sat on the sofa bouncing her leg up and down and fidgeting with her hair.  
  
As the expected arrival time of our friends drew near, she suddenly jumped up.   
  
"I've got to go get ready," she declared, her face flushed.   
  
"Everyone will be here in a minute!" I objected. "You look fine! What have you got left to do?"  
  
But Becky ignored my question. "Just look after everyone, I'll be down soon!" And with that she sped upstairs.  
  
Well, I wasn't sure what to make of that at all. Something was obviously up and, with hindsight, I really should have suspected more. But it wasn't more than 2 minutes before the first, main group of our friends arrived and I busied myself with letting them in, showing them where the drinks were, and generally making them feel at home.  
  
You know, all the stuff Becky should be doing as it was her house.  
  
Fortunately, after a few minutes Becky came downstairs.  
  
Unfortunately, it was one of those moments where, if there was a DJ, there would have been a record scratch – followed by a stunned silence. Maybe someone would have dropped a drink (fortunately they didn't, or I would probably have ended up cleaning it up).  
  
Becky was, as you are probably expecting by now if you've read enough of these, completely naked.  
  
She at least, this time, had the good grace to look embarrassed about it. But her blushes were nothing compared to the open-mouthed shock I was experiencing. I looked over our friends. They were similarly shocked, with a bit of nervous giggling from some of the girls, and furious looks from some of the others (those with boyfriends, who were alternately looking sheepishly at the floor or hungrily drinking in the sight of Becky's completely exposed form).  
  
Becky stood there for a moment. I could tell she was far more nervous than her usual confident-about-being-naked self – she was really fighting the urge to run back upstairs. She gave a weak smile and a little, sheepish wave.  
  
"Um," she said, "hi everyone."  
  
There was no reply.  
  
"Um," she continued. "You're probably wondering why I'm not wearing any clothes? Well," she said after a pause, "it's my birthday, and so I thought the best outfit to wear would be my birthday suit!"  
  
She giggled nervously. A few of us did likewise. But it didn't seem like everyone thought that was a good enough explanation – I know I didn't!  
  
"Look," Becky continued after a moment, "the truth is, this is me. This is who I am. This is how I'm most comfortable and how I am happiest. I know that might shock some of you – although to be honest I think all of you have seen me with my kit off at some point in the past few years – but please don't think I am doing this for shock value. The fact is, this is the last time we will all be together for a while – we're all going off to uni soon in different parts of the country – and I just wanted to enjoy this time in the best way I could. And I wanted it to be pretty memorable!  
  
"If anyone would rather I put my clothes back on, please say and I will, but otherwise I will be staying this way tonight and enjoying myself with the rest of you."  
  
Well, would you believe there were no objections? Of course, none of the boys were going to tell Becky to get dressed, not with a body like hers! But surprisingly none of the girls did either. I guess Becky's little speech won them over?  
  
After that, Becky herself greeted the remaining guests as they arrived. They were, of course, very surprised to see her naked, but as with our friends already at the party, they gave no objection to her staying that way when she offered the same explanation. That explanation, clumsy and hurried though it was, seemed to answer the question "why are you naked?" to everyone's satisfaction.  
  
Everyone, that is, except me.  
  
A while into the party, I cornered Becky in the kitchen. I was not a happy bunny.  
  
Of course, now I can take a step back from all of this, I can look at how I was feeling and say that I was jealous, and felt slighted. I felt this way because Becky being a nudist, an exhibitionist, an all round likes-to-be-naked person, had been the secret she had previously only shared with me, and that had been something that had made me feel special, trusted, even loved. But now she had just stood up, in the altogether, in front of a group of our friends, and announced to them that Naked Becky was her true self. I had known it all along, of course, but I was no longer the only person who knew it. And, perhaps selfishly, I had wanted it to continue to be me and only me she shared that side of herself with.  
  
But at the time I was not thinking as clearly as that. All I could think was that Becky had, once again, chosen to pull some exhibitionist stunt at her party in a way which embarrassed me and shocked me because, of course, she hadn't talked to me about it first, she'd just stripped off with no thought as to the consequences.  
  
I said as much to her.  
  
"What the heck do you think you are doing?" I asked hotly.  
  
"What do you mean?" she replied. "I just explained everything out there."  
  
"What, that stuff about wanting today to be memorable? What the heck is that supposed to mean? Memorable is getting drunk together and singing along to cheesy 80s rock and someone throwing up in the garden! You're stark bloody naked Beck! What's this really about?"  
  
"I thought you'd understand?" she cried back. "I always thought you understood!"  
  
That stung, but I was on my high horse now.  
  
"All I understand is, you can't keep your clothes on for five minutes! It's stressing me out, Beck, it really is! Everywhere we go, you're stripping off!"  
  
"You've never had a problem with it," she retorted.  
  
"No!" I continued, "I haven't! Because you're my mate and I want you to be happy and if this is how you are happy, well great! But sometimes I think you don't show me the same consideration! Sometimes I think you like embarrassing me!"  
  
I... maybe shouldn't have said that.  
  
Becky looked hurt. "I embarrass you?"   
  
Nothing like a naked girl with puppy-dog eyes to make you feel crap during an argument. The wind went out of my sails a little.  
  
"Look... no. No, you don't. It's just... I don't know. This. All this. It's a bit too much."  
  
"Well, should I go and put some clothes on? If you're not comfortable?"  
  
"No, it's just... it's not that."  
  
"Then what is it? What am I supposed to do?"  
  
"I don't know."  
  
"What do you want me to do?"  
  
"I don't know!"  
  
That wasn't true. I knew exactly what I wanted her to do. But it would have probably shocked our party guests even more than they had been already, not to mention making a mess of the kitchen by knocking all the food off the table.  
  
Joking aside, I felt an immense sense of frustration. I couldn't tell her! I so badly wanted to explain exactly what the problem was here – that every time she took off her clothes in front of me it was a freight train crashing through my previously-assumed heterosexuality. That I was stupidly in lust, maybe even in love, with Naked Becky, and while I probably now had similar feelings for clothed Becky also, it was possible for me to ignore and repress those feelings in the name of friendship. But seeing her free and natural and raw in her sexuality; being allowed to view something so intimate to me in a way which seemed so casual to her – it was becoming too much to bear, and I felt with every time she did something like this, I was getting closer and closer to just screaming it out – I want you. Go to bed with me. Make love to me. Love me.  
  
But what if I did, and all it did was push her away? What if Becky didn't want what I wanted? What if it upset her that she thought being the way she was about nudity had given me signals she hadn't meant to give?  
  
I just wasn't brave enough to come out with it. Even if it meant having rows like that.  
  
"Well, I'm sorry," she said, her voice subdued. "Whatever it is, I'm sorry for it."  
  
And she walked back to the rest of the party.  
  
We didn't speak much the rest of that night. Becky flopped down on our sofa next to a couple we knew, Ben and his girlfriend Amanda. They seemed to have no problem with her nudity and were chatting and laughing and drinking together in a very friendly manner.  
  
I wandered about the party, feeling glum and dissatisfied. I drank a bit too much and a lot of the rest of the night is a bit blurred. I do remember Becky not being around much, and then I ended up in the bathroom being sick.  
  
I flushed the toilet and stood up unsteadily. I washed my face at the sink, and left the bathroom to go back downstairs. As I walked down the corridor, I noticed a light on in one of the far bedrooms, down in the dark end of the house. We'd decided these rooms were out of bounds to party guests, but although the door was almost closed, I could see a chink of dim light shining through.  
  
I walked unsteadily down the corridor. I was more curious than annoyed – I wasn't going to tell them off. It wasn't my house, after all. It was Becky's, let her deal with any mess people were making in the upstairs rooms.  
  
When I got close to the door, I stopped. Standing as close as possible, I peered through the gap.  
  
I grinned. It was Ben, and Amanda. I could see Ben. He was naked, as was his girlfriend. She was on all fours on the bed, and he was kneeling behind her, his hips thrusting against her. He was fucking her, doggy style, strong, rhythmic movements. My own body responded to the sight – a tingle between my legs, my muscles involuntarily contracting and relaxing, in time to his movements. I had never been fucked, but I was starting to think I needed to be! Watching Ben's tight, muscular backside as he thrust in and out of Amanda, watching her push herself back against him, imagining myself receiving a man's cock in that way – made me feel that maybe I'd hung on to my virginity a little too long, that maybe a good shag was something I needed very soon.  
  
I watched, amused and somewhat aroused. My eyes grew accustomed to the half-light of the room, and my alcohol-blurred vision began to focus again. As it did so, I realised something which caused me to catch my breath. There was a bare foot in view which didn't belong to either of the two lovers.  
  
There was someone else in the room with Ben and Amanda!  
  
I shifted position, trying to see more of the room. I managed to get myself angled in a way that showed me more of the bed, so I could see Amanda's front half.  
  
Then I froze. My stomach sank, and I felt cold.  
  
The bare foot belonged to Becky. Becky, who was still naked. Becky, laying at the head of the bed. Becky, with her legs apart. Becky, with Amanda's head between them.  
  
Amanda was going down on Becky while she was being fucked by her boyfriend.  
  
Becky was laughing, and making very appreciative noises. Her eyes were half closed and she kept tipping her head back, lifting her pelvis to push herself into Amanda's eager mouth more. She wasn't drunk, wasn't being taken advantage of. She was simply having a fully-consensual threesome with two of her friends.  
  
Neither of whom was me.   
  
I turned and fled. I'm not sure how much I actually saw. When I look back, when I try to remember now what I was able to see that night, it seems more vivid, more intimate than it actually was. In my memory, I see Amanda's tongue eagerly lapping at Becky's labia, her nose tickled by the soft cushion of Becky's pubic hair. I see Becky, aroused, nipples standing proud on her beautiful bare breasts. She caresses herself, throws back her head, laughing happily. She's close to climax, the other girl's tongue and lips doing their work, bringing her to the edge of orgasm. I turn away before she comes, and the memory dissolves.  
  
I'm reasonably certain that's not what I saw, and that I've made it more vivid in my mind than it was in reality. I've added in details from porn clips I have seen, or the sexy bits of films like Blue Is The Warmest Colour. Because every time I see two girls engaging in oral sex, my mind makes them into Becky and Amanda. That moment will stay with me forever.  
  
I left the party soon after. I didn't speak to Becky again, I wasn't even around when (if) she came back downstairs. Her having a threesome with Ben and Amanda didn't end up being a well-kept secret, I think it had been fairly obvious even on the night to some at the party that that was what was happening. But I don't know what were the details and what was the gossip.   
  
I woke the next morning feeling terrible – and not just because of my hangover. I couldn't stop thinking about what I had seen, and couldn't stop myself feeling hurt and angry about it.  
  
Which was stupid, but I think not unreasonable.  
  
Why was I so upset? I knew Becky had a sex life. She was gorgeous, she never wanted for attention from guys and she was definitely more experienced than awkward, virginal me. It had never bothered me before when she had boyfriends, or even hook ups with guys. But now, I was jealous, and felt somehow betrayed.  
  
The answer was obvious, but it took me a while to figure out. I wasn't sure if my strong feelings for Becky were love, or just lust, but I was sure of one thing. I desired her, physically. I wanted to kiss her, touch her, and yes, fuck her. I wanted her to do those things to me.  
  
Aside from my constant worry over how that would affect my friendship, the other reason I had never pursued those feelings was that I had always felt pretty certain that Becky would never feel those same feelings towards me – not because we were friends (not only, at least) but because we were both girls. I had never had even the slightest inclination from Becky that she might want to have sex with another woman, never had any sense that she might be attracted to anyone other than men. And yet, I had seen her at that party enthusiastically receiving oral sex from another girl. True, a man was present – but at the moment I saw them, he wasn't involved in any of the pleasure Becky was experiencing.  
  
I wasn't so dumb as to take from what I'd seen any sort of confirmation the Becky was in some way bisexual, or that her having sex with Amanda was anything other than a one-off. After all, I was fantasising all the time about Becky but I had never looked at another woman in that way and didn't consider my attraction to Becky to be any sign that I was gay or bi myself, so why would I assume it about anyone else? But it haunted me all the same. It haunted me because, well, if Becky had been flexible enough in her sexuality to enjoy sex with another girl on at least one occasion, that meant that all this time she might have been flexible enough to enjoy sex with me. Had I wasted any opportunity I might have had in the past few months? That night when Becky demanded I cuddle her when we were camping together – if I had taken a lead and kissed her, would she have reciprocated? Would that have led to more? At the time it hadn't felt right, it hadn't been a sexy moment, just a sweet one – but could it have been? If I had been honest about my feelings with Becky, would she have actually been interested?   
  
The row we'd had earlier at the party preyed on my mind, too. If we hadn't argued, would she still have gone off with Ben and Amanda? Her showing up naked at the party was definitely a statement but who had it been a statement for? Was it for Amanda and Ben, was it for some of our other friends – or had it been meant for me? Had she been specifically wanting some sexy fun with a couple, with that particular couple – or, if things had gone differently between us, would she have suggested the sexy fun times be ours? Had I missed her signal (if showing up naked had been a signal, it was a very unsubtle one!) and squandered another opportunity by arguing with her?  
  
There were no easy answers to these questions.

I saw little of Becky following that night and when I did, she never brought up what happened at the party. On the one hand, why would she? She had no idea I had seen her with Ben and Amanda, and I wasn't about to ask. But on the other hand, it troubled me to know that she was keeping something a secret from me, that there was something she had done that she was choosing not to tell me about, when previously she had always been honest with me, and trusted me with so much about herself that she kept from others.  
  
Soon, it was time for us both to leave our family homes and start the first terms of our university education. My mum and dad packed all my stuff into their car and drove me to the halls of residence where I would be living for the next year. Becky's mum did the same for her.  
  
I tried to put Becky from my mind. We'd had a brief goodbye a couple of nights before. It was emotional, but what hadn't been said seemed to hang in the air with greater weight than what we did say. Becky by now I think had realised I was upset, but didn't know why. I think she probably figured it had something to do with the party, but my unending capacity for burying my feelings and keeping things to myself meant I brushed off any attempts by her to find out what was bothering me. In the end, we parted as friends, but with a sense of something between us which hadn't been resolved.  
  
But, I reasoned, the next few weeks and months were about new beginnings. I was going to meet new people and do things I hadn't ever done before – I couldn't spend time dwelling on the past. I would see and speak to Becky again, but for now I was thinking just about the future.