

Naked Best Friend: Exhibitionist CFNF Fun

My best friend Chloë hasn't caught onto it yet, what with all the cardboard boxes to unpack, the U-Hauls to unload, and the rooms to decorate, but this is the first time in my life I'm moving into a new apartment without any of my clothes.

All except for what I'm wearing right now, that is, and it's not much. The scorching California heat made sure of that. Besides the modest floral sundress I have on and some cheap flip-flops, I have a pair of white running shoes in the trunk of my car-and that's it for the clothes not already on my person. I didn't bring underwear. No socks. No pants. There was space in the trucks for my outfits, obviously, even with how much of packrat Chloë is, but for one reason or another I decided to leave all of it at home, at my old apartment, the boxes still taped together and waiting to be found.

Which means that, for the entire rest of the day, this light, almost sheer dress is the only thing shielding me from being completely naked. A dress already tearing at the seams because of yours truly. Yeah.

I can't lie. The thought makes my heart race so fast that I'm close to fainting. Here I am, in the passenger side seat of Chloë's car as we barrel down the highway, and it's all I can think about: the simple, raw fact that I don't have spare clothes. Sure, we could always turn around and go get them; there's enough time to change my mind... but every time I stare at my best friend's sweet, adorable smile, it's a small wonder why I bother wearing anything at all. So, I'm not going to. I might be too shy to confess my feelings and instead have to engineer a wild perverted scenario to show her that I'm interested-but I don't care

I want to be naked around my best friend. No. That's not it. That doesn't capture how I feel, not exactly.

I want to be naked for her.

And I hope she notices.

"Okay, we're almost here!" Chloë says as we escape the highway and find ourselves in a cozy, green neighborhood, filled with tall palm trees that cast a pleasant shade in defiance of the hot summer sun. It's an expensive area to live in-in California, everywhere is but she was adamant that we could make it work with our tight budget. The place we're renting is a lot smaller than these houses: two bedrooms, just one bath, but I don't mind after spending four years crammed into a tiny dorm room. As far as I'm concerned, as long as I have enough room to stretch my legs without bumping into a wall, it's paradise. Well, considering I didn't bring any clothes, free space shouldn't be an issue huh? Ugh. I should be rolling my eyes at myself right now. What am I even doing?

It's not until Chloë speaks up again that I realize I've been trapped in my own thoughts for the better part of an hour. "You know, you've been quiet for a little bit, Vangie," she says, eyebrow raised, as she turns the split second to face me. Right. Speaking. That's

something normal human beings do, especially those that own clothes

"Umm..." I trail off. It's hard to say anything knowing what's on my mind. Oh, it's nothing, Chloe, I think to myself as I scratch the back of my scalp. I just left my clothes at home and put on a half-torn dress so I could have an excuse to run around naked in front of you once

it rips. Oh yeah, I do this all the time. By the way, could you turn on the heater, please? It's getting kind of cold in here.

Instead I say, "Oh, it's just a big step for us, is all," because I am in fact capable of foming words with my mouth parts. "I know we've known each other for a long time, but..."

"It's... definitely a change, Chloë says. Her high, angel-like voice isn't concerned when she says this, but it's almost as if her heart is pounding at the realization just as much as it's pounding for me. "But we'll make it work. We always do. It's not like we have to be morried

to get a place together. Best friends can do that, too. That's just how close we are."

A fluttery, warm sensation fills my chest. I don't want to be just friends, I think, knowing that if I speak now my voice would crack into a thousand tiny little pieces. I breathe In-and let the honest passion inside me escape my lungs ilke steam. "Yeah... yeah," I say, "I mean, we do everything together."

"Exactly," Chloë nods, although she's so focused on the road ahead of us that it's difficult to tell what she's thinking. Maybe that's a good thing, knowing how obvious my emotions are drawn all over my face.

"We played on the same volleyball tearn together," I add. "And"

Chloë laughs before I can finish. "Oh, God. We've showered together, even. If we can do that every day, I'm pretty sure we can handle a one bathroom house."

My heart stops. "I guess we have seen cach other naked," I say quietly.

"Yeah," Chloë says. "Like, hundreds of times. It's really not a big deal"

A bead of sweat drips from my temple. If if I sweat any more this dress is going to tum see-through. Please don't talk about us being naked in the same room right now, I think as I force a smile on my face. My heart con't take it. Please please please

Five minutes later and I'm saved by the sidewalk adjacent to our new home. I step out of Chloë's car right away and hyperventilate under the door, as if my heart were primed to explode. How can she be this dense? I'm wearing one article of clothing. My erect nipples are practically tearing their way through the fabric! I couldn't be more obvious with my advances if I tried, short of pouncing on top of her and begging for her to kiss me. And I want her to fucking kiss me.

Fortunately for my sake, I'm able to calm myself down before Chloë hops out of the car herself. The moving trucks are already here, so the first step in furnishing our new home helps distract me from unraveling altogether. Box after box we carry inside into the comfy little living room, first Chloe's vast collection of DS games, then my library of books, most of which are so heavy that Chioë and I have to carry each box together just so I'm not squished under the weight. By the time we're done and need a rest, the living room is so chock-full of cardboard that it grazes the ceiling. That's a good sign, I suppose. This plan of mine wouldn't really work if it was easy to tell what was missing....

"Phew!" Chloë exclaims as she stretches her arms. The California heat has created a thin layer of sweat over her smooth, pale arms, transforming her skin into gold from the light coming in from outside. "We need a break. I'm going to see if we can order anything. Hungry for anything in particular?"

What, besides you? I think, but instead I say with a bright red blush on my cheeks, "Uhm, anything is fine. I'm going to keep unpacking."

"Sounds good, Vangiel Chloë says with a sweet, airy smile. It's so hard to tell what she's thinking, what she thinks of me. But with that simple expression, surrounded by beautiful locks of dirty blonde hair, she walks up to me and plants a kiss on my cheek before

motioning for the front door. "I'll be outside if you need me. I never get good reception with my phone inside."

"Right, right..." I trail off, my heart shaking. The smell of her perfume lingers in front of me, taunting me, encouraging my hardening nipples to rip through my thin, thin sundress. My body so desperately wanted to be naked for her, doesn't it? It's like this primal, instinctive urge. This need to expose myself and show to her that my body deserves to be hers for all of her wants and desires. Even my pussy is dripping just thinking about it. Dripping at the thought of her seeing me bare.

Ugh, it's no wonder that I can barely keep control of myself. I'm such a mess.

I wait until my best friend is beyond the door before I gnaw at my lip. This is my chance Chloë has accidentally given me all the privacy I could ever need. But now that I can finally do it... my heart is so uneasy that all I want to do is to sit down. My dress, whether Chloë has noticed or not, is pretty much on the verge of ripping already: lifting so many boxes has caused a tear to form where a corner scratched below my breasts. I don't even need scissors, really. I could just use my fingers.

And be naked. That's all it would take. A little bit of pressure and I'd be so, so naked. I know that I probably sound absolutely insane, but I've always wanted to show off my body in front of Chloë, even though I don't exactly have the curves or the grace to be a supermodel. It's hard to explain, and even harder to form the words with my voice instead of my inner thoughts. What can I say? She's just... my best friend, and I want to be hers in the only way I know how.

By being a weird, naked idiot, apparently.

It still needs to be convincing, you dummy, I think to myself as I sneak into the kitchen, where a countertop separates the living room and kitchen into two distinct rooms. Get a pair of scissors or something. How is Chloë supposed to believe that your dress just randomly ripped itself? Ugh. Why didn't you think this through?!

I scour the kitchen cabinets and drawers for something to use, but to no one's surprise, they're all completely empty except for dust and the toxic aroma of some kind of house cleaner. I could just tear the dress off and pretend that it was caught on a loose nail from the disassembled IKEA bookcases we brought in, but Chloë would've seen straight away: she was with me when we moved those. So, what else? The knobs on the drawers are big enough to catch onto my dress, but they're too smooth and round to make the rip convincing.

Ergh. At this point I may as well tell her I'm a nudist now. At least then I'm not stuck without a single stitch to wear.

It's a dumb idea. Just drop it, I think, sighing. She's not into you like that anyway.

Why would she?

Try as I might, the second thoughts are enough to make me give up the idea completely. I step away from the countertop, the drawers still wide open, and try to measure my breathing. Deep breaths, not shallow ones. That's the only way I won't turn into a sobbing mess.

by the end of the day.

I turn to face the front door as I hear Chloë's footsteps enter the living room. "Hey, what did you order?" I say, stepping from the kitchen to meet up with her. But then my dress tugs on something, jerking me slightly-not hard enough to make me stop in place, but

enough for a cool chill to ride down my spine.

My naked spine.

That's when I realize that the knobs on the drawers are a lot rougher than I anticipated,

Chloë's eyes lock with mine just as the flimsy sundress splits in half and falls down the length of my body, first exposing my breasts, then my belly button before I have a chance to grab the fabric to hold it in place. But it's no use. I chose this dress because of how ratty it was, and now I'm paying for it when I try to hold it over my wide, chubby frame. With the back of the dress torn, it's more akin to a towel now than a functioning piece of clothing. Oh, and is this the time to mention that the sundress is strapless?

"Vangie!" Chloë yells, blushing as she runs up to me. She grabs onto my shoulders and holds me close. "Are you okay? You're not hurt at all? Say something!"

I grit my teeth as I hold the dress over my breasts. "I'm okay. I'm okay, I repeat. "Uhm, I guess it was caught onto something..."

My best friend inspects the open drawer and the back of my dress and discovers on her own that there is no way we're repairing the damage. "You just stay here, Chloë says, concerned, as she rushes out of the kitchen. "I'll get you something to wear. Do you know where we put your clothes?"

I let the dress fall to the floor. My heart is throbbing to the point that I can hardly think-my uncontrollable arousal is piloting me now, I keep my body behind the counter tops as Chloë scour the living room for some sign of my wardrobe. The realization of what just happened hits me like a kick to the face. I don't have clothes, I think, my voice repeating again and again in my head.

I literally do not have anything to wear. All of my clothes are miles away, and I'm too big to fit into any of Chloe's outfits.

I'm stuck naked in front of my best friend.

I'm frozen into a marble statue when Chloë finds me again, having opened every box with my name on it or not. The expression on her face is a little confused, as if she can't believe it herself and the fact that I'm openly exposing my breasts probably isn't helping either.

"I can't find your clothes, Vangie. Do you know where we put them?" she asks. "I know we got everything from the trucks."

I don't know what to say. All of the blood in my body is boiling like fire on my cheeks. "I... I think we left them at home on accident. I don't remember bringing them inside."

Chloë's mouth drops slightly. "I-I could try finding something of mine for you to wear, but I seriously don't think you'd fit. No offense, I'm just not sure what to do."

I look into her eyes and make a weak smile. The honest concern she has for me makes me melt in all the right ways. "Well... you did say we've seen each other naked countless of times so..." I trail off.

Chloë can't help but laugh at that, though it's clear she's doing it because of the absurdity of it all, not because it's at me. "I guess we don't have a choice, huh?" she says. "I mean... it's not going to be weird or anything. We're best friends." I bite my lip. "Right, right."

"Best friends can be naked around each other."

Yeah"

There's no more words for us to say. I slowly move from the counter top and stand to face her, as if revealing my soul to her for the very first time. She's seen me naked enough that I doubt the image is surprising to her, except for the fact that I'm shaved... but this time is different. This time, there's no where else to look except at me. After all, the house hasn't even been set up yet. I'm the only thing on display. And you know what? I look pretty good, too.

And Chloë, bless her heart, doesn't try to hide her gaze, "Well, c'mon! Clothes or no clothes, we still have stuff to unbox, right?" she says before taking my hand. "Let's get started so can watch a movie. We are not eating the pizza I just ordered without fine entertainment."

"Oh, God," I laugh, free of clothes and all the hesitation and worry I had before. Without Chloë looking, I kick my sandals to the side, leaving me barefoot, just because I can. "Just don't make me answer the door when the pizza guy arrives. I might die."

"I'd never, Chloë smiles as she pecks my cheek, her arms very briefly brushing against my hard, sensitive nipples. "Because you, naked girl, I want to keep for myself."

I almost forget about my birthday suit by the time our living room is finished the keyword being almost. A lot has been done in just a few short hours: a full entire pizza have been devoured, as well as our bottles of soda, and the widescreen TV and two camping chairs are now set up for our enjoyment. The space over all is still very much bamen-naked even what without any of our decor on the walls, but it feels like home already. Chloë made the right call in choosing this place. I was perfectly happy just sticking with my shabby studio apartment.

"Okay, I'm beat!" Chloë says as she yawns as wide as her jaw will allow. Her limbs are like noodles with how she's leaning far into her chair. "We'll set up the beds tomorrow, I think. Can you set up the futons in our bedrooms? Driving back to your place and back is going to take awhile."

I furrow my brow, slightly disappointed. Well, I guess the fun can't last forever...

A slight chill tickles my skin as I turn to face her from the kitchen. It's been lang enough now that the sight of my nudity is bering between the two of us I've made sure not to stretch or bend in revealing ways so I'm not too obscene-but still, I can tell when Chiot looks directly at me, her heart beats just a smidgen faster. is it because she's uncomfortable? I can't tell, How can I admit to my best friend that I want her to take in my body as much as her heart desires

without ruining the friendship between us? How can I confess that I want to be hers completely?

No, I can't let her go. Not yet. "Oh, it's fine, Chloë" I say nonchalantly as I bring a soda can into the living room and plop my butt down on my chair-yes, I have a towel down for it. "I've been naked this long. You can get it tomorrow."

It's not a convincing argument. Today is Sunday, so with Chloë's work schedule, the earliest I'd be able to have clothes again would be in the evening. A fact that my best friend is quick to realize: "You do realize you'll be naked for like, another day, right?" she says,

laughing as she gets the words out. "I know you work at home and all, but if something happens and I'm not here..."

I bite my lip as I stand in front of her, not doing a thing to cover my exposed breasts or-mora importantly the wetness sticking to my inner thighs. I've done a good job not touching myself and 'agitating' that part of my body further, but without clothes, there's no use hiding it. I'm wet. How can she not notice that I'm wet for her? That I want her so fucking badly?

At this point I've completely given up subtlety. I'm naked. There's nothing left to bare but my soul. "It's not a big deal," I say, my voice shaking slightly. "Nothing is going to happen. Besides, I don't mind being naked around you."

Chloë's not sure what to think. She stands up from her camping chair and comes up to me. "I know we've had an adventure with your newfound nudism today," she says with a silly, cute smirk on her face. "But you can't be in the buff forever. The window blinds aren't even installed. Are you sure you want to flash the neighbors before we can make a proper introduction?"

No, but I want to flash you, my impulsive, horny brain thinks. But as she comes closer, my horny side is the only thing doing the talking. "So?" I say, defiant. "Maybe I like being naked."

Chloë simply smiles softly. "You do, huh? You like running around naked in front of everyone?" "Yeah, I do!" I yell. "I don't care what anyone else thinks! Just just you."

And with that outburst, Chloë suddenly reaches forward and plants a kiss on my lips. A kiss like a lightning strike. "Vangle, you know I love you," she says, her soft voice sounding in my ear drum. "But don't think for a second I don't know you left your clothes at home on purpose."

I don't have words to answer that, much less anything else. I just look deep into her eyes as she looks into mine. "You knew?" I whisper.

"Of course I knew, Chloë says as she takes my hand. Her touch is soft as it is warm. "I'm your best friend. It's my job to know these things."

I can't help but be outright frustrated at that remark. Sexually frustrated, mentally frustrating-I don't have the brain power to put a precise label on it. "You know these things?" I ask bitterly. Not because I'm genuinely angry at her, but because I am so fiercely pent up

that all of my emotions are heightened. My lust. My love. "You know me that well?"

Chloë giggles. "Well, you're standing here ou naturel in front of me, so it's not like you have much room to hide. Yeah, I'd say I know my best friend pretty well, enough to know if she's planning something."

"So if I told you what is on my mind right now, you'd know what it is before I'd even say it?"

"Do you want me to guess?" Chloë asks, almost as unruly and combative as I am being. "You want me to stay home so you have an excuse to be naked longer. Because you love being naked. Because it's your favorite thing in the world! That's my final answer. Am I right?"

I shake my head. Far below, down between my legs, a trickle of wetness trails down my thigh. "Not even close," I say.

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Chloë raises an eyebrow. "Then what?"

I gulp. My hands, my knees, every muscle in my body is shaking. "I want to masturbate for you."

For the first time I catch Chloë completely off-guard. Maybe she thought that I wanted to be naked for the fun of it, and that it had nothing to do with her. Or maybe she thought that I wanted to flash her, but it was only sexually there was no romantic aspect attached. But this? This is different. / want to masturbate for you. That simple word reveals so much about me, about what I want from our relationship, that Chloë has no time to analyze it in detail. The sudden emotion hangs in the air between us, a secret that can't be put back

away.

"Oh," Chloë says. Her mouth hangs slightly open as she stares at me, not into my eyes, not at my breasts. The stare is confused and lost.

But only for a moment. "You want to masturbate right now?" she asks.

Well, what else is there to say? "And so much more. But yes. Please."

Chloë steps an inch closer, so close that I can feel her hot breath make contact with my bare, sweaty skin. "Please?" she repeats. "Why are you asking as if I could ever passibly say no?"

My heart thumps inside my chest like a drum, desperate to escape. "Because it's still scary," I admit. "Because I didn't know what you'd think."

My best friend eyes the chair behind us and then tugs on my arm, motioning for me to sit down. "How about we leave thinking for another day? My best friend wants to masturbate right now. Let's focus on that instead."

I'm left breathless. She's so commanding when she wants to be that I feel like I'm being lifted off of my feet. "Chloë,"

She sits me down on my chair and spreads my legs wide open before words can leave my lungs. "It's okay, silly," she says. "Just enjoy yourself. I'll be sitting right here, watching every moment of it."

My hands, as if finally untethered from chains, bring themselves on their own accord to my sex. "You're going to watch me?" I ask. It's a stupid question, but right now I'm stupid. Just as stupidly homy as I am in love,

Chloë drags her chair to a position directly in front of mine before sitting down. "I'm going to watch you until you cum. That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to enjoy seeing my best friend fuck herself silly until she's satisfied."

I don't bother to wait. I don't need a cue to touch myself at this point. My pink, puffy mess is so sensitive that I have to grit my teeth just to place my fingers on my clit. "You're so mean," I say through heavy, unmeasured breaths. "You're not even going to touch me?"

You're just going to torture me by making me masturbate without any kind of stimulation?"

Chloë bites her lip as she laughs, which comes across as surprisingly arrogant, if I may say so. "That's rich coming from the girl who's been exposing her body to me since this afternoon," she says. "No, I think you can masturbate by yourself tonight. And then tomorrow when you're still naked we can decide what to do with you."

A blush fills my cheeks. There was a blush on my face anyway, but with Chloë every time feels like the first. "You're not getting my clothes tonight? I ask, still so busy rubbing my clit that it takes seconds to say.

"Can I be honest?" Chloë asks, "I was never planning to."

I bite my lip so hard that pain mixes with pleasure. "You're so evil."

"Oh, I know."

"And I love you so fucking much."

Chloë resists responding to that at first. Instead she stands up, pushes her chair to the side, and takes the place by my shoulder so she can rest her head just above my ear. Her hand, needing somewhere to support her weight, pushes against my thigh, only to rub it ever so softly. At the same time my orgasm is near, "I love you, too," my best friend whispers like fire igniting tinder. "I love you more than anything else in the world. So be a good girl for me and cum."

I unravel. There are no other words to describe it, nothing else to say but that one short word. I continue tormenting my clit through the orgasm, but my hands and thighs shake so violently that Chinë has to grab onto my chair to stop me from spilling over. Pleasure builds and builds until exploding from the pressure. Every drop of sweat my body can store is dripping down my skin, oiling it, making it shine ever so beautifully in the dim living room light. In that moment I feel so wonderfully gorgeous, finally on display for Chloë in

all the ways I've dreamed. In that short, sweet moment, I feel loved.

I turn to her and smile lazily. I don't even have the energy to keep my head upright. "I... thank you. I'm so lost for words. I don't even know where to begin...."

Chloë simply plants another kiss on my cheek, which, as far as I'm concerned, communicates so much more powerfully than words. "You can say I love you again," she says. "I like when my girlfriend tells me she loves me."

I smile. All I want to do is smile. "I love you," I say, my voice as pure in heart as can be. "I really, really do."

THE END