

How Eric Became a Nudist

By NTS

Copyright 2014 NTS

Smashwords Edition

Acknowledgements

I've had a lot of encouragement from a lot of fans over the years to get this book written. My thanks to all of you, I probably never would have finished this without that. I hope it was worth the wait!

Chapter 1

“Eric, there’s something we need to talk about,” my mom said to me as we ate dinner.

I raised my eyes over the mashed potatoes I was eating. Usually we didn’t make more than idle chit chat at the dinner table, so I had no idea what she might want to talk about. The tone of mom’s voice told me it was something serious though, and I immediately wondered if I was in trouble for something.

Then dad put down his fork and started to talk. Now I was sure this was going to be bad.

“As you know, things are tough for us right now. Your mother and I need to find ways to cut back.” He began. When he saw the confused look on my face, he added “It’s not your fault; you’ve been very good about how you spend money. But we still need to make some extra sacrifices.”

An awkward silence followed. I couldn’t imagine what he was getting at. I looked back and forth at my parents for more clues. Both had serious expressions, but there was no hint of what they were thinking.

“Honey, today we registered our family as nudists,” My mom finally said. After allowing a second for that to sink in, she continued. “Your fathers company needs to employ a certain quota of alternative lifestylists, so they’ve begun offering salary incentives to employees who register, and it also gives your father an extra measure of extra job security.”

“Not to mention it’ll help with the money saved on clothes and doing laundry,” My dad added with a bit of a smile, as if it were funny.

I didn’t see the humor though. I was in shock. How could they do this?

“But... I don’t want to be a nudist... I don’t want to be naked...” I stammered.

“Eric, we made this decision for the good of our family,” My dad said, with very no nonsense tone. “You may not like it at first, but you’ll get used to it. There are a lot of benefits to being a nudist.”

“We’ll need all of your clothes after dinner. Your father and I will be donating all our families clothes to charity.”

Suddenly I was filled with fear, anger, and rage. “How can you do this to me? Without even asking! I don’t want to do this!”

“Eric!” My dad yelled. “First of all, do NOT take that tone with me. Second, we’ve already registered, it’s said and done. You can be arrested if you’re found violating the nudist lifestyle guidelines after tonight. We don’t ask you for much, but this is for the good of our family. And we are going to do this, as a family, do I make myself clear?”

“Yes,” I said, defeated. I still didn’t like it. But I was also smart enough to know rebelling would be useless, and likely just get me grounded.

I slumped back in my chair and picked at my mashed potatoes, though I’d lost my appetite. I tried to get my head around what this meant. I didn’t have much experience with nudists. Sure, I’d seen some in my life, it’s hard not to notice when someone isn’t wearing any clothes, but I’d never really met one, and never wanted to. I didn’t want to be associated with someone who would be naked in front of others. I had no idea how they could just walk around naked like that, exposed for everyone to look at.

I remembered a time in junior high when a nudist family had moved to the district. They had a girl my age that spent a week in my school. I never talked to her while she was there, and I’m not totally sure of what happened. I think some girls made fun of her, and convinced her to wear a sun dress in school, and she had refused to take it off. I watched with everyone else when the police came in, stripped her of the dress, and took her away. I don’t know what happened after that, but I never saw her again and the family moved out of town shortly after.

I finished dinner in silence, feeling somewhat downtrodden. I wasn’t holding any delusions about this being a joke, or a dream, or somehow getting out of it - but the idea was so unnatural that it didn’t feel real yet. I couldn’t imagine it. I was a little afraid as I sat there thinking about it - what would people think? What would happen to me? Mostly though I just felt angry. My parents kept sending loving and understanding looks my way, but I let them bounce right off me. I couldn’t believe they’d make me do this without even asking me.

After dinner I dutifully did the dishes, and then grumbled something about going off to see my friends. I was almost out the door when my dad grabbed my arm.

“There’s no escaping this,” He said to me. “Let’s get it done, and then you can go out.”

Without really releasing me my dad led me up the stairs. I was taken to my room, where my mom had already started bagging up my clothes. “Here,” she said, handing me some bags. “You finish bagging your wardrobe. Your father and I will go do ours.”

They left, shutting the door behind them, leaving me standing there with a bag in my hand. I started doing as I was told, opening my closet door and piling my shirts into the bag. I felt detached and kind of numb, as if I was watching someone else bag up their clothes to prepare for a life of nudity.

I marveled a little bit at how much in the way of clothes I actually had, and how much it must have cost over the years. I was always sort of brand conscious when I bought clothes, and as a consequence most of what I wore wasn’t cheap. My dad had a point before; clothes cost a lot of money! Still, being forced to just give it all away just felt wrong.

Once finished, I stared at the hole in my closet where all my clothes used to be. It was somewhat disconcerting, so I shut the door to avoid looking at it. I was surprised at how heavy the bag had become, so I opened another bag for the clothes in my dresser. In

went my t-shirts, boxers, socks, and some other stuff I never wore anyway. Four drawers worth of clothes went into the bag, filling it up.

I'd barely finished emptying my dresser when my mom and dad re-entered... both stark naked. I was shocked, having never seen my parents naked before. I immediately looked away.

My mom giggled. "You may as well look Eric, and get used to it. This is how it'll be from now on."

I didn't reply, but I did slowly turn my head back in their direction, getting my first good look at mom and dad in the flesh. My dad was busy tying up one of my clothes bags, my mom was checking around to see if I'd missed anything. Both my parents were in their early 40's, but they looked almost ten years younger. My dad worked out every day and it showed. He had a well-toned body – nothing extraordinary but certainly good looking. I couldn't help but be jealous of it, compared to my somewhat skinny frame. Unavoidably, I looked towards his crotch, where I was surprised to see neatly trimmed pubic hair, instead of the unkempt pubes I knew I had. His penis was also larger compared to mine, something which I suddenly felt very self-conscious of.

My mom was bent over in my closet, fishing out some more clothes she found. I'd forgotten they were there, they didn't fit anymore and had gotten placed in a box at the back of the closet. I'd always known my mom had a nice figure, as she always wore bikinis to the beach. She was blessed with a flat tummy and killer legs and long blond hair. For the first time, I saw she also had a bare pussy and pointy pink nipples capping perky C cup breasts. I couldn't stop myself from thinking that she looked a lot like the porn actresses I'd often masturbated to, a thought which I found really disturbing and tried to shut out of my mind.

I felt bad for looking and turned away, idly fiddling with a paper on my desk rather than continue to watch my two completely naked parents move around my room, looking for any forgotten garments. After a minute or two I noticed my parents had stopped moving and I looked back. They seemed to be expecting me to do something.

"Eric, we need all of your clothes," My mom said to me.

I was confused for a moment, and then I realized what she meant. The clothes I was wearing. "Oh" I said.

"Take them off and put them in the bag," My dad said, holding it open for me.

It was too surreal to put up any kind of resistance. I just stood up, and prepared to strip in front of my parents for the first time since I was five.

I slowly unbuttoned my shirt, feeling very self-conscious as they both looked at me. I folded it and placed it in the bag, and then took off my sneakers. I pulled off my socks and tossed them in. Next, I lifted my t shirt over my head, and folded that too. As I said before, I've always felt too skinny, and I never felt comfortable with my shirt off, making my sense of self-consciousness grow. Next, I emptied my pockets. Some loose change,

wallet, and keys, placing it all on the nightstand. Briefly I wondered how nudists were expected to carry things without pockets, as I unbuttoned my jeans and let them fall. Again I folded them and put them in the bag. I was now standing in front of my nude parents wearing nothing but boxers. Swallowing my pride, I let them fall too. I was naked.

Nothing was said as my parents studied me. I'm sure I must have turned a dozen shades of red. I didn't look nearly as good as either of them, with my skinny frame and bony limbs. My penis, shrunken when exposed to the cool air of my room, was nothing like dad's. It was the most embarrassing moment of my life up until that point. Of course I didn't realize at the time that that was a bar which would just get set higher and higher in the coming days.

My mom collected the clothes I'd dropped on the floor, and then pulled the sheets and blankets off my bed as well, stuffing them all in the bag.

"There," My mom smiled, tying it up. I guess in response to my confused look, she explained: "Lifestyle nudists aren't allowed to cover themselves with anything, even blankets while sleeping. You'll understand once you read the guidelines."

"Is that everything Mel?" My dad asked her.

"It should be," She replied. "Eric, did you have anywhere you needed to be right away? Your dad and I could use a hand taking all this to the clothes drop if you're not busy."

I remembered my attempt to go out to hang with my friends earlier and suddenly felt like that wasn't a good idea any more. I shook my head and picked up a bag.

"We'll take the van, it should all fit," My dad said, picking up two bags and exiting the room. My mom left to retrieve the bags of their clothes, leaving me alone for a few minutes, standing naked in the middle of my bedroom.

That's about the moment when the reality sunk in. I'd never wear clothes again. My body was going to be on display to the world from now on, unable to hide any part of me. Open. Exposed. Bare.

Naked.

Chapter 2

It felt so weird trekking through the house naked as my parents led the way to the garage, bags full of our former clothes in hand. For the first time in my life I felt air swirl around my whole body as I walked. Despite the fact that it was a relatively cool early September day, I felt very warm as I passed near an open window and the evening sunlight hit my skin. And I felt my penis and balls swing and bounce between my legs, unconstrained by any sort of pants. I might have been able to enjoy all these new sensations if it wasn't for the intense embarrassment I was also feeling from going through the house without any clothes.

It was also a very weird thing to be following my parents' bare butts around, since they were just as naked as I was. Every time I noticed them I instinctively averted my eyes, as if their nudity was an accidental thing and I was intruding on their privacy.

It took nearly three trips between upstairs and the garage to move all the bags of clothes, and they filled almost the entire back half of our minivan by the time we were done. Once the last bag had been loaded, my dad asked, "We ready to go?"

"Gary, don't we have something we should give Eric first?" Mom said.

"Oh, right," My dad said. "Where did we leave it?"

"In the living room," mom replied.

"Right, I'll go get it."

With that, my dad exited, leaving my mom and me in the garage, naked. My self-consciousness began to reassert itself, and I tried to find something to keep my mind off my state of undress. My mom's presence wasn't helping either, especially when I noticed how the cool air of the garage had caused her nipples to harden; my brain knew she was my mom, but my hormones only saw a beautiful naked woman.

"Thank you for taking this so well," My mom said to me. "I know it must seem hard, but your father and I knew you'd be mature enough to handle it."

I couldn't help feeling a renewed anger at that statement. "Hard? Mom you have no idea. How could you do this to me? Without even asking? I never wanted to be a nudist."

"That, Eric, is precisely why we didn't ask you," Mom replied coolly. "You have to trust your father and me to know what's best for the family."

That just pissed me off more, and I was about to yell some more about the unfairness of it all when dad re-entered the garage. He was carrying what looked to be like a brown cloth bag with a single shoulder strap. I also noticed he had put a pouch of some sort wrapped around his waist.

“Here Eric, this is for you,” he said, handing me the bag. “It’s to carry your wallet and keys. There are some nudist guidelines inside you need to read, you can go through it on the way to the store.”

“It’s the latest in nudist fashion hun, your dad and I thought you deserved something nice. It’s made of some space-age material that will blend with your skin tones, the strap should be nearly invisible. And you’ll still get an even tan.” my mom added.

“Gee thanks,” I said with little enthusiasm, examining the bag. Nudist fashion. Isn’t that some kind of oxymoron?

“Alright, let’s getting going,” My dad said, going around to the driver side. My mom opened the sliding door for me.

“Uh, maybe I’d better stay here,” I said, suddenly realizing that they expected me to leave the house naked.

“Your father and I will need your help unloading all these bags. I’d like you to come,” said mom.

I looked at my dad and realized this wasn’t so much a request as an order. I silently climbed in the back seat. At least the tinted windows would shield me from anyone’s view.

As the garage door opened and we backed out the driveway, I inspected my bag a little more closely. I discovered my wallet and keys (my dad must have gotten them while he was inside). I also saw that there were a few bottles of suntan lotion, each for different situations, according to the labels.

Toward the bottom I found a cardboard ID card, and a brochure. I read the ID.

THIS CARD IS TO RECOGNIZE THAT

ERIC M. FIRMS

IS A REGISTERED PRACTITIONER OF

LIFESTYLE 141 (NUDISM)

AND CONFORMS TO ALL THE RULES, PROTOCOLS, RESTRICTIONS, AND
ENTITLEMENTS OF THAT LIFESTYLE

THE FEDERAL DEPARTMENT OF LIFESTYLES

“That’s your ID card Hun,” mom explained without me asking. “It’s only temporary, until you can get a photo lifestyle ID card. You might need to show that in some places to prove you’re a nudist.”

Like being naked won’t be proof enough, I thought.

“You should read that brochure too. It has everything you should know about being a

nudist.”

I didn't respond, but started reading nonetheless. I opened it up to page one.

Welcome to the Nudist Lifestyle!

Here you'll find everything you need to know about this fast growing lifestyle.

The nudist lifestyle is listed as lifestyle 141 by the Federal Department of Lifestyles. Currently, there are approximately one million registered nudists in the United States, making it the fifth most popular lifestyle choice for Americans, as well as one of the fastest growing.

Lifestyle benefits

Most people who choose to live clothes free do it for the simple comfort, pleasure, and simplicity that being nude brings. Indeed, there is nothing like the feeling of the sun on bare skin, swimming through the water unencumbered by a suit, or the simple freedom of not having to decide what to wear each morning. But, in addition, there are many, many other benefits to registering as a nudist.

Health Benefits – *Studies have shown that nudists enjoy a lower risk of skin cancer. In addition, lifestyle nudists have increased fertility and sexual virility when compared to non-nudists. And because nudists are encouraged to pursue an active, nature oriented lifestyle, many also have lower instances of high blood pressure and heart disease.*

Social and Economic Benefits – *The Department of Lifestyles offers a tax incentive to everyone who registers in a lifestyle and abides by the guidelines of that lifestyle. In the case of nudists, this means a ten percent reduction in federal taxes, as well as a further five percent from most state and local taxes. Socially, nudists also enjoy....*

I skipped through the rest of that section. I wasn't given a choice in the matter, so I frankly didn't care why people would want to run around naked. I found the part of the brochure that concerned me near the end.

Rules and Regulations for Registered Nudists

Registered nudists are required to remain nude at all times, in public and private. Guidelines for what is acceptably nude are as follows:

- a) The genitals, buttocks, and upper chest area must be exposed and visible at all times. These are not to be covered or intentionally hidden from view at any time.
- b) Footwear may be worn to protect the soles of the feet; however, nudists may only wear footwear deemed acceptable for nudists by the Department of Lifestyles.
- c) Headwear may be worn for practical purposes, provided it does not cover an area greater than that which would normally be covered by head hair.
- d) Wristwatches, rings, bracelets, necklaces, decorative fabrics, and other body ornaments may be worn, provided that in total they do not cover more than five percent of the skin's surface area.
- e) Tattoos and body paint are not considered coverage and may be utilized freely by a nudist for self-expression.
- f) Satchels, backpacks, purses, sacks, and pouches may be used to carry items as necessary, provided that they do not violate parts (A) or (D) of this code.
- g) Sexual practices of nudists:
 - y Nudists are encouraged to openly explore their bodies. As such, nudists are permitted to openly express all forms of sexuality, except in designated celibacy zones.
 - y Registered nudists are exempt from all laws and ordinances dealing with obscenity or lewdness.

In accordance with the Family lifestyle act of 1997, all dependents must live in accordance to the rules and regulations of the lifestyle the guardians are registered for.

A dependent here is defined as someone who has been reliant on a parent or guardian financially at any time in the prior three years.

I read that last part in shock. Assuming I went to college and my parents helped foot the bill, I'd be considered a dependent of my parents, until I was 25. This meant I'd have to remain naked for the next seven years, when I'd finally be able legally unregister myself and wear clothes again. That, to me, sitting in the car that day, was unfathomable. I didn't know how I'd last a day totally naked, let alone the next nine years of my life.

I was about to voice my unhappiness with the situation again when we pulled in to the parking lot near the clothes drop. It was in one of those second-hand stores, which was part of a larger strip mall. My dad shut the van off and popped the trunk. Suddenly I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. We were in the middle of a very large parking lot, with any number of people walking about. And here I was, completely exposed for the world to see. I'd lost all of my previous nerve to go along with this.

"I think I'll just wait here," I said meekly, trying to sink deeper in my seat, wishing I was invisible.

"Nonsense," my dad said simply.

And suddenly the big sliding door next to me opened, and I was covered in fresh air and sunshine and nothing else. I considered refusing to get out, but I knew I had no more choice now than in becoming a nudist in the first place - my parents weren't going to tolerate anything less than full acceptance from me. Moving slowly, I unbuckled myself and swung one foot out the van. I really couldn't be any more exposed than I was sitting here with the door open, I reasoned, so I gingerly slid out and stood up, squinting as my eyes adjusted to the sun, which was now hovering close to the horizon. I couldn't believe it, but I was standing outside, stark naked, for anyone to see.

I had to admit, the sunlight combined with the warm air felt good on my skin. The hot pavement felt weird on the soles of my feet though, which were accustomed to the soft cushion of a sneaker. For a brief moment I lost my self-consciousness, as I just savored the various unique sensations I was feeling all over my body.

Of course, that all came crashing down in moments when I noticed a girl a few aisles over staring right at me. I blushed madly and made a fool of myself as I awkwardly grabbed one of the clothes bags and tried to cover myself with it. I saw her giggling, and then watched in horror as an older woman who must have been her mom joined her and grew a big smile upon noticing me. I was so embarrassed I thought I would die.

"Eric, get ready, I'm going to hand you some bags," my dad said. Scarcely giving me enough time to balance myself, he piled three bags in my arms. To support hold them steady I had to lift the bags in front of me, which unfortunately left everything below my waist exposed. I didn't know if that girl and her mom were still staring, but at least I couldn't see them any more with the bags in my arms.

My dad took as many bags as he could carry as well, and my mom piled the rest onto a shopping cart which she pushed. For some reason it felt like we had more now than when we'd first packed the car! Weighed down by the clothes, we began a slow march towards the store. We must have looked ridiculous, three nude people walking through a parking lot carrying bundles of clothes. I was just glad that my face was mostly hidden

by the bags I was carrying, and tried not to think of all the people who might be looking.

We entered the second-hand store, and I was immediately hit with a blast from the air conditioning. My body responded by covering itself in goose bumps. I also felt my balls immediately shrink in the cool air. My whole body shivered a bit, and I felt even nuder, if that was possible.

My dad directed me to a spot on the floor to leave all the bags. I gladly dumped them, and flexed my sore arms, freed of the heavy clothes. I took my first look around the place. There were a few idle shoppers around, browsing the racks of second hand clothes and goods. Thankfully they all seemed to be oblivious to the nude family that had entered the store. There was one clerk working the store, who couldn't have been much older than me. My dad went up to him.

"Hi, we're here to donate some clothes," My dad said to him, nodding towards our heaping pile of bags.

The clerk looked us over, and at the bags. He smirked. "New nudists?" He asked.

"Just registered today," My dad said, pulling his card out of his carrying case.

"Cool, congratulations man – it's a great way to live," The clerk said, taking the card and playing with the register.

If he thinks it's so great, why isn't he naked for everyone to see? I thought to myself, somewhat angry at the remark. My dad didn't seem to think anything of it though, and chatted amicably with the clerk. I think I caught in the conversation that the clerk was a registered vegan. Why couldn't we have done that? I'd rather not eat meat than not ever wear clothes.

Realizing this might take a while, I opted to wander the aisles. At least that way I wouldn't immediately be seen by anyone else walking into the store. Being conscious of it for the first time, I was sort of amazed how much of this store, and all stores really, were devoted to clothing. I really craved something to cover myself with, but I knew that would be impossible, so I made my way to the back of the store where the other second hand goods were.

There was a mother and son browsing back there, but fortunately they took no notice of me. I glanced over the appliances, none of which were of much interest to me, and made my way to the shelf full of lifestyle related items. There wasn't much there, just a random assortment of items relating to one lifestyle or another, sex toys for BDSMers, Religious items for fundamentalists and various other cults, a few books related to homosexuality, transgenderism, polyamory, and communism. Towards the bottom I saw one of interest; an old, tattered book entitled Practical Nude Living: A Guide for Old and New Nudists.

Curious, I picked up the book and flipped through it. It contained your typical how-great-the-lifestyle-is chapter, but afterwards it delved into some relevant stuff, like skin care, dealing with the sun, general tips for dealing with hazards like hot surfaces and cooking

nude, style (for the few accessories we were allowed), social etiquette, and some other non-obvious things I wouldn't have thought of with regards to being nude all the time. I hadn't realized all the different consequences that resulted from being nude all the time; I knew I'd have to learn more about being a nudist, as much as I didn't want to.

I placed the book down just as my dad and the clerk finished accounting for all of our textile possessions. It totaled to quite a large charitable donation, which I knew meant an even bigger tax write off for him. It was only then that it really started to sink in what had happened; I'd stripped off and gotten rid of all my clothes with hardly any ceremony. The last time I'd get to wear clothes was already over. With a silent nod I followed my parents out of the store. We made a quick trek back across the parking lot and climbed back into the minivan just as the sun disappeared .

I was relieved to be out of public sight with no clothes on. I knew it wouldn't be the last time I'd have to do that, but for now I was glad to be back in the relative privacy of the minivan, where I just had to deal with my equally naked parents.

It had barely even been two hours yet.

Chapter 3

I woke up to the warm feeling of sunshine on my skin. It was Saturday. I always slept late on weekends, and by that point in the morning the sun was warm and bright. As a nudist I wasn't even allowed to cover myself with sheets and blankets as I slept. It had made it a little uncomfortable to fall asleep the previous night, but I had obviously managed. The sunshine this morning was an unusual, but not unpleasant, sensation on my skin as it streamed through my window.

I let myself gradually shift into consciousness, trying to enjoy a few more moments of rest before I starting the day. Memories of the previous day started to come back to me. Stripping in front of my parents, donating all our clothes, being out in public, naked. I would have thought it was all a dream if it wasn't for the fact that I was laying there in the buff, and my closet was conspicuously empty.

Slowly I became aware of one other thing that was afflicting me, my morning wood. Suddenly I realized that I was laying there with my door open, with my dick sticking up in the air for the entire world to see. I panicked and flipped over onto my stomach. I listened intently; luckily I heard nothing, which meant mom and dad were probably still asleep.

Allowing myself to relax a little, I got up and quietly made my way to the door. The bathroom was right across the hall from me, so I made a quick dash for it and shut the door behind me. I breathed a sigh of relief.

I closed the toilet lid and sat down, grabbing some tissue paper in one hand and my dick in the other. Being sixteen, it didn't take me long to get into it, and in a few moments I was starting to enjoy myself. I don't usually think about anything in particular when I jerk off, I just sort of lay back and enjoy the sensations, and that's exactly what I was doing when my naked mom walked in.

I heard the doorknob turn and the door swing open before I could even react. Mom walked in smiling, and I was caught red handed. I must have turned a zillion shades of red.

"Good morning Eric," She said to me.

"Mom!" I shouted, frantically searching to cover myself with something.

She looked at me incredulously. "Oh Eric, it's not like you have anything to hide any more. You can go ahead and finish, I'll just be using the sink."

With that she turned to examine herself in the mirror, and prepared to brush her teeth. I couldn't believe this. Here I was, in the middle of jerking off, and my mother nude not two feet from me. And she was acting like this was an everyday thing.

I really wanted to leave. But with my hand still wrapped around my dick, which was still painfully erect, I wasn't sure what else I could do. Reluctantly I began stroking again. My

mom turned and smiled at me, I was beet red, but my dick of course had a mind of its own. Soon enough I was enjoying myself again, though I still felt hugely embarrassed. And now, rather than thinking of nothing in particular, I was unduly focused on the nude woman standing before me, who happened to be my mother. I knew it was wrong, but like I said, my dick had a mind of its own.

After what felt like an eternity (but was in reality only another minute or two) I felt myself reach the edge. A few more quick strokes and I erupted into a powerful orgasm. The euphoria overtook me and I just sat there for a moment, content to let my cum squirt into my hand. Slowly I came down from my high and felt self-conscious again, sitting there in front of my mom having just jerked off. She glanced at me with a knowing smile, which was enough to turn me beet red again. What just happened? I thought to myself as the orgasm started to wear off.

Abashedly, I got up to wash my hand, just as my mom was starting the shower. “Here sweetie, why not come in here with me, and save some hot water?” she said.

Given what had already transpired I couldn’t really think of an objection. All the weirdness of the situation had left me in kind of a daze, so I just silently followed my mom, stepping behind the steamy glass of the shower stall. I hadn’t ever noticed just how big it was before – I hadn’t showered with anyone else since I was probably four or five. It was actually big enough for us to share the shower stream, although not without our naked bodies bumping and rubbing each other more than I would have liked. Mom offered to help me soap and scrub, but I declined – I was having a tough enough time getting used to this as it was, I didn’t need to feel my mom’s hands all over my naked body as well.

Thankfully we finished showering quickly, and I was able to step out of the close quarters. I wasn’t that surprised to discover that all the full size bath towels had been given away – I had to dry off with a small towel that would have been far too small to wrap around myself or give any meaningful cover. Once clean and dry, I hung up the small towel and left the bathroom. My mom was still busy drying her hair, but I was happy to get out of her sight for a while.

I walked back to my room, and sat on the edge of the bed. The day had barely started and already it was almost too weird to deal with. Was this really what my life was going to be like from now on? Completely exposed, all the time, without the slightest bit of privacy allowed? How many people had seen me naked already? How many more would? I felt ashamed, angry, embarrassed, and frustrated all at once.

Chapter 4

Part of me was intent on just sitting in the privacy of my room for as long as I possibly could. Unfortunately, my stomach thought nothing of my state of undress, and soon began rumbling for breakfast. My hunger overtook my sense of modesty, so I slid off the bed and made my way downstairs. I tried to forget that I was naked, but it was useless. I was reminded every time I felt the carpet under my bare feet. The way my penis and balls bounced as I descended the stairs. The blast of cold air on my skin when I opened the refrigerator door. The uncomfortable feeling of the hardwood chair on my butt as I sat down to eat my cereal.

Mom and dad were there as well, dad reading the paper and mom having some toast, which she must have made before I got down there. We would have looked so strange if anyone saw us – a family eating breakfast naked, as if it was the most normal thing in the world. I wanted to be mad at them for forcing this on me, but in truth I wasn't... they were my parents, I loved them, and staying mad was hard. Still, it was an embarrassing, weird situation. I was confused at how easy this seemed to be for them, as if they'd always walked around naked everywhere.

Breakfast passed in silence, which wasn't all that unusual. Dad was a morning person, but neither myself nor my mom ever were. I finished my cereal, washed my bowl, and went out to the living room to watch TV. The living room has a giant sliding door to the back patio, I knew from experience that any of the neighbors could see inside to the couch where I was sitting. I briefly considered shutting the blinds, but then I thought, what would be the point? The world was going to see me naked anyway, and the modicum of privacy I would have gotten from that seemed rather pointless. Nevertheless, the whole time I was there my attention was split between the doors and the TV, wondering if anyone was looking.

I prefer to be active and doing stuff over just watching TV, and normally I'd have something planned with friends, especially on such a beautiful Saturday. The thought of being naked for any of that was still too disturbing for me to consider, so for the moment I was content to just spend the day inside, and hope none of my friends came looking for me.

Of course I should have guessed my parents would have other ideas.

"Eric, your father and I are going to the mall. Why don't you come with us?" My mom said, interrupting my thoughts and TV watching.

The mall? I thought to myself. They have to be kidding.

"No thanks," I replied.

She seemed to accept that, and left the room. At that moment it seemed like I'd won a small victory, which is why I was as surprised as anyone to find myself in the minivan shortly after, somehow having been talked into joining them. I can only plead temporary

insanity – I was regretting it even as we pulled out of the garage, whatever words had been used to convince me to go with them already forgotten.

There weren't really any highways between our house and the mall, just a bunch of side streets and main roads. We passed by a lot of people spending the day outside – kids playing, adults shopping, teenagers like me hanging out... all of whom were fully dressed, protected from the eyes of the world. I felt glad that the backseat afforded me relative privacy – it was unlikely anyone could see me in the car. Mom and dad were far more visible in the front seat, but they didn't seem to care at all. It was like driving around naked was a completely normal thing; neither of them seemed to notice the surprised look the occasional pedestrian had when they spotted mom's breasts through the window.

About twenty minutes later we came upon the mall parking lot, and my dad began weaving up and down the aisles looking for a spot. I gulped, noticing the size of the crowds just at the mall entranceways, full of dressed people. *I must be nuts*, I thought to myself.

Eventually my dad found a spot, about two hundred yards from the nearest mall entrance. The engine shut off and the moment of truth had arrived. Summoning all my courage, I opened the sliding door, rationalizing that I was still mostly hidden by the car next to me. Slinging my new bag over my shoulder, I stepped out, doing my best to mentally prepare myself for what was about to happen. The asphalt was hot under my feet, making it hard to stand in one spot for very long and seemingly propelling me forward.

My parents led the way through the parking lot, with myself trailing behind. I tried to tell myself it would be no worse than the store yesterday, but I couldn't make myself believe it. The few people there was nothing like the crowds I was about to face here.

We were immediately noticed by the crowd hovering outside the mall entrance. Reactions ranged from surprised glances to open stares, especially directed towards my mom. I did my best to ignore them all, but it proved impossible. I could feel every eyeball on my skin, as one of the three naked people who were suddenly the center of attention. I became hyper aware of every sensation on my skin – the light breeze, the sun's rays, the way my muscles flexed as I walked, the slight bouncing of my penis and balls. I'd never felt more embarrassed in all my life (a phrase I'd been using more and more since yesterday), and I'm sure I was blushing hard.

Thankfully we didn't linger out there and headed right inside. The cool air of the mall air conditioning on my skin provided a nice contrast to the sun outside. There were also fewer people once inside; this entranceway was located off a hallway between stores, so there weren't many shoppers here. What relief I might have felt was short lived though, because we continued without pause right to the main concourse of the mall.

The mall never seemed so large or filled with so many people as it did then. At least I noticed fewer people staring than when we were outside – people were too preoccupied with their own business to pay much attention to a few naked people. Those that did

notice us as we walked were more than enough though – the giggles of a few small children, the pointing of a group of girls, the look of disgust from a few senior citizens. Most people just blatantly looked. I guess I couldn't really blame them – hadn't I'd always looked whenever I'd seen nudists before? I just never imagined being one of them. I wondered if they all felt like this. Mom and dad didn't seem to mind it, but I didn't know how they were accomplishing that.

Finally we stopped near the food court, located right in the center of the mall (also the busiest part). "Well Eric, your mother and I have some shopping to do we don't suppose you'd be too interested in. Would you like to just do your own thing and meet us back here in say, two hours?"

"Um, ok" I said.

"Oh and sweetie, why don't you get a haircut while you're here? You said you needed one the other day, and I don't disagree with that" my Mom said, handing me some money.

I accepted it and placed it in my bag. "Thanks mom," I said.

"Ok Eric, be good and we'll meet back here later." Then she leaned over and gave me a hug. God it felt weird, feeling her nipples on my skin when we hugged – and being in the middle of the mall just made it weirder. She pulled away after a few minutes and then walked off with dad, quickly getting lost in the crowd.

So there I was, naked and alone, in the middle of the food court, surrounded by hundreds of people. I just stood there for a few minutes, feeling very awkward and embarrassed. Most people simply ignored me; but I noticed a lot of second glances and open stares. Usually I liked going to the mall; I came here to hang out with my friends a lot. But being here naked turned it into a completely different experience.

I suddenly realized something else I hadn't considered though. What if someone I knew was here now, and they saw me naked like this?

As if fate read my thoughts, I met eyes with a group of girls across the way looking at me, and I was fairly certain I recognized one of them.

Not wanting to hang around to find out, I finally felt motivated to move. Turning my butt to them, I darted off in a random direction, hopefully getting lost in the crowd. As much as a naked person could get lost in one, anyway. I walked as fast as I could without running and avoiding looking at anyone at all, until I felt my heart stop pounding. It was one thing to be an anonymous naked person in the mall... it was another to be naked around a bunch of people who knew you (I had a brief flash of what school would be like on Monday, but I shoved it to the back of my head).

As luck would have it, I had moved in the direction of the Stylish, the mall hair stylist, where I usually got my hair cut. I decided it wouldn't be a bad idea to follow up on mom's advice and get that done. At least it would get me out of the crowd for a while. I darted across the mall fairway to the storefront and promptly entered.

The girl at the cash register looked me over with a smirk as I entered. It was still embarrassing, but it was oddly relieving that it was only one set of eyes examining me rather than the dozens out in the concourse.

“Do you have an appointment?” she said, her eyes moving up and down my naked body.

“Um, no, not today. Is it possible to get a walk in?”

“Will you be wanting a full body trim?”

“A what?” I asked, confused. Never heard that before.

“Never mind, I’ll just put you down for one. You lucked out, there’s an opening in a half hour,” she told me.

“Thanks...” I said. “I’ll wait here.”

“Suit yourself,” she said, moving her attention to a customer waiting to pay.

I took a seat in one of the several waiting chairs. They were mostly obscured from the view of mall shoppers by a window filled with advertisements, so at least I was spared that much. There was still a fair number of customers coming and going though, all taking notice of the naked boy waiting. And the girl at the register kept looking at my crotch every chance she got.

I tried to solve the problem by ignoring it, browsing the several old magazines that were available. However, my paranoia about who was looking at me combined with the lackluster selection of magazines meant that distracting myself was impossible. After a few minutes I gave up, and just sat nervously looking at the clock and continually noticing the people taking stock of my naked body.

And the girl at the register kept looking at me! I was starting to wish I was back out in the mall rather than having to endure this.

“So, how long have you been a nudist?” she asked when there was a lull in the customers.

It almost didn’t register that she was speaking to me. After a moment’s pause I answered. “Uh, since yesterday.”

“Really? Why?”

“My parents registered. I didn’t have a choice,” I said. I felt really uncomfortable talking to this girl, naked as I was. It was like I was being judged and had to defend myself, for something I didn’t even want to defend

“Well I’m glad they did. You’re cute naked.”

I felt myself blushing, the compliment just fueled my embarrassment further. I’d never really been this shy before, but I was so self-conscious from being naked that I couldn’t

summon a better reply than “Thanks”

Another few customers had turned up for their appointments, so she turned her attention back to handling them. Once they were settled though she turned back to me. “So where do you go to school?”

“Forest Glen” I answered. Trying to be friendly, I followed it with “you?”

“Franklin Community College,” she answered. “I’m a Freshman there, I just graduated from Maple Shade High School last year”

Maple Shade was a town that bordered the one I lived in.

“Are there any other nudists at your school?” she continued.

“No, I’ll be the only one” I answered. God, how I hated thinking about that.

“That’s a shame. There’s a society of nudists at Franklin CC... you should look into it. My roommate’s a nudist, they’re a cool bunch.”

“Thanks,” I said, but somehow I didn’t see how being around a bunch of other naked people would make me feel any better about being naked.

“Name’s Missy, by the way,” she said.

“Eric” I answered back.

Another customer came from the back and paid.

“Well Eric, it looks like you’re up next. Why don’t you get back there, Jenn’s gonna do you. She’s the one all the way in back,” Missy told me.

I glanced at the clock, surprised (but glad) the time had passed already. I got up and walked around to the barber chairs, momentarily glad that I’d be all the way in back. I saw a woman standing there who must have been Jenn. She was a good looking woman who looked to be in her early 30’s, with a warm friendly smile and a relaxed demeanor. Even better, she kept her eyes on mine as I approached, without giving me the look over it seemed everyone else had given me.

“Have a seat,” she said, motioning towards the chair. I accepted and sat down, noting with some dismay that there was a full body mirror. As a nudist I knew I wouldn’t even get an apron – I’d be forced to see my own nudity the whole time.

“So what’ll it be sweetie?” Jenn asked.

“16C, please,” I replied, referring to the number for my usual style.

“Hmm, okay, and for the rest?” she replied.

I was confused. “The rest?”

She took her fingers and ran them through my chest hair, with a light giggle. “Full body

trim cutie”

I hadn't even thought about my body hair. “Um, I don't know...”

She smiled reassuringly. “New to nudism?”

“Yeah” I answered.

“Don't worry about it. I'll give you a 5a. It's pretty conservative, you can decide if you like it for next time,” she answered.

“Sure,” I said, unsure what to make of this new development.

She began to go to work on my head, cutting and trimming and applying gel as I was used to when getting my hair cut. It was a little disconcerting, staring at my naked image in the mirror the whole time, but nevertheless I managed to relax a bit. Jenn was very professional, making idle chit chat with me and keeping her eyes focused on her work.

Soon she was finished, and invited me to get up. I didn't like to put a lot of work into my hair. The style I'd always went with was fairly casual without seeming unkempt, and Jenn had definitely done a good job of touching it up for me. Before I could think about it too much though, I felt Jenn's hands on my shoulders, which made me jump. She giggled again “You might not want to do that near a razor,” she said. She positioned me in front of the mirror “Now let's get the rest of you.”

I gulped, and watched her as she took an electric trimmer to my chest, evening out my chest hair. It wasn't very thick but it wasn't something I'd ever paid attention to before – I guess it was rather scraggly though. I felt incredibly uncomfortable with her hands on my body. I wasn't used to having my bare skin touched. It took all my self-control not to shudder as her fingers ran across my nipples, followed shortly by the trimmer. I watched as she made the hair a uniform length, then evened out the edges so it would look symmetrical. She started at the top and worked downwards, towards...

It didn't occur to me until it was too late. She unceremoniously took hold of my penis and balls, and took the trimmer to my public hair. I'd never been touched down there before by anyone else, and here was this woman holding it firmly like it was a totally normal thing. Maybe for her it was, maybe she was used to dealing with nudists. For me, it was only the knowledge that she literally had me by the balls with a razor in her other hand that stopped me from jumping and running away. Feeling her handling me was like nothing I'd ever felt before – it was without a hint of sexuality, but at the same time I was suddenly being touched in the most private, intimate places. I didn't know how to process that.

She started with the thick bush above my penis, trimming it down and cleaning it up much as she had done to my chest, while keeping my penis and balls down and out of the way with her other hand. Then she started to pull it every which way to get around the lower edges. In a very no-nonsense manner, she followed the up by lifting my penis and applying shaving cream to my balls, which were quickly denuded. Just as I felt I couldn't take it anymore, it ended... she moved away from my pubes and worked on my

leg hair.

I was feeling a million things at once and was a little dazed by it. Angry, confused, good, weird, violated, liberated. All because this woman had handled me like that.

I didn't have time to ponder it long before she stood up. "All set," she said, unaware of the inner turmoil she'd caused inside of me.

I'd been too preoccupied to notice myself in the mirror, but now that I really looked at what she'd done, it was an amazing change. I looked much cleaner and better. I cringed when I saw how much more my penis stood out with my pubic hair trimmed back, seemingly calling everyone's attention to it. It was like the difference between wearing worn out old clothes, and going out in a new suit. Except I wasn't wearing clothes... my skin was the only thing I had to present to the world.

"Th-thanks," I stammered then walked away, still unnerved.

Missy's eyes seemed more glued to my crotch than ever as I went up to the register to pay. "Jenn does a nice job; you look good," she told me, as I fished my money from my bag.

"Yeah," I said simply, handing her some bills.

She made change and handed it back to me. "I hope you do come to the nudist society meetings sometime... I'm usually there with my roommate."

"Thanks, maybe," I said, with no actual intention of following through on that.

It was only as I walked away that I realized she had slipped her phone number in among the dollar bills I'd gotten in change. At that moment I realized she'd been flirting with me; which was exciting and scary at the same time. I'd never had a girl take that much active interest in me before. I knew she was only interested in me because I was naked, but it still gave me a little pride, and let me hold my head a little higher as I ventured back out amongst the crowd in the mall.

Chapter 5

I still had an hour to kill and wasn't sure what to do with myself. I thought about going to talk with Missy some more, but my embarrassment was too great to follow through on. So I just kind of wandered and tried to push my nudity out of my mind, as hard as that was when that very thing was making me the center of attention.

I avoided the food court; I knew that was the likeliest place to run into someone that knew me. So instead, I picked the place I figured that was least likely to happen – Sears. I must have looked ridiculous, a nudist walking around racks and racks of clothes, but I figured it was better than anything else I could do. A middle aged women in the store took a keen interest in me, but at least here it was easy enough to hide from her in one of the aisles. If anyone asked I'd just claim I was shopping for a friend.

I looked longingly at the many mannequins and advertisements that filled the store, with models featuring different clothing lines and looks. Every time my skin brushed up against a hanging fabric I was reminded that that would never be me again. Soon enough I got bored and a little depressed, so I decided to check out their TV's which were located in the electronics section in the back of the store. I started to head there, but I stopped dead in my tracks when I noticed something I hadn't expected to see: other naked people.

They were in the shoe department. There was a man and a woman who looked about the age of my parents or maybe a little younger, and not a stitch of clothing between them. Well, that wasn't completely true, I quickly noticed. They had sandals, and appeared to be shopping for a new pair of shoes. I felt bad for looking at them because I knew how it felt to be stared at now. But I couldn't help it, I was just drawn to the sight.

Suddenly the woman looked my way, and said something to her husband who turned to look at me as well. Ashamed at having been caught staring, I quickly turned my head and then briskly walked away. I'm not sure what they would have thought. Was I rude for looking? Or maybe they just wanted to say hello to another nudist?

Either way, I left Sears after that and headed back into the mall. The crowds just seemed to be getting thicker as the day went on. There seemed to be twice as many people here now as when we got here earlier. It was now impossible to walk without bumping into people, or having them bump into me. I felt someone pinch my ass. I spun, but whoever it was had disappeared. Then I felt another person touch me, this time it was fingers on my side. Again, I didn't see who it was. I started to feel a little freaked out. I decided I didn't want to be the mall piece of meat, so I went to the nearest bench and sat down. At least I wouldn't be bumping into people anymore, and I was glad to get off my feet anyway.

I tuned out the crowd and the accompanying stares and looked around. I had sat down right outside a Victoria's Secret. I had no interest in the place, but there were certainly worse things to look at than the posters of supermodels in lingerie. At least, I thought at

the time.

I guess I was there for a few minutes, not really thinking about anything, certainly trying not to think about the crowd or my nudity. I started to relax a little. Too much, I guess. Because the next time I looked down, my penis was sticking straight up in the air with a rock hard erection.

I went into a panic. I jumped up, trying to cover it with my hands (impossible) and practically ran off, bumping into a few unhappy shoppers as I went. I probably drew more attention to myself by running with my hands between my legs than the erection ever would have on its own, but I wasn't thinking straight at the time. Having my arousal on display was like ten times more embarrassing than being naked, I just needed to hide.

I ran into a public restroom and hid in one of the stalls. I stopped, trying to catch my breath. I looked. It wasn't going away. I tried to think about something else, anything else. I tried to make it disappear by sheer force of will. But I was sixteen; my penis had a defiant mind of its own, sticking out like a steel rod, refusing to obey me. Being naked wasn't helping either. The sensation of the air on my skin just added to my problems, and the embarrassment of everything seemed to be fueling my excitement.

I tried to make myself relax. It wasn't so bad here in the stall, after all, it was the most privacy I'd had all day. I waited for my heart rate to slow and take stock. Unfortunately I knew there was really only one way to make this go away... and I wasn't about to do that in a public restroom, and a busy one at that. Well I needed to do that or take a cold shower, and there were none here. I seemed stuck. Then I realized, maybe there wasn't a shower here, but at least there was plenty of water...

I looked at the toilet bowl and immediately discounted that as an option in my mind. That left the sinks across from the stalls. There was a fairly constant stream of men coming in and out of the bathroom, which meant there was no way I could leave this stall without being seen. Of course I had no other options, so I began the process of summoning the courage to venture out.

After a few minutes, when it sounded like there were as few people as I could hope for, I opened the stall door and walked briskly to the row of sinks. An older man washing his hands took immediate notice, and gave me a chastising look. Another sharply dressed guy smiled pretty broadly at the sight of me, making me think he was gay. I felt mortified. I only took a few seconds to soak some paper towels in cold water, then returned to the stall.

I had to spend a few minutes just calming down again, I felt so embarrassed. Once my heartbeat felt normal, I slapped one of the paper towels around my balls and the rest around my engorged penis. For a few moments I was afraid it wouldn't work... but I was able to breathe a sigh of relief as it started to shrink. After another minute or two, it was gone.

Shaken but feeling a little better, I flushed the towels and left the stall. I was glad to see that no one who had seen my erection was still in the bathroom, though of course there

were still entirely new people who were happy to look at the naked guy. Unable to muster the energy to even feel embarrassed at that moment, I simply walked out.

Back in the mall, I noticed a clock and realized it was almost time to meet up with my parents again. Glad that this ordeal was finally nearing an end, I headed back in the direction of the food court where we'd split up earlier. Finally getting out of the mall put me in such a good mood that the staring shoppers were hardly even bothering me.

I felt even better when I spotted my parents waiting for me, shopping bags in hand. I slowed down when I realized they weren't the only naked people there though... and as I got closer, I recognized that they were the same family that I'd seen in Sears earlier. Before I could decide how to react I was spotted, so there was little I could do but join them.

"Dick, Doris, this is our son Eric we were telling you about," Mom said. "Eric, this is the Bentleys. They're nudists like us."

"Pleased to meet you," Mr. Bentley said, extending his hand to me.

I accepted his handshake. "Thanks," I said. Mr. Bentley was a very good looking man – tall, bronzed skin, and muscled. He had a visible six pack and powerful shoulders, as well as a crushing grip. He was also completely smooth from head to toe, with not a strand of hair visible, something which made his rather sizable penis all the more noticeable.

His wife, Doris, by contrast, was much smaller, with Asian features. She was easily a foot shorter than her husband. She had straight shoulder length black hair and small boobs, with pubic hair that was neatly trimmed into a "V" shape.

I also noted that all of them wore new footwear. Dick had on a pair of flip flops, Doris wore some elegant looking heels with spaghetti straps that went over the top of her feet and wrapped around her ankle. It was then I also noticed that mom and dad had donned similar footwear, leaving me the only one with bare feet. I realized I was allowed to get something for my feet too but I was glad I hadn't. Having something on my feet and nowhere else would make me feel more naked, not less.

"I think we saw you in Sears a little while ago," Dick said. "Didn't get to say hello though, I'm glad we get the opportunity now."

"Oh," I said, not sure how to reply, and now feeling bad for having run off.

"I see you got a haircut, they did a nice job," Mom said.

"Yes, you certainly are a good looking young man," Doris said, her eyes examining me. "Are you the one we heard about running through the mall all hard?"

I didn't answer but my sudden deep shade of crimson must have given it away. I was mortified but everyone else seemed to find it amusing.

Dick explained. "You know Eric, nudists don't have to worry about that sort of thing. It's

a part of your body and there's nothing shameful in it. When it happens you should just take care of it... although it looks like you must have done so.”

God I just wanted to die.

“We were just inviting your folks over to a barbecue next weekend, our way of welcoming the newest nudists in the area. We'd be delighted if you'd join us,” Dick said. “Anyway we should get going. Glad to have met you all. We'll be in touch and see you next week!”

A few more pleasantries were exchanged and then the other nudists left, and once again my parents and I were the only naked people around.

“Alright, well are you ready to get going Eric?” My dad asked.

“Yes,” I replied instantly. “Please”

Chapter 6

I was glad to be home, where at least I only had to deal with being naked around my parents. It was unthinkable a day ago but after being totally naked in the mall being naked around the house felt almost normal, amazingly enough. I spent most of the rest of the afternoon on my computer in my room, explaining to some of my friends over IM that I'd gotten sick and wouldn't be going out this weekend. They were skeptical but seemed to buy the excuse, although a few kept pestering me to tag along to a show that night.

I just didn't know how I'd tell any of them I was a nudist now, or how they'd react. I really didn't want my friends to all see me naked, and I was especially terrified about getting an erection around them like I had at the mall. It was a reality I knew I'd have to deal with come Monday... but I just didn't want to think about that.

Anyway I entertained myself by playing a few games and reading the web, taking a sudden interest in what information I could find about nudism. I wound up bookmarking a lot of sites but didn't read much – I kept reading about it and thinking “them”, I still just couldn't identify at all with people who wanted to be naked all the time, even if I was now one of them.

The day wore on and my stomach started to rumble. I hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, so I decided to go downstairs for a snack.

I was still keenly aware of the sensations of walking through the house naked. It was weird... when I was around other people I mostly only felt embarrassed, but by myself I could pay more attention to the sensations of being nude. There was almost something sensual about it. I wasn't ready to admit I liked it yet, but at least I could appreciate it.

I smelled something cooking in the kitchen already – I guessed mom was making dinner, so my idea of snacking was out. But I could at least go see what was being made.

I spun off the stairs and walked through the living room to the kitchen door, where I screamed and nearly fell over from what I saw.

My dad was standing with his back against the refrigerator. My mom... my mom was on her knees in front of him, her lips wrapped around his cock and her fingers buried between her legs. She must have heard me scream, because she removed herself from the blow job long enough to say “Eric, dinner will be ready soon,” before going back to work on my dad.

I couldn't get out of the kitchen fast enough, spinning around and banging my shoulder on the door frame on the way out. I collapsed on the couch, unable to get over the shock of what I'd just witnessed. I mean, obviously I'd seen my parents naked over the last day. I didn't really see anything new just now, strictly speaking. But... my parents, my mom, it just wasn't an image of them I'd had before. Nudism was about

shamelessness, about completely openness, and abandoning the need for privacy... did that really mean my parents would start being openly sexual anywhere around the house?

Obviously, it did.

Then a strange thing happened. I got up and walked back in the kitchen. I still cringed, but I tried to just ignore it. I force myself to accept it. My mom watched me jerk off this morning after all, why should I freak out about seeing this?

I made a show of setting the table for dinner, alternately not wanting to look at my parents and being too curious not to. My presence didn't seem to bother either of them at all. After a few minutes, my dad groaned, tensed, and came... And I watched my mom swallow every drop with the same frozen stare that a deer would watch incoming headaches.

My dad's cock slipped passed my mom's smiling lips, deflating quickly after it was over. My mom just stood up and turned to me, "Oh good, thanks for setting the table Eric. Gary, would you mind getting a few bottles of soda from the garage? We need them here," she said. "We should be eating in another few minutes."

I don't know how she did it. All three of us were totally naked, and as if that wasn't weird enough, she'd just given my dad a blow job, in the kitchen, in front of me. And yet she just smiled and spoke as if everything was perfectly normal.

Normal, I thought. There's a word that's lost just about all meaning at this point.

My dad went to fetch the soda as requested. The table already being set, I just sat as I watched my mom pull the roast from the oven and finish getting dinner ready. I knew from experience that I'd just get in her way if I tried to help, so I just sat at the table, watching my mom move about the kitchen as I had a million times before. Except this time she was naked. Her every inch of skin was exposed to me. It was so familiar but so much of it was new at the same time. The bounce of her breasts, the way her muscles moved, when she bent over at the waist.

"Hey mom?"

"Yes sweetie?"

I wanted to ask her why she was so comfortable with it, how she did it. It felt like every minute was a new shock and embarrassment to me, but she never seemed more relaxed and at ease than she did just then. Nothing about being a nudist seemed to bother her. There was no hint of embarrassment or shame, there was seemingly no regret at the abandonment of privacy. I don't know why I couldn't ask what I was thinking though. Suddenly, sitting there still naked myself, I felt like a little boy again. I felt too shy to ask. "Never mind," I said.

Just then dad came back with the soda, and mom served dinner a few minutes after. It was our first family dinner as nudists, eaten with our customary lack of chit chat (often

attributed to my mom's good cooking). I can't say it didn't feel awkward at all, but I took some comfort in returning to our routine, doing what we always did. Yes, we were naked, but maybe it was something I could get used to after all.

Chapter 7

I woke up the next morning feeling refreshed. It was the first Saturday night in a long time that I hadn't gone out, so I got much more sleep than I normally would. Plus, the electric sheet covering the mattress that my parents had gotten at the mall yesterday was really comfortable and helped to keep me warm, even without being able to cover myself in blankets.

As usual I woke up with an erection. Not wanting to risk a repeat of yesterday morning, I took care of it right there in bed. I had to admit, it felt good to jerk off without any clothes, the air and the sunshine on my skin felt downright sensual. In no time at all I was cumming.

I cleaned up with some tissues, then gave myself a couple of minutes to relax in the afterglow of my orgasm before heading for the bathroom. I heard both of my parents voices downstairs, which meant that they'd probably already showered. So I took my time as I brushed my teeth, shaved, and then showered in peaceful solitude and privacy. As I stepped out of the shower and started to dry off, I was in a pretty good mood. Of course it'd be better if I could follow this up by getting dressed, but I tried not to think about that. I had accepted the idea that my nudity was permanent; wishing otherwise wouldn't help me deal with that any better.

I walked downstairs in search of breakfast, and was somewhat mystified that I didn't see any signs of it. I knew my parents were up already, but there was nothing in the kitchen to indicate any cooking had gone on this morning. In fact, I didn't see my parents in the kitchen at all, which was equally unusual. I started to check the other rooms when I spotted them on the patio through the sliding door of the living room. They were sitting at the table outside, sharing the Sunday paper and each with a cup of coffee. I paused for a moment, still feeling reluctant to venture outside naked as I was. But I forced myself to open the door and step outside to join them.

It wasn't so bad outside, actually. The sun felt pretty nice, and the slight breeze was pretty comfortable. Even if the patio stones felt pleasingly arm under my bare feet. It was obvious today would be a hot day, but as it was still early on the temperature hadn't gotten to be unbearable yet

Our backyard wasn't terribly private, it was separated from our neighbors only by a chain link fence. I didn't know any of them particularly well though and I didn't see any outside now, so I just added to my growing list of things I tried not to think about.

"Good morning, sleepy head," my mom said. "Coffee?"

"Sure," I said, as she poured me a cup from the pot. I took a seat in one of the cushioned chairs around the patio table, stirring in the cream and sugar myself.

"Your father and I thought it might be nice to go out for brunch at the Hometown Buffet rather than cooking, is that alright with you?" she asked.

Ugh. Usually I loved Hometown Buffet, but I knew on a Sunday morning it would be packed, and it would be yet another place where my nudity would be displayed very publicly. Still, my stomach was growling, and even the embarrassment of being naked made the proposition too tough to turn down. It couldn't be any worse than the mall, right?

"Yeah, sounds good," I answered after a few moments consideration.

My dad seemed engrossed in whatever he was reading, and my mom leaned back in her chair, relaxing in the sun. Neither of them seemed in a particular hurry to get going. For my part, I tried to do the same, letting the caffeine wake me up and doing my best to appreciate a lazy, naked Sunday morning. To be honest with myself, I was starting to enjoy the sensation of air on my bare skin. It's not something that made up for the embarrassment of being naked all the time, but at least it was something positive about being forced into this lifestyle.

I glanced over the headlines in the parts of the paper my parents had finished with. Someone in Congress was caught laundering money and the President seemed to be caught up in it somehow. Of course, one side was saying he did nothing wrong, the other side was calling for impeachment. There was a small Earthquake somewhere in Asia last night, aid was being sent. Some little girl was missing, and some supposed movie star I'd never heard of was accused of murder. None of it was especially notable.

I noticed that there was a "Sunday Lifestyles" section laying on the table amidst a bunch of ads. Out of curiosity, I pulled it out and read the headlines there. Christian Fundamentalists were convening in NYC, the biggest convention ever for them. The bureau was holding hearings to consider adding infantilism as an official lifestyle choice. Nudism was the most popular new lifestyle for the third week straight, followed by D/s (slave), Christian Fundamentalism, D/s (Master), and Veganism. Some famous Hedonist was in town giving a speech... and the Franklin Community College nudist society was holding a fundraiser today.

I was about to read about the fundraiser when my dad spoke. "Looks like Metrocast Inc. has hit some financial snags," he said, putting down the paper.

"Oh, that's good news isn't it?" Mom said.

"Yep. Means they're not in much of a position to buy us out," Dad answered.

"So you definitely won't lose your job then?" I asked.

"Well, it's promising," He replied.

Suddenly I felt a surge of hope as I realized what that could mean. "Does that mean we can wear clothes again?"

My parents exchanged glances. "Eric," my dad said. "We made this decision for the long haul, for the good of our family."

I sunk low in my seat, dejected, my brief hope crashing. I didn't understand it; I thought

becoming nudists was just about his job, and it sounded like it wasn't an issue now. It didn't make sense, but I could tell arguing wasn't an option.

"Well, shall we go get something to eat?" Mom asked.

"Yes, lets," Dad replied, both standing up, gathering the paper and coffee mugs.

I lingered for a moment and then followed them back into the house, where we grabbed our satchels before climbing into the minivan and heading to brunch. My nervousness about being naked in public started to creep up again. I was getting quite hungry so I tried to focus on that feeling instead, but the idea of the whole restaurant looking at me wasn't one that I could just ignore.

It wasn't a long trip to the Hometown Buffet; it's located in the town shopping district and less than a mile from my house. It would be walking distance, if I had any desire to walk there naked. As we pulled in the parking lot my embarrassment began to peak again. It was obvious the place was packed; my dad had to circle the parking lot twice before finding a spot. Moments later, I was again stepping out into public naked, my bare feet on the warm asphalt of the parking lot and nothing but the sunshine on my skin. People on the street took notice immediately of the three naked people walking across the parking lot. Once again I was stuck wondering how my parents were so oblivious to that - they walked and acted like they were fully clothed, whereas I did my best to shield myself behind cars as I crossed the lot.

Once inside, we drew even more attention. It really was very crowded, the buffet line was the longest I'd ever seen it and it was obvious we'd be waiting for a table. Damn. To top things off the waiting area was pretty small, and in full view of most of the restaurant. I had nothing to do but stand there as we instantly became the topic of conversation at dozens of tables, with people pointing and turning their heads to get a good look at my exposed body. I hated the feeling of being looked at that way. Being naked wouldn't be nearly as bad if everyone would just quit staring at me, I realized.

After untold minutes of being stared at, our turn came up for a table and we were seated shortly after. A waiter quickly came by and confirmed three for the buffet, and then we were finally free to get some food. Of course the table we were given was located on the opposite side of the restaurant from the buffet line, which meant that we all had to walk through the whole restaurant just to get our food. By now though I was hungry enough to focus on the mouthwatering buffet, rather than the glances of other diners as we walked by. My stomach was literally growling as I stood in the buffet line, which was remarkably uncrowded when we got there. People liked to look at us, but they kept as far away as they could otherwise, which was fine by me. I liked not being crowded in.

I picked up a tray and plate and went down the buffet without paying too much attention to anything else. Everything looked delicious; it took all my mental energies just to decide what I wanted. A little French toast, scrambled eggs, bacon, ham, two pancakes... I knew I wouldn't eat it all but my eyes were pretty big right then. I was on autopilot as I walked back to our table, so much that the staring crowd was almost pushed from my mind.

"Eric?!"

I looked up and saw Rachel McDonnell, a girl in my history class, sitting with a few other girls. I stopped dead in my tracks, and just stood there frozen... I think I might have run if I wasn't still carrying my tray. In retrospect I'm amazed I didn't drop it.

"You're naked," she said, her eyes scanning my body. Her friends just looked on with bemused expressions.

"Yeah," I forced out, in a timid voice. Way to state the obvious Eric. Shit. What am I going to do?

She wore a smirk now. "When did you become a nudist?"

"Fri-Friday," I said, feeling myself blush all over with humiliation. The Earth never opens up and swallows you whole when you need it to.

She just giggled a little. "Well, I like the look. Guess I'll be seeing a lot more of you from now on."

"Okay," I said, unable to find any better words for the circumstance. I find the will to move my feet again and somehow made it back to my table, where I sat down, feeling humiliated. That was it, I knew. My life was over. People I knew had seen me naked, and knew I was a nudist now. The small amount of confidence I had been building completely evaporated.

I looked down at the large plate of food which I'd gotten, and suddenly realized I'd lost my appetite.

Chapter 8

My computer screen was filling with a steady stream of IM's, from friends, other people I knew, and some I'd never even spoken to before.

"Dude, ur a nudist now?"

"Rachel said she saw you naked at the buffet? She's kidding right?"

"Eric is it true?"

"Nudie!"

I didn't answer any of them. I couldn't deal with it. I eventually just signed off without actually talking to anyone. I knew it was a temporary escape, but my stomach was in a knot from the humiliation. I felt sick, and I just didn't know what to do. Tomorrow in school I wouldn't be able to just sign off. I'd have to walk around, go to class, and talk to my friends completely naked, just as I was right now. I wished this wasn't happening to me. Normal people just didn't walk around naked the way I've been the last two days. At least my parents saw fit to leave me alone this afternoon. Although I suspected that's because they were just downstairs fucking; they didn't seem to think anything of doing it in front of me now, which was just too weird to think about.

I wanted terribly to just cover myself somehow, to regain some kind of modesty. I looked down at my body. Already my tan lines were fading, although the parts that normally didn't get sun were still distinguishable from those that did. Even sitting alone in my room, I felt exposed and embarrassed, hyper-aware of my unclothed state. It was so frustrating! I was trapped in my nudity. Of all the lifestyles my parents could have forced on me - why this?

Unenthusiastically, I decided to browse through some of the nudist sites I had bookmarked earlier. Most of it was pretty academic - information on organizations, conferences, that sort of thing. They all talked about how "great" it was to be naked all the time. It seemed terribly detached from how I was feeling now; they talked like nudism was some naturally enjoyable thing rather than the embarrassing ordeal it had been so far. From one site:

...nudism is enjoyed by millions of people worldwide who've adopted the clothes free lifestyle. At first, most are amazed at the freedom that comes with living naked, no longer being constrained by fashion or forced to keep an extensive wardrobe....

No, freedom was not a word I'd use to describe this. Another one said:

...nudists live by a simple creed. Clothes are unnecessary to living a happy and healthy life, they only serve the promotion of shame and the idea that the human body is unnatural. Nudists are comfortable in their skin and proud of their bodies, and don't believe they need to be hidden or a source of shame...

That couldn't possibly be further from my own thoughts. I was growing frustrated. Surely I couldn't be the only person who felt like I did. Was I the only sane person in this whacky lifestyle? Yet another:

...nudists live a more natural lifestyle than most. They share a love of nature and the outdoors, and are generally live healthier than the rest of the population. Obesity and related illnesses are rarities among nudists...

The outdoors was the LAST place I've wanted to be since becoming a nudist. I clicked over to a discussion forum for nudist teens next. It seemed to be more of the same though. I was about to click away when I spotted the title of a thread: "So embarrassed". I opened it:

Posted by GreenDayLuvr @12:08PM

Hi... I'm 15/f and my parents made me nudist three weeks ago and I've been naked all the time since. It's so embarrassing! All my friends make fun of me and think I'm a slut now. I don't like to go outside cuz everyone looks. I want to get dressed so much and be normal again. Why do people like to be naked? I don't understand it!

~Katarina

There weren't any replies yet. I could certainly relate to how poor Katarina was feeling, but as bad as I felt for her, I was sort of glad to know that I wasn't the only one having a tough time with it. I bookmarked the thread to check again later and moved on.

Out of curiosity, I googled for "Franklin Community College Nudists". Their nudist society's web page came up as the first link, I clicked it. I was slightly shocked to see a large group photo on the very front page. There were nine of them; six girls and three guys, all smiling without a stitch of clothing to be seen. I couldn't imagine allowing a naked picture of myself on the internet like that; where the whole entire world could see. At the same time I found myself ogling a bit though. It was interesting to see just how diverse their bodies were. Each had their own individual body size and shape, skin color and hair style. One girl has an intricate tattoo, covering her arm and traveling down her front all the way down the opposite leg. Another girl sported a neon red mohawk and a lot of body jewelry, most notably nipple rings. One of the guys had a long mane of hair. A few wore sandals. Other than that though, it seemed fairly typical of the other nudist sites I'd visited. The only thing interesting to me was the events. They were holding a fundraiser today, and it looked like their next meeting was Wednesday night.

Just then the doorbell rang. Instinctively, I got up to answer it, but then thought better of it. I hovered at the top of the stairs and waited for mom to get it, listening to see who it was.

"Joyce!" I heard my mom say. Joyce was my mom's younger sister, my aunt.

"Linda!" Aunt Joyce replied. "When you told me you finally registered, I knew we just had to come and see! You look lovely!"

"We" meant that Josh, my eight year old annoying brat of a cousin was here as well. causing me to groan. But at the same time I was intrigued by something else she'd said - what exactly did Aunt Joyce mean by "finally"?

"Thank you hun," my mom replied. "Come inside; I just put a tea kettle on, it should be ready in a moment."

"Where are Gary and Eric?" Aunt Joyce asked. "I want to say hello to them too."

My stomach sank. Maybe I *should* just put a photo of myself on the internet; it seemed the world just couldn't get enough of seeing me naked, why fight it?

"They're around here somewhere," Mom answered. "Eric! Gary! Come say hello to Aunt Joyce!"

Dammit, I thought. I waited for a moment and then headed down the stairs. To be honest, I was more annoyed at having to put up with Josh than I was embarrassed about being naked. I just hoped to get this over with quickly.

"Eric!" Aunt Joyce exclaimed as I came into view, her eyes clearly roaming my body. "You look great. How do you like being a nudist?"

"It's okay," I lied, giving her a hug. That felt strange, being stark naked and hugging my fully clothed Aunt, feeling the fabric of her clothes against my skin. It was the first clothes I'd touched since Friday night.

The teapot started whistling in the kitchen. "Tea's ready. Eric, why don't you play with your cousin while your Aunt and I chat?" Mom said.

I groaned.

"Be nice," she insisted, walking into the kitchen with my Aunt. What a contrast that was, my mom's bare ass vs. my aunt's brightly colored dress.

I looked at Josh, who just looked at me with an evil smile. Josh was your typical spoiled brat, smug in his own sense of superiority because his mom always bought him the newest toys. He was clutching a Nintendo 3DS and it looked like his clothes were brand new. There was still a store tag on his red and white striped shirt, but I didn't say anything.

Apparently haven gotten his fill of looking me over, he just walked to the living room and fired up his Nintendo. Fine by me - I took a seat on the couch and turned on the TV, happy not to speak to him.

"I don't want to watch this," he said almost immediately.

"Just play your game," I told him.

"I'm not gonna listen to some nudist freak," He said, getting up and trying to take the remote from me.

"I'm still older than you," I said. Ugh, was that really the best retort I could come up with?

"You're not even allowed to wear clothes, loser," He said, wrestling control of the remote but dropping his Nintendo.

"So?" I said, picking up his game console.

"Don't touch that, I don't want your naked germs," he said, snatching it.

I couldn't believe I was losing to an eight year old. He was a little twerp not even half my age. Ugh. But then I didn't exactly feel very intimidating in my naked state. It's hard to maintain a dominant position when you're naked and the other person is fully dressed, even if he is only eight. I just crossed my arms and watched what he had put on, some lame FOX reality show. As long as he ignored me I didn't care; I just hoped he'd get out of here soon

It should be this brat having nudity forced on him rather than me, I thought. He's the one that needs to be taken down a few notches.

My thoughts turned back to the phrase my Aunt had used, "finally registered". That suggested my parents had been planning this for much longer than they implied to me, that there was something they hadn't told me about it. I thought about how comfortable they both seemed with being nudist... but I just couldn't make sense of it. I was probably overanalyzing it anyway - it was just some meaningless remark on the part of my aunt. Still, I couldn't help but wonder what it meant.

After about half an hour my mom and Aunt came out of the kitchen. "Well Josh sweetie, are you ready to go?"

"Yeah," Josh said. I sighed in relief. Even though I'd been forced to be naked around him, it hadn't been as bad as when I'd seen him for his birthday last month. So I counted myself lucky.

I got up, and my Aunt came over and gave me another hug (which still felt awkward). "Congratulations Eric, I think this is so wonderful. There's so much to look forward to now, I'm happy for you," she said.

I was puzzled about what I had to look forward to, exactly. It's amazing how many people thought that nudity was so great but didn't walk around naked themselves. "Thanks, Aunt Joyce," I replied. A minute later they were out the door.

Alone with my Mom, I thought about asking about Aunt Joyce's comment, but I convinced myself I was just being paranoid imagining some sort of conspiracy. And what good would it do anyway? It wouldn't change the reality of my new life.

Chapter 9

I got up with the sun on Monday morning. It was shortly before 6 AM and well over an hour before I normally would have woken up on a weekday. I hadn't slept much the previous night; I had been restless with nightmares about going to school in the morning, my first day of high school as a nudist. The dread had been building all night long and by the time I got out of bed I felt like it was crushing me. Everything that had already happened in the last two days was nothing compared to the specter of going to school nude. I was sure that after having been "outed" yesterday, everyone would be anticipating my arrival. I simply had no hope of ever being treated normally at school again; I'd forever be an outcast. I couldn't be sure how many of my friends would even still be my friends after today. I thought about claiming I was sick and staying home (I certainly felt sick), but then I'd just have to go tomorrow... Like a death row inmate, I was resigned to the inevitability of this.

My dad hadn't even gotten up yet, so I opted to take a fast shower before anyone had a chance to jump in with me. I groomed myself in my room, as if combed hair would somehow make my nudity less noticeable. At least I still looked nice from my haircut, although I found myself wishing I was less scrawny. It was the oddest sensation, not getting dressed for school. The unsettling feeling of having forgotten something embedded itself in the back of my mind. Of course I knew exactly what I was forgetting, the mind blowing part was that it was on purpose.

I heard my dad get up around 6:30, his usual time, and head for the shower. I wasn't quite sure what to do with myself; I wasn't used to being up this early and having this much free time in the morning. It also didn't help that I was naked and filled with anxiety. Unable to think of anything else to do, I decided to head downstairs and make breakfast.

I put on a pot of coffee as I tried to decide what to make. Usually I just did cereal or a breakfast bar on weekday mornings, since I couldn't be bothered to wake up early enough to really cook anything. But since I was trying to kill time, I decided that toast and scrambled eggs would be in order. Plus my culinary skills weren't up to making much else.

I fetched all the necessary items and went to work. Cooking in the nude felt weird, but that didn't surprise me. Everything feels weird when you're nude. The fire on the stove, crackling eggs in the pan and hot bread in the toaster oven all made me uneasy - I knew they didn't pose a threat as long as I was careful, but I still felt instinctively insecure around all these hot instruments without the benefit of clothes to protect my sensitive skin. At least it helped a little to distract me from thinking about school, although that was never far from the forefront of my thoughts.

My mom came in just as I was finishing. I guess I was getting used to seeing her naked, because I really didn't feel any particular shock at that today. Her skin and hair were damp; it was obvious she'd just gotten out of the shower, she must have shared it with

my dad.

"Mmmm, making breakfast Eric? What's the occasion?" she said to me.

"I just felt like it," I replied, turning the stove off and taking the eggs from the frying pan. Mom got some mugs and poured us all coffee as I served the toast and scrambled eggs. We sat down and ate.

"I know you're nervous, but try not to be," my mom said, kind of out of the blue.

Not sure what she was expecting me to say to that, I simply replied "It's embarrassing."

"It'll be alright," she reassured me. "You have a great body; it's nothing to be ashamed of."

I blushed, uncomfortable with the fact that my mom had even noticed me that way. "I don't think the rest of the school will see it that way," I said.

She frowned. I wondered what was going through her mind, what she had expected to happen when she turned me into a nudist, but I never got the chance to ask. My dad joined us just then, briefcase in hand and ready for work, not that it took much now. Briefly I wondered how he felt about going to work nude around all his co-workers. If it was on his mind he didn't show it though; you'd never know anything had changed if we weren't all sitting in the kitchen completely naked.

Breakfast passed in silence after that. I cleaned up quietly, with more dread with every passing moment. Dad left for work shortly after.

It was only about 7:30, There was still maybe half an hour left before I had to leave for school, if I wanted to get there on time. Showing up late today had a certain appeal though. Usually that wasn't something I'd do, I was the kind of kid often described as mature, responsible, quiet. So I'd probably get off with hardly a detention, if that, which made it really tempting.

"Eric, honey, I want you to put some sun lotion on today," mom said. "You'll be outside a lot. Your skin isn't used to all the sunlight and it's important not to get burned."

I sunk further in my despair. She was right - I'd have to walk both ways to and from school, I'd be outside for gym class today, walk between the three buildings that made up the school campus, and I typically ate lunch outside on warm days like this. I hadn't even thought about that much until now. Out on the green in the middle of everything was easily the last place I wanted to be.

"Yeah, I guess so," I agreed, trying not to sound sullen.

"Here, I'll help you put it on, it's best to have someone else do it and make sure you don't miss any spots," she said. "Let's do it outside though so we don't accidentally drip any on the floor."

With feigned enthusiasm, I followed her through our sliding doors, into the sun on our

back patio. Once again none of our neighbors were in sight, so I counted that as a small blessing.

Mom slathered up a bit in her hand and then touched my back with it; I jumped and let out a small yelp from the cold sensation. She just laughed and chided me to hold still. I did my best and she applied the cold slimy lotion, spreading it across my shoulders and back. It was a strange sensation, to say the least, but I dealt with it ok, even as her hands slid down over my ass and onto the back of my legs.

I thought she was done when she quickly moved around and started on my front side. I felt perfectly capable of doing that myself, but I didn't say anything; I just gave her an awkward smile as she smothered the cold cream across my chest and arms, giving my body hair a slick look. I gulped as she moved down, and then tried not to flinch as she rubbed it into my penis and balls. With a nude woman handling my penis like that it was a small miracle I didn't get an instant erection. It was really only the facts that the lotion was so cold and she was my mother that saved me, but the fact that it was even a possibility was gross. Thankfully she didn't linger there long, and soon enough worked her way down to my feet and then applied what was left onto my face.

"There," she said. "That should cover you for the day. Now be a dear and do me?"

I realized my pulse had practically doubled as a result of having been touched like that. I did my best to calm myself down as I slathered some of the lotion onto my own hands and began spreading it around her back, rubbing it into her skin. I basically followed the same path she'd taken with me, starting on the back and working my way down. I was nervous as I lathered her ass, but she didn't react and I did my best to be professional about it as my hands felt her. I was amazed at how muscular it felt, as well as her legs when my hands got there. Obviously her work outs paid off for her. I got to the bottom then stood up again.

She turned around, smiling lovingly. She didn't say anything or move away so I presumed she expected me to do her front side as well, like she did for me. I gulped, as I put another dollop in her hands. I started high, around her collar bone, and then made sure both her arms were covered. I was going slower than I needed to, but she didn't seem to notice. My hands nervously glided downwards, spreading the lotion thin over the tops and sides of her breasts. She just smiled as I put a bit more in my hands and started again from the top. Slowly, I rubbed it in, circling below and between her breasts, reluctant to touch the nipples. I'd never felt a woman's breasts before - I'd never imagined my mother's would be the first. Finally I passed over her nipples, working the suntan lotion into the tips of her breasts. I lingered there a lot longer than I should have, rubbing her nipples, before my self-consciousness and shame kicked in. I moved on to her belly and hips. I paused again before reaching her pussy, but then forced myself to get through it quickly, and then worked on the front side of her legs.

I stood up, ashamed. Actually touching my mom's body was a whole new level of embarrassment beyond just seeing her naked. Mom just smiled though, "Thank you Eric"

I followed her back inside, shivering a bit stepping from the warm sun into the cooler air of the house. I collapsed on the sofa. I'd been temporarily distracted from the dread of going to school, but it almost immediately reasserted itself when my mom went to go put the bottle of lotion away. As it turned out I didn't have much more time to dwell on it though, because she returned after being gone for less than a minute.

She said "Eric, I'm sorry, I didn't realize the time. Why don't I give you a ride to school today? I hate for you to have to be late."

Glancing at the clock I realized she was right. Where had the time gone? It was quarter after eight already. "Okay," I said, knowing the moment of reckoning had come. I went upstairs to collect my backpack, and met my mom back down in the garage. I gulped as the garage door opened, and we drove out to meet my fate.

Chapter 10

The ride to school passed mostly in silence. I was in no mood to talk about what I was about to do. It felt like a funeral march; and my mom's reassuring glances did nothing to me feel better. Every time I looked at her I was just reminded that she was naked, I was naked, and every single person in my school was going to see me naked.

The trip itself was no more than five minutes, by 8:20 we were pulling up to the curb. But it was the longest trip of my life.

There was a crowd out front, composed of my classmates, my friends, my enemies, and hundreds who were strangers to me. I looked, paralyzed with horror. I wouldn't be able to do this, I realized. Not a chance.

"Don't forget to stop at the office on the way in," mom said. "They need a copy of your nudist registration."

Nearly a minute passed, I didn't say anything. I was frozen, looking out across the crowd, identifying everyone I knew in the various cliques assembled in front of the main building. I jumped when my mom touched my hand, startled out of my daze. "It's time to go, sweetie."

My hand felt almost too heavy to lift as I tried to reach for the door handle. I was in a panic; I felt like I was drowning in the middle of the ocean, with sharks circling. Somehow I managed to find the energy to pull the door handle, and it fell open under its own weight. I swung one bare foot out the car. Then the other. A light breeze blew into the car, which I felt over every inch of my skin. I let myself slide off the seat, putting my weight onto my feet. I gulped, as I tried to steady myself on my shaking legs.

"Have a good day," mom said.

"Bye," I squeaked out, and managed to get the door shut behind me and take a few steps out from the car. This was without a doubt the hardest thing I'd ever done. I was getting dizzy. I had to remember to breathe; I felt like I was being crushed in the open air. Amazingly a few seconds passed and it didn't seem like anyone had noticed me.

"Eric!" My mom shouted. I jumped and spun around to see she'd gotten out of the car, wearing nothing but sunglasses. "You forgot your backpack," she said, holding it up for me.

Not waiting for me to reply, she handed it off and leaned in to give me a hug. My embarrassment climbed to a new height when I felt her breasts on my skin, but there was nothing I could do. I hardly had time to react before she broke it off. "Take care Eric, I'll see you later".

I watched my mom get back in the car as a sinking feeling came over me. The campus had fallen deadly silent. All conversation had stopped. With my backpack slung across my shoulder, I slowly turned around again. I was met with hundreds upon hundreds of

stares. The whole student body and more than a few teachers were looking at me and my very exposed, completely naked body. A moment later noise broke out again. Shouts, exclamations, laughter. I didn't hear any of what was said, but I knew it was all about me. I was naked in front of the whole school. This was the stuff of peoples nightmares, and I was living it.

Reluctantly I moved forward, my mom having driven away with my only potential escape route. As I passed through the crowd, I did my best to ignore the various shout outs at me.

"Hey Eric! Your mom has some nice tits! Why aren't yours like that?"

"Dude, not what I needed to see."

"Some fashion statement"

"Since when did we have nudists here?"

"Hey Eric, forget something?"

The last one was spoken by a friend of mine, Rick, who I'd been buddies with since freshman year. He was fully dressed, of course, in jeans and a light long sleeved shirt. I didn't want to talk to him; but I knew I couldn't get through the day without talking to anyone.

"No, I'm a nudist now." I replied to him. Smooth answer Eric, I chided myself as soon as I'd spoken

"Well obviously," he said. "I'd heard it yesterday but I didn't believe it. Wow."

He just kind of stood there looking me over. I didn't know what to say, so I just stood there as his and a million other stares bore down on me. Mercifully the first bell rang, announcing the opening of the doors and signaling fifteen minutes until homeroom. People started filing into the building, although I clearly remained the focus of attention with nearly everyone gawking right up until they went inside. After about a minute Rick just said "Cya" and went inside himself.

I nearly collapsed, taking a seat on a concrete wall, feeling the little pebbles on my bare ass. The crowd had thinned, but a lot of people lingered outside and all kept their eyes on me. I glanced around. There were a number of people I knew - friends - around, but they all were just standing around looking.

Bryony, a girl in my class but had never hung out with, was the next person to speak to me. She was wearing a nice skirt and a tight pink top, with open toed heels.

"Hey Eric," she said.

"Hi," I said back.

"So I see you're naked..." she continued. Her eyes slowly traveled my body, from head to toes and back again.

"Yeah," I said, unable to think of anything better to say.

"Well, I just wanted to let you know I think it's cool. I like seeing you this way," she finished.

God, was it possible for this to get any worse? "Thanks," I said.

"Well, I should get to homeroom. See you later!"

I knew I had to get there as well, but I felt frozen in place, held down by the weight of my peers' attention.

No one else even bothered to talk to me. They definitely noticed me, but few they all avoided me. I realized that most of the people I'd considered friends no longer were starting today. Overnight I'd become an outcast. I just sat there on what was already the worst day of my life and there wasn't one word of sympathy or support to be found. I was completely alone. I felt a mix of depression and anger, at my friends for abandoning me, my parents for forcing this on me, and myself for just being in this situation.

"Freak." someone said as they walked passed me. That finally made me realize I was just standing there in the middle of the schoolyard.

The crowd was starting to thin out... I realized I had to go inside or face being tardy on top of everything else. I willed myself to stand up, self-consciously brushing off the pebbles which had stuck to my skin. I took a few tentative steps, one bare foot in front of the other. I half expected my legs to collapse, and half wished they would. I looked up at the entrance to the school, and it hit me that the day hadn't even started.... I wasn't even inside yet.

I gulped, and summoning all my resolve, started a slow but deliberate march towards the entrance, and the beginning of my first naked school day.

Chapter 11

The main entrance to the school was immediately opposite the auditorium, with a small lobby area and student lounge. A hallway extended both right and left, with rows of lockers and several classrooms lined the side facing front. Right now it was filled with students who were mostly just hanging out waiting for the homeroom bell to ring. Being inside was no better than being outside; I was still very much the center of attention. Everyone stared, and more than a few snickered and whispered to one another. My whole body was probably red with embarrassment but I didn't dare look to check.

My first stop of the day was the school's office. The school needed to have a copy of my registration on file, I guess to verify I was a "real" nudist. As if anyone would come to school like this if they weren't.

So I hung a left, and walked towards the office at the end of the hallway. It was crowded, which meant I had to pass closer to people than outside. Everyone I walked by took a good look at me. The girls all had expressions of interest and bemusement, the guys mostly had negative looks. I didn't speak and wasn't spoken to, but everyone was talking about me. I couldn't stand it, but I had no choice. I was never that popular and I never wanted to be - I was always just one of the "good kids", well behaved in class, always doing my homework, and generally just kept to my small circle of friends. But I had a feeling that everyone knew who I was now... By the end of today I'd be the most popular kid in school, without a single friend to show for it. I sighed, staring straight ahead, and just moved forward. At least everyone was keeping out of my way, I thought. I guess no one wanted to bump into a naked person.

I opened the office door and stepped inside. It didn't do much to give me any privacy, the whole office was behind a glass wall. At least I was able to partially hide myself behind a large potted plant when I walked up to one of the secretaries desks. They were always busy in here, so much so that none of the secretaries or student aids even noticed me at first. I actually had to cough to get the secretary to pay attention to the naked person standing in front of her.

The secretary looked up. She was my mom's age, maybe a few years older. I'd always found her friendly from the few times I'd been in here previously, but I doubted she knew my name. "Oh..." she said, eyes immediately scanning me, her eyes lingering on my penis. "Can I help you?"

"I -" My voice squeaked, compounding my humiliation. "I, um, registration card. You need a copy."

"I'm sorry?" She said.

I swallowed again, my throat was dry and I had absolutely no confidence as I tried to speak. "You know," I tried to say. "For the nudity."

"Ah," she said, a look of understanding crossing her face. "Hold on."

She went to the back of the office, getting something from a filing cabinet. I just stood there feeling self-conscious, the other secretaries and the one student aid (a guy I didn't know) kept looking my way. Soon she came back, attaching the form to a clipboard and handing it to me. "You'll need to fill this out."

I sat down, glad to have some mental task to distract me from thinking about my humiliation, even if it was only for a moment. The form was pretty standard - name, student number, lifestyle ID, checked off that I understood school policies regarding alternative lifestyles. I filled it out quickly and gave it back to her.

"I'll need to see your card," she told me. I dug into my backpack and handed it to her, then watched as she made a photocopy and attached it to the form, and handed it back to me. "You're all set Eric. The principal would like a word with you before you go though."

I was startled. I'd never been to the principal's office before. I wondered if I'd broken some rule already. The humiliation just seemed never ending.

"Where is it?" I asked, genuinely not knowing.

"It's the door at the end of the hall there," she answered.

I looked and saw what she was talking about, so headed in that direction. Even with the nervousness of seeing the principal, it felt good to get out of the public eye for a moment. I found the door ajar, with just the word "Principal" printed on it. I knocked.

"Come in," a female voice answered.

I stepped in, bringing my naked body into full view. The office itself was on the small side, but nevertheless the biggest in the building, and located in the corner, with lots of windows. It was kind of typical for a school Administrator's office; it was cluttered with stacks of paper, and an ancient computer sat on the desk. Behind it was Principal Williams, a woman in her fifties with gray hair with a stern no nonsense look about her. I knew her from when she spoke to the class, but I'd never personally met her before today.

"The secretary said you wanted me," I said, trying to hide how nervous I felt.

She spent several moments looking me over, her eyes piercing me with her steely gaze. Between being naked and not knowing what this was about, I could easily say this was the most intimidated I'd ever felt. I shuffled on my feet a bit, gripping the carpet with my toes, unsure if she expected me say something or if I was waiting for her to.

"Sit," she finally said. I quickly complied. "Eric, I'm sure you're aware that our school has not had many nudists in it."

"Yes," I answered.

"The school -" she began, but was cut off by the sound of the homeroom bell. I jumped in my seat, being on edge as I was, but managed to quickly recompose myself. She

waited for the bell to stop ringing before continuing. "The school is of course obligated to reasonably accommodate your lifestyle, and we will."

She paused again before continuing, studying my face. "But - I want you to know that shenanigans still will not be tolerated. You may have freedom to do certain things now and we can't stop you, but we will not allow any attempts to disrupt the learning environment. Using this as a way to draw attention to yourself or distract the class WILL earn yourself detention. I don't pretend to understand why anyone would want to live their lives naked, but I won't let it become a problem in my school. We will be keeping a very close eye on you. Understand?"

Great, so on top of everything else, my principal has a problem with nudists. How was I supposed to not draw attention to myself when I had to sit in class stark naked? I didn't say anything though, for fear of incurring her wrath. I simply nodded. I kept thinking there was no way today could get any worse, but somehow it kept managing to do just that.

"That's all," she said. "One of the secretaries will give you a late pass for homeroom."

She turned her head to her computer, and paid me no more attention. She was the first person to ignore me since getting here. I got up and let myself out.

Things were considerably quieter in the office now that homeroom had begun, but the secretary was on the phone when I approached her. She just scribbled me a pass and shooed me away.

The hall outside was blessedly empty now, except for a few late students and patrolling faculty. I still had to go to my locker before going to homeroom. Both were located on the opposite side of the building on the second floor, so I headed down the hallway towards the main stairwell with a slow depressed shuffle. I was just as aware of my nudity as earlier; even with no one around I felt like hundreds of eyes were on me, denying me any sense of privacy.

I got to the base of the stairs when I happened to glance at the little pink slip that the secretary had given me. What I saw made me stop dead in my tracks. She had written the time and her initials, but where my name was supposed to go she had simply written "the naked kid."

The phrase ran over me like a truck. The naked kid. That's what I was now, that's how everyone would think of me. I was now synonymous with being naked. That was the moment it became too much. I broke down right there in the stairwell, and tears started flowing down my face. I just couldn't do this, I couldn't deal with it. I collapsed to a sitting position on the stairs. My naked butt hit the rubber mats that covered them, and I buried my hands in my face as an avalanche of shame washed over me.

Chapter 12

I don't know how long I was sitting there crying, or how many people might have seen me there. No more than a couple of minutes could have passed, though it felt much longer. I was startled by a tap on the shoulder. "Son, you okay?"

I sniffled, wiping my tears, trying to deny what I had been doing. "Yeah, I'm... I'm fine..." I said. I must have looked ridiculous, sitting there naked, my face streaked with tears, pretending nothing was wrong.

"I must say, you look fine," he said. I recognized him as Mr. Waltz, a 12th grade physics teacher, and one of the more popular teachers in the school. "But maybe you could just humor me a little, and tell me what would be on your mind if you weren't fine."

I managed to get the last of my tears under control, and focused on getting my breathing regular again. He just smiled at me warmly; I could instantly see why he was so well liked. I decided it couldn't hurt me to just be honest. "It's just... my first day... naked," I said.

"Ah," he said. "I thought so; I suppose I would have noticed a nudist around before now."

"That's the problem," I replied.

"Shy?"

"I guess," I answered. Actually I couldn't articulate what bothered me so much. It wasn't so much that I was that shy. I was never that outgoing before, but I wasn't afraid of people. And well... over the last couple of days I wasn't really shy about my body anymore, in of itself. I got used to that. But here it was different. With my friends (mostly former friends now), with my peers... my life had changed in an instant. I wasn't normal anymore. And everyone could plainly see I wasn't normal, and I had no chance of just being left alone because of it. And I hated that.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Waltz said. "I doubt there are any magic words I can say to help out here. I know it's tough to be the odd man out. How tough, I can't imagine... it's been a long time since I was your age and had to deal with those pressures."

I nodded.

He paused for a moment. "Say, do you have any studies during the day?"

"Sixth period." I replied. I was amazed with how nice he was being, especially after the way I'd been treated by everyone else today.

"Well, tell you what. My classroom is mostly empty that period, except for myself and a student assistant. It's not much... but if you need a break, it's a place you can hide away from the rest of the school for a little while."

"Really?" I said. The offer sounded nice. Usually I spent my study period in the library, which was typically crowded with other students and whatever teacher had reserved it for their class. An empty classroom sounded great by comparison.

"What's your name?" he asked, whipping out a pink hall pass.

"Eric. Firms. Eric Firms," I answered.

"I do know your name, other teachers have mentioned what a great kid you are. I'm glad to finally meet the person the name is attached to," he said, smiling. He quickly filled out a pass and gave it to me. I read it: 6th period, Eric Firms, followed by his initials. Against all odds I smiled.

"Thank you," I said.

"You should get going," he implored. "Don't want to miss homeroom entirely. You should probably wash your face in the bathroom first, though."

"I will, thank you," I said, standing up.

"I'll see you later then," he said.

"Yeah," I replied. He walked away after that.

I won't say I really felt better. But I did feel like I had hit rock bottom and was now slightly above it. In any case, I headed up the stairs and towards my locker with a little more energy than before. My bare feet let me move silently through the empty hall. I quickly grabbed my books from my locker and washed my face in a nearby bathroom. There was only a couple of minutes left in homeroom, but I still had to show up for attendance. Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and walked inside.

The room fell silent as everyone took stock of my naked body. I just stood there and let them stare, to get it over with. Once the chit chat started up again I walked forward to the teacher, Mrs. Fernandez, and gave her the note from the secretary. She nodded, and I took my usual seat.

"Eric, we were wondering when you'd show," Lionel said, who sat next to me. "Just didn't think you'd show this much!"

Everyone thought this was amusing and had a laugh at my expense. I couldn't think of a retort so just sat with my mouth shut. Of course, that didn't mean I'd be left alone.

"Nice cock," a girl, Amrita commented. "Nice to see some guys in this school aren't pencil pricks."

"Language!" Mrs. Fernandez chided, not even looking up.

"Looking a little red in the face there," Lionel continued. "And everywhere else. Hah! Don't tell me you'd come to school naked and you're too shy to talk to us!"

"Sorry," I said. I knew if I planned to survive high school in tact I had to do better than

this, and it had to start now, or else I'd be made fun of forever. I forced a smile, summoning all the confidence I could muster in my voice. "Guess you just kind of leave me speechless, Lionel," I said with a wink.

"Haha," Amrita laughed, and Lionel recoiled a bit.

"Dude, not right," Lionel said.

"You know I'm just fucking with you," I said.

"The next person who can't hold their tongue gets detention," Mrs. Fernandez admonished from her desk.

"Yeah well, it's different coming from a naked guy," Lionel answered me, ignoring her.

"Hey lay off him," Amrita said. "I love having a naked boy in homeroom. Beats having to look at you Lionel. When are you going to give us a show Eric? I can't see the good stuff beneath your desk there."

I blushed but countered. "You first Amrita."

The bell rang, saving me. Most everyone got right up to leave, including Amrita and Lionel after a short "See ya". I pretended to mess with my backpack in order to be the last one out. I thought that went as well as I could hope. Being naked made me enough of a target, if I could avoid seeming weak I could maybe ride it out though. So it was a victory that I didn't let those two walk all over me. A small victory, a pyrrhic victory, but I counted it nonetheless.

Given the kind of day I was in for, I'd need every victory I could get.

Chapter 13

The first two periods of the day passed without much incident. Navigating the halls between periods was a problem, since it was impossible not to bump into people as everyone shuffled between classes. But I got the impression some of the girls were doing it on purpose, since they seemed to be rubbing against me even when the hallway was relatively clear. Once I think I felt someone grab my ass, but I couldn't be sure and didn't see the perpetrator.

The classes themselves weren't so bad, at least no worse than I could expect considering I was sitting in them naked. First period English went like homeroom. The teacher was pretty strict and kept chatter to a minimum though, so luckily I didn't need to talk very much. I just had to tolerate the stares and gawking of my classmates. Second period Algebra II went even better. The teacher decided I was a "distraction" and requested that I sit in the back corner instead of my usual second row seat. I happily obliged. For the most part I was able to focus on the lessons. My mind never really left my predicament, but at least the schoolwork provided a distraction.

I entered third period history expecting about the same thing. I was breathing a little easier by then. I was trying to appear as confident as I could despite being naked, which seemed to keep the teasing to a minimum. At least, I was feeling like I'd get through the day.

My history teacher was Mr. Short. He was unique in that his name actually described him; he was barely five feet tall. He was also nearing retirement, and neither his eyes nor his ears were very good. He had a reputation for being kindly towards the students, if a little absentminded (some would say senile). I don't even think he even noticed that I was naked when I walked into the classroom. I took my usual seat in the second row, noticing for the first time how conspicuously visible that seat was from the classroom door. I was in plain sight of not just the class but anyone who walked by in the hall. There was nothing I could do about that though. I just gulped and faced front, hoping the lesson would start before anyone spoke to me.

No such luck though. Cheryl, the girl who "outed" me at Hometown Buffet yesterday was in this class, and in fact sat right next to me.

"It's nice to see you again, Eric," she said, with her girlfriends in front and on the other side of her looking on.

"You too, Cheryl."

She just smiled, as her eyes lazily scanned my body. After just a few moments of that I felt my face burn with embarrassment. I almost wished she'd say something. My faux confidence strategy felt like it was falling apart in the prolonged silence. Finally she spoke up "I definitely like this."

"It's much better than having to look at Mr. Short all period," her friend chimed in.

Doing my best to change the course of the conversation, I asked "How was your weekend?"

"Not as interesting as yours," she said, laughing. "At least I can't say I was walking around naked the whole time!"

She and her friends burst into giggles. This wasn't going well for me, but mercifully Mr. Short began his lesson and demanded our attention. The girls' eyes were still focused on me, but I did my best to look forward and pretend I didn't noticed.

About halfway through class I felt something on my shoulder, causing me to jump, shifting the desk chair and causing a bit of noise. Mr. Short didn't seem to hear it but the rest of the class did, bringing a new round of attention to me. I twisted my head to see what was touching me. It turned out to be Betty, a goth girl who sat behind me, had taken it upon herself to brush her fingertips against my bare skin.

"What, you no like?" Betty asked, feigning innocence.

"I... please stop," I said. Cheryl and her gang giggled some more. Betty gave a playful pout but heeded my request. I could tell Cheryl was just dying to touch me now too. Luckily we sat more than an arm's length apart.

I tried to refocus on the lesson, but at that point I was just too distracted. I felt like a piece of meat. These girls were practically licking their chops while staring at me. And I thought guys were supposed to be the carnal gender! I was just a naked boy to them, no more than that, an object for them to play with.

I felt my cock twitch. I froze. Oh no, no, no, no.

Cheryl's eyes lit up, focusing intently on my crotch. My cock jumped again, this time settling into a resting position slightly more rigid than before.

Shit no. Please no. God no. It stirred a little more, growing slightly.

I was afraid to move. I was afraid to think. This couldn't happen, not here. I nervously looked at the clock. Fifteen minutes to go. Too long.

"Why Eric, you're starting to look a little excited there," Cheryl said teasingly. I didn't reply.

I focused intently on Mr. Short. What was he talking about? The Spanish American War. The Maine. Remember the Maine. Think about the Maine. Not about the girls. Maine Maine Maine Maine.

Finally, after an intense five minutes or so of staring straight ahead and thinking about nothing but the Maine, I felt my near erection subside, my cock go back to its normal flaccid state. I let myself breathe again. Cheryl was visibly disappointed.

I don't know how my body could betray me like that, but I suddenly realized the day was going to be a lot harder than I had feared. Pun not intended.

Chapter 14

I breathed a sigh of relief when the bell signaled the end of history class. I darted out of there quickly, happy to get away from Cheryl and her friends. But even as I left that frying pan I realized I was headed right for a fire: Physical Education. I knew it would involve a lot more than just sitting there in class, and now I was paranoid about getting an erection on top of everything else.

The class met in a different building. For me, that meant going outside and crossing the green to get there. By that point though being outside seemed no worse than being inside the school building, so I exited quickly. I felt the sunshine and warm air the minute I stepped out the door; it was actually pleasant, and relaxed me a tiny bit.

The campus was composed of four buildings arranged in sort of a square, connected by sidewalks and breezeways. Two held mostly classrooms, and the biggest one held the gym, cafeteria, and rooms for shop and art classes. The fourth was used by the town's Board of Education. In the middle was a mostly open park space filled with lots of benches and tables, where most of the students preferred to eat lunch and spend free periods. I walked briskly under the breezeway; I was in no hurry to get to the gym, but at the same time I was afraid that out here I wouldn't have teachers and lessons to fall back on if I started to attract lots of attention. Luckily I made it across without any incident, and entered the other building before anyone outside really spotted me (or at least, could do anything about spotting me).

Though this building was by far the largest, it was typically the least crowded. It had no lockers and the fewest rooms. There were only a few people walking in the main hallway, they all gawked but I just focused on ignoring them as I made myself move towards the athletics area.

It wasn't until I got near the locker room that I realized I actually had nothing to do there; I had no clothes to change out of and I didn't have a gym uniform to put on. I entered to find a dozen or so of my classmates already there and in varying states of undress, though I was still the only one fully naked. No one said anything to me as I stowed my backpack in one of the gym lockers for safe keeping. Not wishing to invite any conversation, I opted to spend the remaining spare time out on the gym floor rather than in here.

The gym was pretty typical as high school gyms go; it was a huge space with a full size basketball court in the center of a track area, with volleyball nets, mats, ropes and other equipment around that could be used depending on the activity. I was the first one out on the floor, as everyone else had to get dressed first. I didn't quite know what to do with myself, so I tried to relax and enjoy the few minutes of relative peace, quiet and privacy I had as long as I was alone.

Of course, that little bit of peace I enjoyed was short lived. After only a few minutes some girls emerged from their own locker room and giggled when they saw me. They

were followed by a steady flow of other students from the locker rooms to the floor. No one spoke to me (which I was grateful for), but everyone talked about me as if I wasn't there, commenting on the way I looked and parts of my body. I felt completely objectified, but all I could do was smile and show it wasn't getting to me, no matter how much it actually did bother me.

Thankfully it only lasted a few minutes before the teacher came out and had us all take spots on the floor. He had us all do stretches as he took attendance. I burned with embarrassment as I twisted, bent over, and otherwise put various parts of my body on display for anyone who happened to look. My one saving grace was that everyone else was busy doing the same thing, so no one had much opportunity to stare at my awkward naked poses.

Then he announced that today would be a run day, which meant that rather than play a game, we'd run around the track. And since it was a nice day, we'd be outside. I groaned. Not only did this mean I'd have to spend the period outside in public, but the outdoor track was in plain view of Main Street – the busy road that the school was located on. Every car and passerby would be sure to get a good look at me, in addition to all my classmates.

The teacher stood us up and herded us outside, exiting through the big gym doors into the bright warm sunshine. He had us all jog to the track, where we had to do five laps before the period's end.

When I got there I was shocked at how hot the pavement was on my bare feet... I found myself running just to keep my poor soles from burning. I also discovered how difficult running naked actually was. My penis and balls flopped wildly, which I was sure made me look even more ridiculous. I had to carefully control my stride to avoid slapping them too hard and getting a painful jolt.

While I'm not the most athletic person, I wasn't out of shape either, and five laps was actually pretty easy for me. I quickly hit a comfortable stride and maintained it as I circled the track. I did cringe every time I rounded the far side of the track, where there was a mere twenty feet and a chain link fence separating me from the drivers and pedestrians on Main Street. It made me feel like I was a hamster running on his wheel, just there for the amusement of others to look at.

Every once in a while I passed or was passed by a group of classmates running together and chatting. Every time I heard them talking about me. It annoyed me how people would talk about me as if I wasn't even there, which was amazing since I was the one person who was impossible not to notice. But on the other hand, when they talked to me it wasn't good either, so I guessed I'd rather be invisible.

I finished my laps and took a seat on the bleachers as I waited for the rest of the class to finish. Today was getting to be pretty hot. It must have been close to 90 degrees, and as I looked at everyone in their sweat soaked uniforms, I actually caught myself thinking I might be the lucky one to be out here naked.

No one bothered me when I was on the bench, so I just sat and thought to myself. The

run had actually done me some good, I felt alright with myself just then, even completely naked. The day hasn't been fun but I was getting through it – being a nudist wasn't killing me. And that was something, I guess.

Once everyone was finished the teacher herded us back to the gym to hit the showers. I was glad to, I felt pretty sweaty and could use the rinse. Plus, I realized I wouldn't stand out quite so much in the showers.

Since getting changed wasn't a worry I just headed right in, figuring I would enjoy a minute or two alone under the hot shower. It was a pretty typical locker room shower. It was a big open space in the back of the locker room, with many heads along the wall and no stalls to speak of, everything was communal. I didn't really care to look at the other guys, but as they came to join me it was nice that I didn't stand out so much everyone else had to be just as naked here as I was. I also noticed just how uncomfortable many were with the group nudity, even though we'd all done this since freshman year. A lot of guys moved quickly and kept to themselves, keeping themselves turned away from the group as best they could. For my part, I couldn't be bothered with such minor displays of shyness anymore. I realized almost as soon as this had begun how pointless it was to try and hide when you're naked. If they think a group shower is bad, try living my life, I thought to myself as I lathered myself with the soap.

A warning bell signaled that we only had a couple of minutes to get dressed; I lingered in the shower knowing I didn't need the extra time. Eventually I did get out to towel off with perhaps a minute to spare. I reentered the now mostly dressed locker room to collect my backpack. I sighed... the period had actually turned out to be the best of the day so far. My fear now was that it'd just be downhill from here on out.

Chapter 15

After phys ed I had lunch. I debated skipping it entirely but my stomach was rumbling too much for that to be an option. Cautiously, I made my way to the cafeteria. I didn't have any hope that my usual friends would welcome me at their table today, so I took my time. I waited for the long line to shrink somewhat before joining at the end. Unsurprisingly, people gave me my space, even while glancing and outright staring in my direction. I sighed as I heard a number of people mention my name. Like an animal at a zoo, I was fine to be ogled and talked about but not talked with.

After a few minutes I picked up a sandwich, an apple and some juice and proceeded to pay. The lunch lady made some comment about my nudity but I hardly paid attention, I just nodded and said "yeah" before heading out. I didn't even want to try to find a place in the cafeteria to eat, so I took my meal outside to the green.

Outside, students clustered in groups all over, enjoying their lunch or free period. There were dozens of people who last week I wouldn't have had any problem hanging out with, but today I just found a shaded bench and planned to eat my lunch in solitude.

I contemplated my life, my situation. The day was half over and I had to admit I was living through it, even if it was an ordeal. I pondered the stupidity of it... I was a social outcast now, a freak, just because I was a nudist now? Nothing had changed about me, I was still the same average kid I had been a week before. I just couldn't wear clothes anymore. It was embarrassing for me, to be sure, but why should anyone else care? It seemed so silly.

Then there was my home life. My parents were both nudists now as well, and that had brought all sorts of weirdness with it as well. But they were still my parents in the end, so I supposed it really shouldn't matter, and didn't.

I thought back to the hundreds of people I'd read online who seemed to love being nudists. I still couldn't get my head around that. Yeah, there were times when it felt kind of nice, but they were fleeting moments in a sea of embarrassment and shame.

"Hey," someone said to me, as I sat there eating.

I looked up, surprised to see a girl I didn't know standing there. "Hi," I replied back, trying to hide my surprise while trying to assess what her intent was.

"You're Eric, right?"

"What gave it away?" I asked, surprised at how naturally I'd said that. Good job, I congratulated myself

She smiled. "Mind if I sit here?"

"Sure," I said. I wasn't sure how I felt about it, but I figured it would be better than sitting alone.

"So, why'd you become a nudist?" she asked.

"Parents made me do it," I answered honestly.

"You don't like it?"

"Not really..." I said. "I mean, it'd be kinda okay, except I hate how people treat me."

She just smiled and flipped her hair back and sitting upright, making her rather large breasts thrust out more. She was wearing a small black tank top that exposed her belly button and hugged her curvy frame. I couldn't help but appreciate what I saw.

"That's a shame," she said to me.

"Yeah," I said. "What's your name?"

"Oh," she said. "Olga. Sorry I didn't introduce myself."

"It's okay," I said, noticing that she had inched closer to me. I felt her fingers ever so slightly brush my exposed thigh as she adjusted position again, seemingly waving her breasts at me.

"I think you're cute," she said, casually flipping her hair once again and taking a slow bite into her sandwich.

"Uh, thanks," I said, feeling myself blush. "Um, so are you."

"Yes, I can tell you think so," she said giggling, and then skipped off, laughing loudly by the time she rejoined a group of girls not far off, all of whom were staring at me and laughing themselves.

I sat confused for a few moments before the horror dawned on me. I looked down and realized that Olga had given me a throbbing erection. I panicked and fell off the bench, desperately trying to hide it and will it to go away. I could hear others laughing, as my tumble had drawn even more attention to me. It was all I could do to get up, grab my backpack, and dart off, my penis pointing the way.

I ran away from the central green, away from the crowd. I followed a path along the edge, which led away towards the edge of campus. I guess I wasn't really paying attention to where I was going as I rushed to get as far away as I could, because I crashed right into someone as I ran, sending us both to the ground.

"Eric?!" a girl's voice said. Holy Crap, it was Bryony.

I saw her eyes find my crotch and widen when she realized my state. I just looked in horror and didn't say anything, as I got myself up and moving again as quickly as I could, afraid to look back at her. I rounded a corner of the path, it now paralleled one of the building walls, which meant I passed several classroom windows as I ran. I had no idea where I could go to hide, so I just kept moving. I got to the edge of campus, where much fewer students were, but there was nowhere that it was empty or in the least bit private. Soon I realized I was heading towards the street, which was definitely not where

I wanted to be. All that was left to try was going indoors, so I headed back inside the closest one, the gym building as the case was.

Thankfully it was the middle of the period and the halls were empty. Students weren't really supposed to be in the halls during free periods, but I didn't care. I headed for a locker room without really planning to, but I quickly dove under a cold shower once I got there. A few minutes later I was breathing again. My erection was gone and I was shivering. I turned the shower off and found a towel, drying the cold water off my skin. I left just as I heard the bell signaling the end of gym class. It was only then I realized how close I'd come to a real disaster.... I'd used the girls shower.

Chapter 16

I walked into Mr. Waltz's classroom several minutes later, happy to see his promise had been real; it was empty except for him and one girl grading papers. Already the halls were buzzing talk of how I'd gotten an erection and made a fool of myself; I felt nearly as sick as I had felt this morning when I arrived at school.

"Eric," Mr. Waltz said pleasantly. "I'm glad you took me up on my offer. Sit... you look like you need it."

"Thank you" I said meekly, taking one of the front row desks.

"Rough day so far?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. I really felt too drained to talk but something about his manner just made it easy. "It's just like the embarrassment never ends. No one is giving me a break."

"Well, try to relax now, you're almost through it," He assured me.

I put my head down on the desk, wanting so badly to just fall asleep. It was only halfway through the day, and I was already completely drained. "Hah," I said simply.

"I know it's bad," he told me. "But you have to try not to dwell on it."

I sighed. "How can I not? Every second is a reminder, it's hard to just forget you're naked. Especially when no one else will let you forget it."

There was a break in the conversation and I started to look around the room absentmindedly. It wasn't until then I really noticed the girl who was also here, stealing glances but for the most part just focused on the papers.

"Eric, have you met Illana?" Mr. Waltz asked.

"I don't think so," Illana answered for me. "Hi Eric."

"Hi," I said back.

"Illana is a registered lifestyle herself," Mr. Waltz prodded.

I looked incredulously.

"I'm a communist," she explained. "My parents moved us out to this commune when I was five... I'm not allowed to own anything. It's all group ownership."

"Really?" I asked. I never even heard of that one before. Although once she said it, I did realize that none of her clothes looked store bought.

"Ya," she said.

"That sucks," I said. I almost tacked on "but at least you get to wear clothes", but I held

my tongue.

"Sometimes, but I'm used to it. I just can't have what everyone else has, it makes me sort of an outcast." She paused, and then added, "I imagine after today you know that feeling."

"Yeah," I said. "I can't believe my parents did this to me."

Suddenly I felt a new wave of self-consciousness and tried to adjust so that more of the desk would be between me and her. She cracked a small smile. "Not everyone is so intolerant of people with different lifestyles though," she said. "Eventually you'll just learn to ignore the unaccepting ones."

"I guess," I said. "Right now I just want to get through the day."

"I understand," she said. "But hey... you seem alright and if you need to talk or something... well, we could hang sometime. I won't judge you if you won't judge me."

I looked up. She seemed sincere; I think she genuinely empathized with me. I blushed.

The three of us chit chatted for the rest of the period. For a while I even felt genuinely relaxed. Neither of them focused on my nudity, but they didn't go out of their way to ignore it either. It just seemed they accepted it as a part of who I was, which I guess is the best thing overall.

"So how does it feel to be naked all the time?" Illana asked at one point.

"I don't know. Embarrassing," I said. "Weird. There's like... I feel so much more than I did before. The sunshine, the breeze, it's over my whole body. It's tough to get used to."

"It sounds nice actually," she said. "Everyone sees each other naked a lot at the commune, but no one spends that much time that way."

"Sometimes I think it wouldn't be so bad, but everyone stares and treats me like an object on display for them. It's like I'm not even a person... I'm just the naked guy," I said.

"Well, most people don't get to see nudity much, I guess," she said. "But what's wrong with that?"

I looked quizzically. "What's wrong with what?"

"People looking," she clarified. "I mean you're naked, why shouldn't they look?"

"I..." I really didn't have a good answer. I don't know why it bothered me so much. "It just bothers me. I don't like the attention."

"Well, want my advice, embrace it. People think I'm weird that I don't my own anything... but what they think doesn't affect me. So I deal, I focus on the good things about living this way, and try to make it into a positive thing," She said.

There was a pause in the conversation. After a short silence she added "Just my two cents."

"Yeah, no, I know. Thank you. I get what you're saying..." I said.

In truth I was struggling with what she said. In my head, I knew she was right. If people talked and stared it didn't affect me, and it's not like I could do anything about it. But I also knew as soon as I went out in the hall it wouldn't matter. The humiliation would overwhelm me. I sighed.

She changed the subject to school after that, asking me what classes I had and stuff like that. A little while later the bell rang, signaling the end of my sanctuary. I sighed yet again.

"Hang in there Eric, two more periods and the day will be over. It can only get easier," Mr. Waltz assured me as I headed out.

"Right," I said. "Thank you."

Two more periods, I repeated to myself in my head. Just two more periods of being mocked, stared at, and being totally naked around my classmates. It didn't feel like much of an assurance.

Chapter 17

I navigated the crowded hallway, doing my best to ignore the attention I was getting as I did. I just put one foot in front of another, trying not to bump into anyone. It was my hope that with a period between now and when I had an erection the gossip would have died down. At least I didn't overhear anything specific as I walked down the hall.

I made it to my Chemistry class pretty quickly (it was just down the hall from Mr. Waltz's room), and took my assigned seat at a lab table. I looked at the variety of chemicals on the table and gulped, wondering if I'd be allowed a smock or something. Surely there had to be some allowances for safety?

My lab partner took his seat next to me, giving me a look over. "Wow, I've been hearing all day but I didn't believe it till now..." was all he said.

I sighed, choosing not to respond. The teacher was starting the lesson anyway.

I didn't get to hear much of it though as barely two minutes into the class, the PA blared "Please send Eric Firms to the principal's office".

The whole class turned their heads to me and I once again turned red, gulping. The principal's office? This couldn't be good, although I had no idea what it could be about.

The teacher wrote me out a pass with hardly a pause; I simply marched up to the front of the classroom, took it and went out the door.

The office was located almost directly below my chemistry class. I took a quick trip down an empty stairwell and I was there. I wanted to linger there where I could be alone, but I knew I'd be in trouble if I took too much time. I entered the office not two minutes after being called down. This time in the relative quiet of the afternoon I immediately caught the attention of all the office workers. One of them smiled, taking several moments look over my naked body before saying "The principal is waiting for you." Guess they already knew who I was.

I'd never really met Principal Williams before today, and already I was being called to her office twice on my first day as a nudist. I felt even more nervous this time, as I felt certain that whatever the reason I was here, it wasn't good.

I stood in the doorway of her office for several minutes as she spoke on the phone, all the while glaring at me. She motioned for me to sit while she continued to talk, which I was glad to do as I was beginning to feel too nervous to stand. I felt incredibly intimidated and small under her glare. The look she was giving was actually making me afraid of her. The power differential between us couldn't be greater: She was behind the desk, fully dressed, with a steely eyed gaze, and the principal. I was a meek looking, naked, and nervous student at her mercy. I desperately wanted to know why I was here but afraid of the answer. She seemed angry, much more so than this morning.

Even though it felt like I was waiting for hours, it was probably more like a few minutes

at most. She finally put the phone down and immediately launched into a sharp lecture. "It was barely four hours ago I had you in here warning you to behave, and already you're making trouble."

I was confused. "I -"

"Quiet. I'll tell you when to speak. I don't know what your problem is, but I'm telling you right now I WILL NOT tolerate it. I warned you not to make a disturbance, and then I hear about you running around outside, showing off your penis in classroom windows. I'll tell you, it just leaves me speechless - I can't imagine what drives you to do that. I don't know what's going on in that head of yours, but I'm telling you right now it WILL NOT happen again."

Showing off was not the phrase I'd have used. In fact I'd wanted to do anything but show off, as I replayed the humiliated incident in my mind. "But I -"

"NO BUT'S" She said sternly, banging her palms on her desk. "I'm going to make myself clear. If I hear one more story of you showing off or disrupting a classroom, you'll be in detention for weeks, I don't care what the lifestyle rules say."

I opened my mouth.

"If the next words you say are not 'Yes Ma'am' detention will start right now."

I paused. "Yes Ma'am", I said, humiliated and defeated.

"Now go."

I got up quickly, glad to be getting out of there. I felt terrible. I went from being a normal, good, unremarkable kid to the talk of the school and enemy of the Principal in under a day, and why? Because I had to walk around naked. I felt so frustrated. Nothing about this was fair, it's not even like I wanted to be this way. I'd be happy to just go about my day normally, but it seemed that was impossible. I was doomed to either being ignored, teased, yelled at or toyed with.

I glanced at a clock on the way out of the office and realized that more than half the period was over, and further, I had no interest in going back to class – what waited for me there but more embarrassment and humiliation? So instead I went into the bathroom located next to the stairwell. Thankfully it was empty, giving me some time to just be alone.

I considered everything that had happened today, and the tidal wave of emotions that seemed to come with every new event. For the first time that day I realized how tired I was. I remembered that I hadn't slept much last night, and the unbearable stress of the day was taking its toll. I washed my face in the sink, trying to wake myself up. The day was almost over, in another hour I could go home.

But go home to what? Just to spend my life naked with my parents, and then repeat this horror tomorrow. I immediately chided myself for thinking that way, even though it was hard not to. I knew I had to go one day, one step at a time.

The clock ticked, the end of the period was drawing near. I exited the bathroom, but still didn't want to go back to class. I decided to step outside for some fresh air. I turned and went down half a flight of stairs to a building exit. I opened the big door and took a few steps outside. The air and sunshine on my skin felt good, it definitely helped. I just stood and soaked it in, for the moment not even caring if someone was looking.

I looked down at my body. Amazingly, only the faintest hint of tan lines remained, the only sign that I was new to nudism. The cool grass felt great on my bare feet; it reminded me of when I was a little kid and used to run in the sprinklers. My body haircut from this weekend still looked pretty good. My body was certainly nothing great, but I had nothing to really be ashamed of, did I? I don't know. I couldn't reconcile all the different things I was thinking and feeling, and it made me tired to try.

The bell rang, marking the end of the period. Only one left to go.

Chapter 18

My last period of the day was computer science. I walked into that classroom and almost immediately started to shiver; this room was always especially cold, it had its own overpowered AC. Goosebumps formed all over my body as I took my usual seat at one of the computers and logged in. I had always been sort of a computer geek and this was one class that had always come easily to me, so I was usually the person that others would come to for help with projects. I wondered if the rest of class would still want help from me now that I was a nudist.

"Hi Eric," a girl said, taking the seat next to me.

I looked up to see who had spoken, and nearly fell off my chair when I realized it was Bryony. I had a flashback to earlier when I had collided with her erection-first. My cheeks burned with embarrassment, ashamed of what had happened.

"Hi..." I started to say.

"I'm sorry I bumped into you before," she said to me. "You seemed like you were in a rush, I hope I didn't cause any problems for you."

Wow, did she really not notice I was erect at the time? But I could have sworn... whatever, it was a small thing that went right for me at least.

"It's okay," I said.

"It was cool to see your penis hard though," she said.

I sunk into my chair in humiliation. So much for that thought. "Sorry... I can't control it," I admitted shamefully.

"Sorry for what?" She said. "It's not bad or anything. I think it's interesting."

"Oh," I just kind of said, and turned to the project we were supposed to be working on. After a few minutes she seemed to focus on it as well, but I noticed she kept turning her attention to me whenever she could.

The period progressed more or less like that; no one else paid much attention to me. At least, no more than I'd come to expect after a day like this. I was just counting the minutes until the end while trying to work, not paying much attention to Bryony or anyone else.

The final bell rang, and I breathed a sigh of relief. The day was over. Somehow, I was still alive.

I had almost forgotten Bryony was there when she asked "Do you mind if I walk home with you?"

To be honest I wasn't thrilled with the idea. A big part of me just wanted to be left alone.

But I also realized she was being nice to me, all things considered. So I agreed, "Sure, I don't mind."

I went to my locker and then followed Bryony to hers, getting our things without incident. A short time later we were leaving the school behind, walking down Main Street. After the day I'd had walking through my town naked seemed almost easy, although just to be safe I did my best not to think about it. Instead, I talked to Bryony, who was being very friendly. Inevitably though, she brought up the subject of my nudity.

"I've never really been this close to a naked boy before," Bryony said after we'd been walking a bit. "My parents would think there was something wrong with it, I was never really allowed near any nudists growing up."

"Most people haven't seen many, I guess. They all want to look. It's nothing special though," I replied. "Naked people, I mean. I'm just me, same as I ever was, just without clothes."

"Yeah I guess it's nothing special for you being a nudist," she said. "But for me it's like... I dunno... really interesting. Your penis isn't like I thought one would be."

I looked at her quizzically.

"I mean like, I don't know. It's veinier. Bigger. Just not how I thought. But cool!"

We stopped at an intersection waiting for a light. It was an excruciating minute. Two old ladies stopped beside me and gave me a scowling look, and a cute college aged girl sitting at the light just sort of stared from her car until she was honked at after the light changed green. We crossed the street, passing a row of stores before turning to take a shortcut through a small park. It was mostly empty and I was glad to get away from the street.

"Hey Eric?" Bryony asked, with a noticeable nervousness. "Do you think... do you think I could touch it?"

I nearly tripped over myself. "What?" I said, more in surprise than as an actual question.

"I just mean... it seems so... please? I've wanted to all day. If it's alright."

My head was spinning. I couldn't believe she was asking this. "Here?" I asked. She nodded.

We were in the middle of a park! And still in view of the street!

"I don't know Bryony..."

"Please? I promise I'll be careful!"

My sex drive was starting to overtake the rational part of my brain. Bryony was a very cute girl and she was basically begging to give me a hand job. I couldn't really say no to that, could I?

I nodded, so slightly I wasn't sure she saw, but she seemed to get the signal. Slowly, she moved her hand towards my crotch. My first instinct was to run away, but I stood still, even as I was keenly aware we were still in public and within view of at least one person I could see walking down the street.

When her fingertip made contact, I felt a bolt of lightning shoot through my whole body. She touched it gently at first, nervously, just with the tip of her finger, moving down the shaft and across the head. Just that little bit was enough to make it stiffen, and her eyes widened with delight when she saw that. Silently we walked over to a bench, where I sat down and she wrapped her whole hand around it, squeezing it lightly, apparently testing my reaction as it grew even harder. Tentatively she started to stroke, lightly at first but quicker and more forcefully as she grew more confident. I groaned with pleasure. I couldn't believe I was getting my first hand job in a public park, in broad daylight, in full view of anyone who cared to look. At that moment I didn't really care though; it felt awesome and it was hard to worry about anything while this was going on.

For someone who'd never seen a penis before, she did an amazing job. The only thing I had to compare it to was jerking off, and this was a million times better. I got lost in the sensations; the whole outside world faded away as I got closer to orgasm. I no longer cared that I was naked in public... it just felt great to be jerked off by a beautiful girl, whatever the circumstances. The sunshine and warm afternoon air only made it feel that much better.

I don't know how long she was going at it exactly, but she never got tired. It was five, maybe ten minutes before I erupted, squirting cum into the grass in front of the bench. Bryony just held onto my penis the whole time, collecting what didn't squirt out into her hand. I was breathing heavily, sweating, and smiling.

"Wow," she finally said.

"Yeah," I said, still in the afterglow of orgasm.

She studied the cum on her hand for several moments before licking it off her fingers. "That was cool... thank you," she said.

"Thank you," I said back.

"Can we do that again sometime?"

"Yeah," I said, without thinking.

She smiled and kissed my cheek, causing me to blush. How that made me blush but getting a hand job didn't will forever be a mystery to me.

"You're sweet," she told me.

We sat there for another minute or two in silence, as I slowly came down from the orgasmic bliss. Awareness of where I was started to re-assert itself. I started looking around, wondering nervously who had seen that display we'd just put on.

"Well, I should go before my dad misses me," Bryony said. "See you in school tomorrow?"

I nodded, and watched as she went off her own way. What a way to end my first naked day at school.

Chapter 19

A buzzing noise permeated the house as I walked through the front door. I was tired, and really just wanted to go to my room, but it was odd enough that I thought I should check it out. I dumped my backpack in the hallway and went to investigate.

It turned out I didn't have to look very hard, and that the day hadn't run out of shocks for me yet. I walked through the archway to the living room and found my mom spread out on the couch. In my naivety it wasn't immediately obvious to me what she was doing. She had one bare leg resting on the back of the couch and the other hanging off with a foot on the floor. Her head was resting on a pillow with her eyes closed; one hand was massaging her breasts with the other between her legs, thrusting the source of the buzzing noise in and out of her.

Then it hit me: my mom was getting herself off. My mom. Masturbating.

I stood there frozen in shock. I didn't know whether I should say something, or leave, or just ignore her. Maybe I was still feeling mellow from getting off myself, or maybe I was just getting used to this kind of open sexual display which seemed to be part of my life now, but in the end I was too entranced to move from where I was. I watched as my naked mother pleased herself, apparently unaware of my presence.

Her breathing quickened, coming in short gasps, and the vibrator slid out and right over her clit. Finally she bucked her hips, lifting them high into the air as she gasped and moaned with pleasure. After several moments where she seemed to float she fell back to the couch, and laid limply, only moving to turn the vibrator off.

Finally she opened her eyes and saw me standing there. I cringed, expecting her to freak or get angry at me for having watched her, but instead she just smiled.

"Hey hun, how was school?" she asked, as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

The question made me momentarily forget what I just saw as I flashed back to the tumultuous events of the day. And then suddenly I was once again acutely embarrassed by the fact I was standing in my living room naked with my mom. "It was... school," I answered.

Mom sat up slowly, stretching, still holding her vibrator. I couldn't help but notice how it glistened. "I can't believe it's past 3 already... sometimes the day just flies by," she said.

"Yeah," I said.

"Well, I think I need a shower before getting dinner ready. Care to join me, save some water?"

Coming from my mom it seemed so innocent, like masturbating in front of me and then following it up with a joint shower was a perfectly normal thing. She'd adapted to being a nudist so quickly, I thought. Not a hint of embarrassment or shame or modesty, no

regard or need for privacy. Recalling how uncomfortable our shared shower had been two days ago, I wanted to say no and save the embarrassment. A smaller part of me wanted to accept it though. I was having such a hard time being a nudist... but seeing her nonchalant attitude, it became clear to me that's where I needed to be, emotionally. I needed to learn to be like her, or else I'd never survive. So forcing aside all my doubts, embarrassment, and discomfort, I accepted her offer. "Sure."

I followed her bare butt up the stairs, wrestling with myself internally. This was by far and away the weirdest day of my life, in addition to being the most difficult and embarrassing. Being a nudist, and having my parents become nudists, was a strange, surrealistic experience. I'm not sure exactly when my outlook had changed enough that I'd voluntarily share a shower with my mother, but here I was doing it. When this all started three days ago I never could have imagined doing such a thing. Yet today here I was, and it wasn't even the first time.

Mom turned the water on and felt it, adjusting the temperature until it felt right, and then hopped in. I entered the large shower area behind her, stepping under the hot stream of water and letting it soak me.

My mom lathered some soap in her hands as I stood there. "Here, I'll help you out," she said, and I let her start to scrub me like she had when I was a toddler.

"So tell me about school," mom asked. "It was your first day naked, that must have been something."

Something, yes. I wasn't sure I was ready to talk about it.

"Humiliating," I answered truthfully. Probably not the best word I could have chosen if I wanted to put an end to the conversation, but I was never very good at lying.

Mom had a concerned look, crouching down to soap my legs. We said nothing as she handled my penis.

"Why?" she finally asked.

I sighed, not sure how I should answer. So much had happened it seemed unbelievable it was all one day. The principal hated me. People stared. Girls made fun. I was teased into an erection. Then there was Mr. Waltz, Illana and Bryony. Silver linings, I guess. Especially what happened after school.

"People are just weird about it," I said. "Weird towards me, because I'm naked."

Mom frowned, and I sensed genuine empathy. There was something about this that was still a mystery to me, that was the first time she seemed to show any understanding for how embarrassing this was.

"They'll get used to it," she reassured me. "So will you."

"I -"

"It couldn't have been all bad?" She asked, before I had a chance to say anything else.

"No," I said honestly. "Some people were nice... just not any of my regular friends."

"Their loss," she smiled. "Some people would love to have more nudists in their lives."

I smiled. Bryony...

"But not everyone," I said though. I didn't want to lose the argument.

"No, I suppose not," mom admitted, standing up and starting to wash herself. I thought about offering to help, but this time I just watched. The scene was still surrealistic, showering with my mom... but it's remarkable how quickly "normal" could come to be redefined.

"Hey, mom?"

She paused as she shampooed her hair. "Yes honey?"

I swallowed, unsure how to ask what I wanted to ask. "Doesn't this feel weird to you at all?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean like... before three days ago, we'd have never done this. We never saw each other naked before..." I couldn't quite verbalize my feelings, it seemed weird to me that she didn't just get it right away.

"Yes, but now we're nudists," she said, matter of factly.

"But that's just it. All the sudden I have to be naked, I didn't want to give up my clothes, it's not something I'm comfortable with." God, now I felt doubly embarrassed. She was making me feel like I was the weird one for thinking all this was weird. But I knew I was right.

Mom shut off the water and reached for some towels.

"You'll get used to it," she said, stepping out, not really answering my question.

"But..."

"Oh and Eric, we're having guests for dinner tonight. The Waltons. I want you to be social."

The Waltons were our next door neighbors. Friends of the family for quite some time. They were an older couple, and had always been friendly to me growing up. So I didn't mind seeing them, but they hadn't seen me nude yet which gave me pause. But before I could formulate a response she'd left the bathroom, carrying a small towel with her.

Chapter 20

I was in my room trying to focus on homework when the doorbell rang. I sighed in frustration. I didn't actually have all that much homework to do, but with all that had happened today I couldn't remember a thing about what was covered in class, which meant I was getting nowhere fast on my assignments. I listened for a few moments to confirm that it was our dinner guests. Once I heard the familiar voices of Mr. and Mrs. Walton, I got up to head downstairs ready to appear naked in front of my neighbors. At least it would be the last embarrassment of the day, I hoped.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton both had first names, but like most adults I'd known as a young child, it felt unnatural to call them by anything other than Mr. and Mrs. Both were in their 60's now, and had lived next door all my life. They often babysat me as I was growing up and kept an eye on me when I'd play in the backyard. It was those memories that made me feel particularly awkward about being naked in front of them. It seemed that there was no end to the shame of permanent nudity. Each new person that saw me naked would be a new embarrassment. My mom was just plain wrong, I believed. There'd never be any getting used to it.

I came down the stairs, intently focused on the now familiar sensation of the carpet on my bare feet. I found the Waltons and my mom sitting in the living room. My dad hadn't gotten home from work yet and I knew dinner wouldn't start at least until he arrived. I'd have to "be social" at least until then.

Despite my best efforts to walk down unnoticed, I immediately became the center of attention as soon as I reached the bottom of the stairs. Mrs. Walton smiled warmly upon seeing me, "Eric! How are you darling?"

"Good, Mrs. Walton" I replied. I just kind of stood there not quite meeting her eyes. I always felt like a little boy around her, and being naked just exacerbated that feeling.

"Well don't you look adorable. Nudism suits you!" she said.

I blushed.

"It must be nice to not worry about clothes and have everything out in the open like this," Mr. Walton said.

"I - " I started. I really didn't want to lie to them. Luckily mom cut me off.

"It's lovely," she said. "There's such a sense of freedom when I'm nude all the time... like I can finally be myself."

Not what I would have said, I thought. It was only then that I noticed my mom was sitting with her legs wide open, and neither she nor the Waltons seemed to care. I still didn't understand how she could be so casually immodest.

Just then my dad came home, entering from the garage.

"Well hello everyone!" he said.

"Gary!" Mrs. Walton said. "You look wonderful dear; we were just discussing how lovely this change is. How was work?"

"It was good, thank you," he said. "Lots of positive news today, it seems like things really will be turning around for my company."

"That's great," Mr. Walton said.

"Well," Mom said. "Now that you're here let's put dinner on."

Mom left the room for the kitchen, and dad took her seat. "It's fantastic not to have to get changed when I come home," he commented

The conversation continued like that for another fifteen minutes or so. Mostly they wanted to talk about the nudist lifestyle, but I was also asked about school. I did my best to give vague answers. I tried not to relive the day in my head as I spoke, and simultaneously tried to forget the fact that I was naked in front of the Waltons. I wasn't terribly successful at either of those things. Finally mom announced that dinner was ready, and we all migrated to the dining room, where she was putting a meatloaf out on the table.

"It smells delicious Melanie," Mrs. Walton commented.

"It's a new recipe, I hope everyone likes it," Mom replied as she brought out the salad.

We all dug into Mom's cooking as my parents and the Waltons continued making idle chit chat. Thankfully they mostly left me out of it, as it was mostly about stuff I had no interest in. It was all neighborhood gossip, "have you been to", "I just got the loveliest", stuff like that.

With a seeming inevitability though, the topic eventually moved back to nudism. I guess it's a tough one to avoid with three naked people sitting at the table.

"Mr. Walton and I really admire what you all are doing," Mrs. Walton commented at one point. "We'd never really thought too much about the nudist lifestyle before, but hearing about your lifestyle change has gotten our curiosity going."

"Oh?" my mom said, as she helped herself to some more salad.

"We thought we'd come over tonight, and see what it was really like for you," she continued. "And I must say, I'm very impressed!"

I had the sense that she was leading towards something, but there was no way I could have been prepared for what happened next. Mr. and Mrs. Walton exchanged glances with one another, and then Mrs. Walton finished: "So we've decided to join you in this lifestyle, and become nudists ourselves."

I almost spit out my soda. My dad shot me a scolding look, my mom just smiled. "Wonderful!" she said.

"So if you don't mind..."

"Oh go right ahead. It'll be so much better once it's done"

Before I could process what was happening, Mr. and Mrs. Walton stood up, and their clothes began forming a pile on the floor. In a flash, both were naked and re-taking their seats. My jaw was somewhere near the floor with their clothes

Now I sat naked with my naked parents and naked neighbors. Weird didn't even begin to describe how I felt about it. I couldn't help but look at the Waltons as they sat at my dinner table with not a stitch of cloth between them. It was certainly different than how I would have expected. Their skin was less wrinkly than I'd have imagined - it had more of a stretched look to it. They had less body hair, and their skin certainly bore the signs of a lifetime of scrapes, bruises, and marks. Gravity had certainly played a role in shaping their bodies as well. I wondered why they wanted to walk around naked, looking like that - it was nothing I'd ever want people to see if it was me.

Of course I was smart enough not to say any of that, and instead started intensely paying attention to my mashed potatoes. I really didn't know how to react or what to think. This was just too surreal. Was this going to be what happened from now on, people would come over for dinner and leave without their clothes? I finished my dinner in silence and excused myself to finish my homework, clearing out of the room as fast as I could. The whole world had gone mad.

Once back to my room, I found I was unable to focus on what was left of my homework. So I shoved it off, and instead logged onto the computer. I had about two dozen unanswered IM's, and an ungodly number of emails from friends and non-friends about my nudity in school today. I deleted them all without responding. I went to my bookmarks, and found the discussion thread started by "GreenDayLuvr" a couple of days ago. I was surprised to see that it had generated a pretty long discussion, but was disappointed as I realized pretty quickly that no one really answered her question. It was just the same arguments I'd seen so many times already, none of which rang true.

Evidently GreenDayLuvr agreed. She wrote in a follow up:

None of you get it! It's not normal, it's just embarrassing and I want to get dressed!

I felt bad, because I knew exactly how she felt. I decided to send her an email, letting her know at least someone related to what she was going through.

I was forced into nudism too... I don't get it either. I've been humiliated and embarrassed constantly without clothes. And people don't get that. But I do. I'm sorry you have to go through it.

Eric

I signed off. Whimsically, I checked the Nudist society's web page again. Their meeting was still Wednesday night. I didn't know why I was interested, but I was.

Mom called me to say good bye to the Waltons. I signed off and headed down the

stairs. Everyone watched me descend, and I was painfully aware of the way my penis bounced as I moved. Not that I thought the Waltons would notice or care. I still couldn't believe we were all naked.

"It was lovely seeing you all," Mrs. Walton said. "We must do this more often!"

"Yes," Mom replied. "It's so wonderful you decided to join the lifestyle with us. You'll love it."

"I'm sure we will. Eric, you be good now!" Mrs. Walton said.

"I will," I replied, from my position near the base of the stairs. I watched in amazement as they both walked out the front door, outside and in public, completely nude.

Everyone had gone insane.

Chapter 21

I woke up from a fitful sleep, dreams full of naked people. For the first time in days I didn't wake up wondering where my sheets were or why I was naked - I guess that much about being a nudist had finally sunk in. It was also another school day, I knew. That thought immediately manifested itself as a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I turned my head to look at the clock.... 7:45. I'd overslept. I groaned loudly. I hadn't even gotten out of bed yet and already today wasn't going well.

I struggled to get myself out of bed and then stumbled into the shower, hoping the hot water would wake me up. My mom entered the bathroom a few minutes later, and brushed her teeth as I washed my hair.

"Running late aren't we?" She asked, pulling back the curtain and stepping into the shower with me.

"A little," I replied, doing my best to ignore her presence as I rinsed the last of the soap off of myself.

"Well I can't give you a ride today - I have a salon appointment this morning," she told me.

Thank god for small favors, I thought to myself. "That's okay," I said.

I stepped out of the shower and dried off with the small towels available. I had to really move if I had any hope of making it to school on time, not that I was even really sure I wanted to, naked as I was. But being late would mean detention, so it was still best to avoid that. After cursing my forced nudity for about the tenth time already that morning, I grabbed my backpack from my room and headed downstairs. I found a tube of suntan lotion near the front door and rubbed it all over myself, and a moment later I headed out the front door.

It was only a few days ago that it would have been unimaginable to walk out the front of my house without any clothes. Today I did it without any hesitation. I didn't know if it was because I was getting used to being a nudist or if being in a hurry was simply overriding my embarrassment.

It was an overcast day, with dark clouds hiding the normally warm sun and replacing it with a stiff breeze, making me shiver as I walked down my block. It definitely looked like we were in for some rain, which made me want to get to school even faster. Except I didn't, because I was naked. It was frustrating to have so many conflicting feelings all the time now.

I walked down my street without seeing anyone, and cut through the park where Bryony had jerked me off yesterday. This brought back the rather pleasant memory and then a frightening realization: I hadn't masturbated this morning. I looked down at my bare skin and exposed penis and immediately knew that would be a problem. I remembered what

happened yesterday and definitely didn't want a repeat of that. As embarrassing as being a nudist was, it hadn't done anything to curb my sex drive and I now knew first hand it didn't take much to get me horny. I kept moving though, I was already running late and couldn't do anything about it now in either case.

I exited the park and promptly crashed into another pedestrian as I stepped onto Main Street. I was shocked when I realized she was every bit as naked as I was, and a good part of our bodies had come into contact with one another. She was an Asian woman with small breasts and dark hair... she seemed familiar, but I couldn't place her. Worse, between the skin contact and the fact I'd been thinking about it to begin with, I felt the beginnings of an erection... she was a beautiful naked woman, after all. So I just did my best not to look as I brushed myself off. "I'm sorry..." I said.

"No, my fault," she said. "I wasn't looking. It's Eric, right?"

"I... yeah," I said. Great, she knows me. Who is she?

"Oh, I'm Doris. Our families met at the mall last week."

"Oh, right. Hi again," I said. Wow... I knew it was only the other day but my naked trip to the mall already felt like a lifetime ago. My cheeks flushed with renewed embarrassment thinking about what had happened there, which did nothing to curb my growing arousal.

"Do you live around here?" She asked, with a big smile.

"Yeah. I'm on my way to school, actually," I said. I felt weird - she was being as friendly as could be and I had to try not to become turned on.

"Oh, cool. I'm in this area often for shopping, I'll have to stop by sometime," she said. Her boobs jiggled.

"Yeah..." I said. "Look, I don't want to be rude but I'm already late?"

"Oh! Of course! Go ahead. I have my own things to get done too. Tell your parents I said hi!"

"Yeah, sure," I said, before turning around and heading off.

Whew. At least that was one disaster averted, I thought, though I doubted I could maintain that much self-control all day. I continued to walk down Main Street, crowded with people running early errands. I did my best not to look as I plowed ahead, focusing only on the ground in front of me and not walk into any other pedestrians or notice how they were looking at me.

In the distance I heard bells ringing, marking 9 o'clock. I was barely halfway to school and officially late, which would only compound my problems for the day. Nevertheless, I slowed my pace. There was no point in rushing now. As much as I didn't like being out here in public naked, I reasoned I'd still rather spend an extra couple of minutes out here than in school. The events of yesterday were running through my head again, and I had no idea how I was going to face the coming day, let alone every other school day

that was to follow.

The school grounds were blessedly empty as I approached. Most students were in homeroom now, and those that were ditching wouldn't be hanging out in front of the school. I ascended the steps just as the first drops of rain started to fall. I could sense in the pit of my stomach that today was going to be no less disastrous than yesterday.

I had to go to the office for a late pass, so upon entering the school I turned and headed there. The hallways had been empty, but there were a couple of freshman girls in the office ahead of me. To my embarrassment they glanced my way and giggled to each other as I entered the office. I had no choice but to stand there and wait my turn, even as they whispered to each other and looked over my naked body. After a minute that felt like an eternity, the secretary handed a late pass to each of them and then sent them off.

Finally the girls left and I approached the secretary's desk. "Ah, Eric, right?" she said.

"Yeah," I said. I didn't have to wonder how she remembered me from yesterday. "I was late today."

"Alright," she said, eyeing me. "I'll just need to see your student ID"

I got it from my backpack (longing for the days when it would have been in my pocket) and gave it to her, standing silently as she wrote my name and ID number in an attendance log. While I waited, I looked out the window and noticed that there was now a steady rainfall outside. Well, whatever happens, the day could be worse, I thought to myself. At least I didn't get caught out in that. A minute later she handed my ID back to me along with a late pass and detention slip. But not much worse, I finished my thought from before.

I left the office in silence, and made the long march to my locker and then to homeroom without running into anyone. I handed the late pass to my homeroom teacher and mentally prepared myself for an onslaught of humiliation, but was surprised when she announced we'd be going to "the assembly" before I even took my seat. I just kind of stood there at the front of the room while the rest of the classroom stood up and gathered their things. I hadn't known there was an assembly today and had no clue what it would be about. I guess that was a downside of showing up late.

I walked with my homeroom as the school filled the large auditorium, taking the seats in the section assigned to us. All in all it didn't seem like the worst turn of events. At least it would keep the attention off of me for a while. I wound up seated between Mike Frin and Greg Cho - who both seemed to want to pretend I wasn't there, which was fine by me. Even better, most of the room wouldn't be able to see anything more than my shoulders, which from what I could tell was keeping the pointing and staring to a minimum. A win for me.

The lights dimmed, and my principal took the stage. "If we could all settle down, please, we'll get started." The loud chatter fell to a dim murmur, which was about the best she could hope for when the whole student body was in one place.

"Thanks you," she continued. "You may have noticed an increase in the number of lifestyle students we have attending our school - "

I swear she looked right at me when she said that. I sunk in my seat, though I knew there was really no way for a naked guy to hide even in a crowd like this.

" - which I'm sure many of you have questions about. Many of you know our school's head Guidance Counselor Miss Chang already. She's going to talk about the Federal Bureau of Lifestyles today and give us an overview of the program, its goals, and the people who participate. So without further ado, please give Counselor Chang some applause."

The auditorium clapped briefly as the principal handed off the microphone to a younger woman dressed in professional business suit. Despite what her last name would imply, she was blond haired and blue eyed. "Thank you," she said. "As Principal Williams said, I'm going to talk about the Bureau of Lifestyles. The Bureau's mission is to promote the tolerance and acceptance of alternative lifestyles. For most of history, people wishing to go against social norms or live differently from the mainstream suffered a stigma for doing so. But now thanks to affirmative action laws protecting people who register with the bureau, people are free to live as they choose without fear for their jobs or other discrimination, and tens of millions of people across the country take advantage of this protection. The agency was created just fifteen years ago, but it's quickly expanded to over 300 recognized lifestyles, with more being added every year. "

What a snooze. I leaned back and closed my eyes, fully intent on taking a nap through this, along with half of my other classmates. It was even too boring to be annoyed by her use of the words "free" and "choose", words that definitely didn't apply today.

"What I'm going to cover with you today are some of the basics - what it means to register, and how and when you can register. But first, I'd like to go over some of the more popular lifestyles and introduce you to some of your fellow students who are already practicing alternative lifestyles..."

I shot up in my seat. This couldn't be good.

"Will Maggie Francis please come up to the stage?"

There was a pause, and then a girl walked down the right aisle and joined the speaker on the stage.

"Maggie here is a Christian Fundamentalist. Would you like to say a few words about your lifestyle Maggie?"

"Yes," Maggie replied, taking the microphone. With a thick southern accent, she spoke: "I'm proud to have accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and to live as He wishes... it'd be wonderful if y'all would accept him too."

Diane took the microphone back. "Thank you Maggie. Though obviously you don't need to register with the bureau to practice your religion, many of the devout still like to do so

in order to gain protections for specific practices and to align the law with how they wish to live. Maggie is legally barred from sexual activity before marriage, for example..."

This earned booing from the student body, which the Principal quickly scolded. Counselor Chang continued once everything was calm again. Maggie stepped aside but didn't leave the stage as she called out the next name "Jeremy Kermit..."

I was in a panic now. I didn't hear what Jeremy had to say, I was just overwhelmed with dread about what I knew was about to happen. Did she really expect me to walk up on that stage, naked...

"Eric Firms?"

... in front of the whole school.

I didn't move.

"Eric Firms?" She repeated, looking right at me, along with half the school. It was impossible not to stand out, let alone pretend I wasn't there.

I gulped, seeing no choice but to stand up. I rose slowly, and climbed over the row of students to get to the aisle. Most of them made faces, obviously not wanting to be so close to my naked body. The feeling was mutual, and I did my best to minimize contact with anyone.

I tried to walk normally up the aisle, but with all eyes on me it felt like it took a year. I was blushing hard. My cheeks burned and my heart was pounding. Finally I climbed the stairs on the side of the stage and took the mike. I just stood there holding it. A bright spotlight shone on me, making it impossible for me to really make out faces, but I knew all eyes were on me. All of me. Naked, on a stage, in front of the whole school. I could feel myself sweating. I could hear some chatter and some laughter from the crowd, but nothing distinct. I knew I needed to say something to end this, to talk about why I was a nudist. "Um, hi..." was all I could manage.

I gulped and tried to think of something else to say. At that moment I happened to look down. And it was only then I'd noticed that my dick was fully erect, standing out for the whole school to see.

"FUCK" I said loudly, into the microphone.

The auditorium erupted in noise, mostly laughter and cheering. Counselor Chang just blinked. Principal Williams looked in horror, then rushed to grab the microphone from me. I panicked, just wanting to get off the stage at all costs. Somehow managed to crash into her, erection first. Fuming, she grabbed my forearm and dragged me behind the curtain and off the stage, not stopping until we were out in the hallway. Then the screaming began.

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU YOUNG MAN? THIS ASSEMBLY IS FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND YOU MAKE A MOCKERY OF IT! YOU'RE ALREADY NAKED AND YOU SHOW THIS KIND OF DISRESPECT TOO? HOW MUCH MORE OF A SHOW

OFF DO YOU NEED TO BE?"

I opened my mouth but had nothing to say.

"YOU'RE SUSPENDED. THREE DAYS."

"What!" I shouted back. I couldn't believe this - I'd been paraded naked in front of the whole school, and somehow I was being held accountable for what happened?

She grabbed my arm again and dragged me down the hall and around the corner to the main office. "SIT," she said, before telling the secretary what was to be done with me and then marching off in a fury.

I just sat feeling embarrassed and humiliated, unable to fathom what had just happened. I'd never been suspended before. Yet here I was on my second day of being forced to be naked in school, in more trouble than I'd ever been. There was something deeply unfair about this. I tried not to listen as the secretary called home and spoke to my mother, telling her she'd need to come pick me up. I had no clue how my mom would react to this. Having never really been in trouble before, I had no idea what kind of a punishment I was in for at home. I looked out the office windows at the now torrential rainfall, a perfect metaphor for my life.

The one secretary seemed secretly thrilled that I was sitting here, her eyes barely left me the whole time. But even that didn't bother me now as I replayed the scene in the auditorium over and over again in my mind. Nor did I feel any better about it as the minutes dragged on. I began to contemplate what it would take to never have to show up here again. Drop out? Fake my death? Put on clothes, get arrested, spend the rest of my years in prison? I wondered if nudists had to wear those orange jumpsuits or not...

The din of student voices drifted down the hall, signaling that the assembly was over. Funny, I didn't find myself wondering how the rest of it went. A few minutes later students began to pour out of the auditorium, filling the hallway as they made their way to first period.

I was sitting facing the glass wall of the office, which meant I was still on display for anyone to look and see. I was kind of surprised when I realized that no one was really looking. I'd thought staring at me was a shared hobby of the whole planet, and the effect should have been doubled given what had happened...

At first I didn't believe what I was seeing. My very naked mother, dripping wet from the rain, was marching through a throng of shocked students, headed right for the office. Pretty much all of the students stared, some with their jaws literally hanging open. Some of the guys' heads bobbed up and down with each bounce of her breasts. Even the girls looked on in amazement.

For my part, I think I discovered the only thing worse than having the whole school stare at me.

Mom entered the office in a fury, apparently oblivious to the effect she'd been having on the student body. She saw me sitting there and crouched beside me, giving the students outside even more of a show. My god....

"Eric, are you okay honey?" she asked with genuine concern.

"Yeah... fine..." I said, a bit confused. "I'm alright." I'd expected her to yell.

"I want to talk to the principal." Mom said, standing to face the secretary at the front desk.

"She's - " the secretary began.

"Now!" Mom said with determination.

Evidently the secretary realized it'd be best not to argue.

"Principal Williams to the main office please," she said over the intercom system.

It didn't take long for the principal to appear. She looked pretty shocked and angry to see the wet, naked woman standing in the office.

"Are you Principal Williams?"

"Yes."

"I want to know where you get off treating my son this way."

"Your son has caused nothing but trouble since deciding to come to school naked as he is. He's being punished accordingly."

"He's fully within his rights to be naked here."

"But not to disturb the learning environment"

"And not to be paraded on stage as some poster child for your school's supposed diversity."

"Your son made a mockery of an event that was meant to benefit him above all!"

"You singled him out"

"He singled himself out when he decided to come here naked. All you naked people single yourselves out. Normal people have modesty!"

Silence fell over the whole office. Even the students watching the drama from the hallway fell quiet.

Finally, slowly, forcefully, my mom responded. "You. Intolerant. Bitch."

Wow. Go Mom.

"Come on Eric, we're leaving," Mom said to me. To Principal Williams she simply said:

"You'll be hearing from our lawyer".

With that, she took me by the hand and we left the office together. The crowd that had assembled to watch the spectacle quickly made room for us. I heard Principal Williams start to yell at all the onlookers once we were down the hallway. We exited through the front door and into the still pouring rain.

And that was the end of my second school day as a nudist.

Chapter 22

"I'm sorry that had to happen to you Eric," Mom said. "I knew that there were still bigots in the world, but I'd expect more from a school Administrator than to parade you like that in the name of tolerance."

"Thank you," was all I could say. I felt genuinely grateful. Over the last few days I'd been embarrassed, humiliated, and made to feel helpless and powerless... it was nice to have someone stand up for me like that. It made me feel a little better about things, and I had a newfound respect for my mom.

"Look, just take a couple of days off. I'll call a lawyer and make sure that you'll be more accepted when you go back," she said.

I have to say, "take a couple of days off" sounded great. Becoming a nudist had turned out to be an odyssey of embarrassment and humiliation. Getting school out of the equation would help, if only a little. While I knew I'd eventually have to go back... it was far enough away that I wasn't too worried at that moment.

We rode in silence for a couple of minutes, before my mom announced, "I hope you don't mind if we run a few errands before going home. I was on my way to the grocery store when I came to pick you up."

"That's okay," I said. Not that this was anything I wanted to do, but I didn't see how I could object.

The rain had stopped by the time we pulled in the parking lot, leaving humid sticky air in its place. It was actually remarkable. In clothes it would have been sticky and awful, but naked it didn't bother me so much.

My mom and I were both still wet from the rain; I can't imagine what a sight it must have been, two wet and naked people walking into a supermarket. My mom, as per usual, gave no sign that this was anything other than the most normal thing in the world. I was a little more apprehensive, noticing the looks of shock on both the employees and other customers gave as my mom took a cart and began walking the aisles. I actually noticed an interesting schism. The store employees were mostly younger, and they seemed to go out of their way to eye the naked people. But the other customers at this time of day were mostly older women. They seemed to quickly depart any aisle we entered.

It was of course embarrassing, not least of which because what happened to me this morning was still replaying over and over in my mind. But somehow having my mom around helped, making it easier to deal with being naked in public. If for no other reason than her presence distracted stares and attention that would otherwise have been on me.

Actually, despite the nudity, it was a pretty dull shopping trip... at least until we got to the produce section.

Mom asked me to pick up some fruit as she walked down the vegetable side. So I got myself one of those plastic bags and began examining the available fruit.

I was picking out some fresh looking apples when I heard "You shouldn't be doing that."

I looked up. An old Jewish woman with giant thick eyeglasses stood hunched over her shopping cart, sneering.

"I'm sorry?" I asked, confused.

"You're naked," she said.

"Yeah?" I said quizzically. What was this woman getting at?

"It's not hygienic. Now I don't even want to touch that food."

"Huh? That makes no sense," I replied. "Being naked makes no difference."

"You'll get your germs all over everything. I'm going to speak to the manager. Your type shouldn't even be allowed in here."

"My type?" I said, angry now. "You mean nudists?"

She sneered at me, then walked off. I just shook my head and moved on to look at the peaches, but that wasn't the end of it. She came back less than a minute later with the manager, a balding man who was perhaps in his 30's.

"There they are," she said. "The nudists."

I groaned.

"Sir, this lady says you were bothering her?"

By now this had all come to the attention of my mom, who came over to my side. "Is there a problem?"

The manager seemed to have forgotten his question as he took in the sight of my mom's naked body, still glistening with moisture from walking through the rain earlier.

The lady wasn't so distracted though, she screeched at my mom. "How can you even ask that! You're both naked!"

I'm not sure what happened next, exactly, but something inside me clicked. Whether it was everything that happened already today, or just the fact that this lady was annoying as hell, I decided I wasn't going to take it. Summoning a confidence that I hadn't felt since I became a nudist, I said to the manager: "I haven't done anything wrong. This woman just doesn't seem to like me because I'm naked. I was just minding my own business. If anything she's been harassing me."

"You types shouldn't be allowed in the store, I can't believe this ridiculousness!"

The manager seemed to take my side. "Ma'am, they have a legal right to be here."

"Bupkus!"

"If you'll excuse us," I said. "I think we'll finish shopping now."

"Please do!" the manager said. The lady argued with him, but I walked away from it, feeling good about myself, and my mom followed. When we got to the checkout line, she put her hand on my shoulder and smiled. I got the message.

I'm a nudist now. I might feel humiliated by it, but that was no reason to let others humiliate me, whether here or at school. I still had my pride... and as the next couple of days unfolded, that'd be important.

Chapter 23

Pride or not, I still didn't like being naked in public, and I was happy to retreat to my room after we got home and unpacked the groceries. My mom wasn't punishing me for the suspension, so I effectively had two days off... I'd have been perfectly fine to spend the whole time up here alone, where I wouldn't be exposed to anyone.

Of course, the flaw in that plan was that this got boring real quick.

After trying futilely trying to find something to watch on daytime TV, I gave up and logged on my computer. Since it was still the middle of a school day, none of my friends were online... not that I was even sure who my friends were now though in any case. With what felt like some kind of inevitability, I returned to the nudist forum, and read the latest post by GreenDayLuvr:

Like OMG - I totally get it now. There was this boy who was totally into me because i was naked, and now he's my bf and that's sooo amazing. And he says like everyone sees me but who cares right??

Thank u all!!!!!!

Traitor, I thought. Now I really was the only nudist in the world who didn't want to be this way.

I occupied myself by going on Facebook and deleting most of what was on my profile. None of it felt like me anymore, least of which the pictures of myself fully clothed. It was like looking at a different person.

My mom stuck her head in, surprising me. "Eric, I made some lunch, come down to the kitchen if you want some," she said.

"Okay mom," I answered.

My stomach rumbled at the thought. It was after three already, and I realized how hungry I was. I plodded down the stairs and made my way to the kitchen, where I found turkey sandwiches already made and cut in half. I smiled; naked or not, my mom was still, well, a mom.

"I spoke to the lawyer," mom told me as I ate one of the sandwiches. "He thinks we have a case."

"Don't worry about it, really," I answered. I just wanted to fit in again... I couldn't imagine suing the school would help towards that end. "I'll just deal."

"Well, I'm still going to meet with him next week."

The meal passed in silence and I started to help my mom clean up. We were putting the dishes away when I suddenly blurted out, "Mom, do you like being naked?"

She paused, obviously considering how to answer. "Yes, I do," she finally said.

"Why?"

Another pause. She was clearly picking her words. I wasn't sure what about the question warranted that, but I accepted it. I really wanted to know what she had to say. "It's..." she began. "I feel like I can be myself."

That didn't really clear much up for me. I still got the sense there was something I was missing, and I still didn't have any better an idea of how to move forward in my state of undress. Unfortunately, I didn't get to press the issue any further before we were interrupted by the doorbell. My mom went to answer it as I put the last dish away.

The doorbell rang, my mom answered it. "Come in, come in," I heard her say to the visitor. "I'll let him know you're here." She yelled. "Eric, it's for you!"

For me?

I came down the stairs and found Bryony waiting in the living room. She was wearing flats today, with blue denim shorts and a black t-shirt.

"Oh, Eric, hi," she said sheepishly. "I just came by to see how you were... after what happened this morning..."

"Thanks Bryony," I said shyly, keenly aware that I was naked and she was clothed. "I'm alright though... glad to be out of school for a few days, actually."

"Well that's good," she said.

"Yeah."

We kind of stood awkwardly for a minute, unsure of what to do with ourselves.

"Do you want to sit down?" I finally offered.

"Okay," she said.

We both took a seat on the couch in the living room. It felt really strange being naked in front of a classmate in my own house. I'd sort of grown used to being naked in my house, but with Bryony here it just felt embarrassing all over again.

My mom poked her head in, breaking the silence. "Would you two like anything? There's soda, pizza bagels?"

"That sounds great Mrs. Firms," Bryony accepted. I couldn't believe she was seeing my mom naked too.

"So, did I miss anything in school?" I asked.

"Not really. I mean, everyone was talking about you..." Bryony said, but then realized I probably didn't want to hear about that. "Nothing really happened though."

Another awkward silence. Bryony broke it.

"So I guess that's pretty embarrassing. The erections," she said.

I blushed hard. "Yeah."

"I know boys can't control it really, I don't think it's anything to be ashamed of," she said.

"Thanks..." I said. Were we really talking about this now, like it's a normal subject of conversation.

"Does it help if..." Bryony said. "if... someone... you know."

I looked at her blankly. She put her hand on my penis to make her point. I nearly jumped. "I..."

"I just thought, you know," she spoke softly as she started stroking. "Maybe I could help... so you don't get excited so easy."

Oh my god. She'd made me hard almost instantly. It was happening so fast I didn't really comprehend what was happening.

I heard my mom rummaging in the kitchen - she could walk in at any second - but it already felt too good for my will power to stop it.

Neither of us spoke. Bryony continued with a wide eyed fascination. She seemed to study my cock intently, observing everything about it as she silently stroked, feeling its shape and texture with her fingers. I was just, well, I wasn't sure what I was thinking at the time.

Unable to make myself stop her, I instead let her continue her explorations, the sensations building inside me.

To my utter shock and surprise, she leaned over and kissed it... then tasted it... then began to suck on it. I groaned in pleasure. This was the first time I'd ever gotten a blow job, and it felt better than anything I could have imagined.

Bryony bobbed her head up and down enthusiastically, licking and sucking. It felt good, really good, and before long I was completely into it. The only sound in the room was the steady slurp slurp slurp of Bryony.

I was taken completely by surprise when my mom re-entered the room, pizza bagels in hand. I panicked, and tried to shove Bryony off, but Bryony wouldn't budge, and my mom didn't act like anything was wrong - she just smiled and placed the pizza bagels on the coffee table. She disappeared and came back with two glassed of soda. I came while she was pouring the soda for us. I grunting a little, but was embarrassed enough to restrain myself from making any more noise. Bryony gagged a little in shock, but managed to swallow it all.

She lifted her head, and smiled as she looked between myself and my mom, and then grabbed a pizza bagel.

Chapter 24

The rest of the evening was pretty quiet. My mom had invited Bryony to stay for dinner, but she politely declined. After she'd left mom asked me if she was my girlfriend now. I realized I had no idea how to answer that; what happened was too confusing to think about.

After a normal (naked) family meal, I went back up to my room, where I passed the evening watching TV and lost in my thoughts. Mostly I was still angry about everything, and especially about how unfair it all was.

It was hard to believe I'd only been naked for four days so far. Already it felt like a lifetime. I realized that for the first time I was beginning to see myself as a nudist. Of course people had seen me that way from the moment I'd taken my clothes off, but it was only now that I was starting to see myself that way. Being naked was who I was, not some temporary aberration. But I was also sure that what I was feeling wasn't what it was supposed to feel like.

On my night stand was a business card with a phone number, given to me by Missy, the girl I'd met at the mall over the weekend, my "in" to the nudist club at Forest Glen CC. If there was a logical next step to my nudist odyssey, I supposed that was it. Before I could second guess myself, I was dialing Missy's number.

"Hello?" came the voice on the other end of the line.

"Hi Missy... this is Eric... we met at the mall the other day," I introduced myself.

"Um..."

"... the nudist," I clarified.

"Oh, hey!" she exclaimed, evidently remembering me. "How's being naked going?"

"Um, great," I said. "I was thinking... about taking you up on your offer about the nudist club. Go to the meeting tomorrow."

"Hey yeah that'd be awesome!" she said. "You totally have to meet my friend Sam."

"Cool," I said. "It's okay that I'm not a student and stuff."

"Yeah they won't care. Just show up, I'll let em know you're coming."

"Great," I said.

"Def. See you there," she said.

I felt nervous as I hung up the phone, like I was making a mistake. I realized that this girl had never seen me with clothes on... and probably never would. That felt weird.

Feeling a little restless, I headed for the kitchen to have a snack. It was amazing how I didn't even think about that anymore - only two days ago it would have felt too weird doing this, now it didn't even bother me.

My mom was there watching TV while baking some cookies. She was wearing a translucent plastic apron.

"Hey sweetie, what's up?"

"Nothin'" I said, as I went for the refrigerator. Cold air spilled out when I opened the door, making me shiver as it fell on my naked skin. I quickly found some leftovers and shut the door.

"Would you like me to make you something?" mom asked when I shut the door.

"No, it's okay," I said, getting out a plate for myself. "This is good as is."

She smiled.

Chapter 25

I slept late on Wednesday, enjoying the small vacation as a result of being suspended from school. I finally got up around 10, and took a solitary shower before making my way downstairs in search of a morning coffee. I found half a pot left and a note nearby.

Eric - running some errands today, I'll be back this afternoon.

Love,

Mom.

I'd thought it seemed quiet.

I heat up a cup of coffee in the microwave and then sat down at the kitchen table. It felt surprisingly weird to be home alone, naked in the kitchen. It occurred to me that I could put some clothes on and no one would know any better - but strangely the idea held little appeal for me. I realized I was leaving my clothed self further and further behind. The textile Eric was becoming a stranger to me.

Eventually my thoughts turned to more practical questions, like what I planned to do with myself today. The nudist club meeting wasn't until 6, but I had nothing to do until then. On the one hand, I was perfectly happy to stay in the house all day rather than leave it without clothes again. But on the other hand, I'd been doing that a lot lately and was beginning to feel a little stir crazy.

I compromised with myself, and opted to go out on the patio for a bit. It was a weekday, so the few neighbors who had a view of it would be at work. I quickly applied some sun lotion, then went outside to lounge with nothing but my coffee cup.

It wasn't bad, I thought, as I took another sip. Sunbathing felt nice, and some of the stuff I'd been reading had talked up Vitamin D and how it was supposed to be good for you. Out here, alone, and without the embarrassment and humiliation that seemed to plague me these last several days, I could sort of see the appeal of this.

I finished my coffee and quickly got bored just sitting there though, so I decided to head back inside. I went back to the sliding door, grabbed the handle and...

It wouldn't budge.

I tugged harder, but it remained stuck. I looked through the glass and saw the problem, the lock had fallen into place. And my keys, I realized, were inside in my backpack.

Along with my wallet and cell phone. All stuff I wasn't used to not having on my person all the time.

The bottom line was that I'd just locked myself out of the house, naked. Mom's note had said she wouldn't be home until this afternoon, and I couldn't even call her.

In frustration I kicked the door, and then cursed myself when pain shot up from my bare toe. I hopped back over to the lounge chair, where I sat back down and nursed it.

The thought of being stuck out here all day didn't thrill me one bit, but I didn't see any way around it. Unless... the Waltons had a spare key, didn't they? Yes! My parents had given them one for emergencies.

It meant I'd have to go over and talk to the Waltons, which was going to be weird since I hadn't seen them since they became nudists the other night. But it beat being out here all night.

I headed around the house towards the backyard gate. This was more public nudity than I'd planned on, but there was nothing I could do about it.

I moved quietly, not wanting to attract any more attention than would be absolutely necessary. As strange as it sounds - in the last few days I'd been naked in a mall, in school, in parks... but it still felt weird and embarrassing to be outside my house naked.

Thankfully it was the middle of the day, and few if any of the neighbors would be home. There was no traffic as I darted across the street and up the Waltons front steps.

Ding dong, I heard the doorbell go off inside the house when I pushed it.

I waited impatiently, eying the street for anyone who might see me, feeling self-conscious. After a few minutes I rang it again, but I lost hope when I realized their car wasn't in the driveway; no one was home.

I stood there for a moment, feeling awkward about being naked on their front porch. I was about to head back to my backyard when a jogger came up the street, catching me by surprise.

"Why hello," she said, slowing when she saw me.

"Hi," I said. She wore sneakers, shorts, and a sports bra. I guessed she was a little older than me, but not by much.

"I'd heard there were some nudists in the neighborhood now," she said, jogging in place. "I'm Liz - I live on the other side of the park. I come jogging down this street every day, but this is the first time I've seen anyone naked."

"I've only been naked since Friday," I explained, embarrassed about it. "Hey do you have a cell phone or something? I... kind of locked myself out." It was a long shot, but what the heck.

She looked me over for another moment before replying. "Not on me; you can follow me

back to my apartment though and use the phone there, if you don't mind jogging with me. It's not far."

"Thanks," I said. I wasn't too keen on jogging through the whole neighborhood naked, but it seemed better than my other options at the moment.

Liz kept an impressively good pace as she led me through the neighborhood. I was acutely aware of just how ridiculous I looked running naked behind her. She took me down my street and through the park, and I cringed when she turned onto Main St, forcing me to streak through countless busy shoppers and mid-day traffic. Had I not been breathing so heavily from the run, I would have breathed a sigh of relief when she turned up an ally and finally reached the door to what I assumed was her apartment. I followed her inside, grateful to be out of the public.

Her apartment was small, little more than a studio, with old furniture and clothes thrown about. She immediately went to the fridge and gulped down a bottle of water. "Can I get you anything?" she asked.

"No, I'm good. Just a phone," I said.

She smiled and tossed me her cell phone. "Just don't use up all my minutes," she said.

I smiled. There weren't too many people these last few days who've been genuinely nice to me. Liz was a rare exception it seemed.

I dialed my mom and was glad she picked up on the second ring. I told her I accidentally locked myself out, and she offered to swing by the house in half an hour. I was just finishing up the conversation when a guy appeared, presumably Liz's roommate.

"Whoa, who's this?" he said, with a thick lisp.

"Oh Dirk, this is Eric. Eric, my roommate Dirk," Liz explained.

"Hi," I said.

"Liz if you were going to start bringing naked boys home you should have warned me," he said with a wave of the hand and a giggle.

He couldn't be more stereotypically gay.

"So what did your mom say?" Liz asked me.

"She'll be back in half an hour... thanks a lot, I really appreciate the help," I said.

It wasn't that I was homophobic, but Dirk's staring was really making me uncomfortable. Here I was, stark naked and being checked out by a gay man. It simply hadn't occurred to me that gay men would see me naked and think of me... like that... and I found it kind of unsettling. It was one thing when a girl did it, but...

"So Eric, I haven't seen you around before," Dirk said. "And I think I would have noticed!"

I blushed. "I live in the neighborhood... my family just became nudists.

"Oh Dirk, leave him alone," Liz said, noticing Dirk's ogling.

"Hey he put it all out there, silly," he said. "I'm just appreciating what's there, and there's a lot to appreciate!"

"Well I should be going," I said abruptly, wanting to get out of there. "Thank you again, Liz."

"It was nice meeting you Eric."

What a day.

Chapter 26

My mom was pulling in the garage just as I got back to the house. It was good timing, and I was more than happy to get back inside. I apologized, but she didn't seem to mind "I got done everything that I needed to do today," she said. "And I have to go back out tomorrow, anyway"

"What do you want for dinner?" she asked. "Chicken, or London Broil?"

"Actually..." I said. "I was thinking I might go out tonight."

"Oh?" She said curiously. "Seeing Bryony again?"

"No. Actually it's a club," I took a deep breath. "A nudist club."

"Really?"

"At Forest Glen Community College, yeah. I was sort of invited. I thought I'd, you know, just check it out."

Somehow, this was the most embarrassing thing I'd done all day!

"It's at 7... I need a ride," I continued.

"Sure sweetie," Mom happily agreed. "I'm glad you're showing an interest in your new lifestyle."

I awkwardly retreated back to my room after that. I was actually growing pretty nervous about this meeting I'd signed up for. Would everyone be naked? Probably, I supposed, but what would that be like? What if I broke some unwritten rule of nudist etiquette - would they see right through me and realize I wasn't a real nudist?

I tried to take my mind off things, but I still wound up visiting and re-reading their whole web site a half dozen times over the course of the afternoon.

Having learned my lesson from the last few days, I made it a point to masturbate. Thankfully that went without incident.

Finally, I had to get out of my room, I headed downstairs just as my dad was getting home. My mom was quick to announce my plans for the evening.

"Eric is going to a nudist club tonight," she explained to him.

I just stood there embarrassed as my parents excitedly talked about it with each other and with me. I didn't see what the big deal was, and I worried that they were reading more into it than they should. I'd still put clothes on again in a heartbeat if I could.

Shortly before seven, I rode with my mom to the college. The trip was mostly silent. She pulled up to the main part of the campus about ten minutes later. I stepped out of the

minivan after once again assuring my mom that I'd be alright, and that I'd call when I was ready for a ride back home.

It felt weird being on a college campus. I felt young, and I was sure that everyone would see me for the high schooler I was. It wasn't helped by the fact that most of the students walking around at this time of day were adults taking night classes.

The school itself was pretty large. It had a good reputation and attracted students from adjacent counties. It was mostly a commuter school, but two traditional style dorms sat on the edge of campus. The rest of the school was mostly composed of several large, old, brick buildings were arranged around a central green, and a big auditorium/arena located in back.

I'd checked a campus map before coming, so I had a vague idea of where to go. The meeting was in the far building on my right, which I headed towards. There were dozens of people either standing outside buildings or walking around the vicinity. It was pretty remarkable how none paid me any attention despite my nudity. Maybe college students are just more mature about this stuff

The big metal door at the entrance of the building was propped open, so I just walked inside. The interior looked like a pretty typical school building. Classrooms and offices alternated on each side of the hallway, and there was a staircase towards the middle.

As I tried to figure out which side room 110 would be on, doubts began to creep into my mind. What was I doing here? I still didn't have a good answer to that question. Nevertheless, I moved forward with determination - I was doing this. I soon found room 110 on the right side of the building. The door was open and I heard voices from within. Nervously, I stepped inside.

There were four other people there, three of them naked.

One of them I recognized from the picture on the web site, a girl with a bright red mohawk and piercings... lots of them. Ears, nose, lips, nipples, labia... I didn't even know you *could* pierce there.

A naked Indian boy sat next to her; he was tall and had an athletic body that put mine to shame.

A brown haired looking girl stood near the windows. She had long curly brown hair, creamy white skin, and I couldn't help but notice her ample breasts capped by puffy pink nipples; she was very cute in a girl next door kind of way. She was talking to the only clothed person in the room, who I recognized as Missy from the mall, although her back was turned to me as I entered.

"Oh, hello," the brown haired girl said when she saw me.

"Hi," I said in return, a little shyly.

Missy turned around and saw me. "Oh, hi Eric! Everyone, this is Eric, who I told you about. He goes to Forest Glen and just became a nudist - what, this past weekend

right? Cute isn't he?"

I blushed at that.

Everyone said hello and I was quickly introduced. The Indian guy was named Paresh, and the girl with the mohawk was introduced as Raven. The brown haired girl introduced herself as Sam, and greeted me with a warm smile.

"Anyway, we're just waiting for a few more people to get here, in the meantime help yourself to some soda."

I poured myself a cup of lukewarm Sprite. I felt awkward, unsure of how I should act, or what they might be thinking of me. This was, after all, my first real time naked socially with other naked people who weren't my immediate family.

"So Paresh, what was the deal with that girl you were seeing?" Raven asked, continuing the conversation they'd been having when I got there.

"Eh... well, I met her parents last weekend, guess she hadn't mentioned I was a nudist, they didn't seem too pleased," he answered. "So it's kind of over."

"That sucks, I liked her," Raven replied.

I stood sipping my Sprite while they chatted, not really following the conversation since I didn't know anyone involved.

Sam and Missy whispered between themselves for a few minutes, but then decided to draw me into their conversation.

"So Eric, how are you liking it so far?" Sam asked.

"It's... " I began, but was unsure how I wanted to answer. I didn't want to lie, but I didn't want to offend her by being negative towards nudism. "...been different."

She smiled. "Let me guess... your parents made you?"

"Yeah," I admitted. "How'd you guess?"

"I think it's different when it's not a decision you make for yourself. Lots of nudists came into it like that, but I've never met anyone who ever switched back," she told me, smiling warmly.

"How did you come into it?" I asked.

"I was born naked," she laughed. "And then I stayed that way. I've never worn clothes... and honestly they seem a little weird to me, but I get that some people like them. But you know, it's good that you're here, making an effort to adjust."

"And what about you?" I asked Missy. She did seem pretty out of place here, fully dressed as she was.

"Me?" she answered. "I just love to look at naked people, that's what!"

Sam laughed. "Perv!"

"So, seeing anyone Eric? Because our Samantha here is single," she winked.

"Missy!"

"What? He's hot, look at him!"

I turned red.

"Don't mind her," Sam said. I could tell she was a little embarrassed herself.

Two more people walked in, a naked black couple.

"Hey Shawn, Lativa... this is Eric," Sam introduced me quickly. "I don't think anyone else is coming tonight, so we can get started."

I took a seat at one of the desks along with almost everyone else. Sam stood in front, and Missy just hovered near the windows.

"Well we've tallied our income from the bake sale last weekend," Sam began. "The grand total is..."

Missy did a pseudo drumroll on the table...

"One hundred and twelve dollars!"

"Hot diggity, with cash like that coming in who needs a college degree?" Shawn said, to much laughter.

I was beginning to relax. These were really fun and friendly people, and in this room at least, nudity just wasn't an issue.

"Well, anyway, we have to decide what to do with it," Samantha offered.

"Why do we even ask anymore?" Missy asked. "We always go to the beach."

"Nothing wrong with the classics," Paresh said.

"All in favor of a beach trip this weekend?" Sam asked.

Noises of agreement from everyone, myself excluded.

"Beach trip?" I asked.

"That's basically all this club does," Lativa explained. "We go to the shore together; our fundraisers just cover gas and tolls and stuff."

"Oh," I said.

"You in?" Samantha asked.

"Me?" I asked, surprised. "Oh, um..."

"We'd really love to have you..." Samantha said.

"Well, Sam definitely would," Missy said.

"Hey!" Samantha yelled and jabbed at Missy. But even as she did that I noticed her blush.

Did she actually like me? Suddenly I found myself embarrassed all over again. The fact that we were both naked just compounded the awkwardness I usually felt when contemplating liking someone. I mean I just met her, but she was friendly, and cute... and naked. I couldn't help but notice how her breasts jiggled with her every movement.

"Actually, there's another order of business," Raven interjected.

"Oh, that's right," Samantha said. "The local TV station is looking to interview a few of us for a story about nudists. They hope to get three of us around noontime tomorrow. I've got a test, so I'm out. Raven agreed to it; is anyone else free then?"

"I am," Missy offered.

"You're not naked."

"I am under my clothes."

"Anyone else?"

"Can't, working," Paresh said.

"I got class then," Shawn answered.

"I guess I can do it," Lativa answered.

"Eric?" Samantha asked.

"Oh, um, I dunno, I'm not even really in this club," I said.

"You don't have to be, they just want nudists," she said matter of factly. "Actually, yours would be a good perspective to share."

"Okay," I said, before I knew what I was saying.

"Great!" Samantha said, smiling at me.

What had I just agreed to?

Chapter 27

The meeting wound down slowly. Mostly everyone just talked. I was glad to get along with everyone, though I was constantly battling my self-consciousness. Although weirdly, it wasn't because I was naked. I was more worried they'd think I wasn't a real nudist, which was a weird thing to worry about when you're nude in a room of nudists. Paresh was the first to leave, followed by Shawn and Lativa. Missy darted soon after. By 8:30 it was just myself, Raven, and Samantha.

"So Eric, should I just pick you up tomorrow for the TV thing?" Raven asked.

"Sure," I said, giving her my address.

"Cool, see you around 11," she said. "K Sam I'm off. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Sure thing Ray," Samantha replied. The two naked girls hugged, then it was just me and Samantha.

There was a little bit of an awkward silence. I'd been struggling to keep my eyes off her all night; she didn't seem to mind it, although it was unusual for me. And now that we were alone I was totally at a loss for words.

"So Eric do you have a ride home?" she asked.

"Kinda... my mom will come pick me up," I was embarrassed to admit.

"Well, I could give you a ride?" she asked, with just a hint of nervousness. And was she blushing again?

"That'd be nice," I accepted.

"Come on, I'm in the student parking lot."

And so I left the classroom with Samantha, following the naked girl back out onto the campus just as the sun dipped below the horizon, leaving behind an orange glow in the sky.

"So what do you think of our little club?" she asked me.

"It was good," I answered. "I don't know if I really fit in though."

She smiled. "Don't worry, you totally did. If you can't fit in with nudists, where can you fit in?"

That was exactly my worry.

"Thank you," I said.

I felt newly self-conscious as we crossed the parking lot. But not because of my nudity,

or even hers.. Finally she unlocked the door to a Prius and we both climbed inside.

"So Eric, are you seeing anyone right now?"

I was caught by surprise by the question. Bryony came to mind... but I realized I wasn't dating her. We weren't anything, actually. She just...

I blushed hard. And blushed more when I realized Samantha could see how much I was blushing.

"I.. um... no... not exactly."

"Well, I guess what I'm asking... would you like to go out with me tomorrow night?"

Did a naked girl just ask me out on a date? Yeah, she did. Get a grip on yourself Eric!

"Oh, um, yeah, that sounds good." I said.

She smiled, and put her hand on my bare thigh as she drove. I gulped.

I directed her to my house, and we pulled up a few minutes later. We said good night and she kissed my cheek, which made me dizzy. "You're sweet," she said. "Good night."

It was only after she pulled away that I realized I was going on a date with a girl who I'd never seen wearing clothes.

For that matter, she'd never seen me in them either.

Chapter 28

Thursday morning began as was becoming routine. I woke up to the feeling a late morning sun on my bare skin. My mom came into the bathroom while I was showering. She didn't join me, she just brushed her teeth and then offered some breakfast. Shortly after I dried off I headed downstairs, naked.

We shared a coffee and some french toast. She seemed impressed when I told her about the TV interview I'd be doing today, but thankfully she didn't make too a big deal out of it.

I realized for the first time that I'd more or less gotten used to her being naked. She was a naked woman sure, but first foremost and always she was my mom, no matter what she didn't wear. And she was never more mom like than when I told her I had a date tonight. Suddenly she was full of advice on how I should act, what I should do to impress her, stuff like that. I didn't put much stock in it - what do parents ever know about this stuff? But the normalcy of the conversation was reassuring.

Then she asked about Bryony.

"I don't know if she even really likes me," I said.

"She looked like she likes you," mom said.

I blushed hard, thinking about yesterday and the fact that my mom had seen everything Bryony did with me. "Yeah but, she's not my girlfriend... we've never even gone on a date or anything," I said. Suddenly I felt weird about that, was that wrong, to have done that with a girl I wasn't really seeing?

Mom didn't seem too bothered by it though. "Well, be careful not to get hurt," was all she had to say. Then added "Or to hurt anyone."

"Yeah, I know," I said, though in truth I didn't have a clue how to avoid that. Dealing with girls was an entirely new experience to me.

After breakfast mom set about doing some housework and I mostly stuck to my room, thinking about everything but coming to no great conclusions about any of it. The doorbell rang shortly before 11. My mom got it before I made it down the stairs.

"You must be Raven," she said. "I'll let Eric know -"

"I'm here," I said, as I got to the bottom of the stairs.

Raven was quite the contrast to myself and mom. We were all naked; but her tattoos and piercings really set her apart. When I wore clothes I mostly thought that fashion was how people expressed who they were, I was only starting to realize how many different ways there were to express yourself even without them.

There was a short, awkward introduction, and then my mom said "You two have fun!" before seeing us out the door.

I gulped, the gravity of what I was about to do started to sink in on me. TV. Naked. It was a brand new level of publicness and I really wasn't sure I was ready for it.

Raven made small talk as we drove. "So... our Samantha seems to have taken a liking to you," Raven said. "She told me you're going out tonight."

"Yeah, guess so," I said shyly.

"First time dating a nudist?" she asked.

"And as a nudist," I added. "Sort of."

"Sort of?"

I started telling her about Bryony. Raven was genuinely empathetic and understanding, and seemed happy enough to listen. As I spoke, I really appreciated the friendship she was showing, especially given that I'd known her less than a day.

"I wouldn't worry about it too much," Raven said in the end. "For some people nudity is a serious novelty, and they react in all sorts of different ways to it. This girl Bryony is probably as confused as you are. And in any case, don't worry about it. Samantha is really cool, not the kind of person who's the jealous type. Just be yourself."

"Oh," I said. What she said about Bryony made sense. But as for being myself... I wasn't even sure who myself was anymore.

I told her about some of my mixed feelings and confusion about nudism, and how my parents had been acting. Raven turned out to have some good advice there too.

"It's not exhibitionism... nudity isn't sexual, not by itself anyway," she explained. "It's just an intense comfort we have with our bodies, and a belief that our bodies are natural, along with everything they do. So it's nothing we should hide or be ashamed of."

"Yeah but burping and farting is natural too," I said. "We don't do THAT in public."

In response, she let out a large belch. I laughed.

"Look, it's all about the kind of company we're in, what would be polite or rude or whether we care if it is or not. But the point of lifestyle protection is that it leaves the decision with us, we're free to choose. You can choose not to, and that's okay. Or you can choose to do it, that's okay too. But it should be your decision, not theirs. It's our legal right, they can't legislate their social mores anymore."

"We're here," she finally said, pulling up to a small building. I was kind of surprised at how off the beaten path it was. It was located next to some big broadcast towers. A farm was across the street, but there was nothing else nearby.

Thoughts of Bryony and Samantha and the philosophy of nudism all vanished from my

head as the gravity of my situation finally sunk in. How did I get to a point in my life where I'd agreed to go on TV, naked? I was no spokesman for nudism. This was a bad idea.

We got out of the car and headed inside, where we were greeted at the front desk and ushered to a small studio. Lativa was already there waiting.

We were greeted by the producer, who introduced us and explained what would happen.

"We're doing a report on nudism, pretty straightforward. The idea is to give normal people - I'm sorry, non-nudists - an idea of what the lifestyle is like, who participates, and what they're like."

"How old are you?"

"Um 17" I said.

"Do we have a parental release for him?"

"No," someone else said.

"Alright, we'll do the interview anyway, but make sure we get one before this airs."

I was amazed by what the actual studio was like. I'd never seen one before, and I guess my expectations had been off. For one it was a lot smaller than I'd imagined, and there were more people working there. A makeup artist powdered our whole bodies so they wouldn't shine under the lights. Then a sound engineer taped small microphones to our skin, since none of us were wearing anything to clip them to. Finally the actual interviewer introduced himself, and primed us for what to expect.

The small studio we'd be doing the interview in featured blue walls, a fake book case, and large comfy chairs - but nothing that would hide my modesty before the camera. We were seated in a semi-circle with the interviewer on the camera left side.

It really wasn't until I was staring into a big TV camera with its bright red light on top that I really started to appreciate that I was going to be on TV, nude, and countless thousands of people were going to see. Did I even imagine this was possible a week ago?

"So let's go around and introduce everyone," he said. "Let's start with you, Eric."

"Well, um, I'm, uh..."

Naked on TV.

"Just a high school student, nothing special."

And a freak.

"And I've only been a nudist for like a week."

And I've hated it.

"And that's about it, really."

I smiled for the camera. I'm sure I looked and sounded like an idiot, a naked idiot.

Lativa was next. If she was at all nervous, she didn't show it. She just smiled and gave the camera an unobstructed view of her dark, bare skin. "Well, I became a nudist as my fourteenth birthday present, when my parents finally agreed to register me. Right now I go to community college, and I'm studying to be a social worker."

Raven: "Got into it about a year ago. For me it's about self-expression. My body is my art."

Once the introductions were done, he turned back to me. "So Eric, can you tell us a little more about your experiences so far? What's it like adjusting to a clothes free lifestyle? Any embarrassing moments?"

I could write a book, I thought.

"Well yeah, it's been embarrassing," I said bluntly. "I mean all the sudden you have to walk around naked everywhere. Everyone stares, they make fun of you, you don't get any privacy."

He seemed a little surprised by the answer. "So would you say nudists aren't treated fairly by the general population?"

"Yeah, I would." I answered.

He asked the same question of Raven. "Well I suppose," she said. "Especially in my case, mostly because I don't look like very many other nudists. But personally I like the attention."

He went around with a bunch more questions, mostly in a similar vein. Lativa and Raven did more talking than I did. Overall it lasted for about forty five minutes; I was told they planned to splice it down to an eight minute segment.

Back in the car I asked Raven about her answer to that first question.

"Well yeah, you'd have to be blind not to notice how people look at us," she said. "But you know, you gotta just have fun with it."

Chapter 29

Raven dropped me off in front of my house around three. I was surprised at how much of the day had passed already. I tried to put the TV interview out of my head, it was over and there was nothing more I could do about it. I didn't make a complete fool of myself, which is about all I could hope for. At least if you don't count being naked on TV, anyway.

Instead, I focused my attention on the other crazy thing that I had planned for today: my date with Samantha. I was actually mostly looking forward to it, to be honest. But the fact that we'd both be naked made me even more apprehensive than I'd normally be anticipating a first date.

As I walked up to the house though, even those thoughts took a momentary backseat. I saw my mom through the big bay windows of our living room. She was in the middle of doing her yoga exercises, giving me and the entire street a full view of her whole body as she stretched and posed.

I'd seen her doing it countless times before; but this was the first time I'd seen her doing it naked. I knew I shouldn't be surprised at this point, but I still was. "Mom, don't you think you ought to close the window doing that?" I said once I got inside.

"Why?" was her answer. "How'd it go?"

"Alright I guess," I said. Once again I was struck by the ease at which she was displaying herself. I recalled what Raven said, about nudists being comfortable with their bodies, but I still couldn't understand how uncaring she seemed to be.

I didn't hang around to watch. If she wanted to be a total exhibitionist, fine. It was none of my business. In any case, I had a date to get ready for.

I hopped in the shower and cleaned off. It wasn't that I was that dirty, I just wanted to be as presentable as possible. Which, it was just dawning on me, I wasn't sure how to do. Normally I'd dress up in some nicer clothes for a date, but obviously I wouldn't be doing that tonight. She wouldn't either, I realized – in fact, she'd be naked just like she was yesterday.

I smiled to myself at the irony of it. We hadn't even had a date yet and we'd already seen each other naked.

But I was still left to wonder, exactly what were nudists supposed to do here? I was realizing yet again how little I knew about being a nudist. And I still wasn't sure I'd ever like it. Though to be honest with myself, I wasn't totally sure I completely disliked it anymore, either.

Actually it was something to think about. Up until now, I hadn't exactly had much luck with girls. I'd been on a few dates in my life, and made out a few times, but I'd never

had a girlfriend. Since I started being naked, I'd had one girl lust after me and another ask me out, and that was all inside of a week. That was kind of incredible.

I was pondering these thoughts as I brushed my teeth, when my mom walked in, sweaty from her yoga.

"So are you going to jerk off before your date?" she asked point blank.

I nearly gagged on toothpaste when I heard the question.

"Mom!" I just exclaimed.

She smiled, like it was a totally appropriate question. "Or do you plan on getting lucky tonight?" she asked.

I merely blushed and returned to brushing, opting to ignore her. My mom was just weird, I decided, and it wasn't worth stressing over anymore.

Begrudgingly, I had to admit she asked a good question though. If I was going to be spending the night with a good looking naked girl, it seemed almost a given that I'd get an uncontrollable erection at some point. But how would Samantha react? She was a nudist, would she care? Should I care?

I finished brushing just as mom got in the shower, and was happy to get out of there before mom did or said anything else to embarrass me.

I retreated to my room, where I decided to kill the remaining time on my computer. I was surprised when an email notification popped up, and more surprised to see it was from GreenDayLuvr?

I didn't have time to read it though, as the doorbell starting ringing. Mom was still in the shower, so it was up to me to answer it. I headed downstairs and with only a moment's hesitation due to my nudity, I swung it open.

"Hi I'm... uh... Roger Eberett... running for city council..."

I just stood there as he stared, seemingly shocked to see a naked person. It wasn't entirely comfortable for me either, and we seemed to get stuck in a cycle where his shock fed my embarrassment and vice versa.

"Can I help you?" I finally asked.

"Um – well I was just going around introducing myself to families in the neighborhood... to talk about low taxes and family values," he said uncomfortably.

Mom came down the stairs, her naked skin still damp from the shower.

"Hello," she said.

His jaw dropped again at seeing her.

“He’s a politician mom,” I said.

“Oh I see,” she said. “So what are you going to do to make this town a better and more welcoming place for nudists like us?”

“I – didn’t even know we had any, to be honest.”

“It’s a legitimate, growing, and legal lifestyle choice.”

“I... I don’t think... it’s appropriate,” he stammered.

The dueling image of my confident but naked mom against the councilman in a business suit was something, to say the least.

“Well then don’t expect our support,” mom said, and shut the door.

Sure, she was weird. But sometimes my mom just rocked.

Chapter 30

Samantha pulled up to my house a few minutes before seven. I watched from the window as a beautiful naked girl casually walked up the driveway, coming to see me. I still couldn't quite believe this was happening. I greeted her at the door, doing my best not to appear nervous or embarrassed, even though I was.

"Hi Eric," she said to me with a smile and a hug. "Ready?"

Not a chance. "Yeah," I replied.

I couldn't explain it, but everything I'd done since becoming a nudist seemed to be nothing compared to this. I'd been in humiliating situations these last few days, but now my heart was racing, my palms were sweating, and I was nervous as hell. It wasn't until we were walking back down the driveway as a naked couple that I realized that maybe my anxiety didn't have anything to do with being naked at all. Maybe I just liked her and wanted her to like me.

We made some casual talk in the car; she asked about the TV interview, I asked about her classes. I realized that the fact she was in college and I was still in high school was the sort of thing I'd normally be self-conscious about, but so far had barely even registered. Our mutual nudity overwhelmed every other concern.

I guess my nervousness was showing. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

I decided honesty was best. "Well, so look, this is, uh, my first, you know, naked date. So like if I do something wrong... don't hate me." I answered nervously.

"You're still not totally comfortable with being a nudist, are you?" she asked.

"I guess not," I confessed.

She smiled and rested a hand on my bare thigh as she drove. "It's okay," she said. "I'll help. But let's get dinner first."

We drove to Willy's Diner, located in the next town over. We turned heads as we walked in. There was a big dinnertime crowd, and I'm pretty sure every last person there stopped eating to stare at us. I felt embarrassed; Samantha just wore a smile. The hostess seated us quickly, we got a table near the middle of the main dining room.

I looked at the menu, trying to ignore the looks and stares from the rest of the diner. Something made more difficult by the naked girl sitting across from me.

Samantha had an innate comfort and confidence in her body language. She wasn't trying to hide her nudity, but she wasn't trying to show it off either. She was just herself – by contrast, I realized that was a feeling that was completely alien to me for the last week.

We made some more chit chat, she was friendly and warm, and I did my best to reciprocate despite my nervousness and embarrassment. I was honestly surprised at how well we got along – and how comfortable I felt with her, despite everything.

When the waiter came, I ordered a cheeseburger and she got a fruit salad. Then the conversation turned back to our nudity.

“So what do you find so embarrassing about this?” she asked me.

“Don’t you notice how *everyone* stares at us?” I asked in return.

“So, let them look,” she said. “What’s there to hide?”

“I’m naked. My body was a private thing a week ago,” I explained.

That answer sounded pretty hollow, even to myself. I was surprised I didn’t have a better argument. I’d spent almost a week naked, feeling humiliated, but I didn’t have any good reason why nudity should be embarrassing except that I didn’t used to be naked.

“But it’s also something to be proud of. More than anything else, it’s part of who you are. It doesn’t make sense to be ashamed of that,” she said.

“I guess,” I answered.

She cupped her breasts from beneath and lifted them up, as if to show me. And the rest of the restaurant. To be sure, it was a beautiful sight - a large, soft, perfectly shaped mound capped by a pink pointy nipple. “These are boobs. But more important than that, they’re my boobs. And I don’t let anyone tell me there’s something wrong with it or that I should keep hidden,” she explained. “Bottom line, it’s no big deal.”

I thought about what she said until I realized I was still staring at her boobs. I shot my head back up to meet her eyes, but I knew she’s seen me doing it. “Oh my god I’m so sorry,” I said.

She laughed. “Don’t be. Eric, I know we just met, but I like you. And I like that you like looking at me. It’d be a much bigger problem if you didn’t.”

Even I had to laugh at that. Dinner finished without incident and we headed back to her car. Since neither of us wanted the night to end yet, she offered to drive around a bit and I accepted.

“Ever been streaking?” she asked.

“Don’t I streak everywhere now?” I asked, confused.

She laughed. “Yeah, but you can still shock people. Most people just don’t expect to see a naked person, most of the time. Here, I have an idea.”

We drove for a bit, until we found a park with a high school football game going on. The bleachers were pretty full of people. I couldn’t guess how many people were actually in them, at least a hundred. Plus there were the two teams, a marching band, and

cheerleaders. I wondered what was going on, why were we here? Samantha just looked at me with a wry grin. "Follow my lead" she said.

We got out of the car and walked along the far side of the park, behind pretty much everything and out of sight of the field. Once we got behind the stands Samantha said "Okay, you ready for this? Run!"

She darted out and before I could second guess myself I ran after her. She yelled and whooped as she paraded in front of the bleachers and jumped over the benches. Oh my god... was all I thought as I followed her. Every eye was on us as the crowd started to gasp, laugh, and call. One of the coaches started yelling at us, but not before I was at the fifty yard line running towards the end zone. Samantha did a cartwheel and blew kisses at them. I just tried to hide my face turned away as I ran naked through the game, kicking up grass and dirt behind me.

The players were cheering, at Samantha especially, as we ran past them. I was pretty sure we interrupted a play, but they didn't seem to mind. Pretty soon we reached the back fence, ran through the gate, and all the way back to the car.

Samantha was laughing. "That was a blast!"

For my part, I was feeling a surge of adrenalin that had my heart racing. I didn't know what to think. It was a vastly different experience than every other time I'd been naked in front of a crowd. It was a rush.

"Yeah, it was!" I admitted.

"Well, now you can say you've been streaking," she said.

"Where'd you come up with that idea?"

"We're naked," she said. "You gotta have fun with it. Looks like you did."

It was only then I realized how hard I'd gotten, and experienced a moment of utter horror.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry," I said in a panic.

She laughed again. "For what? It's your body... hard or soft, I've seen it anyway. Besides, it's kind of flattering."

We laughed. I felt a lot easier with her after that. I was more comfortable and relaxed. For the first time in a week, I felt like myself.

Samantha took us to another small park after that. It was small, it was empty of any other people, which was wonderful. It had a small pond that shimmered in the moonlight, but I hardly noticed it because Samantha looked even more amazing.

The night cooled off a little bit, so we wound up cuddling as we sat and looked at the scene. The conversation sort of trailed off, and we just sat with arms around each other, looking at the water and stars.

To my great surprise we kissed. I wasn't sure which of us initiated it. It was quick. Or long. I couldn't tell you that either. But it definitely happened.

When she broke away she blushed, which I could see even in the moonlight. I felt kind of stunned, unsure what to do, think, or feel. So I did the only thing that came naturally. I kissed her again, naked in the moonlight.

Chapter 31

It had gotten late, so she took me home after the park. I was feeling really good as she drove me back to my house. We agreed we both had a fun time and we'd see each other again Saturday to go to the beach with the rest of the nudist club. We concluded with a good night kiss, which felt like the perfect way to end it.

The house was quiet when I got home; I figured my parents were in bed already. So I walked up to my room in silence planning on getting some sleep myself. When I got there I saw I'd left my computer screen on, opened to my email, with the nearly forgotten email from greendayluvr on top. I hadn't had a chance to read it early before becoming distracted, so I took a moment to look at it now.

Eric,

Noone else got it when I said being naked sucked, but u said u hated being naked 2. I found out there's a way to unregister even if ur parents made u. So I thought id let u know.

There was a link, which went deep into the federal department of lifestyles web site. Near the bottom of the page was a simple message that began:

The Department of Lifestyles recognizes situations where the minors may wish to practice a different lifestyle from that which their parents registered them.

There was another link to a form, and I read it over fervently. I had to fill it out, state that I became a nudist without my consent, and present it to a legal clerk within seven days of the initial registration.

Seven days. That gave me till tomorrow. Had it been seven days already? Had it only been seven days?

I was elated. I could be wearing clothes again as early as tomorrow night.

"How was your date?" My mom asked, startling me. I quickly minimized the window. I definitely didn't want her to know about this.

I looked over my shoulder. She was standing in my darkened doorway, as naked as ever.

"It was good. Samantha's really cool."

And she's a nudist. Which I won't be for too much longer. I realized I felt some regret about that.

"Well, don't stay up too much longer. It's back to school tomorrow and I don't want that Principal to have any reason to give you a hard time,"

“Yeah, I won’t,” I said.

School. With everything else that happened today, I’d actually forgotten about that. I’d have to deal with being naked in school one more day before I could unregister and wear clothes again. But now there was a light at the end of the tunnel. One more school day. I’d survive.

Chapter 32

I groaned as my alarm clock started buzzing. I slowly awoke from a dreamless sleep. The sun was on my bare skin, and I had a morning erection pointing up in the air. I guess I'd woken up naked enough times now that the novelty of it had worn off. I didn't wonder where my sheets and blankets were.

I lay there a few extra minutes in my state of semi consciousness, and then decided it'd be best to take care of my erection now. My bedroom door was open, either of my parents could have walked by and seen what I was doing. But it wasn't anything they hadn't seen by now anyway, and I was too lazy to get up and shut the door. The important thing was simply that I didn't want to get another one in school today.

School – bleh. Not what I wanted on my mind at all. So I deliberately turned my fantasies to girls instead. Sexy girls. Naked girls. Samantha. I grinned as I pictured her. Her boobs, her butt, her naked body, how she moved, so confidently and comfortably and sexily. I replayed the events of the prior evening. I relived the thrill of streaking with her and the feel of cuddling, I remembered the feel of cuddling with her, kissing her...

I came.

I gave myself a moment to come down from the orgasmic bliss, and then I headed to the bathroom to clean myself. I passed my mom in the hallway; she just smiled.

I brushed my teeth and showered. I actually felt much less apprehensive about going to school today than I had earlier in the week. I guessed it was because I couldn't imagine it getting any worse than it had been already. Plus, this nightmare would be over by the end of the day. I knew I'd live.

Of course, the very idea that I could go to school naked and live through the day was kind of a new development too.

C'mon Eric, I thought. Come to your senses – you don't want to live like this.

That seemed to do it, at least as far as my internal dialog went. At the end of today, this would be over. I just had to get through today, and I could put this whole week long experience behind me. I knew it'd be impossible to live it down, people couldn't un-see me naked. But I was pretty sure I'd be able to recover some kind of normalcy.

Since I hadn't really seen or spoken to anyone since my suspension on Tuesday, I really didn't know how I'd be welcomed back today. Would I still be the talk of the school or would the collective gossip have moved on to someone or something else? I hoped for the latter, although I knew I'd still be "the nudist" today and probably through the end of the year at least, even if I did wear clothes again next week.

When I wore clothes again next week. There's no if, I told myself.

I got out of the shower and toweled off with those tiny, can't possibly use them to cover

yourself nudist towels. I'd definitely be getting myself a real one again after today, even if my parents couldn't use them.

Sufficiently dry, I returned to my room where I printed off the forms I'd need to fill out to unregister. All I had to do was make it through school, walk to city hall afterwards, and find a clerk to present them to. I safely stowed the papers in my backpack before heading down the stairs.

I walked into the kitchen to find some cereal and toast waiting for me, with a fresh pot of coffee in the coffee maker. My mom was walking around the kitchen putting dishes away, her unsupported breasts jiggling as she moved. I realized that I'd probably never see her wearing clothes again, even if I did. I felt a little guilty about that, like I was betraying my family. But I could live with it.

We exchanged few words. I felt like my mind was as naked as the rest of me, and she'd read my thoughts at any moment, and somehow foil my plans.

I declined a ride to school. Walking naked through town one last time seemed easier than the guilt I was feeling around my mom. I couldn't explain it, I just knew I'd be letting her down big time by giving up this lifestyle.

I put on my sunblock and headed to school. I was lost in my thoughts, but somehow even more conscious of my nudity. I felt my bare feet on the pavement, the freedom with which my penis bounced around as I walked, the way the breeze passed over my skin, the stares I got as I walked down Main street. The more I focused on it, the more embarrassment I felt, and my resolve hardened. I could measure it in hours.

My anxiety grew as I neared the school. I mentally prepared myself for another assault of humiliation at the hands of my peers, as I was about to begin another day of school completely naked.

So I was a little surprised when I drew little attention as I arrived at school. Some people in the crowd of students noticed me, but most of them seemed preoccupied with something else going on at the opposite side of the campus.

I was tempted to just pass by and be glad for the distraction, but my curiosity got the better of me. I'd become so used to being the center of attention, I wanted to know what could possibly surpass it.

I made a wide swing around the perimeter of the schoolyard, doing my best to avoid calling attention to myself. A minute later, I finally saw what had everyone's attention. A naked girl sat on one of the benches, alone except for her many observers. Her legs were tightly closed and her arms crossed her breasts to try to hide them, but she was still bare from head to toe.

I felt a bout of sympathy for her. She was visibly distressed, and I could certainly relate to what she was feeling. Against my better judgment, I decided to offer my support, mostly because I knew I'd probably be the only one in this school who would. So I shoved aside my own embarrassment walked right up to her and into the center of all

those gazes. It wasn't until I got almost right up to her that I recognized her.

"Bryony?" I said in surprise. She looked totally different without any clothes.

She turned and saw me. "Oh, hi," she said.

"Why are you naked?" I asked dumbly.

She wouldn't look me in the eye, but stared intently at her naked toes as she spoke. Even so, I could see the redness in her cheeks as she blushed.

"My dad... kind of found out I'd hung out with you... and said if I liked nudity so much... he registered me," she said quietly. She then added "I didn't realize it was this embarrassing... I'm sorry Eric."

"No, I'm sorry," I said. Based on what she said, it was my fault, and I felt really guilty.

Most of the schoolyard was looking at us. It was making me uncomfortable, I knew it was even worse for her. "Have you gone inside yet?"

"No..."

"C'mon... there'll be fewer people to stare in there."

I took her hand and she stood up. She was actually a really beautiful girl, especially naked. I was getting a whole new look at her. The problem was so did the rest of the school.

We marched bravely through the crowd and into the school. There was still a bunch of people in the hallway, but at least it was a smaller crowd than out on the green.

I was impressed with my own bravery, perhaps driven by the way Bryony gripped my arm. Needless to say, we were the subject of the undivided attention of everyone we walked by. I overheard a number of comments about the sex we must be having, but I ignored them.

I looked at Bryony, who was naked, shy, nervous, embarrassed, and obviously mortified. It was hard to believe that had been me less than a week ago. It was harder to believe it wasn't me anymore. I walked her to the school office at the end of the hallway.

"Just give the secretary your card, she'll help you out," I said. "Just be careful, the principal hates us," I warned her. I was surprised I used the word "us".

Bryony disappeared into the office, and I stood outside alone, once again regaining my status as the only person being stared at. My own humiliation started to rise. I looked around the hallway in despair; there was such a chasm between me and the whole clothes wearing world. I had to remind myself that I'd be ending that after school today. Come Monday, everything would be back to normal.

Bryony came out of the office and I walked her to her homeroom, and agreed to meet

up with her again at lunch. She thanked me profusely, and then I was back to being on my own, as naked as I ever was.

Chapter 33

Without Bryony's predicament to distract me, my own situation took front and center. I was met by cheers and jeers as I walked into homeroom. It turned out that what I'd done at the assembly had turned me into some kind of hero in the minds of my peers. A lot of them were still happy to tease me about being naked, but there were a few "Way to go!"s in there too.

For the most part I just ignored it all. It was embarrassing, but it didn't seem like the hellish experience that it had seemed earlier in the week. I even tried to play along with some of the cat calls. Memories of my streak last night ran through my head as I took my seat. I told myself this was basically the same thing, and if I could enjoy one then this must not be so bad.

It was still profoundly embarrassing to be naked in school, and I was still an outcast, but somehow that line of thinking worked. It just didn't seem as big a deal as it had on Monday. It didn't really seem that different than any of the hundreds of other things teenagers would make fun of each other for.

In fact, the first few periods of the day passed almost *normally*. There was still a lot of staring, commenting, and teasing. But I was able to pay attention (or not pay attention) to the teachers just as much as I would have when I was wearing clothes.

At lunch I went to meet up with Bryony. I found her naked outside on the green, kind of huddled near a tree trying to hide from our classmates. I walked up to her, conscious of the attention my own naked body was attracting. It was somehow easier to stomach it when I knew I was being strong for someone else though. I really sympathized with Bryony, and knew it would make her feel worse to see me suffering as well. She had been the only person who'd been close to nice to me the other day, and I wanted to return the favor.

"Hey," I said.

"Hi Eric," she said softly.

"How you holding up?"

She shrugged.

"Have you eaten yet?"

"No," she answered.

"Let's go get lunch together," I said, offering my hand.

She accepted my hand and I helped her up. We didn't say anything as we walked across the green and passed groups of students. I imagined she was just focused on getting to the cafeteria. Because that's what I'd been like earlier in the week.

Of course, I wasn't exactly immune to the unwanted attention either. And two naked people holding hands earned a surplus of it. I was sure rumors about the two of us would start flying if they didn't already, but I didn't care. Bryony was a nice person and I liked her, and I wanted to be there for her.

We arrived at the cafeteria and got in line. Freshmen stood on either side of us, openly staring at Bryony, who lifted her arm up to cover her breasts. I was having a tough time not staring myself. They weren't too large but what they lacked in size they made up for in perkiness, and her small pink nipples seemed perpetually hard. Watching her stand there embarrassed and ashamed made me think of Samantha, and the confidence with which she'd displayed her body. They were two such different girls, but each beautiful in their own way.

We got our lunches and took seats near the back of the cafeteria, where it was less crowded. Bryony sat with her back to the majority of the students so she wouldn't have to look at so many people looking at her. I took the seat opposite her. We talked about nothing in particular, mostly our classes and what I'd missed the last two days. Both of our minds were elsewhere though, I knew Bryony was using most of her mental energy not to die of humiliation. I realized pretty much everyone looking at her just saw the body of a hot naked girl. I realized I saw more than that though; she was still the same girl she was the other day. She had a sweet innocence about her, and somehow that was even clearer when she was naked than when she'd been dressed.

I hadn't been paying all that much attention to what else had been going on in the cafeteria, so I was a little confused when I noticed how much commotion had broken out, and I was caught by surprise when the first meatball came flying our way. Thankfully it landed in the middle of the table, but the next thing that came flying was pudding, and it hit Bryony square in her back, catching the bottom of her long hair.

Seconds later, food was flying all over the place. The cafeteria had erupted into a no holds barred food fight. A lot was being thrown in our direction, but absolutely no one was spared. A few teachers along with Principal Williams tried to restore order, but to no avail. The principal's efforts were rewarded with a microwaved pizza slice on the side of her face.

"Let's get out of here!" I yelled to Bryony over the commotion. She nodded her head and got up, just in time to have a clump of pasta strike her breasts and drip down her belly and side. Luckily we weren't too far from an exit, but we still weren't able to reach it with wearing most of the lunch menu on our bare skin.

Back out on the green, I couldn't stop laughing with the image of the principal getting slammed with the pizza still fresh in my mind. Even Bryony was chuckling. We were naked and covered in cafeteria food goo. That's just funny.

"Come on," I offered Bryony, "Let's go get cleaned off before the end of the period."

We walked over to the gymnasium and each snuck into the showers to get the food off of our skin. I rejoined Bryony outside a few minutes later. Together we found a private corner outside where we'd be relatively hidden from other students, but still offered

enough sunlight to dry us off. It felt kind of refreshing, actually.

Bryony, however, was obviously enjoying it less. It was still a challenge not to stare at her too much as she stood with water still dripping off her skin. But I knew too well what she was going through, and I didn't want to make it any worse for her by ogling. It was weird that compared to her I was practically an expert at being a nudist, but relatively speaking that's exactly what I was. And I needed to set an example.

"I'm... I'm sorry for the other day," she said to me.

"Why?" I asked, surprised.

"I was so fascinated by your nudity... I didn't really think about how you must have felt. I didn't think about how I was objectifying you," she said. "I guess now I'm getting my karmic retribution."

"You never really have to apologize to a guy for getting him off," I answered.

She blushed. "You're a really nice guy Eric."

"You're nice yourself. I never thought you weren't," I said.

I watched as she turned an even deeper shade of red. "Would... would you like to go out sometime? Like on a date."

I was genuinely surprised, I really didn't expect that. In my whole life I'd never been asked out by a girl. This week I'd now been asked out twice. It was my turn to apologize though. I did honestly like her, but I didn't see how I could pursue that given that I'd already gone out with Samantha.

"I'm... sort of seeing someone. I'm sorry," I said. "You're really awesome though."

"Oh..." she said, looking away from me.

"Hey listen... if you don't want to stay this way, you can actually get out of it, go back to being normal. I have the forms in my backpack."

Her eyes widened. "Really?"

I dug into my bag and pulled out the forms I had printed off this morning. "Yeah, here you go," I said, handing them to her. "I haven't filled them out yet. Just do that and go to city hall after school."

"Wow..." she said. "But what about you?"

"I..." I began. Had I really just decided what I think I just decided? Was I going to let go of my chance to wear clothes and be normal again?

The bell rang, interrupting my thoughts. "Well anyway, we've both got class. I'll see you later. Good luck, okay?"

“You too,” she replied. She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek before turning heading off.

I was blushing again.

Chapter 34

The last few periods of the day passed by in a haze for me. They weren't entirely uneventful. Unbelievably there were people who still hadn't seen me naked and I had to deal with that. Others congratulated me for saying "fuck" in front of the whole school. Somehow everyone knew about my mom's pending lawsuit, and a bunch of people asked me about it. The food fight was another big topic. And oh yeah, there was actual classes and lectures, a pop quiz, and an announced chemistry test on Tuesday.

But I hardly noticed any of that. I just kept going over and over my decision in my head. Was I really resigning myself to being naked forever? The humiliation of it, the weirdness of it... for what?

I knew the answer. For Samantha. If I stopped being a nudist, I knew it'd be over before it began. But that didn't make any sense... I could just find a nice, normal, clothed girl to date. Eventually, anyway. Maybe even Bryony and me could go back to wearing clothes together and start going out. But then, I also knew that the reason Bryony liked me in the first place was that I was a nudist. Without that, I'd just be normal Eric, and who knows if she'd like me then.

But wasn't that what I wanted more than anything? To go back to being normal? Did I?

The last bell rang, signaling the end of the school day and start of the weekend. The hallways filled with excited, noisy students. I wove my way through the crowd, acutely aware of my nakedness, how it felt, and how everyone reacted to it. I could put an end to this, right now. I could use a school computer to print out another copy of the forms, walk to city hall, get myself some clothes and never be naked in public again.

Instead, I left and walked in the opposite direction, towards home. Every step I took made me feel more and more naked... weird considering I'd been that way for a week now. But until now there was a sense in which it hadn't felt like it was really me living this thing. I wouldn't be able to blame my parents anymore for making me do this. I could blame Samantha, but I knew that wasn't true. It was me, I was choosing this. I was choosing to be a nudist because there was a part of me that *wanted* to be naked.

No one else was home when I got back to the house. I headed up to my room and collapsed on my bed, which was bare of any coverings. I laid there wearing only the light coming through my bedroom window, watching my alarm clock tick off the minutes. It was 3:05. City Hall closes at 4. If I ran, I could maybe get there in 20 minutes. I rounded up and decided 3:30 was my point of no return. After that, there was no way I'd be able to get down there in time to stop being a nudist.

At 3:25 I got a text from Samantha. "Still hitting the beach with us tomorrow?"

"Yup" I texted back.

A minute later she replied "Awesome can't wait to see you again "

“Me too,” I replied back, smiling to myself.

It was 3:29. I just stared at the clock as 3:30 came, and then 3:31. More minutes passed. It was 3:35 now. I got up and went downstairs. Not to rush to city hall, but to get myself a glass of water. As I walked I vaguely recalled the first time I’d done this, a week ago. It had seemed like the strangest feeling in the world, to go around the house naked. Now I hardly noticed it at all. I already forgot what it felt like to do it in clothes. I got myself my water and then stepped outside the sliding back door. It was a nice day, the sun felt good.

I wondered how many of the neighbors might be looking at me through their windows right now. Then I wondered if it even mattered. By now it felt like the whole world had seen me naked, there really was no one and nothing left to hide from.

I heard a car pull into the garage, signaling my mom’s arrival home. I headed back inside and met her in the kitchen.

“Hi Mom.”

“Oh hey Eric, how was school today?”

“Meh,” I answered.

“Want a snack? I bought some fresh apples, I’ll slice them for you.”

“Sure,” I said.

I watched as my mom took a cutting board and started to her task. She was naked, of course, and had been all week, just like me. I tried to picture her how she used to be, what she looked like when she had worn clothes. It was hard to do.

“Hey mom... why exactly did you make us become nudists?” I asked. I don’t know why I asked it exactly.

She stopped slicing. There was a long pause.

“Eric, what we told you was the truth,” she began. “It does help your father professionally. But that’s not the only reason.”

I took a slice of apple and just listened.

“Your father and I met on a nude beach. This was before the Bureau of Lifestyles was set up, it was the only place you could legally be naked in public. We met there every weekend that summer. We fell in love before we ever saw one another with a stitch of clothes.”

I knew my parents had met on a beach, but I’d never heard this part of the story. My parents had been nudists? “So why did you stop?” I asked.

“It became legal when I was pregnant with you,” she answered. “Your father and I talked about registering then. But at the time there were a lot of unknowns, and more than

anything, we wanted what was best for you. We thought giving you a normal life would be best. So we stopped going to the beach and stopped being nude at all when you were born.”

I just nodded.

“Eric, we love you, there’s nothing we wouldn’t give you or do for you, you know that,” she said. “We never regretted that. And you’ve grown up to me a remarkable young man, we couldn’t be prouder. But your father and I also know the power of nudity firsthand, the perspective it gives you on the world, the confidence it gives you in yourself. We wanted you to have that. But we also wanted you to discover it for yourself. That’s why we were... less than honest. And I’m sorry for that.”

“Mom... I love you,” I said, in all sincerity.

Chapter 35

The sun had barely risen when I woke up on Saturday morning. I felt strangely energetic, even excited as I hopped out of bed and took a quick shower. My excitement wasn't so much that I was looking forward to a day at the beach (although I was) but the small matter of who I'd be spending the day with.

Every love song I'd ever heard was playing through my head and for the first time in my life they were making sense.

I just finished my shower when I heard the van honk outside. I darted back to my room to pick up my beach bag and then ran down the stairs and out the front door, without even pausing to think about how I was leaving the house naked.

I climbed in the van. It didn't have any seats, everyone was just spread out in a semi-circle on the floor. I recognized everyone from the club. Paresh was driving, Shawn, Lativa, Missy, and Raven were in the back with Samantha. Missy was the only one wearing anything at all, a green bikini.

"Hey," I said to Samantha, in my infinite suave brilliance.

"Hey back," she said, patting the seat next to her. I took it, and a moment later we were cuddled up next to each other, bare skin against bare skin.

"We good?" Paresh asked.

"We're good!" Samantha said, and the van took off.

"First order of business, breakfast. Any objections to McDonald's?" Paresh asked from the driver's seat.

"Nope, starving" Raven answered for all of us.

Lativa and Shawn provided most of the conversation as we drove. They were mind bogglingly chipper given that it was still earlier in the morning than I normally woke up for school. Samantha seemed to share my sleepiness, she just snuggled into me and smiled whenever Lativa made a joke.

After about ten minutes Paresh pulled into a McDonald's. It was decided that it'd be easier if we all went inside rather than try to get seven orders through the drive-thru.

The look on the cashier's face when a bunch of naked people walked in was priceless. She obviously had no idea where to look, but maintained her composure well enough to take each of our orders in turn. The guy working in the kitchen came out to hand deliver each order personally, and even the guy at the drive thru window found an excuse to keep his head turned towards us. I felt a pinge of jealousy at him for the way he seemed to especially ogle Samantha. His eyes moved up and down her body whole body over and over. I was getting ready to punch him, but then I realized how dumb that was.

She'd dealt with that her whole life and didn't seem to mind it, and if I was going to date a nudist I had to be okay with the fact other people were going to see her naked, and like what they see. I know I did.

There were no other customers, so the process actually went pretty fast. I ordered a bacon egg and cheese and some coffee, and then stepped aside waiting for the others to get their food. I noticed that us naked people actually outnumbered the clothed people, and I realized I actually felt more embarrassed for the cashier than I felt for myself.

When we had our food we all piled back into the van and we were on our way again. Everyone was feeling a bit more awake now, and we all had a good laugh about the experience.

"Did you see the way that one guy was staring at you?" Raven said to Samantha. "I think he's never seen tits before!"

"Haha, I know! And he seemed almost afraid to look at any of the guys," Samantha answered.

"His loss, we've got some good looking guys in this van," Raven replied.

"I know," Samantha said, giving me a kiss on the cheek. I blushed.

"I just can't imagine being that repressed," Shawn said.

Weirdly, neither could I. It was strange actually. I was surrounded by beautiful naked women. It was the stuff of fantasies, and it's every bit as awesome as it sounds. But they're also really awesome people, and you'd never know that if you couldn't get passed staring at boobs. That realization made me feel good about myself, like I'd unlocked a secret of the universe. The key to seeing lots of boobs in your life is looking at more than just boobs. Who knew?

The conversation turned to music, with Shawn DJ'ing, which made the rest of the drive pass pretty quickly. By ten or so, I could smell the seashore even in the back of the van.

"There's just something about the ocean," Missy said. "There's no better place to be."

"Especially naked," Samantha added. "Eric has never been skinny dipping before!"

"No way!" Missy said. "You're in for a treat. I remember the first time I went swimming nude. It's so amazing, you'll wonder why any sane person would do it with a bathing suit."

"You're wearing a bathing suit!" I said. Out of everyone here she seemed the least like she should be making that argument.

"Good point," Missy said, with a mischievous grin. She reached behind her and unclasped her top, freeing her small breasts. Then she stuck her thumbs under the waistband of her bottoms and pulled them down. And suddenly her bikini lay in a small

pile on the floor of the van, and she was just as naked as the rest of us.

“But...” I began, shocked.

“But what? I wasn’t going to wear that thing onto the beach anyway. It doesn’t make sense!”

“But you’re not a nudist?” I said quizzically.

She laughed. “So what? Like I said, I just hate to swim in a suit. And it’s not like anyone is going to ask to see my registration on the beach.”

Samantha grinned, amused at my confusion. And suddenly it clicked for me - it really didn’t matter. I leaned back and smiled, “Well, I can’t wait to try it.”

About twenty minutes later we finally reached our destination. Well, we reached the parking lot of our destination anyway. Paresh parked the van and we all climbed out, squinting at the bright hot sun.

“Well, we better put the sunblock on before anything else,” Paresh said. “No sense in getting burned before we even get to the beach.”

“Yeah def,” Shawn said. Everyone else agreed and started grabbing bottles out of one of the bags.

“Eric, you do me and I’ll do you?” Samantha said with a wink.

“Uh...” I said dumbly, before I realized she was talking about putting sunblock on. “Sure!”

She smiled and handed me a bottle. I squirted some in my hands and started rubbing it into her back. I started at her shoulders and worked my way down. It didn’t take long before I finished the back and was at the top of her butt cheeks. I held my breath and decided to go for it, rubbing the lotion all over her ass, giving it a gentle squeeze as I did. Her back was to me so I couldn’t see her reaction, if there was one, but she didn’t say anything. I finished by working my way down the back of her legs.

“Now the front” she said, turning around to face me. She was smiling.

Of course, she could have done her front side herself but I wasn’t about to argue with that. I put another dollop of sunblock on my hands and again started with her shoulders. There was nowhere to go but onto her breasts, so I just started rubbing them. Her nipples came to life under my touch, and her smile got just a little bigger. I thought about all the guys who’d made fun of me for going to school naked earlier in the week... how many of them had ever had their hands explore a beautiful naked girl like this?

I made a quick detour to make sure her arms were covered, then I backtracked and rubbed it into her belly and sides. I went down her left leg and then came back up her right. “Everywhere,” she told me. I blushed, and gently rubbed her pubes, making sure it was fully covered. It wasn’t sexual, not really, but on the other hand it totally was.

“Okay, your turn,” she said.

Samantha made quick work of my backside. It felt really good to feel her rubbing my skin. She spun me around and did the same for my front, doing what I'd done for her minutes before. She saved the best for last; she cupped my balls and lightly massaged them to rub the sunblock in, and then for a finishing move she grabbed my penis and gave it a few quick strokes. A few more than were probably necessary, actually. Also she finished by giving me a kiss before letting go.

I don't know how long I stood there for exactly, looking dumb, completely forgetting that anyone or anything else existed but Samantha. It took Raven to shake me out of it.

“If you're quite done you two, we have a beach to get to.”

I blushed hard. And I noticed, so did Samantha.

We picked up our share of the beach stuff and headed out. A long winding boardwalk through big sand dunes separated the parking lot from the beach. We walked for at least fifteen minutes until I started to wonder where the heck this beach was. Finally the boardwalk rounded one final dune and promptly ended, dropping us onto the hot sand of a large, expansive beach. We were still a good distance from the water's edge, but what grabbed my attention was the sign posted:

BEYOND THIS POINT YOU MAY ENCOUNTER NUDE SUNBATHERS

“What?” I just said to myself, looking at it.

Samantha explained. “It's from before nudism was legal everywhere. This used to be one of the only places you could come and be nude outside around other people. They keep the sign here to remind everyone of the history of it, I guess. Now you can go nude on any beach, but people still like to come here because it's such an awesome place in its own right.”

“Oh,” I said. It seemed weird to me that people used to have to come all this way just to be naked, but then I guess that just showed how far we'd come as a society since then. Then suddenly I thought back to what my mom confessed yesterday, and I realized this was probably the place my parents met. Wow.

We marched along the sand, with all the stuff we were carrying feeling like it was getting heavier with every step. We went past most of the crowd, which was clustered by the water directly across from the beach entrance. I saw a few swim suits here and there, but almost everyone was naked, which I hadn't expected for some reason.

We went to an open spot at the far end of the beach, away from the crowd. It was just above the high tide line and there was a bonfire pit. We dumped our stuff on the sand and I took a moment to take it all in. There was a cool breeze coming off the water, which combined with the warm sun felt really good. The water looked really inviting too, I couldn't wait to try it.

But first we set to work of setting everything up. We had some beach chairs, two

umbrellas, a bunch of blankets and towels, coolers full of food and drink, and some small tents. Together we made quick work of it and in about ten minutes everything was set up, and we could finally relax and enjoy ourselves. Shawn and Paresh grabbed a Frisbee and started tossing it back and forth, Missy and Lativa stretched out on some blankets for sunbathing, and Raven buried herself in a book.

For myself, the water looked too inviting not to go right in. "Join me for my first skinny dip?" I asked Samantha.

"Wouldn't miss it for the world!" she said.

We took each other's hand and ran into the water. It really did feel amazing, I never really thought swim trunks were a drag before, but it was instantly noticeable not wearing them. Samantha moved through the water like she was made for it. We rode the waves for a bit, and then took turns splashing and chasing after each other but she always won. I didn't mind losing to her.

Eventually we came out of the water. For the first time in my life I wasn't weighed down by a soggy swimsuit, it really did feel amazing. I think for the first time I really understood the appeal of nudism.

As we walked along the beach back to rejoin our group, I couldn't help but notice a naked young girl by herself, walking nervously among the crowd of beachgoers. It took me a second before I recognized her, but when I did I was completely shocked.

"Bryony!?"

Chapter 36

“Hi Eric,” Bryony said shyly. I um, I stopped by your house this morning and your mom said you were here today, so um, I decided to come try to find you? And I guess I did.”

“It’s nice to meet you, I’m Samantha,” Samantha said cheerfully. “I didn’t know Eric had other nudist friends, you’re welcome to join us though!”

“I’m Bryony,” she replied.

“Bryony... you’re still naked...” I said, still shocked to see her at all, here, like this.

“Yeah well I figured I didn’t have to do it right away. I thought, well, you kept with it, so maybe I’d give it a chance. I really wanted to... well... spend more time with you first, I guess. As a nudist.”

“Wait what are you talking about?” Samantha asked, obviously confused.

Shit.

Bryony jumped in to explain before I could. “Well Eric found out how to stop being a nudist and I was going to...”

“Stop being a nudist?” Samantha asked. “Why?”

I felt like a deer in headlights. Samantha was the whole reason I decided to keep being a nudist. Suddenly I felt everything unraveling, I was sure she was going to hate me.

“Well I didn’t,” I said. “Stop, I mean. Obviously.”

Samantha didn’t say anything. She just glared. Bryony looked embarrassed. I struggled to find any words, but slowly they came to me..

“I... Samantha, you know I’m a nudist because my parents made me. And at first, it was really hard... the most humiliating day of my life.” I cringed as I spoke, I knew she didn’t see nudity as humiliating but the words just started pouring out at that point. “I hated it, I resented it, I just wanted to wear clothes and be normal again. And I found a way could have gone back but then... then I met you.”

There was a long, painful silence. Finally Samantha spoke. “Why didn’t you tell me that before?”

“Because you made me feel different. Better. Better than I ever did wearing clothes,” I answered. “And I wanted so badly for you to like me as much as I like you.”

Samantha’s angry expression started to fade. It was her turn to struggle for words. “Eric I really like you too. I’m mad you weren’t honest with me... but I’m glad you were now. I really didn’t know it was that difficult for you.”

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I really am. But look at me now – total nudist!”

“I forgive you,” Samantha said. We hugged, I felt relieved.

Bryony looked shy. “If it makes a difference, Eric is the reason I’m a nudist now. I really didn’t get it at first, but after a day like this and hanging out with Eric I realized it’s more than... you know...”

She started to blush and trailed off. Suddenly a look of realization came over Samantha. “Oh you’re the girl who gave him the blow job?”

Bryony nodded. It was my turn to be shocked. Samantha just smiled. “It’s okay! Raven told me what you told her Eric, and I get why you didn’t tell me that on a first date. Either way it’s nothing to be ashamed of, any more than being naked is. I’m glad you’re here, Bryony.”

“Yeah... I’m still sorry though,” Bryony said. “Eric is a really awesome person. I just focused on one part at first and it took me longer to see the rest.”

“He is,” Samantha said with a wink.

Chapter 37

The rest of the day passed without any more drama. Bryony was welcomed into our group, and we had a great time swimming, playing frisbee, sunbathing and even building a sandcastle before the tide came in and destroyed it. Half the time I didn't even think about the fact I was naked, the rest of the time I was thinking about how great it was.

Eventually the sun started to get low, and the crowd started thinning out. We started up a bonfire just before the sun disappeared entirely. It was a good thing too! The temperature dropped with the sun, and we all stuck close to the fire to keep warm. The beach seemed like a different place at night. More wild, but more mellow at the same time.

Raven broke out some drums and Paresh had a guitar. Everyone else mostly sat by the fire listening to their music. I sat on a beach blanket watching the flames dance, Bryony and Samantha sat on either side of me. The last week had been a hell of a roller coaster, but I had to admit today was probably the best of my life.

"So Bryony, have we sold you on how awesome being nude is?" Samantha asked.

Bryony blushed. "I don't know. Maybe. It's definitely easier around you guys. Especially Eric."

"Aw shucks," I said with a smile.

Bryony seemed to get sad all the sudden. "But... I have to be honest... a lot of it really is Eric. At first... it was just because you were naked and I'd never seen a naked boy before... but now... I really like you Eric. And I know you're with Samantha who's really cool too, and I don't want to get in the middle of that. But I also wanted to be honest... we're naked, it makes sense to be honest."

I didn't know how to react to that. I looked at Samantha. I couldn't read her expression, but at least she didn't seem mad or threatened. I was sure she knew how much I liked her. I knew I liked Bryony too, but there was nothing I could do about that. It was hard but I knew the right thing to do, I had to let Bryony down.

"Yeah well... I am with Samantha. At least I think," I suddenly realized I hadn't actually talked about that with her. "I mean, are we together? I'd like to be your boyfriend."

Samantha smiled. "And I want to be your girlfriend! But Bryony is pretty great too, Eric. Now that I've gotten to know her today, I can say that."

"Yeah... I feel bad..." I said. I went from a high school nobody to having two beautiful girls that wanted me. Go figure.

"Don't," Samantha said. "There's nothing wrong with what you two had together the other day. Or will have together."

I was really confused, and probably looked it. What did she mean? She just said she'd be my girlfriend, why did she say I'd have anything in the future with Bryony? Samantha smirked. To make her point she leaned over me... and kissed Bryony.

Now I was surprised, and even more confused. For all I knew Bryony was just as surprised as I was, but she certainly didn't act it the way she responded to the kiss. They were making out in front of me, and I didn't know what to make of it.

They broke their kiss, and Samantha looked at me. Her eyes were amazing in the firelight, and there was something in them I've never seen before. "What's going on?" I said dumbly.

She rolled her eyes, and Bryony giggled. "Boys," she said. "So clueless."

Samantha kissed me. I kissed back. Our tongues danced, and electricity ran up and down my body, especially to the part of my body between my legs. Instinctively, my hands moved up and around her body to pull us closer, but she broke the kiss and backed away. I was again confused, and again surprised when Bryony took Samantha's place and started kissing me too.

Now I got it.

Samantha smiled and led Bryony by the hand into her tent. I followed them in. Once inside, Samantha grabbed me and threw me on my back for an even more passionate kiss. Right about then I also felt Bryony kiss my chest, starting a trail of kisses that led all the way to her wrapping her lips around my throbbing cock. It's a small miracle I didn't explode right there, but I was real glad I didn't.

My hands started awkwardly searching for something to do. Samantha kindly helped out, placing one on Bryony's steaming wet pussy and the other on her left breast, while offering her right nipple for me to kiss. The hand on Bryony's pussy groped around. I'd never touched a girl like that before, so I didn't know what to feel for precisely. I figured that I found her clit when she started moaning. Which in turn had an effect on me, as my cock was still in her mouth.

For some reason that's the moment I picked to blurt out "I'm a virgin."

Samantha smiled. "Well, not for much longer."

The girls traded positions. Bryony turned herself around. Samantha slid her body down mine, keeping her pointy nipples lightly touching my skin. I again found Bryony's clit my fingers, and she responded by locking her lips to mine for a passionate kiss. That's when I felt Samantha's pussy wrap around my cock.

What I was feeling then is indescribable. I can't even tell you how long it lasted. Maybe just minutes. Maybe hours. Samantha rode me slowly, expertly, while Bryony gripped me, pressing her naked body against mine, our tongues exploring one another's mouth. Samantha moaned in pleasure. I felt her tighten around me. Suddenly my fingers on Bryony had the same effect, her whole body tensed as she moaned. In what I was

pretty sure was the same moment, I had the best orgasm of my life.

Samantha collapsed, rolled off of me, and took a cuddling position on my right side. Bryony cuddled on my left. I held both girls. Even though it just happened, I couldn't quite believe it.

"That was amazing," I said.

"I know," Samantha said. "I was there."

"I don't know how we got here but it's very special and thank you," Bryony said.

"Thank you!" I said.

We laughed at that.

"I forget you too are such newbies nudists," Samantha said. "Really being naked isn't just bare skin. It's also baring ourselves, inside and out. It's intimate. You and Eric did that. So did Eric and I. And when you're really intimate like that you want to share it physically. It's only natural. I'd be a bad girlfriend if I stood in the way of that."

It made sense to me. To Bryony too, I think. She said "Well I still want to be a girlfriend too."

"Why not?" Samantha said with a broad smile. "You can be mine too while you're at it."

"Okay!" We said in unison, and laughed.

Then Bryony pulled me on top of her. To my own surprise I was already ready to go again, my cock instantly found her entrance and our bodies locked together. Not wanting to be left out, Samantha started kissing Bryony and her fingers found Bryony's clit as I fucked her. Bryony's reaction was intense, moaning, squeezing, and bucking until I came inside her; but only after she'd had three orgasms herself. At least that was how many I counted.

The rest of the night became something of a blur. I remember fucking one of them again, and going down on one as the other went down on me, and in the periods I was recovering they were more than happy to have sex with each other. Eventually we all drifted off to a contented, happy sleep.

Chapter 38

I woke early the next morning, in a tangled mess with the girls. I really didn't ever want to move from that position but the urge to pee eventually became too much, so I extricated myself and opened the tent.

When I stood up I was overwhelmed. Except for our groups few tents, the beach was empty. A few glowing embers remained of last night's bonfire. The sun hadn't quite risen yet, but the whole sky was a fiery orange red. Low waves lazily lapped at the shore. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen, and I stood there in the middle of it, naked.

I couldn't quite fathom everything that had taken place. How it happened, why it happened, it just was. Less than two weeks ago I was a typical, normal teenager. Last week I was forced to give up my clothes, and suffered the most embarrassing and humiliating days of my life. That changed me, but somehow for the better. I'd wound up a beach giving my virginity to two awesome and beautiful girls, both of which seemed happy to share me as their boyfriend.

If it hadn't happened to me I wouldn't even be able to imagine it was even possible.

And it was all because I'd become a nudist.

I smiled and went back to the tent.

Epilogue - Seven Years Later

“Dammit,” my mom said, undoing my bow tie and attempting to tie it for the fifth time. “You know it’d be a lot easier if you’d do this yourself.”

“You’re the one making me wear it,” I said. “I’d rather get married completely naked.”

“You are naked,” she answered back.

“It’s more than I’ve worn in years. I feel overdressed.”

“It’s your wedding. The one day of your life you should overdress. There!”

She stepped back. I examined her handiwork in the mirror. “Looks good,” I said.

Mom smiled. “It’s good to know that even with all these women in your life you still need your mother around!”

“Of course I do mom,” I said. I gave her a hug.

“I’m so proud of you,” she said. “Ready?”

“Lead the way!” I offered.

She spun around on blue heels, and I followed her bare butt head out of the room. We walked out onto a large outdoor deck overlooking a beautiful beach and the ocean. The house belonged to my parents, purchased after my family had won the anti-discrimination lawsuit my mom had filed against my old high school principal. I had to admit she made a good call doing that.

There was a makeshift altar and countless folding chairs arranged to leave an aisle down the middle. Guests were already there and mingling, most of whom were themselves naked. I found my dad near the front.

“Nervous Eric?” my dad teased.

“Nope,” I answered honestly.

“Good man,” he said.

My mom smiled at me. “I can’t believe my little boy is getting married naked. Do you remember all those years ago, when you gave us such a hard time about nudism?”

“I know,” I said. “I’ve grown up a lot since then.”

She gave me another hug, and I felt her saltwater tear on my shoulder. “Don’t mind me. I always cry at weddings.”

I hugged back. “I love you too mom.”

We were ready to start. The guests took their seats, and I stood at the altar. Music began playing.

Samantha appeared first. She was beautiful in white heels, a garter, veil, and nothing else. At least I wasn't the only one who'd be feeling overdressed. We both had giant smiles as she walked up the aisle with her father and met me at the altar. I wanted so bad to kiss her, but I knew I wasn't supposed to yet.

Bryony appeared next. She looked like she was wearing a dress, but it was all just spectacularly done body paint. I had been a little skeptical when she said that was her plan, but now that I saw it there was no question she was right. She looked amazing. Her own father walked her up the aisle, though he was one of the few wearing clothes of any sort. I was really glad he was here. He hadn't been too happy when his daughter embraced the nudist lifestyle he'd originally imposed to teach her a lesson, and had been even less happy when she revealed she was bisexual and in a polyamorous relationship with her girlfriend in addition to her boyfriend. But he did come around eventually, and now we had his support and blessing.

Missy, one of the only other people wearing clothes at the wedding, was our officiant. She began the ceremony once both girls were on either side of me. "The brides and groom don't want to spend any longer than necessary not being married, so they asked that I keep this pretty short. If there are no objections, I'm going to get right down to business."

There were a few giggles but no objections.

"Do you, Bryony Svensky, Samantha Smith, and Eric Firms take one another to be husband and wives, to love each other exactly as you are, to support each other through all of life's triumphs and trials, and to cherish each other equally?"

"I do," Bryony said first.

"I do," Samantha said.

"Of course I do," I said. That got a small laugh out of everyone.

"Then by the power invested in me by the Bureau of Lifestyles, I declare you to be husband and wife and wife. You may now kiss!"

I leaned together with my two wives for a well-practiced three way kiss. Everyone applauded.

With the biggest smile I'd ever smiled, I took Samantha in one hand and Bryony in the other. Rather than walk back up the aisle, we ran together as fast as we could straight into the ocean waves, and the rest of our lives.

For short stories from the nudist-verse as well as general updates, please check out my blog at <http://nakedtimestories.tumblr.com/>